Songs and Ballads
by Oley Speaks

A NIGHT IN JUNE .......... 5c
APRIL RAIN ............. 5c
ASHES OF ROSES ......... 5c
A SONG OF APRIL ....... 5c
BELIEVED, IT IS MORN .... 5c
BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON .... 5c
EVERYWHERE ............. 5c
EYES OF BLUE ........... 5c
FOR YOU, DEAR HEART ... 5c
GREETING ................. 5c
HEAVEN IS MY HOME ... 5c
HE'S SUCH A LIL' TROUBLE .. 5c
IF I KNEW ............... 5c
IF YOU BECOME A NUN, DEAR ... 5c
IN MAYSIME LIFE ........ 5c
LITTLE ONE A'CRYIN' ... 5c
LONG AGO ............... 5c
MEMORIES .............. 5c
NEVER A WINTER BUT SANG OF MAY .. 5c
O THAT WE TWO WERE MAVING ...... 5c
ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY ... 6c
OUT IN THE BLOSSOMS .... 5c
ROSES AFTER RAIN ........ 5c
SINCE LOVE LED ME TO YOU .. 5c
SINCE WE PARTED .......... 5c
STILL, STILL WITH THEE .... 5c
SUMMER SKIES .......... 5c
SUMMERTIME'S SONG ...... 5c
THE ELDER BLOSSOMS .... 5c
THE HILLS OF KERRY .... 5c
THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS ... 5c
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND SAND EYES .. 5c
THE PILGRIM ........... 5c
THY WILL BE DONE .......... 5c
UNDER THE WIDE AND STARRY SKY .. 5c
WHEN GAZING IN THINE EYES SO DEAR .. 5c
WHEN LOVE IS GONE .... 5c
WHEN MABEL SINGS .......... 5c
WHERE STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES .. 5c
WHERE THE HEART IS WITH THE DREAMS OF MAY ... 5c

High Voice

Low Voice

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York London
"The House Devoted to the Progress of American Music"
To Jennie Hill Bickhaut

April Rain.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

OLEY SPEAKS.

Allegretto.

It is not raining

rain to me, it's raining daffodils; in every dimpled


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drop I see, Wild flowers on the hills. The clouds of gray en-
gulf the day And o- ver-whelm the town. It is not rain-
ing rain to me, It's rain-ing ros-es down.

It is not rain-ing
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me, But

fields of clover bloom. Where any buccaneering bee, May
find a bed and room; A health unto the happy,

fig for him who feels, It is not raining rain to me, It's

rain ing violets,

It is not raining rain to me, It's
April Ecstasy

VERSE BY
Madison Cawein

A song in which will be found that pulsing, vibrant quality that made the composer's earlier success "In Maytime" a famous popular song. Here is a veritable gem, not in verse alone—not in music alone, but in the perfect blending of lyric and melody.

Published in two keys, in G and in E flat  Price. 75c.

April calling, April calling, April calling me.
I hear the voice of April here in each old apple tree;
Bee bower and wild perfume, and wood-brook melody.
O hark, my heart, and hear my heart, the April, ecstasy.

There runs a whisper thru' the woods, the word of bough to bough,
A sound of dead things donning green, of beauty waking now;
Fern-bower and wild wood flowers, each one a prayer or vow,
O see, my heart, O look, my heart, where earth crowns white her brow.

O kisss, that fill the field with flowers and thrill with green each grove,
Dream down into this heart again and grow to songs thereof;
Wild songs ir singing througs that swift shall mount above.
And like to birds, with lyric words, take earth, and heav'n with love!

MUSIC BY
Oley Speaks

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

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