To The Land Of My Own Romance.
(I Have A Dream By Night, By Day.)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro Pomposo con animato.

Framed in the glare of an
Carmen the Gypsy with

arch bright and golden, A figure of fancy am I;
love and hate flowing, The sorrow of Mignon so sweet.

Just like the slumbering Princess in olden
Elisa who sighed her Knight's name to be knowing Then
mances, my life passes by. Play-ing at pas-sion, in
brief joys of poor Mar-gue-rite. Love-lorn I sol-de and
po-e-try feign-ing, Striv-ing and liv-ing for art.
Thä-is en-tranc-ing. Sing them for fame and for pelf.

Men say "La Di-va" is peer-less-ly reign-ing, But what has be-come of
Liv-ing in her-o-ine's love and ro-manc-ing, But where am I all this
me—who knows? And what has become of my heart?
time—who knows? And what has become of myself?

REFRAIN. *Valse Lente.*

I have a dream by night, by day. 'Tis not of
lau-rels—fair. Dream of a song that's still un-
sung, Waiting a poet rare. Fancy's roam

Dances are my world, Ah, shall I meet permanent

chance The hand and the heart that shall lead me there. To the land of my own romance?