"DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"

Lyric by
J.WILL CALLAHAN

Dedicated to Miss Leona Dalrymple

Music by
F. HENRI KICKMANN

Moderato (not fast)

Now the
From the

'sil-vry moon is beam-ing As I watch be-side the
froz-en north we've wan-dered To the land where palm trees

trail, O-ver there, my love you're
grow, Ev-er thro' the night I've

dream-ing In a star-lit, wood-land vale;
pon-dered Just be-cause I love you so;

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MAPLE CITY FOUR
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A little slower

Your heart has heard the wild bird calling, And answered to its plaintive plea,
The breezes come from o'er the ocean And sweep across the ever-glad.

Though you've not confessed it, somehow Can't you hear them singing, love's own message bringing Just to you, my gipsy maid?

I have guessed it Some day you'll belong to me.

CHORUS A little faster

Slumber on, my wildwood flower, Sweetly sleep and dream of

Diane 3
love, There within your perfumed bower Be-
neath the stars above; While I count each weary
hour All the future days I'll plan Of a time soon to be When you'll
give your heart to me, My Diane of the green van.

Diane 3

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