

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

1899

The Girl I Love I Cannot Call My Own

Emily Smith
Composer

Harry F. Miller
Lyricist

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp>

Recommended Citation

Smith, Emily and Miller, Harry F., "The Girl I Love I Cannot Call My Own" (1899). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 4496.

<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp/4496>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.



The Girl I love I cannot call my own

SENTIMENTAL BALLAD

WRITTEN & COMPOSED
by Emily Smith and

Harry S. Miller

AUTHOR OF THE GREAT POPULAR
SONGS

THE CAT CAME BACK,
(ANT LOSE ME CHARLEY,
(RUEL HISS, &c &c



CHICAGO,

Bagaduce Music
Lyon & Healy
Blue Hill, Maine
1920

Vp 015577
1899
Giv

The Girl I Love I Cannot Call My Own.

HARRY F. MILLER.

EMILY SMITH.

Arr. by HANS L. LINÉ.

Andante moderato.

INTRO. *mf*

1. We both went to the same old school, down in a vil - lage lane, We
2. I see her as she goes to church each Sun - day morn so fair, And

stroll'd to - geth - er hand in hand as homeward, too, we came, And vowed to love each oth - er then, as
at her side, where I should be, an - oth - er now is there. I love her in the same old way—per -

children al-ways do; But soon for-got those child-ish vows as we both old-er grew. How
 haps will ev-er more; And long to tell the se-cret that my heart has so long bore. Her

quick-ly does that love re-turn when Nel-lie I be-hold, No blue-er eyes to me than hers, no
 smiles to me seem brighter still than when from home she came They seem to say "I love you, Ned" why

curls a bright-er gold; How oft I've wished for courage just to tell her that my love Was
 not tell me the same? Oh, could I thus but tell her, that fate has that de-nied, An-

true as ev-'ry lit-tle star that twink-les high a-bove. For she's the
 oth-er now has claimed the one that I'd have made my bride.

CHORUS.

girl I love and can - not call my own,..... She's the

on - ly one my heart has ev - er known..... Now she's

mf

prom - ised to an - oth - er, - I was but a faint - heart lov - er To the

Rit.

girl I love and can - not call my own,.....

Rit.