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# Pal of My Dreams

WALTZ BALLAD

WORDS & MUSIC  
BY  
Chas. E. Roat



*Ada Flumm*  
*April 1, 1924*

*H. B. Whitworth*

*Chas. E. Roat Music Co.*  
MADE IN U.S.A.

# Pal Of My Dreams

Quartet for Male or Mixed Voices

CHAS. E. ROAT

## CHORUS

TENORS  
(Alto)  
Dear old pal how I miss you, I'm lone-ly to night. Dear old pal just to

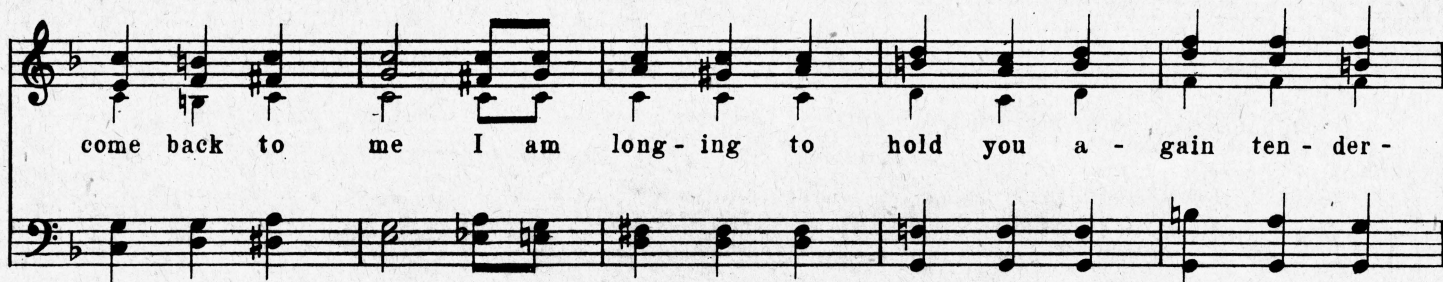
BARITONE  
BASS  
(Tenor)



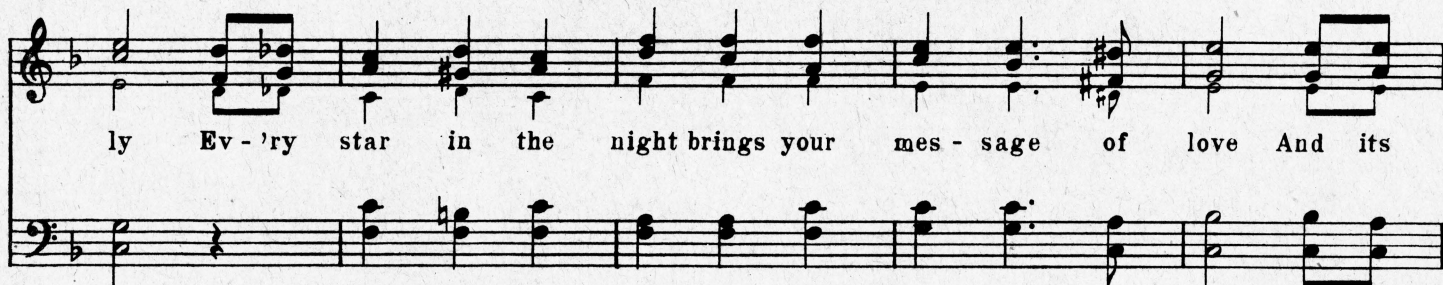
kiss you would make things seem right For the sweet-est of mem-o-ries



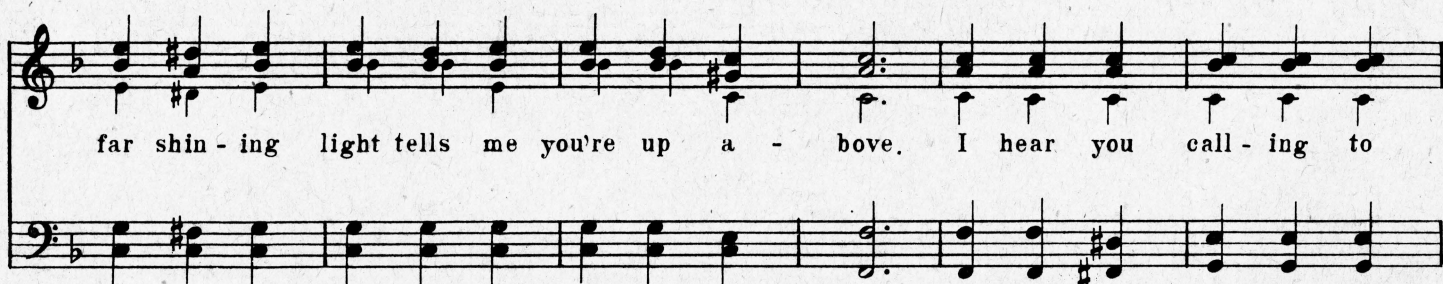
come back to me I am long-ing to hold you a-gain ten-der-



ly Ev-'ry star in the night brings your mes-sage of love And its



far shin-ing light tells me you're up a-bove. I hear you call-ing to



me now it seems Oh how I miss you, Pal of my Dreams. Dear old Dreams.



Pal  
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## PAL OF MY DREAMS

## WALTZ BALLAD

CHAS. E. ROAT

## INTRO.

*p cresc.* *f* *p*

## Moderato

As I turn back the years With my eyes full of  
How my heart seems to yearn And my thoughts ev - er

*f rit.* *mf*

tears There's a face I can fair - ly see \_\_\_\_\_ Just a  
turn To those days of the long a - go \_\_\_\_\_ All the

pal good and true, How we loved no one knew Dear old  
world I would give, If once more I could live O'er the

pal Please come back to me.  
years That you loved me so.

CHORUS *Moderato with expression*

Dear old pal how I miss you, I'm lone - ly to - night Dear old pal just to

*p-f*

kiss you would make things seem right For the sweet - est of mem - o - ries

come back to me I am long-ing to hold you a - gain ten - der

- ly Ev-'ry star in the night brings your mes-sage of love, And its far shin-ing

light tells me you're up a - bove I hear you call-ing to me now, it

*cres.*

seems Oh how I miss you, Pal of my dreams. Dear old dreams.

*f* *p* *f* *slowly ad lib.*

# PAL OF MY DREAMS

Fox-Trot Chorus

CHAS. E. ROAT

Moderato

Dear old pal how I miss you, I'm lone-ly to night\_ Dear old

pal just to kiss you, would make things seem right, \_ For the

sweet - est of mem - o - ries come back to me, \_ I am

long-ing to hold you a - gain ten-der - ly — Ev - 'ry star in the

night brings your mes-sage of love, — And its far shin-ing light tells me

you're up a - bove. — I hear you call-ing to me now it

*p.* *cresc.*

seems Oh how. I miss you, Pal of my dreams. dreams.

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