

YELLOW RIVER



Words By
ALICE PRETTYMAN SHILLING

Music By
LEO FRIEDMAN

Dedicated to the
FAMOUS SCREEN STAR
ANNE LUTHER

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Dedicated to Columbus H. Shilling, U.S.N.

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Modarato

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See that gleam of sil-ver on the land-scape gay? That is Yel-low Riv-er on its wind-ing way,
In the si-lent moon-light ev-er it is there; With the night birds call-ing and the fleet-ing hare,

mf

Leap-ing thru the marshes and the wood-ed land, Rip-pling, whirl-ing, glid-ing thru the gol-den sand;
List-ning to the whis-pers of the dark-est night; But it keeps the se-cret with the morn-ing light:

When the sun of sum-mer has made its wat-ers warm, Lov-ers then wan-der forth to catch the charm Of the
Flow on-ward, Yellow River, as you've al-ways done, 'Neath the skies so blue and the sum-mer's sun; Win-ter

riv-ers' mys-tic mur-mur, where it on-ward glides sleep-ily on-ward, ev-er on-ward to the o-cean tides.
with its banks of snow and skies of sul-len gray With the spring time flowers you go rip-pling on your way.

rit.

Refrain

In our lit - tle mo - ter boat, Down the stream we gai - ly float; Glid - ing past the fer - tle

fields of wheat and bloom - ing corn The fra - grance of the clo - ver hay up on the breeze is

borne, The trum - pet vine and morn - ing glo - ries en - twined by lovers' vine; In - di -

an - a, Yel - low River and the na - tional col - um - bine Charm - ing yel - low riv - er where

peace - ful na - ture lies Home, sweet home, youth and love, Wild flow - ers and sum - mer skies.