

In an Arbour Green.

Mod.

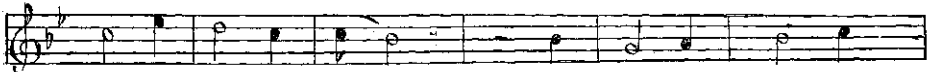
Copyright J. R. Clement.



1. In an ar-bour green A mai den sat and
 2. In an ar-bour green A mai den sat and
 3. In an ar-bour green A mai den sat and



sighed, And thought of joys that might have been. But
 smiled, For in her breast a hope se-rens Her
 sang, And glad at heart as a ny given Her



for her fool-ish pride Oh war-y days of
 lone-ly hours be-queted; For he whod wan-dered
 love-horn mu-sic rang; For he, her strength and



pain Were those she passed a-lone. Ah, could she one whod
 far, And gone in walk a-way, Was hast-ing back, - to
 stay. Had sought the trust-ing spot, Her tears re-pent-ant



gone re-gain, And for her fault a- lone
 her the star That hails the com-ing day
 kissed a-way, And all her fault for got

PIANO TO "PIANOLA."

I STRUCK the chords "crescendo agitato,"
 While you kept tune and played an "obligato,"
 Restraining all my "trio" and "staccato,"
 With hush of "rallentando moderato."

My "tempo" hurried your "appassionata"
 To seize the "motif" of a grand "sonata,"
 Until you paused and said "We'll play from memory,"
 And now our "duo" is a charming "reverie."

Since yielding to your most expressive ped'ling,
 I scorn the touch of any player's meddling;
 Our "harmonies" flow smoothly "amoroso,"
 With here and there a prelude "tremuloso."

W. F. E.