

SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR

A SELECTION FROM

FAVORITE AUTHORS

WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE

Piano Forte

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. WAKE UP MY OWN SWEET ROSE | <i>Geo Lindy</i> |
| 2. SWISS GIRL | |
| 3. GIVE GLASS OF THE VILLAGE MILL | <i>Redmell</i> |
| 4. LITTLE BLOSSOM | <i>S. Glover</i> |
| 5. LUCY GREY | <i>Geo. Dinkler</i> |
| 6. MARY MAVOURNEEN | |
| 7. SHELLS OF OCEAN | <i>A. W. Cherry</i> |
| 8. NO NEER CAN THY HOME BE MINE | <i>W. H. Derby</i> |
| 9. BIRD OF THE OCEAN BLUE | <i>T. E. Garrett</i> |
| 10. SWEET CHILDHOODS HAPPY LAUGH | <i>John Grant</i> |

Published by DAVID P. FAULDS Louisville, Ky.

“LUCY GRAY.”

There is a tradition in Ireland, that a beautiful girl called Lucy, being forsaken by her lover, who had deserted her for a richer bride, fell into an incurable illness, and died of a broken heart, on the day before his nuptials were to be celebrated with the object of his mercenary choice, Lucy requested of her friends when dying, that her corpse might be carried to the church at the very time that the bride and bridegroom were retiring from the altar, after the celebration of the marriage ceremony. The latter being struck with an overwhelming sorrow and remorse, at the solemn and touching sight, which thus unexpectedly met his view, trembled violently, and with a deep groan, fell dead before the coffin of her whom he had so cruelly and causelessly deserted.

2nd To-morrow is his bridal

The parting sun with golden

Andante *stacc.*

day, And merry bells will ring, And vil...lage

ray,..... Lit up the si.....lent room, Where Lucy,

maids their garlands cast, Before his foot, steps
 child of beauty lay, In all her blight, ed

thing: He'll smile up on his new made bride, For
 bloom; O Mother dear! an early grave This

get ting all the past — o Mother! tell him how I
 bro ken heart must hide, Yet tell him tell him, I for...

died, And lov'd him to the last, Oh tell him,
 gave, And bless'd him ere I died, Oh tell him,

tell him how I died, And lov'd him to the last,
 tell him I forgave, And bless'd him ere I died.

3rd Deck me when dead, in brides array, — With lillies
 wreathe my hair, And bear me to the church when

they, The bridal train are there. That when the bride-groom

passes by The mourn.....ful sight he'll see, And gaze per..

chance, with tearful eye..... on all that's left of

me And gaze perchance, with tearful eye..... on all that's

left of me.