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TO  
Effie Afton.

# Winnie Waters

Song & Quartett

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MUSIC BY

### H. ARMONIA.

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# WINNIE WATERS.

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Words by D. M. A.

H. ARMONIA.

*Andante Affetuoso.*

'Twas a year ago we laid her to rest, With the

cold, cold earth for her pillow; And the tall grass waves in verdancy drest, O'er her grave 'near the drooping willow.

*dolce.*  
Rest, rest, Winnie, rest, rest, Winnie, rest! Bright birds will sing O'er the grave in Spring, Of

**CHORUS.**  
sweet Winnie Wa -- ters, Bright birds will sing o'er the grave in Spring, Of sweet Winnie Wa -- ters.

4 CHORUS.

Soprano. 1. Rest, rest, Winnie rest! rest, Winnie, rest! Bright birds will sing, o'er the grave in Spring, Of

Alto. 2. Rest, rest, Winnie rest! rest, Winnie, rest! There's purer love in the home above, For

Tenor. 3. Rest, rest, Winnie rest! rest, Winnie, rest! When bright hopes fall - the cheek will grow pale, Like

Bass. 4. Rest, rest, Winnie rest! rest, Winnie, rest! Bright angels keep their watch o'er the sleep Of

*rit.* *tempo.*

Sweet Winnie Wa--ters; Bright birds will sing o'er the grave in Spring, Of sweet Winnie Wa--ters.

*rit.* *tempo.*

Sweet Winnie Wa--ters; There's pur--er love in the home a--bove, For sweet Winnie Wa--ters.

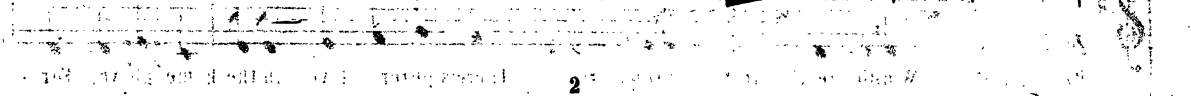
*rit.* *tempo.*

Sweet Winnie Wa---ters; When bright hopes fall the cheek will grow pale, Like Sweet Winnie Wa---ters.

*rit.* *tempo.*

Sweet Winnie Wa--ters; Bright An-gels keep their watch o'er the sleep, Of Sweet Winnie Wa--ters.

*rit.* *tempo.*



She told me the tale and bade me unfold,  
 When she struggled with grief no longer,  
 How in one short year his love had grown cold,  
 While hers grew the brighter and stronger.  
 Rest, rest, Winnie, rest! rest, Winnie, rest,  
 There's purer love in the home above,  
 For sweet Winnie Waters!

Chorus.



When she sought him with tears he bade her "begone"  
 And "Effie," said she "I am going"  
 And ere the first streaks of morning's gray dawn,  
 Her tears had forever ceased flowing.  
 Rest, rest, Winnie rest, rest, Winnie, rest!  
 When bright hopes fall, the cheek will grow pale,  
 Like sweet Winnie Waters!

Chorus.



We folded her hands across her cold breast,  
 And our sad tears bedewed her pillow;  
 The sun clos'd its eye as we laid her to rest,  
 Neath the shade of the drooping willow.  
 Rest, rest, Winnie rest, rest, Winnie, rest!  
 Bright angels keep their watch o'er the sleep  
 Of sweet Winnie Waters;

Bright angels keep their watch o'er the sleep  
 Of sweet Winnie Waters.

Chorus.

