

MARION MAY.

Poetry by Henry H. Paul.

Music by George F. Benkert.

—|—

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

p affettuoso.

O Marion

May I am sure you re - mem - - - ber, The sil - ve - ry stream at the foot of the

hill; That swept thro' deep trails of fair li - lies and cistus And quietly

turn'd the old moss - cover'd mill.

dolce.

O don't you re -

p

member where of ten we rambled, And watch'd the wild waves madly dash - ing a

cres. *mf*

round, And how the pure stream brightly flash'd in the sunlight, And flung the cold

p

drops on the blossoming ground.

dim.

mf

pp *Coda.*

2

O Marion May don't you love to look backward,
And think of those dearly-loved frolicsome days?
Our hearts were as fresh as the dew on the roses,
Our footsteps as light as the music of fays.
Through wild meadow-grasses how often we've bounded,
In wandering down the long green-wooded lane,
And pluck'd for our parents a thousand bright blossoms,
And mocked as we gathered, the young linnets' strain.

3

And, Marion May, the queer old-fashioned garden,
That no frost of time can ere blight from my mind,
And then the seedswoman that set out the flowrets,
We loved her so dearly — she used us so kind.
Remember I well of that plant near the willow,
A dear little hyacinth there we had sown;
How eagerly left we our pillows at daybreak,
To mark how its beauty through darkness had grown.

4

And, Marion May, you can ne'er have forgotten
The lessons we learn'd at the laburnum tree;
With sweet summer sounds all around to allure us
The thrush and the voice of the musical bee.
The hundreds of games on the swing at the hillock,
The sports ev'ry morn 'neath the wide-spreading vine;
The quarrel I had with you once in the wild-wood
For liking my brother's eyes better than mine.

5

Dear Marion May we have known the heart's sorrow,
Since those happy days have flown rapidly past;
We've tossed on an ocean of tumult and trouble,
And found the next morrow as dark as the last.
Yet bright are the hopes that from sorrow we've garnered,
And rich are the joys that our memories store;
Our hearts are still glowing with life's sweetest pleasures,
Though childhood's fond days like its flow'rs are no more.