



# Iris.

Words by BERNARD CAPES.

Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. B.

*Tranquillamente e dolce.*

PIANO.

*cres.*



Maid - en of the flush - ing brow, Who art thou?

Round the storms of life thou peep - est, And its gleam - ing sun - beams reap - est,

*poco a tempo.*  
Arch - ing up the drip - ping cloud With thy bend - ed neck and proud;

*cres.* Who is faith - ful, fair, and true? *rit.* I - - ris, who? *Last Verse.*

As we turn to hope renewed—  
Find that life is many-hued—  
So thy tender colours rise,  
And thy lips and shining eyes  
Laughing peep beneath the rain  
Once again.

Sweet, thou art a child of light,  
Rarely glancing in the night;  
For the moon doth dim the hue  
Of thine eye-bright's drowsy blue;  
And the heavy world of sighs  
Quiet lies.

Glisten, Iris, pretty one,  
Only 'neath the happy sun;  
We are children—sweetheart, stay  
'Midst the toys of kindly day,  
That our eyes may see thy form,  
Through the storm,

Pass between us and despair,  
Sunning all the gloomy air,  
That the dying to thy breast—  
But a step from love and rest—  
Lifted be and strained fast  
To the last.