



Words by FANNY FORRESTER.

Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.

VOICE. I. Oh,

*Tempo di Bolero.*

PIANO.

la - dy mine! a - rise, a - rise! Night's sa - ble garments scorn - ing; Bright  
 be my wish, through good and ill, In proud or low - ly dwell - ing: May

Phoe - bus decks the laugh-ing skies To greet thy na - tal morn - ing. In  
 sea - sons pass, yet find thee still In gra - cious deeds ex - cell - ing: That

hon - our of this joy - ful hour A thou-sand birds are sing - ing— A -  
 'e'en when years have lined thy brow, Thy joys may be bound - ed, En -

*cres.* *f*

- wake, my love! for ev - 'ry flower A fai - ry chime is ring - ing; A -  
 - shrined in grate - ful souls, as now By lov - ing hearts sur - round - ed— Sur -

*p* *f*

- wake, my love! a - wake, my love! a - wake,..... a - wake!.....  
 - round - ed by lov - ing hearts, by lov - - ing hearts.....

*FINE.* *Meno mosso.* *FINE.*

*p e tenero.*

2. My dear - est, while I lin - ger here, Love's ro - sy gar - land

*p*

twin - ing, The pro - mise of a hap - py year In thy clear eyes is

8

shin - ing. Oh, may they e - ver watch a - bove, In doubt, in care, in sad - ness—Two

white - winged an - gels, Peace and Love, To crown thy days with glad - ness; Two

*rall.* *tempo.*

white-winged an - gels, Peace and Love, To crown thy days with glad - ness. 3. This