

An Old-Fashioned Wooing.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

Music by PROF. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.

VOICE. 

PIANO. *p Moderato.* 

1. Through the wood they
walk, they two; 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry haw-thorn time; Lit-tle peeps of
pp 

ten-der blue Break thro' trem-bling beech and lime— Lit-tle peeps of ten-der blue


Break thro' trem-bling beech and lime: "Sweet, I love you! I love you!" sings the
pp 

Slower.
thrush— Hap-py bird, to woo so well! Hap-py bird, to woo so well!
L.H. *tr* 

Tempo Imo.

He can on - ly sigh and blush— Oh, that tale is hard to tell!

L.H. *p*

S. piu animato.

Heigh - ho! This, you know, Hap - pen'd years and years a - go;

Modes and man - ners have their day, Hearts are just the same for aye.

FINE.

VERSE 2.

2. She be-side him all de-mure Trips a-long with pro - per smile,

Tempo Imo.

poco riten.

But her lit - tle heart, be sure, Flut-ters like a bird the while: Now they reach a mos - sy wall—

Al segno. S.

Ka - tie climbs and wins a seat ; 'Neath her gown—how trim and small—Peeps her dain - ty san - dall'd feet !

VERSE 3.

3. "You must help me, cou - sin Will!" Now he holds her fin - ger - tips,

p

Through his heart there shoots a thrill, Fires his heart, and frees his lips ; In his arms he

lifts her weight, Strains her to his hap - py breast—"Kate," he whis - pers, "dar - ling Kate !

Tempo ad lib. *Al segno. S.*

Kate ! Oh, dar - ling, dar - ling Kate!" Oh, let kiss - es say the rest !

Al segno. S.

Imitez.