



### WOONG BY FLOWERS.

ONCE on a time, to woo a maid  
Three suitors sought her bower.  
"Give me, I pray," the maiden said  
To each, "thy favourite flower."

The lord, he took a lily fair  
That grew in regal pride ;  
"This flower put in thy raven hair ;  
'Twill suit a noble's bride."

The knight, he plucked a rose and cried,  
"This flower place on thy breast."  
The bard a violet gave, and sighed,  
"Ah ! near thee let it rest."

"Come back again at autumn-tide  
And meet me in my bower,  
And ye shall learn," the maid replied,  
"How fares it with each flower."

At autumn-tide they stood once more  
Beside the maiden bright.  
Then from a vase the flowers she bore  
And placed them in their sight.

The lily leaves were dull and stained ;  
The shrivelled rose was dead ;  
The odorous violet fresh remained—  
"The bard," she cried, "I'll wed."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



# Wooing by Flowers.

Words by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

PIANO. *mf* *Allegretto moderato.* *dim.* *ritard.*

*a tempo.*

Once on a time, to woo a maid, Three suit - ors sought her bower;

*a tempo.*

*cres.*

"Give me, I pray," the maid - en said To each, "thy fa - v'rite flower." The

*cres.*

*cres.*

lord, he took a li - ly fair, That grew in re - gal pride: "This flower put in thy

*cres.*

*f poco rit.* *ritard. ad lib.* *a tempo.*

ra - ven hair, 'Twill suit a no - ble's bride."

*f poco rit.* *colla voce.* *mf*