

H. P. DANKS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Cantabile.

1. I see a winsome, girl-ish face, With eyes of a - zure blue, With - in their depths a ling'ring
 2. The lit - tle birds that sang their song Through all the morn - ing hours, Would lis - ten as she pass'd a -
 3. And I shall ne'er be-hold the light Of those blue eyes a - gain, Shall nev - er-more en-fold her

trace.. Of love so sweet and true; With - in my hands I feel the clasp - Of
 - long.. A - mid her gar - den flow'rs; And then was happy with de - light That
 hands In pleas - ure or in pain: Be - neath the drift of win-ter's snows And

lit - tle hands so small; And for the joy to fold them there,.. I'd give my lit - tle all.
 I can ne'er for - get, I now feel sad from morn till night,.. With sad - ness of re - gret.
 spray of sum - mer flow'rs, She's sleep - ing while I wait a - lone... Through all the lone - ly hours.

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MY LITTLE LOST IRENE. Concluded.

Chorus.

A - las, my lit-tle darling sleeps Be-neath the wil - lows green, While I am left alone to moun My lit-tle lost I - rene.

MAID OF ATHENS.

1. Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart; Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest. Hear my
 2. By those tres - ses un-con-fin'd, Woo'd by each Æ-ge-an wind, By those lids whose jet-ty fringe Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge. By those
 3. Maid of Ath - ens, I am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a - lone, Tho' I fly to Is-tam-bol, Athens holds my heart and soul. Can I

vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.
 wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.
 cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no! Hear my vow be - fore I go— Zœ.. Mou, sas a - ga - po.