

ature—Popular Old Songs.

THOU' the gloaming chilly falls the silent snow... Like a scattered leaf, drifting to and fro...

CHORUS Listen to my pleading, speak, dark eyes of mine... Lift your dusky lashes, let the love-light through...

Do you know you have asked for the coolest... Ever made by the Hand above? A woman's heart and a woman's life...

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing... As a child might ask for a toy? Dearly wish that others have died to win...

You have written my lesson of duty out... Man-like you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of a woman's soul...

You require your mutton shall always be hot... Your socks and shirts be white; I require your heart to be true as God's...

You require a cook for your mutton and beef... I require a far greater thing; A seamstress yearly wanting for socks and for shirts...

A king for the beautiful realm called home... And a man that the Maker, God, Shall look upon as He did on the first...

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade... From my soft young cheek one day Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves...

As you did 'mid the blooms of May? I require all things that are good and true... All things that a man should be; If you give this all I will stake my life...

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook... You can hire and have little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life...

Whose image never may depart... Deep graven on a grateful heart; Till memory is dead.

To one whose love for me shall last... When lighter passions long have passed; So holy 'tis and true...

To one whose love has longer dwelt... More deeply fixed, more keenly felt; Than any pledged by you.

Each guest upstared at the word... And laid a hand upon his sword; With fiery flashing eye...

And Stanley said: "We crave the name... Proud knight, of this most peerless dame; Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would... Not breathe her name in careless mood; Thus lightly to another;

Then bent his noble head, as though... To give that name the name of his love; And gently said, "My mother."

I AM longing, so sadly I'm longing... For the beautiful days of the past; When bright hopes around me were lying...

Which, alas! are all withered and dead... Hopes that I thought never would perish; One by one withered away...

There is nothing on earth that we cherish... That is lovely and true that will stay; CHORUS...

Fitting, fitting away... All that we cherish most dear; There is nothing on earth that will stay...

For roses must die with the year... Eyes that with brightness were beaming; Lips that our own often met...

Which the mold of the grave is now dimming... And in silence unbroken are set; Oh, how I long for their greeting...

Years, years, and years, and years... But the heart's sweetest hushed in its beating; Is the one that's most earnestly loved...

Far away, where the summers are sleeping... Lie the beautiful dreams of the past; And my eyes have grown weary with weeping...

For pleasure I fancied might last... Lovingly, longingly, sighing over the ashes we sit; Whom around us the roses are dying...

And the moments so speedily fit... COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer! Through the herd have fled from this, they come...

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can overcast... And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last! Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same...

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that man... I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art! Thou shalt call'd me thy angel in moments of bliss...

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