

THE GARLAND.

WORDS BY
E. WAUGH.

TRADITIONAL AIR
"CUPID'S GARDEN"
ARRANGED BY
C. E. ROWLEY.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. 'Twas
2. Down


when the dawn of morn - in' Be gan to stir i'th sky, — I
in a bon - ny din - gle, Where sometimes we did stray — Our




donned mysel' to wan - der A - fore the dew wur dry; To
vows of love to min - gle, At close of summer day; It's



wan-der in the gay greenwood Reet early I did rove, — I could not sleep up-
there, where oft a - mong her hair The flow'rs of spring I've wove, — I sat me down to

rit.
— on my bed For thinkin' of my love, For thinkin' of my love.
think up-on The girl that I do love, The girl that I do love.
D.C.

3.

It's there I made a garlan',
My darlin' for to don,
And the posies that were in it,
They shined like the sun;
The dewy posies, wild and sweet,
All in the leafy grove;
It breaks my heart to think upon
The girl that I do love.

4.

The cowslip, and the speedwell,
With a dewdrop in its e'e,
An' the wild rose, an' the bluebell,
They blend so bonnilie;
An' the honey-suckle, wand'rin' wild,
With violets blue, I wove;
They made me for to think upon
The girl that I do love.

5.

An' when I poo'd my posies,
The small birds they did sing;
An' when I wove my garlan',
They made the woods to ring;
On every tree, the wild bird's glee,
Rang through the leafy grove,
As I came away, at dawn of day,
Still thinkin' of my love.

6.

Oh, the mornin' sun it rises
To cheer my heart's delight,
An' the silver moon she wanders
Among the clouds at night;
An' the twinklin' stars that look so fine,
All in the heavens above, —
At wark or play, by neet an' day,
I'm thinkin' of my love.