GHOSTS.

Words by Munkittrick.

Allegretto.

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

Out in the misty moonlight, the first snow flakes I see, As they frolic among the leafless boughs of the apple tree.
Faintly they seem to whisper, as round the boughs they wing; "We are the ghosts of the flowers who died in the early spring. Who died in the early spring."