MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OLD MELODY
Arr. by C. Villiers Stanford

Not too slowly

PIANO

plegato

1. My love's an arbutus By the
2. But tho' ruddy the berry And

borders of Lene, So slender and
snowy the flow'r That brighten to

shape ly In her girdle of green. And I
gather The arbutus bower, Per
measure the pleasure
of her eye's sapphire
fuming and blooming
through sunshine and

dim.
sheen
by the blue skies that sparkle through the
shower,
give me her bright lips and her

rall.
soft branching screen.
laugh's pearly shower.
a tempo
blossom Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jealous

fingers Dim your young charms, Ma-chree. But un-rang-ing, un-

changing You'll still cling to me, Like the ev-er-green

leaf to the ar-bu-tus tree.