To my Wife

Souvenir of a June day.

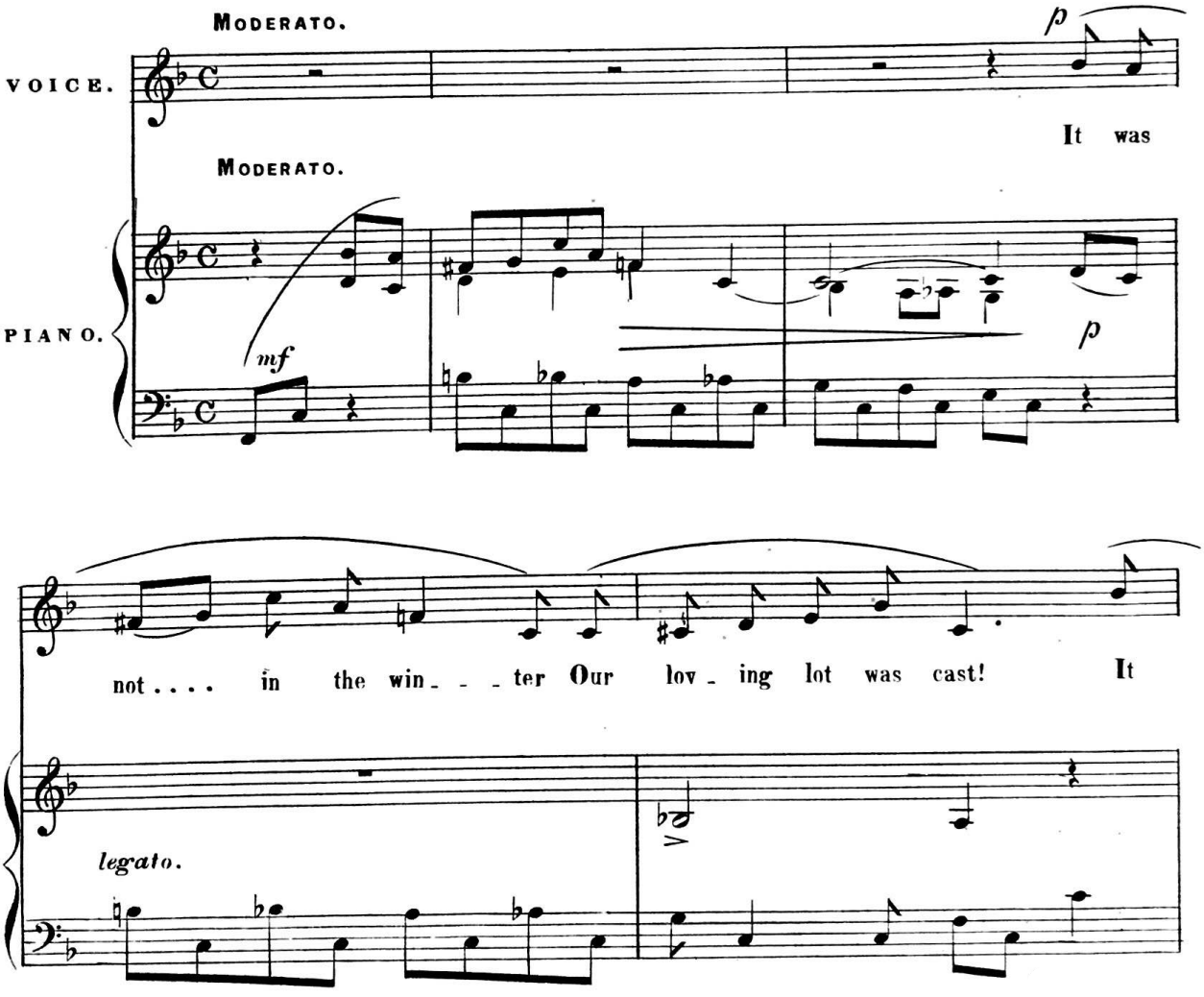
IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES.

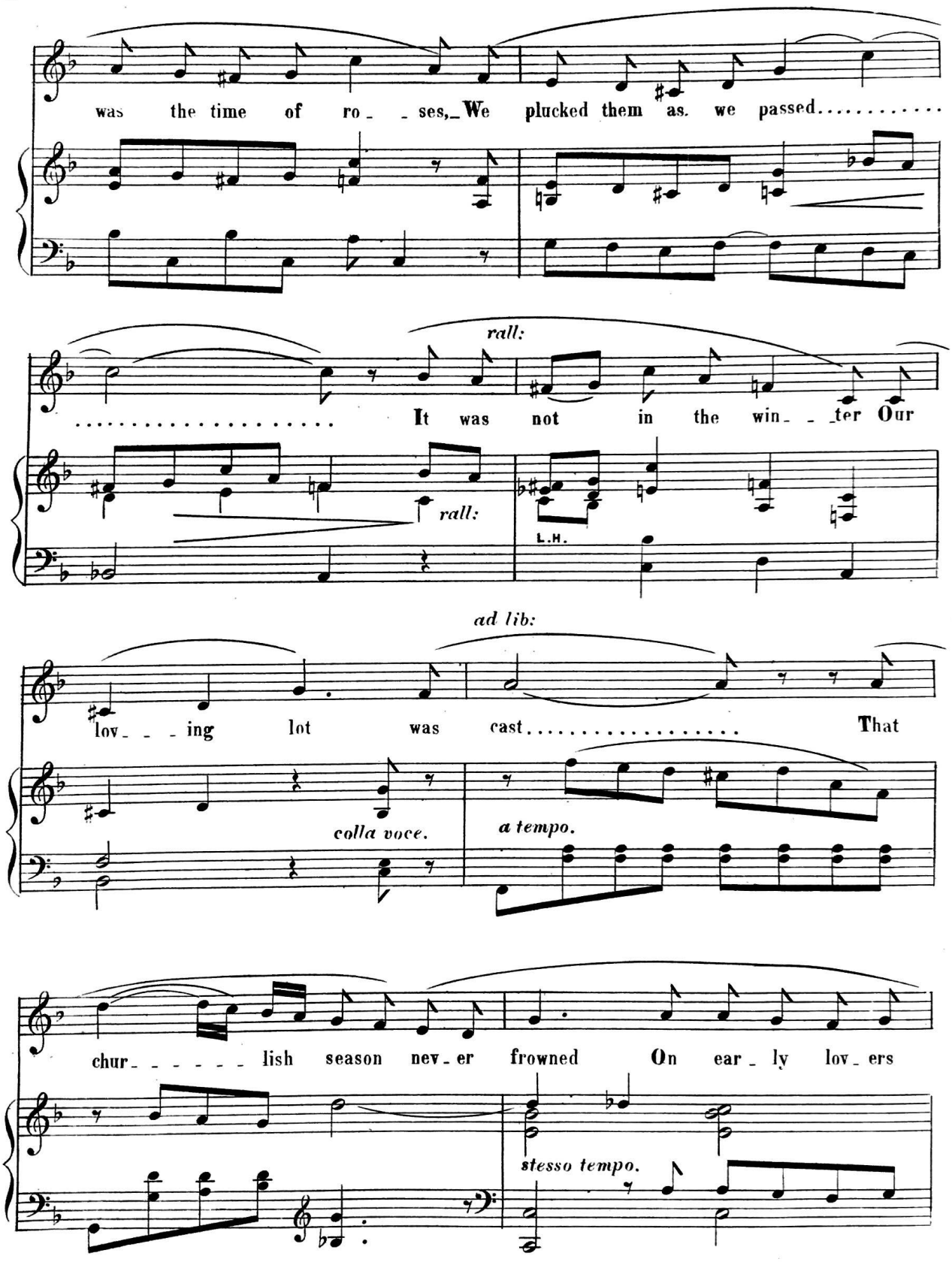
POETRY BY

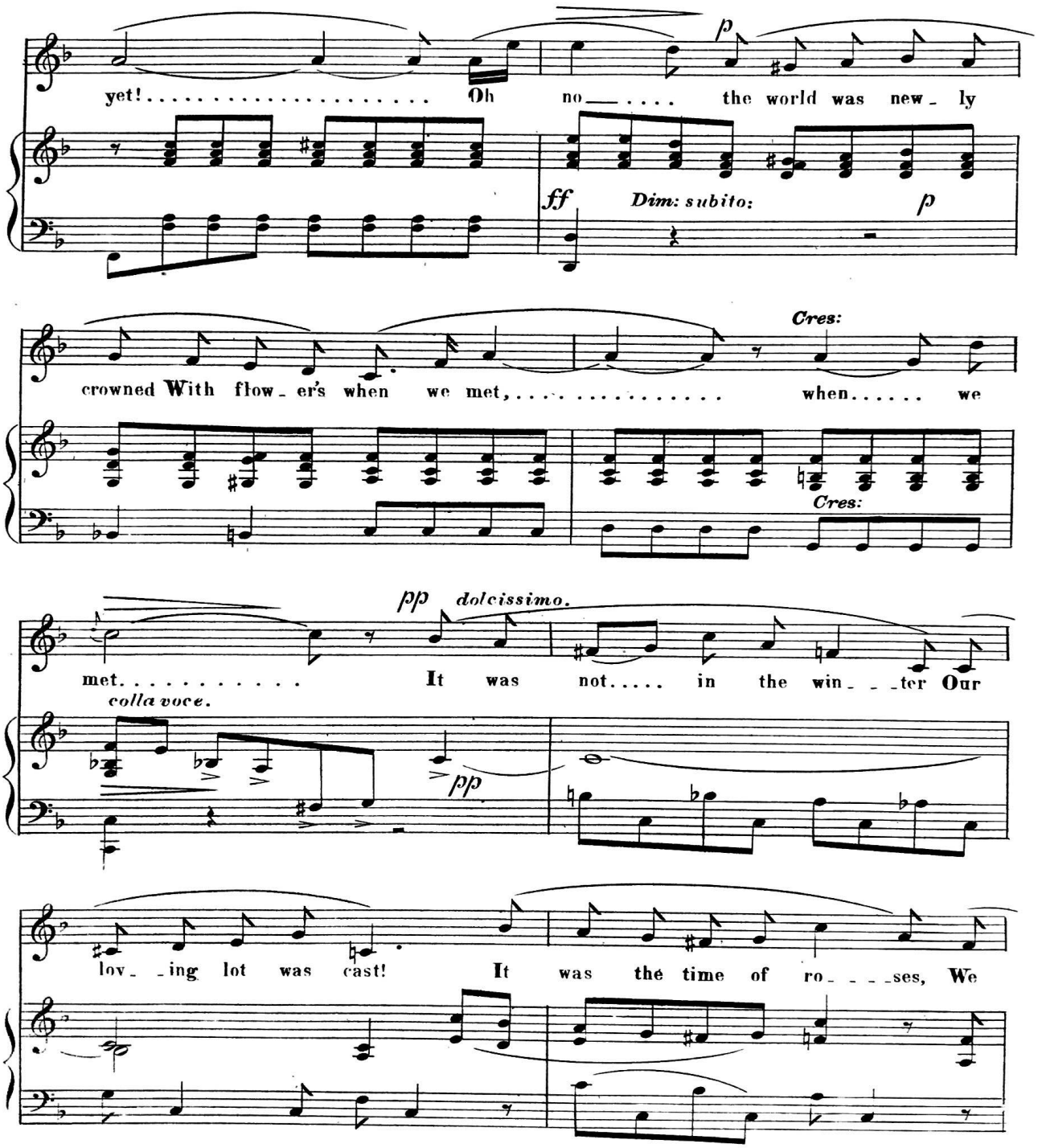
TOM HOOD.

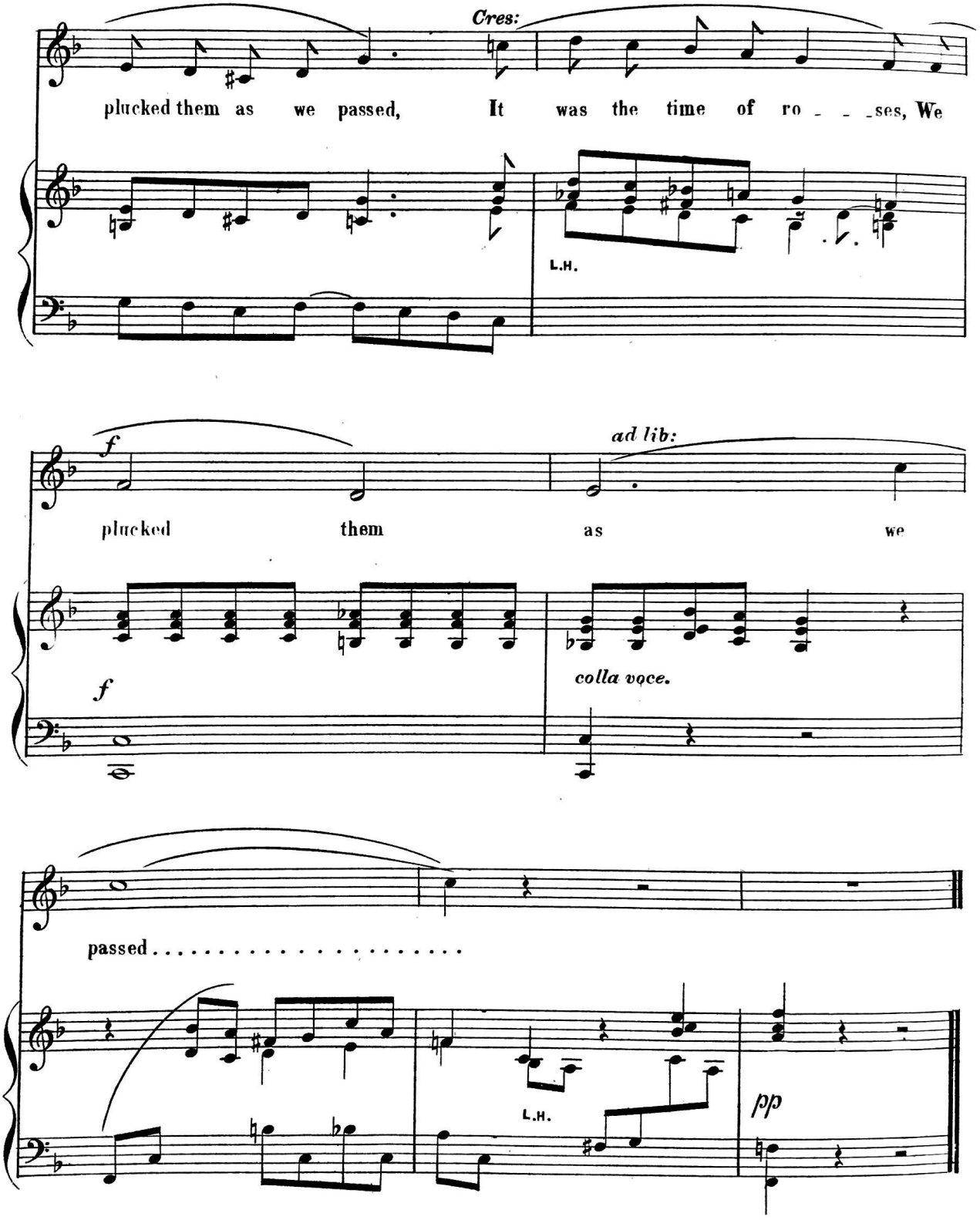
MUSIC BY

HERBERT BUNNING.




was the time of ro_ _ ses,_ We plucked them as we passed.....
rall:
It was not in the win_ _ ter Our
rall:
L.H.
ad lib:
lov_ _ _ ing lot was cast..... That
colla voce.
a tempo.
chur_ _ _ _ _ lish season nev_er frowned On ear_ly lov_ers
stesso tempo.

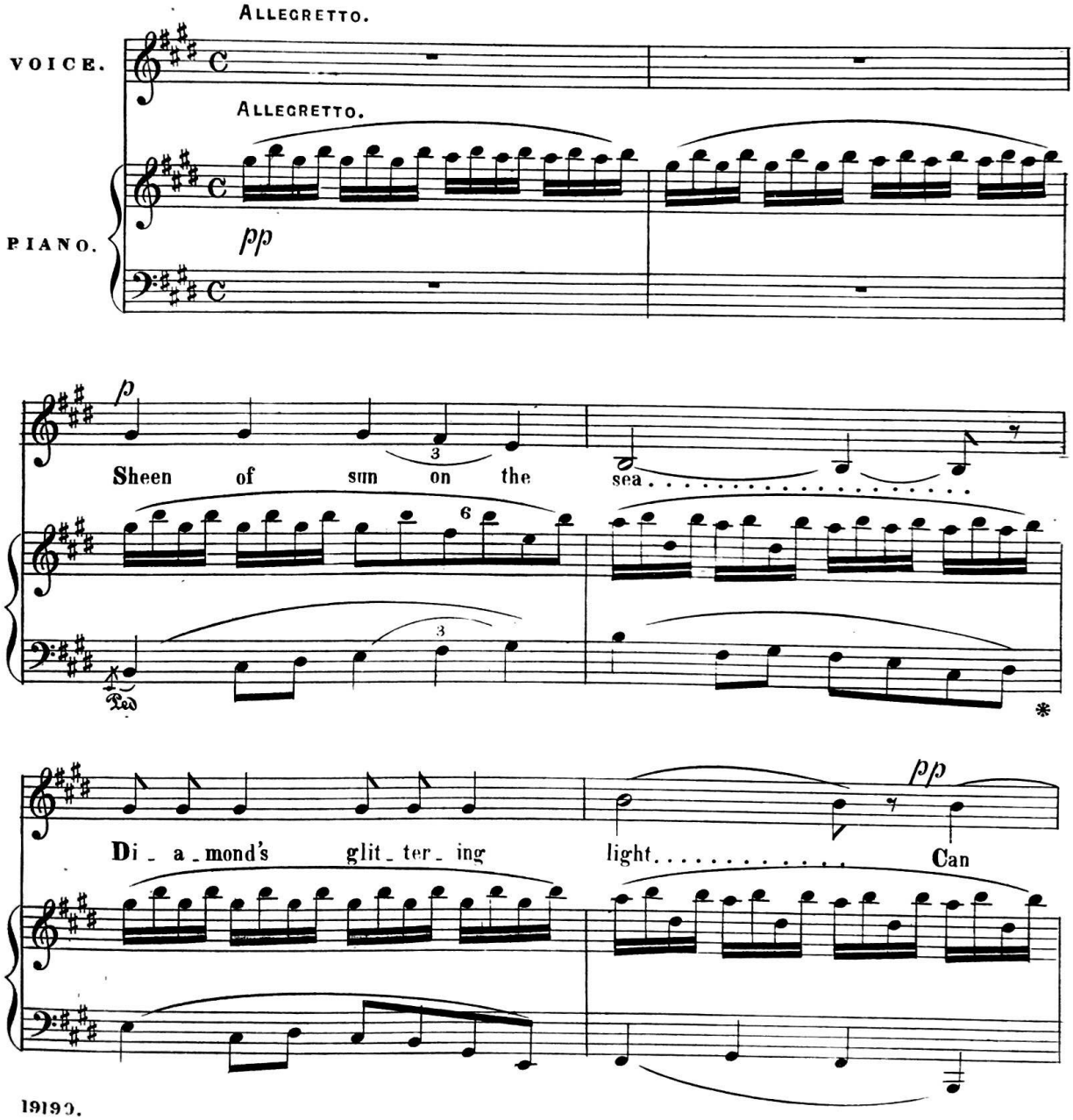

yet! . . . . . Oh no — . . . . the world was new - ly
p
ff
Dim: subito:
p
crowned With flow - er's when we met, ... when . . . . . we
Cres:
Cres:
met. . . . . It was not . . . . . in the win - - - ter Our
pp
dolcissimo.
colla voce.
pp
lov - - ing lot was cast! It was the time of ro - - - - ses, We

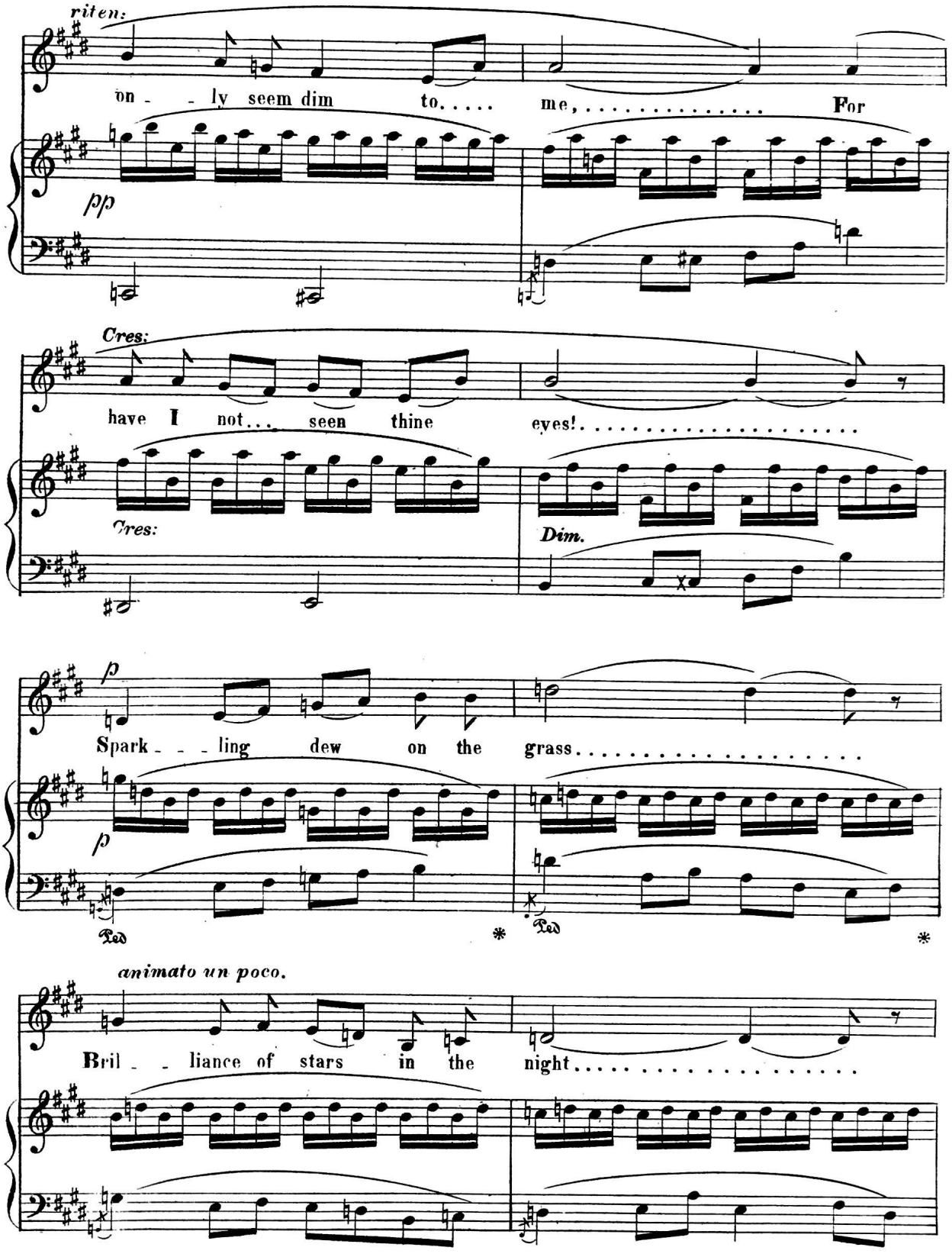

Cres:
plucked them as we passed, It was the time of ro - - - ses, We
L.H.
f
ad lib:
plucked them as we
f
colla voce.
passed . . . . . .
L.H.
pp

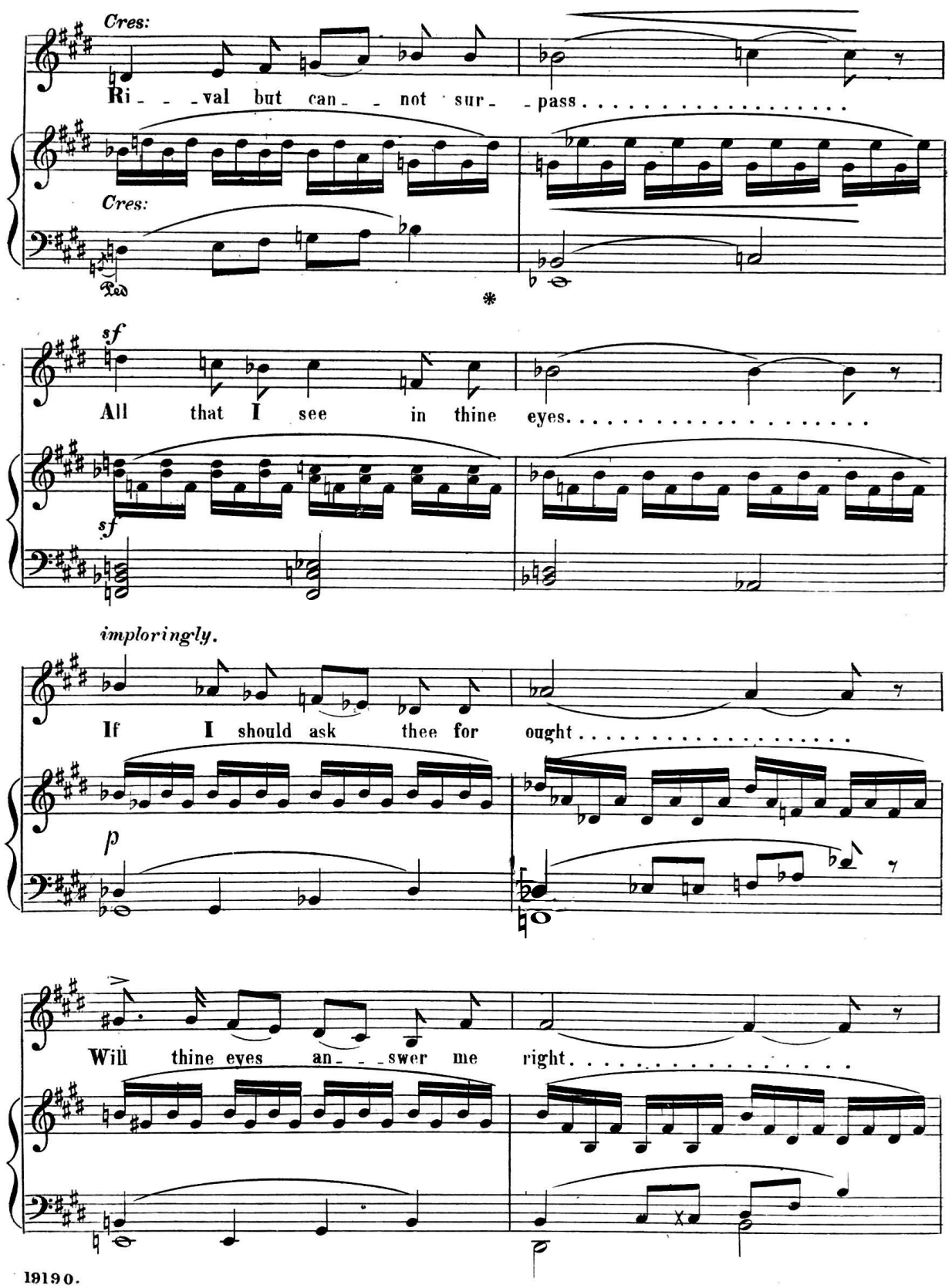
THINE EYES.

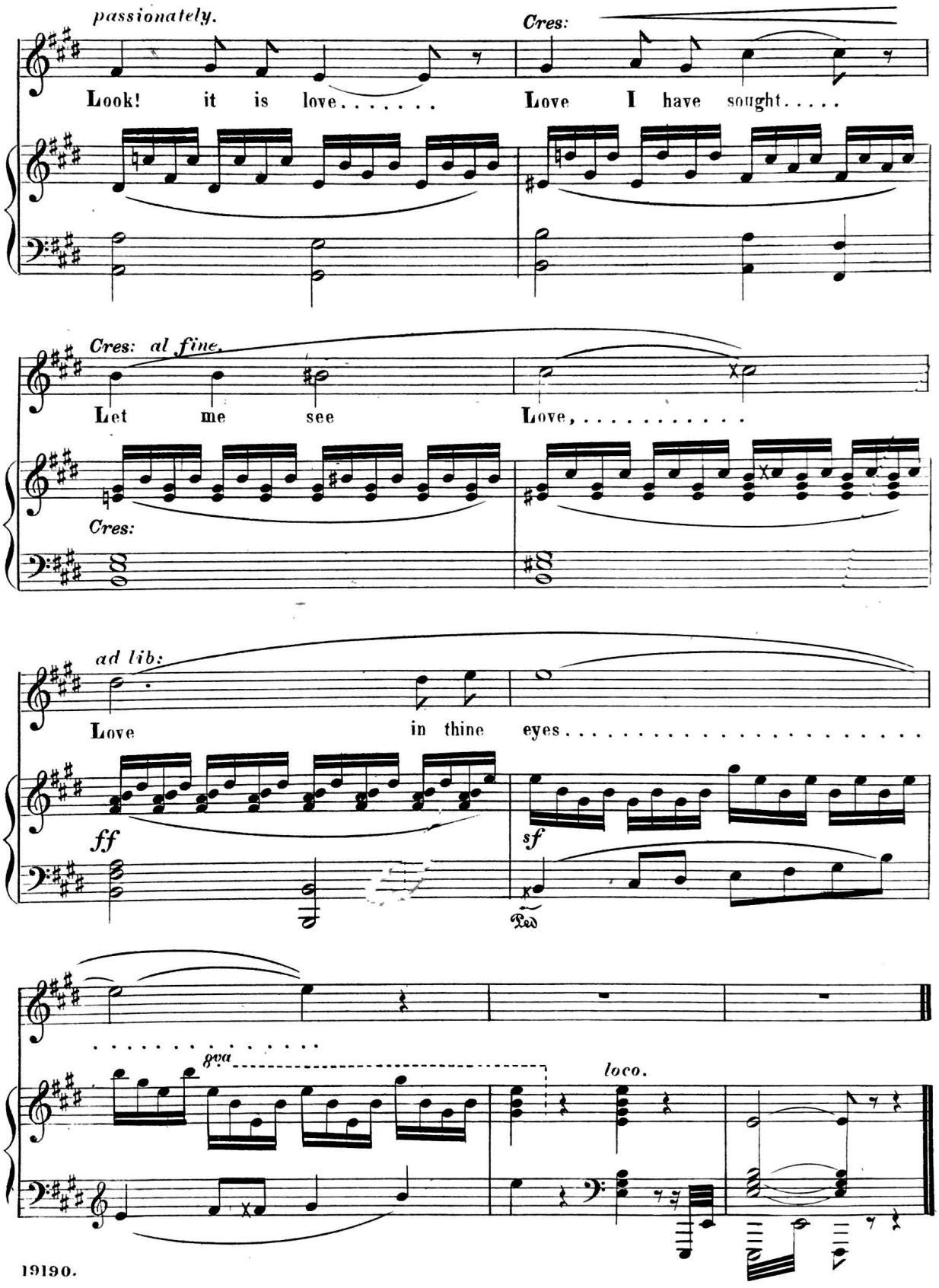
WORDS BY
G.R.ASKWITH.

MUSIC BY
HERBERT BUNNING.




riten:
on - - ly seem dim to..... me,..... For
pp
Cres:
have I not... seen thine eyes!.....
Cres:
Dim.
p
Spark - - - ling dew on the grass.....
p
Ped
*
Ped
*
animato un poco.
Bril - - liance of stars in the night.....


Cres:
Ri - - - val but can - - not sur - - pass . . . . . .
Cres:
Ped
*
sf
All that I see in thine eyes. . . . . .
sf
imploringly.
If I should ask thee for ought . . . . . .
p
Will thine eyes an - - - swer me right . . . . . .


passionately.
Cres:
Look! it is love.....
Love I have sought.....
Cres: al fine.
Let me see
Love,.....
Cres:
ad lib:
Love
in thine eyes.....
ff
sf
Ped
8va
loco.