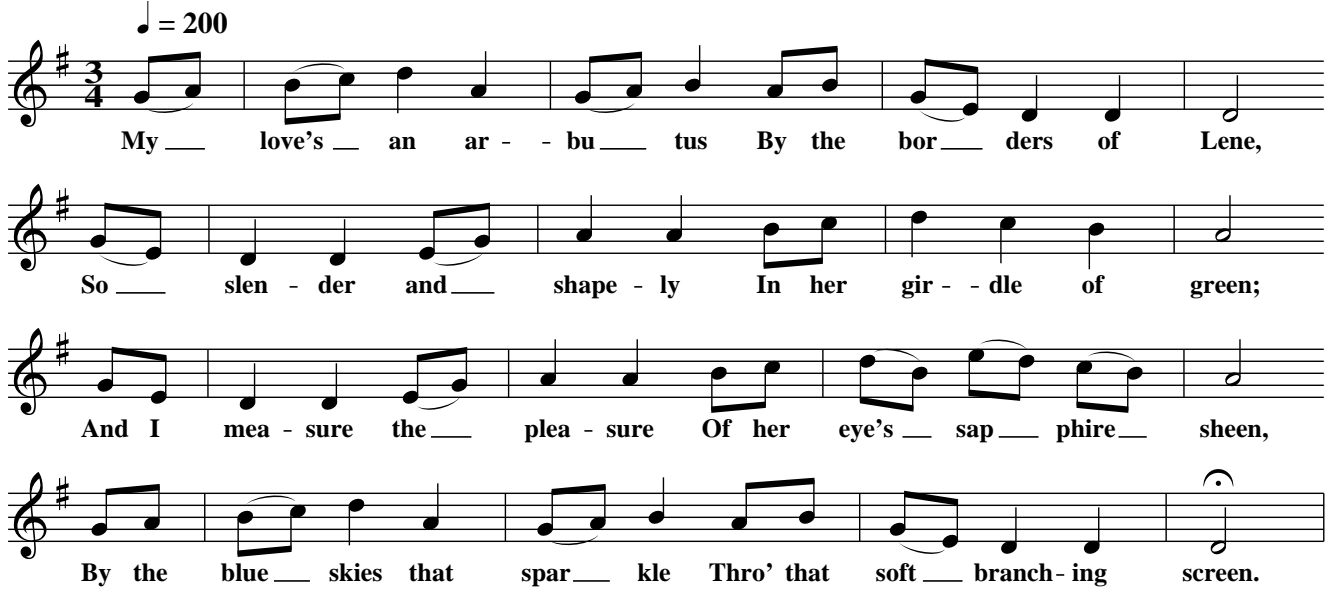


My Love's an Arbutus

Lyric by A.P. Graves. Tune traditional (Cavan): *I rise in the morning with my heart full of woe/ The Coola Shore.*

$\text{♩} = 200$



My love's an arbutus By the borders of Lene,
So slender and shapely In her girdle of green;
And I measure the pleasure Of her eye's sapphire sheen,
By the blue skies that sparkle Thro' that soft branching screen.

My love's an arbutus
By the borders of Lene,
So slender and shapely
In her girdle of green;
And I measure the pleasure
Of her eye's sapphire sheen,
By the blue skies that sparkle
Thro' that soft branching screen.

But tho' ruddy the berry
And snowy the flow'r,
That brighten together
The arbutus bow'r,
Perfuming and blooming
Through sunshine and show'r,
Give me her bright lips
And her laugh's pearly dower.

Alas, fruit and blossom
Shall lie dead on the lea,
And Time's jealous fingers
Dim your young charms, Machree;
But unchanging, unchanging,
You'll still cling to me,
Like the ever-green leaf
To the arbutus tree.