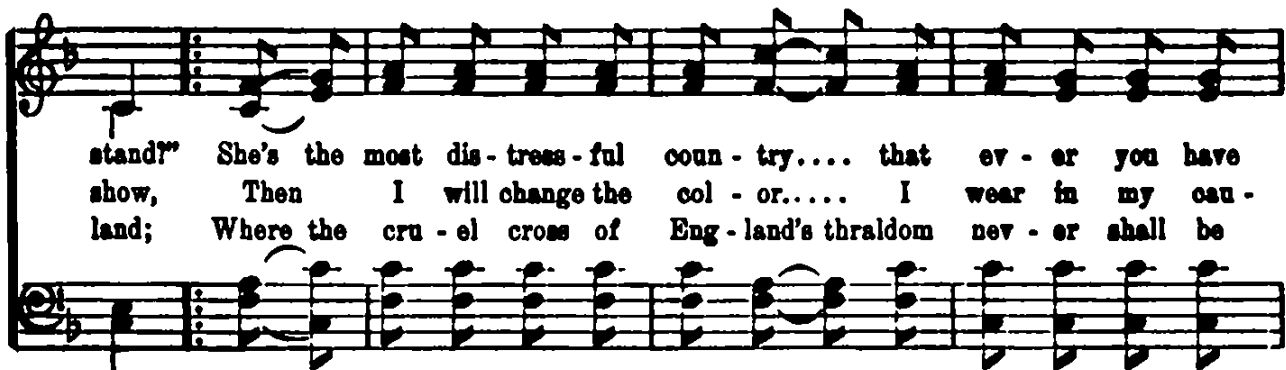
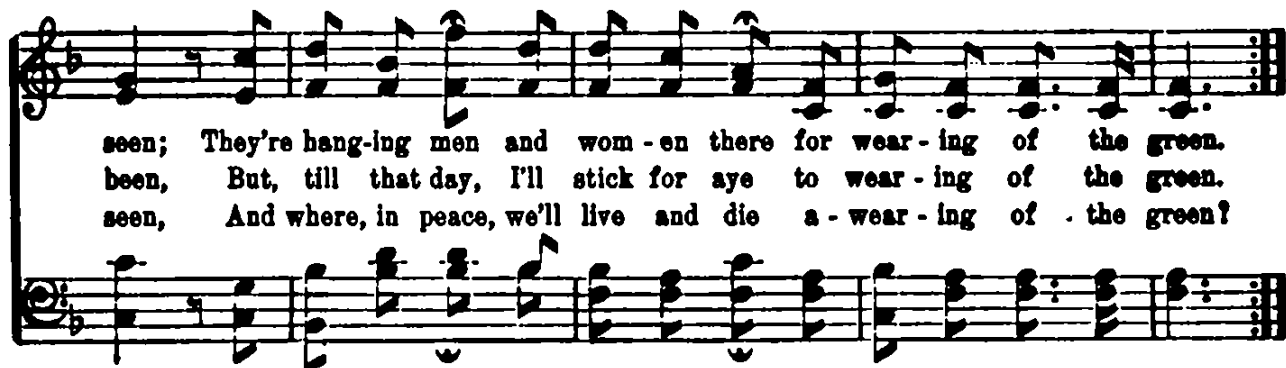


## The Wearing of the Green.



stand!" She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try.... that ev-er you have  
show, Then I will change the col-or.... I wear in my cau-  
land; Where the cru-el cross of Eng-land's thraldom nev-er shall be



seen; They're hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-ing of the green.  
been, But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear-ing of the green.  
seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die a-wear-ing of the green?

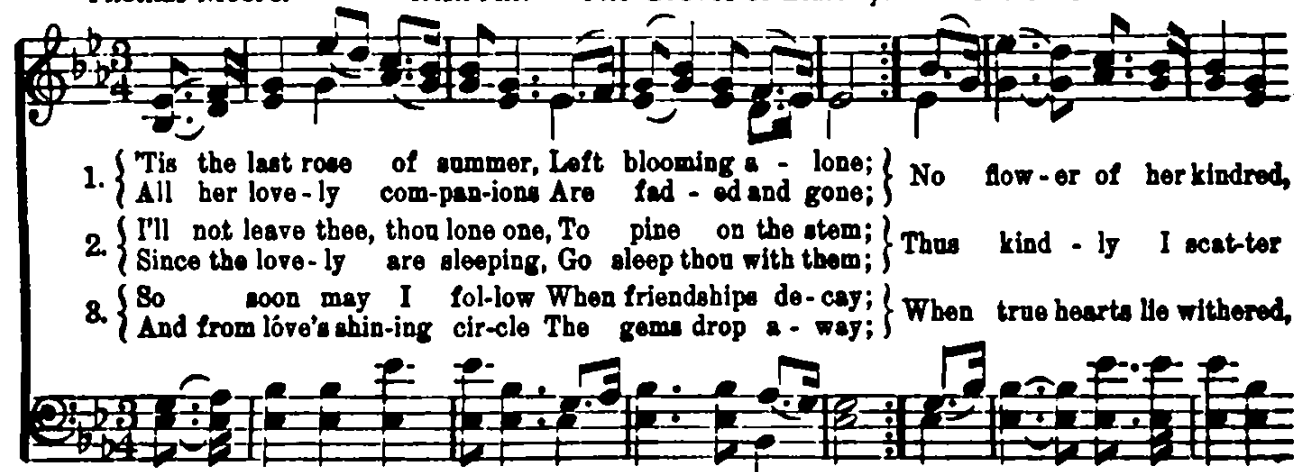
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## The Last Rose of Summer.

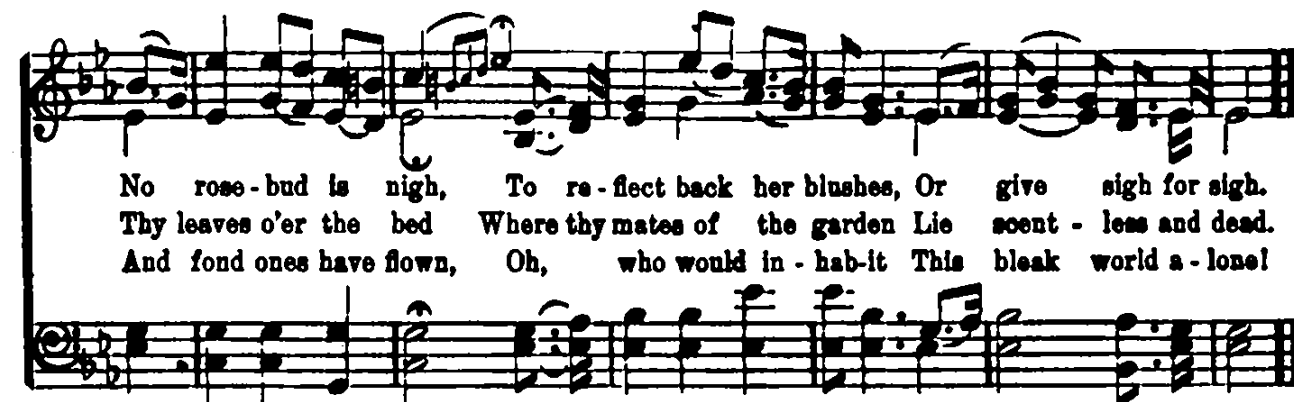
Thomas Moore.

Irish Air:—"The Groves of Blarney."

Flotow's "Martha."



1. { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; } No flow-er of her kindred,  
All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; }  
2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter  
Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; }  
3. { So soon may I fol-low When friendships de-cay; } When true hearts lie withered,  
And from love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a-way; }



No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.  
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead.  
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip.—Elbert Hubbard.  
You can play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and 5,000 other selections on the Inner-Player Piano, no matter what your age.