

Ben Bolt

J. KNEAS

Moderato
p
mf

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, the wood, — Ben Bolt, Near the

Al-ice with hair so — brown; She wept with de-light when you
green sun-ny slope of the hill, When oft — we have sung 'neath its

cresc.

dim.

gave her a smile, And — trem-bled with fear — at your frown. In the
wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click — of the mill. The

cresc.

old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a -
mill has gone to de-cay, — Ben Bolt, And a qui-et now reigns all a -

dim.

lone — They have fit-ted a slab of — gran-ite so grey, And sweet
round. — See the old rus-tic porch with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies —

Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of —
 scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. See the old rus-tic porch, with its

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies — scatter'd and fall'n to the ground.

cresc. *riten.* *dim.*

The Blue Juniata

MRS. M. D. SULLIVAN

Allegretto

1. Wild rov'd an Indian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the
 2. Gay was the mountain song, Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wat-ers Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
 wat-ers Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are

Thro' the for-est go-ing, Loose were her jet-ty locks In wa-vy tresses flowing.
 In my painted quiver, Swift goes my light ca-noe A - down the rap-id riv - er,

mf *cresc.* *f* *dim.*