

My Love's an Arbutus

Words by A. P. Graves

Old Irish Melody
arr. C. V. Stanford
(1852 - 1924)

Allegretto

Soprano Alto Tenor Bass

My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and
 But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the flow'r That bright - en to -

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shape - ly in her gir - dle of green, And I mea - sure the plea - sure Of her eyes' sapph - ire
 ge - ther The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through sun - shine and *rall.*

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- der in her gir - dle of green, And I mea - sure the plea - sure Of her eyes' sapph - ire
 - en The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through sun - shine and *rall.*

sheen show'r, By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.
 Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pear - ly dow'r.

sheen show'r, By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.
 Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pear - ly dow'r.

sheen show'r, By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen. A -
 Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pear - ly dow'r.

sheen show'r, By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.

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And Time's jea - lous fin - gers dim your
rall.
And Time's jea - lous fin - gers dim your
rall.
las, fruit and blos - om Shall lie dead up - on the lea, And Time's jea - lous fin - gers dim your
rall.
Shall lie dead And Time dim your

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young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing un - chang - ing, You'll still cling to
rall.
young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing un - chang - ing, You'll still cling to
rall.
young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing un - chang - ing, You'll still cling to
rall.
young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing un - chang - ing, You'll still cling to
rall.

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me Like the ev - er - green leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.
me Like the ev - er - green leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.
me Like the ev - er - green leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.
me Like the ev - er - green leaf to the ar - bu - tus tree.