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Ivy Green

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5th Edition

THE IVY GREEN

A Ballad.

THE WORDS
WRITTEN BY

BOZ

The Music Composed

and respectfully Dedicated to

LYNDE M. WALTER ESQ.

OF BOSTON

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pr. 50 Cts nett.

NEW YORK

Henry Russell

Published by HEWITT & JAKES 239 Broadway.

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THE IVY GREEN.

WORDS BY "BOZ."

MUSIC BY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO.

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of musical styles and markings. It begins with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in a key of two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO' for the first system and 'MODERATO.' for the second. The score includes several systems of music, some marked 'gva.' (grave) and others 'Loco.' (loco). The lyrics are written below the music, starting with 'A dain-ty plant is the I-vy green That creepeth o'er ru-ins old Of'. The score concludes with a final system marked 'Ad lib.' and 'A tempo.'

gva.

gva.

gva.

Loco.

Ad lib. A tempo.

A dain-ty plant is the I-vy green That creepeth o'er ru-ins old Of

right choice food are his meals I ween In his cell so lone and cold The

fz

wall must be crumbled the stones de-cayed To pleasure his dain-ty whim And the

Quasi *pp* a colla voce.

Ad lib.

mould'ring dust that years have made Is a mer-ry meal for him

p *pp* *f* *pp dol.*

fz

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old Plant is the l-...vy green

pp

Ad lib.

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old plant is the L-vy green.

gva Loco. gva pp dol.

Creep-ing, creep-ing, creep-ing where no life is seen

gva

Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the L-vy green.

gva Loco. gva

p pp

Loco.

Ped:

Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he..... How

closely he twineth how closely he clings, To his friend the huge Oak Tree! And

sly_ly he trail_eth a_long the ground, And his leaves he gent_ly waves, As he

Quasi pp colla voce.

Ad lib.

joy_ous_ly hugs and crawl_eth round The mould of dead men's graves.

pp dolce.

Creep-ing where grim death has been A rare old plant is the I----vy green

gva

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old plant is the I----vy green

gva

Ad lib.

Loco.

pp dolce.

Creep---ing, creep---ing, creep---ing where no life is seen,

gva

Creep---ing, creep---ing, A rare old plant is the I----vy green.

gva

Loco.

gva

grv
Loco.
p
pp
Ped. p

Whole a-ges have fled and their works decay'd, And nations have scatter'd been; But the

stout old L-vy shall ne-ver fade, From its hale and hear-ty green: The

brave old plant in its lone-ly days, Shall fat-ten up-on the past; For the

state-liest buil-ding man can raise, Is the L-vy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the L-vy green. Creeping where no

life is seen A rare old plant is the L-vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no

life is seen, creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the L-vy green.

