Ivy Green

Henry Russell

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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 Botton

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

1850. 5s. net.

New York

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THE IVY GREEN.

WORDS BY "BOZ.

MUSIC BY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO

A dainty plant is the ivy green That creepeth o'er ruins old
right choice food are his meals I ween In his cell so lone and cold

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

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

Creeping where no life is seen A rare old Plant is the L-----y green
A rare old plant is the L__ _ _yy green.

Creep__ing where no life is seen

Creep__ing, creep__ing, creep__ing where no life is seen

Creep__ing, creep__ing, A rare old plant is the L____ vy green.
And he leave
the dead mould of men,
grue

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

And slyly he trail-eth a-long the ground, And his leaves he gent-ly waves, As he

Quasi pp solis voce.

joy-ous-ly hugs and crawl-eth round The mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been  A rare old plant is the ly green

At lib.

Creeping where no life is seen  A rare old plant is the ly green

Loco.

Creeping, creeping, creeping where no life is seen,

Creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the ly green.

Loco.
Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd, And nations have scattered been; But the
stout old l-vy shall never fade, From its hale and hearty green:
The brave old plant in its lone-ly days, Shall fast'en up-on the past; For the
state-liest build-ing 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.