1840

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 BOSTON
by
HENRY RUSSELL.

NEW YORK

Published by HEWITT & JAQUES, 239 Broadway.
THE IVY GREEN.

WORDS BY "BOZ.

MUSIC BY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO

A dainty plant is the ivy green That creepeth o'er ruins old

Of
right choice food are his meals I ween In his cell so lone and cold
The 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
Creep'ing where no life is seen A rare old Plant is the L---r green
A rare old plant is the __ __ __ green.

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

Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the L__ __ __ green.
Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he.

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

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

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

stout old L-ivy shall ne-ver fade, From its hale and heart-ly green: The

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

state-liest build-ing man can raise, Is the L-ivy's food at last.

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

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

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