

My heart is like the faded flower.

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MY HEART IS LIKE THE FADED FLOWER

Composed & Respectfully inscribed to,

MISS LUCIE MARIE STOKES

BY

P. STRONG.

BOSTON, Published by OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.

MODERATO.

Legato con Espressione

ten ten

My heart is like the faded flower, Whose beauties lost, and sweetness

gone; For - got, neglected in the bower, Is left by all to die a - lone— And thus am

I, all hope is o'er, A hope so cherished in my heart; I dare not wish to

see her more The spell is broken we must part. I dare not wish to see her more, The

Ad lib: - - - - -
spell is broken, we must part.

I thought she loved, I was deceived,
 Oh would that we had never met;
 And though she is no more believed
 My heart refuses to forget.
 But now alas— I dare not tell
 The grief that rends this aching heart;
 Adieu forever, fare thee well;
 The spell is broken— we must part.