



Crocus.

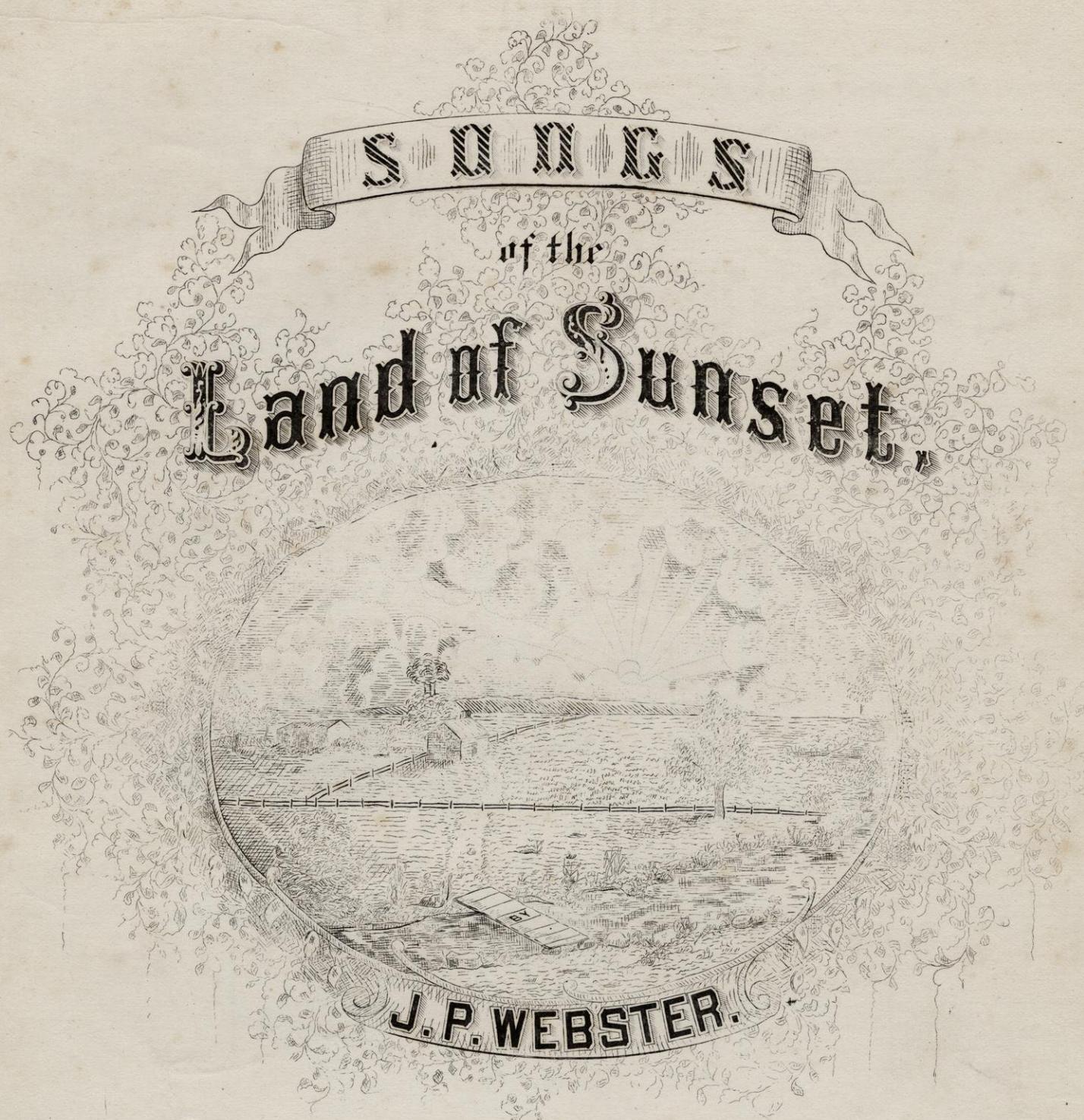
Chicago: H. M. Higgins (45 Lake St.), 1859

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HURRY UP THE GOOD TIME COMING
THOU COMEST NO MORE
OLD DOOR-STEP.
SPIRITS CALL.
NELLIE MAY.
POOR WILLIE'S ALL ALONE.
WE PART FOR EVER
OUR BONNIE BLUE EYED NELL
WILLIE LEE
KATY MY DARLINT

ONWARD
HERE IS JOY FOR THE MOUNER
THE CROCUS
LITTLE MAUD
HOME IS SAD WITHOUT A MOTHER
MY DEAR OLD HOME
GRAVE BENEATH THE WILLOW
LITTLE WILLIE'S LAST QUESTION

Quartette
2¹/₂
" " " "
3¹/₂
3
2¹/₂
" " "
3
" " "

COURAGE
FAR AWAY.
STRIKE THE HARP
MY MOTHER'S SONG
OUR MOTHER

Quartette
2¹/₂
" " "
" " "
Duet
" " "

2¹/₂
3
" " "
" " "

CHICAGO.

Published by H. M. HIGGINS, 45 Lake Street.

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THE CROCUS.

Words by MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top staff shows piano chords in common time, with a dynamic of *f* followed by *p*. The second staff begins with a vocal entry, starting with a dotted half note. The third staff continues the vocal line. The fourth staff begins with a piano accompaniment. The fifth staff concludes the vocal line. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts of the score.

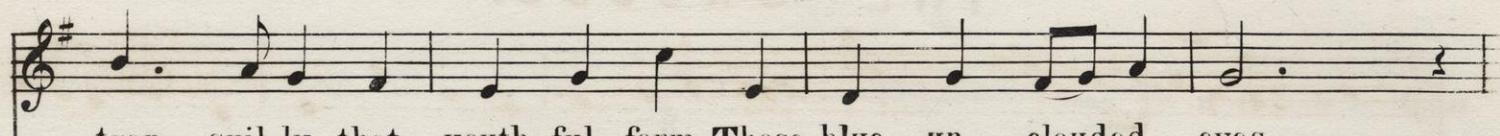
8

Beneath the sunny Autumn sky, With gold leaves drooping

round, We sought, my little friend and I, The consecrated ground, Where

calm beneath the holly cross, O'er shadowed by sweet skies, Sleeps

4



2d Verse.

A .. round the soft green

swel..ling mound We scooped the earth a .. way, And bu .. ried deep the

cro..cus bulbs A..gainst a coming day. "These roots are dry, and brown, and sere, Why

The Crocus.

plant them here;" he said, "To leave them all the Winter long So de.. so.late and

dead?"

3.

"Dear child, within each sere dead form
 There sleeps a living flower,
 And angel-like it shall arise
 In Spring's returning hour."
 Ah, deeper down—cold, dark, and chill,
 We buried our heart's flower,
 But angel like shall he arise
 In Spring's immortal hour.

4.

In blue and yellow from its grave
 Springs up the crocus fair,
 And God shall raise those bright blue eyes,
 Those sunny waves of hair.
 Not for a fading Summer's morn,
 Not for a fleeting hour,
 But for an endless age of bliss,
 Shall bloom our heart's dear flower.