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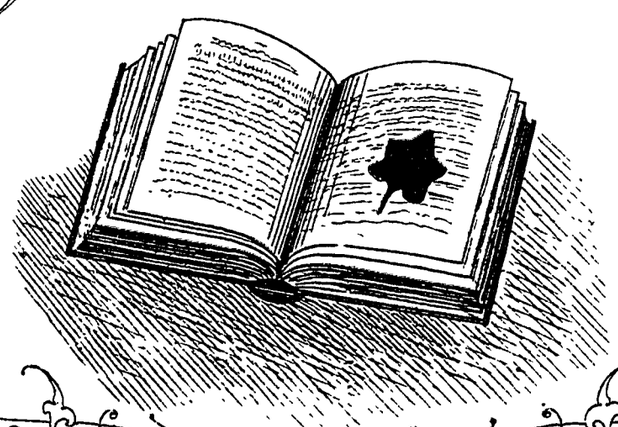
TO MY DEAR SISTER
MARGARET
CORK CITY IRELAND.

ONLY AN IVY LEAF



BALLAD

As sung by FERD. D. GOSLEE
Author of "Sweet Sixteen" ec.

Words and Music
BY

M. O' REARDON.

AUTHOR OF:
"Marriage Bells" "Dream of Love is Oe'r" "Little Ones Asleep.ec.ec.

Published by
Chas. F. Schmidt.
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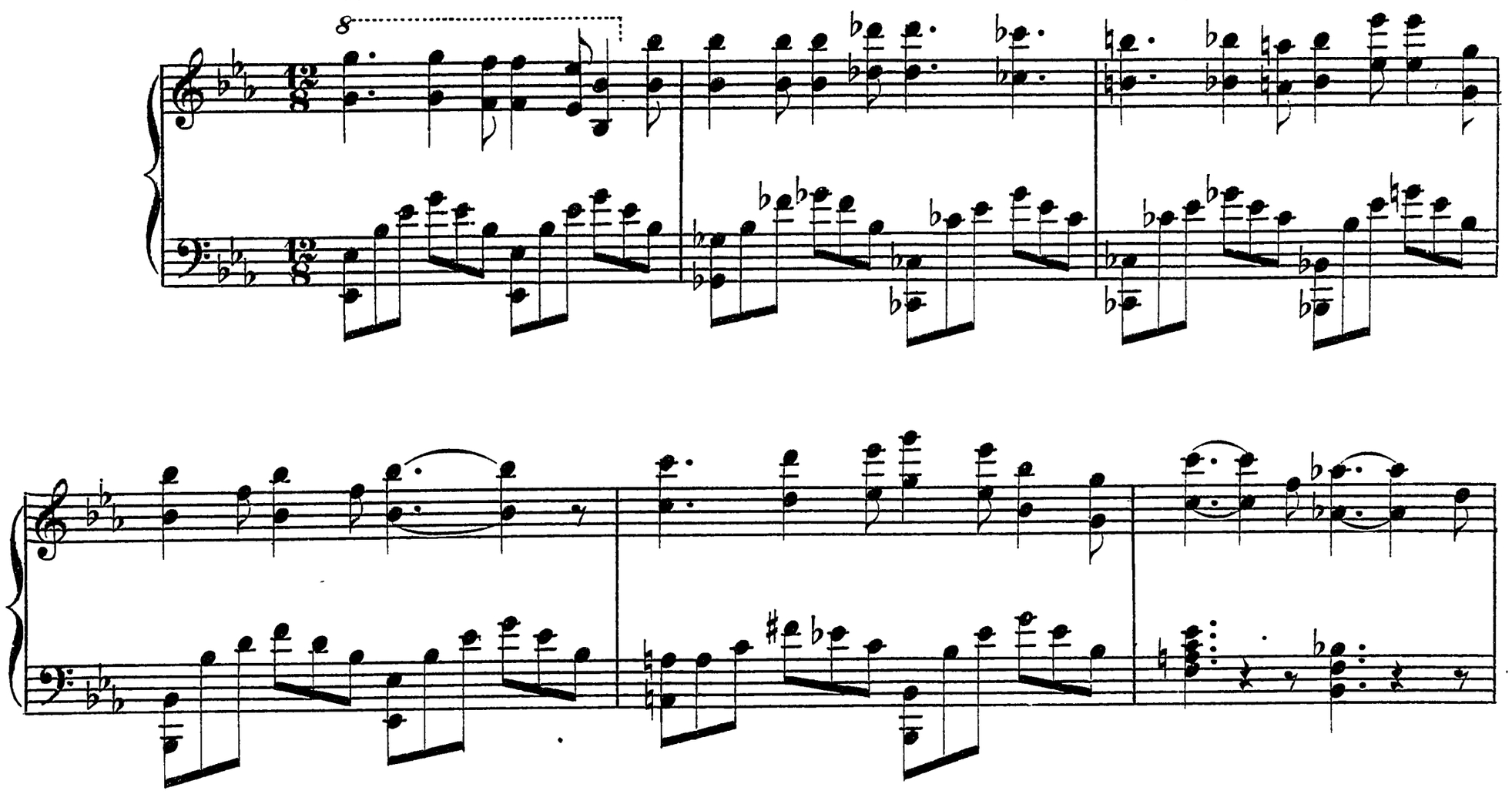
ONLY AN IVY LEAF.

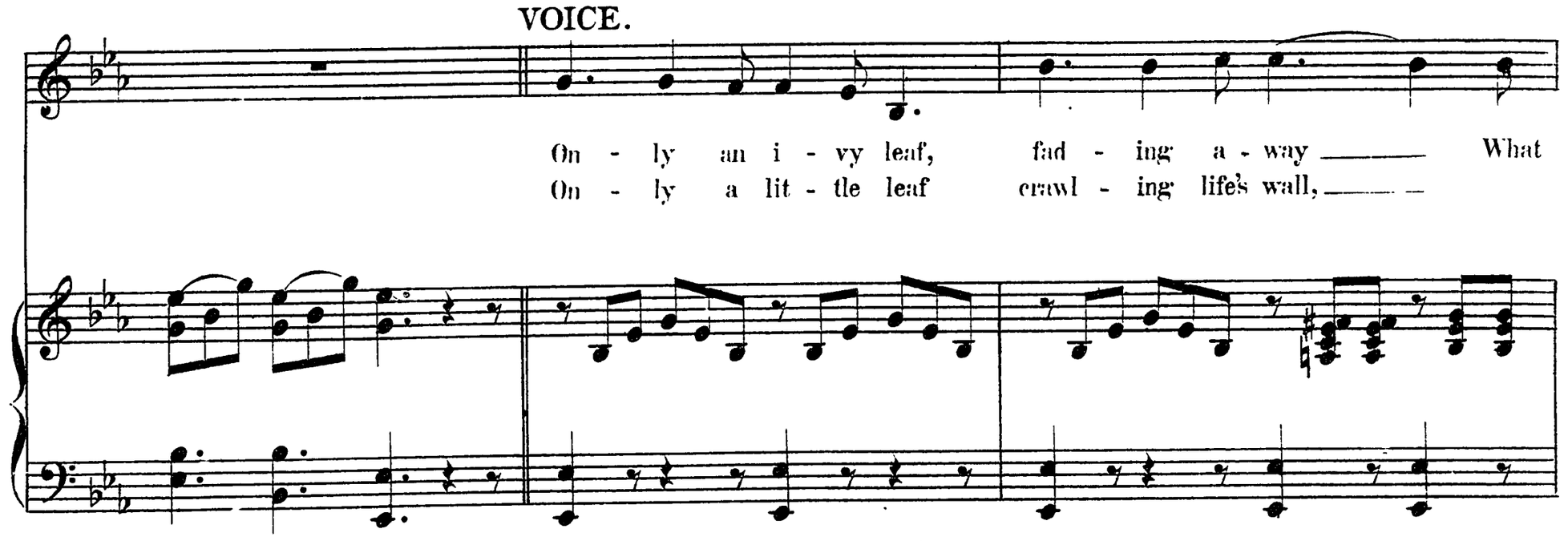
The plot of "Only an Ivy Leaf" was suggested to him when out in Montana. A young man from the East went out there to seek his fortune. He had been engaged to an estimable young lady in New York, but he was poor and she far above his station. It was a clandestine engagement, but when it came to the ears of the girl's parents they positively interposed, and he went to the wild West with the prospect of accumulating sufficient wealth to return and marry her. In the meantime, and while he was working might and main, he received the sad intelligence that she had died. He became broken-hearted over the sad circumstance and dissipation followed, he dying shortly afterwards. Previous to his death, however, he let Mr. O'Reardon see a book which he possessed, presented to him by her previous to his leaving New York, between the pages of which was pressed an ivy leaf. He treasured it as he did his life, but that did not last long. He considered life little worth the living for, and died a few months after receiving the informtion of his sweet-heart's passing away. Mr. O'Reardon is in possession of the book and leaf.

SYMPH.

Words & Music by Mr. O' REARDON.



VOICE.



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sad sweet mem'-ry of the past it calls to mind all day; Hearts that were brok - en. In
Wait - ing the judg-ment day To hear the last grand call, The bod - y from mother earth. The

Life's short pre - cious sway, Now like the i - vy leaf are fad - ing fast a - way.
rose, the leaf and tree Will all respond to na - ture's voice, And she'll come back to me. Will

Now like the i - vy leaf are fad ing fast a - way.
all respond to na - ture's voice, And she'll come back to me. The

'Tis but a gift of love, my own one pressed it there And now looks on it from a-boye In
soul will for-get the past, The an - gels smile with glee At the lit - tle fad-ed leaf and I, And

yon grand, heavenly sphere. Fad-ing a-way. An-gels coaxed her way from me One
what they stole from me. Fad-ing a-way. An-gels lured her far a-way One

rit. *a tempo.*

bright and gold-en day, And I now, like the i-vy leaf, Am fad-ing fast a-way. And
bright and gold-en day, And I now, like the i-vy leaf, Am fad-ing fast a-way. And

I now, like the i-vy leaf, Am fad ing fast a-way.
I now, like the i-vy leaf, Am fad ing fast a-way.

f *p* *p cresc.* *Fine.*