ADAH MOLINE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

By HENRY TUCKER.



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heard the song of her guileless heart Floating out on the morn - ing air? . . . . Or
ah! ah! me, for the fold - ed hands, And the poor lit - tle, pale little breast, ... For of
listen'd entranc'd to the in - no - cent words Low breath'd in her evening prayer? . . . And
all bright blos - soms in all bright lands, Oh! she was the brightest and best. . . . And my
oh, have you smil'd at her win - ning ways, As you held, with a strange de - light, ... Her
heart is hungry, that knows too well What mournfullest mis - e - ries mean, ... Is
tempo.
fair - y - like form and her daint - y hand, Like a snow - drop round and white.
hun - gry and hope - less and heavy with sighs, For the lit - tle lost A-dah Mo - line.
tempo.

CHORUS.


Ad lib.
AIR.
Sweet A - dah Mo - line! . . . . . Dear A - dah Mo - line! . . . . . The
ALTO.
Sweet A-dah Moline! Dear A-dah Mo - line! . . . . . The
TENOR.
Sweet A-dah Mo - line! Dear A-dah Mo - line! . . . . . The
BASS.
PIANO.
Tempo.
Ad lib.
sweet-est and fair-est that ev - er was seen! Sweet A-dah, dear A-dah Mo - line.
sweet-est and fair-est that ev - er was seen! Sweet A - dah, dear A - dah Mo - line.
sweet-est and fair-est that ev - er was seen! Sweet A dah, dear A-dah Mo - line.