

HENDRIE

"FLOWERS," "CHILDREN," "SWINGING."

E. Litterick

ELEANOR LITTERICK



FLOWERS

ELEANOR LITTERICK

A Moral Song.

Words and Melody by
Arthur C. Hendrie.



"When Beauty Adorns You,
Never Exalt over the
Plainness of Others."

A.C.H.



Flowers.

Valse.

ARTHUR C. HENDRIE.



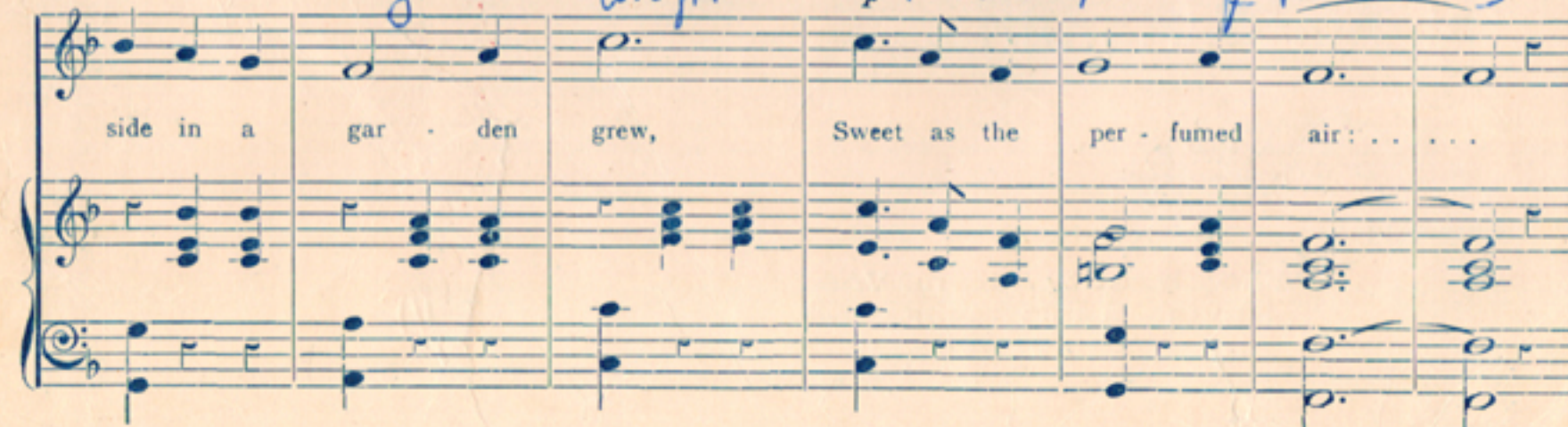
4 a lily - pure in her robe of
3 a rose re-marked to a matron



4. white - queen of that garden fair
3 gold I am en-dowed with grace told them
p In this



4 all of a world of love. | Where there were gardens rarely
3 gar-dens so gay and bright I hold the pride of place 3)



dear little flowers don't dis a gree

pur. i. ty

FLOWERS.

3 yes, you are sweet as every one knows

but with my

2 "I am the plain sweet - est flow - er on earth," Whis - pered the
daisy is ~~plain~~ ^{the} ~~field~~ ^{ran - cy} ~~cried~~ ^{cried} like you her

4 hope and love 4
3 gold - en hue 3

4 need no colours to 4
3 I am pretty said 3

viol et blue..... "Don't be vain, dear," the
charms are few. no dear ~~henry~~ said ~~good~~

4 clings us all 4 sweet into ^{him} a - love (4)
3 met - gold 3

2 dai - sy said, "I am as sweet as you."
met - ~~guar~~ ^{ite}

Moderato p

I . . am but a Flow - er just the same as you, I . . am just as

When a Chorus is assisting, }
Chorus to sing these Notes. } p

FLOWERS.

sweet, dear, And . . my heart as true. I . . enjoy the sun - shine,
 When a Chorus is assisting, Chorus to sing these Verses.

and the morning dew. I . . am loved and cared for, Just the same as you . . .

(2)

A Pansy bold and a Marguerite
 Tucked in a bed close by
 Turned their heads in the gentle breeze
 And heard the Daisy sigh.
 "Daisy is plain," the bold Pansy cried,
 "Like you her charms are few ;"
 "No ! dear Pansy," said Marguerite,
 "I am as sweet as you."

Chorus—

I am but a Flower,
 Just the same as you ;
 I am just as sweet, dear,
 And my heart as true.
 I enjoy the sunshine
 And the morning dew ;
 I am loved and cared for
 Just the same as you.

(3.)

A Rose remarked to a Marigold,
 "I am endowed with grace ;
 In this garden so gay and bright
 I hold the pride of place."
 "Yes ! You are sweet, as ev'ryone knows,
 But with my golden hue
 I am pretty," said Marigold,
 "And just as sweet as you."

Chorus.

(4.)

A Lily pure in her robe of white,
 Queen of that garden fair,
 Told them all of a world of Love
 Where there were Gardens rare.
 "Dear little Flowers, don't disagree,
 Purity, Hope, and Love
 Need no colours to claim us all
 Sweet unto Him above."

Chorus.