

A SUMMER SHOWER.

THEO. MARZIALS.

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1. "Oh, 'tis noth-ing but a show'r, but a quar-ter of an hour, Don't you
2. Now that lit - tle sum-mer show'r, must have lasted quite an hour, As I've
3. Now that lit - tle sum-mer show'r, must have ceas'd for quite an hour, As I've

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think you'd better shel-ter by the chest-nut tree, For the wind is blowing sweet, and you've dai-sies for your feet, And
 heard a shower can do in the North Coun-tree, And she'd got a pret-ty shoe, she lik'd to show it too, But she
 heard a shower can do in the North Coun-tree, But if you're in the shade, with a ver-y pret-ty maid, It

2nd & 3rd verse.

should you care to dance, I can pipe," said he. She was go-ing to the town in a fresh print gown, And a dain-ty col-or flies the
 could not dance for ev-er, tho' light was she, So she sat her down to rest, and the rose from her breast She gave it him so pretti-ly and
 cannot mat-ter much what the weather may be; And he must have said his say, for in his her fingers lay, As he took a thread of meadow grass and

daintier it be, And the piper's eyes are blue, and he looks' her thro' and thro' And the parson's piping bullfinch cannot pipe as sweet and true, And there's
 oh! so fair was she, That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when betried To say something about roses, and I dont know what beside, For she
 meas-ur'd for the ring, And she look'd him thro' and thro', while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true, Since the day he shar'd her book at church and heard her sweetly sing, And not

not a bird in June, knows such a mer-ry tune, As "Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Coun-tree, With a hey, my lad, and a
 toss'd her dain-ty head, and start-ed up and said, "Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Coun-tree, But it's nay, my lad, and it's
 an-y one that June, sang such a mer-ry tune, As "Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Coun-tree, With a-way, my lad, and a

1st & 2nd verses. Last verse.

play, my lad, And mer-ri-ly I'll dance to thee!" stay my lad, And I'll live and I'll die for thee, for thee, I'll live and I'll die for thee."
 play, my lad, And mer-ri-ly I'll dance to thee!"

colla voce.