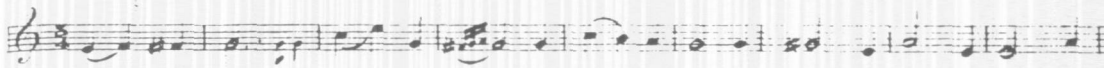


TAKE THIS LUTE

Composed by

JULIUS BENEDET.



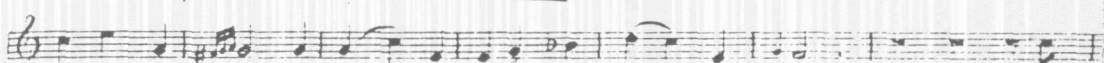
Take this Lute, whose thrilling lay Our spell of joy was wont to be, Touch thou its



chords, when I'm a--way And they will speak to thee of me, Or if in life



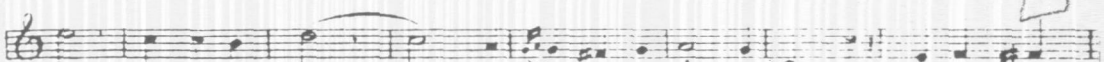
No more we meet, Should ab...sence shade our path of flowers, Still let those songs



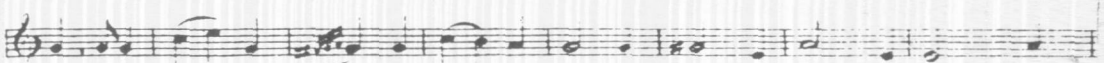
We deem'd so sweet, Be...guile thee in thy sad...dest hours. Be...



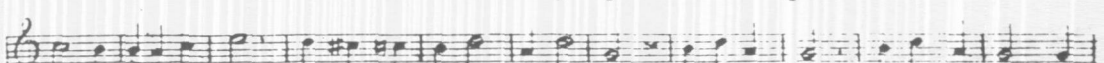
guile..... Be...guile..... thee in thy sad...dest hours. Be...



guile thee, Be...guile..... thee in thy sad...dest hours. Take these



vi...olets from my hair, And tho' their pur...ple tints de...part, They'll waft soft



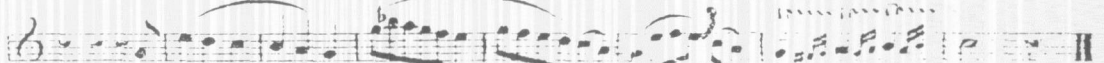
per...fume o'er the air Like grateful mem...ories to the heart So if on earth we meet no more, Or



hope's dream fade like these poor flowers My spirit still shall hover o'er, And cheer thee



in thy sad...dest hours. Thy sad...dest, sad...dest hours, thy sad...dest hours.



Thy sad...dest, sad...dest hours, thy sad...dest hours.