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1905

The Fickle Weather Vane : Tita

Raymond Hubbell
Composer

Robert B. Smith
Lyricist

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By the Author and Composer of "FANTANA"

MEXICANA



A MEXICAN COMIC OPERA

Lyrics by

ROBT. B. SMITH

Book by

Clara E. Driscoll
& Robt. B. Smith

Music by

RAYMOND HUBBELL

"MAJOR MARJORY"	60
"MY DOUBLE"	60
"I WAS JUST SUPPOSING"	60
"I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU"	60
"WHERE E'ER I GO"	60
"WE'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN"	60
"THE BOLERO"	1.00

"NOW HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THAT"	60
"THE FICKLE WEATHER VANE"	60
"TAKE CARE SENOR," Duet	60
"GRAFT"	60
"UNITED WE STAND" (March Song)	60
"I AM THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET"	60
"THE LORELEI"	60

Direction SAM S & LEE SHUBERT

Vp. 010646
1905
FICKLE



CHAS. K. HARRIS
CHICAGO
CANADIAN, MONTREAL, TORONTO, QUEBEC,
ALBERTA, CALGARY, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
LONDON AND SYDNEY



STARMER

The Fickle Weather Vane.

3

Tita.

Lyric by
ROBT. B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto moderato.

On the ga - bled top of a
As the years wore on and the

vil - lage shop dwelt a gild - ed weath - ér vane, In the sim - ple minds of the
winds had gone, where their love was not in vain, Then that fick - le one with her

sim - ple winds she was an - y - thing but plain. Heigh O! And a
suit - ors none would have had them back a - gain. Heigh O! And she

wealth of love to gain, So the North wind blew of what
sobbed her heart in twain, Then she loved to tell to a

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he would do if his love would be his bride, — And the South wind said he would
 Phil-o - mel and his love the rose full bloom, — Of the used - to - be of a

fain be dead if this vane his love de - nied. Heigh, O! And the
 time when she had a lov - er of her own. Heigh, O! How she

East and West winds sighed. Wil-low, Wil-low, Wil-low. But
 came to live a - lone. Wil-low, Wil-low, Wil-low. How

REFRAIN.

Valse moderato.

to each gen - tle whisp - er. She turned her head a -
 when she sought the North wind. He cool - ly passed her

way,
by,
The heart re-fused to list-en
The South wind lit-tle heed-ing
to what they
her plaint-ive

had to say,
heart - felt sigh,
And each re-ject-ed lov-er,
The East and West for-gave her,
Bade Then

her a fond good-day,
left her there to die,
Wil-low_, Wil-low_, Wil-low_,
Wil-low_, Wil-low_, Wil-low_,

Wil-low_, Wil-low_, Bade her a-dieu for aye.
Wil-low_, Wil-low_, "Too late" their sole re-ply.

The Fickle Weather Vane.