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Ivy Green

Henry Russell

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5th Edition

THE IVY GREEN

A Ballad.
THE WORDS
WRITTEN BY

BOZ

The Music Composed

and respectfully Dedicated to

LYNDE M. WALTER ESQ.
OF BOSTON

by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pr. 50cts nett.

NEW YORK

Henry Russell

Published by HEWITT & JAQUES 239 Broadway.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1858 by HEWITT & JAQUES in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

THE IVY GREEN.

WORDS BY "BOZ."

MUSIC BY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO.

A dain-ty plant is the I-ivy green That creepeth o'er ru-ins old Of

right choice food are his meals I ween In his cell so lone and cold The

fz

wall must be crumbled the stones de-cayed To pleasure his dain-ty whim And the

Quasi *pp* a colla voce.

Ad lib.

mould'ring dust that years have made Is a mer-ry meal for him

fz *p* *pp* *f* *pp dol.*

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old Plant is the l-...-vy green

pp

Ad lib.

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old plant is the L-ivy green.

gva *Loco.* *gva*

pp dol.

Creep-ing, creep-ing, creep-ing where no life is seen

gva

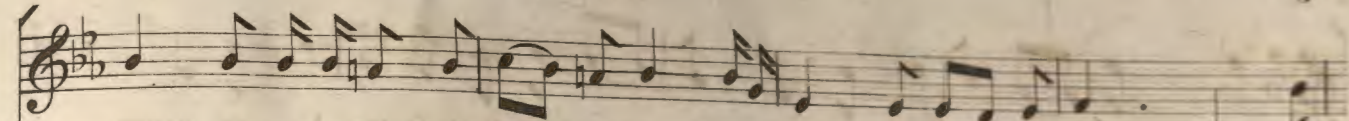
Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the L-ivy green.

gva *Loco.* *gva*

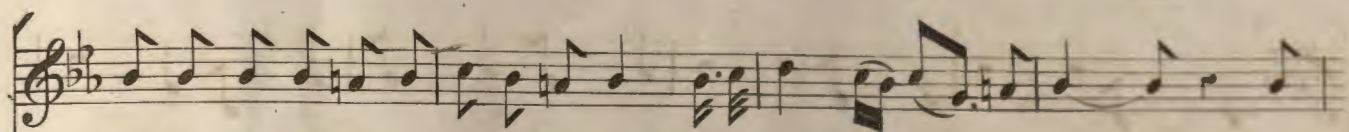
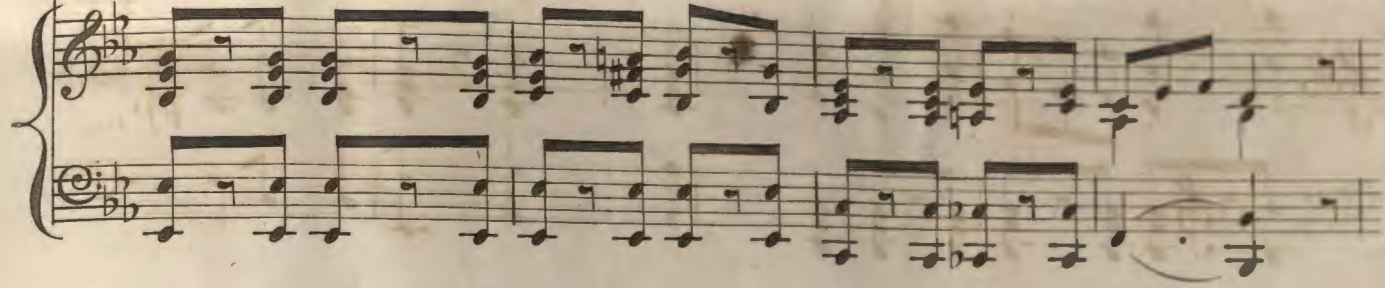
gva *Loco.*

p *pp*

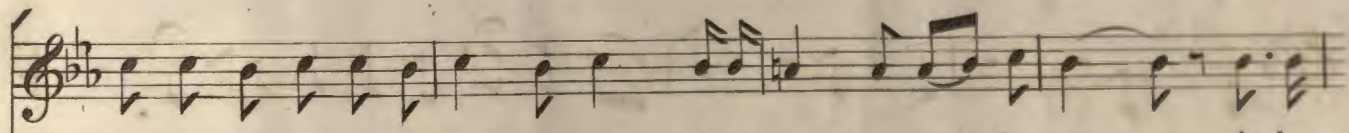
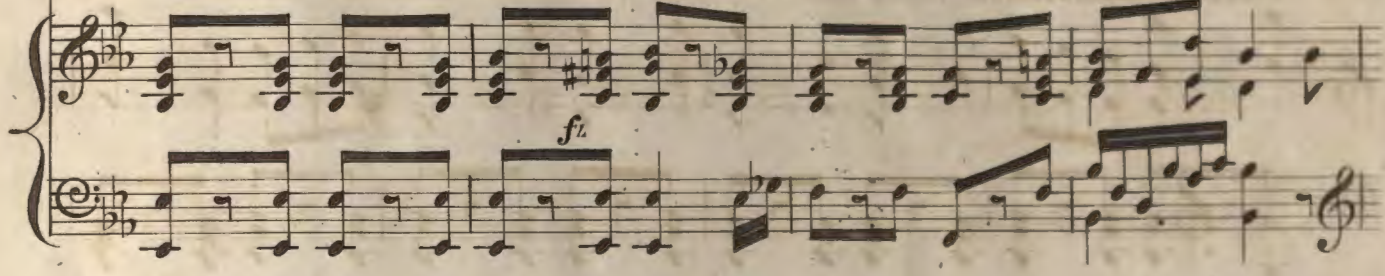
Ped:



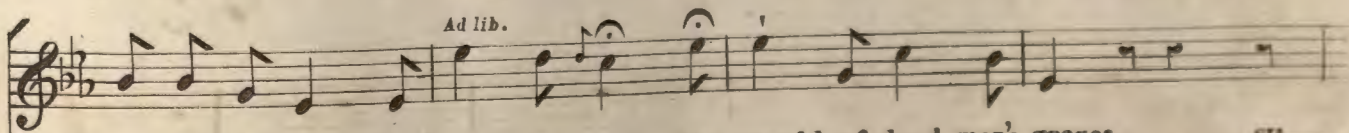
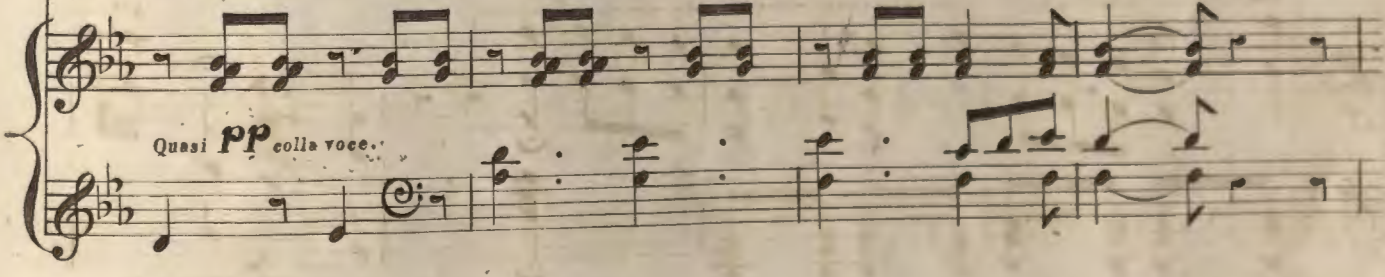
Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he..... How



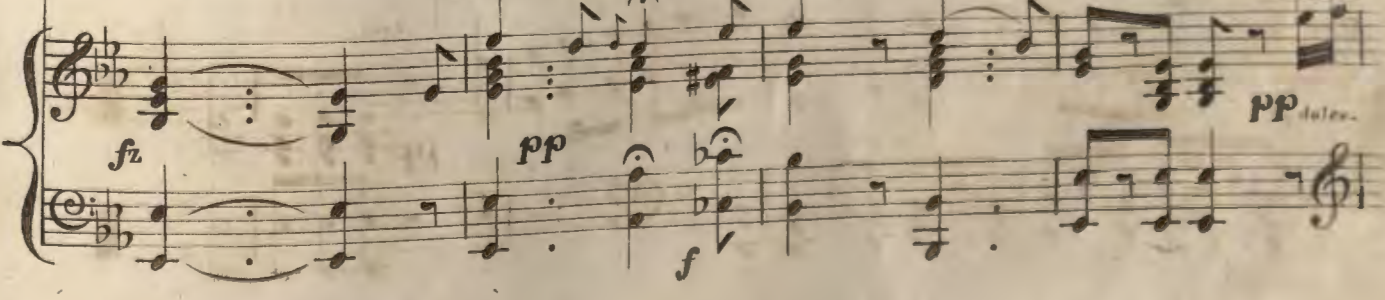
closely he twineth how closely he clings, To his friend the huge Oak Tree! And



sly_ly he trail_eth a_long the ground, And his leaves he gent_ly waves, As he



joy_ous_ly hugs and crawl_eth round The mould of dead men's graves.



Creep-ing where grim death has been A rare old plant is the I-----vy green

gva

Creep-ing where no life is seen A rare old plant is the I-----vy green

gva *Ad lib.* *Loco.* *gva* *pp dolce.*

Creep--ing, creep--ing, creep--ing where no life is seen,

gva

Creep--ing, creep--ing, A rare old plant is the I-----vy green.

gva *Loco.* *gva*

gra
Loco.
p
pp
Ped. p

Whole a-ges have fled and their works decay'd, And nations have scatter'd been; But the

stout old L-vy shall ne-ver fade, From its hale and hear-ty green: The

brave old plant in its lone-ly days, Shall fat-ten up-on the past; For the

state-liest buil-ding man can raise, Is the L-vy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the L-vy green. Creeping where no

life is seen A rare old plant is the L-vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no

life is seen, creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the L-vy green.

