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Ms. A. 1. 3.
Sep 29 1861
A. F. T.
Pique

To Miss Ada Swift

Ada Adair
A BALLAD

THE POETRY BY

Robert Eden Brown

THE MUSIC BY

EDWARD PIQUE

25¢ Net.

Philadelphia A. FLOTT 196 Chestnut St.

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ADA ADAIR.

BALLAD.

Poetry by ROBERT EDEN BROWN.

Music by EDWARD PIQUE.

Moderato.

VOICE. PIANO.

Moderato.

I'll sing of a maiden I
lov'd long a-go, A be-ing so faultless and fair.... That earth with its sorrows, its
cares and its woe, Was no home for sweet Ada A-dair, Her Spirit has fled to its Maker and God, Her

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Spi_rit has fled to its Maker and God, The joys of the blessed to share, The joys, the
joys of the blessed to share, . . . While all that was mortal lies under the sod, While
all that was mor_tal lies un_der the sod, Of the once lovely Ada A_dair, Of the once lovely
ritard.
A - da, A - da A - dair,
Ada Adair.

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2⁴ VERSE. *G* Long years have roll'd by since we parted for ay, And time now has sooth'd my des - pair; . . . Yet
 time can ne'er win from my mem'ry the day, When I parted with Ada A - dair; The sun's golden rays had just
 sunk from the sky, The sun's golden rays had just sunk from the sky And stillness per - vaded the Air, And stillness,
 stillness per - vaded the Air, . . . As sadly I listen'd to hear the last sigh, As sadly I listen'd to
 hear the last sigh Of my fondly lov'd Ada A - dair, Of my fondly lov'd Ada A - dair.

3⁴ VERSE. *G* Oh! mourn not, she cried, when thy Ada is gone, Tho' hard is this parting to bear, But
 haste to yon heaven where grief is unknown, There to dwell with thy Ada A - dair; Cold, cold washer hand as we
 knelt side by side, Cold, cold washer hand as we knelt side by side, And mingled our voices in pray'r, And min -
 gled our voices in pray'r . . . Yet death unrelenting bore off his pale bride, Yet death un_re_lenting bore
 off his pale bride, While I wept for lov'd Ada A - dair, While I wept for lov'd Ada A - dair.

Ada Adair.