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To Miss Ada Swift

ADA ADAIR

A BALLAD

THE POETRY BY

Robert Eden Brown

THE MUSIC BY

EDWARD PIQUE

25¢ Net.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.

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ADA ADAIR.

BALLAD.

Poetry by ROBERT EDEN BROWN. Music by EDWARD PIQUE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

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

Spi_rit has fled to its Maker and God, The joys of the blessed to share, The joys, the

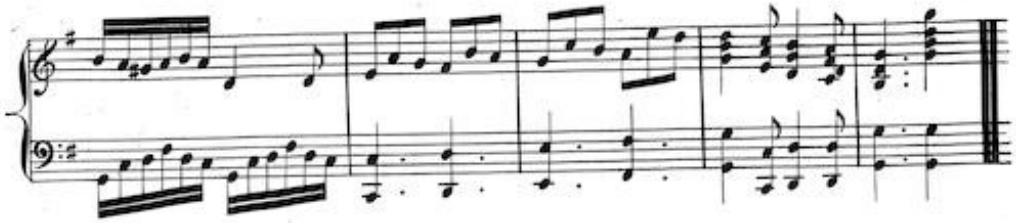
joys of the blessed to share, ... While all that was mortal lies under the sod, While

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.



2d Verse.

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 perva - ded 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 A-da A-dair, Of my fondly lov'd A - da, A-da A - dair.

Ad lib. Ritard.

3d Verse.

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 was her hand as we knelt side by side, Cold, cold was her 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 A-da A-dair, While I wept for lov'd A - da, Ada A-dair.

Ad lib.

Ada Adair.