

The Jewels

LA BIJOU.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

Mrs Amy Mc Clintock.



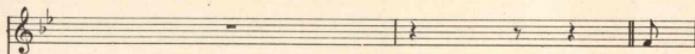
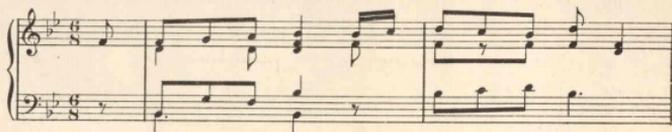
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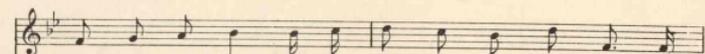
THE JEWELS

La Bijou

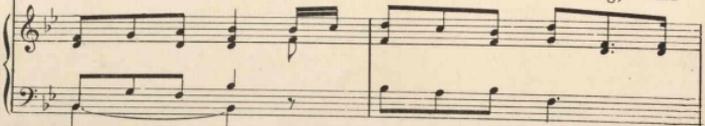
Words & Music by
MRS. AMY MC CLINTOCK



1. I
2. It
3. It's
4. It
5. I



know the sun shines and the li - lacs are bloom - ing, And
is but a day since at twi - light low sing - ing, I
man - y a day since my Har - ry de - part - ed, To
happend one day I sat knit - ting at the win - dow, And
know the sun shines and the li - lacs are bloom - ing, And



Sum - mer sends kiss - es to beau - ti - ful May, Oh, to
 rock'd him to sleep with his cheek. a - gainst mine, While
 come back no more at the twi - light or dawn. And
 sad - ly I list at the roll of the drum.
 Sum - mer sends kiss - es to beau - ti - ful May, Oh, to

see all the pleas - ures the Spring is be - stow - ing, And
 Rob - bie our four year old watched for the com - ing Of
 Rob - bie grew wea - ry of watch - ing and start - ed A -
 Out on the street there a - rose ac - cla - ma - tion
 see all the pleas - ures the Spring is be - stow - ing, And

think my boy Har - ry en - list - ed to - day.
 pa - pa a - down the streets fast fad - ing line.
 cross on the jour - ney his broth - er had gone.
 The sol - diers are here, the sol - diers have come.
 think my boy Rob - by re - turned home to - day.

FOR COMMUNITY SINGING.

THE JEWELS.

(LA BIJOU.)

Dedicated to the Boys of Illinois and New Jersey.

I know the sun shines and the lilacs are blooming,
And summer sends kisses to beautiful May,
Oh, to see all the pleasures the spring is bestowing,
And think my boy, Harry, enlisted to-day.

It is but a day since at twilight low singing,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek against mine,
While Robbie our four year old watched for the coming
Of papa adown the street's fast fading line.

It's many a day since my Harry departed,
To come back no more at the twilight or dawn,
And Robbie grew weary of watching and started,
Across on the journey his brother had gone.

And now we both turn to two chairs that are vacant
Two coats hanging up in their place in the hall,
Two locks of dark hair and two births in the bible,
Are all that are left to fond memories recall.

Then came sad word from a far sister country,
Your boy held them off in the thick of the fight,
He obeyed the stern mandate of service for country,
And gave his young life for the truth and the right.

A star of true gold on a flag in the window,
A newly made mound in a war stricken land,
The tears of a stranger from eyes to eyes answer,
And flowers placed thereon by a child's loving hand.

With grief in our hearts we both bow in submission,
A void in our lives that the world ne'er can fill,
Fond hopes that are planned that can ne'er bear fruition
All are resigned to the Master's own will.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

It happened one day I sat knitting at the window,
While sadly I list at the roll of the drum,
And out on the street there arose acclamation,
The soldiers are here, the soldiers have come.

I know the sun shines and the lilacs are blooming,
And summer sends kisses to beautiful May,
Oh to see all the pleasures the spring is bestowing,
And think my boy Robbie returned home to-day.

By Mrs Amy Mc Clintock.