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'OSTLER JOE.

Pathetic Song.

WORDS BY

GEO. R. SIMS.

Music by

HENRY GARRISON.

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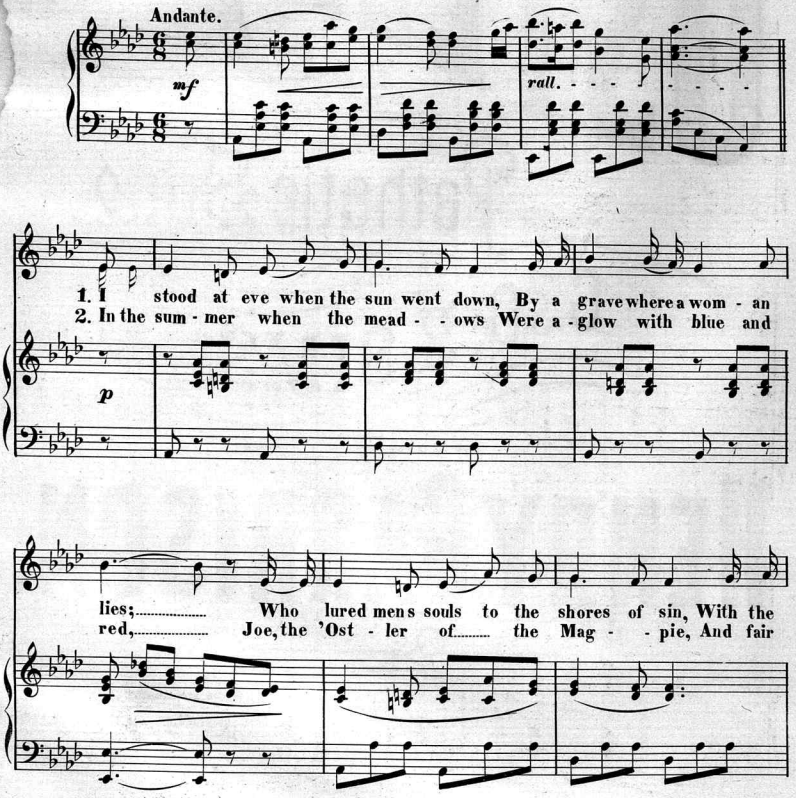

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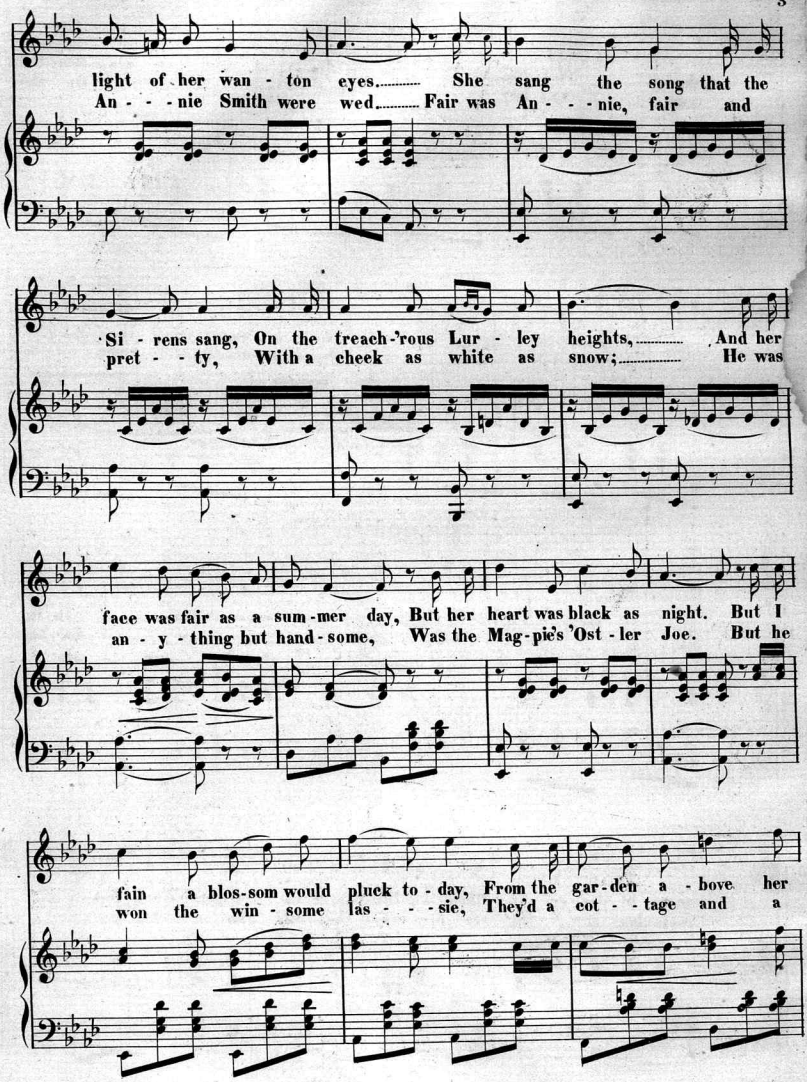
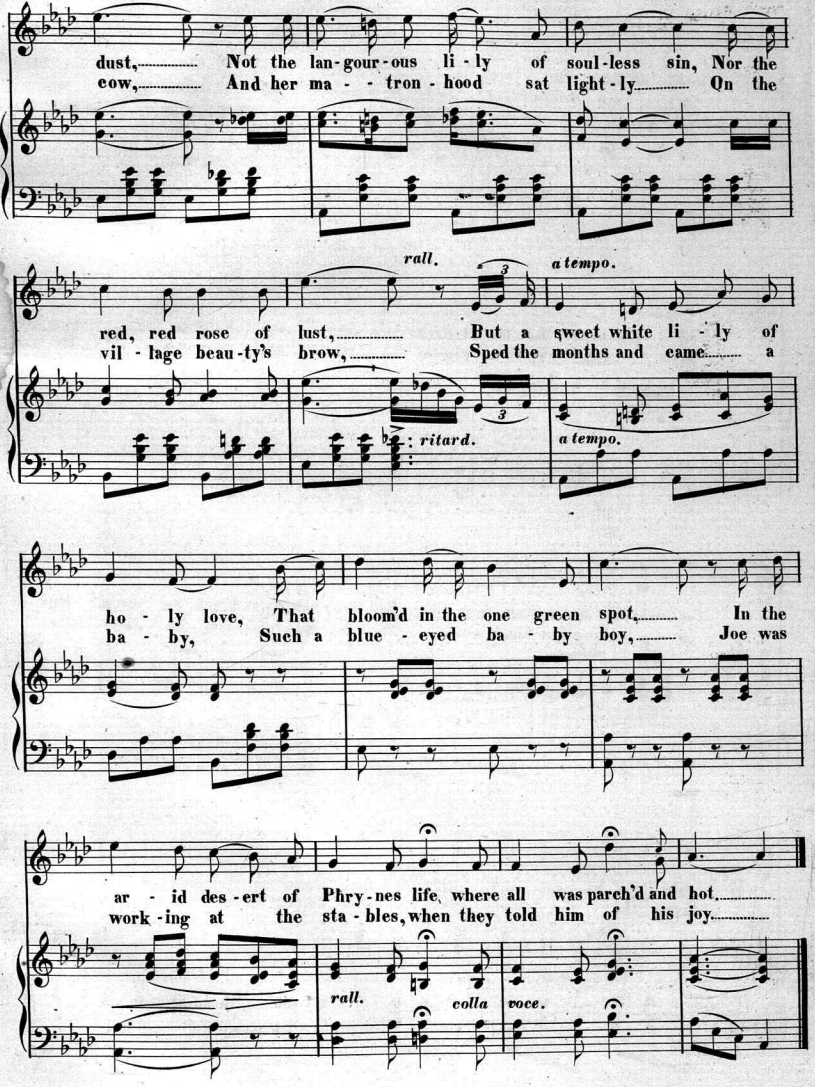

light of her wan - ton eyes, She sang the song that the
An - - - nie Smith were wed, Fair was An - - - nie, fair and
Si - rens sang, On the treach-'rous Lur - ley heights, And her
pret - - ty, With a cheek as white as snow; He was
face was fair as a sum-mer day, But her heart was black as night. But I
an - y - thing but hand-some, Was the Mag-pie's 'Ost - ler Joe. But he
fain a blos-som would pluck to - day, From the gar-den a - bove her
won the win - some las - - - sie, They'd a cot - - tage and a


dust, Not the lan-gour-ous li-ly of soul-less sin, Nor the
cow, And her ma--tron-hood sat light-ly On the
rall.
a tempo.
red, red rose of lust, But a sweet white li-ly of
vil-lage beau-ty's brow, Sped the months and came a
ritard.
a tempo.
ho-ly love, That bloom'd in the one green spot, In the
ba-by, Such a blue-eyed ba-by boy, Joe was
ar-id des-ert of Phry-nes life, where all was parch'd and hot.
work-ing at the sta-bles, when they told him of his joy.
rall.
colla voce.

3.

"Little Joe" the child was christened and like babies grew apace,
He'd his mother's eyes of azure and his father's honest face;
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky,
Love was lord of that small cottage and the tempest pass'd them by;
Pass'd them by for years, then swiftly broke in fury o'er their home;
Down the lane by Annie's cottage, the tempter chanced to roam;
And he promised wealth and pleasure and a life of guilty sloth;
Yellow gold for child and husband and the woman left them both.

4.

Home one eve came Joe the 'Ostler with a cheery cry of wife,
Finding that which blurr'd forever all the story of his life;
And he read her silly letter, read the cruel scrawl dismay'd,
Then he sought his lonely chamber, joined his trembling hands and prayed;
Far away in mighty London rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage and she prosper'd in her shame;
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for nought,
With their gold and costly jewels rich and titled lovers bought.

5.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at its height,
Then the darkness came on swiftly and the gloaming turn'd to night;
Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame;
One there was who read the story in a far off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face;
Once again the strong arms clasp'd her that had clasp'd her long ago,
And the weary head lay pillow'd on the breast of 'Ostler Joe.

6.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled,
And the tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her, dead;
Never once his love had falter'd thro' her base unhallow'd life,
And the stone above her ashes bears the honor'd name of wife;
And that's the blossom I fain would pluck from the garden above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the red, red rose of lust;
But a sweet white lily of holy love that bloom'd in the one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all was parch'd and hot.

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