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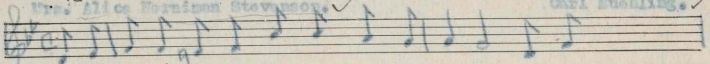
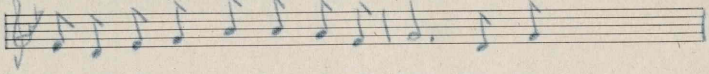
WHEN THE FIRST FROSTS OF THE AUTUMN KISS THE ROSE.

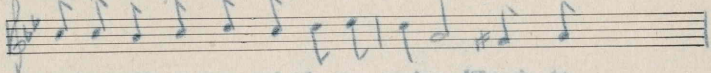
Wm. Alice Earnings Stevenson. Carl Muehling.



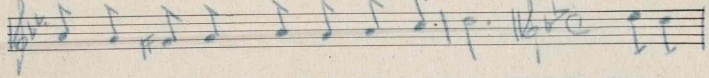
I am waiting in the dell for you, my darling, I have



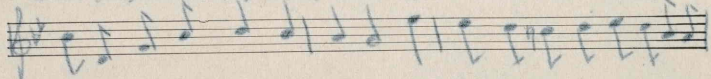
come to tell you dear that we must part; For my



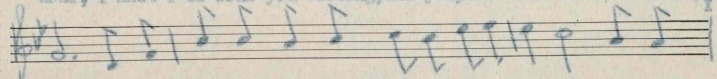
country calls me now and I am going, Though to



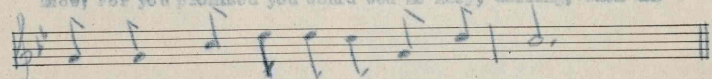
leave you, sweetheart, nearly breaks my heart. (CHORUS) Mary,



dear, I know I'll find you waiting, And you'll be true to me sweetheart,



know; For you promised you would wed me Mary, darling, When the



first frosts of the Autumn kiss the rose.

(2)

I'll be longing for you dear and ever waiting,
And thinking of your dear face all the while;
And when the victory's won I'll come to claim you,
Then you'll greet me Mary darling with a smile.

(3)

But Mary, if I'm numbered with the missing,
If for my flag and country I should fall;
Do no grieve for me, my Mary, but remember,
I would give my life for honour of the call.

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