The Blue Flame.

Words (Anon) from the Weer of England.

Music by

Arthur Williamson.
The Blue Flame. John Williamson.

Words (from) from the west of England.

Allegro misterioso.

Under the stars and beneath the green tree. All over the sword and a

long the cold lea. A little blue flame a fluttering came.

came from the churchyard for you or for me.
Sit by the cradle, my baby asleep, and
dolente

rocking the cradle of wonder and weep.

lit the blue light, in the dead of the night.

pri-thee, o pri-thee, no nearer to creep.
In a frightened
and shuddered
manner
follow the church path, why steal you this way? Why
hall in your journey, on threshold, why stay? Why
Under the stars and along the green lane, un-

stacked by the dew and un-quenched by the rain. Oh

little flames blue. So the churchyard steal two. The

soul of my baby! now from me is taken.