The Blue Flame

Andante Con Moto

Under the stars, and beneath the green trees, all over the wood, and along the cold sea, a little blue flame a fluttering came, at

S. MARSHALL & SONS,
ADELAIDE.
No. 1.
Doleful.

came from the churchyard for you or for me. 

sit by the cradle, my baby asleep, and rocking the cradle. 

wander and weep, O little blue light, in the dead of the night. 

prithee, p prithee no nearer creeping.
Why follow the church path, why stop in your journey, on

Why steal you this way? Why flicker and glare, Why

Why could I would, G I would it were evening of day, G
Lento.

Under the stars along the green lane, unstained by the death un

- touched by the rain, little flames alive to the

churned steel two, the soul of my baby now

from me is taken, now from me is taken