



Now The
Flowers Bloom
Above Her

Words And Music By
Wm. E. Cooper

Author Of
Up And Down The Penobscot March And Two Step

Arranged By
L.A. Clark
A Sentimental Ballad

Price 35

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Description: 'Now the flowers bloom above her' sheet music

"NOW THE FLOWERS BLOOM ABOVE HER"

Words and Music by WM. E. COOPER.

Arr. by L. A. Clark.



Andante.

1. In the dear old - fash - ioned cot - tage Where once we all did dwell, A
 2. The au - tumn leaves are get - ting bright With shades of brown and red; The

The first two lines of the song are shown with vocal notation on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: '1. In the dear old - fash - ioned cot - tage Where once we all did dwell, A' and '2. The au - tumn leaves are get - ting bright With shades of brown and red; The'.

kind - heart - ed moth - er her life's sto - ry used to tell; Of
 for - est is a wond - 'rous blaze of gold - en o - ver - head And there

The last two lines of the song are shown with vocal notation on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: 'kind - heart - ed moth - er her life's sto - ry used to tell; Of' and 'for - est is a wond - 'rous blaze of gold - en o - ver - head And there'.

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kind - heart - ed moth - er her life's sto - ry used to tell; Of
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how she toiled from ear - ly dawn, As she sat by her spin - ning wheel,
in the mid's't that crush - es The wine of joy from the soul Comes a

Try - ing hard to make the gowns, by oth - ers to be worn. And
cry as the tor - rent rush - es Of moth - er gone be - fore I

'mid the tan - gled wild - wood, child - ish games the oth - ers played, As she
in my fan - cy dream of her, as seen in years gone by; I

toiled on in the cot - tage the brav - est of the brave.
nev - er shall for - get her, In the cot - tage by the sea.

Now the flowers B. &c.

how she toiled from ear - ly dawn, As she sat by her spin - ning wheel,
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Now the flowers B. &c.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse. slow.

Now the flow - ers bloom a - bove her And the winds blow through the grass . . .

... Breathe low sol - emn dir - ges . . . As gen - tly do they pass . . .

... And a - lone I'm left to mourn her . . . With many a sad - ning tear . . .

... The old home would seem far hap - pi - er If my mother was on - ly here . . .

Now the Flowers B. &c.

CHORUS.

5

Tempo di Valse. slow.

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