The Ivy and the Oak

Lyrics by Robert B. Smith

From the Comic Opera "Sweethearts," by Victor Herbert

Moderato

1. An ivy clung to the crumbling wall Of a
2. Now the hand of time very low has laid Where the

castle grim and gray,— She plainly saw that it soon must fall, And that

castle used to be,— But the ivy twines 'neath the sylvan shade Of the

she must turn away,— The old wall sway'd when the wind was high, And the

might-y old Oak Tree. And when it snows and the North Wind blows, Still its

I - vy shook with strong arms scarcely stir, As she turned to an old Oak

fear, And she has no fear, for the

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Allegro moderato

Tree close by Who had wood her man-y a
I - vy knows That no harm can come to her.

"Cling to me," said the old Oak

Tree, And it held out a guiding arm.

"In the shade of my boughs you'll be"
free from harm. And there to-
day rests the I - vy green, There finds re - pose se-
rene. As the I - vy clings to the old Oak

Tree, I cling to you - shel - ter me!

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