MID THE ORANGE TREES
AND BLOSSOMS SHE IS WAITING.

Molto Legato.

ROBT. P. SKILLING.

Moderato.

In the southern sunny land mid fragrant blossoms, Where the
In her lover still her true heart fully trusted, With a

or-ange and the palm in beau-ty grow. And all na-ture seems to smile love was
trust firm as her faith in heav'n a-bove; Lit-tle thinking that her youthful hopes and

plight-ed, And a lover sealed his vows long years a-go. All the
fancies, Lay in ashes on the altar of her love. When she
wealth of sweet first love to him was given, A first
learned his love was false, her heart was broken. On her

con espressione. mp

love whose flame should never cease to burn. And when
mother's breast, to grief she then gave way. And in

one bright day he said "good bye" and left her. She
tears she told the story, ending sadly, "Tell me,

fondly trusted, he would soon return.
mother, will he not return some day?"

Mid the Orange Trees etc.
REFRAIN.

Mid the orange trees and blossoms she is waiting. And she

fancies he is standing by her side. In the

music of the leaves she hears him singing Of the

blissful day when she should be his bride.

Mid the Orange Trees etc.