THE STORY THE VIOLETS TOLD.
DESCRITIVE BALLAD.

Words by ED. GARDENIER. Music by HENRY W. ARMSTRONG.

Valse moderato.

A wealthy man called on his promised wife, At her home found a
He returned after absence of many years, Just to find out his
stranger there, "He's only a friend of my
sad mistake, Those violets blue had brought
school-day life, She told him with careless air;  With a
bitter tears And caused her poor heart to break,  "Twas her

smile then he greeted her friend of yore, But his heart grew
brother accused of another's crime, She had shielded that

still and cold;  As he glanced at some violets his
fatal day,  At her grave there one night, 'neath the

sweet-heart wore, And read the sad story they told.
pale moonlight, "I was wrong" he so sadly did say.

The story the violets told. 3
CHORUS.

The story the violets told was plain, All broken and crushed on her breast, On her

friend's snow-white vest; was the violets' stain, That told of a fond caress, They

told him she'd only been playing a part, To marry him for his gold, He

sighed as he read, with a breaking heart, The story the violets told.

The story the violets told. 3