

To MADAME W. VINCENT WALLACE.

SONG OF THE BREEZE

WRITTEN BY
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COMPOSED BY
L. LAVENU.

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SONG OF THE BREEZE.

L. LAVENU.

Andantino.

p e Legato

"Oh, call me not i - dle whom

earth calls the blest" Thus soft on her path sung the wind of the west; "I've

breath'd on the streamlet and loosen'd its chain, And waft-ed the mar - i - ner

home o'er the main; I've

whisper'd the vio - lets forth from their rest, The old ap - ple orchard in

blos - soms I've dress'd; And hung with green moss - es the

far mountain's peak And brought back the rose to the pale maid-en's cheek. Oh

call me not i - dle whom earth calls the blest," Thus soft on her path sung the

wind of the west— "I've breath'd on the streamlet and loosend its chain, And

wafted the mar-i - ner home o'er the main, And waft-ed the mar-i - ner
rall.

homeo'er the main.

call me not i - dle— I help the warm hours, I

nurse the young grass and I nourish the flow'rs, I come with the sun-light forth

ear-ly at morn, I go with the planter where waves the greencorn.

In seed time and harvest earth
 praises my care, And na-ture un-folds to my breath ev'- ry where; Then
 call me not i-dle who sel-dom have rest, Be use-ful like me" sung the
 wind of the west "Oh call me not i - dle,- I help the warm show'rs, I

nursethe younggrass and I nourish the flow'rs, I nurse the young grass I

nour- ish the flow'rs, Then call me not i - dle who

sel - dom hath rest, Then call me not i - dle who

sel-dom hath rest"

dim pp