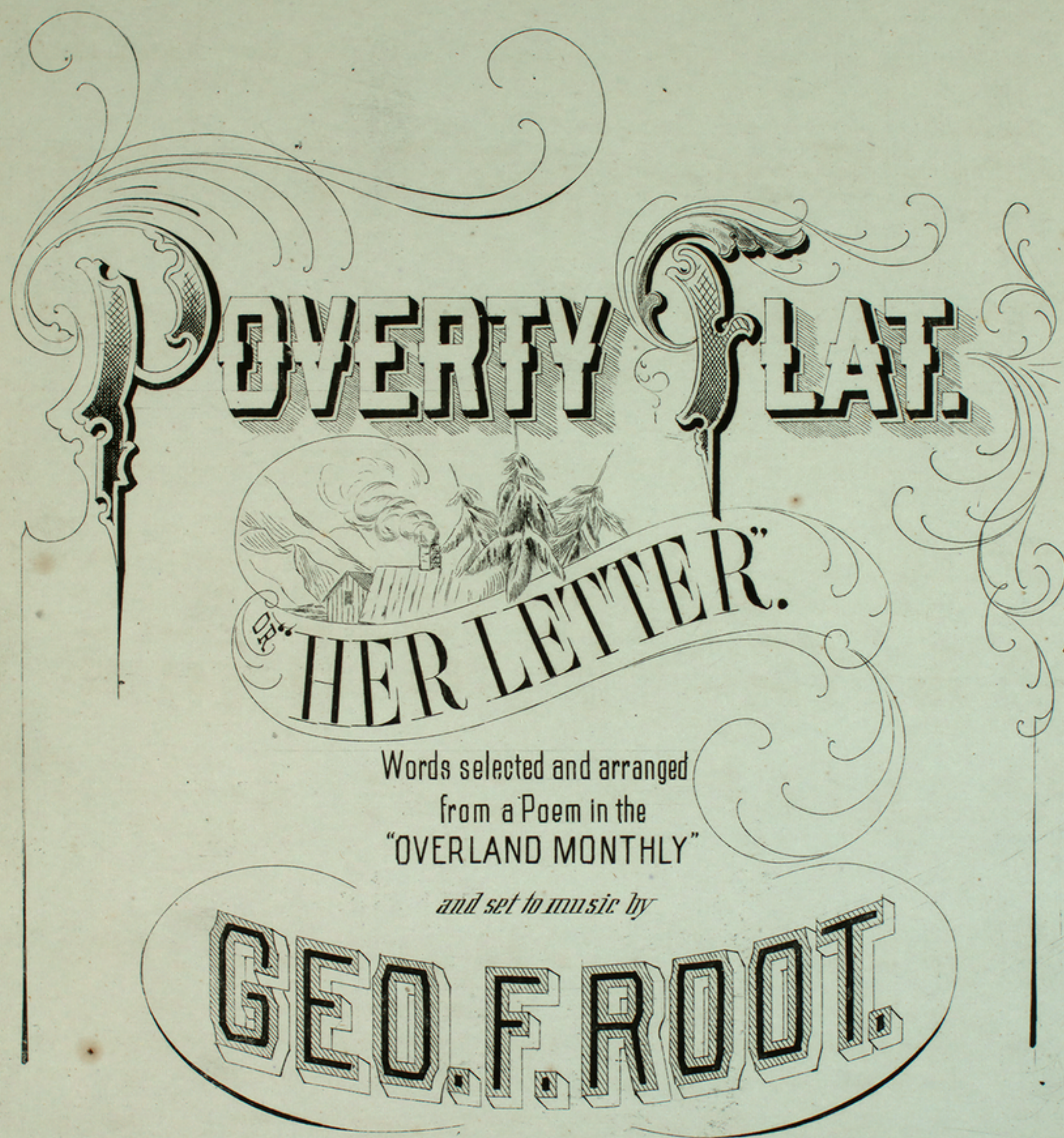


Published by Root & Cady—Chicago.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1870, by Root & Cady in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for Northern Illinois

POVERTY FLAT.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. Dear Joe, I am here by the fire,..... Just
2. Of the moon that was quiet-ly sleeping, . On the
3. But goodness, what nonsense I'm writing, . . (Ma -

as I ran up from the dance, . In a robe ev-en you would ad - mire, . . . It
 hill when the time came to go, . . . Of the few lit-tle peaks that were peeping From
 ma says my tastes are still low,). . In - stead of my triumphs re - cit - ing, . . . I'm

cost a cool thousand in France;.. I'm be - dia-mond-ed out of all
 un - der the bed-clothes of snow;.... Of that ride that to me was the
 spooning on Jo-seph, Heigh ho!..... And I'm to be "finished" by

reason,..... My hair is done up in a cue,..... In
 rar - est,..... Of the some - thing you said at the gate;.... Ah
 tra - vel,..... What ev - er's the mean - ing of that,.... O,

short sir, "the belle of the sea-son". Is wast-ing an hour on you... Ah!
 Joe! then I was -nt an heiress, . To the "best pay-ing lead in the State." Well,
 why did pa - pa strike pay gravel,.. In drifting on Pov-er-ty Flat.. Good

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'twas but this mo-ment while sitting Be-neath the great bronze chan-del-
well, its all past, yet it's funny To think as I stood in the
night, here's the end of my paper, Good-night— if the lon - gi - tude

ier,..... In the bus - tle and glit - ter be - fit - ting,... The
glare..... Of the fash - ion and beau - ty and mon-ey,... That
please,... For may - be while wast - ing my ta - per,... Your

fin - est soi-ree of the year;.. In the mists of a Gauze de Cham-
I should be thinking right there,.. Of some one who breast-ed high
sun's climb-ing o - ver the trees;.. But know if you hav - 'nt got

ber-ry,.... And the hum of the small-est of talk,.... Some
wa-ter,.... And swam the North Fork and all that,.... Just to
riches,.... And are poor, dear-est Joe, and all that,.... That my

how Joe, I thought of the "Ferry".. And the dance that we had on the
dance with old Fol - ins - bee's daughter, The Lil - y of Pov - er - ty
heart's somewhere there in the ditches, And you've struck it on Pov - er - ty

"Fork"...
Flat....
Flat....

lively. *After last verse slow and soft.*

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