

THE MASTER'S GOLD YEAR.

Words by L.J. B.ITES.

Munic by J. P. WERSTER.

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. -\* heau, you know, By com-mand of the crown, He was told to write down. In an A A A A A 1 F 4 1.1 witch - inghright face, And her gray; they say, Withher in - no-cent grace Littred -A Ì -**对**主 rolled, I'm Inid. The Mas - fer came in, And O, shame! and O, sin! He dis ~ 7 1 1 on the page queer, 0, dear! hlof Of most years of our age In the Ŀ al ma-nac, need - èd 10 show, you know, A rec - ord com-plete, Un ÷  $\rightarrow$  $\rightarrow$ they say. Time from his work to her play. when he came hack, Too And ered at once he'd heen sold, I'm told; By of re-huke, He CAV way rec - ord of life must ap - pear, O, dcar! But rap-ture most high! In the 5970

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