

50c 2c ms

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THE  
**OLIVE OF LOVE;**

Song & Chorus

Words by

**J. O. Barrett**

Music by

**A. P. WEBSTER.**

3

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*ms*

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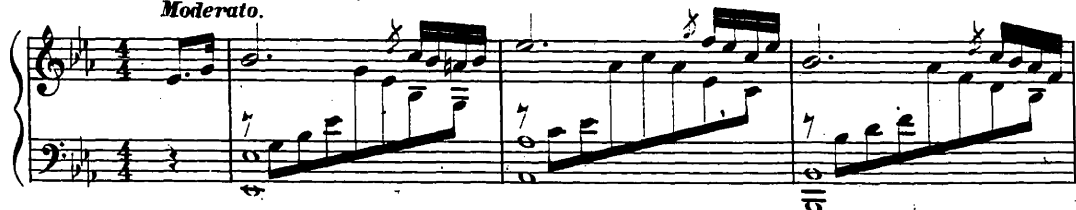
# THE OLIVE OF LOVE.

3

Words by J. O. BARRETT.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

*Moderato.*



I. The morn - ing impearled in the dew - drops of night, Bap -

II. From pu - ri - ty's bo - som is blos - som - ing now, The



tiz - es the world in her ro - se - ate light, And prints on the un - dul - ate  
buds of a wreath for a in - no - cent brow, Whose o - dor - ous sphere is an



lips of the sea, The kiss - es that dance from the main to the lea.  
ech - o - ing bell, En - trancing the soul in a mag - i - cal spell.



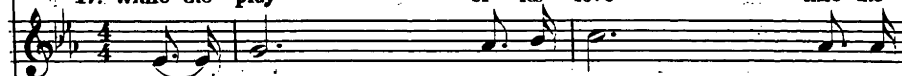
## CHORUS.

AIR.



I. But sweet - er in love is the  
 II. But sweet - er in love from the  
 III. But the is - lands a - bove are not  
 IV. While the play of its love like the

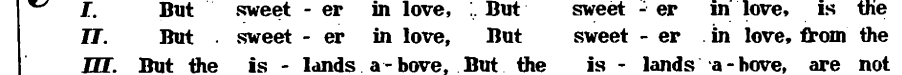
ALTO.



TENOR.

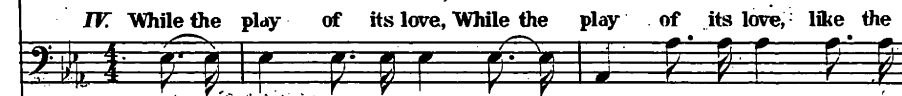


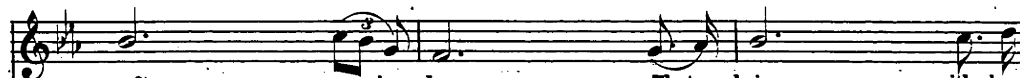
BASE.



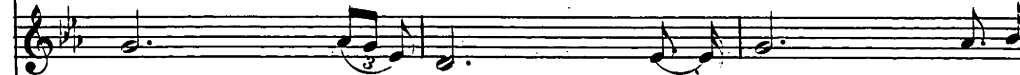
I. But sweet - er in love, But sweet - er in love, is the  
 II. But sweet - er in love, But sweet - er in love, from the  
 III. But the is - lands a - bove, But the is - lands a - bove, are not  
 IV. While the play of its love, While the play of its love, like the

PIANO.





soft coo - ing dove, That brings with her  
 e - den a - bove, Is the bloom in my  
 e - qual my dove, To the beau - ti - ful  
 foun - tain a - bove, Re - fresh - es the




soft coo - ing dove, is the soft coo - ing dove, That brings with her kiss - es, That  
 e - den a - bove, from the e - den a - bove, Is the bloom in my heart, Is the  
 e - qual my dove, are not e - qual my dove, To the beau - ti - ful leaves, To the  
 foun - tain a - bove, like the foun - tain a - bove, Re - fresh - es the branch, Re -





kiss es the O live of love.  
 heart of the O live of love.  
 leaves of the O live of love.  
 branch of the O live of love.  
 brings with her kiss - es, the O - live, the o - live of love.  
 bloom in my heart, of the O - live, the o - live of love.  
 beau - ti - ful leaves, of the O - live, the o - live of love.  
 fresh - es the branch, of the O - live, the o - live of love.

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## III.

Reposing in beauty beneath the watch stars

That lift us aloft in their fiery cars,

Are islands celestial by sainted ones trod

Arrayed in the peace of the glory of God.

**CHORUS.** But the islands above &c.

## IV.

To Heaven I gaze through thy soul speaking eyes

And see where the holiest paradise lies,

I feel thy heart beat with a musical flow

With constancy true as the angels e'er know.

**CHORUS.** While the play of its love &c.