TO
MISS BELLA MOORE
AS SUNG BY HER MOUNTAIN PINK

A
BLACK TULIP.
A BLACK TULIP.

By H. F. GRUENDLER.

1. I gave my love a tulip rare, She placed it on her breast, And with a smile she said to me, 'Tis sweetest flowers do, And thought that as its leaves decayed, Her why should I re- pine? The tulip on my darling's breast De-

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you I love the best; I told her should her
love would with - er too. But soon these fool - ish
- clares her heart is mine. When sum - mer comes, and

love e'er fail, My heart would like this flower,
fan - cies fled, And all my doubts were gone, In
blossoms fair A - gain shall deck the lea, For

mis - ery droop for love that once Was mine in sha - dy bower,
when the tu - lip fair was dead, Her heart was still my own.
love her bri - dal robes shall wear, And give her hand to me.

A Black Tulip — 3.
CHORUS.

She placed the tulip on her breast, 'Twas of her love the sign,

And then my heart it felt at rest, To think, aye, to think her loving heart was mine.

A Black Tulip—3.