

TO MISS MARY ORMSBY

"MAGHERA GLOSS"

*James Bedford Louisville Kentucky*



# MARIAN GRAY.

SONG AND CHORUS WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

WILL S. HAYS.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Will. S. Hays.

8va

Introduction.

loco. I stole to the bowers, A-

mid the wild flow\_ers, One beau\_ti\_ful eve\_ning in June; - - -

- - The stars, in their beau\_ty, Seem'd do\_ing their du\_ty By



winking so sly at the moon, - - - As it mounted the

sky, And pass'd them all by In its gorgeous and love-ly ar-

ray; - - - - But how lit-tle they knew, I was waiting for

you, My beau-ti-ful Ma-ri-an Gray. - - -

CHORUS.

1<sup>st</sup> Tenor. Ma - ri - an Gray, Sad - ly I weep, For death stole my

2<sup>d</sup> Tenor. Ma - ri - an Gray, Sad - ly I weep, For death stole my

1<sup>st</sup> Bass. Ma - ri - an Gray, Sad - ly I weep, For death stole my

2<sup>d</sup> Bass. Ma - ri - an Gray, Sad - ly I weep, For death stole my

PIANO FORTE.

lov'd one a - way, And the an - gels re - joice When they

lov'd one a - way, And the an - gels re - joice. When they

lov'd one a - way, And the an - gels re - joice When they

lov'd one a - way, And the an - gels re - joice When they



retar.

hear the sweet voice Of my beau-ti-ful Ma-ri-an Gray. . . .

hear the sweet voice Of my beau-ti-ful Ma-rian Gray. . . .

hear the sweet voice Of my beau-ti-ful Ma-rian Gray. . . .

hear the sweet voice Of my beau-ti-ful Ma-rian Gray. . . . gva

retar.

gva

2

The birds hushed their song,  
 For they thought it was wrong  
 To sing, when they very well knew  
 That no music so sweet  
 With thy voice could compete  
 When I sat, love, and listened to you.  
 And your eyes were so bright  
 When they smiled with delight,  
 And you said that you loved—and who, pray?  
 Ah! the answer was this—  
 Not in words—'twas a kiss,  
 From the lips of sweet Marian Gray.

3

But alas! she is gone!  
 I am sad and alone,  
 For Death stole my loved one away,  
 And the angels rejoice  
 When they hear the sweet voice  
 Of my beautiful Marian Gray.  
 Now calmly she sleeps  
 'Neath the willow that weeps,  
 By the murmuring stream in its play,  
 That ripples along  
 As it murmurs a song  
 Near the grave of sweet Marian Gray.