

*Mus.*  
"A" Gay Spanish Maid

A gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen, as she wandered ~~the~~ far + wide,  
Till beneath a beach tree as she sat down to rest, with a gay gallant youth by her side.

2) "My bark sails tonight, love, my darling," said he,  
"And with you I can ramble no more.  
But when all in the cottage has retired tonight,  
Will you meet me alone by the shore?"

3) When all in the cottage had retired that night,  
Lena stole softly out the back door,  
With her hat in her hand, she ran down the dry sands,  
And sat down on a rock by the shore.

4) The moon had just risen far over the deep,  
When the sky and the water seemed to meet,  
From over the sea came a soft murmuring wave,  
And it broke on the shore at her feet.

5) Her small hands she pressed to her wild throbbing breast,  
As he told her of the years he might stay,  
"God keep you, my darling, at home with your friends,  
While I'm sailing so far, far away."

6) Her small hands she clasped to her wild beating ~~heart~~ heart,  
And her sorrow no tongue could tell,  
As he kissed her once more, as they stood on the beach,  
And he bade her an affectionate farewell.

7) That night passed away in a wild tropic storm,  
And the rain in great torrents did pour,  
Lena rose from her cot after a long troubled dream,  
She had dreamed she would ne'er see him more.

8) Now we'll return to the ship on the sea,  
Madly tossing from wave after wave,  
Till he jumped on a plank and escaped from the wreck  
While the rest met a watery grave.

9) All the next day he lay floating at sea,  
Evening found him a prey to despair,  
As he thought of the girl he had left on the beach,  
And a thousand times wished he were there.

*C-24*



II

A Gay Spanish Maid (continued)

- 10) Early next morning a ship he espied,  
 And he offered a prayer to his Lord.  
 His signals were seen and they ran down to him,  
 And so joyrully took him on board,  
 Now we'll return to the maid on the beach,
- 11) As she thought of her boy in the storm.  
 And she died like a rose that's been nipped by the frost,  
 And she left him in sorrow to mourn.

