

SM 272

THE STORY THE VIOLETS TOLD.

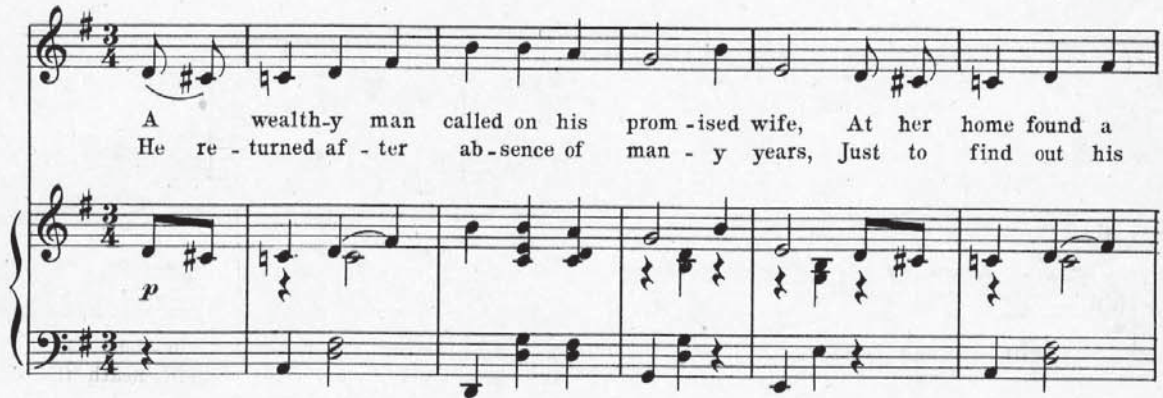

DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.

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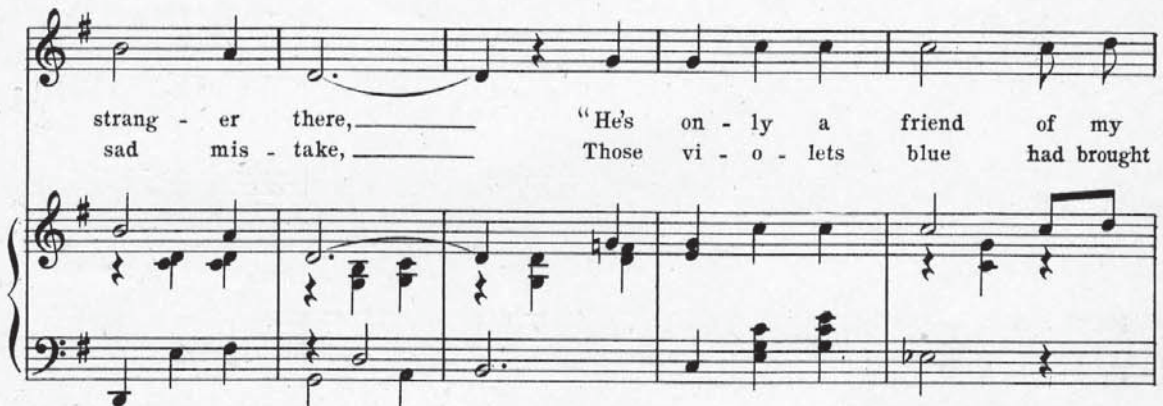
Words by ED. GARDENIER.

Music by HENRY W. ARMSTRONG.

Valse moderato.



A wealth-y man called on his prom-ised wife, At her home found a
He re - turned af - ter ab - sence of man - y years, Just to find out his



strang - er there, ————— "He's on - ly a friend of my
sad mis - take, ————— Those vi - o - lets blue had brought

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school - day life" She told him with care - less air; _____ With a
bit - ter tears And caused her poor heart to break, _____ 'Twas her

smile then he greet - ed her friend of yore, But his heart grew
broth - er ac - cused of an - oth - er's crime, She had shield - ed that

still and cold; _____ As he glanced at some vio - lets his
fat - al day, _____ At her grave there one night, 'neath the

sweet - heart wore, And read the sad sto - ry they told. _____
pale moon - light, "I was wrong" he so sad - ly did say. _____

CHORUS.

The sto-ry the vi-o-lets told was plain, All brok-en and crushed on her breast, — On her

molto espressivo.

friend's snow white vest; was the vio-lets' stain, That told of a fond ca-ress, — They

told him she'd on-ly been play-ing a part, To mar-ry him for his gold, — He

sighed as he read, with a break-ing heart, The sto-ry the vi-o-lets told. —

D. C. al Fine.