

SM2352

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The Ivy and the Oak

Lyrics by
Robert B. Smith

From the Comic Opera
"Sweethearts," by
Victor Herbert

Moderato *rit. p* *a tempo*

1. An I - vy clung to the crum - bling wall Of a
2. Now the hand of time ver - y low has laid Where the

p *rit.* *pp a tempo*

cas - tle grim and gray, — She plain - ly saw that it soon must fall, And that
cas - tle used to be, — But the I - vy twines 'neath the syl - van shade Of the

piu f *p*

she must turn a - way. — The old wall sway'd when the wind was high, And the
might - y old Oak Tree. — And when it snows and the North Wind blows, Still its

fp *fp*

I - vy shook with fear, — As she turned to an old Oak
strong arms scarce - ly stir, — And she has no fear, for the

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Allegro moderato

Tree close by Who had wood'd her man-y a year.
I - vy knows That no harm can come to her.

pp *pp tranquillo*

"Cling to me," said the old Oak

sempre pp

Tree, And it held out a guid - ing arm.

"In the shade of my boughs you'll be

free from harm? And there to -

day rests the I - vy green, There finds re - pose - se -

poco rit. rene. *a tempo* As the I - vy clings to the old Oak *poco rit.*

pù rit. Tree, I cling to you - shel - - ter mel *mf*

arpeggiando *pù rit.* *mf* *molto rit.* D.C.