

May F. Richardson

SONGS OF

THE

FLORENCE.



AS SUNG BY

MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,

THROUGHOUT THE VARIOUS THEATRES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

**THE CAPTAIN.
EMMA JANE.**

**WAY DOWN IN MAINE.
JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.**



BOSTON:

Published by **OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St.**

J. C. HAYNES & Co.
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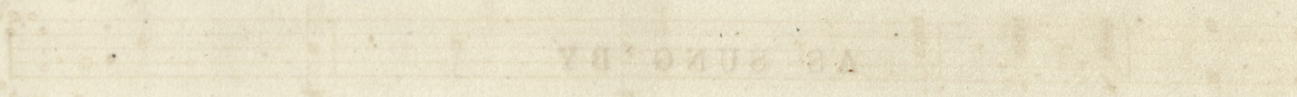
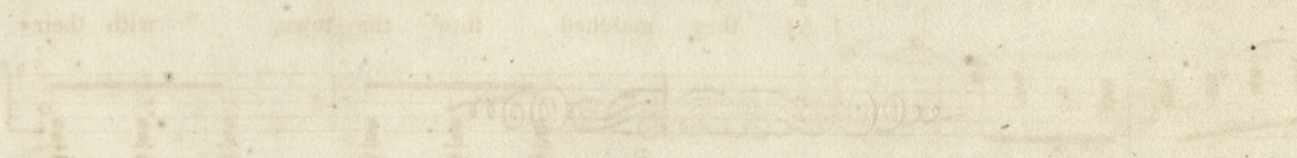
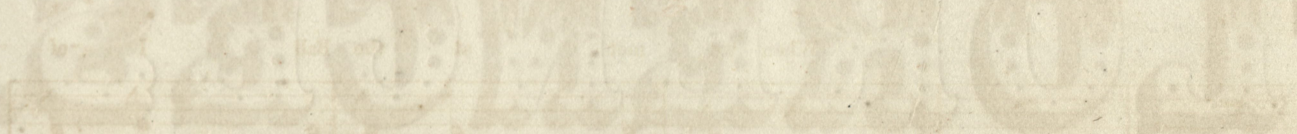
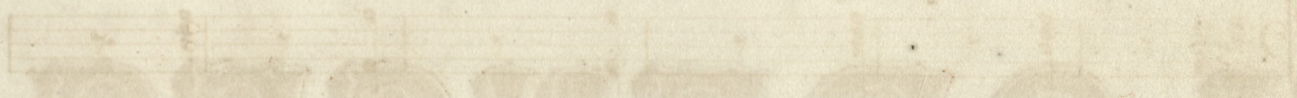
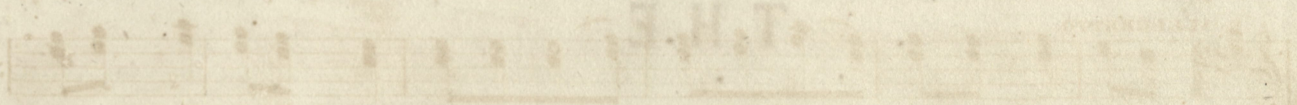
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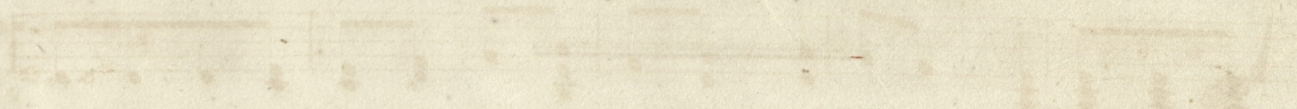
Arranged by F. COMBR

Written by W. J. FLORENCE

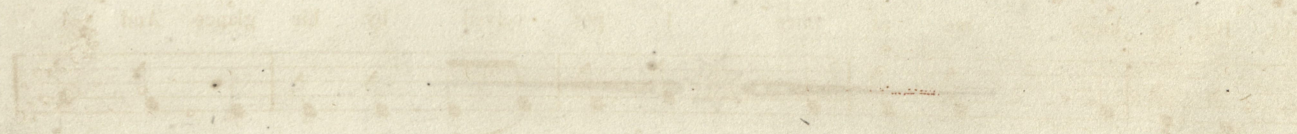


MRS. W. J. FLORENCE

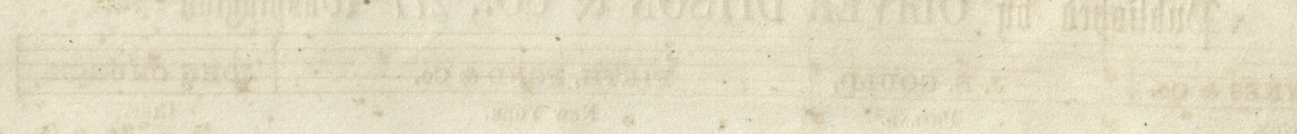
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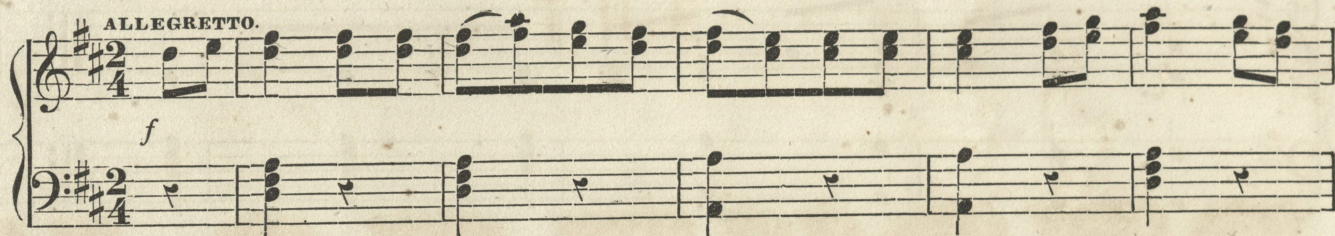
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THE CAPTAIN.

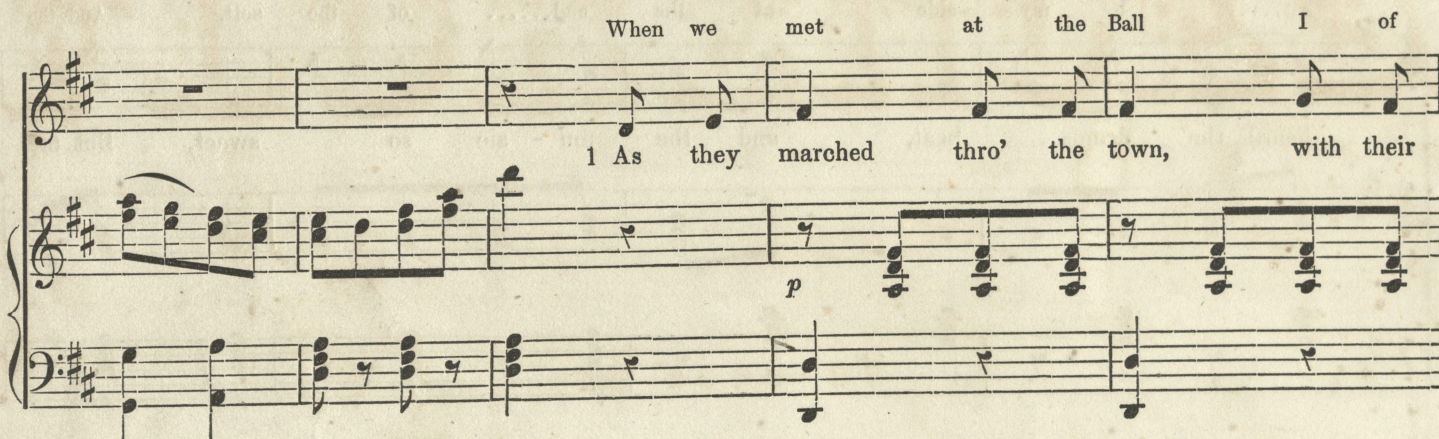
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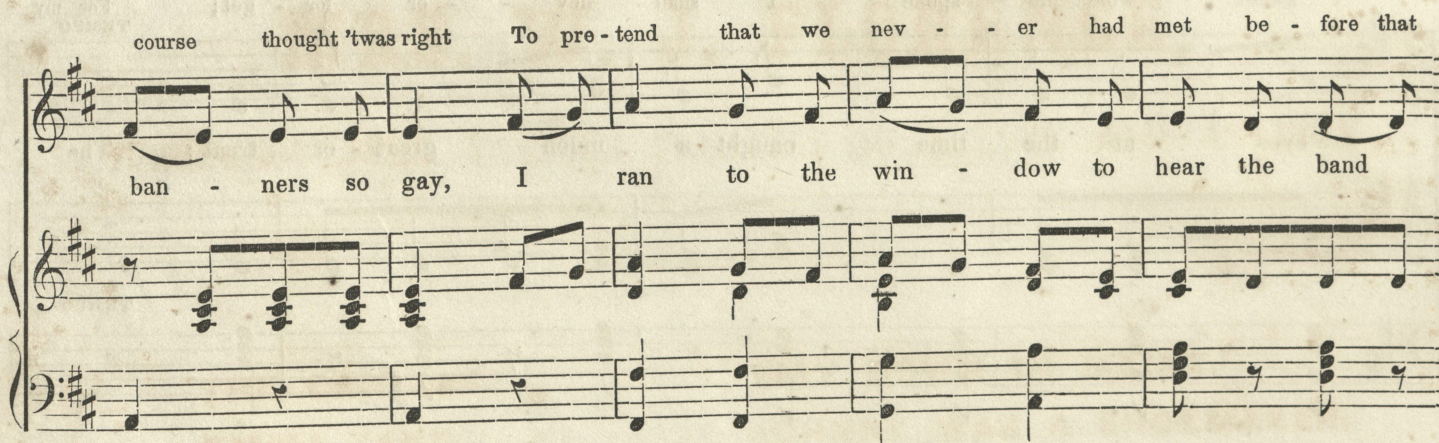
ALLEGRETTO.



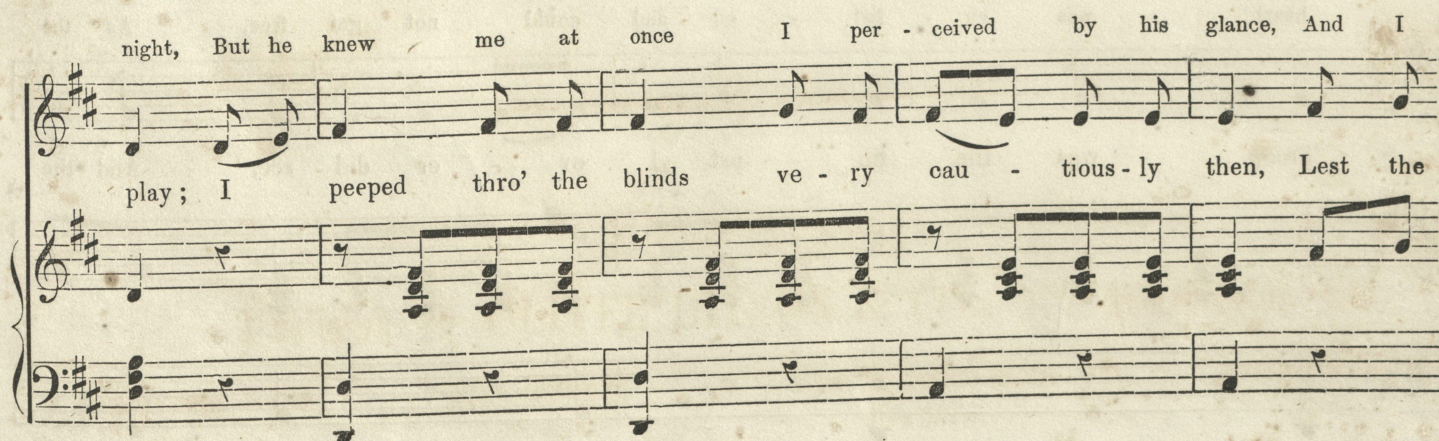
When we met at the Ball I of
1 As they marched thro' the town, with their



course thought 'twas right To pre-tend that we nev - er had met be - fore that
ban - ners so gay, I ran to the win - dow to hear the band



night, But he knew me at once I per - ceived by his glance, And I
play; I peeped thro' the blinds ve - ry cau - tious - ly then, Lest the



4

hung down my head when he asked me to dance. Oh! he
 neighbors should say I was look - ing at the men. Oh! I

p LENTO

sat..... by my side at the end..... of the sett, And the
 heard the drums beat, and the mu - sic so sweet, But my

sweet words he spoke I shall nev - - er for - get; For my
 eyes at the time caught a much great - er treat; The

TEMPO

heart was en - list - ed and could not get free, As the
 Troop was the fin - est I ev - er did see, And the

5

Cap - tain with his whis - kers took a sly glance at me. 1.

Cap - tain with his whis - kers took a sly glance at me. 1.

me. 2.

me.

3

But he marched from the town, and I see him no more,
 Yet I think of him oft and the whiskers he wore,
 I dream all the night, and I talk all the day
 Of the love of a Captain who went far away.
 I remember with super-abundant delight
 When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
 And keep in my mind, how my heart jumped with glee,
 As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

4.

But there's hope----for a friend just ten minutes ago
 Said the Captain's returned from the war, and I know
 He'll be searching for me with considerable zest,
 And when I am found---but---ah---you know all the rest.
 Perhaps he is here---let me look round the house ;
 Keep still, every one of you, still as a mouse ;
 For if the dear creature is here, he will be
 With his whiskers a-taking sly glances at me.

