

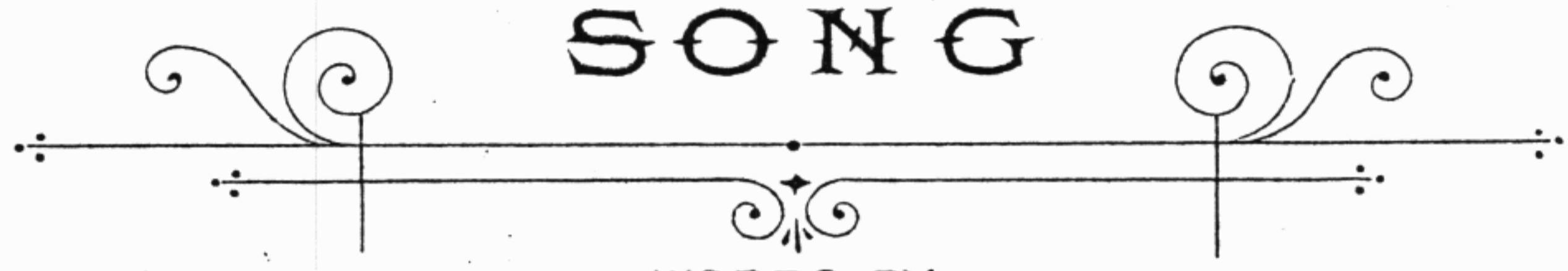
1804-1901



LOVERS KNOW

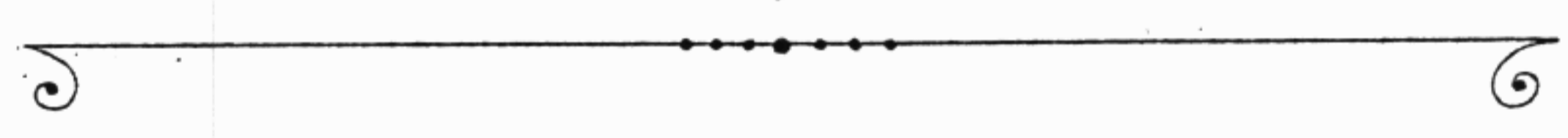


SONG



WORDS BY

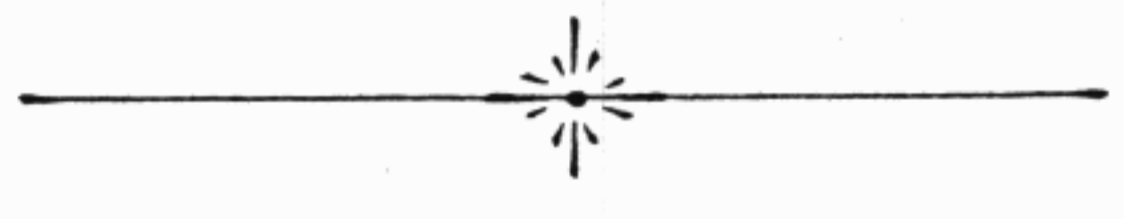
J. B. O'Hara, B.A.



MUSIC BY

S. Mc BURNEY, MUS.D.

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276-278 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE.

BENDIGO. BALLARAT. GEELONG.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.



LOVERS KNOW.

Words by
J. B. O'HARA. B.A.

Music by
S. MC BURNEY, Mus. D.

Lightly and delicately about $\text{♩} = 132$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

mp

p

The lit - tle creek goes wind - - ing, Thro'

gums of white and blue, A sil - ver arm a -

-round the farm It throws, a lov - er true; And

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Lightly and delicately about 132'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system includes the lyrics 'The lit - tle creek goes wind - - ing, Thro'' and features a piano dynamic marking 'p' and a mezzo-piano marking 'mp'. The third system includes the lyrics 'gums of white and blue, A sil - ver arm a -' and features a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The fourth system includes the lyrics '-round the farm It throws, a lov - er true; And'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef part, with various dynamics and articulations.

dim. e rall.

soft - ly where the rush - es lean, It sings, O sweet and

a tempo

low, A lov - er's song and winds a - long, How

hap - py lov - ers know.

mf

The

lit - tle creek goes sing - ing By maid - en hair and moss, A - -

along its banks, in rosy ranks, The wild flow'rs wave and

toss: And ever, where the ferns dip down, It

cresc.

sings, O sweet and low, A lov - er's song and

dim. e rall. *a tempo*

winds a - long, How hap - py lov - ers know.

The

mp

lit - tle creek takes co - - lour from sum - mer skies a - bove, Now

blue, now gold, its wa - ters fold The clouds inclos - est love: But

energico
loud - ly, when the thun - ders roll, It sings, nor sweet nor low, No

lov - er's song, but sweeps a - long, How an - gry, lov - ers know.

The

con spirito

lit - tle creek for ev - er goes wind - ing, wind - ing down: A -

- way, a - way, by night and day, where dark the ran - ges frown: But

cresc. ev - er as it glides, it sings *dim. e rall.* It sings, O sweet and low, A

lov - er's song, and winds a - long, How hap - py lov - ers know. *rall.*