

When the eastern morning grew bright and red,
At the first sunbeam the angel fled,
Having kissed the woman, left her dead.

SOLO—(Clarionette,) Verloures Glück.....*Baerman.*

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENBAUCH.

CHORUS. COME WHERE THE COWSLIP
BLOWETH. *Buckley.*

HELLMUTH COLLEGE CHOIR.

Come where the cowslip bloweth,
Come where the primrose lies ;
Where the gentle violet groweth,
And the green turf never dies.
I'll haste, my love, to greet thee,
Where the roses and lilies blow ;
I'll ever wish to meet thee,
Where the forest flowrets grow.
Come, Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,
And I'll crown thee, love, with a wreath of flowers,
And thou shalt be queen of those fairy bowers ;
And birds that fly from tree to tree
Shall gladden thy heart with their minstrelsy ;
I will be with thee there, and we
Shall be happier far than those birds can be.

Come where the dew-drops glisten
In the rays of the morning sun,
Like the richest pearls that ever
From a foreign land have come ;
Where the gentle stream is flowing
'Neath the bud and blossom rare,
And the perfum'd wind is blowing