

THE NICEST KIND OF CROQUET.

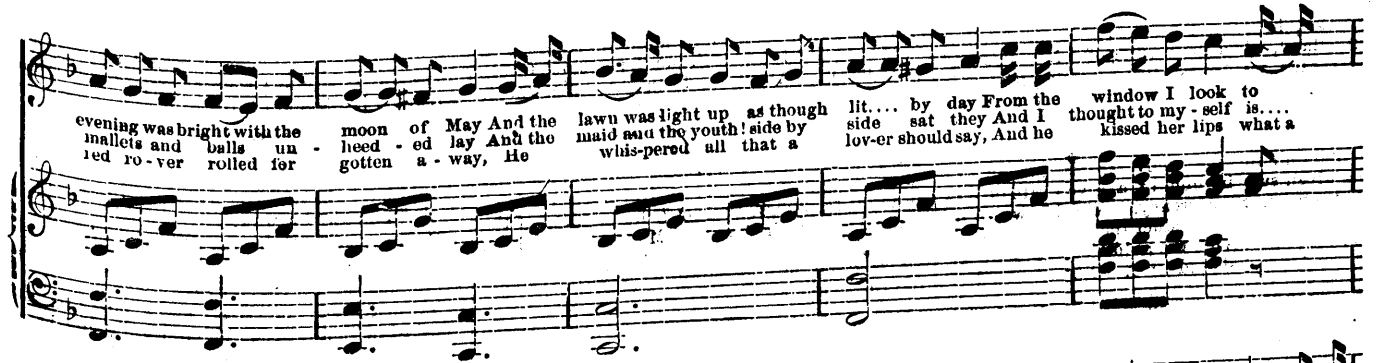
MUSIC BY CHRISTABEL.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. The
2. But the
3. While the

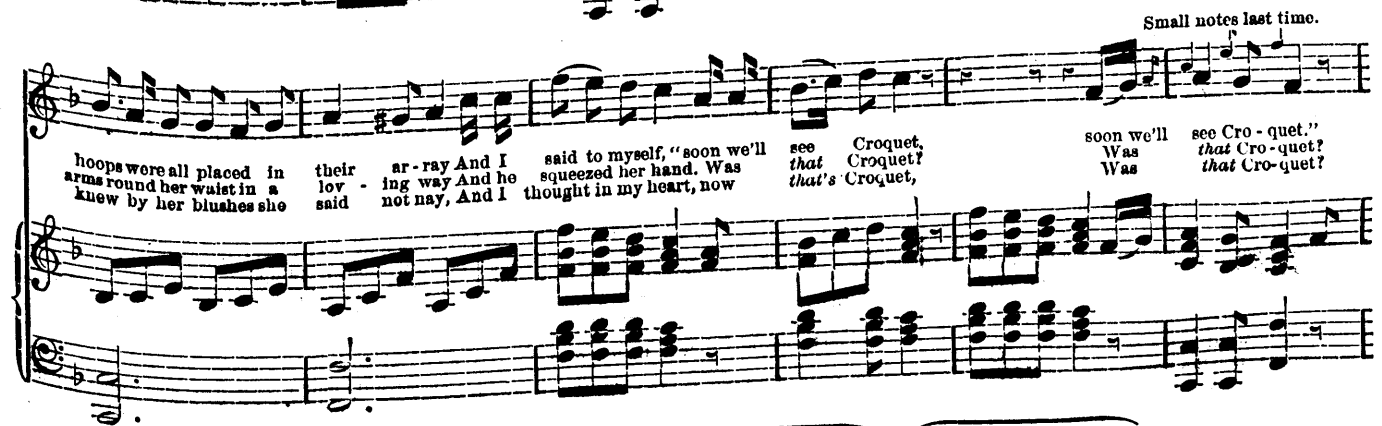
evening was bright with the moon of May And the lawn was light up as though lit... by day From the window I look to
 mallets and balls un- heed - ed lay And the maid saw the youth! side by side sat they And I thought to my - self is...
 red ro-ver rolled for gotten a - way, he whispered all that a lov-er should say, And he kissed her lips what a



see Cro-quet, to see Cro-quet. Of mallets and balls the usual dis-play: The
 that Cro-quet, is what a queer Cro-quet. I saw the scamp, it was light as day, 'Put his
 queer Cro-quet, what a queer Cro-quet. Si-lent they sat'neath the moon of May; But I



hoops were all placed in their ar-ray And I said to myself, "soon we'll see Croquet, soon we'll see Cro-quet."
 arms round her waist in a lov - ing way And he squeezed her hand. Was that Croquet? Was that Cro-quet?
 knew by her blushes she said not nay, And I thought in my heart, now that's Croquet, Was that Cro-quet?



Small notes last time.

1st time, 2nd time. last time.

