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The Sweetest Flower Dies!

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THE SWEETEST FLOWER DIES !

Sung by Miss MAY EVANS.

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I'm a cheerful sort o' fellow in my ordinary way,  
I can tell yer black from yellow by the light of night or day—  
But to catch me fairly blinking you have only got to say,  
“How's that little gal you're sweet on, Polly Brown?”  
But you musn't ask that question, if you please, of me again,  
For my heart is almost ready now to burst;  
As I only lived to love her, it seems hard to bear the chain,  
When I tell you little Polly has gone first.

### *Chorus—*

She was just the sort o' gal you could go mad about,  
A tender-hearted angel of the earth;  
She wasn't what they call a giddy gad-about—  
For Polly was a good 'un from her birth.  
When kindly people ask me what I'm sad about,  
The tears will come a-trickling to my eyes;  
And I have to put the question that is always in my mind,  
“Can you tell me why the sweetest flower dies?”

We was both a-savin' money, with a wedding-day in view—  
Humble courtship may be funny, but our humble hearts were true;  
So I worked just like a nigger, and banked a tidy few  
Golden sov'rins—for the sake of Polly Brown.  
My poor Polly stood with roses, wet or fine, at the Exchange,  
And I must say this of City swells and sparks,  
That they had the best of manners when my Poll was within range,  
For they never tried with her to play their larks.

Chorus.

When a woman's smile rewards you, you can put up with a deal,  
When with love she looks towards you, how uncommon glad you feel  
I have lost that bit o' sunshine, and I've not enjoyed a meal  
Since they rang the curtain down on Polly Brown.  
But of course you've got your troubles, so I'll say no more of mine,  
It's our duty, too, to cheer up from the worst;  
But as long as I'm a mortal, I shall never quite divine  
How it was that pretty Polly faded first.

Chorus.