SONG & CHORUS.

Words and Music by H. S. Thompson

Here is the tree where I doored - - -

Indi-an May; by the

VII. Here is the tree where I

fly's light, I stand in the old cottage door. - - - And I've

In the moon's sil-ver ray. - - - And I

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1866 by Balmer & Weber in the Clerk's office of the U.S. Dist. Court for the East Dist. of Mo.
waited in vain, for the welcome good eve, As I heard it in see them here yet, tho' the years have been long. Since for fortune I

days of yore—— The rustic bridge, where we wandered away—— The lilac bush sheds its

lingered so oft, To whisper our vows by the spray—— fragrance a round The stream murmurs on, light and gay——

Is here the same still as in days gone by—— But And all seems the same as in days gone by—— But
where art thou, Indi-a May--I! Lonely I wait by the
where art thou, Indi-a May--I! Lonely I wait by the

old cottage door. Oh! where art thou Indi-a May--I!
old cottage door. Oh! where art thou Indi-a May--I!

CHORUS
Sleep--ing sleep--ing and e-ver the sweet waters play--A
Sleep--ing sleep--ing and e-ver the sweet waters play--A
requiem soft by the flower-strewn grave. Of beautiful Indiana May.