IOLA.

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Allegro moderato.

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Once there lived an In-jun Queen of sweet six-teen. Who
Night-ly he would sigh for hours and send her flow'rs, The
nev-er knew a care. To her lodge he neath the tree,
while his love he told, And he per-se-vered so well.

Came a cop-per col-ored ab-o- rig-i-nee, To this maiden
That at last he won his cop-per col-ored belle, With this ser-e-
sight-ly, He would night-ly war-ble there.

IOLA.3
Here 'neath the stars a - shine _ My love please don't de - cline,

I - o - la mine _ My sweet I - mine.