The Flowers Outside The Café.

Words by
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Tempo di Valse.

Music by
ALFRED SOLMAN.

Piano.

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But she would not explain, And she looked once a-
out the Café.

She thought of the pleasures the city life gave,
Since leaving her home far away,

His cheeks flushed with anger as to her he said: "Nell, why do you treat me this way?"

But she paused for a while As she gazed with a

But she would not explain, And she looked once a-

But some flowers outside a Café.

But the flowers outside the Café.
Refrain.

The flowers outside the Café, They

spoke of her childhood so bright; She could

see the old lane as she thought once again, “Which

way am I drifting tonight?” She

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thought of the garden at home. With

blue-bells and roses so gay,

And she

sighed, “Mother true, They are speaking of you!” The

flowers outside the Café.