MARCELLE!

WORDS BY
FRANK L. STANTON

MUSIC BY
J. LEWIS BROWNE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
LONDON
To Marcelle Stanton

Marcelle!

FRANK L. STANTON

J. LEWIS BROWNE

without dragging

Modestro

There is no sweeter place to dwell Than

here, Marcelle! Could angels love you half as well as I, Marcelle? There's

not in heav'n an angel bright Could match your living eyes of light! God
Grant I'll never say good-night to you, Marcelle! What stories sweet hath heav'n to tell to you, Marcelle? What echoes where their anthems swell, Like yours, Marcelle? There where Faith makes a gilded dome For all the shelterless that roam, What
like your kiss when I come home, to you, Marcelle?

All sorrows which that day be-fell seem'd faint, Marcelle? I only knew you loved me well, Marcelle, Marcelle! A cabin door was home to me, And in your Love's simplicity Earth sweeter seem'd than heaven could be, Marcelle, Marcelle, Marcelle.
Against God's love I should rebel if

you, Mar-celle, Should break of Love the mag-ic spell that made Mar-celle! God

would have noth-ing for me there, Where shine His an-gels, crown'd and fair, Save

your bright eyes and gold-en hair, Mar-celle, Mar-celle!