A LOVER'S ENVY

VERSE BY
HENRY VAN DYKE

MUSIC BY
C. B. HAWLEY

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company

NEW YORK  LONDON  CINCINNATI  CHICAGO  LEIPZIG
I envy every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes;
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
    The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime;
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
    The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her;
And in the shadow weaves for her
    A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires;
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
    All that her heart desires.

—Henry van Dyke.
A Lover's Envy

HENRY Van DYKE

Andante con moto

To Mr. Boxtel Alcock

C. B. HAWLEY

I en-vy ev-'ry

flow'r that blows Be-side the path-way where she goes. And

Copyright MCMXI by The John Church Company
International Copyright
ev'ry bird that sings to her. And ev'ry breeze that
brings to her The fragrance of the rose.

en'vy ev'ry poet's rhyme That moves her heart at
ev'en-time. And ev'ry tree that wears for her Its
bright-est bloom. And bears for her. The fruit-age of its prime. 

south-ern night. That paves her path with moon-beams white. And sil-vers all the leaves for her. And in the shadow
weaves for her, A dream of dear delight.

Più moto

I envy none whose loves requires of her a gift. A task that tires I only long to
live to her. I only ask to give to her

All that her heart desires. I only long to

live to her I only ask to give to her

 accel. a capp. 

All that her heart desires.