

Home

Poem by
Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas

Alexander MacFadyen

Andante tranquillo

Voice

A fire - fly haunts my

Piano

p

gar - den-walk Like the ghost of a ba - by star,

Float-ing thru hedg-es of i - ris bloom Now near, now shin-ing a -



far. Mine the ros - es and mine the bloom Per -

fa *fa* *fa* *fa*

fum - ing the pur - ple night, — Mine the stars and the

fire - - fly And mine the tears of de - light.

What if an-oth - er gar - den hold Ros - es of rar - er

a tempo

p

bloom, What if an - oth - er i - ris - walk

L.h.

Breathes a sweet - er per - fume. What if count - less

poco cresc.

fire - - flies Thru oth - er gar - dens roam,

Theirs not the spell to bring my tears - But

these - Ah! these are home.