She was in the flowery garden when first she caught my eye And I just a marching soldier she smiled as I passed by The flowers she held were fresh and fair, her lips were full and red

And as I passed that shady bower, these words to me she said "Last night we spoke of love, now we're forced to part You leave to the sound of a marching drum and the beat of a lovers heart

She was by the shore in the evening when next I saw my dear Running barefoot by the waterside, she called as I drew near The sunlight glanced at the water's edge making fire of her aub urn hair

My young heart danced at her parting words that hung in the eve ning air

She was on the Strand next morning when orders came to sail And as we slipped our ropes away I watched her from the rail She threw me a rose, which fell between us, and floated on the Bay

And as our shippulled from the shore, I heard her call and say Now the soldier's life won't suit me, sweet music is my trade For I'd rather melt the hardest heart than pierce it with a bla de

Let the time be short till I return to my home in the mountains high

And the loving girl who stole my heart with these words as I pa ssed by