

6 Idylls after Goethe, Op. 28

IN THE WOODS.

Through woodland glades,
One springtide fair,
I wandered idly,
With ne'er a care.

I stooped to pluck
A tiny flower,
When lo! it sighed
From out it's bower.

"Why break my life
An idle hour?
To fade and waste
My woodland dower!"

Then to my heart,
I took the flower,
With tender hand
And love's soft power.

And there it blooms
Forever fair,
For love is ours,
With ne'er a care.

E. MacDowell



1.

Lightly, almost jauntily. ($\text{♩} = 50$)

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With Pedal

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