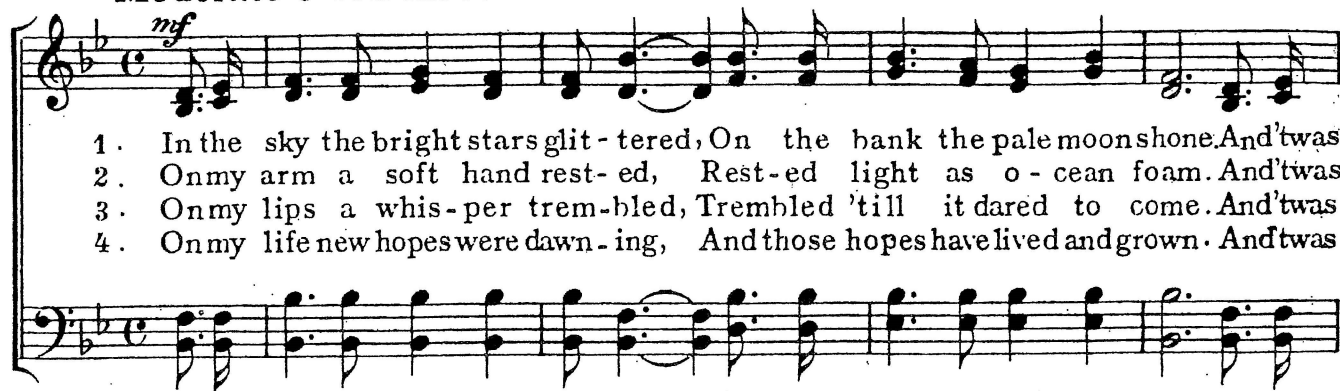


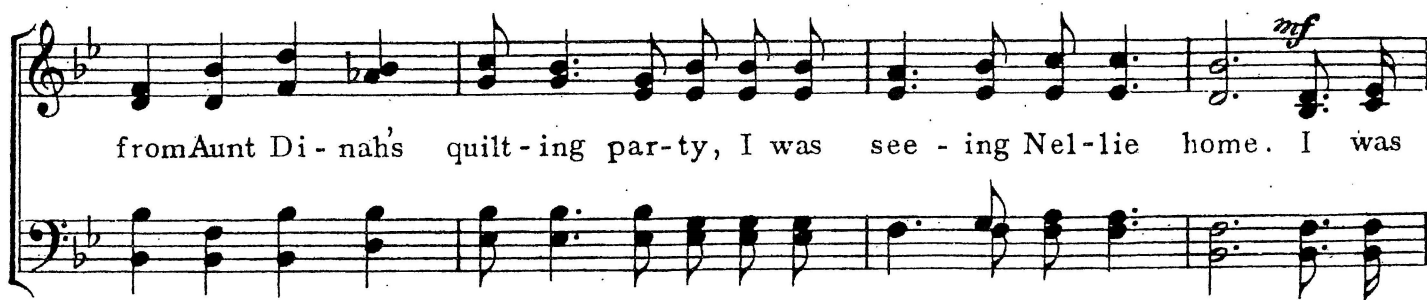
The Quilting Party

Moderato e con moto

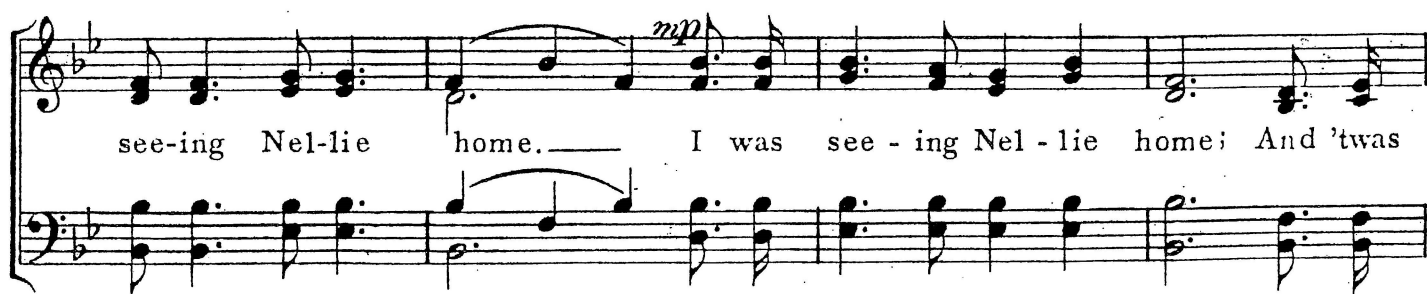
Arr. by Alfred H. Durham



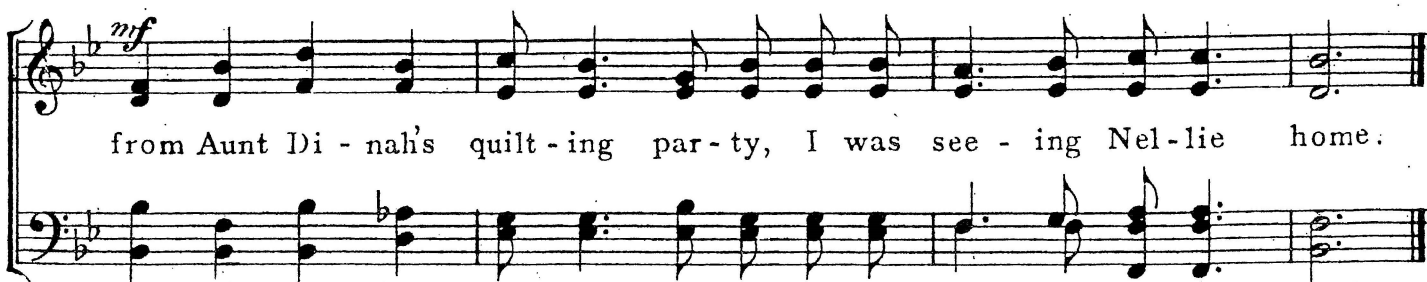
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone. And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam. And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trembled 'till it dared to come. And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown. And 'twas



from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home. I was



see-ing Nel-lie home. — I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas



from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.