Music: Ernest Hastings
Lyrics: Astley Weaver

A Blooming Ballad

Compiled into Sibelius by Ross Boyle

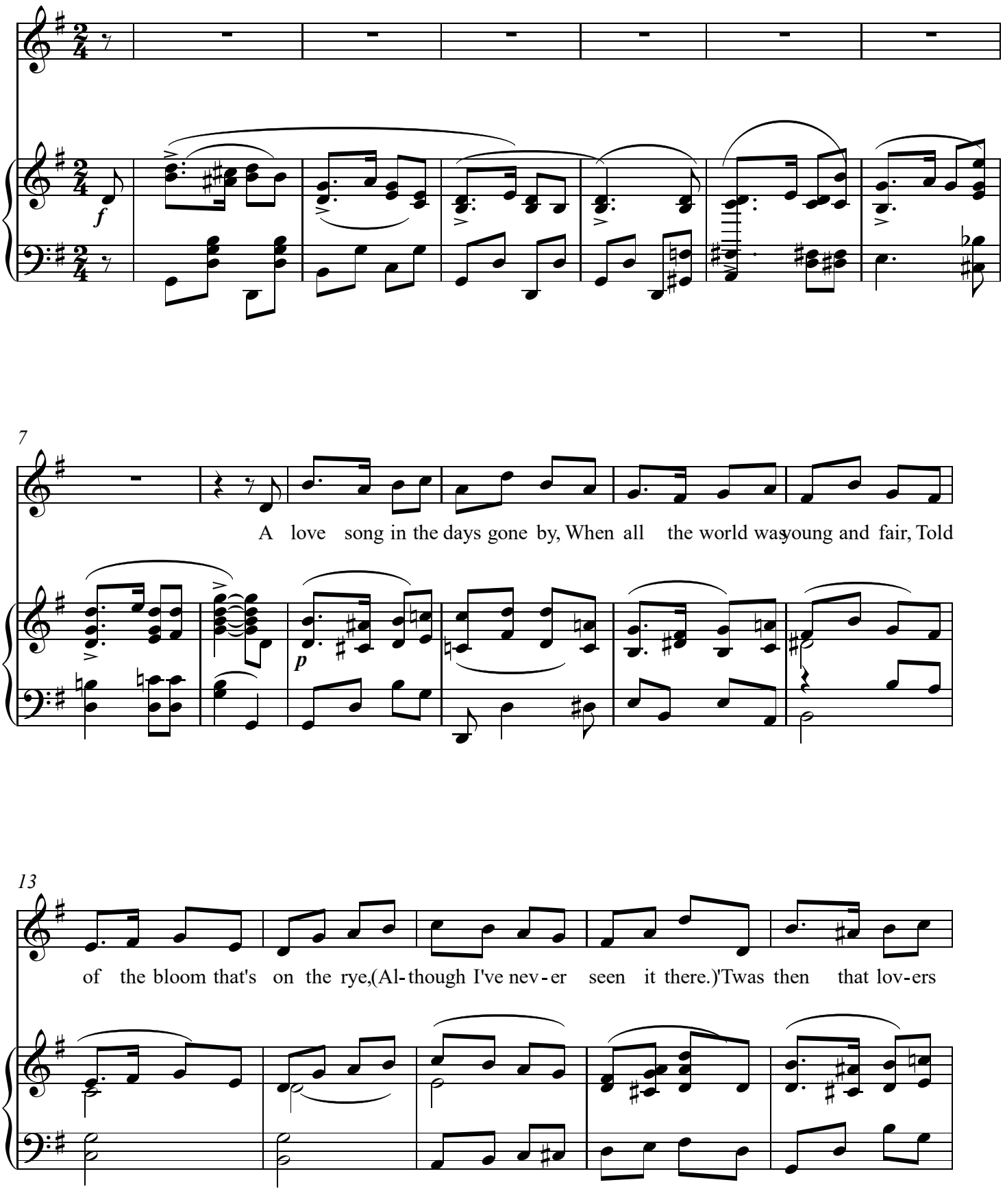
LONDON
Reynolds & Co.
1901

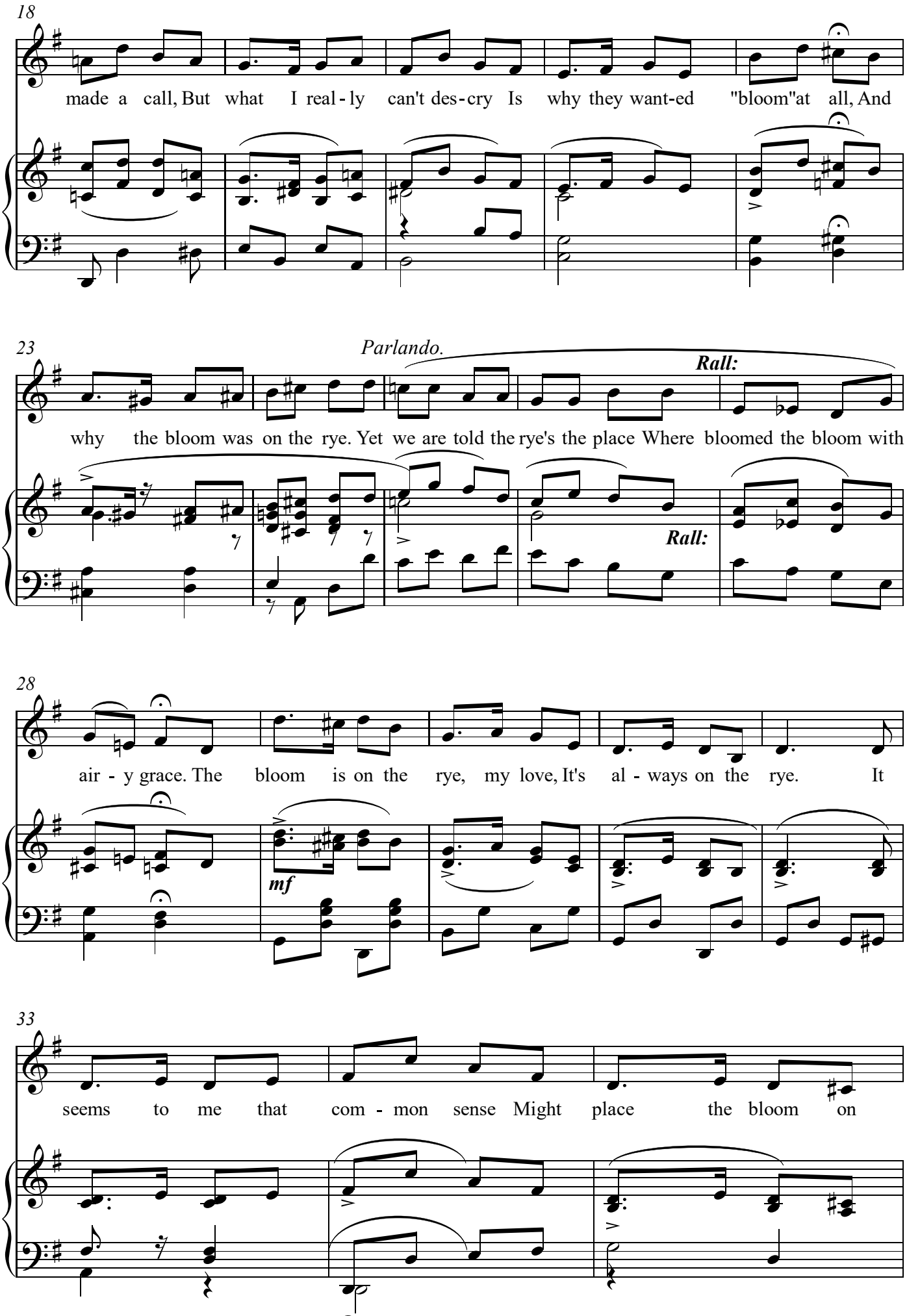
A Blooming Ballad

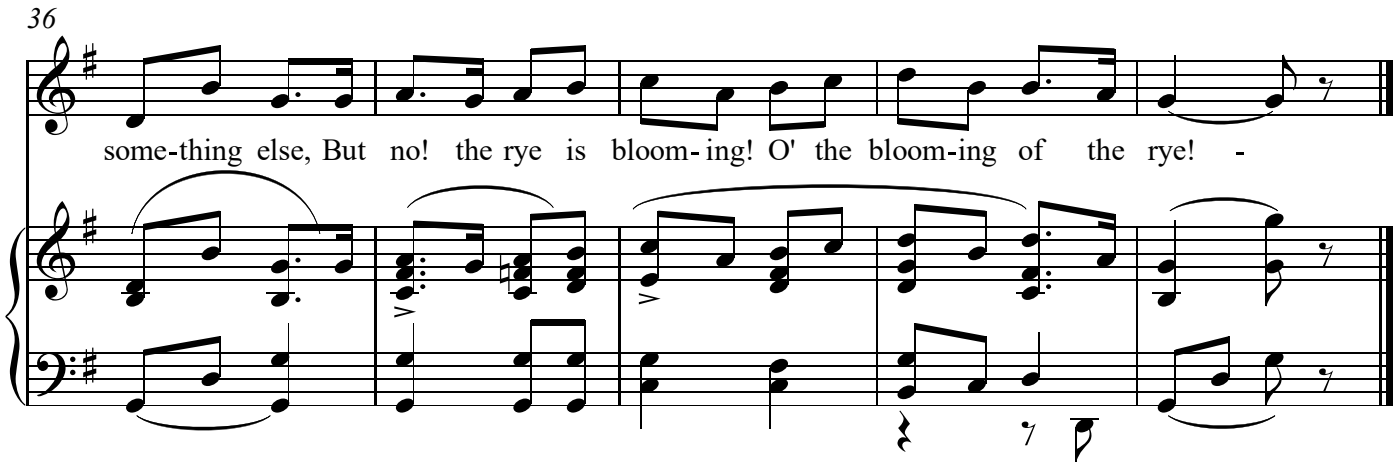
Astley Weaver

Ernest Hastings

Moderato




18
made a call, But what I real - ly can't des - cry Is why they want-ed "bloom"at all, And
23
Parlando.
Rall:
why the bloom was on the rye. Yet we are told the rye's the place Where bloomed the bloom with
Rall:
28
air - y grace. The bloom is on the rye, my love, It's al - ways on the rye. It
mf
33
seems to me that com - mon sense Might place the bloom on
Ped.
(R &C. 748)
*


36
some-thing else, But no! the rye is bloom- ing! O' the bloom-ing of the rye! -

A Blooming Ballad

1

A love song in the days gone by,
When all the world was young and fair,
Told of the bloom that's on the rye,
(Although I've never seen it there.)
'Twas then that lovers made a call,
But what I really can't descry
Is why they wanted "bloom" at all,
And why the bloom was on the rye.
Yet we are told the rye's the place
Where bloomed the bloom with airy grace.
The bloom is on the rye, my love,
It's always on the rye,
It seems to me that common sense
Might place the bloom on something else
But no! the rye is blooming! O' the blooming of the rye!

2

And then we read in ancient rhymes
About the maiden's damask cheek,
For "damask," in the olden times,
Was quite the fashionable freak.
I don't know what the shade is now,
My "Weldon" hasn't come this week,
Yet modern maidens – all somehow
Incline to blooms upon the cheek.
The rye is surely not the face.
Yet the idea I can't efface.
The bloom is 'neath your eye, my love.
Just now, it's 'neath your eye.
The modern maiden wins her *beaux*
Sub rose by *couleur de rose*
What Ho! Her cheek is blooming! What a blooming, blooming check!

3

But all things change, and now-a-days
Romance is dead! – Ah! cruel fate!
We now bow down to every craze
And fawn to fashion up-to-date.
The maid who sang of blooms and rye,
Has quarrelled with her spouse, 'tis said.
And now the bloom is on *his* eye.
The damask on *her* cheek is dead.
And thus the modern maiden fights,
To teach the force of woman's rights.
Yet – The bloom is on the rye, my love,
It's still upon the rye.
Of course a wife may criticise
And cross his "teas" and dot his "I's."
Poor Man! His Eye is blooming! And he wants *decree nice-Eye!*