

Blue in the Holt and Hollow.

Words by CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY (1890)

Air: "Suoni la Tromba"

Allegro vivace.

I TEN.
II TEN.

1. Blue in the holt and hol - low, Stars in the slant-ing
1 Concl. Blue of the Bay be - low us, Blue of the skies un-

2. Gold on the broom and heath - er! Gold where the or - ange
2 Concl. Gold of the cup and pe - tal Flame on the hill and

I BASS
II BASS

Air.

grass! Runnels that leap and fol - low, And sap - phire wings that pass!
 rolled, Blue of the hills that know us - Oh, ours the Blue and Gold!
 shakes Fire from the gleaming weather Un - der the wind that wakes
 wold, Hearts of the ster - ling met - al Oh, ours the Blue and Gold!

Fine.

I BASS
II BASS

Fine.

Air.

1. Lil - ies in a - zure um - bels, Fields that the lu - pines strew,
 2. Out of the far ho - ri - zon, Out of his west - ern cave,

I BASS
II BASS

poco cresc.

Air. Colors where the li - lac tum - bles Down in a mist of blue: Hurrah!
 Woo - ing the gold that lies on. Flow'r of the field and wave: Hurrah!

I BASS
II BASS

3. Breasting the blue of ages,
 Sailing with golden prow,
 High where the war-wind wages
 We float our colors now:
 Hold through the nights' wild splendor,
 Drive though the stars be gone,

Sailing to win the tender
 Touch of the golden dawn: Hurrah!
 Colors we float, adorning
 Skies that are new and old;
 Colors of night and morning
 Oh, ours the Blue and Gold!