Thespis No. 9

Sparkeion

Solo - Sparkeion

Lit-tle maid of Ar-ca-dee

Sat on Cous-in Ro-bin's

Copyright © 2001 by Colin Johnson
All Rights Reserved
Jil-ed her and went a-way, Wretch-ed little maid, she— Wretch-ed maid of Ar-cad-e. Wretch-ed maid of Ar-cad-e.

To her little home she crept, There she sat her down and wept, Maid wept as maids will—

Grew so thin and pale— until Cousin Richard came to woo. Then again the roses grew.

Happy little maid she— Happy maid of Ar-cad-e. Happy little maid she,