

## 21. A Song of the South

Harold Boulton

**Con moto**

I have a gar- den beau- ti- ful, by a

4 sea of peer- less blue; — there are sun- ny slopes and

7 *cresc.* grot- toes cool, and a stream- let wan- ders through.

10 *p* There are or- an- ges and cy- press- es, there are