

# The Slippery Elm

Music: P. F. HUNT  
Alpha

Her dain - ty form en -  
His arms with strong and firm em - brace,  
fold ——— And she had blushed her sweet con - sent.  
When he his sto - ry  
"And do you swear to keep your troth?" She asked with lov - ing air; ——— He  
told.  
gazed in - to her up - turned face, "yes by yon elm I swear," A  
year passed by his love grew cold, ——— of his heart she had lost the helm; She  
blamed his fault, but the fact was this, The tree was slipp - 'ry elm.