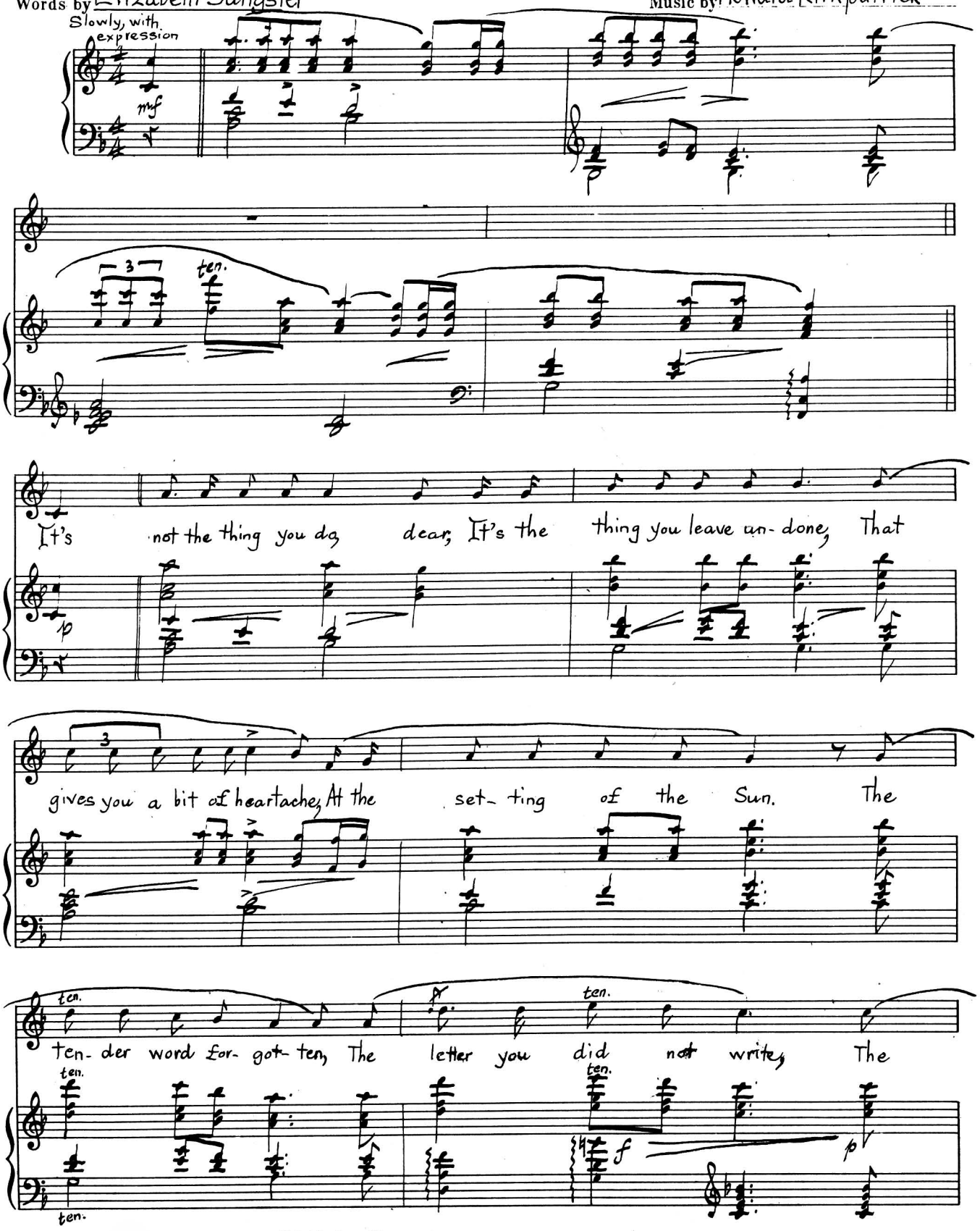
"Ghosts"

Words by Elizabeth Sangster

Music by Howard Kirkpatrick



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much expression and slower

Flow'r you might have sent, dear, Are your haunt-ing GHOSTS to- night. your

A little faster

haunting GHOSTS to- night, to- night.

rit.

A tempo

It's not the thing you do, dear, It's the

thing you leave un- done That gives you a bit. of heart- ache At the

setting of the Sun.

rit.