

The plan adopted for engraving these Recitations, renders it very easy for the Reciter to keep time with the music, and Unaccompanied will find unusual facility in committing a Recitation to memory after one or two rehearsals with the musical accompaniment.

RECITATION- MUSIC SERIES

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| 1. THE BELLS | Edgar Allan Poe | 5. |
| 2. LORRAINE. LORRAINE. LORRÉE | Charles Kingsley | 4. |
| 3. SOUL MUSIC | Whyte Melville | 4. |
| 4. THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL | Adelaide A. Procter | 5. |
| 5. RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM | Whyte Melville | 4. |
| 6. CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT | Rosa Hartwick Thorpe | 4. |
| 7. THE RAVEN | Edgar Allan Poe | 6. |
| 8. YOUNG LOCHINVAR | Sir Walter Scott | 5. |
| 9. A BALIAD OF HELL | John Davidson | 5. |
| 10. WHAT MY LOVER SAID | Homer Greene | 4. |
| 11. THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL | Longfellow | 6. |
| 12. THE THIN RED LINE | Alice C. Mac Donell | 5. |
| 13. IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI | Christina Rossetti | 4. |
| 14. LENORE | Edgar Allan Poe | 4. |
| 15. FAIR HELEN | 2 ND SERIES | 4. |
| 16. ONE OF US TWO | | 4. |
| 17. THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL | Ella Wheeler Wilcox | 4. |
| 18. THE DEATH POTION | Lizette Woodworth Reese | 4. |
| 19. THE LEGEND OF THE EAST WINDOW | Hubert Cutler | 4. |
| 20. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS | Hubert Cutler | 4. |
| 21. THE DEAD SHIP | Lizette Woodworth Reese | 4. |
| 22. A COUNTRY IDYLL | Hubert Cutler | 4. |
| 23. THE MISSION OF JUDAS | | 4. |
| 24. | | |
| 25. | | |

Music Composed

by **STANLEY HAWLEY.**

COPYRIGHT.

BOSWORTH & CO.

LEIPZIG.

PARIS.

LONDON, W.

5, PRINCES ST. OXFORD ST.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

Words by
HOMER GREENE.

Music by
STANLEY HAWLEY

Allegretto con grazia.

PIANO. *mf* *gra...*

loco. *p poco sost:* By the

merest chance, in the twilight gloom, In the orchard path he met me; In the tall, wet grass, with its

PP colla voce.

faint perfume, And I tried to pass, but he made no room, Oh I

Red

tried, but he would not let me. So I stood and blushed till the

poco cres:

Red *

grass grew red, With my face bent down a - bove it, While he

Red * *Red* * *Red* *

took my hand as he whispering said— (How the clover lifted each

pp *ppp* *pa tempo.*

Red * *Red* *

pink, sweet head, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the

Red *

clover in bloom, I love it!

poco accel: *cres:* *mf a tempo.*

Red *Red*

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide, And the

poco sost: *a tempo.* *pp e colla.*

low, wet leaves hung over; But I could not pass upon either side, For I

colla voce. *a tempo.*

found myself, when I vainly tried, In the arms of my steadfast

p *L.H.*

lover. And he held me there and he raised my head, While he

poco accel:

closed the path before me, And he looked down into my eyes and said (How the

colla voce.

leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead, To listen to all that my

ppp una corda. *poco cres:*

lover said; Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!) *a tempo.*

poco rit: *p* *cres: e accel:*

Had he moved aside but a

mf *cres:* *f* *sost:* *pp* *a tempo.*

little way, I could surely then have passed him; For he

poco *a* *poco accel:*

pp *simile.*

knew I never could wish to stay, And would not have heard what he

e *cres:*

had to say, Could I only aside have cast him. It was

sf *colla.*

almost dark, and the moments sped, And the searching night - wind

pp *poco* *cres:*

simile.

found us, But he drew me nearer and softly said— (How the

colla voce.

pure, sweet wind grew still, instead, To listen to all that my

ppp una corda.

Qed * *simile.*

lover said; Oh, the whispering wind a - round us!)

tr *tr*

tr *tr* *f* *f* *I am*

poco *cres:* *f* *dim:*

Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

sure he knew when he held me fast, That I must be all un -

pp trem. cantabile.

Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

- willing; For I tried to go, and I would have passed, As the

Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

night was come with its dew, at last. And the sky with its stars was

pp

filling. But he clasped me close when I would have fled, And he

pp

made me hear his story, And his soul came out from his

dim:

lips and said: (How the stars crept out where the white moon led, To

ppp *cantabile.*

listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

poco sost:

gru *p a tempo.*

know that the grass and the leaves will not tell, And I'm sure that the wind, precious

gru *poco* *cres.*

rover, Will carry my secret so safely and well That no

gru *poco* *cres:*

being shall ever dis cover One

gru word of the many that rapidly fell From the

p *pp*

soul-speaking lips of my lover; And the moon and the stars that looked
gru
p *pp* *p*
Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

over Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell They wove round about us that
gru
pp *poco* *a*
Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

night in the dell, In the path through the dew-laden clover, Nor echo the whispers that
gru
poco. *cres:* *sost:* *sf* *pp* *poco meno.*
Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* * *Qed* *

made my heart swell As they fell from the lips of my
gru
dim:
Qed * *Qed* * *Qed* *

lover!
gru
p *rit:* *pp*
Qed * *Qed* *