

1836

We Met

Thomas H. Bayly

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Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

WE MET!

A BALLAD FROM THE

Songs of the Boudoir

As Sung by

Miss Paton

Written and Composed

BY

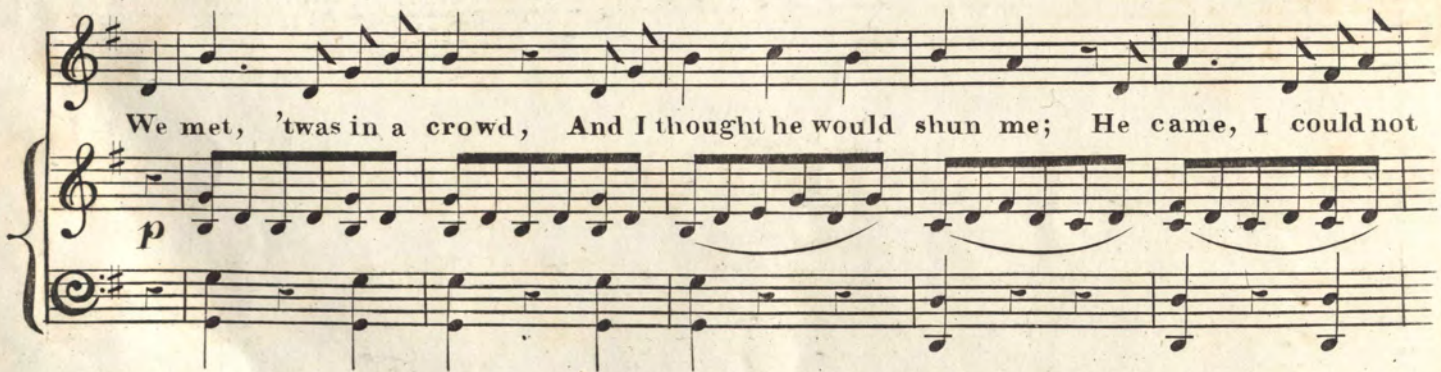
THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ^R

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE, 107 Washington St.

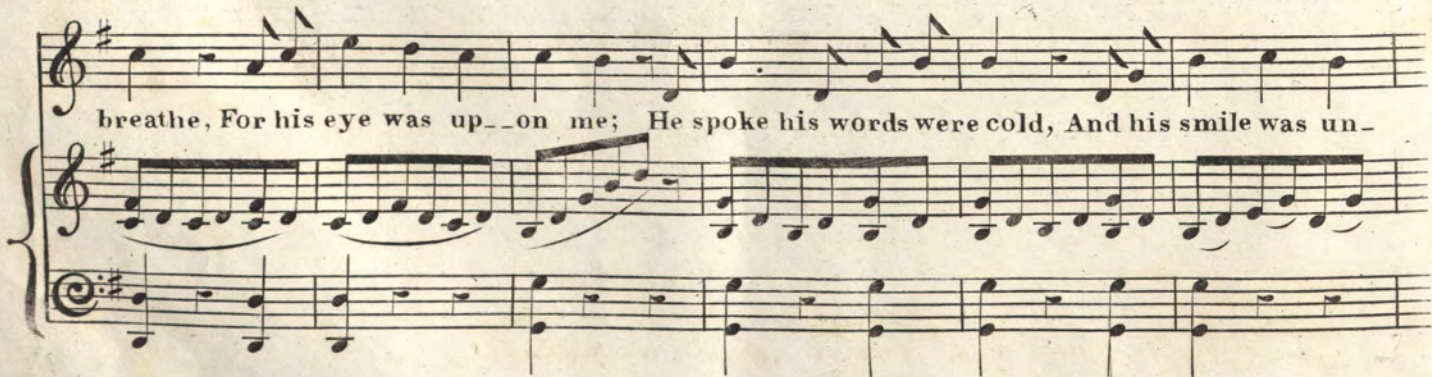
ANDANTE
Espress.



Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.



Musical notation for the first line of the ballad. It includes a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "We met, 'twas in a crowd, And I thought he would shun me; He came, I could not". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.



Musical notation for the second line of the ballad. It includes a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "breathe, For his eye was up--on me; He spoke his words were cold, And his smile was un-". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

2

altered; I knew how much he felt, For his deep ton'd voice faltered: I wore my bridal

ad lib:

robe, And I ri-val'd its whiteness, Bright gems were in my hair; How I ha--ted their

brightness He call'd me by my name As the bride of an--other Oh! thou hast been the

fz

cause of this anguish, my mother.

f *p*

2.

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him,
 He smild, and whisper'd low, as once I used to hear him;
 She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine and mine only—
 I wept—for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.
 And she will be his bride! at the altar he'll give her
 The love that was too pure, for a heartless deceiver;
 The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother,
 Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.

