

1837

She Wore a Wreath of Roses

Joseph Philip Knight

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SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES

A Ballad

Sung by

MRS WOOD.

The Poetry by

Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.

THE MUSIC

Composed and Dedicated to

MISS NORCOTT.

-BY-

Joseph Philip Knight.

Pr 50 Cts.

NEW YORK.

Published by **HEWITT & JAUQUES** *239 Broadway.*

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

ANDANTE.

The first system of music features a treble clef staff with a melody in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

The second system includes a vocal line on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "She wore a wreath of ro-----ses The". The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef staff.

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "night that first we met, Her lovely face was smi--ling Beneath her curls of". The piano accompaniment is shown in the bass clef staff.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics: "jet; Her footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The". The piano accompaniment is shown in the bass clef staff.

Rall: *a Tempo*

to_kens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is un_known; I

Rall:

cres:

saw her but a moment_ Yet me_thinks I see her now With the

cres:

wreath of summer flow_ers, Up_ on her snow_y brew.

A wreath of orange blos- - -soms When next we met, she wore; Th'ex-

p

-pres - sion of her features Was more thoughtful than be - fore; And

standing by her side was one, Who strove and not in vain To

soothe her, leav - -ing that dear home She ne'er might view a - gain; I

Rall: a Tempo.

Rall:

saw her but a moment... Yet me thinks I see her now With the

Cres

wreath of orange blossoms, Up on her snowy brow.

Cres

Piu lento e con molto espressione.

And once again I see that brow No bridal wreath is

p

there, The Widows sombre cap conceals Her once luxuriant hair; She

weeps in silent solitude, And there is no one near To press her hand with

Rall
 in his own, And wipe a way the tear; *p* I see her broken hearted Yet me- *a Tempo*

Cres:
 thinks I see her now In the pride of youth and beauty, With a

garland on her brow.