

## MUSIC..

## Here 'Twas We Met.

Words by G. A. MILLARD.

(BALLAD.)

Music by R. G.

*Moderato.*

Here 'twas we met, By the bank with wild thyme grow-ing; Ed - - win, still  
*Piu.*

dear, . . . . . first breathed his vows so free. . . . "Wear this," he cried . . . . his

faith - less love be - stowing, . . . . "Near to thy heart, . . . in mem - 'ry of

me. . . . . Near to thy heart, . . . . in mem - 'ry of me." . . . .

*colla voce.*

Love's cherish'd gift: the rose he gave has faded;  
 Dreams of joy are o'er—pangs of woe remain;  
 The bright beam of life with clouds of grief is shaded;  
 Love's brightest flow'r can never bloom ag'in.