



To Miss Augusta R. Hall,
Utica N. York.



3

Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt 146 Tremont St.
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I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME.

(BALLAD.)

Words by H. A. D.

W. Apmadoc.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante.

con affeto.

1. I thought you lov'd me when your eyes, Bent
2. I thought you lov'd me not, my dear, When

ritard. *a tempo. f*

down to laugh in mine; I thought Love's instinct keen and wise. Could
grav - er grew your face; I did not know just then, that fear, In

ritard. *a tempo. f*

A.P.S. 134.

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con dolore. *cresc.*

not mis - take Love's sign. Ah me! Ah me! you
true love has a place. A - - las! A - - - las! I

con dolore. *cresc.*

f tenuto. *p* *ritard.*

lov'd me not, And I in pride my love for - - got.
rose in haste Such love as this hath bit - - ter taste.

f tenuto. *p* *ritard.*

ten. *ritard.* *D.S.:*

ten. *ritard.* *D.S.:*

con anima.

3. I thought, I thought the world was gay, With rifts of gol - den light; I

con anima.

know not why, but since that day, All things ap-pear less bright Ah

Andante affettuoso. *cresc.* *ritenuto.*

dear, my friend, come back and see.

Andante affettuoso.

P tristo.

If this be love twixt you and me.

pp *P col canto.*

tens. *ritard.*