Third Edition.

WE MET!

A Ballad.

Sung by

Miss Paton, Miss H. Cawse, & Miss Betts,

From the

SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR,

The Poetry Written

AND

The Melodies Selected

by

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY ESQR.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2/-

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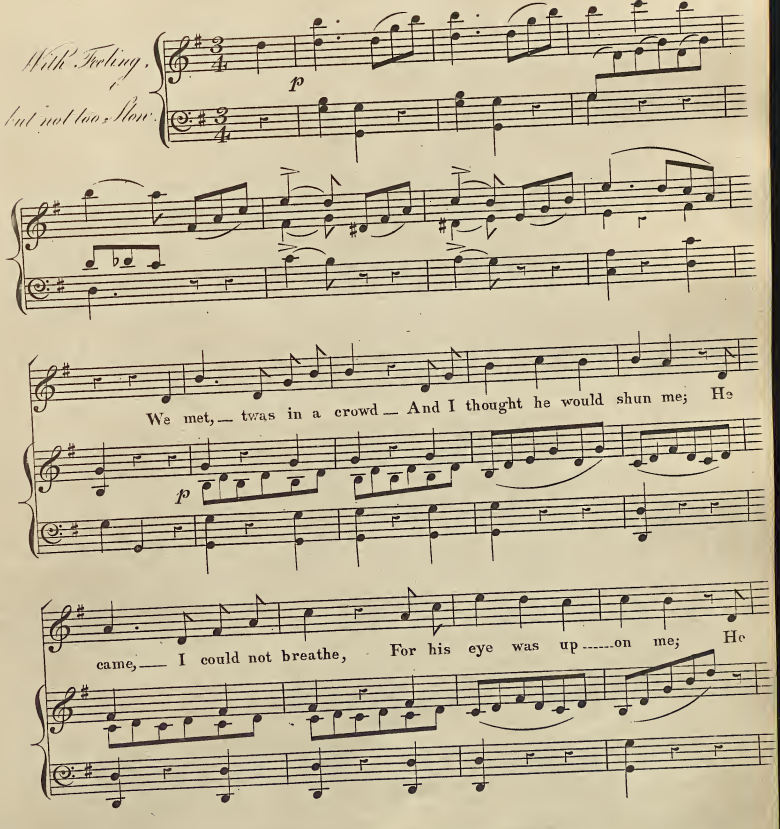
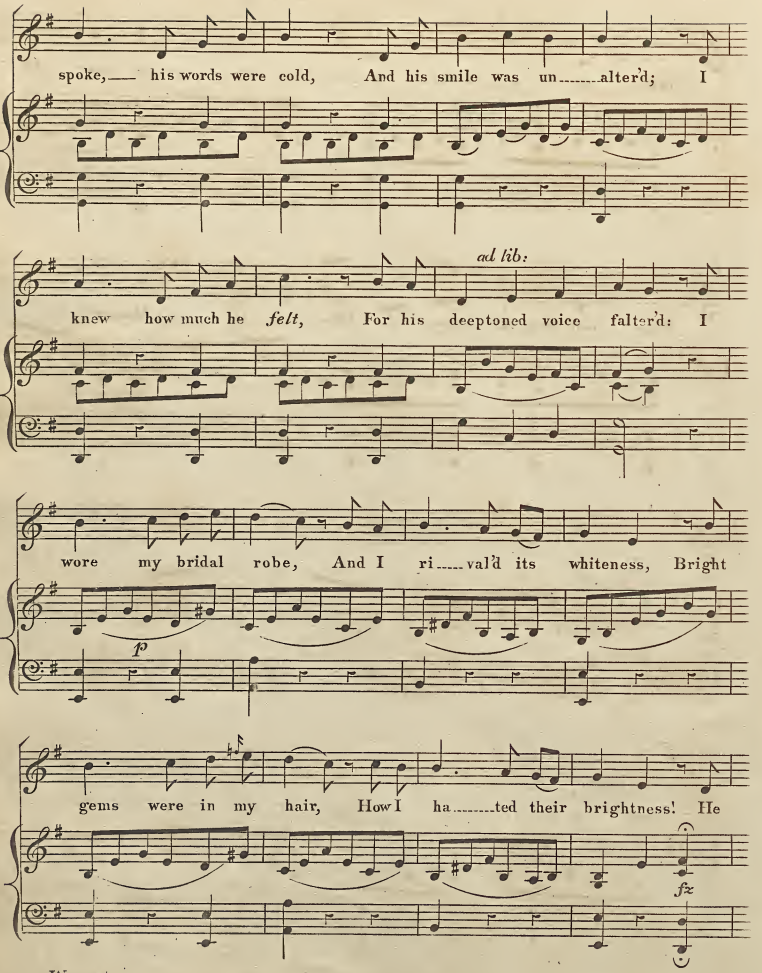
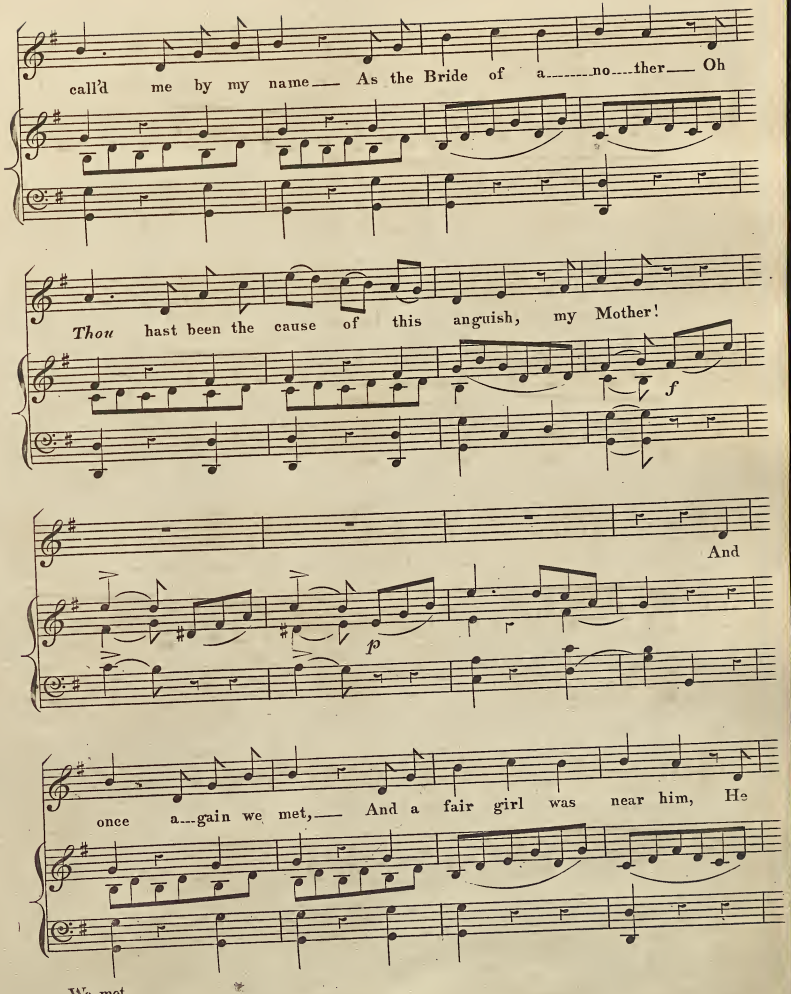
We Met!

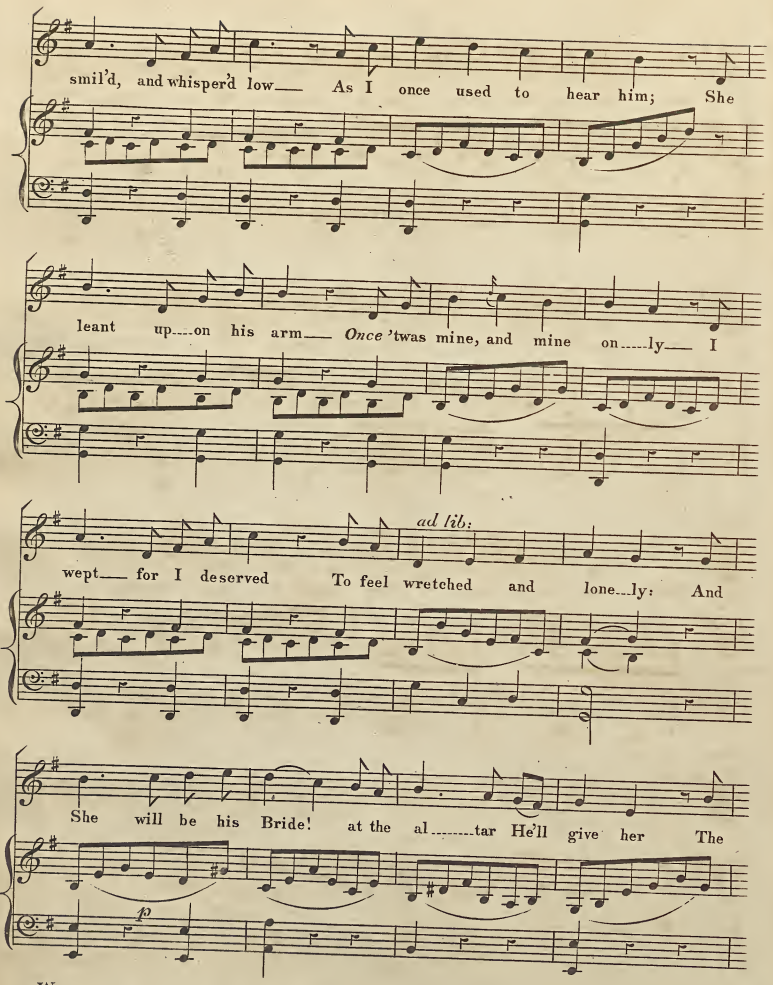

With Feeling,
but not too Slow
p
We met, — twas in a crowd — And I thought he would shun me; He
p
came, — I could not breathe, For his eye was up-----on me; He

We met.

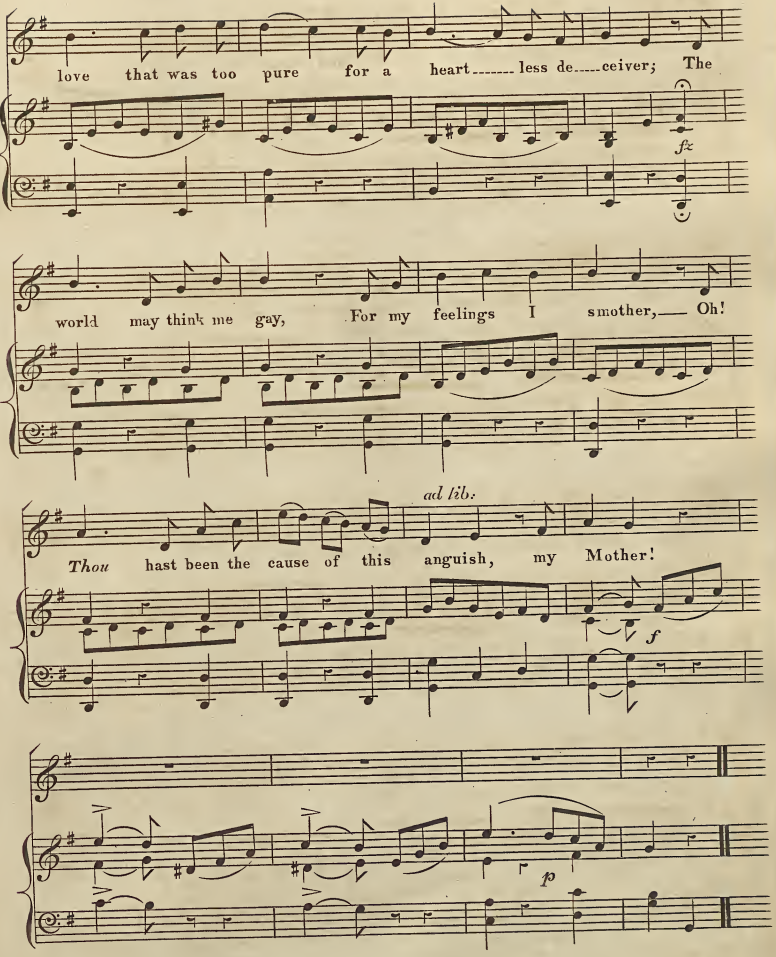

spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un alter'd; I
ad lib:
knew how much he *felt,* For his deeptoned voice falter'd: I
wore my bridal robe, And I ri val'd its whiteness, Bright
p
gems were in my hair, How I ha ted their brightness! He
fz

We met.


call'd me by my name— As the Bride of a——no——ther— Oh
Thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my Mother!
f
And
p
once a—gain we met,— And a fair girl was near him, He
We met.


smil'd, and whisper'd low— As I once used to hear him; She
leant up---on his arm— *Once* 'twas mine, and mine on---ly— I
ad lib:
wept— for I deserved To feel wretched and lone---ly: And
She will be his Bride! at the al-------tar He'll give her The
p

We met.


love that was too pure for a heart-------less de-----ceiver; The
fz
world may think me gay, For my feelings I smother,—— Oh!
ad lib:
Thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my Mother!
f
p

We met.