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MODERN BALLADS.

A SELECTION OF

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FAVOURITE SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE

MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.



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Knitting.

Words by MARIA X. FLAYES

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

PIANO-FORTE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (F major) and the time signature is 12/8.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The dynamics are marked piano (p).

1. By.... a low - ly cot - tage door A maid - en fair was sit - ting, Her
2. Mark'd she no sha - dow 'mong the trees Where stood a youth so slen - der, Her

The first two lines of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

lone - ly state did she de - plore While croon - ing o'er her knit - ting:—
song was borne up - on the breeze, In ac - cents low and ten - der,

The third line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

"Woe is me that I am poor, No sui - tor comes to woo me,
Thrill - ing his heart, and as he gaz'd From out his nook so sha - dy,

The fourth line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

“Maids less fair they oft a - dore, Who ne'er could love more tru - ly.”
At her beau - ty all - a - maz'd, Said: “she shall be my La - dy!”

cresc.

Still she kept on knit - ting,
And still she sang while knit - ting,

rall.
Sad - ly, slow - ly knit - ting...
Sad - ly, slow - ly knit - ting...

colla voce.

p
“They may be fair, and so am I, My cheek is soft and glow - ing, Mine
Then stepp'd forth that no - ble youth, From out his nook so sha - dy, “I

p

"eyes more blue than yon - der sky, My tres - ses bright and flow - ing." prize," he said, "your sim - ple truth, And you shall be my La - dy!"

Thus she sang while knit - ting, Sad - ly, slow - ly knit - ting, Her No more low - ly sit - ting, Sad - ly, slow - ly knit - ting, Her

ritenu to. lone - ly state she did de - plore, did de - plore. *1st time.*
fate no more did she de - plore, *a tempo.*

cresc. *ritenu to.* *f*

2nd time. No,..... no more!..... more!

f *a tempo.*