

The plan adopted for engraving these Recitations, renders it very easy for the Reciter to keep time with the music, and Amateurs will find unusual facility in committing a Recitation to memory after one or two rehearsals with the musical accompaniment.

RECITATION- MUSIC SERIES

Nº 1	THE BELLS	Edgar Allan Poe	5
2	LORRAINE. LORRAINE. LORRÉE	Charles Kingsley	4
3	SOUL MUSIC	Whyte Melville	4
4	THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL	Adelaide J. Procter	5
5	RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM	Whyte Melville	4
6	CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT	Rosa Hartwick Thorpe	4
7	THE RAVEN	Edgar Allan Poe	6
8	YOUNG LOCHINVAR	Sir Walter Scott	5
9	A BALLAD OF HELL	John Davidson	5
10	WHAT MY LOVER SAID	Homer Greene	4
11	THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL	Longfellow	6
12	THE THIN RED LINE	Alice C. Mac Donell	5
13	IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI	Christina Rossetti	4
14	LENORE	Edgar Allan Poe	4
15	FAIR HELEN	2ND SERIES	4
16	ONE OF US TWO		4
17	THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	4
18	THE DEATH POTION	Lizette Woodworth Reese	4
19	THE LEGEND OF THE EAST WINDOW	Hubert Cutler	4
20	TE DEUM LAUDAMUS	Hubert Cutler	4
21	THE DEAD SHIP	Lizette Woodworth Reese	4
22	A COUNTRY IDYLL	Hubert Cutler	4
23	THE MISSION OF JUDAS		4
24			
25			

Music Composed

by **STANLEY HAWLEY.**

COPYRIGHT.

BOSWORTH & CO

LEIPZIG.

PARIS.

LONDON W.

5 PRINCES ST. OXFORD ST.

1894 By Post only 1/6

RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.

Words by
G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

Music by
STANLEY HAWLEY.

Molto marcato.

PIANO. *mf* *f* *f* *f* *rall:* *f*

Tempo di Valse.
cantabile.
pp sostenuto.

simile.

There's music in the gallery, There's

dancing in the hall, And the girl I love is moving

poco accel:

Like a goddess through the ball. A -

poco sost:

The words reprinted by arrangement with Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited.

amongst a score of rivals You're the fairest in the room, But I

pp a tempo.

like you better, Marion, Marion, Marion, I like you

poco accel:

better, Marion, Riding through the

broom. It

rit: a tempo.

was but yester morning, The vision haunts me still, That we

pp

looked across the valley, As our horses rose the hill. And I

mf *poco*

bade you read my riddle, And I waited for my doom, While the

cres: *dim:* *colla voce.*

spell was on us, Marion, Marion, Marion, The

cantabile, a tempo.

spell was on us, Marion, Riding through the broom.

poco

The

grac *p* *cres:* *dim:*

wild bird carolled freely, The May was dropping dew, The

loco.

pp

day was like a day from heaven, From Heaven, because of you; And

And

on my heart there broke a light, Dis- pelling weeks of gloom, While I

p

p

whispered to you, Marion, Marion, Marion, While I

grac.

pp

pp

whispered to you, Marion, Riding through the broom.

gra

p *mf*

loco.

f *dim:*

"What is

freer than the wild bird? What is sweeter than the May? What is

Meno mosso.

pp *colla voce.* *p*

simile.

fresher than the morning, And brighter than the day?" In your

mf *f* *dim:*

eye came deeper lustre, On your cheek a softer bloom, And I

pp *p*

Red *

think you guessed it, Marion, Marion, Marion, I

mf

Red *

think you guessed it, Marion, Riding through the broom.

dolce.

Red *

mf *poco rall:*

Red

Tempo primo.

pp *sostenuto.*

And

And * *simile.*

now they flutter round you, These insects of an hour, And

I must stand a loof and wait, And

accel:

watch my cherished flower; I

poco sost:

glory in her triumphs, And I grudge not her perfume, But I

pp

love you best, my Marion, Marion, Marion, I

love you best, my Marion,

poco accel:

Riding through the broom.

ff