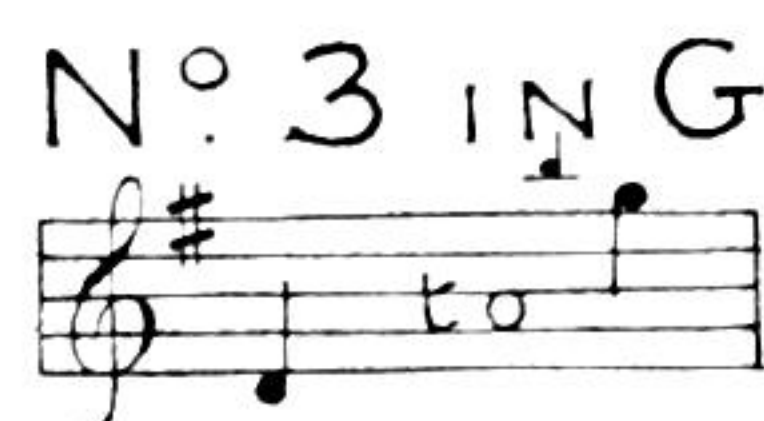
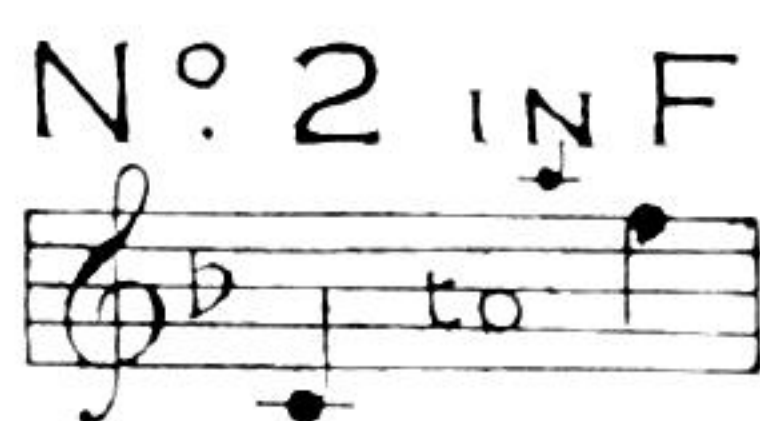
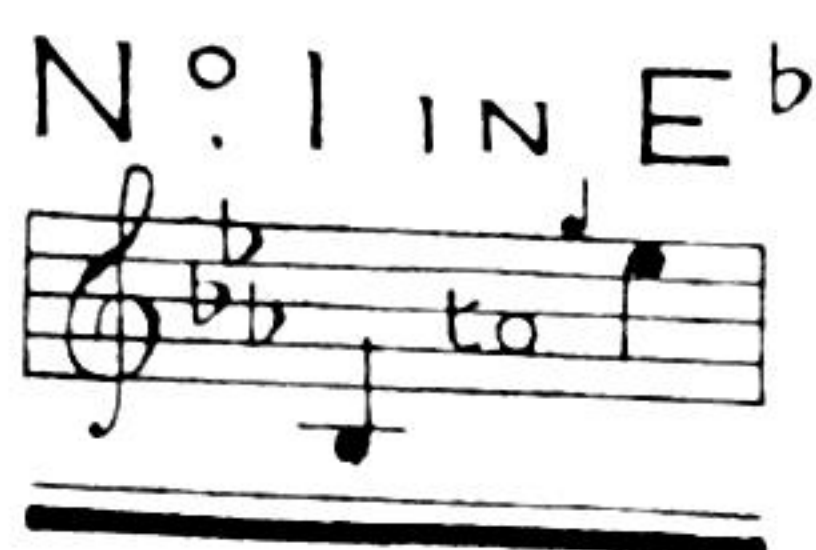




SUNG BY
MISS FLORA WOODMAN.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY

("I LOVE MY LOVE")

♫ SONG ♫

The words traditional,

ADAPTED BY

P. J. O'REILLY

The Music by

WILFRID SANDERSON.

PRICE 2/- NET

BOOSEY & CO

295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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NEW YORK.

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ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

(I LOVE MY LOVE.)

ONE morning very early -- one morning in the spring --
I heard a maid complaining, and sadly did she sing.
The tears were in her weary eyes as dolefully sang she --
Oh, I love my love because I know my love loves me!

Oh, cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me,
Yet I forgive, and I'll forget their bitter enmity,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me!

Oh, if I were a little bird I'd find him in the west,
And if I were a nightingale I'd sing my love to rest;
In all the wide, wide world there is none so dear as he,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me!

TRADITIONAL.

Adapted by P. J. O'REILLY.

One morning very early.

(I love my love.)

TRADITIONAL.

Words adapted by
P. J. O'REILLY.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Moderato.

Voice. *mf* One

Piano. *mf* *legato.*

morn - ing ve - ry ear - ly, - one morn - ing in spring, - I heard a maid com -

- plain - ing, and sad - ly did she sing. The tears were in her

dim. e rit.

3

Slower. p

wea-ry eyes as dole-ful-ly sang she, Oh I love my love be-

Più mosso.

(Minore) con passione.

rit.

- cause I know my love..... loves me! Oh, cru-el were his

pa-rents who sent my love to sea, And cru-el, cru-el

rit.

f a tempo.

was the ship that bore my love from me; Yet I for-give, and

rit. *Slower.*

I'll for - get their bit - ter en - mi - ty, For I

rit.

rit. *pp*

love my love be - cause I know my love loves me. Oh,

rit. *pp*

Più lento.
mezza voce.

if I were a lit - tle bird I'd find him in the

pp delicato e legato.
una corda.

ten.

west, - And if I were a night - in - gale I'd

One morning very early.

cresc. *allargando.*

sing my love to rest; In all the wide, wide

cresc. *marcato.*

f *rit.* *p*

world there is none so dear as he, For I

f *rit.* *p*

rit. *pp*

love my love be - cause I know my love..... loves

rit. *L.H.*

ped.

me.....

pp *dim e rit.* *L.H.* *pp*

ped.

One morning very early.