

THEY SAID THOU WERT ANOTHERS

Bulldog

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY

J. H. HEWITT.

25 C^{ts} Nett.

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VOICE. *MODERATO.*

PIANO *mf*

FORTE.

They said thou wer't a nother's, That

p

on thy finger shone The ring that erst he gave thee, To claim thee as his own. Oh,

f

is it so? I ask thee To utter with thy lips The doom of him who

loves thee, Be't sunshine or e-clipse. The doom of him who loves thee, Be't

sunshine or e-clipse.

3rd V. But, if thou art a--no--ther's, Why tri--fle with a heart Whose pulse is thine, thine
2nd V. I saw thee 'midst the gay ones, The brightest of them all; And when I took thy

on - ly, Whose fount of joy thou art? O tell me - tell me tru - ly If

fair hand, To lead thee thro' the ball, Oh! then the words of passion Came

thou art doom'd to be The trea - sure of a - no - ther, The star that's lost to

burning from my tongue; The joy of my ex - is - tance Up - on thy answer

me? The trea - sure of a - no - ther, The star that's lost to

hung. The joy of my ex - is - tance Up - on thy an - swer

me?

hung.