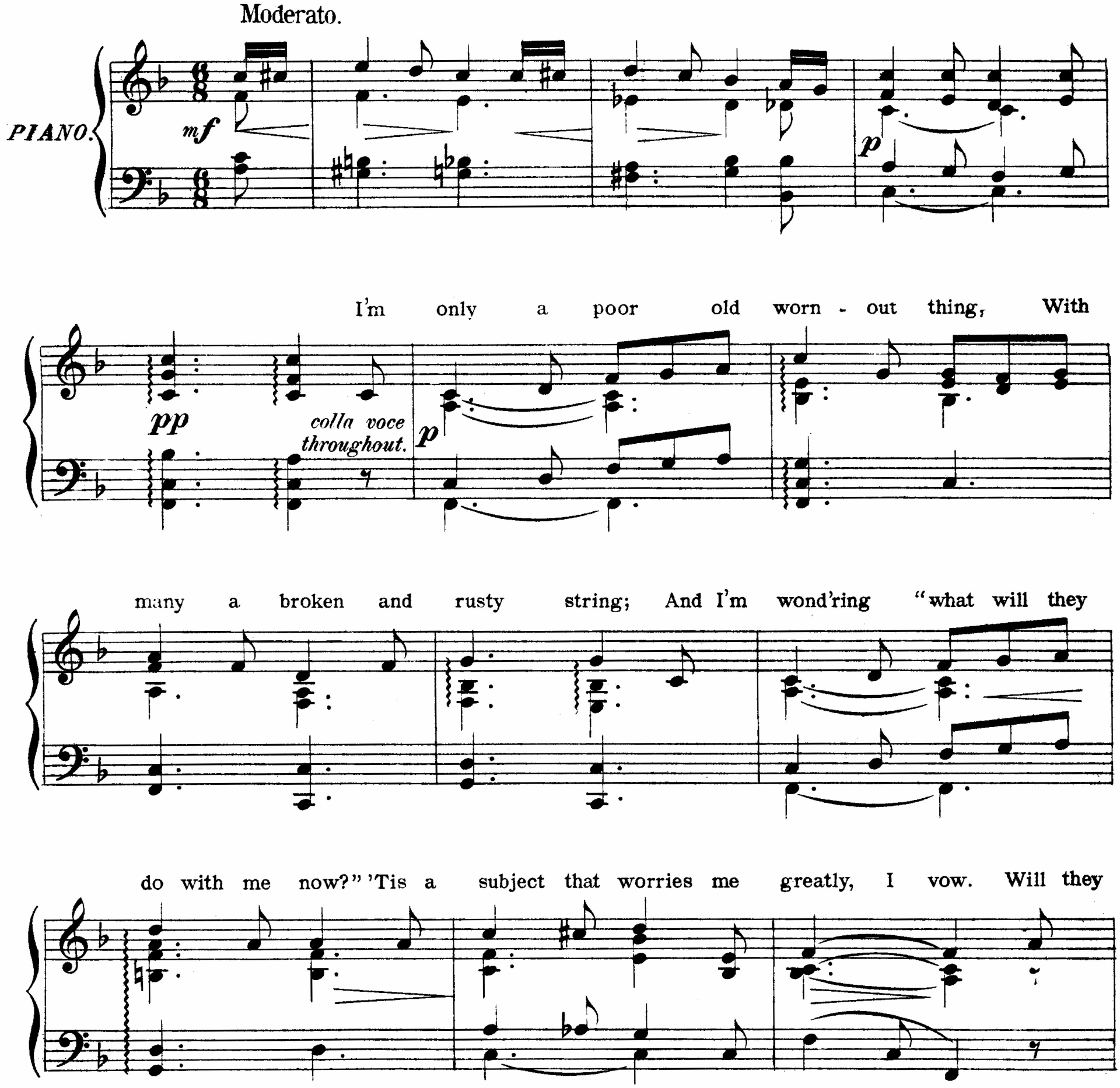
N.B. In rendering this Recitation it may be well to remind the performers that the music is not intended as an accompaniment in the ordinary acceptance of that term. The pianist should follow the words exactly as they are printed over the music. At the same time it will be found absolutely necessary for the reciter frequently to wait for and follow the music, thereby accentuating and strengthening respective points in the poem.

THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD PIANO.

Recitation.

(With Pianoforte Accompaniment.)

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY LESLIE HARRIS.



chop me up to make fire-wood of, Or keep me, un-used, for the sake of old love, Or

p

seeing that the music with-in me is dead, Will they make me into a bookcase instead?

mf

Taking away all my poor old in-side, And leave me, standing, a piano that's died. I

rall.

once had a pow'rful and brilliant tone, And a strength of vibration en-tirely my own; But

f *Maestoso.*

now, all I have is a tinkling sound, And you'll find, by the way, if you turn me around, That my

pp

back is all torn and my sound-board is split, And I'm not like a decent pi

ano a bit. And tho' with art - muslin my frame they may deck, In -

side I am still but a useless old wreck. I've thundered out fugues by Se-bastian Bach, Till I

f *Maestoso.*

thought ev'ry board in my body would crack. I've murmured sweet Mendelssohn's

p *pp*

Leider ohne Worte And music, Ah me! of a diff'rent sort. Chubby

fingers have thumped me in innocent glee, Little recking the pain they were causing to me. Love's

mf

fingers have strayed o'er my ivory keys, And I've echoed back music I well knew would please. For I

seemed to be speaking the love of true hearts— Ay! I've had to play many and various parts. I've

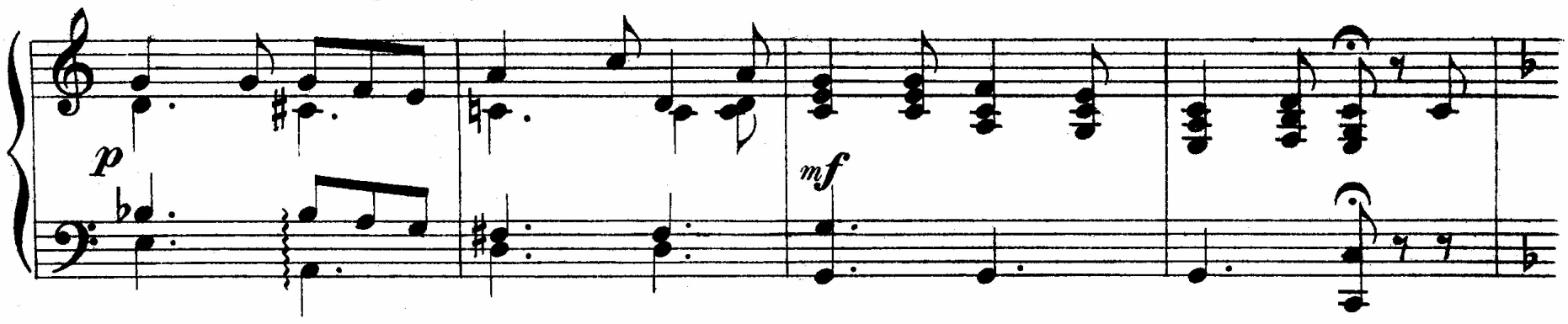
sounded forth love, and I've sounded forth strife, And all the emotions of frail human life. And it's

p *f* *mf*

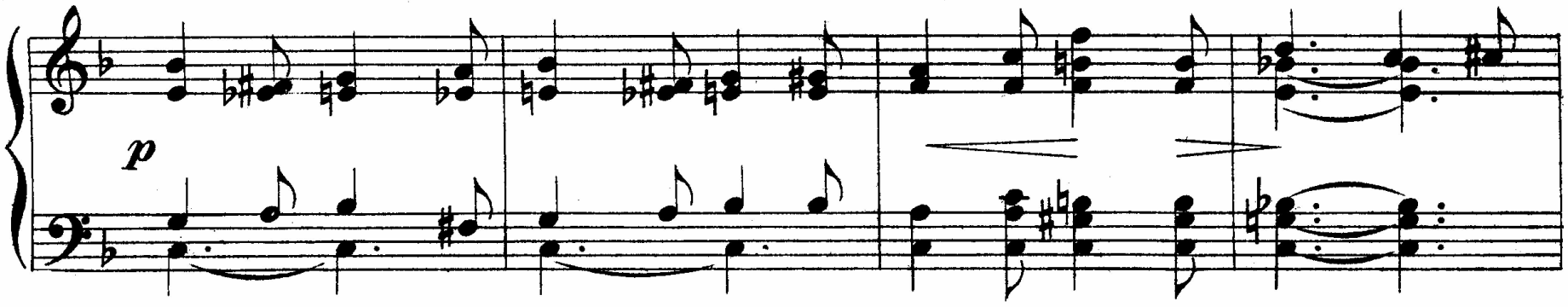
hard for a poor old pi - ano like me, To be in this doubt as to what I shall be; For a

p

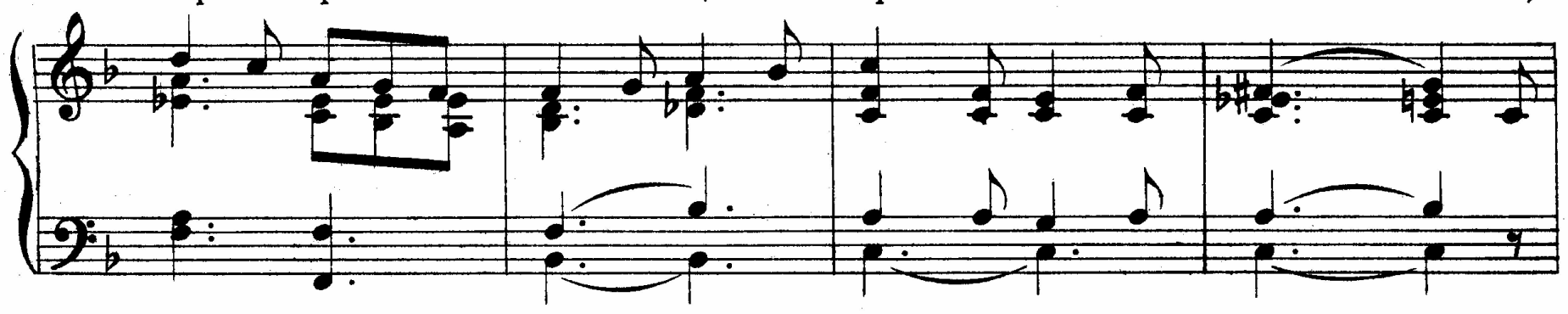
new one is coming I hear them all say, So I, now, of course, must get out of the way. So I'm



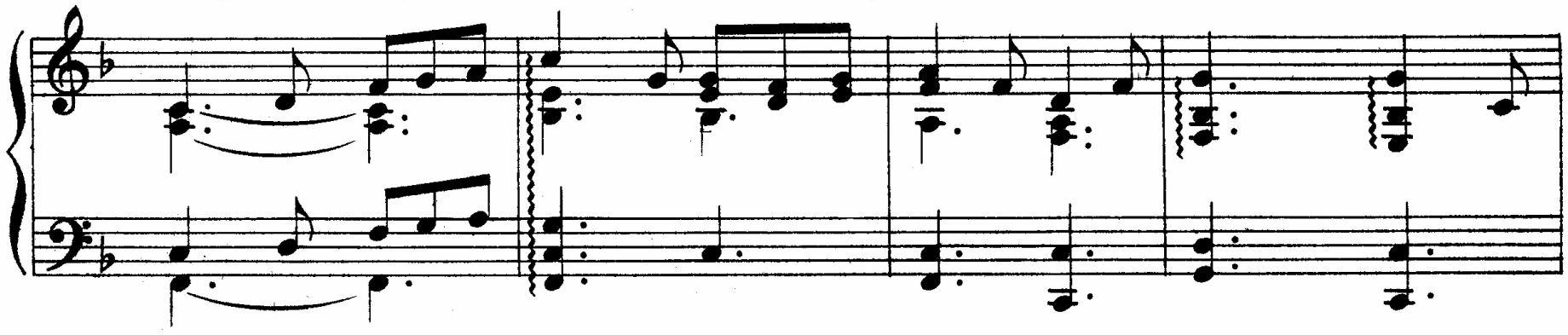
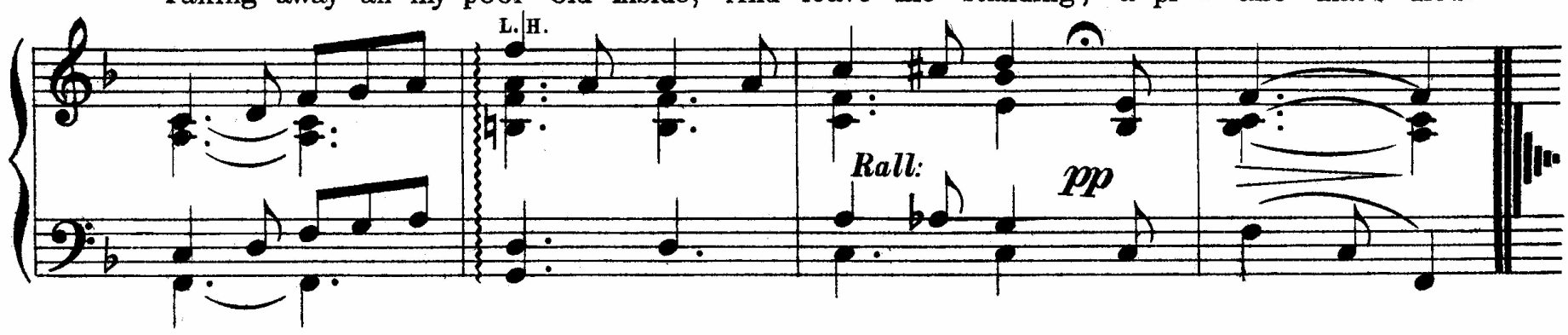
wondering what they will do with me now, 'Tis a subject that worries me greatly, I vow. Will they



chop me up to make firewood of, Or keep me unused for the sake of old love— Or,



seeing that the music with-in me is dead, Will they make me into a book-case instead?



Taking away all my poor old inside, And leave me standing, a pi - ano that's died.