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WRITTEN FOR
and dedicated to
Miss Emma C. Thursby.

THE
Beating of my own Heart.

BALLAD

by

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Composer of
"TEARS" "WHO KNOWS" "EL DORADO POLKA DE CONCERT" &C. &C.

Op. 43.

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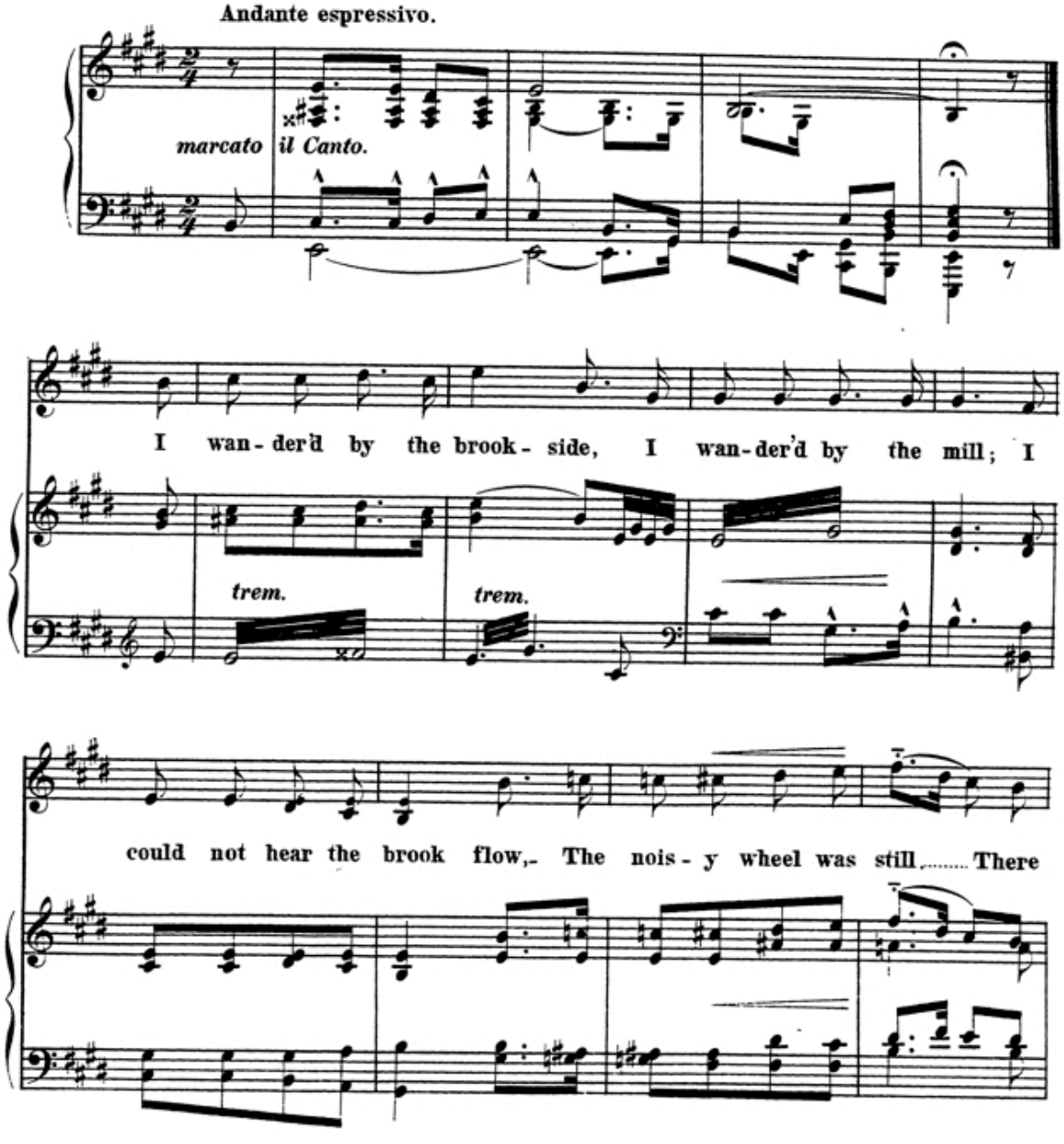
THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART.

Words by
R. MONCKTON MILNES.

Music by
HOMER N. BARTLETT, Op. 43.

Andante espressivo.



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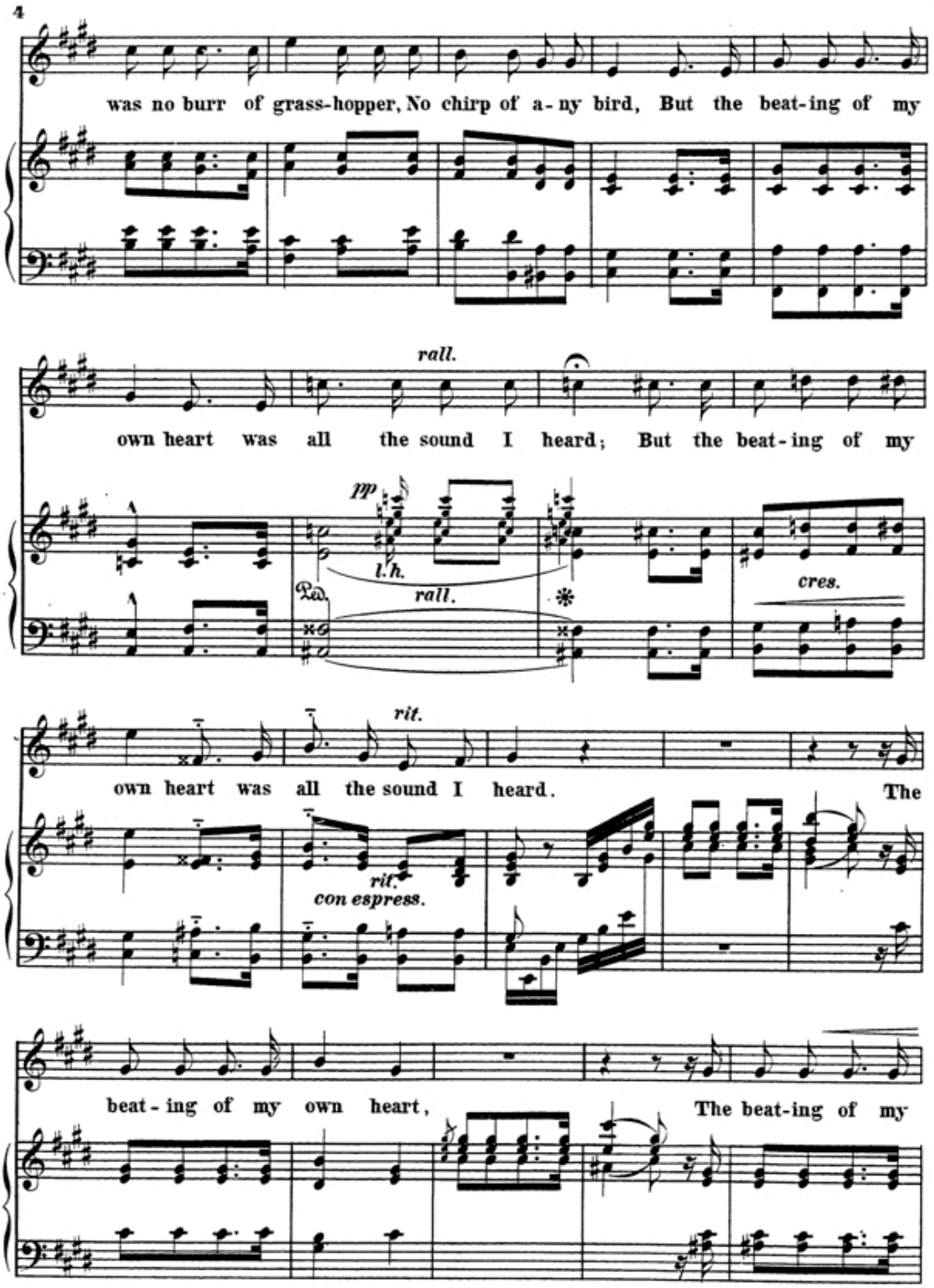
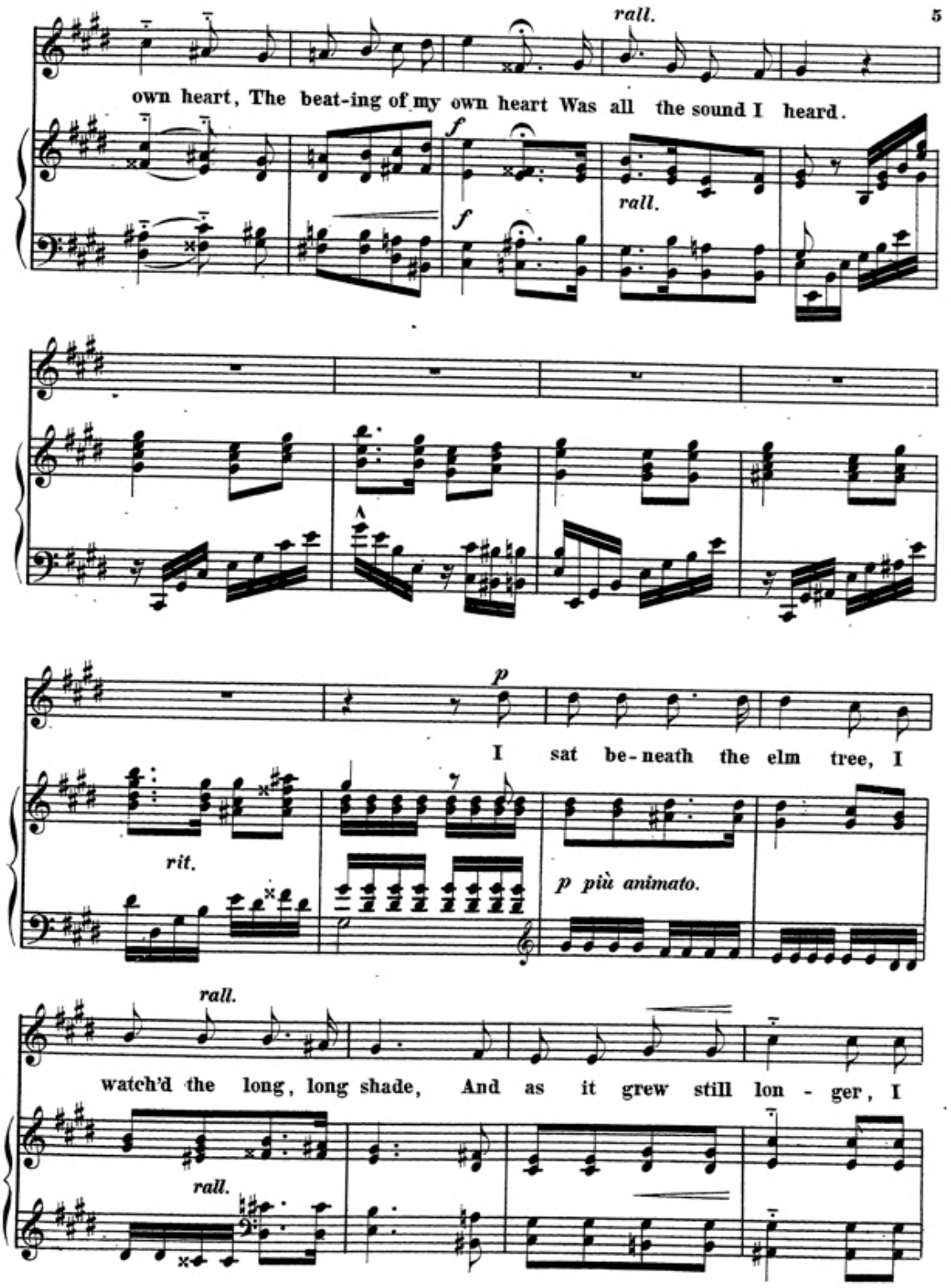
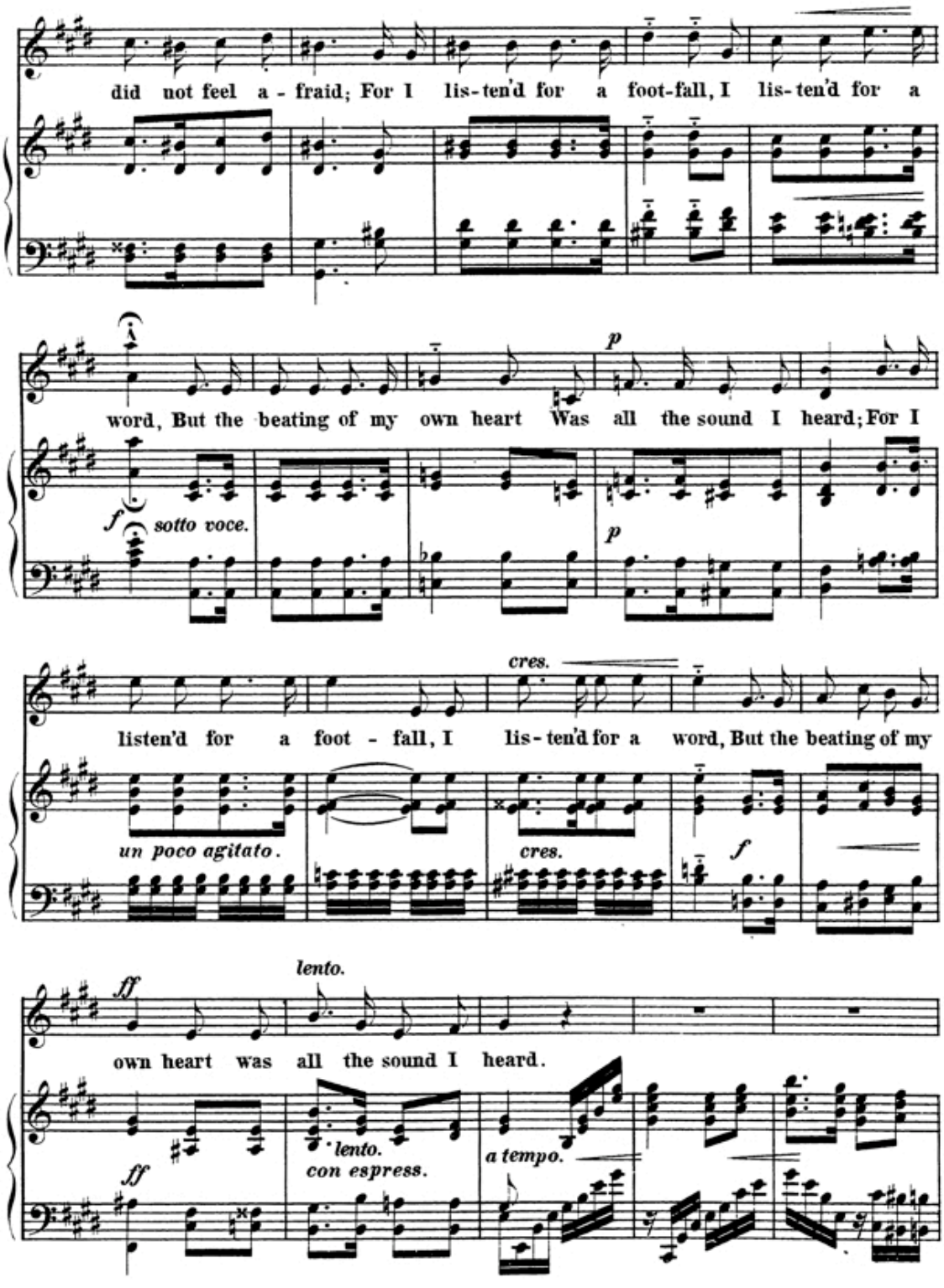
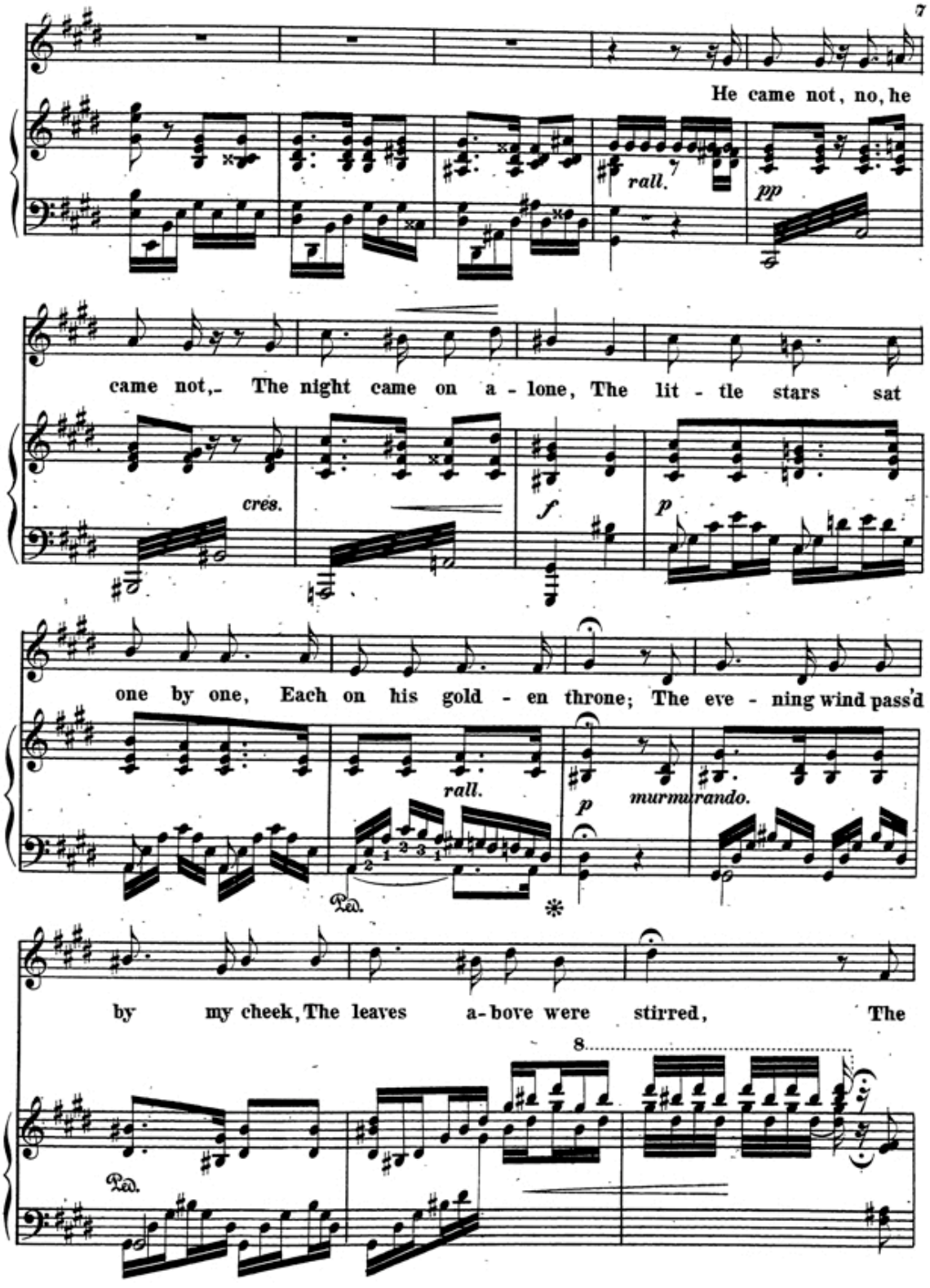
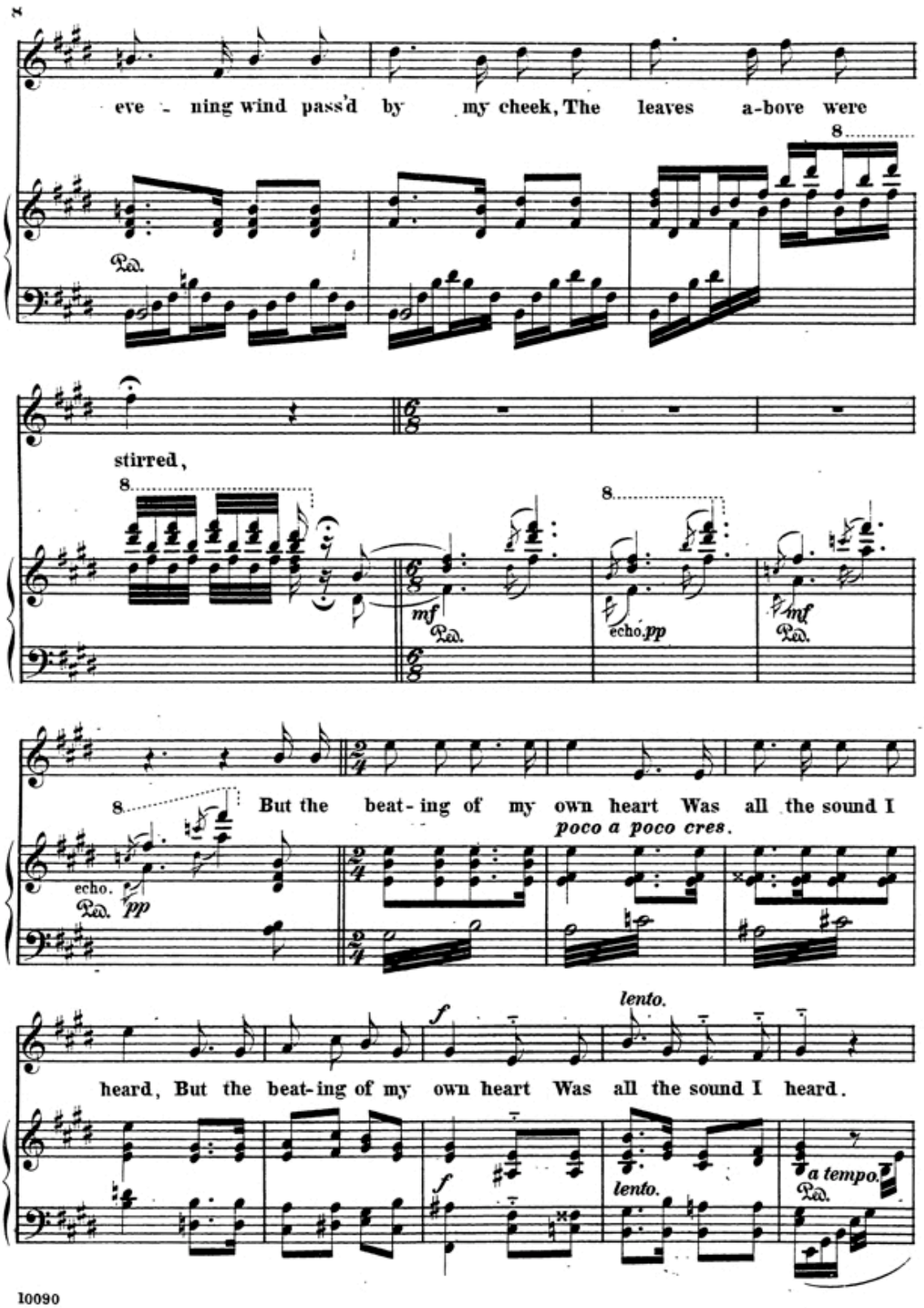
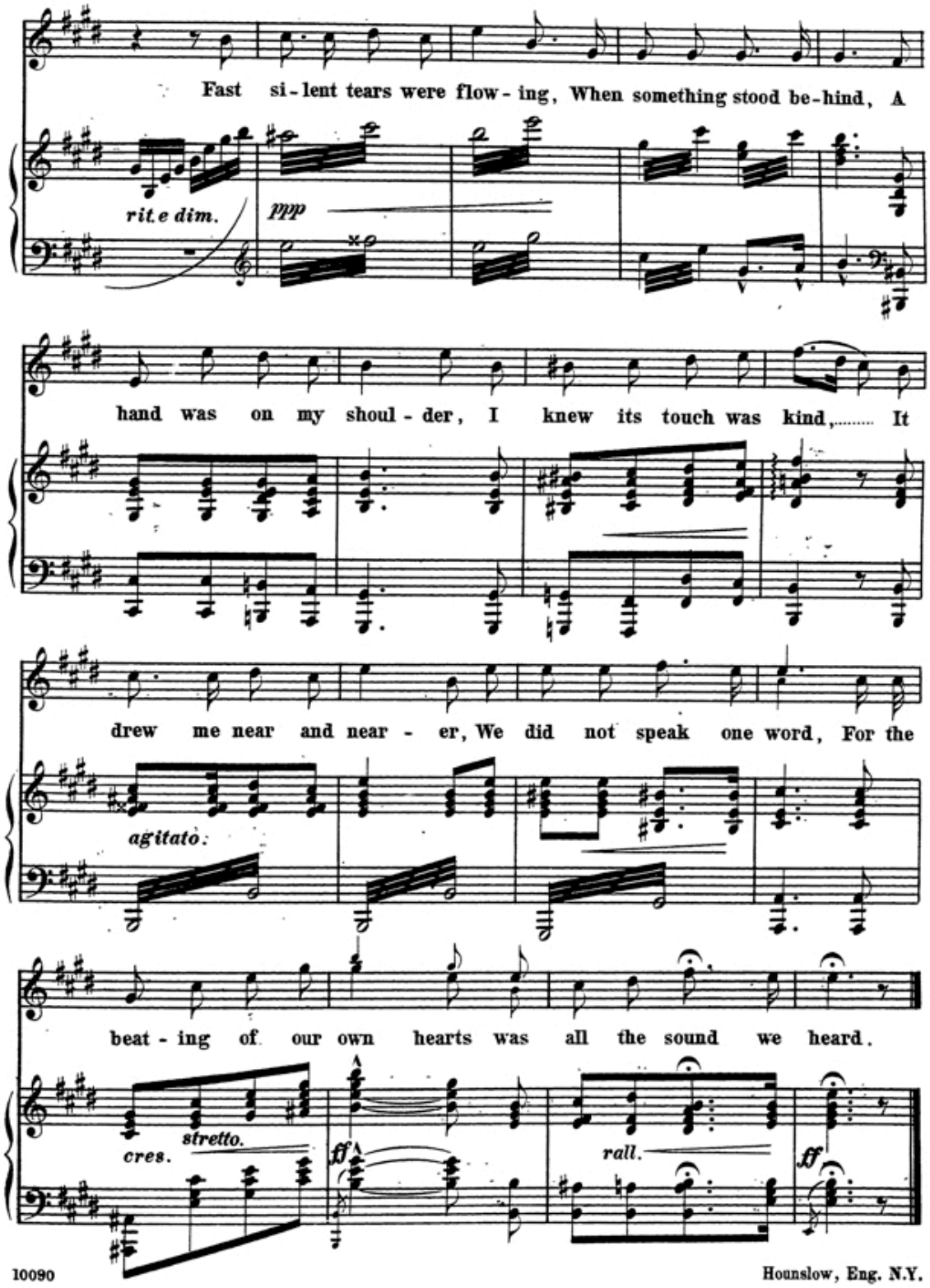

was no burr of grass-hopper, No chirp of a-ny bird, But the beat-ing of my
rall.
own heart was all the sound I heard; But the beat-ing of my
pp
l.h.
Ped.
rall.
cres.
rit.
own heart was all the sound I heard.
The
rit.
con espress.
beat-ing of my own heart,
The beat-ing of my


rall.
own heart, The beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
f
f
rall.
p
I sat be-neath the elm tree, I
rit.
p più animato.
rall.
watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still lon - ger, I
rall.


did not feel a - fraid; For I lis-ten'd for a foot-fall, I lis-ten'd for a
word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard; For I
f sotto voce.
p
p
cres.
listen'd for a foot - fall, I lis-ten'd for a word, But the beating of my
un poco agitato.
cres.
f
lento.
ff
own heart was all the sound I heard.
ff
lento.
con espress.
a tempo.


He came not, no, he
rall.
pp
came not,- The night came on a - lone, The lit - tle stars sat
cres.
f
p
one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The eve - ning wind pass'd
rall.
p
murmurando.
Ped.
by my cheek, The leaves a-bove were stirred, The
8
Ped.


8
eve - ning wind pass'd by my cheek, The leaves a-bove were
Ped.
stirred,
8
mf
Ped.
8
echo. pp
mf
Ped.
But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I
poco a poco cres.
8
echo.
Ped.
pp
lento.
f
heard, But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
f
lento.
a tempo.
Ped.


Fast si-lent tears were flow-ing, When something stood be-hind, A
rit.e dim.
ppp
hand was on my shoul-der, I knew its touch was kind,..... It
drew me near and near-er, We did not speak one word, For the
agitato.
beat-ing of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.
cres.
stretto.
ff
rall.
ff