

To Miss Anna J. Robinson.
of Philadelphia.

Think of me sometimes Ballad

WORDS BY

FREDERICK ENOCHESQ.

Composed by

J. R. Thomas.

Author of

TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER. STAR OF MY HOME & C

3½

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THINK OF ME SOMETIMES

BALLAD

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

COMPOSED BY J. R. THOMAS.

Andante.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of four measures each. The first system is marked 'Andante.' and features a flowing melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and includes a piano dynamic marking 'p' in the right hand.

The first line of the song is set in 2/4 time. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "I, Ver. Who would care for friendships' dow - er If the bliss, the joy it brought,". The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present at the beginning of the piano part.

The second line of the song continues the melody. The lyrics are: "On - ly blest the passing hour.... And should scorn all fu - ture thought?". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking 'dim poco ritard' is placed above the piano part towards the end of the line.

5071

stentando

Though the world may bid us sev - er, And we dwell in dis - tant,

ritard

climes, Yet the heart will murmur ev - er— Think of me some-

tempo *colla voce*

p *espress.* *cres* *dim.*

times! Think of me, think of me, think of me some-

tempo *p*

times!

p

2. VER. E'en though other smiles may meet you, And though words of tender tone
3. VER. When I muse o'er days departed, Of the joy that we have seen,

dim poco ritard

Breathed by other voices greet you, And should win you all their
Dream what true and single heart-ed Friends to-gether we have

poco ritard

stentando

own: Yet, may be, so sweetly ring-ing, Will a-wa-ken mem'rys
been: O'er my heart the truth comes steal-ing, That through change of years and.

tempo

chimes, Mid the thoughts those tones are bring - ing — Think of me some-
climes, You will still with self-same feel - ing — Think of me some-

colla voce

times! Think of me, think of me, think of me.... some-
times! Think of me, think of me, think of me.... some-

tempo

times!
times!