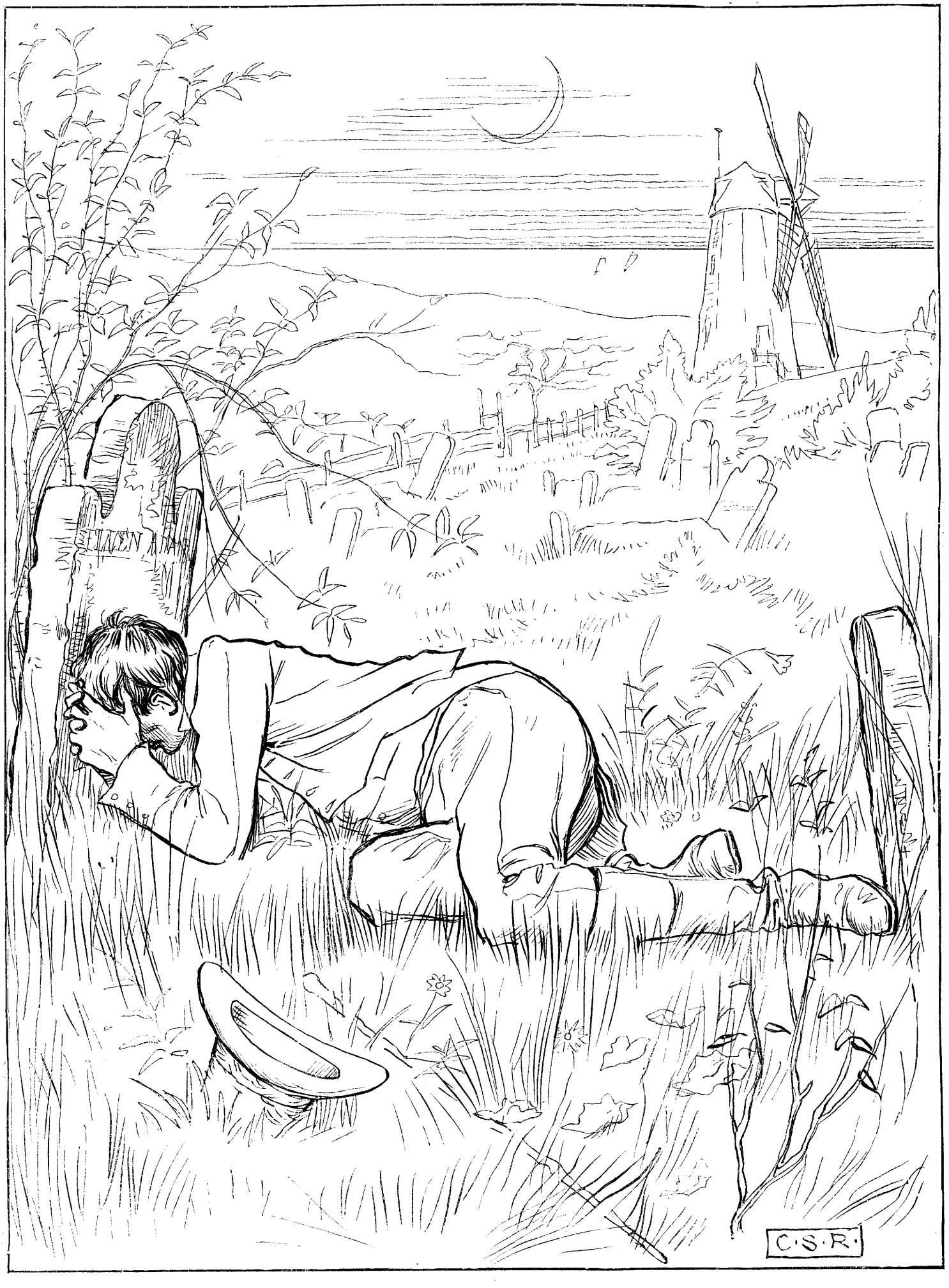

C·S·R·

Edward Gray.

EDWARD GRAY.

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
  Met me walking on yonder way,
"And have you lost your heart?" she said;
  "And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me;
  Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
  Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
  Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
  By Ellen's grave on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
  Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
  When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
  Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
  'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass,
  Whisper'd 'Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did.
  Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

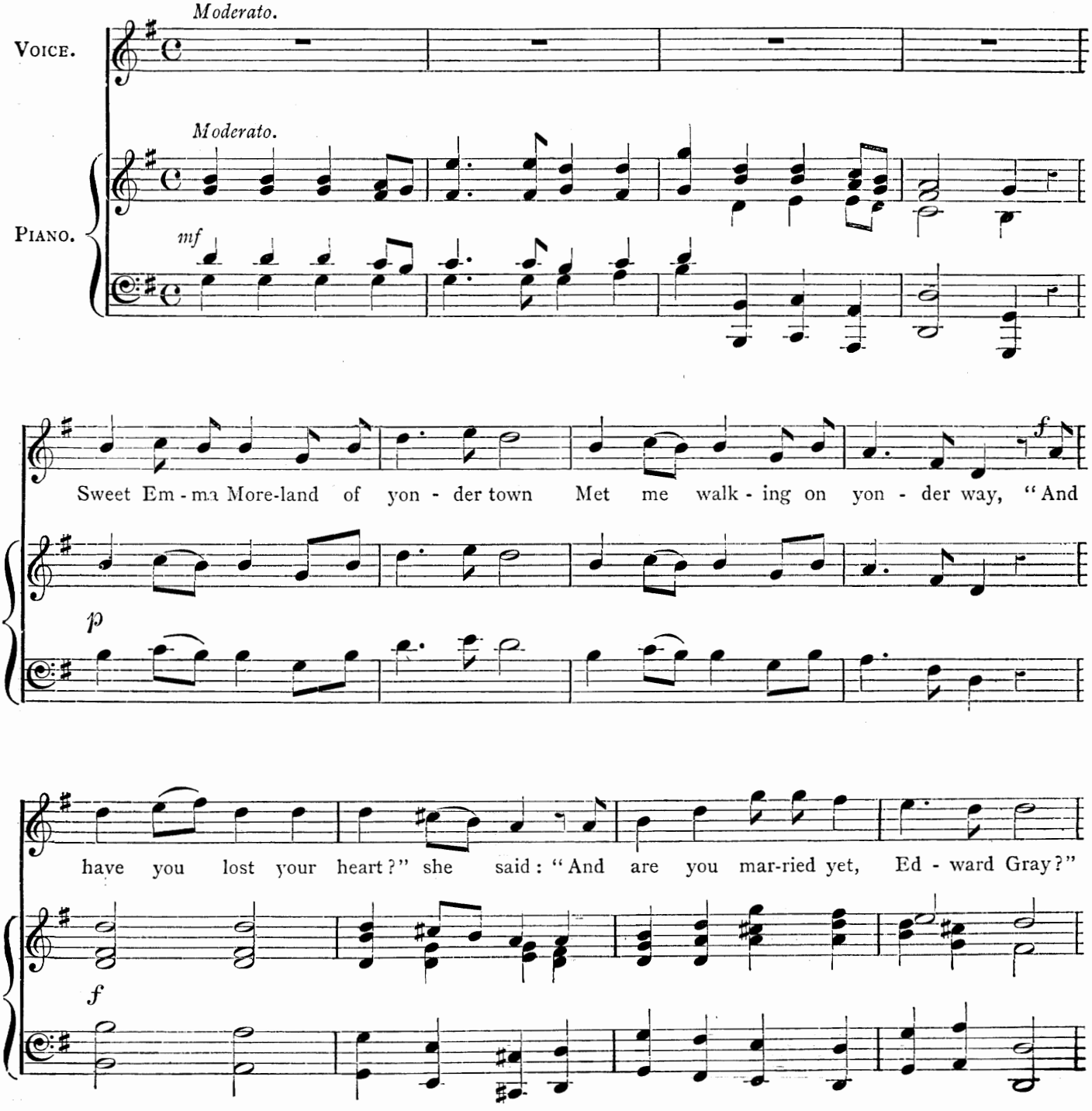
"Then I took a pencil and wrote
  On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair,
  And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

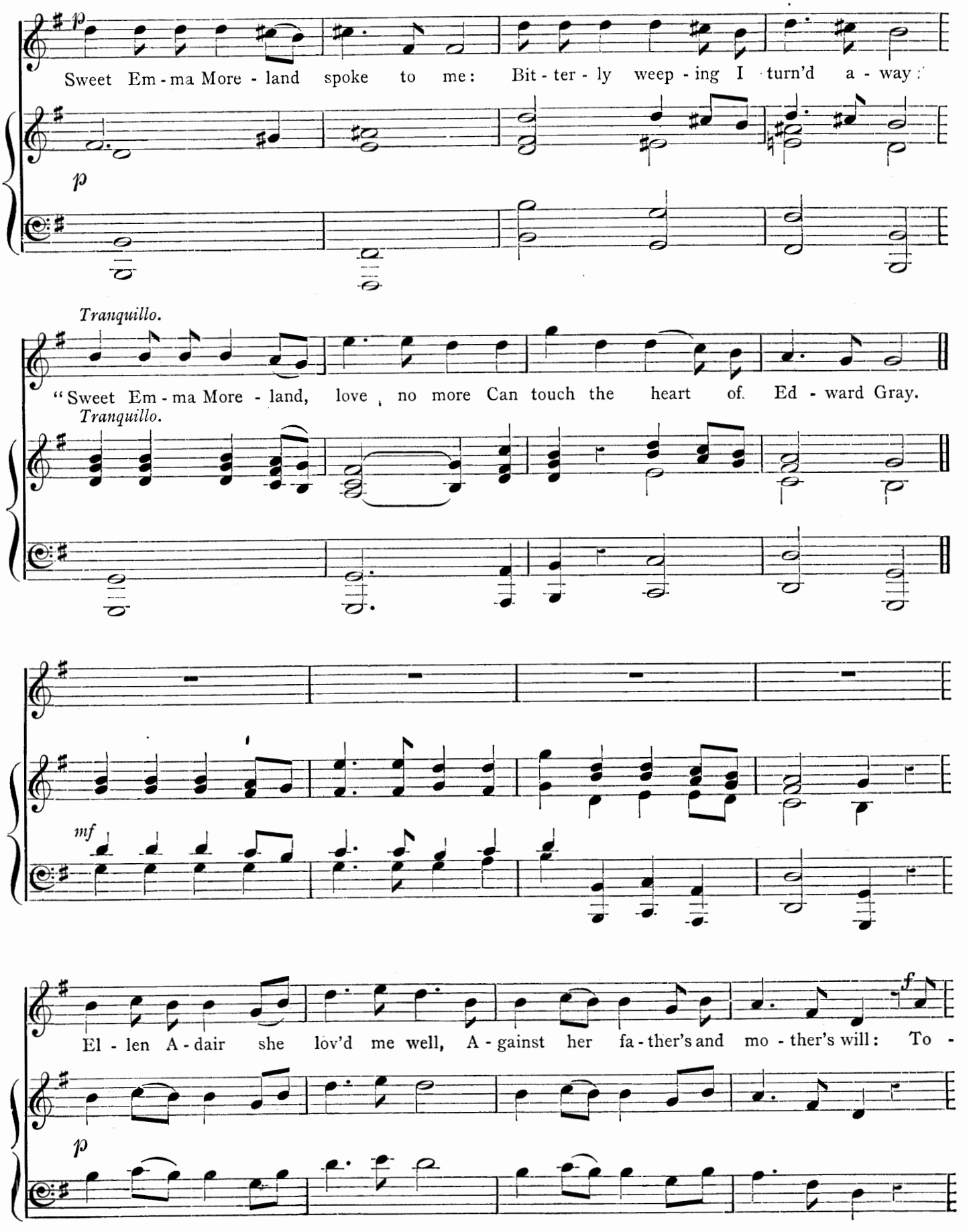
"Love may come and love may go,
  And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree;
But I will love no more, no more,
  Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

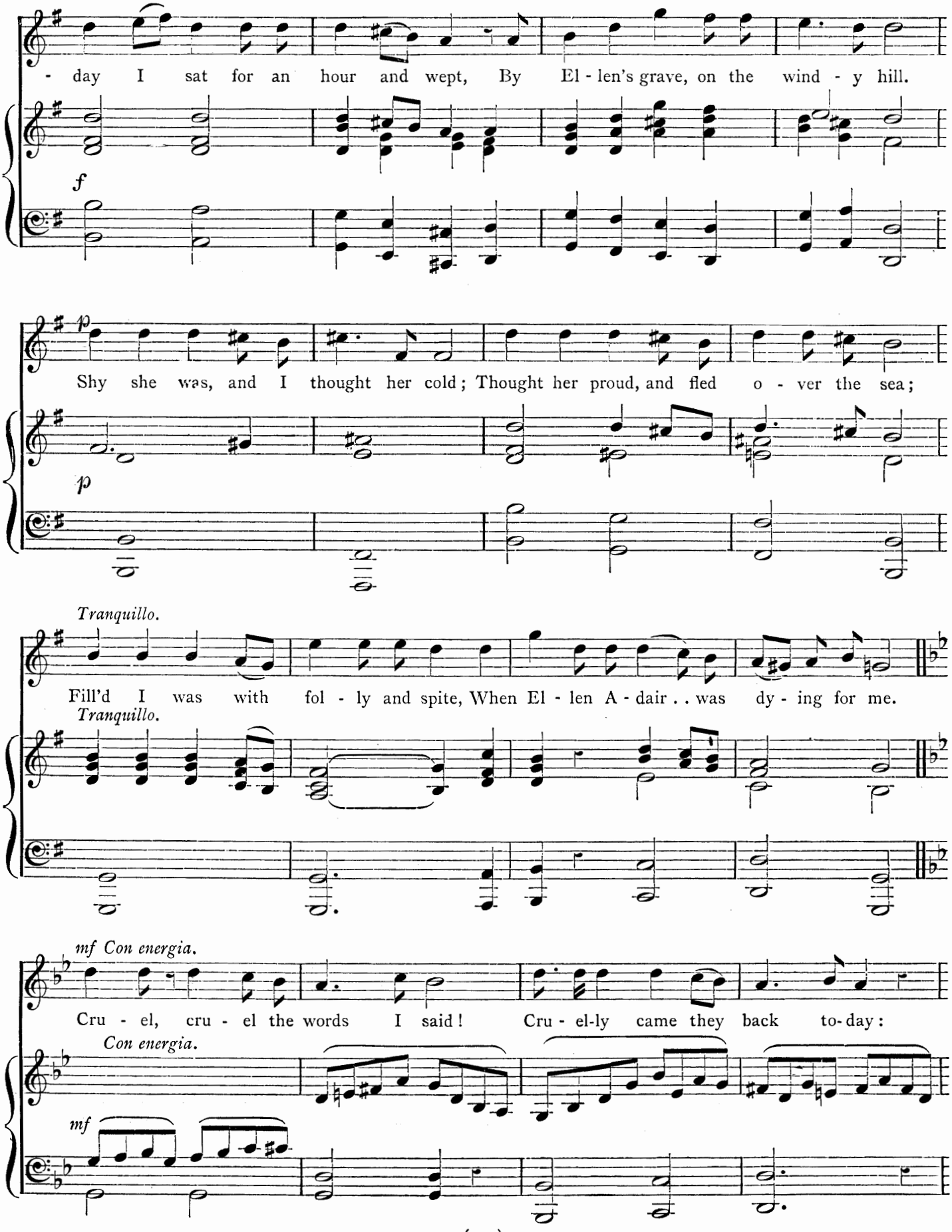
"Bitterly wept I over the stone;
  Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
  And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

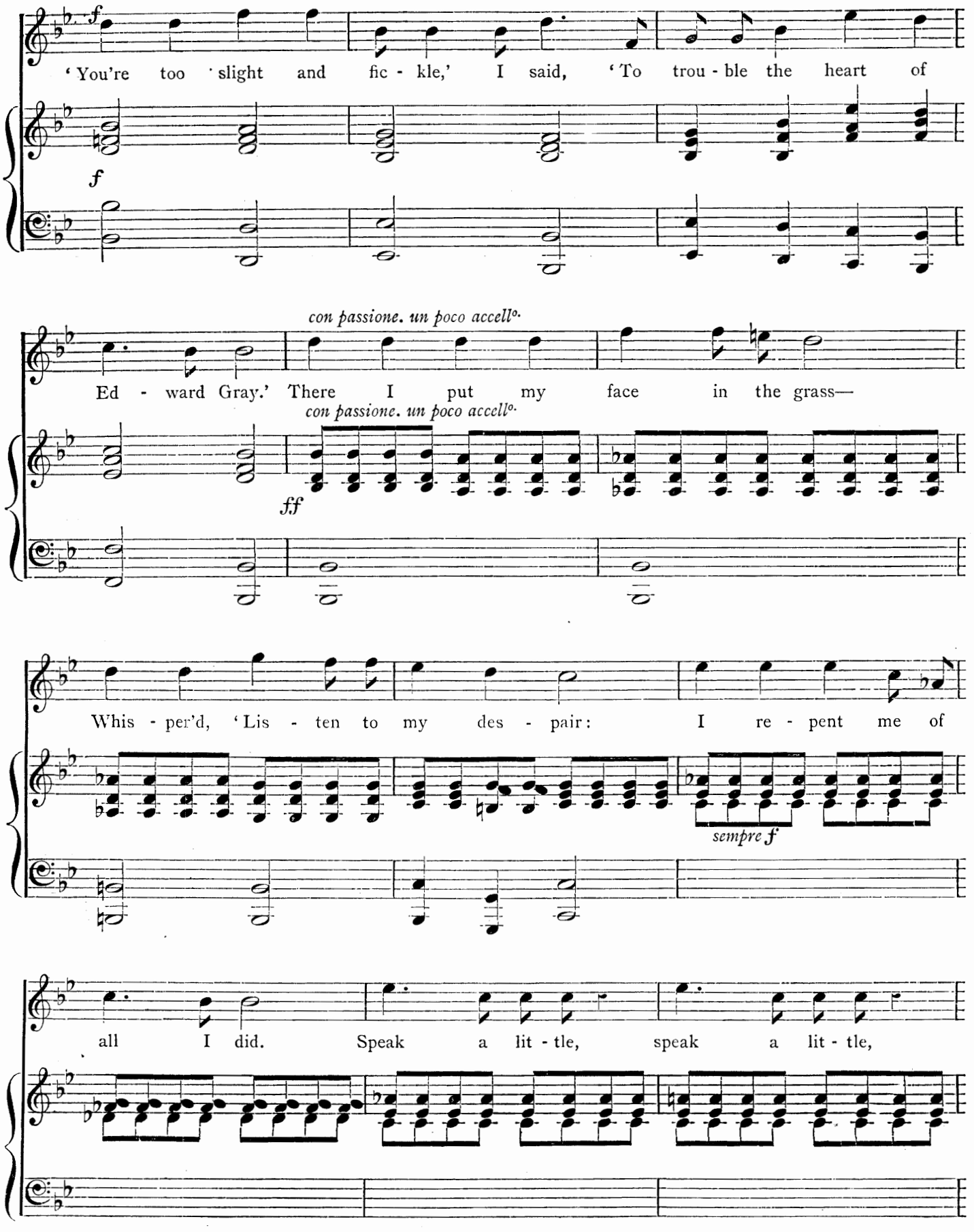
EDWARD GRAY.

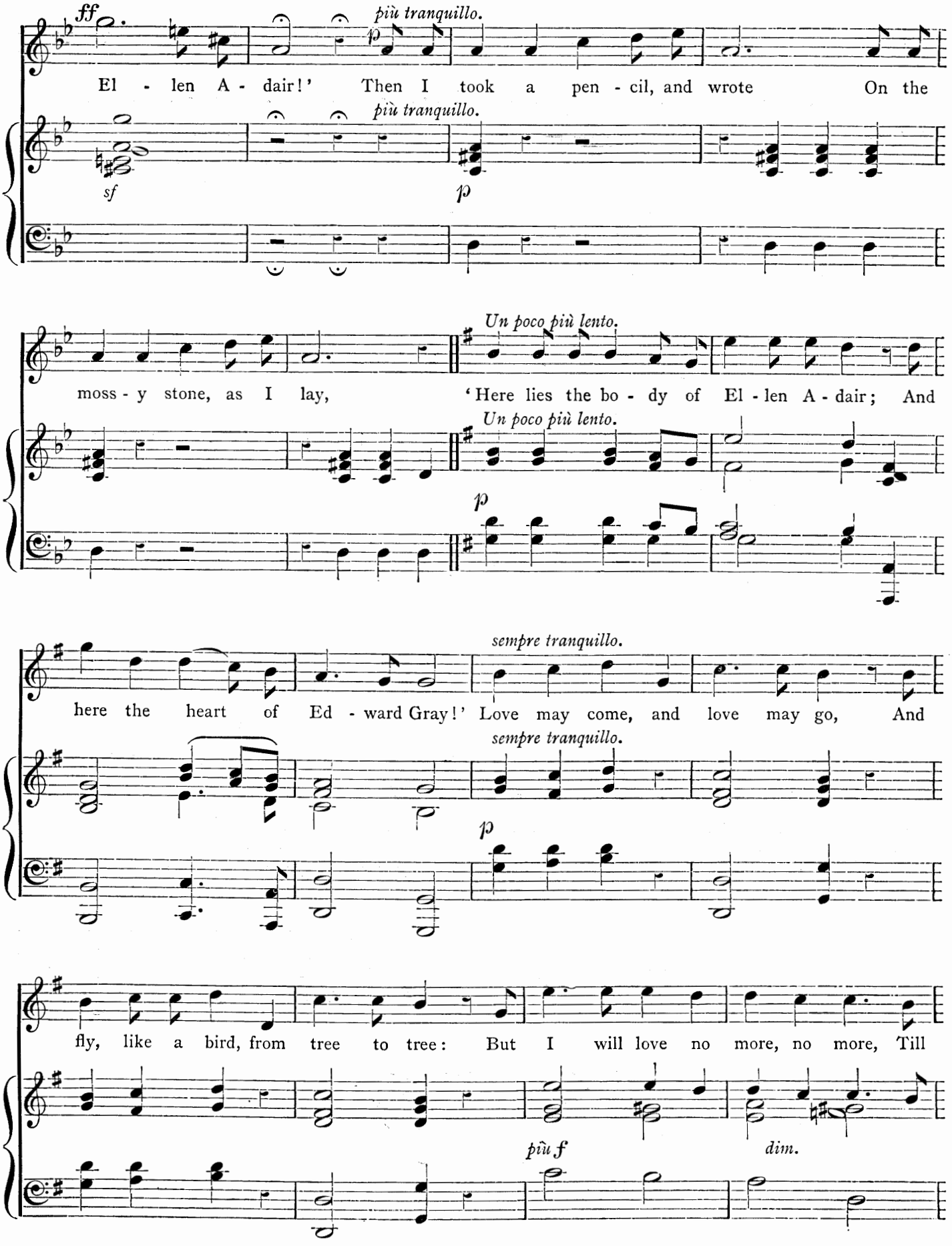
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.




p
Sweet Em - ma More - land spoke to me: Bit - ter - ly weep - ing I turn'd a - way:
p
Tranquillo.
"Sweet Em - ma More - land, love no more Can touch the heart of Ed - ward Gray.
Tranquillo.
mf
El - len A - dair she lov'd me well, A - gainst her fa - ther's and mo - ther's will: To -
f
p


- day I sat for an hour and wept, By El - len's grave, on the wind - y hill.
f
p
Shy she was, and I thought her cold; Thought her proud, and fled o - ver the sea;
p
Tranquillo.
Fill'd I was with fol - ly and spite, When El - len A - dair . . was dy - ing for me.
Tranquillo.
mf Con energia.
Cru - el, cru - el the words I said! Cru - el-ly came they back to-day:
Con energia.
mf


f
'You're too slight and fic - kle,' I said, 'To trou - ble the heart of
f
con passione. un poco accell°.
Ed - ward Gray.' There I put my face in the grass—
con passione. un poco accell°.
ff
Whis - per'd, 'Lis - ten to my des - pair: I re - pent me of
sempre f
all I did. Speak a lit - tle, speak a lit - tle,


ff
più tranquillo.
El - len A - dair!' Then I took a pen - cil, and wrote On the
sf
p
più tranquillo.
Un poco più lento.
moss - y stone, as I lay, 'Here lies the bo - dy of El - len A - dair; And
Un poco più lento.
p
sempre tranquillo.
here the heart of Ed - ward Gray!' Love may come, and love may go, And
sempre tranquillo.
p
fly, like a bird, from tree to tree: But I will love no more, no more, Till
più f
dim.

El - len A - dair come back to me. Bit - ter - ly wept I o - ver the stone:

p *p*

Andante.

Bit - ter - ly weep - ing I turn'd a - way: There lies the bo - dy of El - len A - dair! And

Andante.

pp

there the heart . . of Ed - ward Gray."

Ped. *