

No.16 in "Modern Ballads"
 (A Selection of 50 Favourite Songs and Ballads by the Most Eminent Composers)

Louisa Gray

Moderato

Voice

Piano

cresc.

p

5

9

13

accel.

She
 stood at the thres-hold at eve - ning, She was clad in her bri - dal dress, She
 knew he was rea - dy to greet her, And she long'd for his fond ca - ress; Twas the
 robe she would wear on the mor - row, And she want - ed her lov - er to see How

2

17

dolce
 fair was his cho - sen flow - er, How beau - teous his dar-ling could be! How

21

cresc. fair was his cho - sen flow - er, *dim.* How beau-teous his dar-ling could be!

25

Years

29

pass'd, three short years of glad - ness, And the stream of her young life flow'd Like the

33

stream of a laugh - ing ri - vu - let, Where the sun - shine knows no cloud; And a -

37

accel.
- gain doth she stand at the thres - hold, Where she stood on that hap - py

40

con espress.
night; But her eyes are no long - er laugh - ing, Her dress is no long - er

44

white! Her eyes are no long - er laugh - ing, Her dress is no long - er

48

white!

cresc.

52

For he ne - ver a - gain shall greet her, Nor has - ten to wel - come her

p

4

56

more; The voice which she lov'd is si - lent, As in an - guish she waits at the

crescendo ----- *diminuendo* -----

60

door. But e'en so, *con animato* with con - so - ling fin - ger, Hope

63

points to the life a - bove, Where be - yond the dark night of

crescendo -----

una corda *pp*

66

sor - row Is the dawn of e - ter - nal love! Where be - yond the dark night of

crescendo ----- *crescendo* -----

crescendo -----

70

sor - row is the dawn of e - ter - nal love.

dim. *pp*