

THE LOST LETTER

3

Words by
MARGRET ANGER CAWTHORPE.
INTRODUCTION.
Andante.

SONG

Music by
JOSEF F. LAMB.

PIANO.



f *rit.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of chords in the left hand, moving from a low register to a higher one. The melody in the right hand is a simple, flowing line that begins with a quarter note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a half note. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte) and 'rit.' (ritardando).

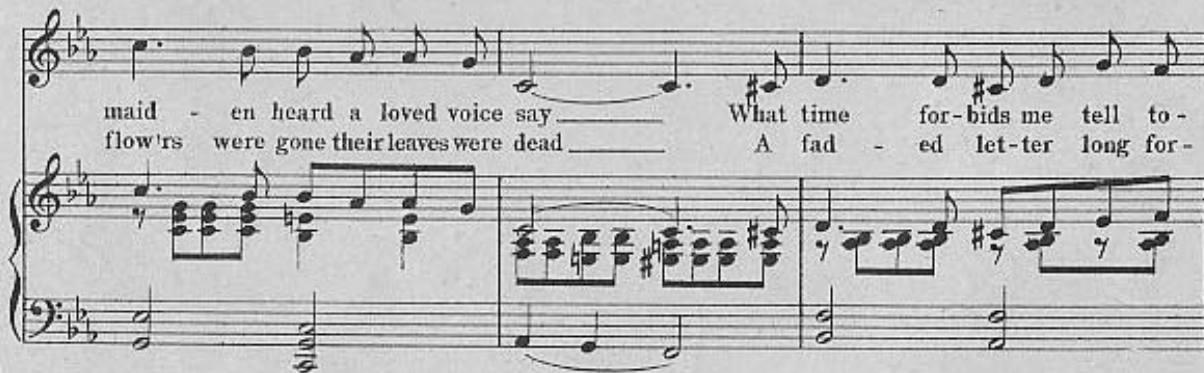
VOICE.



Ere fast a train sped on its way A
The sea - sons came the sum - mers fled Their

p

The first line of the song features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part is in a soprano range, with a melody that is simple and direct. The piano accompaniment is in a lower register, with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).



maid - en heard a loved voice say What time for - bids me tell to -
flow'rs were gone their leaves were dead A fad - ed let - ter long for -

The second line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The voice part has a more complex melody with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment remains steady and rhythmic.



night To you I'll in a let - ter write She
got Was found one day in a care - less spot The

The third line of the song concludes the melody and accompaniment. The voice part has a final, simple melody. The piano accompaniment ends with a few chords.

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wait - ed through the hours so long — The days passed on to e - ven
maid - en's name was on its fold — She o - pened it loves tale it

song — Her heart grew sad with doubt and fear — And
told — For this she wait - ed ma - ny years — And

still no let - ter came to cheer — That let - ter was lost but nei - ther
read it now through blinding tears — Now an - swer quick were the words it

knew — He thought her false she him un true. —
said — For you a - lone will I ev - er wed. —

rit. *ten.*

rit. *a tempo.*

REFRAIN. Valse lente.

On - ly a lit - tle white mis - sive — On - ly a let - ter old — But it

held in its folds a treas - ure — More pre - cious than gems or gold — To the

long a - go when part - ing — A mem - o - ry back - ward rolled — For the

lines of that lost let - - ter Lovesweetold se - cret told.