

Love's Slayer



Words by ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

1. "Dear la - dy," cried he, "Can thy
la - dy," cried he, "Can it
la - dy," cried he, "Didst thou
la - dy," cried he, "Did I

PIANO.

Andante, con moto (♩ = 104).

p

love for me Be gone past re-call like the morn - - ing dew?
tru - - ly be That love which seem'd per - - fect hath pass'd a - way?
chance to see, When fate was un-fold - - ed be - fore thy face,
keep from thee My best love for ev - - er?—and give my worst,

Was the world so cold That our joy un - told Lay with - er'd and dead while it
 In af - flict - ion's night Did it lose its light, Which fad - ed and fled like the
 That the drea - ry page Of ad - van - cing age Was hard - ly the leaf that thy
 Didst thou hold but part Of mine in - most heart, Where thou wert the se - cond, and

f *dim.*

Ped. *

yet was new?" With pi - ti - ful pa - thos she shook her head—"True
 dy - ing day?" Her eye - lids were hea - vy with tears un - shed—"True
 love could trace?" With sor - row - ful an - ger her brow grew red—"True
 I was first!" She lift - ed a face on which hope lay dead—"Twas

p a piacere. *a tempo.*

p e sostenuto.

Ped. *

love doth not die of the cold," she said, "True love doth not die of the cold," she said.
 love doth not die in the dark," she said, "True love doth not die in the dark," she said.
 love doth not die of old age," she said, "True love doth not die of old age," she said.
 self - ish - ness slew my true love," she said, "'Twas self - ish - ness slew my true love," she said.

ritard. ad lib. *f*

cres. *f colla voce.*

Dal S. *After last verse only.*

2. "Sweet
 3. "Fair
 4. "Proud

p *cres.* *poco rit.* *Dal S.* *rall.*