

Nº 16a.

BALLAD.

SHERWOOD.

SHERWOOD.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

1. I  
2. Oh!

S.

stand at your thresh old sigh - ing, As the cru - el hours creep by . . . And the  
tell me why if you in - ten - ded, Thus to treat my love with scorn . . . Such

S.

time is . . . slow - ly dy - ing, That once too quick did fly . . . Your  
rents as will neve e mend ed, In this poor heart you've torn . . . Why,

S.

beau - ty o'er my be - ing, Has shed a sub - tle spell . . . And a -  
why did your beau - ty en - slave me, And give me such ex - qui - site pain . . . Oh

S.

- las there is no flee - ing From the charms that you wield so well... For my  
say but the word that would save me And bid me hope a - gain... For my

S.

heart is wild - ly beat - ing, As it ne - ver beat be - fore... One  
heart is wild - ly beat - ing, As it ne - ver beat be - fore... One

S.

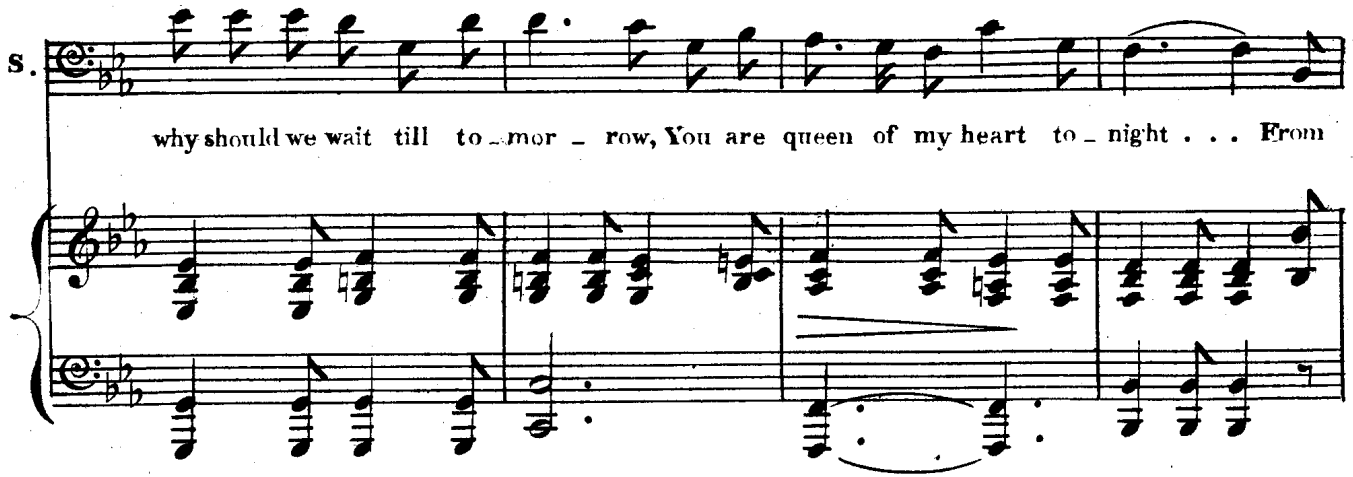
word! one whis - pered greeting In mer - cy I im - plore... For from  
word! one whis - pered greeting In mer - cy I im - plore...

*colla voce.*

*Allegretto.*

daylight a hint we might bor - row And prudence might come with the light... Then

*p leggiero.*

S. 

why should we wait till to-mor - row, You are queen of my heart to - night . . . From

S. 

daylight a hint we might bor - row And prudence might come with the light . . . Then

S. 

why should we wait till to-mor - row, You are queen of my heart to - night.



D.C. *Fine*