

AYLWIN

# The Stricken Bird.

Music by JOSEPHINE CREW AYLWIN.

Poco Allegretto.

Voice

*p*

I walked in the woods one

PIANO

*p*

sum - - mer's day And I heard a wild bird

sing - - - ing, His ten - - der notes thro' the

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209803  
LJC



# Stricken Bird

Agilvini

for - est wild Ex - ult - ant - ly — were ring - ing.

*p*

I said in my heart "That

*poco piu lento*

*rall.* *p*

bird must be hap - - py, Hap-py be - yond all meas - - ure, I will

*colla voce* *p*

seek that bird and take him home, He will al-ways give me pleas - ure.



# Stricken Bird

Aylwin

But a - - las I found a

*poco stringendo* *rall.* *poco piu lento*

*rit.* *p*

cru - el thorn, In the breast of the bird was press - ing, And his

*rit.* *p*

*rit.* *p*

coat was dark, And his looks were sad, were sad and most dis -

*p* *3* *3* *3* *3*

tress - ing. I bore him home, took

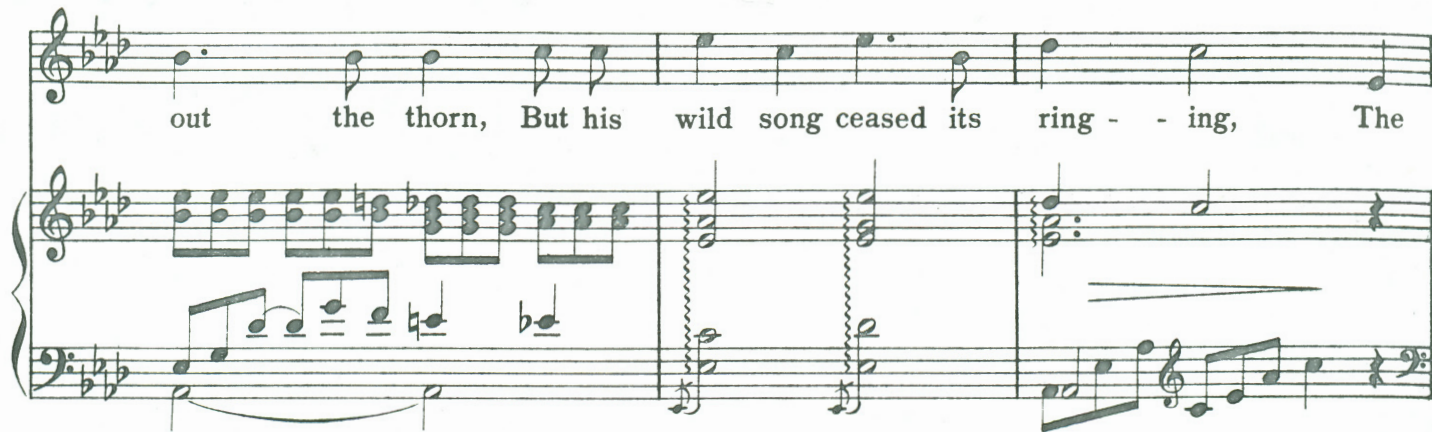
*Tempo primo* *p* *3*



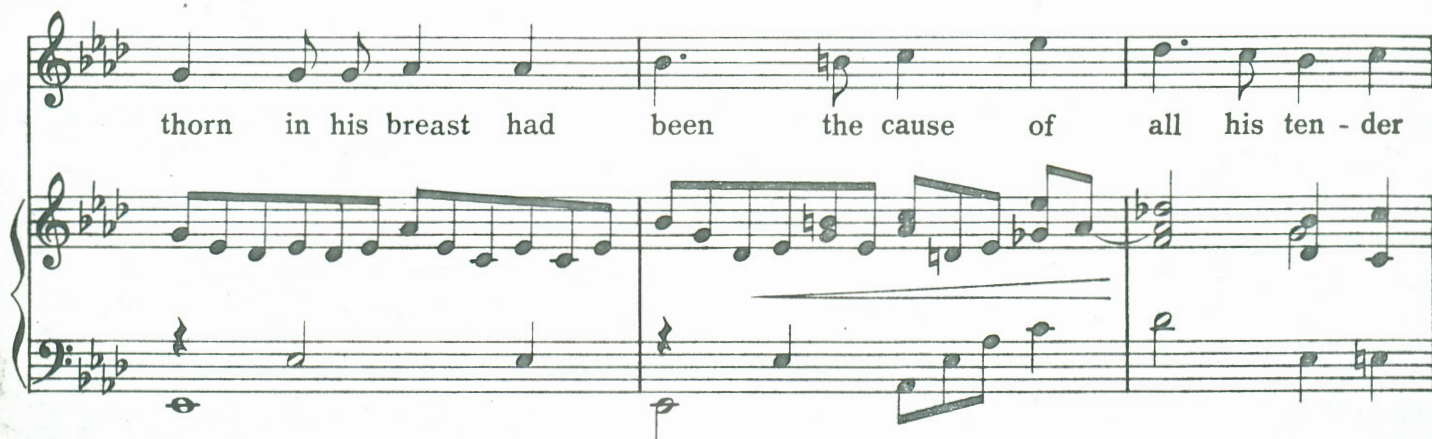
Stricken Bird

Albumin

out the thorn, But his wild song ceased its ring - - ing, The



thorn in his breast had been the cause of all his ten - der

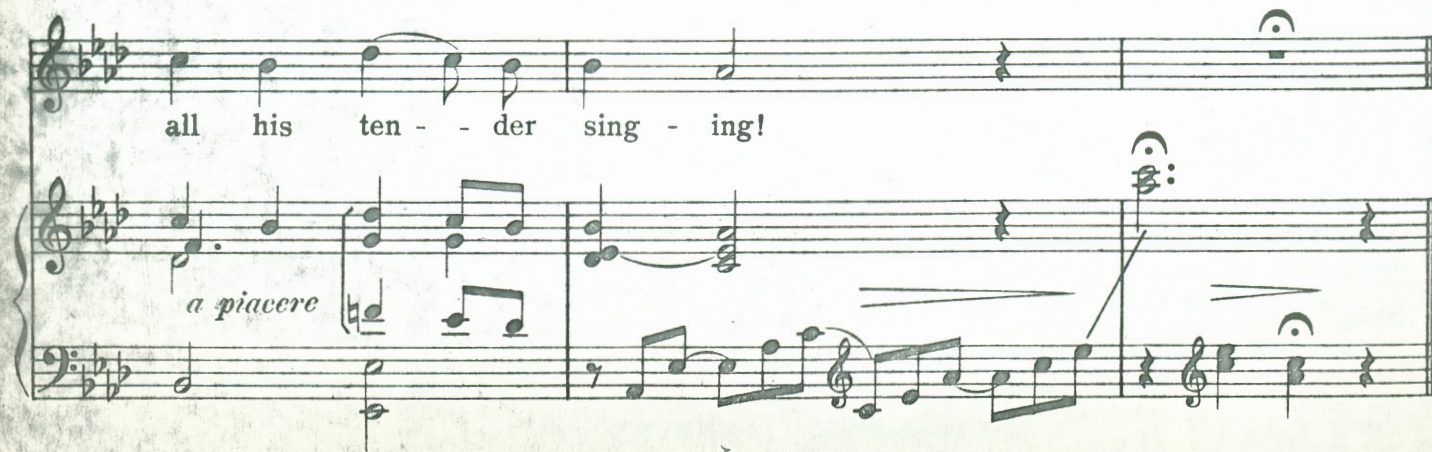


sing - ing, Of



all his ten - - der sing - ing!

*a piacere*





AYLWIN

# TWO SONGS.

## My True Love Has My Heart.

Words by  
Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Music by ✓  
JOSEPHINE CREW AYLWIN.

No. 1.

Voice

Allegro. *Poco lento* *Tempo*

My true love has my  
His heart in me keeps

PIANO

*f* *pp*

heart him, and I, and I have his  
keeps him and me in one By My

just ex-change one to the oth-er giv en, I hold his dear and  
heart in him his thoughts and sen-ses guides He loves my heart, for



My true love has my heart *Aylwin*

mine he can - not miss, I hold his dear and  
 once it was his own, He loves my heart for

mine he can - not miss. There nev - er was, there nev - er  
 once it was his own. I cher ish his I cher ish

was a bet - ter bar - gain driv en. 1-2. My true love has my  
 his be cause in me it bides.

heart and I and I have his.



# Love.

No. 2.

Josephine Crowell Wien

Andante.

*p*

God gave us Love ————— Some-thing to love he

lends us. But when love is grown to

ripe-ness That on which it throve

*poco accel.*

Falls off, falls off and love is left a-lone. —