

NEAR THE BROKEN STILE.



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SONG

COMPOSED BY

FRANK ROMER.

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ALLEGRETTO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, accented with a triangle symbol (^). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

3^d Verse. Soon be - side the al - - tar,

1st Verse. Early in the morn - ing,

The piano accompaniment for the first two verses is shown on two staves. It features a consistent rhythmic pattern of chords with a '7' marking above them. Dynamics include *dim* (diminuendo), *rall.* (rallentando), and *p* (piano).

hand in hand we stood, Heart to heart res - pond - ed tru - ly as they

'mid the meadows gay, While the breeze was scent - ed with the new-mown.

The piano accompaniment for the third and fourth verses continues on two staves, maintaining the same chordal structure and '7' markings as the previous section.

should, While a - bove the val - - lies rose the morning sun,

hay, Ev'ry bud and blos - som sweetly seem'd to smile,

The piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth verses is shown on two staves, concluding the piece with the same accompaniment style.

Voices whispered round us, he and I were one. Since that morn with

When by chance, he met me, near the broken stile. Lit-tle, then, was

pleas - ure ev - 'ry hour's been rife, He calls me his

spo - ken, yet did he dis - close Thoughts, that came like

treasure, and his dar - - - ling wife, Gladly we re - mem - ber,

perfume from the op'n - - ing rose; Ev'ry bud and blo's - som

when with lov - ing smile, Prom - is - es were giv - - en

sweetly seem'd to smile, When, by chance, he met me

near the bro - ken stile.

near the bro - ken stile.

SECOND VERSE.

Gaudy flow'rs were blooming, and the golden corn In the breeze was

wav - ing, at the early morn; When, a - gain, I met him,

ling'ring near the stile, Swift he came to greet me with a gen - tle smile.

Earnest words were spoken, wand'ring by my side, Till he gain'd my

promise that I'd be his bride. Oh! I love the morn - ing

when, with gentle smile, Swift he came to greet me, near the broken stile.