

## MARION MAY.

Poetry by Henry H. Paul.

Music by George F. Benkert.

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Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

*p* affettuoso.

O Marion

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' and the piano part is marked 'p affettuoso.' The score consists of three systems. The first system shows the voice part with a whole rest and the piano part with a series of eighth notes. The second system continues the piano part with a series of eighth notes. The third system shows the voice part with a whole rest and the piano part with a series of eighth notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

May I am sure you re - mem - - - ber, The sil - ve - ry stream at the foot of the

This system contains the first three measures of the song. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The first measure has a forte dynamic marking. The second measure has a piano dynamic marking. The third measure has a piano dynamic marking.

hill; That swept thro' deep trails of fair li - lies and cistus And quietly

This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The first measure has a piano dynamic marking. The second measure has a piano dynamic marking. The third measure has a piano dynamic marking.

turn'd the old moss - cover'd mill.

*dolce.*

This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line has a melisma on the word 'mill'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The first measure has a piano dynamic marking. The second measure has a piano dynamic marking. The third measure has a piano dynamic marking.

O don't you re -

This system contains the final three measures of the song. The vocal line ends with a melisma on the word 're'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The first measure has a piano dynamic marking. The second measure has a piano dynamic marking. The third measure has a piano dynamic marking.

\_member where of \_ten we rambled, And watch'd the wild waves madly dash \_ ing a

\_round, And how the pure stream brightly flash'd in the sunlight, And flung the cold

drops on the blos \_ someing ground.

*cres.* *mf*

*p* *dim.* *mf* *pp* *Coda.*

## 2

O Marion May don't you love to look backward,  
 And think of those dearly-loved frolicsome days?  
 Our hearts were as fresh as the dew on the roses,  
 Our footsteps as light as the music of fays.  
 Through wild meadow-grasses how often we've bounded,  
 In wandering down the long green-wooded lane,  
 And pluck'd for our parents a thousand bright blossoms,  
 And mocked as we gathered, the young linnets' strain.

## 3

And, Marion May, the queer old-fashioned garden,  
 That no frost of time can ere blight from my mind,  
 And then the seedswoman that set out the flow'rets,  
 We loved her so dearly — she used us so kind.  
 Remember I well of that plant near the willow,  
 A dear little hyacinth there we had sown;  
 How eagerly left we our pillows at daybreak,  
 To mark how its beauty through darkness had grown.

## 4

And, Marion May, you can ne'er have forgotten  
 The lessons we learn'd at the laburnum tree;  
 With sweet summer sounds all around to allure us  
 The thrush and the voice of the musical bee.  
 The hundreds of games on the swing at the hillock,  
 The sports ev'ry morn 'neath the wide-spreading vine;  
 The quarrel I had with you once in the wild-wood  
 For liking my brother's eyes better than mine.

## 5

Dear Marion May we have known the heart's sorrow,  
 Since those happy days have flown rapidly past;  
 We've tossed on an ocean of tumult and trouble,  
 And found the next morrow as dark as the last.  
 Yet bright are the hopes that from sorrow we've garnered,  
 And rich are the joys that our memories store;  
 Our hearts are still glowing with life's sweetest pleasures,  
 Though childhood's fond days like its flow'rs are no more.