

To
Mrs Comstock
OF NEW YORK

I CANNOT TELL THEE HOW I LOVE THEE

MELODY BY

G. ALLMANESQ.

SYMPHONIES ACCOMPANEMENT

& POETRY BY

H. CRAVEN GRIFFITHS

25 9 11.

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I CANNOT TELL THEE HOW I LOVE THEE.

ARRANGEMENT and

Poetry by H. C. GRIFFITHS.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line.

With ro-sate grace the blush of beauty Doth shed its glories o'er thy
I can-not tell thee! how I love thee; My words are faint and void of
brow, Thy sweet ton'd voice, thy wilt so flash-ing, Thy
charm, My lips but vain-ly seek to ut-ter The

mel - ting eyes which thrill me now; All make thee of earth's children
 thought which keeps my bosom warm; No Poet's breath-ing fire en -

fair - est Yet I, in whom no rare gifts meet, Have
 -kindles A glowing Im - age in my brain, And

dard to wor - - ship thee in secret Tho' all the world is at thy
 so the dim dull voice doth perish And passion strikes the chords in

feet; And so if hom - age deep and pure In
 vain; Still still if homage deep and pure In

simple tones doth fail to move thee, Af-fection then must die ob-
 simple tones doth fail to move thee, Affection then must die ob
 accelerando.

sure. I cannot tell thee how I love thee. I cannot
 scure I cannot tell thee how I love thee. I cannot

tell rallen. thee how I love thee.
 tell thee how I love thee.

rall. - *calla voce.*

8

I cannot tell thee why I love thee
 Or why to thee this heart's so bound,
 Lest tis thy virtues that beguile me
 And circle me with loves chains round;
 Thour't fairer brighter than most mortals
 Thy form's enchanting to my view,
 My senses are enthralld and prisner
 Ill neer abjure my love for you
 Still still &c

G. W. Ackerman Eng & P^r