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Respectfully inscribed to
Rhoda Maria.
THE

FLUTTERING HEART

A
BALLAD

Written and composed for the

PIANO

BY

J. ALFORD.

25¢ net

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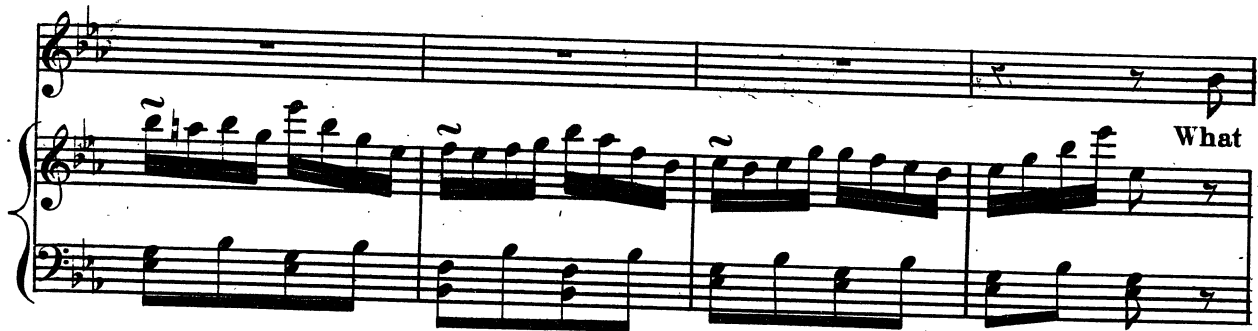
THE FLUTTERING HEART.

J. ALFORD.

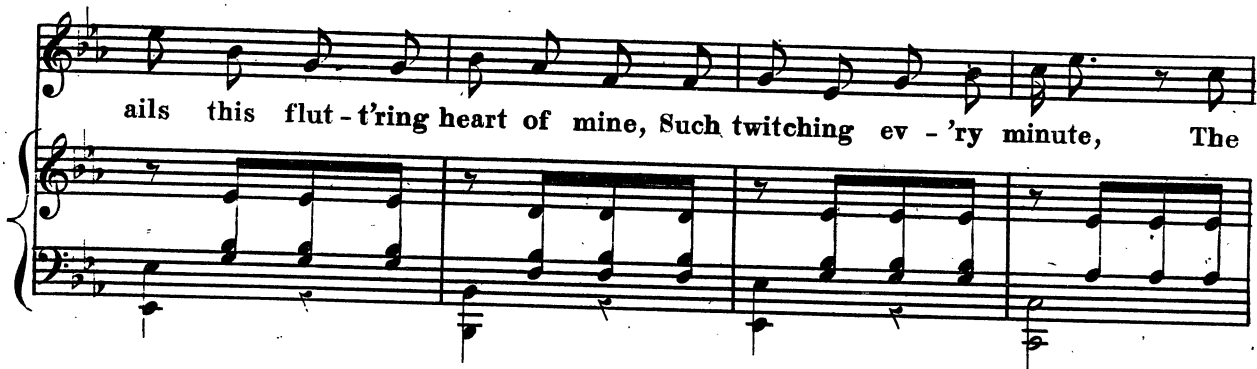
Moderato con esp.



Piano introduction consisting of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes.



First system of piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the melodic line, while the left hand maintains the accompaniment. The word "What" is written at the end of the system.



Second system of piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the melodic line, while the left hand maintains the accompaniment. The lyrics "ails this flut - t'ring heart of mine, Such twitching ev - 'ry minute, The" are written below the staff.

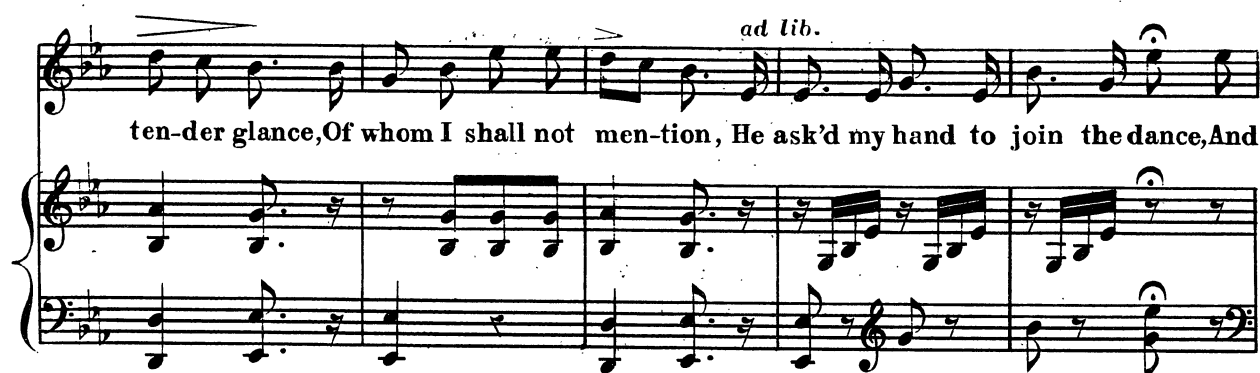


Third system of piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the melodic line, while the left hand maintains the accompaniment. The lyrics "cause I'm sure I cant di - vine, And yet there's some-thing in it." are written below the staff.

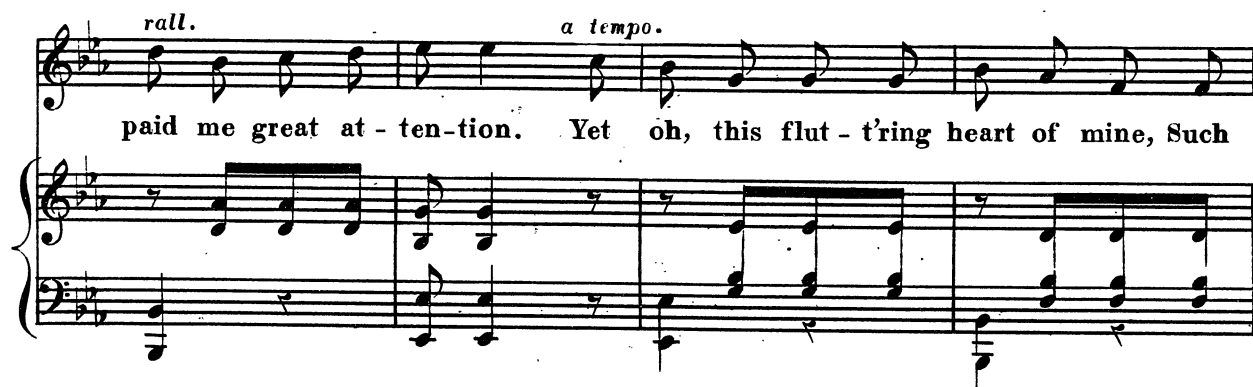
cres.
'Tis true I caught the



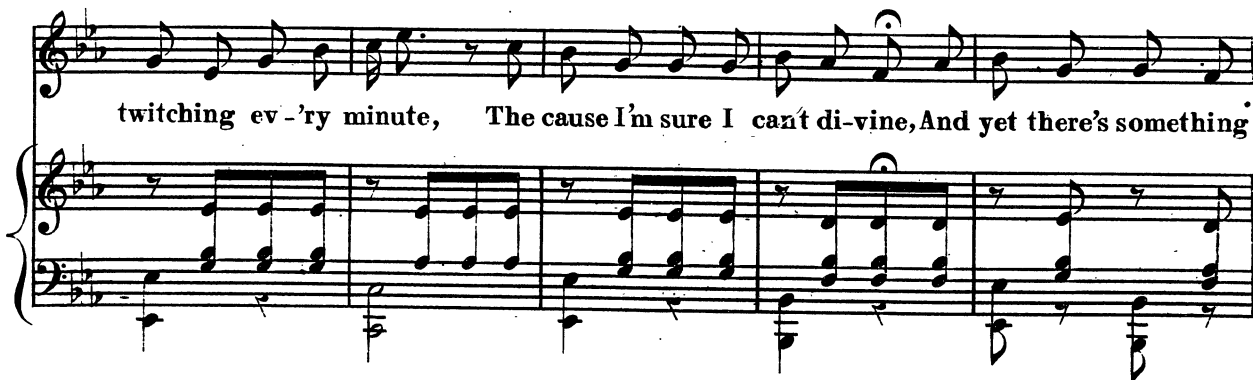
ad lib.
ten-der glance, Of whom I shall not men-tion, He ask'd my hand to join the dance, And



rall. *a tempo.*
paid me great at - ten-tion. Yet oh, this flut - t'ring heart of mine, Such



twitching ev -'ry minute, The cause I'm sure I can't di-vine, And yet there's something





2

He handed me some lemonade,
 And other nice refreshment,
 Of course I no refusal made,
 Nor spurn'd his warm impressment.
 And yet it surely cant be that
 Which makes my heart keep thumping,
 It is not merely pit-a-pat,
 For its a real hard bumping!
 Alas! this flutt'ring heart &c.

3

I really dont know what to think,—
 What can it be but weakness?
 Last night I could not sleep a wink,
 And felt a kind of sickness.
 Fatigue, perchance, will speak the cause;
 There's such delight in dancing,
 I scarcely e'er know when to pause,
 Its maze is so entrancing.
 And, oh, this flutt'ring heart &c.

4

I've some suspicion on my mind,—
 Though I've no mind to tell it;
 'Tis not so hard to be defined,
 For just four letters spell it.
 Yet ah, that surely cannot be,
 The word was never spoken;
 Some spell seems hov'ring over me,
 I wish that spell was broken.
 For oh, this flutt'ring heart &c.