

Copyright Secured July 21<sup>st</sup> 1852.  
Publication Deposited March 20

I LOV'D THEE TOO DEARLY,

Words by

MRS. NICKOLLS

The Music Composed and Affectionately

Dedicated to her Friend,

MISS VIRGINIA B. SMITH

BH

MRS. J. R. ABBOTT,

(of Washington D.C.)

25 Cts. Net.

Cullingham.

Published by F. D. BENTEN & CO. Baltimore.

Wm. T. Mayo, New Orleans.

# I LOVED THEE TOO DEARLY.

J. R. ABBOTT.

*Affettuoso*

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is labeled 'VOICE' and contains a single measure with a whole rest. The lower staff is labeled 'PIANO' and contains two staves of music. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

I have lov'd thee too wildly, this thraldom shall cease, My

*p*

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "I have lov'd thee too wildly, this thraldom shall cease, My". The middle and bottom staves are for the piano accompaniment, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano part features a complex texture with many chords and moving lines.

heart shall know slumber, my soul shall have peace. The chains that enslav'd me, the

bands that I wore Shall be riven and worthless, I'll love thee no more, I'll

wrest from my bosom each thought that was thine And a

star shall a-rise, as thine own wilt decline, To bea-con me onward thro'

darkness and pain, Re - light - ing the spi - rit that worship'd in vain.

ritardando. 5

ritardando.

2.

I have lov'd thee too fondly, the dream shall pass by,  
 The cistern is broken, the fountain is dry;  
 And the angel that bent o'er the brink of the wave  
 Now weeps in the starlight of love's early grave.  
 Thy folly— my madness, this heart shall forget;  
 Though visions of rapture are haunting it yet,  
 And when the wind wrestles the boughs of the pine  
 I hear 'mid their music, low voices like thine.

3.

I have lov'd thee too dearly, too deep was the spell,  
 Too crushing the weight of a sorrow that fell  
 On a heart though but blind in devotion to thee,  
 Yet discerning its weakness resolved to be free.  
 I know that another engrosses thy thought  
 How bitter the knowledge, how painfully taught,  
 I know that her smile is far brighter than mine,  
 May her love prove less wayward, less changeful than thine.