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THE STEALER

WORDS BY
LEE NICHOLS
MUSIC BY
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

OP. 27 NO. 6.

LOW VOICE

HIGH VOICE

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The Stealer.

I kiss the flowers she gave me;
Love them so
As emblems of a passion sown
In a heart before of stone
Cold as stone.

Her love was mine in keeping;
Treasured so
For halcyon hours spent alone
When the world seemed all our own,
Ours alone.

Vows,we made in earnest troth
Long ago;
Vowing love before unknown;
Then the Stealer unbeknown
Stole my own.

Now so dead, her love, her flowers;
But I know
By yearning grief I bore alone
No longer is my heart of stone.
A Bleeding heart is better far than
Heart of Stone.

Lee Nichols

THE STEALER

LEE NICHOLS

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 27, No. 6.

Andante, quasi Allegretto.

I kiss the flow-ers she gave me; Love them so As em - blems

cresc.

of a pass - ion sown In a heart be - fore of stone, Cold as

poco

stone. Her love was mine in keep - ing Treas - ured

rall

a tempo

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so For hal - cy - on hours spent a - lone When the world seem'd all our own,

Ours a - lone. Vows we made in ear-nest troth Long a -

go; Vow - ing love be - fore un-known; Then the Steal - er

p

p

un - be - known Stole my own. Now so

rall *a tempo*

dead, her love, her flow'rs; But I know By yearn - ing

marc.

grief I bore a - lone, No long - er is my heart of

stone. A bleed - ing heart is bet - ter far than

Heart of Stone.

poco accel *p rall.* *pp*

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