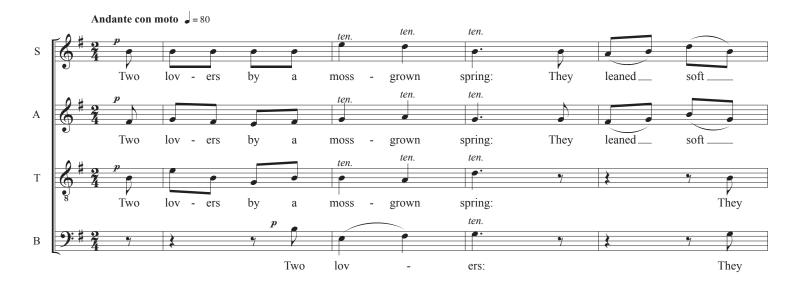


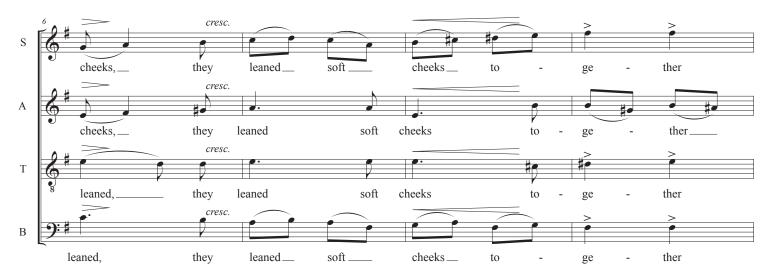
TWO LOVERS

EDWARD HECHT (1832-1887)

TWO LOVERS

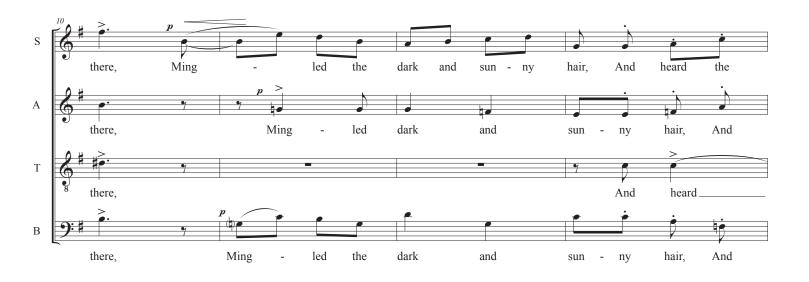
Edward Hecht

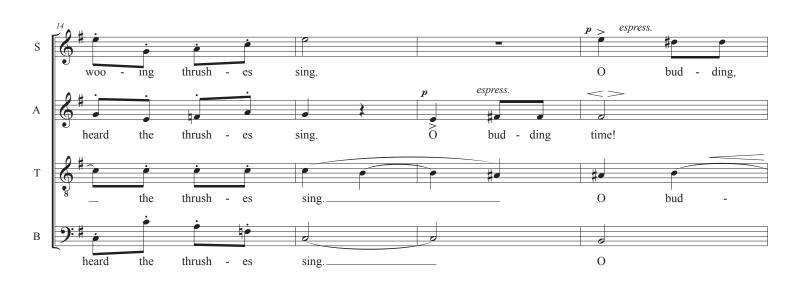


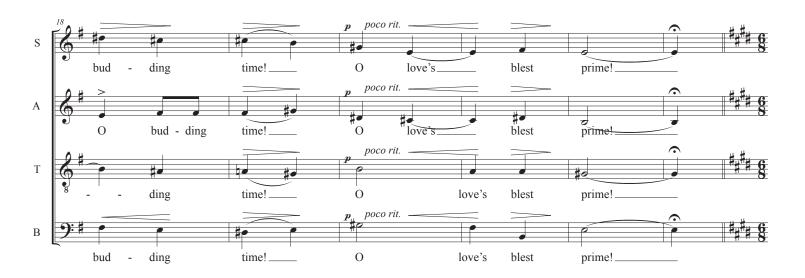


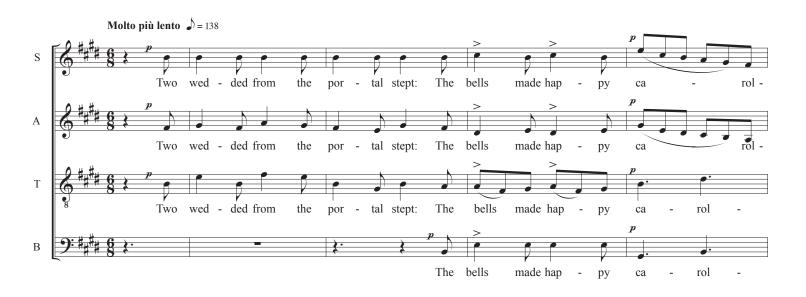


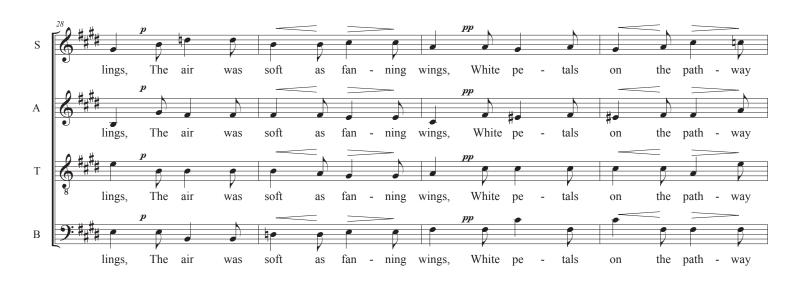
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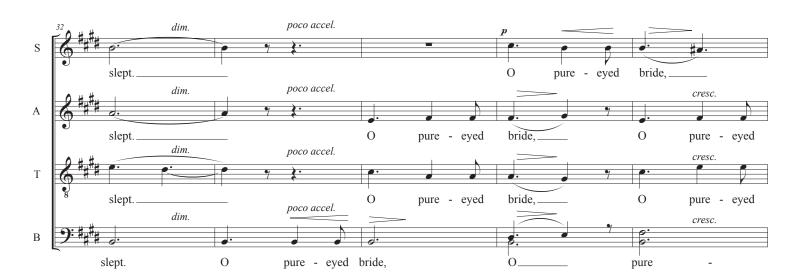


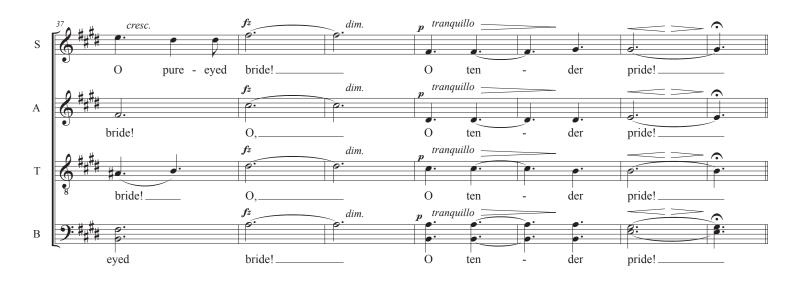


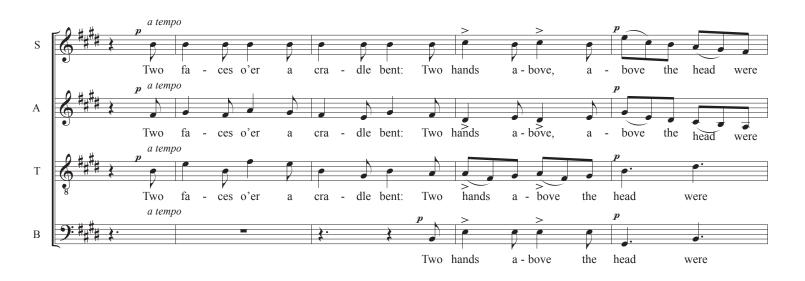


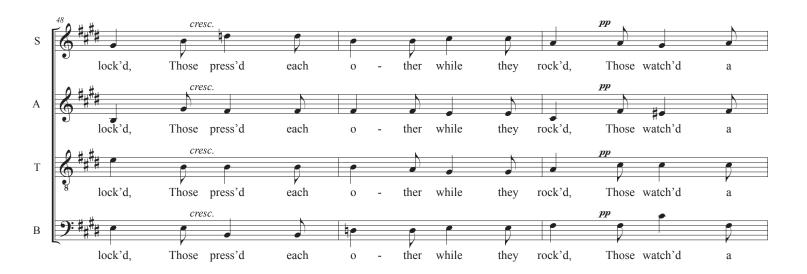


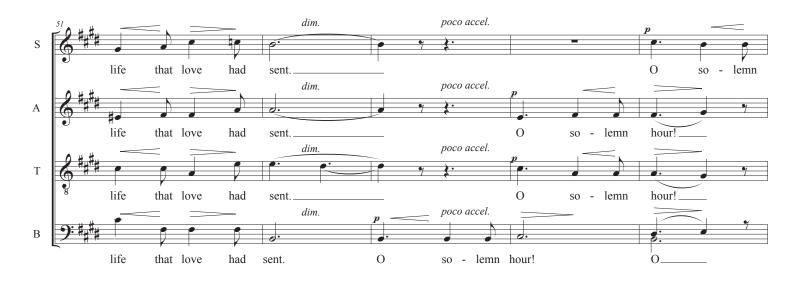


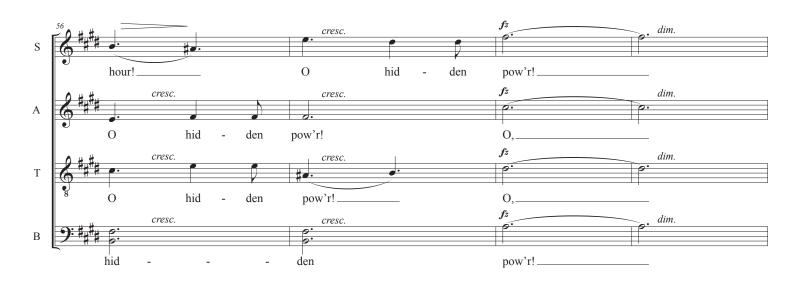


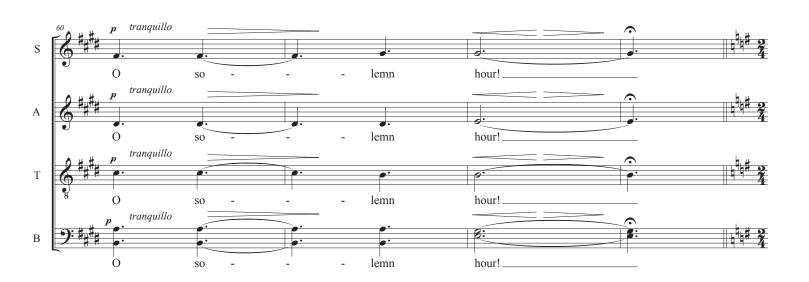


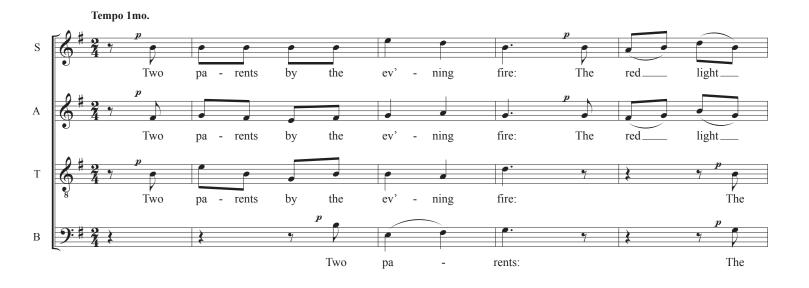


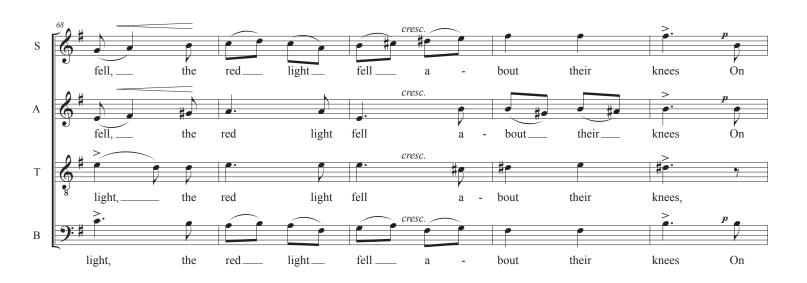


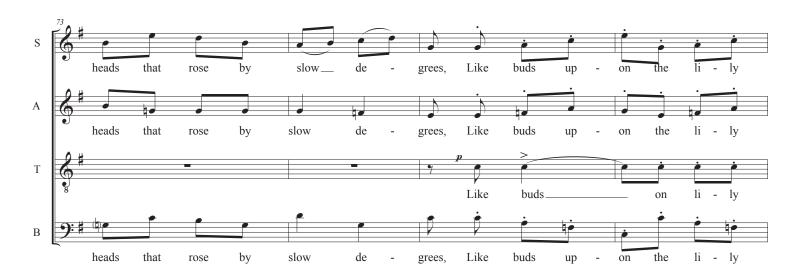


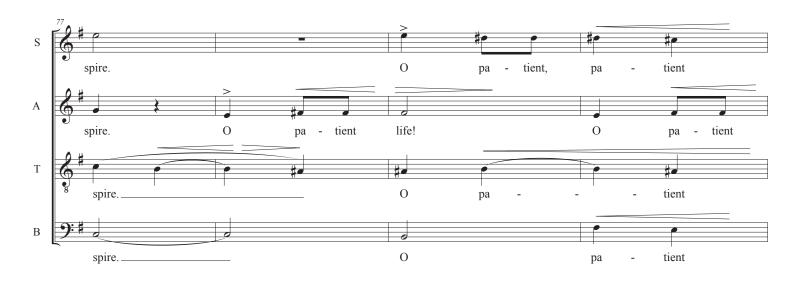


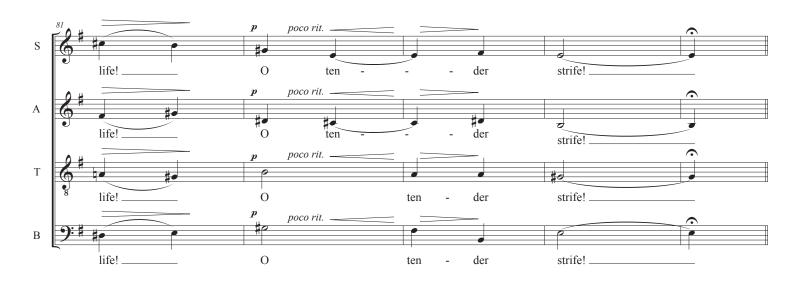


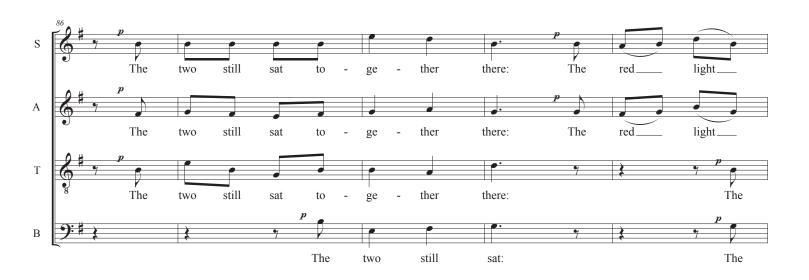


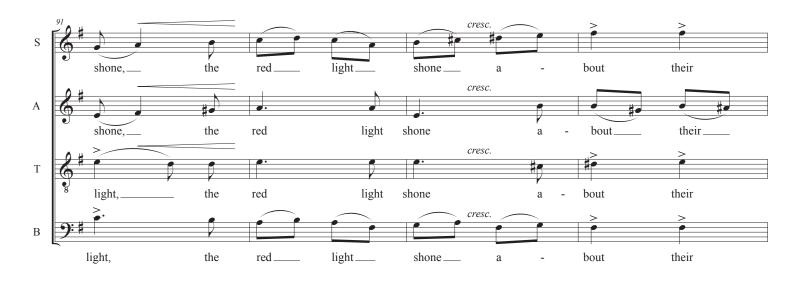


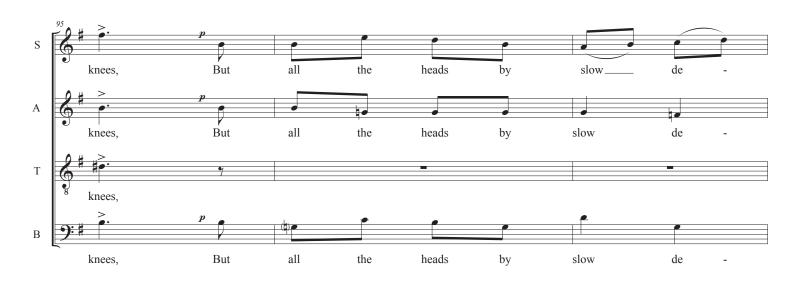


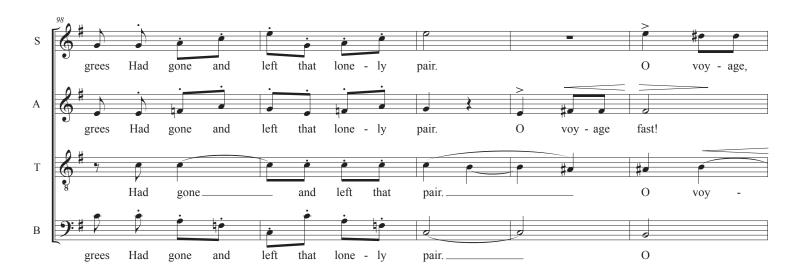


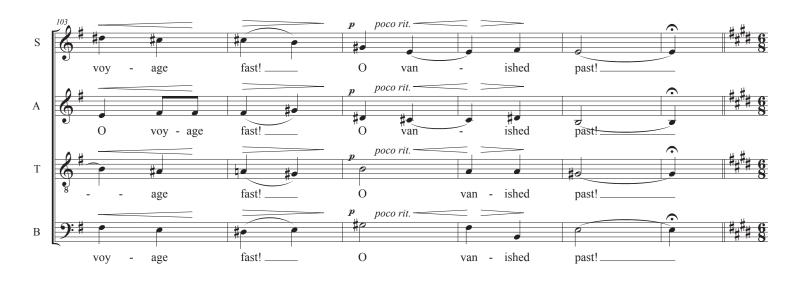


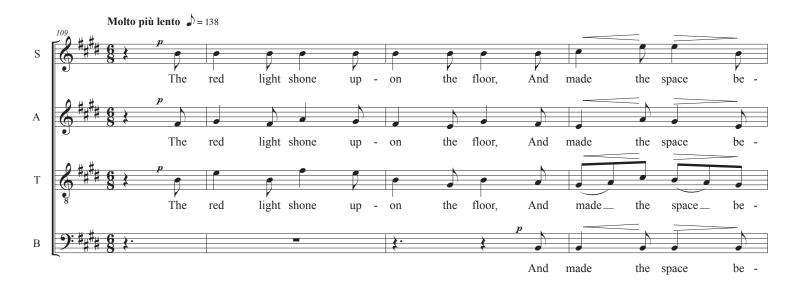


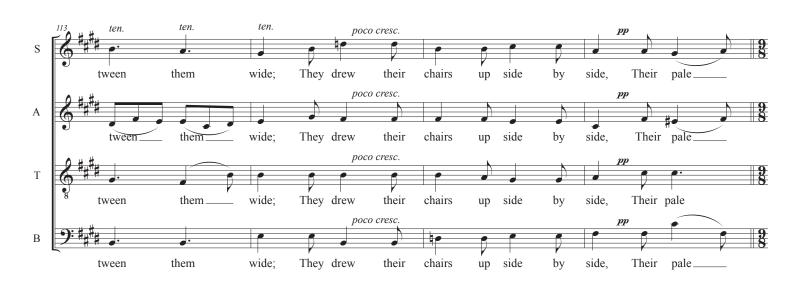


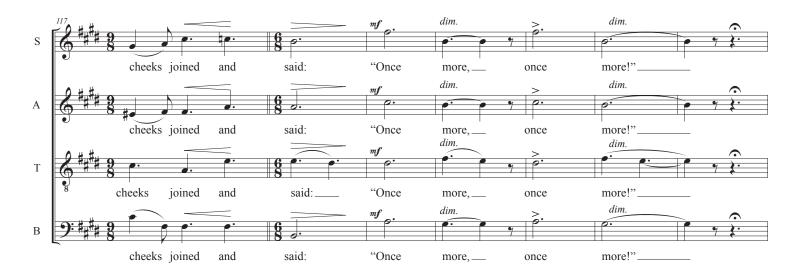


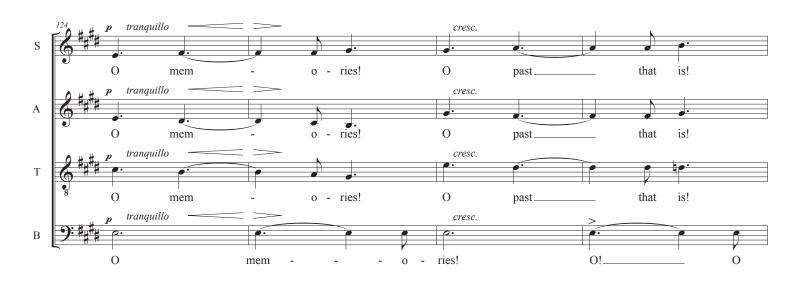


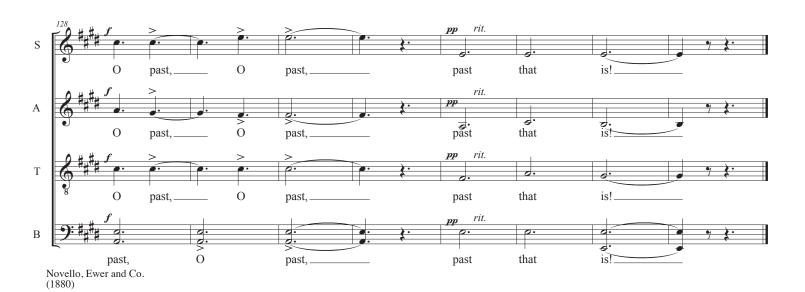












Eduard (Edward) Hecht (1832-1887) was born in Dürkheim in Haardt, Germany, and trained by his musical father in Frankfort. He moved to England 1854 and settled in Manchester. He became chorus-master & sub-conductor of the Hallé orchestra. He was a committed teacher of piano but also taught harmony & composition at Owens College. As conductor, he held positions with the Manchester Liedertafel, the St. Cecilia Choral Society and the Stretford choral society. His compositions include a symphony, cantatas and assorted choral works, piano works, songs, part-songs, trios, string quartets, and marches for military band.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring: They leaned soft cheeks together there, Mingled the dark and sunny hair, And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time! O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept: The bells made happy carollings, The air was soft as fanning wings, White petals on the pathway slept.

O pure-eyed bride! O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked,
Those pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!

O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire: The red light fell about their knees On heads that rose by slow degrees, Like buds upon the lily spire.

O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there: The red light shone about their knees, But all the heads by slow degrees Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined and said: "Once more!"
O memories!

O past that is!

Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880), under her pen name George Eliot

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