

103 Hartington Road
Liverpool

Nov. 26th 1897

Sir - may I ask you acceptance of
the enclosed few lines, written after
hearing your recital here on the 20th inst?
They convey the impression made on at
least one of the audience by the strong
but delicate Northern colouring of
your music.

Faithfully yours

R.T. Bodey

Herrn. Edward Grieg.

On a Recital by Grieg.

The fjord is asleep in the arms of the land,
A thousand feet below,

And the firdling mountains silent stand,
Lit up by the western glow,

Over the fell, far down to the deep,
The thundering cataract breaks,

Veiling in silver mist each leap
The headlong torrent takes.

And a sad wind moans in the tall grave pines,
And down from the gleaming fjeld,

Where the lingering rose of the sunset shines,
In the fresh fallen snowflakes held.

The breath of the North is sad & sweet,

Her coast is stern & wild,

And the soul of the North goes out to greet
The music of her child.

R.T. Bodey