

Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.
January 1894.

To Edward Grieg;
Most Honoured Sir:

Forgive the rashness
- perhaps it must
be termed the
over-boldness - which
prompts this letter,
or rather which allows
me to write to so
great a person as
yourself, unmasked.

Yet, after all, my
Great admiration
for your music has
prompted me so to
do, and with the
thought of music
must come gentle
Feelings to one of
your musical
Genius, so I feel
you will forgive
me.

Yes, I love your
music! But that

does not make me
original for so many
are loving it also!
But it was from
hearing a friend
sing your Song
that I was inspired
to write you; and
it was because of
my uncertainty in
regard to the
meaning of the words
in your Song
entitled "The Princess"
which led me to the

audacity which I am
now committing.

Can I ever hope
that so great a
man as your self
will ever answer
the question I am
about to ask? Why
just the autograph
of the man who
can write such
music as "Peer Gynt"
means - how much!
to me. Yet I am

going to venture.
In "The Princess" I
wondered if the
English words did
not contain a
perverted meaning—
that is, if in
translation they had
not lost the original
idea. In your
language did the
shepherd love the
princess or the
princess the shepherd?

The music is so passionately lovely that it seems almost to impersonate, if I may use the expression, a broken heart. It may seem a small matter to you, and it is in one sense, for the song is so perfect, but yet I wonder if that was the original meaning.

Please let the facts
that I am young,
enthusiastic and I
trying to become a
musician - indeed
trying to become a
composer - be my
pleas for forgiveness
for my temerity.

My little, ^{tiny} composing
has been a little
noticed. Perhaps I
may grow - I must
try. I have been
reading about Schumann

to-day - words from
your pen, and it
makes me all the
more enthusiastic over
you - your work, -
if possible.

I shall await your
pleasure. I wonder
if I shall be noticed!
Oh! that I were great
enough to tell you
of my love for your
beautiful music!

Your humble servant,
Blanche Ray Alden,
139 Spring Street,

Jan. 25, 1894. Springfield, Mass.,
U.S.A.