

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

JOHN L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p cresc. *p*

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The
 2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud

p legato.

dew - drops pearl each bud..... and leaf, And I from thee my
 swells the song of chan - ti-cleer; The lev - 'ret bounds o'er

leave earth's am soft tak - ing With bliss Yet I too brief, with bliss,..... with
 floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet.....

cresc.

dim. *pp ad lib.*

bliss..... too brief. How sinks my heart with
 I..... am here. For since night's gems from

colla parte. *p*

p dim.

fond heavn a - larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye; For I
heavn did fade, And morn to flor - al lips doth hie,

cresc.

time doth not thrust me from thine arms; Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -
could not leave thee, though I said "Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -
con moto.

pp

- bye - Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye, For I
- bye - Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye, good -
colla voce. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

orec. molto.

time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.
could not leave thee, though I said "Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye."

p