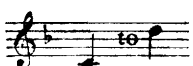
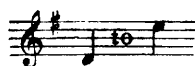



Nº 1. IN F. 

Nº 2. IN G. 

Nº 3. IN B. 

THE LOVE GONE BY

Song

WITH VIOLIN OR CELLO ACCOMPT AD LIBITUM

Written by



F. E. WEATHERLY



Composed by

HENRI LOGÉ.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

London,
E. ASCHERBERG & C^o
DUNCAN DAVISON & C^o
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NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Well-A-Day.

WORDS BY
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY
PERCY JACKMAN.

From the chimney corner dim,
Well-a-day;
Now and then she looks at him,
Well-a-day,
All is quiet, no one nigh,
He is silent, she is shy,
Fast her knitting needles fly,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day.

Presently he gives a sigh,
Well-a-day;
Faster yet the needles fly,
Well-a-day;
Suddenly the silence breaks,
Prisoner her hand he takes,
Captive of the knitting makes,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day.

Love, my heart is broke in two,
Well-a-day;
Half of it I've given to you,
Well-a-day;
Give me half of yours instead;
Then she blushed and hung her head—
"Won't you take it all she said,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day.

A Dream of Yore.

WORDS BY
G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY
HENRI LOGÉ.

At the sight of a letter, faded and torn,
And stained with tears long shed,
And a withered flower for an evening worn,
My thoughts to the past had fled.
The hand that had written held mine once more,
The flower was a rose full blown;
Ah! love, it was only a dream of yore—
I awoke at dusk alone!
Ever alone, love, ever alone,
No guiding hand to hold mine own;
The day is past, our dream is o'er,
And I am alone for evermore.

But I looked through tears on the blossom to-night,
And read the letter again,
And the sunlight of hope shone clear and bright
Through the mists of grief and pain.
I knew how through all I could learn to guide
My footsteps in thine own,
With thy spirit presence by my side,
And be never more alone.
Never alone, love, never alone,
Thy angel hand to guide my own;
Until we meet all parting o'er,
Never alone, love, nevermore.

The love gone by.

WORDS BY
F. E. WEATHERLY.

MUSIC BY
HENRI LOGÉ.

Methought we met in the old, old place,
Where the ghostly poplars rise,
There was moonlight on your pale, pale face,
And tears in your tender eyes.
You pointed to a far off land,
Where methought I longed to go,
And gently took my trembling hand,
And whispered soft and low:
Is it for ever, my darling?
Is it in vain we sigh?
Ah, for the days departed,
Ah, for the love gone by.

O love, the poplars are bending low,
I stand where the river gleams;
Have you forgotten the long ago?
Do you only come in dreams?
Love, are you dead in that distant land,
Where methought I longed to be?
Is it only in dreams I hold your hand?
In dreams that you speak to me?
Is it for ever, my darling?
Is it in vain we sigh?
Ah, for the days departed,
Ah, for the love gone by.

Love's Pedlary.

WORDS BY
THE HON. MRS. GREVILLE NUGENT.

MUSIC BY
FRANCES MARGARET NEALE.

"Lady, were I a Pedlar brave,
Crying my goods in jocund stave,
For how much money wouldst thou have
This twisted chain that hangs so fine?"
"A fair rose noble should be thine,
To make that twisted fetter mine."

"And went I on the dusty way,
Finding no buyer all the day,
And met thee, wouldst conjure away
My posy ring, Maid Marjorie?"
"Sir, I have silver pennies three,
Would buy your posy ring for me!"

"Now were I Prince of Allemande,
And you the lady of the land,
What would you give me for the hand
That wears the ring? I will be bold!"
"Ah! such sweet wares are scarcely sold,
Save an it were for fairy gold!"

"Nor Prince, nor Pedlar, but thine own
True love, I wait for this alone,
To yield my heart to be thy throne!
Thine answer sweet, my Marjorie!"
"Mine own heart, love, that beats for thee,
Is thine while life shall last for me!"

Two to a Bargain.

WORDS BY
T. MALCOLM WATSON.

MUSIC BY
WILFORD MORGAN.

The miller stood at his open door,
A pleasant sight to see;
Of worldly things he own'd good store,
And acres broad had he.
"Yes, I will wed whom e'er I please,
And lead a merry life,
For happy's the man that lives at ease,
With a pipe and loving wife."

"Oh, miller, have you flour to sell
That you will sell to me,
And here is gold to pay you well
Whate'er the price may be."
He laugh'd and answered in a trice,
"Of flour I have no lack,
And if you would know the market price,
Two kisses for ev'ry sack."

"Two kisses, it is a deal to pay,"
She merrily answer'd back,
"Yet, as to-morrow's baking day,
We needs must have a sack,
And mother"—but here she laugh'd outright—
"Has bidden me to say to you
That she herself will come to-night
And pay whatever is due."

Saved from the Deep.

WORDS BY
ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

MUSIC BY
ARTHUR W. MARCHANT.

The dancing waves came rolling in
Across a land-locked bay,
And rocked an old moored boat in which
Two children were at play,
"Let's loose the chain and off to sea,"
The eldest gaily cried,
"And I will be a rover bold,
And you shall be his bride."
Father, their protector be,
Helpless on the mighty sea!

The tide bore out the fragile bark,
The land was lost to sight,
The sun sank down, the peaceful day
Was changed to stormy night;
And through long hours two fathers sought
Their little ones in vain,
And in two homes the mothers prayed
They might their babes regain.
Father, oh! their Saviour be!
None can help them now but Thee!

The morning broke, and miles away
A stranded boat was found;
The flowing tide had washed it in,
And left it there aground;
And in it locked in close embrace,
The children lay asleep;
For He who rules the angry waves
Had saved them from the deep.
Safe, O Father, safe with Thee,
E'en upon the raging sea.

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LONDON: E. ASCHERBERG & CO. (DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.),
211, REGENT STREET, W.

THE LOVE GONE BY.

SONG.

Written by
F. E. WEATHERLY.

Composed by
HENRI LOGÉ.

Moderato e espressivo.

VOICE.

PLANO.

p

p poco animato

p

Me - thought we met in the old old place, Where the

ghost - ly pop - lars rise, There was moon - light on your

colla voce

pale, pale face, And tears in your ten - der eyes..... You

p *pp*

a tempo cres - - - *cen* - *do* *mf*

point - - ed..... to a far off land, Where me - thought, I longed to

a tempo cres - - - *cen* - *do* *f* *col. voce*

p

go,..... And gent - ly took my tremb - ling hand, And

p

rit. whis - per'd soft and low: Ah,..... *moderato e molto espressivo* Is it for ev-er, my

colla voce *p* *moderato e espressivo*

dar - - - ling? Is it in vain we sigh?.....

poco rit. Ah, for the days de - part - - ed, Ah, for the love gone

p poco rit.

appassionato *e* *cres* by. Ah, Is it for ev-er my dar - - ling?

mf

cen - - - - *do* *marcato*

Is it in vain we sigh?..... Ah, for the days de -

più appass. e animato

- part - ed, Ah, for the love gone by,.....

animato

ad lib.

Ah, for the love gone by.

f colla voce

espressivo

animato

love the poplars are bend - ing low, I stand where the riv - er

colla voce

gleams; Have you for - got - ten the long a - go? Do you

poco rit. on - ly come in dreams?..... *a tempo* Love, are you dead in that

p *pp* *a tempo* *cres*

cen - - - *do* *f* *p*

dis - tant land, Where methought, I longed to be? Is it

- *cen* - - - *do* *f* *colla voce*

on - ly in dreams I hold your hand? In dreams that you speak to

p *colla voce* *rit.*

me? Ah,..... Is it for ev - er, my dar - - ling?

moderato e molto espressivo
moderato e espressivo
p

Ad. *

Is it in vain we sigh?..... Ah, for the days de -

part - - ed, Ah, for the love gone by, Ah,

molto espress.
p poco rit.

appassionato e cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - -

Is it for ev_er, my dar - - ling? Is it in vain we

mf

do

sigh?..... Ah, for the days de - part - - ed,

f

molto appass. e animato

Ah, for the love gone by,..... Ah, for the love gone

animato *f colla voce*

by.

rit. *perdosi*

