

W 460

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Geo. Willig, Pofa

THE FORGET ME NOT

THERE IS A FLOWER A LOVELY FLOWER

Words from the German

BY

F. HALLECK

The Music Composed

And respectfully dedicated

TO

MISS AMANDA STEVENSON

By
HENRY KLEBER.

Pr. 25 Cts. net.

Philadelphia **GEORGE WILLIG 171 Chesnut St.**

THE FORGET ME NOT.

H. KLEBER.

Andantino.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'.

There is a flow'r a love - ly flow'r Ting'd

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are 'There is a flow'r a love - ly flow'r Ting'd'. The piano part includes a 'trill' marking on the first few notes.

deep with faith's un - changing hue; Pure as the e - ther in its hour Of

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'deep with faith's un - changing hue; Pure as the e - ther in its hour Of'. The piano part includes a 'cres' (crescendo) marking at the end of the line.

love - - - liest and se - renest blue p The streamlet's gen - tle

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'love - - - liest and se - renest blue p The streamlet's gen - tle'. The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) marking at the beginning of the line.

side it seeks The si - - lent fount the sha - - - ded grot And



sweet - - - ly to the heart it speaks, For - get me not, forget me



not, And sweet - ly to the heart it speaks, For - get me



not, Forget me not,



The forget me not.

Mild as the a - zure of thine eyes, Soft as the ha - lo beam a -

bove; In ten - - der whis - pers still it sighs For -

f get me not my life my love! There where thy last steps

turn'd a - way, Wet eyes shall watch the sa - - - cred spot, And

The forget me not.

this sweet flow'r be heard to say For get, Ah no! for-get me

not, And this sweet flow'r be heard to say Forget ah

no! for-get me not.

3

Yet deep its azure leaves within,
 Is seen the blighting hue of care
 And what that secret grief hath been,
 The drooping stem may well declare.
 The dew drops on its leaves are tears
 That ask am I so soon forgot?
 Repeating still amidst their fears
 My life, my love! forget me not.

The forget me not.