

EDITON DE LUXE.

DEAR HEART

TITO MATTEI.



5

DE LUXE
MUSIC CO.  Broadway 28th St.
New York

DEAR HEART.

Song.

Words by C. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by TITO MATTEI.

Andante.

mf *p* *p*

So long the day, so dark the way,— Dear

p *cresc.*

heart, be-fore you came, It seems to me it can-not

p

be, This world is still the same. For

cresc. *dim.* *p*

cresc. *p*

then I stood as in some wood, And vain - ly sought for

p *p*

light; But now day dawns on sun-lit lawns, — And

cresc. *con espress.* *ten.*

cresc. *ten.*

life is glad and bright! O

p *poco rit.*

mf piu mosso *cresc.* *p*
 leave me not, O leave me not, dear heart, dear

p piu mosso *p*

cresc.
 heart! I did not dream that we should part. I

cresc.

accel. *e* *cresc.* *stent.*
 love but thee, O love thou me, And leave, and leave me

con gva alta *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *f stent.*

f *rall.* *p* *accel. e cresc.*
 not, dear heart, dear heart! leave me

con gva alta *p* *rall* *pp*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

not, dear heart!

mf *ten.* *con* *abbandono* *pp*

p

* * *

p

With you a - way, the bright - est day, Dear

p

heart goes by in vain; I dare not dream what life would

p

p

seem If you ne'er came a - gain! Dark

cresc. *p*

ways be-fore would darken more The world would change to me; Each

cresc.

p *cresc.*

sun would set in vain re - gret That morn-ing brought not thee!

ten. *p*

ten. *p*

mf più mosso *cresc.* *con grazia* *p*

O leave me not, O leave me not! Dear

p più mosso

heart, dear heart! — I dare not dream that we must

cresc. *p* *cresc.*

part; I love but thee, O love thou me, And

accel *cresc.*

con gva alta *accel* *e* *cresc.*

leave and leave me not, dear heart, dear

stent. *f* *poco rall.* *p*

con gva alta *f e stent.* *rall.* *pp* *p*

heart! Leave me not, leave me not, dear

a tempo *p* *lento*

heart, leave me not, dear heart!

pp *f e deciso.* *f* *pp col canto.* *f deciso.* *f* *ff*

One Of The Prettiest Ballads Ever Written, Try the Chorus.

When Everything Was Sunshine.

(BALLAD)

WILL WOOD.

Chorus

When ev'-ry-thing was sun-shine, Ro - sa - lie, And
love was young and in its glo - - ry, Your lips un-moved, yet, dear, you spoke, Your
heart reached mine, and mine a - woke, A - woke to hear Love's old sweet
sto - ry, When ev'-ry-thing was sun-shine, Ro - sa - lie.

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