

Moderato.

Thuringian Folksong.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
 hawk would fear, Speeding to thee. When by the low - ler slain, I at thy

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love Save thee a - lone!
 us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

Joukovsky.

Alexis Lvoff-1833.

1. God save our glo - rious Czar! No - ble and strong; Lead him to
 2. Lord of all pow'r and might, Smile on us all; Be Thou our

vic - to - ry, His pow'r pro - long. O rul - er, mild and good!
 con - stant friend, Save ere we fall. All na - tions bow to Thee.

Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own.—King Henry V.

Remember, no government is ultimately strong but in proportion to its kindness and justice.—Ruskin.