

## I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

G. LINLEY

*Allegretto ma non troppo*

1. I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . My  
2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . Dwells

*rall.*

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger land. I'm  
one, to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand. But

but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peas - ant guise; . Un -  
not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . And

*rall.*

skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I  
I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

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*Piu mosso*

fill my moun - tain lay, Ev - 'ry - where I chance to roam; Oh!  
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

*rall.*

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home. No  
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No

*col voce.*

*A tempo*

*rall.*

place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home. My  
won - der, I am pi - ning then, For home a - gain. My

*rall.*

own, sweet home! My own be - lov - ed home!

*ritard.*