

That a - dor - ed she might
 And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its
 To her gar - lands let us

be, That a - dor - ed She might be.
 there, And, be - ing help'd, in - hab - its there.
 bring, To her gar - lands let us bring. FINE

Soldier's Farewell

MALE VOICES
poco riten.

JOHANNA KINKEL

Crescendo e poco accel. al fine

p Andante *p* *Crescendo e poco accel. al fine*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er befalls me,
 2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pennon glancing,
 3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

Tempo 1. Tranquillo e molto espress. *p* *f* *p* *pp*

I go where honor calls me. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
 I see the foe advancing. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
 I'll whisper soft when dying. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.