

## Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye

JOHN L. HATTON

*Andante con moto* *cresc.*

*mf*

1 The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing The dew - drops pearl each  
2 The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of

*dim.* *cresc.*

bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave, am tak - ing, With  
chan - ti - cleer; The lev - ret bounds o'er earths soft flow - ing, Yet

*dim.*

bliss too brief, with bliss, with bliss, too  
I am here, yet — — — I am

brief here, How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing  
For since nights gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

*cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.*

in mine eye For time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -  
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, tho' I said Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -

*cresc.*

bye! bye! Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! For I  
Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye!

*dim.*

time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye!  
could not leave thee, tho' I said Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye!

## Am I Not Fondly Thine Own

(DU, DU LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN)

GERMAN FOLK SONG

With expression

*p*

Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there hast thou thy throne;  
Du, du liegst mir im Her - zen, Du, du liegst mir im Sinn;

Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond-ly thine own?  
Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin!

*p*

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond-ly thine own?  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin!