

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J. L. HATTON

Moderato

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

rall. un poco

bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with
chan - ti - cleer, The lev - 'ret pounds o'erearth's soft flow'ring, Yet I am here, yet

tr *a tempo*

bliss, . . . with bliss . . . too brief. How sinks my heart with
I, . . . yet I . . . am here. For since night's gems from

fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye, For time doth tear me
heav'n do fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee

con calore

from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-
 though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-

bye, For time doth tear me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
 bye, I could not leave thee though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

colla voce

Heaven is My Home

T. R. TAYLOR

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.

Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

rit.