

17

✓
"TIS SAD TO LEAVE OUR FATHER LAND,"

THE POPULAR SONG,

as sung with distinguished success by

MR. FRAZER,

IN

✓
BALFE'S OPERA

of the

✓
"BOHEMIAN GIRL"

as performed at the

PARK THEATRE.

Pr. 25 Cts. nett

NEW-YORK.

Published by ATWILL, 201 Broadway.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1844 by J. F. Atwill in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the South District of New York.

Deposited in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of N. York Dec. 14. 1844

'TIS SAD TO LEAVE OUR FATHER LAND,

Composed _____ by Balfe.

This song as here arranged is the property of the Publisher. _____

VOCE.

Air dolce assia.
Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (VOCE.) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system shows the vocal line with a whole rest and the piano accompaniment with chords and a melody. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a crescendo and a triplet. The third system features a piano accompaniment with triplets and a 'rallentando' marking.

2^dv. Oh, if there were one gen - tle eye, To
 it's 'Tis sad to leave our Fa - ther land, And

weep when I might grieve, One bo - som to re -
 friends we there lov'd well, To wan - der on a

ceive the sigh Which sor - row oft will heave - One
 stran - ger strand Where friends but sel - dom dwell, Yet,

heart, the ways of life to cheer, Though rug - ged they might
 hard as are such ills to bear, And deep - ly though they
 accel^o il tempo.

be, No lan . . . guage can ex . press how dear, That

smart, Their pangs are light to those who are, The

f *p* *pp*

heart would be to me. Oh, if there were one

or . . . phans of the heart. 'Tis sad to leave our

f *pp*

gen . . . tle eye, To weep when I might grieve, One

Fa . . . ther land, And friends we there lov'd well, To

loco *sva* *loco*

bo . . . som to re . . . ceive the sigh, Which sor . . . row oft will

wan . . . der on a stran . . . ger strand, Where friends but seldom

pp *ff*

heave.

dwell.

pp

dim

pp

f

ff

2

Oh, if there were one gentle eye
 To weep when I might grieve,
 One bosom to receive the sigh
 Which sorrow oft will heave —
 One heart, the ways of life to cheer,
 Though rugged they might be,
 No language can express how dear
 That heart would be to me.