

DON'T BE SORROWFUL DARLING.



SONG & CHORUS.

THE MUSIC BY

J. P. WEBSTER.

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DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING!

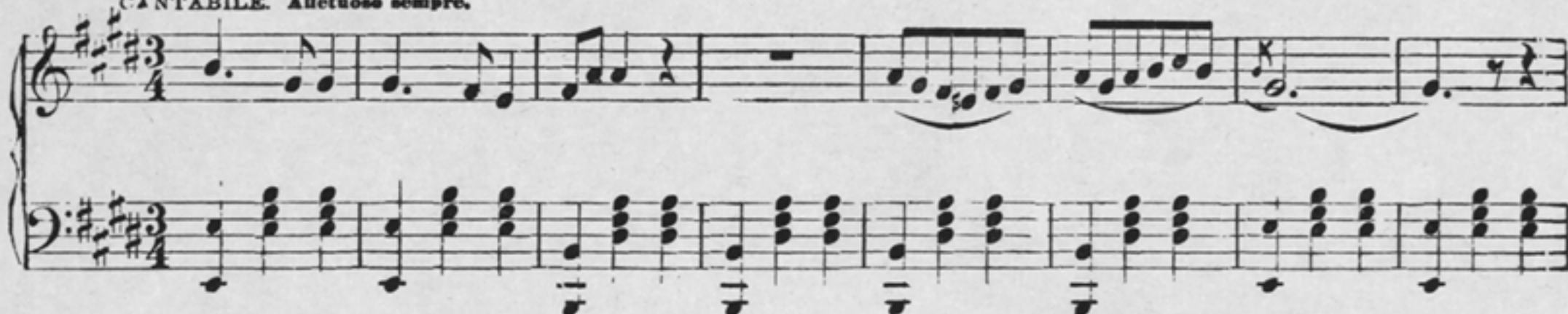
WORDS BY

ALICE CARY,

To whom this humble offering is dedicated, with the sincerest
regards of the author.

J. P. WEBSTER.

CANTABILE. Affettuoso sempre.



1. Ah, don't be sor - row-ful, dar-ling, And don't be sor - row-ful
2. We are old folks now, my dar-ling, Our heads they are grow - ing
3. And God is God, my dar-ling, Of night as well as of

465—3.

Entered according to act of Congress, A.D., MDCCCLXII., by H. M. Higgins, in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court for Northern Illinois.

pray.
 gray.
 day.

Tak - ing the year to - geth - er, my dear, There is - n't more
 But tak - ing the year all a - round, my dear, You will al - ways
 And we feel and know that we can go Wher - ev - er he

night than day!
 find th'May!
 leads the way.

'Tis ra - ny weath - er, my dai - ling,
 We have had our May, my dar - ling,
 Aye, God of the night, my dar - ling—

Time's
 And our
 Of

waves, they heav - i - ly run,
 ro - ses, long a - go,
 th'night of death, so grim;

But tak - ing the year to -
 And th'time of year is
 The gate that leads out of

geth - er, my dear,
 com - ing, my dear,
 life, good wife,

There is - n't more cloud than sun!
 For th'si - lent night and th'snow!
 Is th'gate that leads to Him.

Don't be sorrowful, Darling.

CHORUS.

AIR.

Then, don't be sor-rowful, dar-ling, Don't be sorrow-ful, pray; For,

ALTO.

TENOR.

Then, don't be sor-rowful, dar-ling, Don't be sorrow-ful, pray; For,

BASS.

tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

Don't be Sorrowful O- ag

FAYNE