

A SOLDIERS FAREWELL

TO

HIS MOTHER

Ballad

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY

ARTHUR REINHARDT.

Op. 20.

4

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A Soldier's Farewell to his Mother.

BALLAD.

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ARTHUR REINHARDT, Op. 20.

Andante.

mf

dim.

rit.

p

1. Must I now leave you, dear moth - er, Af - ter man - y years of joy; — We may
 2. Far a - way a sol - dier's dy - ing, And how plead - ing - ly he cries; — Oh! God
 3. Far a - way a moth - er's dream - ing, Dreaming that her boy her pride; — Has been

nev - er meet each oth - er, So come kiss your dar - ling boy; — I must
 let me see my moth - er, Just once more be - fore I die; — Then an
 brought home to her wound - ed, Once a - gain he's by her side; — And she

go where du - ty calls me, To my coun - try I'll be true, — Oh but
 im - age hov - ers o'er him, And a face to him draws near; — While his
 hears him say dear moth - er, God is call - ing me a - way; — As she

mf

rit. *rit.*

come now dont be weep-ing, I will al - ways think of you, moth-er dear!
 life is slow - ly ebb-ing, Whis-pers soft - ly in her ear, moth-er dear!
 clasps her on - ly dar-ling, She can hear him faint - ly say, moth-er dear!

mf *cresc.* *decresc.*

CHORUS.
Implorando.

Good-bye moth-er good-bye dear - est moth-er, Try now to be of good cheer; —

mf *cresc.*

rit. *espress.* *rit.*

Oh! but come now dont be weep-ing, Good-bye moth-er good-bye good-bye mother dear.

f *cresc.* *p* *dim.* *D. C.*