

The Parting Hour.

Words by EDWARD OXFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Voice. *Andantino.*

Piano.

x. Though fate decrees that
we must part For ma - ny wea - ry years, I leave the gift..... of a lov - ing heart— Balm....
poco cres.
poco cres. dim.
..... for thy fall-ing tears! When gone from thee to a land a - far, Thou still..... wilt a - near me
ten.
poco a poco cres.
cres.
ten.
seem, For thy face will be my guid - ing star, And these words my con - stant theme.— "Thine
meno mosso.
on - - - ly! thine on - - - ly While life is left to me;..... Thine
f
on - - - ly! thine on - - - ly For e - ver I shall be!
f

f

Thine on - - - ly while life is left to me;..... Thine

poco rit.

on - - - ly! thine on - - - ly for e - ver I shall be!"

poco rit. *f* *f*

For finish only. FINE.

2. 'Tis true! we now must

FINE.

mf *pp* *p*

breathe good-bye, The part - ing hour is near;..... Thou dost not speak, but I hear thee sigh, And

mf

see the ris - ing tear!..... But, oh! if our hearts, so lov - ing now, Shall true to the end re -

p *pp* *poco a poco cres.*

- main,..... How sweet 'twill be, when meet-ing once more, To re - peat these words a - gain:..... "Thine

D.S.

ritenuto.

D.S.

ritenuto.