The Love Gone by

Song

With Violin or Cello Accompt ad Libitum

Written by

F. E. Weatherly

Composed by

Henri Logé

Ent. Sta. Hall.

London

Price 4/-

By the same Composer:

A Dream of Yore, 26th Edition, in G, A & Bb... 4/-


New Song— Somebody's Waiting... 4/.
NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Well-a-Day.
WORDS BY G. CLINTON BINGHAM. MUSIC BY PERCY JACKMAN.

From the chimney corner dim,
Well-a-day;
Now and then she looks at him,
Well-a-day;
All is quiet, no one sighs,
Well-a-day;
Fast her knitting needles fly,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day.

Presently she given a sigh,
Well-a-day;
Faster yet the needles fly,
Well-a-day;
Suddenly the silence breaks,
Prisoner her hand he takes,
Captive of the knitting makes,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day.

Love, my heart is broke in two,
Well-a-day;
Half of it’s given to you,
Well-a-day;
Give me half of yours instead;
Then she kissed and hung her head—
"Won’t you take it all I send,
Well-a-day—ah—Well-a-day."

The love gone by.
WORDS BY F. E. WEATHERLY. MUSIC BY HENRI LOGÉ.

Methought we met in the old, old place,
Where the ghostly poplars rise,
And tears in your tender eyes.
You pointed to a far-off land,
Where methought I longed to go,
And gently took my trembling hand,
And whispered soft and low:
Is it for ever, my darling?
Is it in vain we sigh?
Ah, for the days departed,
Ah, for the love gone by.

O love, the poplars are bending low,
I stand where the river gleams;
Have you forgotten the long ago?
Do you only come in dreams?
Love, are you dead in that distant land,
Where methought I longed to be?
Is it only in dreams I hold your hand?
In dreams that speak to me?
Is it for ever, my darling?
Is it in vain we sigh?
Ah, for the days departed,
Ah, for the love gone by.

A Dream of Yore.
WORDS BY G. CLINTON BINGHAM. MUSIC BY HENRI LOGÉ.

At the sight of a letter, faded and torn,
And stained with tears long shed,
And a withered flower for an evening worn,
My thoughts to the past did fling.
The hand that had written hold mine once more,
The flower was a rose full blown;
Ah! love, it was only a dream of yore—
I awoke at dusk alone!
Ever alone, love, ever alone,
No guiding hand to hold mine own;
The day is past, our dream is o’er,
And I am alone for evermore.

But I looked through tears on the blossom to-night,
And read the letter again,
The lights of hope alone clear and bright
Through the mists of grief and pain.
I knew how through all I could learn to guide
My footsteps in thine own,
With thy spirit presence by my side,
And be never more alone.

Never alone, love, never alone,
Thy angel hand to guide my own;
Until we meet all parting o’er,
Never alone, love, nevermore.

Two to a Bargain.
WORDS BY T. MALCOLM WATSO. MUSIC BY WILFORD MORGAN.

The miller stood at his open door,
A pleasant sight to see.
Of worldly things he cared not well,
And cares broad had he.
"Yes, I will wed whom ever I please,
And feed a merry life,
For happy is the man that lives at ease,
With a pipe and loving wife."

"Oh, miler, have you flour to sell
And bread to buy?
And bread is gold to pay you well
What price the flour be.
He laughed and answered in a trice,
"If dear I have no lack,
And fair you would know the market price,
Two kisses for ev’ry sack."

"Two kisses, it is a deal to pay,
She answe’red back.
"Yet, as th’other day I say,
We needs must have a sack
And mother—"—but here she laughed outright—
"Has hidden me to say to you,
That she herself will come to-night
And pay whatever is due."

Love’s Pedlary.
WORDS BY THE HON. MRS. GREYVILLE MUGNET. MUSIC BY FRANCES MARGARET NEALE.

"Lady, were I a Pedlar brave,
Crying my goods in jocund stave,
For how much money wouldst thou have
This twined chain that hangs so fine?
A fair rose noble should be thine,
To make that twined better mine."

"And went I on the dusty way,
Finding no buyer all the day,
And met thee, wouldst thou away
My posy ring, Maid Marjorie?
Sir, I have silver pence three,
Would buy thy posy ring for me!"

"Now were I Prince of Allemande,
And you the lady of the land,
What would you give me for the hand
That wears the ring? I will be hold—
Ah! such sweet words are scarcely sold,
Save as it were for fairy gold!"

"Nor Prince, nor Pedlar, but thine own
True love, I wait for this alone,
To yield my heart to be thy throne!
Thine answer sweet, my Marjorie!
Mine own heart, love, that bea for thee,
Is thine while life shall last for me!"

Saved from the Deep.
WORDS BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN. MUSIC BY ARTHUR W. MARCHANT.

The dancing waves came rolling in
Across a land locked bay,
And rocked an old moored boat in which
Two children were at play,
"Let us close the chain and off to sea,"
The eldest gaily cried.
"And I will be a rover bold,
That thou wilt all be mine."
Father, their protector be,
Helpless on the mighty sea!

The tide bore out the fragile bark,
The land was lost to sight.
The sun sank down, the peaceful day
Was changed to stormy night;
And through long hours two fathers sought
Their little ones in vain,
And in two homes the mothers prayed
They might their babes regain.
Father, oh, their Saviour be!
None can help them now but Thee!

The morning broke, and miles away
A stranded boat was found;
The flowing tide had washed it in,
And left it there aground;
And in it locked in close embrace,
The children lay asleep;
For He who rules the angry waves
Had saved them from the deep.
Safe, O Father, safe with Thee,
I’m upon the raging sea.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS NET.

LONDON: E. ASCHERBERG & Co. (DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.),
No 2, 211, REGENT STREET, W.
THE LOVE GONE BY.

SONG.

Written by
F. E. WEATHERLY.

Composed by
HENRI LOGÉ.

Moderato e espressivo.

Me - thought we met in the old old place, Where the

P. poco animato

L. A. & Co. 95.
whisper'd soft and low: Ah,...... Is it for ev'ry, my
coll'a voce

Ah, for the days de-part-ed, Ah, for the love gone

Ah, Is it for ev'ry, my dar-ling?
Is it in vain we sigh? Ah, for the days do
part ed, Ah, for the love gone by
ad lib.
Ah, for the love gone by.
expressivo

E. A. & Co. 95.
Love the poplars are bending low, I stand where the river
gleams; have you forgotten the long ago? Do you

poco rit. a tempo cres
only come in dreams? Love, are you dead in that
distant land, Where I thought, I longed to be? is it

cen • • • • • do f cen • • • • •
collà voce cen • • • • •
collà voce

E. A. & C. 95.
only in dreams I hold your hand? In dreams that you speak to me? Ah, Is it for ev'ry, my darling?

Is it in vain we sigh? Ah, for the days departed, Ah, for the love gone by, Ah,
Is it for ever, my darling? Is it in vain we

Ah, for the days departed,

Ah, for the love gone by. Ah, for the love gone by.
E. ASCHERBERG & CO.'S
NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

OUT OF THE MIST—by Ernest Lock.
Words by G. Clifton Brown.
In Two Keys—C (1st B flat), C flat, and F.

THE FOUR ROSES—by Orlando Hart.
Rhyme.
In Two Keys—C (1st B flat and C).

TWO SHILLINGS EACH NET.

THE PROMISE SONG—by Ethel Sawyer.
Written.
In Two Keys—F minor and B flat.

CROSS AND CROWN—by Arthur Chapman.
Words by G. Clifton Brown.
In Two Keys—D (1st E flat) and B flat.

I SPOKE OF YOU—by Ernest Lock.
Words by G. Clifton Brown.
In Two Keys—E flat and C flat.

Jack and the Beanstalk—by W. T. Page.

YOU KNOW—by A. Ballantyne.
Words by G. Clifton Brown.
In F (1st B flat).

TWO SHILLINGS EACH NET.

The Angel's Whisker—by Eugene Arrick.
Words by W. E. Yanosky.

I dreamt of you—by Ernest Lock.
Words by G. Clifton Brown.
In Two Keys—E flat and B flat.

Followed me—by Ethel Sawyer.

The Promised Song—by Ethel Sawyer.

In Two Keys—G minor, B flat, and C flat.

Two to a Dance—by Wilmot Morgan.
Words by T. Malcolm Chapman.
In Two Keys—G (1st B flat) and A.

Two to a Dance—by Wilmot Morgan.
Words by T. Malcolm Chapman.
In Two Keys—G (1st B flat) and A.

Two to a Dance—by Wilmot Morgan.
Words by T. Malcolm Chapman.
In Two Keys—G (1st B flat) and A.

No standing room—by Ethel Sawyer.

The Promised Song—by Ethel Sawyer.

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