PARTING

A Love-Ballad for Voice and Piano

By FRANK WRIGHT

Price, 60 cents net
Parting

Poem by
Harrison Brockbank

Andante cantabile

Voice

Oh, leave me not, dear heart, so soon,
To lonely thot's and weary sighs;
The night is young, the

silver moon Hath scarce yet fill'd the eastern skies,
Tell me again love's rosary
In sweet words low and soft;
A thousand times it could not be
By thy lips told too oft,
A thousand times it could not be
By thy lips told too oft.
leave me not. With thee a-way Sad thoughts of thee my heart a-
fright, And pleasure scorns the fair-est day, Un-
til thy presence makes it bright; 'Tis but a mo-ment