

# When the Swallows Homeward Fly

(Agathe)

Voice and Piano

Franz Abt (1819-1885)  
c. 1846

**Andantino**  
*mf*

1. When the swal - lows homeward fly, - When the ro - ses scat-ter'd lie, When from  
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the  
3. My poor heart, why do you cry, Once al - so you in peace will lie! All things

5 *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc*

neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv' - ry night - in-gale, In these words my bleeding  
red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to rest, In these words my bleeding  
on this earth must die; Will then we meet, you and I? My heart asks with bod-ing

10 *f* *mf* *mf* *f*

heart, Would to thee its grief impart. When I — thus thy im - age lose,  
heart, Would to thee its grief impart. When I — thus thy im - age lose,  
pain Will faith join us once a-gain? My heart asks with bod - ing pain

17

*mf*

*f*

*dim.*

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,  
 Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,  
 Will faith\_\_ join us once a - gain?

Can\_\_ I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.  
 Can\_\_ I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.  
 Af - ter today's bit - ter part - ing pain.