

# Songs and Choruses

## Songs for the Voice, Piano forte and Organ.

1. I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU. *25 cents.*  
2. O SAY, MY LEILA, IS IT SO? 25  
3. LOVING HEARTS. 38  
4. THE FORSAKEN.  
5. HOPE ON.  
6. HOPE'S DIadem.

*10<sup>cts</sup>.*

7. REMEMBER ME WHILE THE HEART CAN BEAT.  
8. EVERSDALE.  
9. THE UNKNOWN MAN.  
10. THE BOSTON BARD TO HIS OLD COAT.  
11. MUST I RESIGN SO FAIR A PRIZE?  
12. THAT AWFUL DAY WILL SURELY COME.

*Composed by*

# Anthony Philip Heinrich.

NEW YORK. Published by the AUTHOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1855, by A. P. Heinrich, in the Office of the Librarian of the State of New York.

Deposited in Clerks Office, Dist. Ct. N.Y. June 18. 1855

*Andantino, con Moto.  $\text{♩} = 92.$*

VOICE.

Moderato. M.M.  $\text{♩} = 104.$

O, tell me not the

PIANO.

world is dark, With shadows lengthening to the tomb! Mine eyes would rather

fondly mark Where sunlight flashes through the gloom. And I would fain in

*Copyright Secured.*

error dwell, If truth such darksome lore im-parts— And rather die than

e'er dispel My dream of Lov-ing. Hearts, And rather die than

e'er dispel My dream of Loving Hearts, My dream of Loving

Hearts.

m Arcato con Grazia.

Their perfume would for-sake the flowers—The golden hues of summer fade— The

hush'd birds droop in withered bowers, And sunny brooklets sink to shade; And

o'er the soul of living things Would fall the gloom that ne'er de-parts, If

Con molta Expressione.

from our bright i - - - magin - ings, Were banished Lov - - ing

Hearts, If from our bright i-magin-ings, Were,  
 ban-ish-ed Loving Hearts, Were ban-ish-ed Loving  
 Hearts.  
*colla voce.*  
*a tempo.*

## CODA BRILLANTE.

a Tempo animato.

They are a-round us and a-hove— Half hidden—as in wild wood

leaves, Close nes-tles some white-breasted dove; And

he is hap-py who be-lieves That they are liv-ing,

though un-seen, Like light, ere from the cloud it starts; And

Poco più mosso.

he is tru - ly blest, I ween, Who loves those Lov - - - ing  
*sol canto.*

Hearts, And he is tru - ly blest, I ween, Who,  
*Cadenza ad libitum*

loves those Loving Hearts..... Lov - - - ing, Lov - - - - ing  
*rit.*

Hearts.

Guiseppe Enrico