

# THY BLESSING, DEAREST MOTHER!

*Les adieux de la Fiancée*

## A SWEDISH MELODY

Translated by  
JOS. REESE FRY

Sung by

Mlle Jenny Lind.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chestnut St.

New York W. DUBOIS 315 Broadway

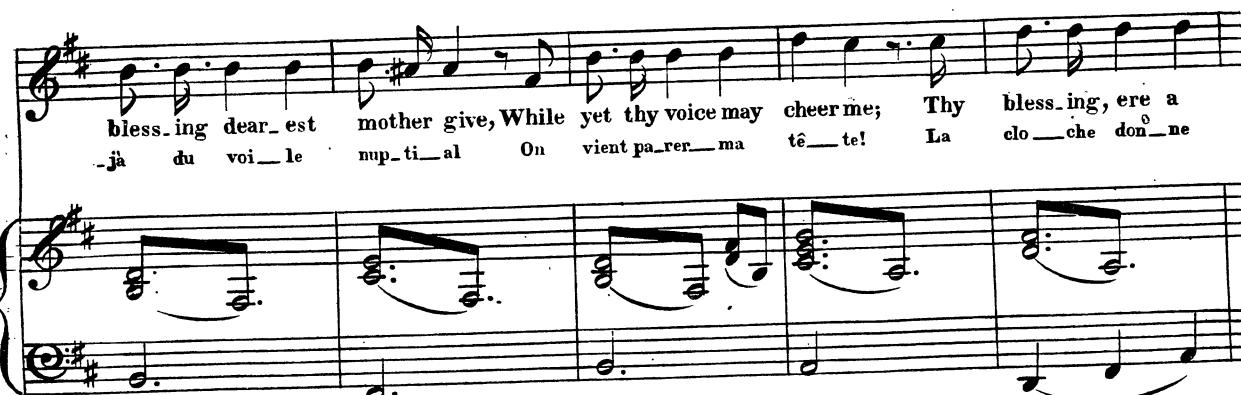
Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1847 by A. Fiot in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

Andante.

VOICE.



PIANO.



bride I leave The scenes where thou art near me. I know an o ther's heart for me Is  
le si gnal. J'en tends les chants de fé te. Voi ci mon jeu ne fi an cé De



fondly, truly glowing, And yet when mine should happiest be Its bitt'rest tears are  
 mon bonheur c'est l'heure Pourtant mon coeur est oppres.se Et malgré moi je

flowing! Farewell sweet home! the hour is near That  
 pleu.re. Je vais quitter mon doux pays. Je

summons me to se...ver From all that mem'ry holds most dear, From  
 chan...ge de pa...tri...e, Je vais quitter pa...rents, amis, Peut...

all per chance for ev...er! Farewell dear mo...ther! 'tis in vain This  
 è...tre pour la vi...e. A... dieu ma mère! a vos genoux, Dans

anguish I would smoth-er,  
 ma douleur a me re,  
 In pi-ty, give me les  
 J'e tends encore  
 once a-gain bras vers vous.  
 Thy  
 Bé-

blessing, dear-est moth-er!  
 nie sez moi, ma me re.

### **3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.**

Ah yes! to heaven's pro-\_-tec\_ting hand Aye let thy prayers com\_mend me; Thou  
 Bé\_nis\_sez moi, pour vo\_tre enfant, Pri\_en, ma pau\_vre mè\_re. Qui  
  

 know'st not in a stran\_ger land What fate may now at\_--\_tend me. Still  
 sait, mon Dieu, quel sort l'at\_tend sur la ter\_re e\_\_tran\_gre! Pour  
  

 first in all my prayers thou art: Though cher\_ished by an\_--\_oth\_--\_er, I  
 vous j'im\_plore le sei\_gneur Dans cet a\_dieu fu\_nes\_te. Je  
  

 leave my heart, my ach\_ing heart, With thee, my dear\_--\_est moth\_er.  
 pars le\_las! du moins, mon coeur, Mon tris\_te coeur vous res\_te.