

I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW

BALLAD

WRITTEN BY

Edward J. Gill.

Music by

GEORGE BARKER.

BOSTON *Published by* OLIVER DITSON & C. *Washington St.*

GOULD & BERRY.

S. BRAINARD & CO.

H. D. HEWITT.

G. W. BRAINARD & CO.

C. C. CLAPP & CO.

York

London

Edinburgh

Liverpool

Leeds

I'M LEAVING THEE.

ANDANTE.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a slow, steady rhythm. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with some chromaticism, and the left hand continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo markings *Ritard.* and *A tempo.* are present.

The third system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second system. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "leav - ing thee in sorrow, An - nie, I'm leav - ing thee in tears; It". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

The fourth system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "may be for a longtime, An - nie, Per - haps for many years. But". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

'tis more kind to part now, dearest, Than lin - ger here in pain; To

f weep o'er joys that once were shin - ing, But ne'er may shine a - gain. But

ne'er may shine a - gain. I'm leav - ing thee, but weep not, An - nie, I'll

p

come back yet to thee, And bring some hope and comfort An - nie, To

Cres.

Ad lib.
one so dear to me.

Ritard.
I'm think - ing of the past, dear An - nie, Thy

locks were bright as gold; Thy smile was soft, but now, dear An - nie, Our

Ritard. *A tempo.*
hearts seem growing old. Yet 'tis not time has stole the blossoms From

off thy cheek so fair; 'Twas win - ter came too soon up - on us, And

chill'd the flow'rets there, And chill'd the flow'rets there. I'm . . .

leav - ing thee, but weep not An - nie, For when I've past yon sea, I'll

gath - er *Cres.* hope and comfort An - nie, And bring them back to thee.

off thy cheek so fair; 'Twas win - ter came too soon up - on us, And

chill'd the flow'rets there, And chill'd the flow'rets there. I'm . . .

leav - ing thee, but weep not An - nie, For when I've past yon sea, I'll

gath - er *Cres.* hope and comfort An - nie, And bring them back to thee.