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1910

My heart has learned to love you, now do not say good-bye

Ernest R Ball

Composer

David Reed

Lyricist

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MY HEART HAS LEARNED TO LOVE YOU NOW DO NOT SAY 'GOOD BYE'

BALLAD



WOOD BROS.
PITTSFIELD
AND
NORTH AMMS.

WORDS BY
DAVE REED



MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. BALL

 Sung with Great Success by

JOE MAXWELL

509
/21

Vp. 007128
1910
MY HEA

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON PARIS

By the Composer of "Baby Rose" etc.

If All My Dreams Were Made Of Gold, I'd Buy The World For You.

Words by
J. F. BRADLEY
& C. F. QUIGLEY.

Music by
GEORGE CHRISTIE.

REFRAIN. *With much expression.*

ten.

If all my dreams were made of gold, I'd buy the world for

mf espress. e legato.

you; And at your wish I would un - fold the rar - est

ten.

gems to view. I'd give the sun, the stars, the

sea to you e - ter - nal - ly; If all my dreams were

cresc.

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My Heart Has Learned To Love You, Now Do Not Say Good-Bye.

Words by
DAVE REED.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

With expression.

VOICE.

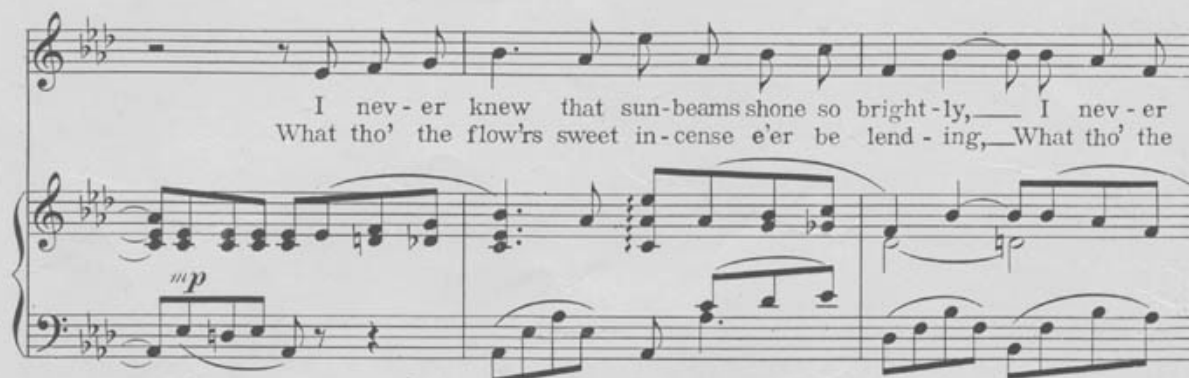
PIANO.

mf



I nev - er knew that sun-beams shone so bright - ly, — I nev - er
What tho' the flow'rs sweet in-cense e'er be lend - ing, — What tho' the

mp



knew that such sweet flow - ers grew, — I nev - er saw the stars that twin - kle
moon - beams make night bright as day, — What tho' the birds sweet ca-dence be un -



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night - ly — Un - til the day, my love, when I met you. — I nev - er
end - ing, — 'Twould be as naught to me, were you a - way. — Let all the

accl.

knew that I would feel so lone - ly, — Yet when you go my ver - y soul goes
world be - stow its grand - est treas - ures, E'en gates of Heav'n swing wide to let me

too. — My life would know but glad - some mo - ments
thro'. — 'Twould be an end - - less life be - reft of

on - ly, — Could I but live it to the end with you.
pleas - ures, — Had I to live it, loved one, with - out you.

poco rit.

REFRAIN. *Slowly with expression.*

My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good bye; You

mp molto espress.

filled my life with fond-est hopes, In child-hood days gone by. Were

you to leave me now, dear, My ver-y soul would die! My

heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye.

mf dim e molto rall. p

My Heart Has Learned To Love You, Now Do Not Say Good-bye.

MALE QUARTETTE.

Words by
DAVE REED.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

REFRAIN. *Slowly with expression.*

mp

1st TENOR. My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye; You

MELODY. *mp*

BARITONE. My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye; — You

BASS.

filled my life with fond-est hopes, In child-hood days gone by, gone by, Were you to leave me now, dear, My

bye,

filled my life with fond-est hopes, In child-hood days gone by, gone by, Were you to leave me now, dear, My

ver - y soul would die! My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye.

ver - y soul would die! My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye.

would die!

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Musical Setting by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Poem by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Larghetto.

Thou art the soul of a sum-mer's day,

mf *p*

Con Pedale.

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum-mer is fled and the

rose is dead;— Where are they gone, who knows, who— knows?

rit. *colla voce.*

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re-

f poco piu mosso. *dim.*

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Breaking all Records for Popularity.

Baby Rose.

Words by
LOUIS WESLYN.

Music by
GEORGE CHRISTIE.

CHORUS.

rit. *a tempo.* Oh my pret-ty ba by Rose. Oh my lit-tle ba-by Rose

My Ba-by Rose, My Ba-by Rose, No-bod-y

rit. *a tempo.*

I am sure no-bod-y knows

knows How I'm cra-zy to stick a-long, no mat-ter where she goes. Each breeze that

Ev-'ry sin-gle breeze that blows

blows Tells me of Rose; There's not a

thing I would-n't do If she asked me to, For my Ba-by Rose. My Ba-by Rose.

1. 2.

mf *sf*

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