When the Swallows Homeward Fly
(Agathe)

Voice and Piano
Franz Abt (1819-1885)
c. 1846

Andantino

1. When the swallows homeward fly,
   When the roses scatter’d lie,
   When from home the poor swan
   Why do you cry?

   2. When the white swan southward roves,
      To seek at noon the orange groves,
      When from the hill of earth
      Will you meet?

   3. My poor heart, why do you cry,
      Once so you in peace will lie!
      All things, dear hill and dale,
      Prove the sun is gone to rest!

   4. My heart asks with longing
      This earth must die;
      My heart asks with longing
      Will we meet, you and I?

   5. Chants the silv’ry night-ingale,
      In these words my bleeding
      Chants the silv’ry night-ingale,
      In these words my bleeding

   6. Neither hill nor dale,
      In these words my bleeding
      Neither hill nor dale,
      In these words my bleeding

   7. Red tints of the west,
      Will then we meet, you and I?
      Red tints of the west,
      My heart asks with longing

   8. On this earth must die;
      My heart asks with longing
      On this earth must die;
      My heart asks with longing

   9. Will then we meet, you and I?
      My heart asks with longing
      When I thus thy age lose,
      My heart asks with longing

   10. My heart asks with longing
      When I thus thy age lose,
      My heart asks with longing
      When I thus thy age lose,

   11. Would to thee its grief impart.
      When I thus thy age lose,
      Would to thee its grief impart.
      When I thus thy age lose,

   12. Would to thee its grief impart.
      When I thus thy age lose,
      Would to thee its grief impart.
      When I thus thy age lose,

   13. Pain will faith join us once again?
      My heart asks with longing
      Pain will faith join us once again?
      My heart asks with longing

   14. My heart asks with longing
      My heart asks with longing
      My heart asks with longing
      My heart asks with longing

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re-pose.
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 again? After today's bitter parting pain.