When the Swallows Homeward Fly

(Agathe)

Voice and Piano

Franz Abt (1819-1885)
c. 1846

Andantino

mf

1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scatter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the
3. My poor heart, why do you cry, Once also you in peace will lie! All things

neither hill nor dale, Chants the silver nightingale, In these words my bleeding
red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to rest, In these words my bleeding
on this earth must die; Will then we meet, you and I? My heart asks with bod-ing

heart, Would to thee its grief impart. When I thus thy image lose,
heart, Would to thee its grief impart. When I thus thy image lose,
pain Will faith join us once again? My heart asks with bod-ing pain

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.