

# When the swallows homeward fly

Melodie: Franz Abt (1819-1885)

When the swallows homeward fly, when the  
ro- ses scat- ter'd lie, when from nei- ther hill nor  
dale, chants the silv'- ry night- in- gale, in these  
words my blee- ding heart would to thee it's grief im-  
part. When I thus thy im- age  
lose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re-  
pose, can I, ah! can I e'er know re- pose.

2. When the white swan southward roves,  
to seek at noon the orange groves,  
When the red tints of the West,  
Prove the sun is gone to rest,  
In these words my bleeding heart  
Would to thee it's grief impart.  
When I thus thy image lose,  
|: Can I, ah! can I ever know repose. :|

3. My poor heart, why do you cry,  
Once also you in peace will lie!  
All things on this earth must die;  
Will then we meet, you and I?  
|: My heart asks with boding pain: :|  
Will faith join us once again?  
|: After today's bitter parting pain. :|

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