When the Swallows Homeward Fly
(Agathe)

Franz Abt (1819-1885)
c. 1846

Voice and Piano

Andantino

1. When the swallows homeward fly,
2. When the white swan southward roves,
3. My poor heart, why do you cry,

When the roses scatter'd lie,
To seek at noon the orange groves,
Once also you in peace will lie!

All things ne'er hill nor dale,
Chants the silv'ry night in-gale,
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 bleeding

heart, Would to thee its grief im-part.
heart, Would to thee its grief im-part.
pain Will faith join us once again?

When I thus thy image lose,
When I thus thy image lose,
My heart asks with bleeding pain

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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 to-day's bitter parting pain.

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re-pose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re-pose.

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