

ABSENCE.

The Words

Adapted to the Favorite Air of

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM

New York Published by FIRTH & HALL, No 1, Franklin Square.

Andante

Days of absence,

sad and dreary, Cloth'd in sorrow's dark ar - ray; Days of absence,

I am weary, Her I love is far a - way. Hours of bliss, too quickly vanish'd,

When will aught like you re - - - turn; When the heavy sigh be banish'd,

When this bosom cease to mourn.

2
Not till that lov'd voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charm'd mine ear;
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear;
Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idle banish
Gloom, but felt she's far away.

3
All my love is turn'd to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness,
Mem'ry turns to anguish now;
Love may yet return to greet me,
Hope may take the place of pain,
Antoinette with kisses meet me,
Breathing love and peace again.

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**Contact: Karen Lund, x70156
Lauren Woodis, x73939
Pat Padua, x75904**