

FIRST
ED.

Foster's Melodies

No. 33.

LOVE IS GONE

SONG

Written & Composed

by

STEPH. C. FOSTER

AUTHOR OF

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

GENTLE ANNIE.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

NEW YORK.

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

ELLEN BAYNE

OLD DOG TRAY &c. &c.

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Cincinnati

H. PILCHER & SONS
St. Louis

3

Engd by Greene & Walker Boston.

LULLA IS GONE

POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE

Poco Adagio.



PIANO



With a heart for - sa - ken I



wan - - der In si - - lence, in grief and a - lone, On a

form de - part - ed I pon - - der, For Lu - - la, sweet Lu - - la is

gone. Gone when the ro - - ses have fa - - - ded,

Gone when the mea - dows are bare To a land by orange blossoms

sha - - ded Where summer ev - er lin - gers on the air.

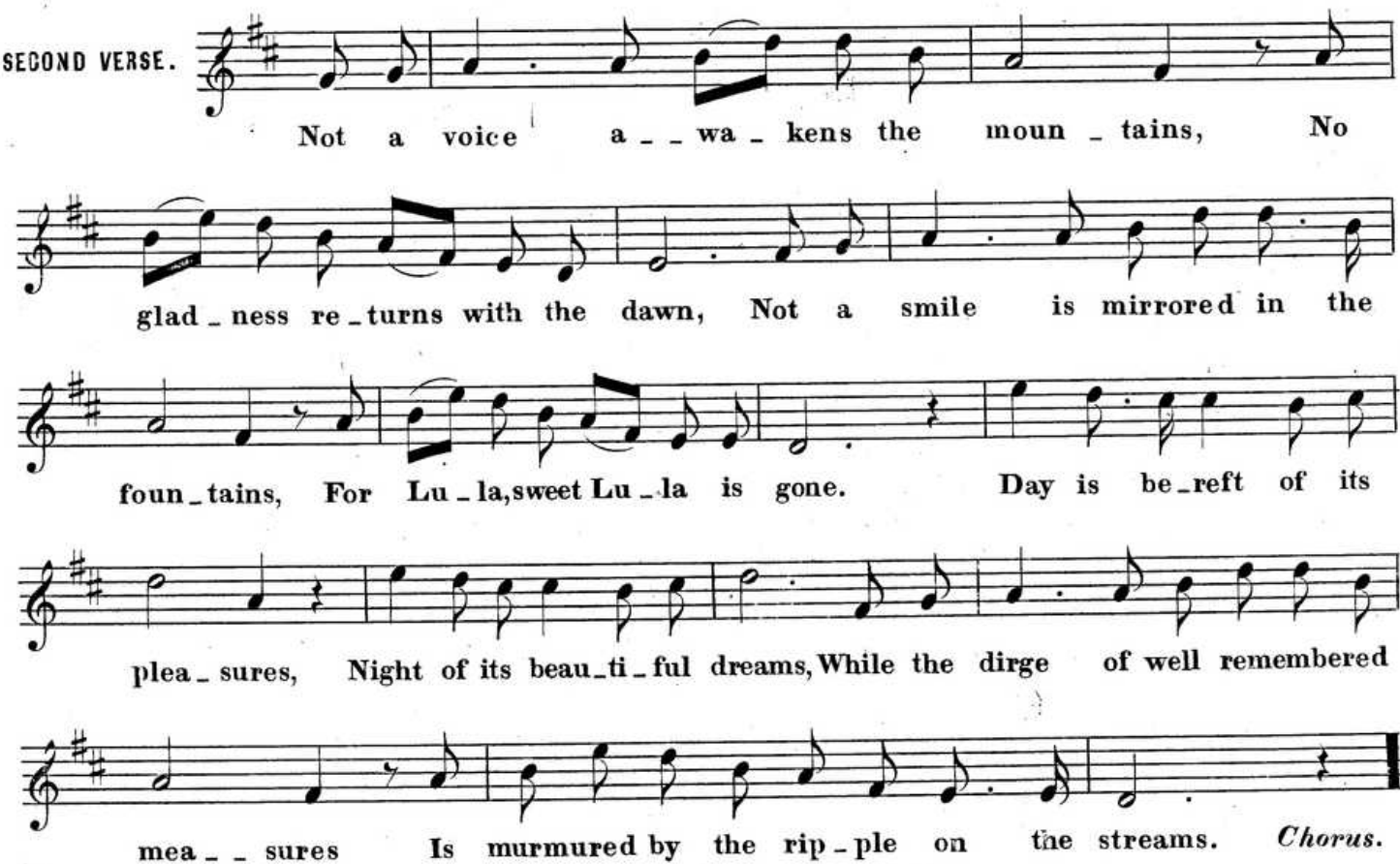
CHORUS.

La - la, Lu - la, Lu - la is gone; With summer birds her bright smiles To
sun - ny lands have flown. When day brea - keth glad - - ly My
heart wa - keth sad - - ly, For Lu - - la, Lu - - la is gone.

p

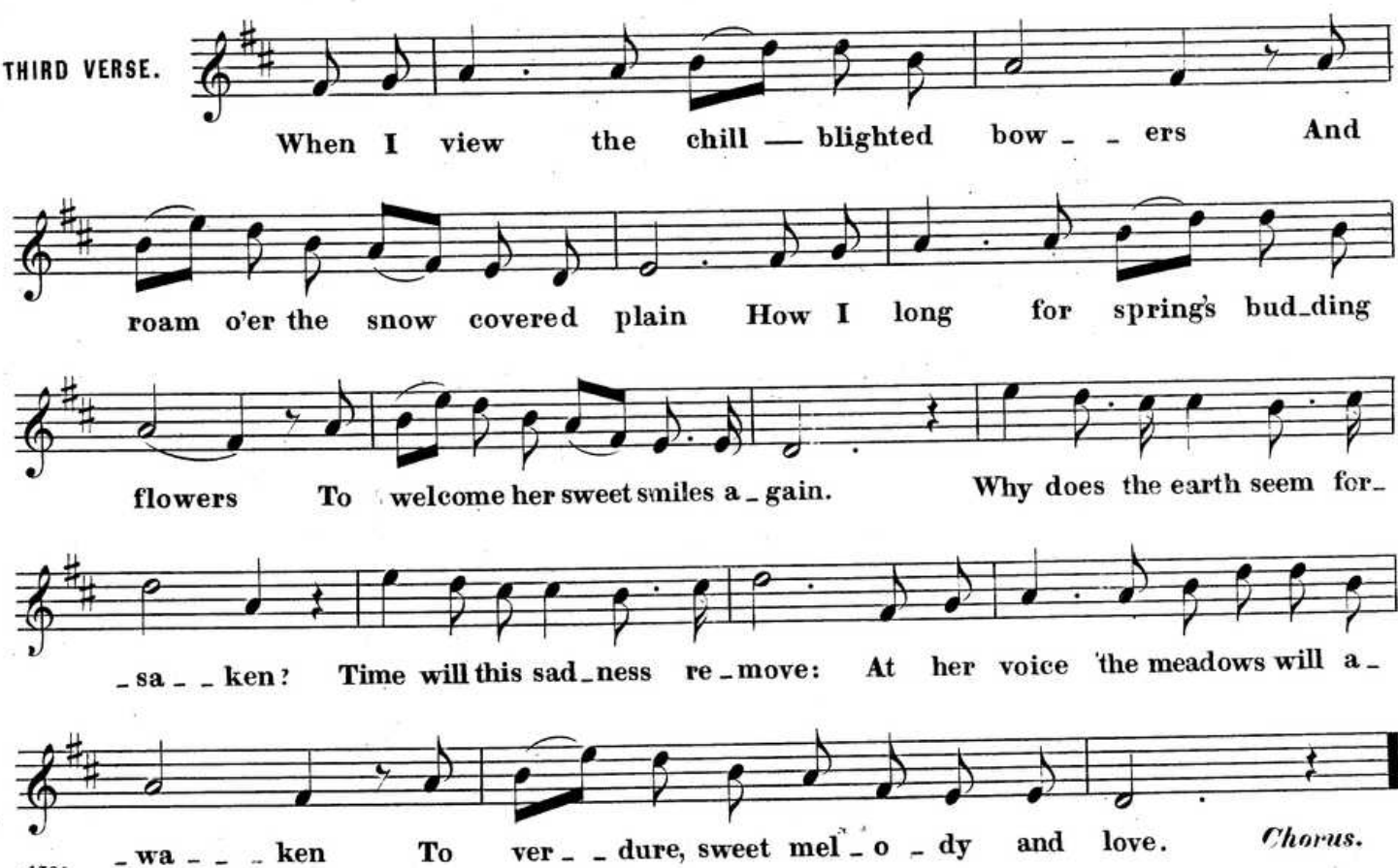
The musical score is for a chorus in G major (one sharp). It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the chorus. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of the chorus. The fourth system contains a piano introduction or interlude, marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The piano introduction features a treble staff with chords and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

SECOND VERSE.



Not a voice a - - wa - kens the moun - tains, No
glad - ness re - turns with the dawn, Not a smile is mirrored in the
foun - tains, For Lu - la, sweet Lu - la is gone. Day is be - rept of its
plea - sures, Night of its beau - ti - ful dreams, While the dirge of well remembered
mea - - sures Is murmured by the rip - ple on the streams. *Chorus.*

THIRD VERSE.



When I view the chill - - blighted bow - - ers And
roam o'er the snow covered plain How I long for spring's bud - ding
flowers To welcome her sweet smiles a - gain. Why does the earth seem for -
- sa - - ken? Time will this sad - ness re - move: At her voice the meadows will a -
- wa - - - ken To ver - - dure, sweet mel - o - dy and love. *Chorus.*