



C. G. Schlenker



TWO SONGS

THE DEAR
MUM WIEDERSEHN

50

WHERE TO BUILD
YOUR CASTLES

50

BY CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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C. G. Schlenker

THE DEAR AUF WIEDERSEHN.

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

Say not "good-bye" the sounds have all re -
Say not "a - dieu" the word has hidden

gret, I cannot loose your hand with such a word, Our ways part
pain, Within its foreign accents sweet and clear, That haunts my

decresc.
here and yet ah love and yet, I can-not leave you till my soul has
heart with sad and hopeless strain, And pleads with duty just to linger
decresc.

heard, The charm to bring me to your side a - gain. The
 here, Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O love and then. The

dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn;" The charm to bring me to your
 dear Auf Wiedersehn "Auf Wie - der - sehn;" Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O

con espressione. *p ad lib.*

side a - gain, The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn;" The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn;"....
 love and then, Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn;" Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn;"....

p *mp*

Say not "fare - well" if thou wouldst have it so - The word, like

p *mp*

a wan hand wave us a - part, I cannot leave, "mein lieblich" will not

mf *rit.* *a tempo. cresc.*

go, Un - til you whisper, lying on my heart..... The

mf *rit.* *a tempo. cresc.*

mf *cresc.*

gol - den bridge between the now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn," "Auf

f

Wie - der-sehn,' The gol - den bridge be - tween the

p *ad lib.*

now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn" The sweet "Auf Wieder - sehn".....

After Vacation.

Words by Me LANBERG WILSON. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Tempo di Valse.

Back from his reign in the moun-tains comes the so-
ci-e ty swell; Back with his ring on her

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To Fred and Louise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Poem from
New York Sun.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS BOND

Back wheat bat-ter in the can,
Eve-ning comes, the black logs glow,
Sun-ago fry-ing in the pan,
Cross the fields the north winds blow.

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THE LURE.

Poem from Houston Post.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

The hall is wide
And cool and dim, And o'er the porch there hangs the
rell
limb Of an old oak, And ros-es climb.
a tempo.
They hide and shade it all the time.
a tempo.

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To Mrs. Marie Picard.

THE FREE-CONCERT.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto con anima.

There's going to be a con-cert, Don't you
con-cert in the morn-ing-Night-y
want to come a-long, To see the best of the-a-tres, And
styl-ish, did you say? You see it's more con-ven-ient Com-in'

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Lilly
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