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# THY BLESSING, DEAREST MOTHER!

*Les adieux de la fiancée*

## A SWEDISH MELODY

Translated by

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Sung by

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Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1847 by A. Fiot in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

bless-ing dear-est mother give, While yet thy voice may cheer me; Thy bless-ing, ere a  
-ja du voi-le nup-ti-al On vient pa-rer-ma tē-te! La clo-che don-ne

bride I leave The scenes where thou art near me. I know an-o-ther's heart for me Is  
le si-gnal. J'en-tends les chants de fé-te. Voi-ci mon jeu-ne fi-an-cé De

fondly, tru-ly glowing, And yet when mine should happiest be Its bit' rest tears are  
 mon bonheur c'est l'heu-re Pourtant mon coeur est oppres.sé Et malgré moi je

flowing! Farewell sweet home! the hour is near That  
 pleu-re. Je vais quitter mon doux pays. Je

summons me to se-...ver From all that mem'ry holds most dear, From  
 chan-ge de pa-tri-e, Je vais quitter pa-rents, a-mis, Pent-

all-per chance for ev-...er! Farewell dear mo-...ther! 'tis in vain This  
 é-tre pour la vi-e. A-dieu ma mère! à vos genoux, Dans

anguish I would smother, — In pi-ty, give me once a gain Thy  
ma douleur a mè-re, J'é-tends encore les bras vers vous. Bé-

bleasing, dear-est moth-er!  
-nis-sez moi, ma mè-re.

3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

Ah yes! to heaven's pro-tec-ting hand Aye let thy prayers com-mend me; Thou  
Bé-nis-sez moi, pour vo-tre enfant, Pri-er, ma pau-vre mè-re. Qui

know'st not in a stran-ger land What fate may now at-tend me. Still  
sait, mon Dieu, quel sort l'at-tend sur la ter-re é-tran-gère! Pour

first in all my prayers thou art: Though cher-ished by an-oth-er, I  
vous j'im-plo-re le sei-gneur Dans cet a-dieu fu-nes-te. Je

leave my heart, my ach-ing heart, With thee, my dear-est moth-er.  
pars l-as! du moins, mon coeur, Mon tris-te coeur vous res-te.