

# Sad Memories

C. J. Rowe

Arthur Sullivan

*Andante.*

*f* *dim.*

The wind now is wea - ry, tho'

dark the sky! And my love is a-way at sea While the

*cresc.*

leap - ing waves fling their foam on high And e - cho-ing sad - ly each

*cresc.*

*dim.*

deep drawn sigh, For my love is a - way at

*dim.*

*p*

sea. He'll

*p*

ne'er come a-gain, My love to me, To his qui-et home un - der the

hill, Where the sun is set - ting so tran - quil-ly He will

*pp*

ne'er come a-gain, My love to me, For he sleeps so white and

still. Now I

*pp*

wan - der the wide world a - lone, And there on - ly is left to me, But to

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*ff* *appassionata.*

sigh and to weep for the days now gone, As I

*ff*

wan - der the wide world a - lone. Ah! lost to

*dim.* *p*

me! So I sigh and I weep for those

*cresc.* *ff*

days now gone As I wan - der the wide world a -

*dim.* *p*

-lone, Ah! lost, ah! lost to me,

*p*

ah! lost, ah! lost to

me, ah! lost, ah! lost to

*cresc.* *f*

me.

*dim.* *pp*