MY HEART HAS LEARNED TO LOVE YOU
NOW DO NOT SAY ‘GOOD BYE’

BALLAD

WORDS BY
DAVE REED

Sung with Great Success by
FRED EGENER

MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. BALL

With Barnum & Bailey’s Greatest Show on Earth.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK  CHICAGO  SAN FRANCISCO  LONDON  PARIS
I'll Love You

Words by DAVE REED.

Music by GEORGE CHRISTIE.

CHORUS. Andante moderato

My Sweet-heart Sue, While sun-beams shine I'll wait for you, Sweet-heart of mine; Tho' all the world may say "A-
dieu," Till the end of time I'll love you, Sweet-heart Sue.

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My Heart Has Learned To Love You,
Now Do Not Say Good-Bye.

Words by
DAVE REED.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

With expression.

I nev-er knew that sun-beams shone so bright-ly, I nev-er
What tho' the flow'rs sweet in-cense e'er be lend-ing, What tho' the
knew that such sweet flow-ers grew, I nev-er saw the stars that twin-kle
moon-beams make night bright as day, What tho' the birds sweet ca-dence be un-

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nightly, until the day, my love, when I met you. I never
ending, 'twould be as naught to me, were you away. Let all the

knew that I would feel so lonely, yet when you go my very soul goes
world bestow its grandest treasures, 'e'en gates of Heav'n swing wide to let me

too. My life would know but glad some moments
thro'. 'Twould be an endless life bereft of

only, could I but live it to the end with you.
pleasures, had I to live it, loved one, without you.
REFRAIN. *Slowly with expression.*

My heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good bye; You

filled my life with fond-est hopes, In child-hood days gone by. Were

you to leave me now, dear, My ver-y soul would die! My

heart has learned to love you, Now do not say good-bye.
One of this Composer's Best Ballads.

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Published as follows:
Solo, Four Keys - G, A to C, Bb, C to E, C G, D to E, E to G, 60 cents each.
Duet, in Bb Soprano or Tenor Bb. Alto or Baritone C to Bb. In D, Soprano or Tenor E to G. Alto or Baritone E to E. Bb French.
Octavo, Male, Female, and Mixed Voices for each part.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.
Lyric by GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Tempo di Bolero.

The hot winds that come to thee,
O'er desert sands all go from me,
Or bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
Speeding my soul to thee.
Quenching my thirst in thee.

The desert, a burning sea,
A barrier stands 'tween thee and me.

The hot winds that come to thee,
O'er desert sands all go from me,
Or bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
Speeding my soul to thee.
Quenching my thirst in thee.

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