

Foster's Melodies

No. 33.

WINTER IS COME

SONG

Written & Composed

by

STEPH. C. FOSTER

AUTHOR OF

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.
GENTLE ANNIE.
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.
ELLEN BAYNE
OLD DOG TRAY. &c. &c.

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3

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LULA IS GONE

POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE

PIANO

Poco Adagio.

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the musical piece. The voice line has a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then the lyrics "With a heart for - sa - ken I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

The third system continues the musical piece. The voice line has the lyrics "wan - - der In si - - lence, in grief and a - lone, On a". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

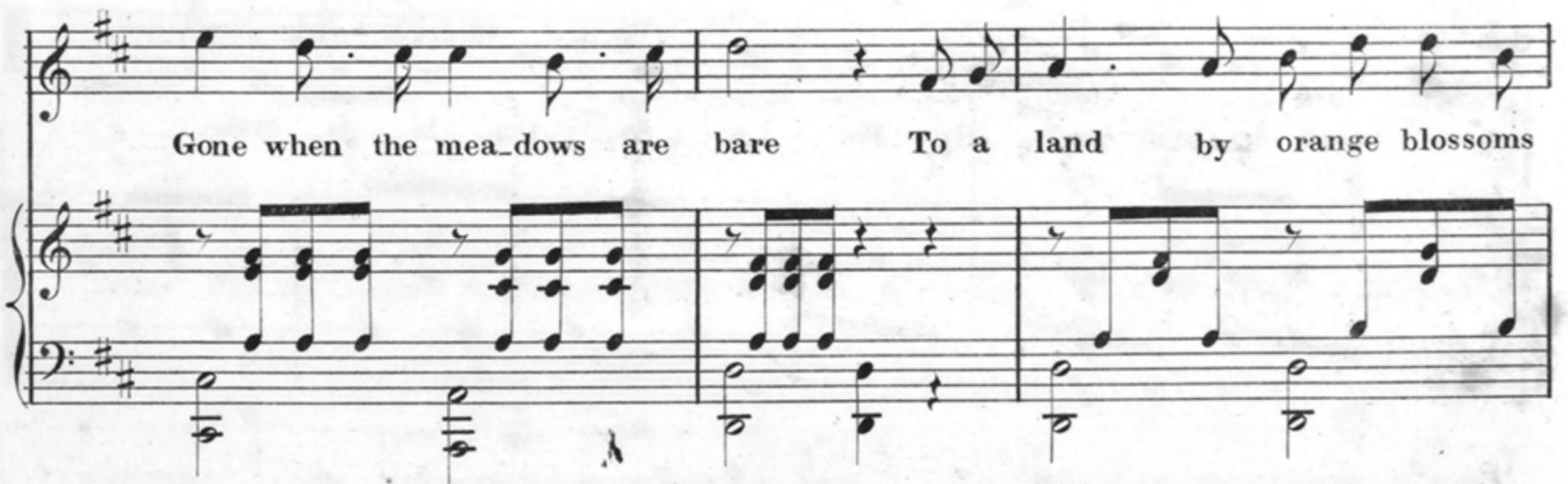
form de - part - ed I pon - - der, For Lu - - la, sweet Lu - - la is



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.

Lu - 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.

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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 - reft 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.*