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# If I could Hear Your Voice Again.



Pathetic  
Song  
and  
Refrain,

BY

## CARRIE JACOBS BOND,

AUTHOR OF "JUNE AND DECEMBER";  
"WRITE TO ME OFTEN, DEAR";  
"IS MY DOLLY DEAD" &c.

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# IF I COULD HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN.

MRS. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Moderato.*

*f* *p*

*p*

If I could hear your voice a - gain, As once you spoke to me; If  
If I could hear your step a - gain, And know you had come home; If

*p*

*mf*

I could see your face a - gain, How hap - py I would be, This  
I could clasp your hand a - gain, And call you dear, my own, This

*mf*

world would be all sun - shine, The shad - ows all would flee, If  
 life that now is hard to bear Would be a joy to live, And

*dim. e rit.* *p*  
 I could tell you once a - gain How dear you are to me.  
 all the glo - ries of this world For you I'd glad - ly give.

*dim. e rit.* *p*

**REFRAIN.**

*mf accel.* *cresc.*  
 For oh, my heart is lone - ly Since you have gone a - way; And

*mf accel.* *cresc.*

*poco rit.* **f**

oh, this life is dark - ened, It seems no more like day. The

*poco rit.*

*a tempo.*

flow'rs that blos - somed for me So man - y years a - go, Were

**f** *a tempo.*

*dim.* *rit.* **p**

bur - ied, yes, for - ev - er, With you be - neath the snow.

*dim.* *rit.* **p**

### IS MY DOLLY DEAD?

MRS. GARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Moderate.*

I've dropp'd Dolly, broke her head, Some-one tells me Dol-ly's dead,  
 Noth-ing left but curl-y hair, Nev-er mind, dear, I don't care,  
 Some dolls live with-out their eyes, Yes, you won-der, with sur-prise.

Tell me, Dol-ly, is it true, I can no more play with you!  
 It will put a veil on you, If you're cover'd you will do,  
 But I know, and so, do you, Dolls with no heads live, 'tis true.

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MRS. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Moderato.*

In June when blossoms were so bright My hopes were high, my heart was light, 'Twas  
 then we promised love so true, Yours was for me, mine was for you, The birds sang sweet, the  
 world looked fair, My heart could sing, for love was there, Oh, hap-py June, sweet

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### WRITE TO ME OFTEN, DEAR.

GARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Andante.*

Write to me oft-en, dear, When I'm a-way.....  
 When days are past and gone And shad-ows fall.....

Say that you miss me, dear, Each night and day.....  
 Think of the love I give, You have it all.....

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### I DREAM OF THEE LOVE.

Words and Music by ANITA OWEN

*Moderato.*

I dream of thee love, where e'er thou be.....

My soul is yearn-ing, sad-ly for thee.... Thy voice I  
 hear love, call from a far.... Thou art my life, my

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MJ  
S.B.  
I Bond, Carrie Jacobs,  
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