

Father, Thine Arms Around Me Throw



From Tobias

C. Gounod

Aria

Andantino. (♩ = 56)

p con calore

Fa - ther, thine arms a - bout me

throw! Mother, thou wilt not let me go! Fair will dawn now life's

morrow, fair will dawn now life's morrow; What though your eyes brim

o'er, 'tis joy, not sorrow! Then let the glad tears gently flow, then let the glad tears

gen - tly flow: Fair will dawn now life's mor - row, Your brimming eyes are tell - ing - Of