



Loved Ones Departing

**J. M. Dungan
(1851-1925)**

Loved Ones Departing

J. M. Dungan

Dolce

S One by one the loved ones are fad - ing, One by one they leave the

A One by one the loved ones are fad - ing, One by one they leave the

T One by one the loved ones are fad - ing, One by one they leave the

B One by one the loved ones are fad - ing, One by one they leave the

4

S shore, Blossoms sweet in fragrance are fall - ing, Fall - ing

A shore, Blossoms sweet in fragrance are fall - ing, Fall - ing

T shore, Blossoms sweet in fragrance are fall - ing, Fall - ing

B shore, Blossoms sweet in fragrance are fall - ing, Fall - ing

7

S to re - turn no more, no more. Bright - er far than earth - ly

A to re - turn no more. Bright - er far than earth - ly

T to re - turn no more, no more. Bright - er far than earth - ly

B to re - turn no more. Bright - er far than earth - ly

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10

S
A
T
B

blos - soms When the gold - en crown they wear, Heav'n's sweet

13

S
A
T
B

rest they now have en - tered, Prom - ised rest for them to

16

S
A
T
B

share. Fond - ly would we keep and care for them, Were they

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19

S spared to rip - er years, Ev - 'ry hope and com - fort we

A spared to rip - er years, Ev - 'ry hope and com - fort we

T 8 spared to rip - er years, Ev - 'ry hope and com - fort we

B spared to rip - er years, Ev - 'ry hope and com - fort we

22

S bring them, Gent - ly stay the fall - ing tear, sad tear. But the

A bring them, Gent - ly stay the fall - ing tear. But the

T 8 bring them, Gent - ly stay the fall - ing tear, sad tear. But the

B bring them, Gent - ly stay the fall - ing tear. But the

25

S Mas - ter's hand doth beck - on, Call - ing them to joys a -

A Mas - ter's hand doth beck - on, Call - ing them to joys a -

T 8 Mas - ter's hand doth beck - on, Call - ing them to joys a -

B Mas - ter's hand doth beck - on, Call - ing them to joys a -

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28

S
bove, Gold - en harps with rap - ture play - ing, Voic - es

A
bove, Gold - en harps with rap - ture play - ing, Voic - es

T
8
bove, Gold - en harps with rap - ture play - ing, Voic - es

B
bove, Gold - en harps with rap - ture play - ing, Voic - es

31

S
tuned to songs of love. Bright - er days in child - hood's bright

A
tuned to songs of love. Bright - er days in child - hood's bright

T
8
tuned to songs of love. Bright - er days in child - hood's bright

B
tuned to songs of love. Bright - er days in child - hood's bright

34

S
fan - cy, Hap - py years of joy to bring, Dark - en'd

A
fan - cy, Hap - py years of joy to bring, Dark - en'd

T
8
fan - cy, Hap - py years of joy to bring, Dark - en'd

B
fan - cy, Hap - py years of joy to bring, Dark - en'd

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37

S in their ear - li - er bloom - ing, Fad - ing in their ear - ly

A in their ear - li - er bloom - ing, Fad - ing in their ear - ly

T in their ear - li - er bloom - ing, Fad - ing in their ear - ly

B in their ear - li - er bloom - ing, Fad - ing in their ear - ly

40

S spring, sweetspring. Sum - mer flow'rs to mem - 'ry wak - en, Loved ones

A spring. Sum - mer flow'rs to mem - 'ry wak - en, Loved ones

T spring, sweetspring. Sum - mer flow'rs to mem - 'ry wak - en, Loved ones

B spring. Sum - mer flow'rs to mem - 'ry wak - en, Loved ones

43

S we shall meet no more Till the tide grows calm be -

A we shall meet no more Till the tide grows calm be -

T we shall meet no more Till the tide grows calm be -

B we shall meet no more Till the tide grows calm be -

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46
S fore us, And we reach the gold - en shore.
A fore us, And we reach the gold - en shore.
T fore us, And we reach the gold - en shore.
B fore us, And we reach the gold - en shore.

J. F. King
(1894)

James M. Dungan (1851-1925) was born in Johnson County, Indiana. He was a music instructor at Franklin College, Indiana, and director of the Indianapolis Piano College (Indianapolis College of Music). He died in Franklin, Indiana. He was also active at the First Christian Church in Indianapolis. He composed a number of popular hymns and part songs.

One by one the loved ones are fading,
One by one they leave the shore,
Blossoms sweet in fragrance are falling,
Falling to return no more.
Brighter far than earthly blossoms
When the golden crown they wear,
Heaven's sweet rest they now have entered,
Promised rest for them to share.

Fondly would we keep and care for them,
Were they spared to riper years,
Every hope and comfort we bring them,
Gently stay the falling tear.
But the Master's hand doth beckon,
Calling them to joys above,
Golden harps with rapture playing,
Voices tuned to songs of love.

Brighter days in childhood's bright fancy,
Happy years of joy to bring,
Darkened in their earlier blooming,
Fading in their early spring.
Summer flowers to memory waken,
Loved ones we shall meet no more
Till the tide grows calm before us,
And we reach the golden shore.

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