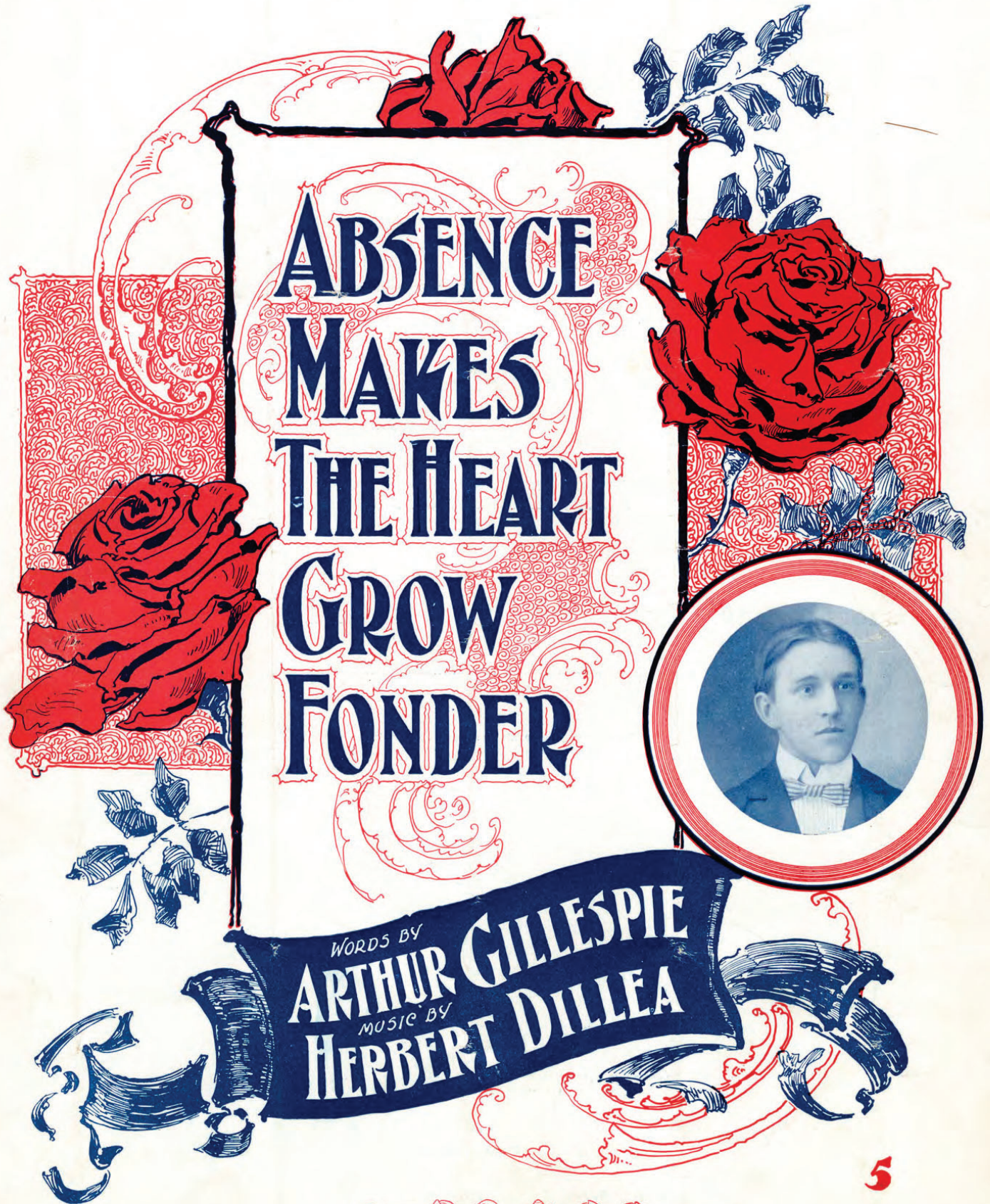



Sung with Tremendous Success by FRED GLADDISH.



**ABSENCE  
MAKES  
THE HEART  
GROW  
FONDER**



*WORDS BY* **ARTHUR GILLESPIE**  
*MUSIC BY* **HERBERT DILLEA**

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Respectfully Dedicated to MISS CELESTE K. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.

# ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

(LONGING TO BE NEAR YOUR SIDE.)

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

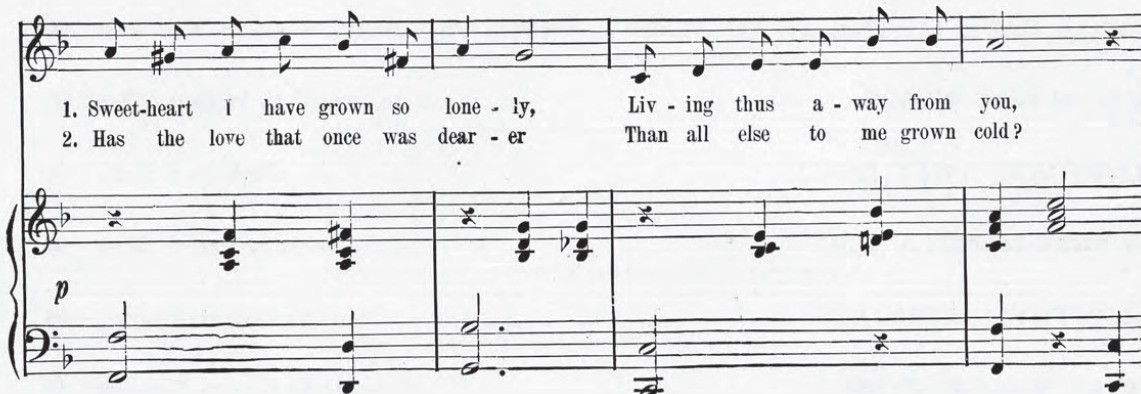
Music by HERBERT DILLEA.

*Andante con moto.*



*mf* *ritard.*

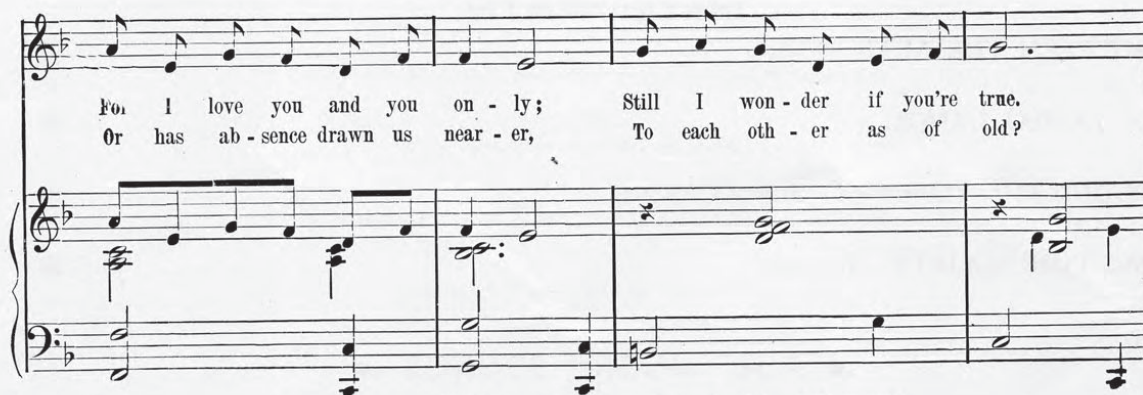
The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The right hand begins with a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Andante con moto*, and the dynamics are *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ritard.* (ritardando).



1. Sweet-heart I have grown so lone - ly, Liv - ing thus a - way from you,  
2. Has the love that once was dear - er Than all else to me grown cold?

*p*

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The melody is in a minor key and 3/4 time.



For I love you and you on - ly; Still I won - der if you're true.  
Or has ab - sence drawn us near - er, To each oth - er as of old?

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with chords and eighth notes.

I re - gret the harsh words spo - ken, That I know have caused you pain,  
 Prom - ise, then, you will not sev - er From the ties that bind us two.

And my heart is near - ly bro - ken, Say you love me once a - gain. . . . .  
 Say you will be mine for - ev - er, Tell me that you still are true. . . . .

*ritard.*

**CHORUS.**

Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - - er, That is why I long for you; . . . .

*mf*



Lone - ly thro' the nights I pon - der, Wond'ring dar - ling, if you're true. . . . .

Dis - tance on - ly lends en - chant - ment. Tho' the o - cean waves di - vide, . . .

Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Long - ing to be near your side. . . . .

*ritard.*