

My Friends We Now Must Leave Thee Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

English text: P. B.

Heinrich Isaac
(1450-1517)

My friends we now must leave thee;

S. A. My friends we now must leave thee;

T. B. My friends we now must leave thee;

We go our way though grieved be. A

We go our way though grieved be. A

We go our way though grieved be. A

We go our way though grieved be. A

Ich fahr da - hin mein Stras - sen, In

strange land soon we'll greet. We pray that come the mor - row

strange land soon we'll greet. We pray that come the mor - row

strange land soon we'll greet. We pray that come the mor - row

strange land soon we'll greet. We pray that come the mor - row

frem - de Land da - hin; Mein Freud ist mir ge - nom - men,

our joy will grow from sor - row When we a -

our joy will grow from sor - row When we a -

our joy will grow from sor - row When we a -

our joy will grow from sor - row When we a -

Die ich nit weiss be - kom - men, Wo ich im

gain shall meet. When we a meet.

gain shall meet. When we a meet.

gain shall meet. When we a meet.

gain a - gain shall meet. When we a - meet.

E - lend bin, wo ich im bin.

Note: 1. The original was major second lower.

2. The meter alternates between $\frac{3}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$.

3. Note values have been halved.

4. Bar lines have been added.