

WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY

oder

When this Cruel War is Over

Text: Charles C. Sawyer (1833 — 1890)
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Musik: Henry Tucker (1826 — 1882)
populär während des Bürgerkriegs
in den USA

Moderato e cantabile

Piano



The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a half note. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.



The piano introduction continues for four more measures. The melodic line in the right hand moves to a higher register, and the accompaniment in the left hand remains consistent.

9

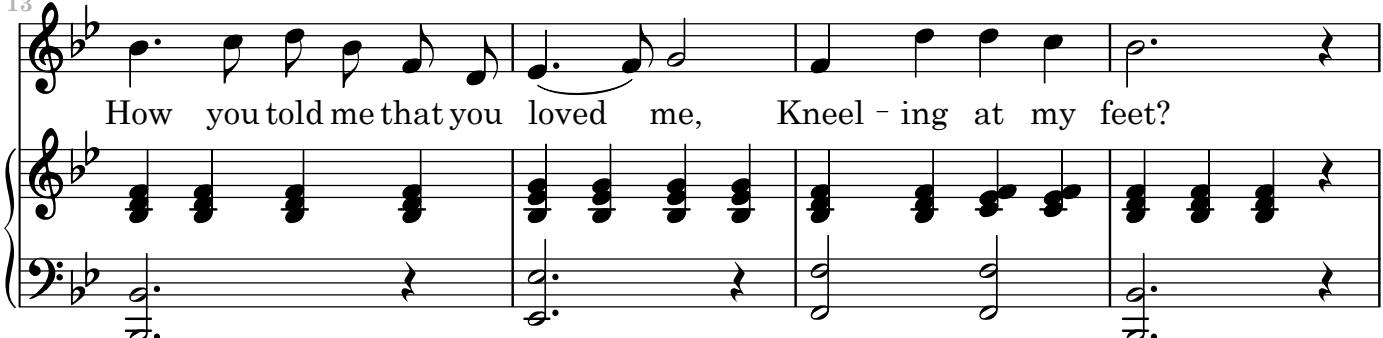
1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet,



The first vocal line begins at measure 9. The lyrics are: "1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

13

How you told me that you loved me, Kneel - ing at my feet?



The second vocal line begins at measure 13. The lyrics are: "How you told me that you loved me, Kneel - ing at my feet?". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

17

Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me In your suit of blue, ...

21

When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.

CHORUS

S
A
T
B

Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing,

Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing,

pia. e marcato.

5

rall.

When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain.

When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain.

2.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
 Mournfully along;
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,
 Sadly breathes the song.
 Oft in dreams I see thee lying
 On the battle plain,
 Lonely, wounded, even dying,
 Calling, but in vain.
 Chorus. — Weeping, Sad &c.

3.

If amid the din of battle
 Nobly you should fall,
 Far away from those who love you,
 None to hear your call—
 Who would whisper words of comfort,
 Who would soothe your pain?
 Ah! the many cruel fancies
 Ever in my brain!
 Chorus. — Weeping, Sad &c.

4.

But our country called you, darling,
 Angels cheer your way;
 While our nation's sons are fighting,
 We can only pray.
 Nobly strike for God and liberty,
 Let all nations see
 How you love the starry Banner,
 Emblem of the free.
 Chorus. — Weeping, Sad &c.