

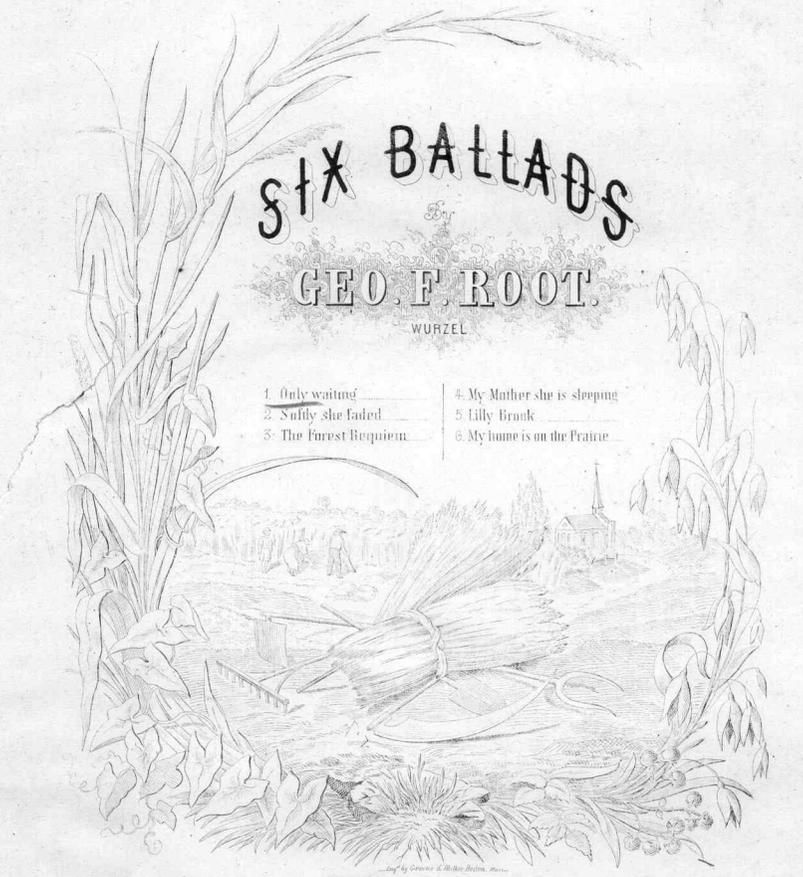
3-OCT 30
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SIX BALLADS

GEO. F. ROOT.

WURZEL

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Only waiting _____ | 4. My Mother she is sleeping _____ |
| 2. Softly she faded _____ | 5. Lilly Brank _____ |
| 3. The Forest Requiem _____ | 6. My home is on the Prairie _____ |



Engr. by George C. Miller Boston, Mass.

3

Published by S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland

RUSSELL & TOMLIN, Boston

day's last beam is flown; Till the night of earth is faded From the
poor, and de - so - late. Ev - en now I hear the foot - steps, And their

heart once full of day; Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the
voic - es far a - - way; If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly

twi - light soft and gray. On - ly wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing.
wait - ing to o - - bey. On - ly wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing.

2. On - ly wait - ing till the re - ap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered
4. On - ly wait - ing till the sha - dows Are a lit - - tle longer

home; For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have
 grown; On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is

come; Quickly, reap - ers, gather quick - ly The last ripe hours of my
 flow; Then from out the gathered dark - ness, Ho - ly, death - less stars shall

heart, For the bloom of life is withered, And I has - ten to de -
 rise, By whose light my soul shall glad - ly Tread its path - way to the

part. On - ly wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing.
 skies. On - ly wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing.

Scanning Target

Edison Sheet Music

Item no.: 100008717

Title: Only waiting

Box no. and finding aid no.: 66/4519

Digitization note:

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