

"Sad Changes"

PATRIOTIC BALLAD



Words and music by
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Laura Franey-Wehe

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Sad Changes.

Lovingly Dedicated to my dear daughters,
Artiste Violante and Alta Laura.

Words and Music by
LAURA FRANEY WEHE.

Moderato.

INTRO.

1. A
2. A

fond Mother sat in the gloam - ing And tho't of the ab - sent one;..... She
fair vi - sion in the moon - light Strolled si - lent - ly to and fro;..... A

p *a tempo.*

tho't of the child she'd nes - - tled, Her pride, her dar - ling son;..... A
sad - ness rest - ing on..... her, Her cheeks had lost their glow;..... For the

rit.

sad change came o - ver her dream - ing, For now to the war he had gone;..... She
had she so dear - ly loved;..... To the front had been called that day;..... And

a tempo.

bowed her head and meek-ly did pray, "Please God, he may re - turn".....
 as I bent and lis - tened— These words I heard her say:.....

"Give him this lock of his moth - er's hair, Tho' it is old and grey.....
 "Give him this flow'r from his sweet - heart's hair, This to - ken of love I send:.....

Tell him you heard that her last words, I pray for him night and day.....
 Tell him he knows wher - ev - er he goes, That faith - ful I'll be to the end.....

CHORUS.

Why must these sad chan-ges be? Oh, why must these sad chan-ges be?

I've tried in vain; oh, can you ex - plain, Oh, why must these sad chan-ges be?

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO
 "THE GIFT OF ROSES"

moon from a - bove seemed a - dor - ing my love, With her de - li - cate win - some grace,
 sun from his shrine so sweet - ly did shine, On my own true love and me,
 seemed more fair with her sil - ver - y hair, Than when I first knelt at her feet,
 stars seemed to weep and a vig - il keep, A - round her si - lent tomb.

CHORUS.

A rose, a rose I gave to her, My beau - ti - ful fai - ry dove; But

with that rose I did en - close my best and ten - der - est love.

The Gift of Roses.—3-3.