

TIRED

WORDS BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MUSIC BY

LOUIS LICHTENSTEIN

5

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

CINCINNATI NEW YORK CHICAGO
LEIPSIK LONDON

Tired

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX

LOUIS LICHTENSTEIN, Op. 18

Con sentimento

p

1. I am tired to - night and
2. I am tired to - night, and I

mf *p* *p*

accel.

some - thing, The wind may be, or the rain, Or the
miss you, And long for you, love, through tears! And it

accel.

poco rit.

cry of a bird in the copse out - side, Has brought back the past, and its
seems but to - day that I saw you go — You, who have been gone — for

poco rit. *mf*

a tempo

pain. ——— And I feel as I sit here think - ing, That the
years! ——— And I seem to be new - ly lone - ly,

dimin. *a tempo p*

allarg. *ten.*

hand of a dead old June Has renched — hold of my
I, who am so much a - lone, And the strings of my heart are

allarg. *ten.*

ritard. *rit.*

heart-strings, And — is draw - ing them up in tune.
well in tune, But they have not the same old tone. 3. I am

dim.

mf *animato* *accel.*

tired and that old sor - row Sweeps down the bed of my soul, As a

mf *accel.*

ritard.

tur - bu - lent riv - er might sud - den - ly break, A way from a dam's con -

Tempo I

trol. It bear - eth a wreck on its bos - om, A

allarg. *ten.*

wreck with a snow white sail, And the hand on my heart-strings

ritard.

thrums a - way, But they on - ly re - spond with a wail.

dim. *8-*