

To
MISS JOSEPHINE SARTLE.
Quincy Ill.

Only Waiting

If they call me I am waiting

SONG

COMPOSED BY

E. C. DAVIS

PIANO



GUITAR

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IF THEY CALL ME I AM WAITING

(ONLY WAITING)

Composed by

E. C. Davis.

Andantino dolce.

PIANO.

mf

The first system of piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and includes a series of chords and melodic lines.

dim.

The second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the melodic and harmonic development. It includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

1. On-ly wait - ing, till the shadows, Are a lit - tle longer grown, On - ly
3. On-ly wait - ing, till the angels Op - en wide the mystic gate By whose

p

The third system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. On-ly wait - ing, till the shadows, Are a lit - tle longer grown, On - ly" and "3. On-ly wait - ing, till the angels Op - en wide the mystic gate By whose". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* (piano).

wait - ing till the glimmer Of the days last beam is flown, Till the
side I long have lingered Weary poor and de - so - late. E - ven

The fourth system contains the final two lines of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wait - ing till the glimmer Of the days last beam is flown, Till the" and "side I long have lingered Weary poor and de - so - late. E - ven". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line.

123123

night of earth is faded, From the heart once full of joy, Till the
now I hear their foot-steps And their voices far a-way, If they

cres. stars of heav'n are breaking, Thro' the twilight, cold and gray.
call me I am waiting— *Ad lib.* Only waiting to obey.

f

2. Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home For the
4. Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown Only

sum - mer-time is faded And the autumns winds have come Quickly
wait - ing till the glimmer Of the days last beam is flown Then from

p

rea - pers gather quick - ly The last ripe hours of my heart For the
out the gath'ring dark - ness Ho - ly death - less stars shall rise By whose

cres. *ad lib.*
bloom of life is wither'd And I hast - en to de - part.
light my soul shall gladly Treat the path - way to the skies.

f