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To

No. 61.

Miss E. M. Hall
of Newburgh, N.Y.

WALTZ MISERERE

As Sung by

Poetry by

HATTIE C. BOND

MRS. LYDIA M. TENNEY

COMPOSED & ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO BY

B. F. BAKER.

25 Cts nett

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LET US PRAY!

3

Poetry by Mrs. Lydia M. Tenney.

Music by B. F. Baker.

Andante e sostenuto.

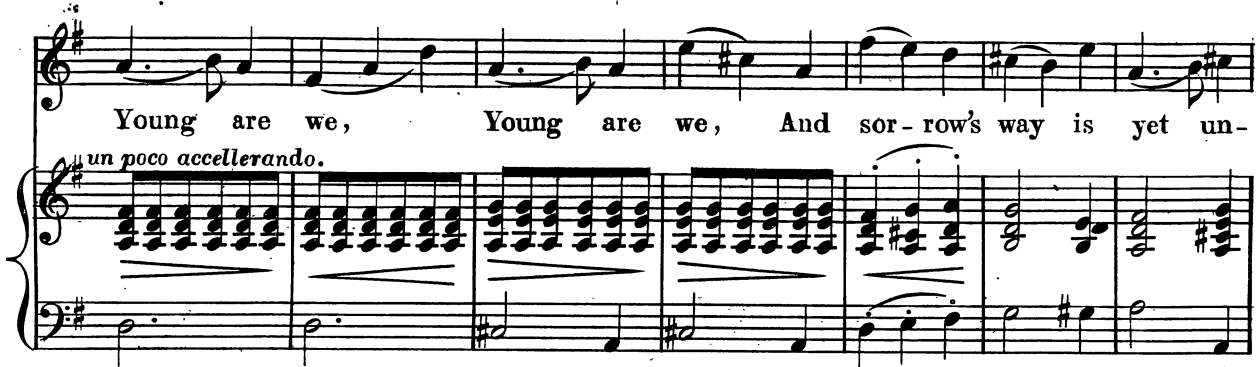
The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range. The score includes various performance instructions such as *p*, *cres.*, *dim.*, *fz*, *colla voce*, and *a tempo*. Pedal marks (*Ped.*) are used throughout to indicate when to use the sustain pedal. The lyrics are: "Let us pray! Let us pray! Sweet bells are ring - ing, The sun is up, the birds are singing, All the varied scenes de - light us, Har - mo - nious sounds to song in - vite, Har - mo - nious sounds to song in - vite us."

Let us pray! Let us pray! Sweet bells are

ring - ing, The sun is up, the birds are singing, All the varied scenes de -

light us, Har - mo - nious sounds to song in - vite, Har - mo - nious sounds to song in - vite us.

Young are we, Young are we, And sor-row's way is yet un-
un poco accelerando.



tried, Young are we, Young are we, And sor-row's way is



yet un-tried. Let us



pray! Let us pray! Sweet bells are ring -



ing, The sun is up, the birds are singing, All the varied scenes de-light us, Har-

mo-nious sounds to song in-vite, Har-mo-nious sounds to song in-vite us.

*Ped. cres. * fz dim. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. cres. * Ped. cres. **

fz dim. rall. colla voce. a tempo.

2

Let us pray! Let us pray!
 We're growing older,
 The clouds arise, the air is colder,
 We've left the sheltered path behind us,
 Sweet ties of home no more may bind us.
 Wide the world! wide the world!
 O, lest we stray from truth and grace,
 Let us pray! Let us pray! &c.

3

Let us pray! Let us pray!
 The night-wind slowly
 Breathes along the churchyard holy,
 A whisper in the grass is sighing,
 "Tis time beneath me ye were lying!"
 Faith may light, faith may light
 The solemn way which lies before.
 Let us pray! Let us pray! &c.