



We Are Waiting

Fred. W. Root
(1846-1916)

Con espressione

S
We are wait-ing for you, wait-ing, And the dark - ness clos - es round, As we

A
And the dark - ness clos - es round, As we

T
As we

B

We Are Waiting

6

S
lis - ten for the com - ing Of your foot - steps' wel - come sound.

A
lis - ten for the com - ing Of your foot - steps' wel - come sound.

T
lis - ten for the com - ing Of your foot - steps' wel - come sound.

B
O the

10

S
And with - out one day to cheer,

A
And with - out one day to cheer, When your

T
And with - out one day to cheer, When your

B
hours are long and wear - y, And with - out one day to cheer,

14

S
Is not ev - er, ev - er near!

A
pleas - ant smile, my dar - ling, Is not ev - er, ev - er near! We are

T
pleas - ant smile, my dar - ling, Is not ev - er, ev - er near!

B
Is not ev - er, ev - er near!

We Are Waiting

18

S We are wait - ing, we are wait - ing; We are

A wait - ing for you, wait - ing;

T We are wait - ing for you, wait - ing;

B

22

S wait - ing for you, wait - ing. *pp* *Scmerz.*

A We are wait - ing. *pp*

T We are wait - ing. *pp*

B wait - ing. *pp*

S Has - ten home - ward, has - ten loved one, Let me fold you in my

A Let me fold you in my

T

B

We Are Waiting

29

S arms; Let me shield you from vex - a - tion And the out - er world's a -

A arms; Let me shield you from vex - a - tion And the out - er world's a -

T Let me shield you from vex - a - tion And the out - er world's a -

B

33

S larms. All the marks of burn - ing

A larms. All the marks of burn - ing

T larms. All the marks of burn - ing

B Let me smooth from off your fore-head All the marks of burn - ing

37

S care Oh, I pray you, let me

A care And your wear - y, wear - y bur - den, Oh, I pray you, let me

T care And your wear - y, wear - y bur - den, Oh, I pray you, let me

B care Oh, I pray you, let me

We Are Waiting

53

S sky; And the eve-ning hours are slow-ly, O, so slow-ly pass-ing

A sky; And the eve-ning hours are slow-ly, O, so slow-ly pass-ing

T And the eve-ning hours are slow-ly, O, so slow-ly pass-ing

B

57

S by! For the night is wear-ing

A by! For the night is wear-ing

T by! For the night is wear-ing

B

61

S late, Wel-come foot-steps at the

A late, Hap-py hour that hears your foot-step, Wel-come foot-steps at the

T late, Hap-py hour that hears your foot-step, Wel-come foot-steps at the

B

We Are Waiting

65

S gate. We are wait-ing, We are

A gate. We are wait-ing for you, wait-ing.

T gate. We are wait-ing for you,

B

69

S wait-ing; We are wait-ing for you, wait-ing. *pp* *Scmerz.*

A We are wait-ing. *pp*

T wait-ing. We are wait-ing. *pp*

B We are wait-ing. *pp*

Root & Cady
(1869)

Frederic Woodman Root (1846-1916) was born in Boston, Massachusetts, the son of the famous teacher and composer Geo. F. Root. He studied music with his father, and with B. C. Blodgett, William Mason, James Flint, Robert Goldbeck, Luigi Vannuccini, and Carlo Bassini. At age 24, he took a study tour of Europe. He became a well-respected teacher of vocal music, conductor, writer, lecturer, organist and composer. He held musical institutes and taught at normals throughout the Northern states with many contemporaries including Thomas Martin Towne and Philip Paul Bliss. After the great Chicago fire destroyed the publishing firm Root & Cady, he became a partner in the new firm "The Root & Sons Music Company." He died in Chicago, Illinois. He composed a cantata, six entertainments, songs, and music for use in singing and piano lessons. He wrote articles and essays, was editor of the periodical "Song Messenger", and wrote instruction books.

We are waiting for you, waiting,
And the darkness closes round,
As we listen for the coming
Of your footsteps' welcome sound.

O the hours are long and weary,
And without one day to cheer,
When your pleasant smile, my darling,
Is not ever, ever near!

Hasten homeward, hasten loved one,
Let me fold you in my arms;
Let me shield you from vexation
And the outer world's alarms.

Let me smooth from off your forehead
All the marks of burning care
And your weary, weary burden,
Oh, I pray you, let me share!

We are waiting for you, waiting,
And the stars are in the sky;
And the evening hours are slowly,
O, so slowly passing by!

Hasten homeward, hasten darling,
For the night is wearing late.
Happy hour that hears your footstep,
Welcome footsteps at the gate.

George Cooper (1840-1927)

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