

1864

Wait Love Until the War is Over

T. M. Todd

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"WAIT LOVE UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER"

SONG AND CHORUS.

*"Twas gentle eve, the stars were bright,
All nature hushed, seemed lovely,
I wandered in the moons pale light,
With the maid I loved so fondly.
Our vows renewed — our spirits free,
Our hearts with joy ran over;
But ah! a sad smile said to me,
"Wait love, until the war is over."*

Frank J. D. Spalding



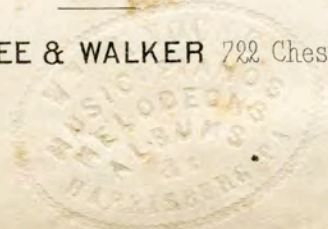
MUSIC ADAPTED

BY

T. M. T. O. O. O.



Philadelphia. LEE & WALKER 722 Chestnut St.



T. SINCLAIR'S LITH. PHILA.

WILLIAMS & GUNTER
ROSE & CHORUS
THE HALL AT CHICHESTER

The page contains several systems of faint musical notation. Each system consists of a grid of approximately 10 columns and 4 rows. The notation is extremely light and difficult to discern, but appears to be organized into measures across the columns. There are some faint, larger markings that could be notes or rests, but they are not clearly legible.



“WAIT LOVE UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER.”
SONG & CHORUS.

MUSIC ADAPTED

BY T. M. TODD.



PIANO.

'Twas gen-tle eve, the stars were bright, All na-ture hushed, seemed lonely; I

wandered in the moon's pale light, With the maid I loved so fond-ly. Our

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vows renewed, our spir-its free, Our hearts with joy ran o-ver; But

ah! a sad smile said to me, "Wait love un-til the war is o-ver."

CHORUS.

SOP.
1st Ver: Wait love, wait love, wait love, un-til the war is o-ver,

ALTO.
2^d Wait love, wait love, wait love, un-til the war is o-ver,

TENOR.
3^d Hope love, hope love, hope, for the war will soon be o-ver

BASS.
4th Come love, come love, come love, for now the war is o-ver

PIANO.



Wait love, wait love, wait love un-til the war is o-ver.

Wait love, wait love, wait love un-til the war is o-ver.

Hope love, hope love, hope love, the war will soon be o-ver.

Come love, come love, come love, for now the war is o-ver.

2

I left my home— Oh! who can tell,
 The anguish felt at parting
 With those whose tears like rain-drops fell
 Upon their boy when starting!
 I longed with ardent hopes to fly
 To her whose prayers still hover
 Around my couch and waking sigh,
 Would love that the war were over.
 CHORUS— Wait love &c.

3

Oh sad it was to leave the form,
 Of her I loved with madness;
 Yet I hastened to the battle storm,
 The foe to meet with gladness.
 And Oh! at night with heart set free,
 When the day's long fight was over,
 In dreams she seemed to say to me—
 "Hope love, the war will soon be over."
 CHORUS— Hope love &c.

4

Sweet joyous peace beams o'er our land,
 Our foes their flight have taken,
 I hasten with a wealth of love
 To the promised one awaiting.
 Her face is bright, from sadness free,
 With radiance beaming over—
 I hear her sweet voice say to me,
 "Come love, for now the war is over!"
 CHORUS— Come love &c.

LEE & WALKER'S LATE POPULAR BALLADS,

722 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP MY SECRET, NELLIE DEAREST.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN; Music by H. Th. KNAKE.

"Keep my secret, Nellie dearest,
'Neath thy marble bosom's swell:
Never breathe it in thy whisper,
For it's sacred; guard it well:
None but thee were ever trusted
With the vows I made to thee:
Keep them pure, then, Nellie dearest,
As the gems beneath the sea."

A charming song, well composed, and with an easy accompaniment. We cheerfully recommend it.

Price, 25 cents.

KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER.

Song and chorus: an answer to "Who will care for mother now?"

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"Sleep, noble hero,
Let not one fear
Steal o'er thy brave heart
As death draws near;
For, in her sorrow,
Mother will find
True hearts around her,
Loving and kind."

The popularity of "Who will care for mother now?" induced the above song as a reply; and it is a most suitable one, both in words and music, and is within the capacity of all singers, and also has an easy accompaniment.

Price, 25 cents.

I REMEMBER THE HOUR WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

Answer to "Weeping, sad and lonely." Song and chorus.
Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheek glistening like dew,—
When, clasped in your arms, almost broken-hearted,
I swore by the bright sky I'd ever be true,—
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the flag of my country forever.
Chorus—Then weep not, love, oh, weep not;
Think not hopes are vain;
For when this fatal war is over
We will surely meet again."

The popularity of this song has been immense, several thousand having already been published. It is not to be wondered at, however, as the sentiment, both in words and music, is unsurpassed.

Price, 25 cents.

WEEP NOT FOR ME, MY MOTHER DEAR.

Written and composed by FRANK DRAYTON.

"Weep not for me, my mother dear,
Though in thy cot thy dear one's missed,
Who round thy neck so oft hath clung
And thy dear lips with fondness kissed,
Who oft at eve her weary head
Hath lain upon thy tender breast,
When thy sweet voice, with cheerful song,
Hath lulled thy darling child to rest."

The songs of Drayton have attained a deserved popularity, as the words are expressive of fine sentiments, and the melodies are pleasing. This one especially is deserving of attention.

Price, 25 cents.

COME WHEN YOU WILL, I'VE A WELCOME FOR THEE.

Words and Music by W. LANSDON.

A new and revised edition has just been issued.

"Come in the spring-time, come in the summer,
Come when the autumn makes leafless each tree;
Or when the chill wind of winter is blowing,—
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!
"Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,
Or first sight of land to the roamer by sea,
Thou bring'st to my mind all my happiest hours:
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!"

Price, 30 cents.

THE PICKET GUARD.

Composed by H. COYLE, and respectfully dedicated to B. M. Greene and his comrades, of the 49th Regiment P. V.

"All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat, as he walks to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men
Moaning out alone the death-rattle.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound, save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead!
The picket's off duty forever!"

Also a very popular song, as the words appeal to thousands of sorrowing hearts, made so by the death in battle of fathers, sons, and brothers. The music is simple and touching.

Price, 25 cents.

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