

SM 2285

Dedicated to the Memory of Stephen Adams

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FRIEND O' MINE

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON

Andante con moto e nobile

VOICE *mf*

When you are hap - py,

PIANO *ff* *rit e dim.* *mf*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

friend o' mine, And all your skies are blue,

Tell me your luck, your for tune fine, And let me laugh with you.

cresc.

Tell me the hopes that spur you on, The deeds you mean to

cresc.

And. *

do, The gold you've struck, the fame you've won,

molto rit.

molto rit.

marcato

And let me joy with you!

pesante

a tempo

rit. e dim.

mp

When you are sad and heart a-cold, And all your skies are

mp

dark, Tell me the dreams that mock'd your hold,

The shafts that miss'd the mark. Am I not yours for

declamato
mf 3

weal or woe? How else can friends prove true?

Tell me what breaks and brings you low, And let me stand—with you!

molto rit.
colla voce *f* *ten.*

Lento

allargando

p

So when the night falls

f

molto rit.

trem.

ppp

trem - u - lous, When the last lamp burns low, And

ppp

one of us or both of us The long, lone road must

rit.

legato rit.

f piu mosso

go, - Look with your dear old eyes in mine,

cantabile

Give me a hand - shake true; ————— What -

allargando
ev - er fate our souls a - wait,

con forza
Let me be there, let me be there,

there ————— with you!

ff *ff a tempo.*

"FRIEND O' MINE."

—
TO THE MEMORY
OF
STEPHEN ADAMS.
—

WHEN you are happy, friend o' mine,
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you've struck, the fame you've won,
And let me joy—with you!

When you are sad and heart a-cold,
And all your skies are dark,
Tell me the dreams that mocked your hold,
The shafts that missed the mark.
Am I not yours for weal or woe?
How else can friends prove true!
Tell me what breaks and brings you low,
And let me stand—with you!

So, when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us or both of us
The long, lone road must go,—
Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
Give me a handshake true;
Whatever fate our souls await,
Let me be there—with you!

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.