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DEDICATED TO POSTERITY.

ARRANGED
FOR
PIANO
& ORCHESTRA.

THAT

VALLEY OF

TEARS

A.D. JOHNSTOWN 1889.

WORDS & MUSIC
COMPOSED
BY

Wm Thomas

Author of "LIFE FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE"

ENTRANCED AT WASHINGTON ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.



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THAT VALLEY OF TEARS.

WM. THOMAS.

Words and Music by

Moderato.

See yonder vale, as

The music consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The tempo is marked "Moderato". The lyrics "See yonder vale, as" are written above the vocal line.

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Old men and young, al - an the mer - ry youth, The lone - ly morn - ing, and

young - er ones forth - - - Thick gather - ing clouds o'er - hang the gloomy sky, And

See his boundless radiance doth de - cay. He shines on space, and

Leaves this vale in gloom, With wan - un - con - cious of thim - pend - ing doom. For

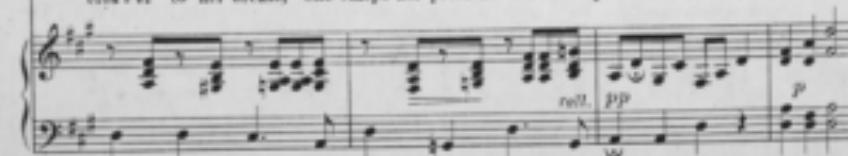
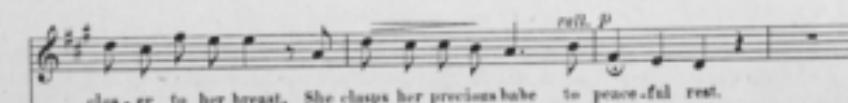
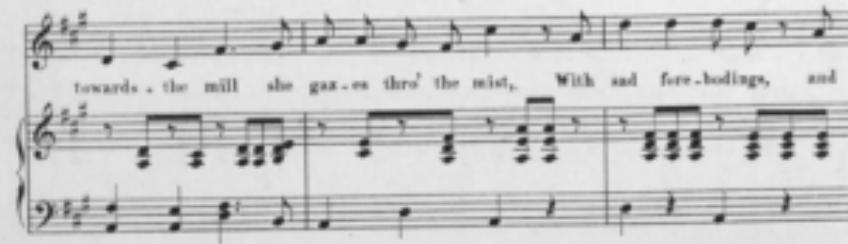
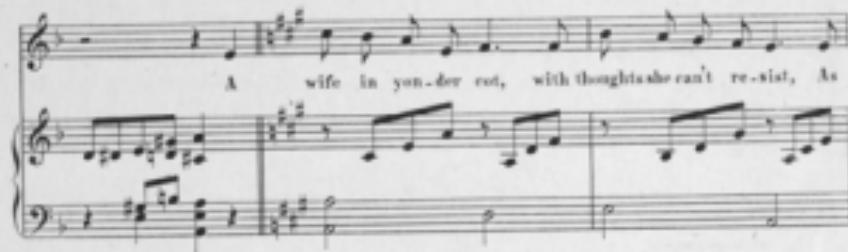
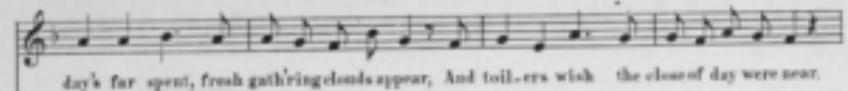
soon the cease-less rain swells up the rills, Feeds rush-ing torrents
 cres.

rush-ing down the hills. When lo! a horseman in full plume ar-ray'd In

Andante.
 breath-less haste and countenance dismay'd, And with a voice like thunder,

echoing thro' the vale, To give a timely warn-ing, he'd sped o'er hill and dale. The

That Valley of Tears.



Hark! 'tis a greater sound of rush-ing wa-ter, That rush-es round from
 ev-ery quar-ter, And all at once a sweep-ing, cru-el wave
 Fills you-der val-ley and leaves none to save. Still high-er, and high-er the
 migh-ty wa-ters grow, For soon that cot is grasp'd with-in its flow, And

with a shriek, she cries, great God who rules the sky, In mercy take me,

but preserving my boy. She lays the babe with-

in its cradle bed, And as the waters rise, she to the roof has fled; For

soot that est, and many more beside, Were rushing onward

with that ruthless tide,

"Tis night," and dark-ness then creeps o'er the scene, A

rit.

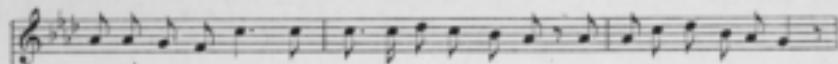
P. a temp.

migh - ty tor - rent fills that val - ley green, There thousands of poor creatures be -

yond all power to save, Swept to e - ter - ni - ty and met a wan - try grave. And

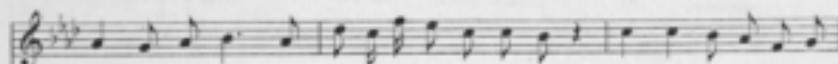
p p

now the sil - very moon beams with se - pulchral light, As if in cru - el mock - ery



of the dreadful sight, Re - veal - ing up - turn'd faces, as if with life aglowing.

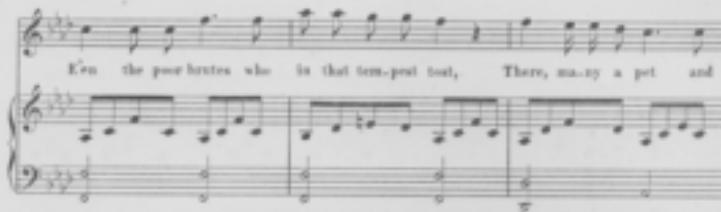
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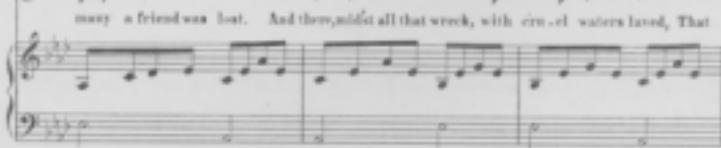


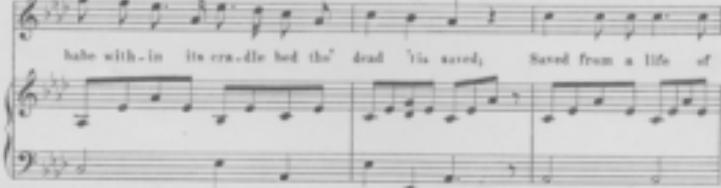
Old men and young, and maidens with tresses flowing, Some still conscious and with

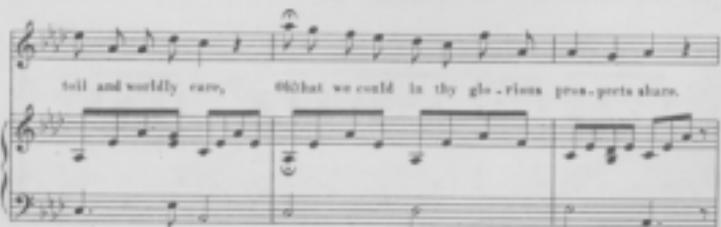


life enough to speak In that most solemn hour, un - earthly shriek.

Even the poor brutes who is that tem-pest-tost, There, many a pet and


 many a friend was lost. And there, amidst all that wreck, with circ-eel waters laved, That


 babe with-in its cradle bed tho' dead 'Ya saved, Saved from a life of


 toil and worldly care, 'Obbat we could in thy glo-rious pros-pects share.


CHORUS.

See yon-der vale, as morn breaks o'er the scene,



Be-deck'd with fragrant flow'rs and nature's sombre green, Tho' now the sun shines o'er the scene, and



af-ter many years, We'll never for-get that aw-fal day, with - in that vale of tears.

