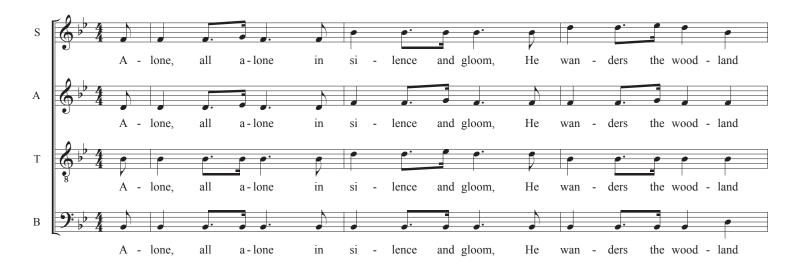
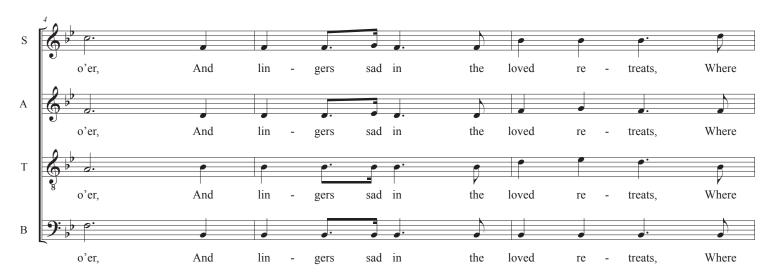


S. W. Straub (1842-1899) **Solomon W. Straub** (1842-1899) was born in De Kalb County, Indiana, residing much of his career in Woodlawn Park, a Chicago suburb. He made music his life's work; he was active in music education and conducted musical conventions throughout the central Midwest. He authored many singing school books, Sunday School music books, choir and anthem books, and sheet music. He founded "Song Friend," a musical periodical, and owned and operated a music publishing company in Chicago. His sister Maria Straub, who was a poet and wrote many hymn texts, wrote many secular texts used in his songs. Both were active in the temperance movement and wrote works for the movement's use. He died in Chicago, Illinois.

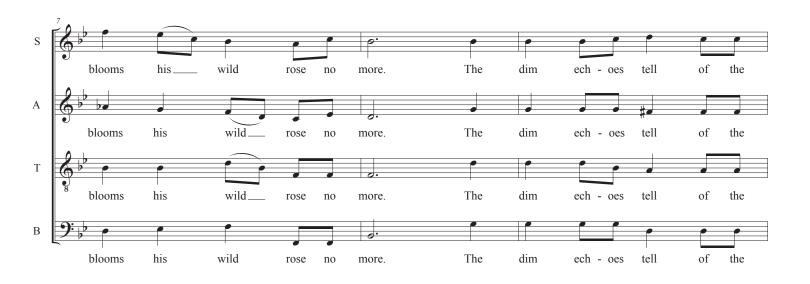
S. W. Straub

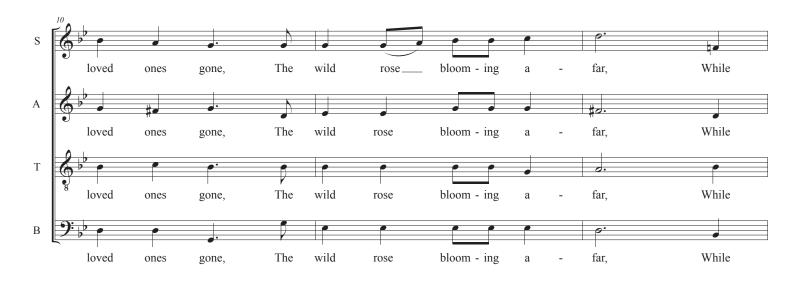


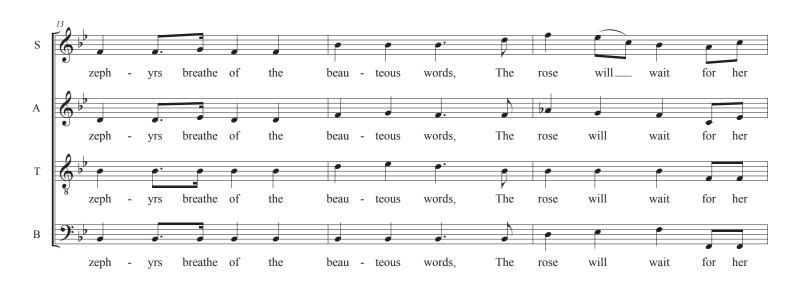


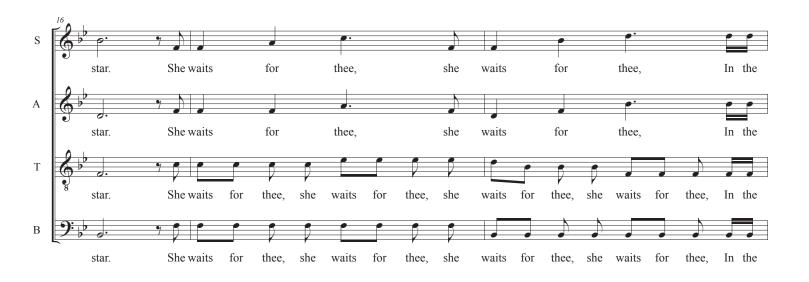


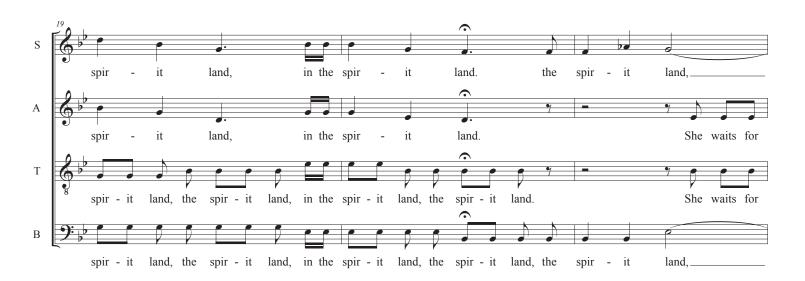
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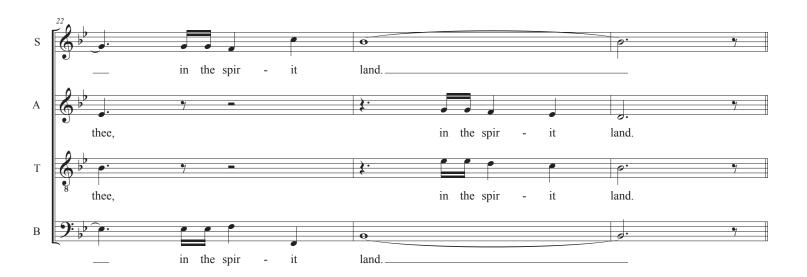


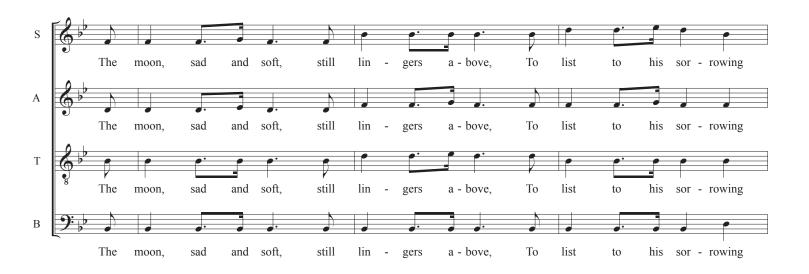


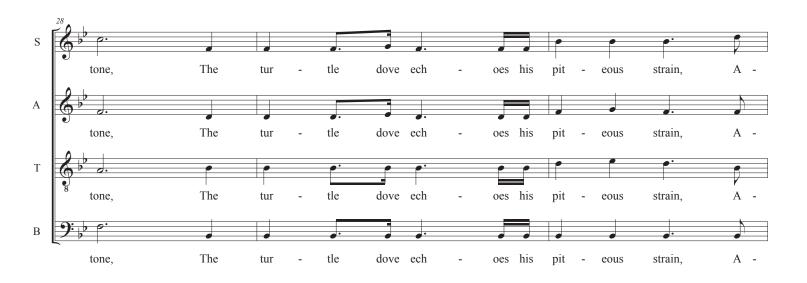


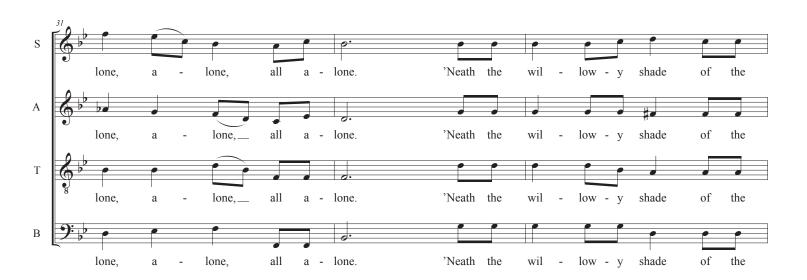


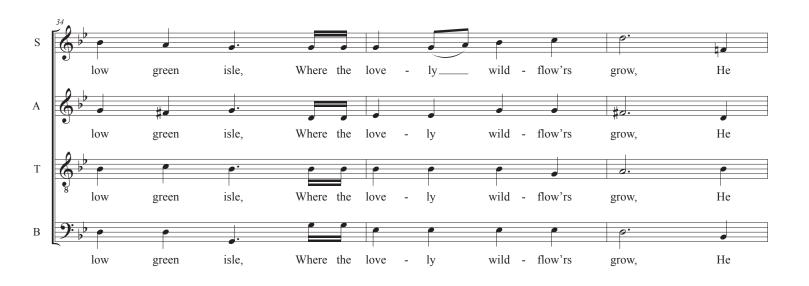


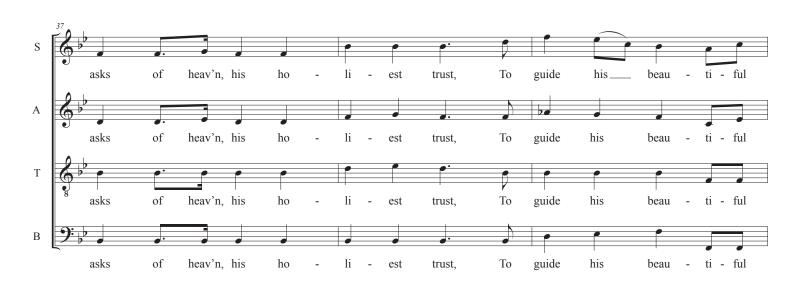


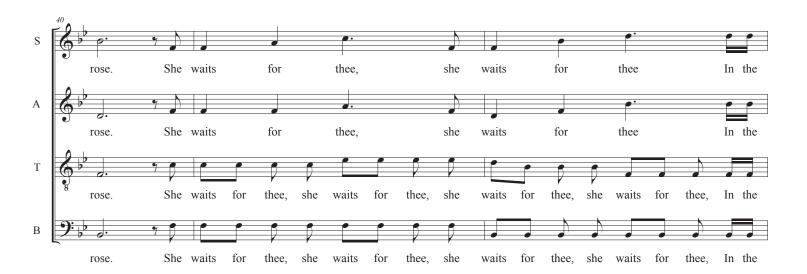


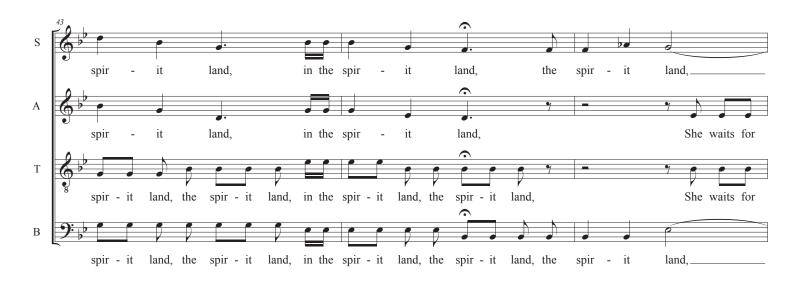


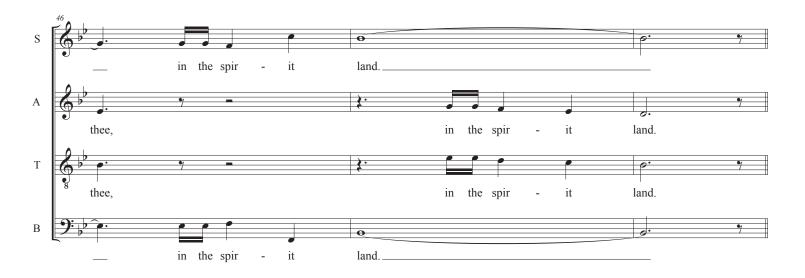


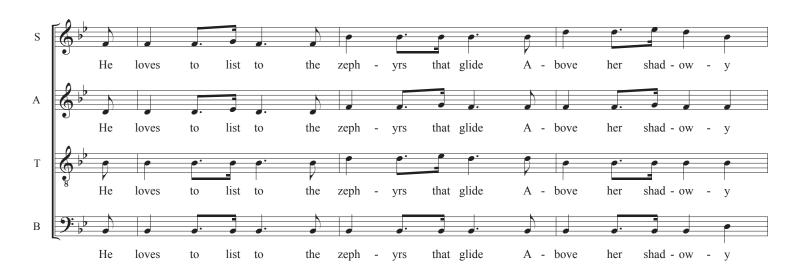


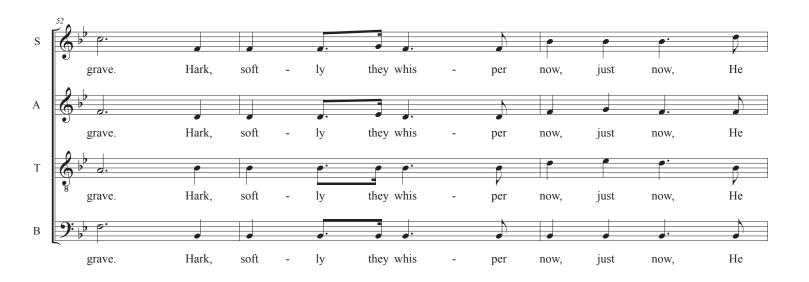


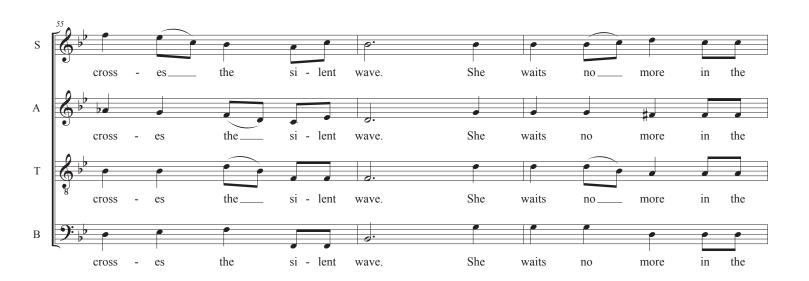


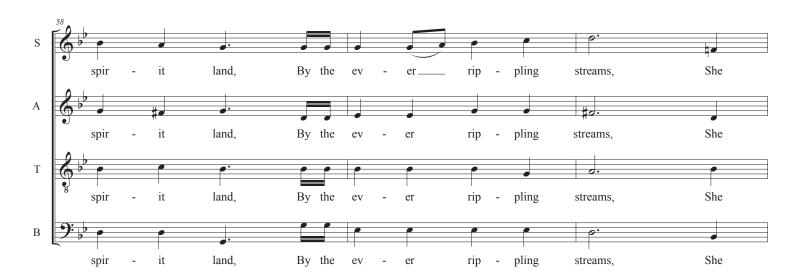


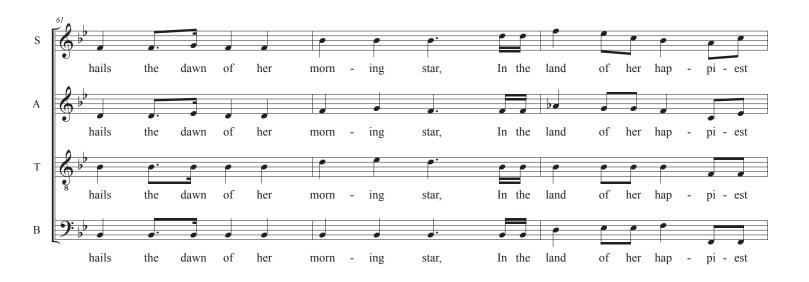


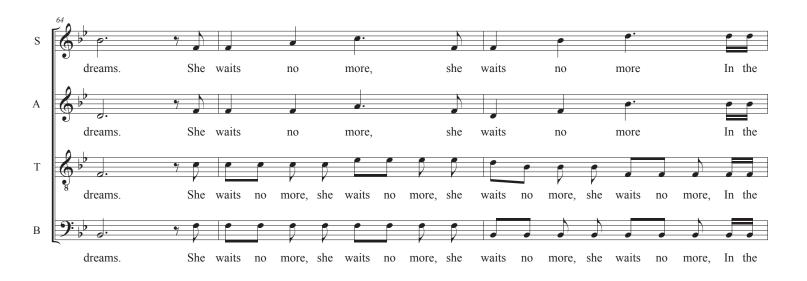


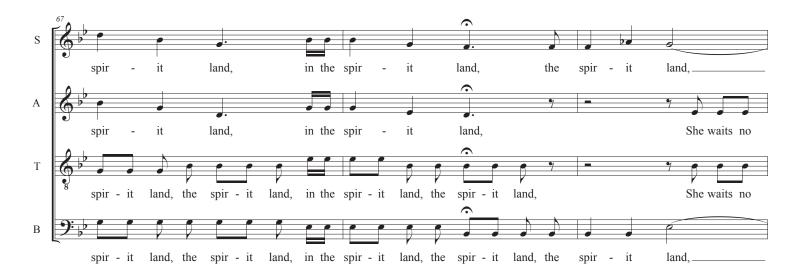


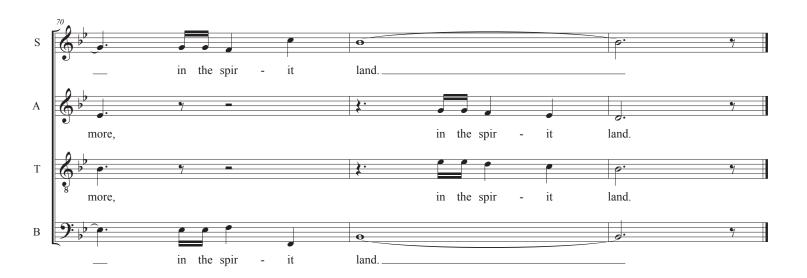












Root & Cady (1870)

Alone, all alone in silence and gloom, He wanders the woodland o'er, And lingers sad in the loved retreats, Where blooms his wild rose no more.

The dim echoes tell of the loved ones gone,
The wild rose blooming afar,
While zephyrs breathe of the beauteous words,
The rose will wait for her star.

She waits for thee, In the spirit land.

The moon, sad and soft, still lingers above, To list to his sorrowing tone, The turtle dove echoes his piteous strain, Alone, alone, all alone.

'Neath the willowy shade of the low green isle, Where the lovely wildflowers grow, He asks of heaven, his holiest trust, To guide his beautiful rose.

> She waits for thee, In the spirit land.

He loves to list to the zephyrs that glide Above her shadowy grave. Hark, softly they whisper now, just now, He crosses the silent wave.

She waits no more in the spirit land,
By the ever rippling streams,
She hails the dawn of her morning star,
In the land of her happiest dreams.

She waits no more, In the spirit land.

Maria Straub (1839-1897)

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