



She Waits For Thee in the Spirit Land

**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.

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S. W. Straub

S A T B

A - lone, all a - lone in si - lence and gloom, He wan - ders the wood - land

A - lone, all a - lone in si - lence and gloom, He wan - ders the wood - land

A - lone, all a - lone in si - lence and gloom, He wan - ders the wood - land

A - lone, all a - lone in si - lence and gloom, He wan - ders the wood - land

4

S A T B

o'er, And lin - gers sad in the loved re - treats, Where

o'er, And lin - gers sad in the loved re - treats, Where

o'er, And lin - gers sad in the loved re - treats, Where

o'er, And lin - gers sad in the loved re - treats, Where

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7

S blooms his — wild rose no more. The dim ech - oes tell of the

A blooms his wild — rose no more. The dim ech - oes tell of the

T blooms his wild — rose no more. The dim ech - oes tell of the

B blooms his wild rose no more. The dim ech - oes tell of the

10

S loved ones gone, The wild rose — bloom - ing a - far, While

A loved ones gone, The wild rose bloom - ing a - far, While

T loved ones gone, The wild rose bloom - ing a - far, While

B loved ones gone, The wild rose bloom - ing a - far, While

13

S zeph - yrs breathe of the beau - teous words, The rose will — wait for her

A zeph - yrs breathe of the beau - teous words, The rose will wait for her

T zeph - yrs breathe of the beau - teous words, The rose will wait for her

B zeph - yrs breathe of the beau - teous words, The rose will wait for her

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5

16

S star. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

A star. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

T star. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

B star. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

19

S spir - it land, in the spir - it land. the spir - it land, _____

A spir - it land, in the spir - it land. She waits for

T spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land. She waits for

B spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, the spir - it land, _____

22

S _____ in the spir - it land. _____

A thee, in the spir - it land.

T thee, in the spir - it land.

B _____ in the spir - it land. _____

She Waits For Thee in the Spirit Land

S The moon, sad and soft, still lin - gers a - bove, To list to his sor - rowing

A The moon, sad and soft, still lin - gers a - bove, To list to his sor - rowing

T The moon, sad and soft, still lin - gers a - bove, To list to his sor - rowing

B The moon, sad and soft, still lin - gers a - bove, To list to his sor - rowing

28 S tone, The tur - tle dove ech - oes his pit - eous strain, A -

A tone, The tur - tle dove ech - oes his pit - eous strain, A -

T tone, The tur - tle dove ech - oes his pit - eous strain, A -

B tone, The tur - tle dove ech - oes his pit - eous strain, A -

31 S lone, a - lone, all a - lone. 'Neath the wil - low - y shade of the

A lone, a - lone, — all a - lone. 'Neath the wil - low - y shade of the

T lone, a - lone, — all a - lone. 'Neath the wil - low - y shade of the

B lone, a - lone, all a - lone. 'Neath the wil - low - y shade of the

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7

34

S low green isle, Where the love - ly wild - flow'rs grow, He

A low green isle, Where the love - ly wild - flow'rs grow, He

T low green isle, Where the love - ly wild - flow'rs grow, He

B low green isle, Where the love - ly wild - flow'rs grow, He

37

S asks of heav'n, his ho - li - est trust, To guide his beau - ti - ful

A asks of heav'n, his ho - li - est trust, To guide his beau - ti - ful

T asks of heav'n, his ho - li - est trust, To guide his beau - ti - ful

B asks of heav'n, his ho - li - est trust, To guide his beau - ti - ful

40

S rose. She waits for thee, she waits for thee In the

A rose. She waits for thee, she waits for thee In the

T rose. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

B rose. She waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, she waits for thee, In the

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43

S spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, _____

A spir - it land, in the spir - it land, She waits for

T spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, She waits for

B spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, the spir - it land, _____

46

S _____ in the spir - it land. _____

A thee, in the spir - it land.

T thee, in the spir - it land.

B _____ in the spir - it land. _____

S He loves to list to the zeph - yrs that glide A - bove her shad - ow - y

A He loves to list to the zeph - yrs that glide A - bove her shad - ow - y

T He loves to list to the zeph - yrs that glide A - bove her shad - ow - y

B He loves to list to the zeph - yrs that glide A - bove her shad - ow - y

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9

52

S grave. Hark, soft - ly they whis - per now, just now, He

A grave. Hark, soft - ly they whis - per now, just now, He

T grave. Hark, soft - ly they whis - per now, just now, He

B grave. Hark, soft - ly they whis - per now, just now, He

55

S cross - es the si - lent wave. She waits no more in the

A cross - es the si - lent wave. She waits no more in the

T cross - es the si - lent wave. She waits no more in the

B cross - es the si - lent wave. She waits no more in the

58

S spir - it land, By the ev - er rip - pling streams, She

A spir - it land, By the ev - er rip - pling streams, She

T spir - it land, By the ev - er rip - pling streams, She

B spir - it land, By the ev - er rip - pling streams, She

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61

S hails the dawn of her morn - ing star, In the land of her hap - pi - est

A hails the dawn of her morn - ing star, In the land of her hap - pi - est

T hails the dawn of her morn - ing star, In the land of her hap - pi - est

B hails the dawn of her morn - ing star, In the land of her hap - pi - est

64

S dreams. She waits no more, she waits no more In the

A dreams. She waits no more, she waits no more In the

T dreams. She waits no more, she waits no more, she waits no more, she waits no more, In the

B dreams. She waits no more, she waits no more, she waits no more, she waits no more, In the

67

S spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, _____

A spir - it land, in the spir - it land, She waits no

T spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, She waits no

B spir - it land, the spir - it land, in the spir - it land, the spir - it land, the spir - it land, _____

70

S
in the spir - it land.

A
more, in the spir - it land.

T
more, in the spir - it land.

B
in the spir - it land.

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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