

I Saw One Weary

Annie R. Smith

George Coles(1792-1858) Arr.WHH,1959

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes several measures of music with lyrics underneath. There are two 'RIT.' (Ritardando) markings and two asterisks (*) indicating specific points in the music. The lyrics are: '1. I saw one wea-ry, sad, and torn, With ea-ger steps press on the way, Who long the hal-lowed cross had born, Still lookin, for the pro-mised day; While man-y a line of grief and care Up-on his brow was fur-rowed there; I asked what bouyed his spir-its up, "O this; said he--"the bless-ed hope!'

*
1. I saw one wea-ry, sad, and torn, With ea-ger steps press
RIT.
on the way, Who long the hal-lowed cross had born, Still lookin,
for the pro-mised day; While man-y a line of grief and care
RIT.
Up-on his brow was fur-rowed there; I asked what bouyed his
spir-its up, "O this; said he--"the bless-ed hope!"

From The CHURCH HYMNAL
Arrangement Copyright 1959, by Wayne Hooper

I Saw One Weary (2)

2. And one I saw with sword and shield, Who bold-ly braved the

Rit.

world's cold frown, And fought, un-yeild-ing, on the field, To

SOLO ACAPPELLA

win an ev-er-last-ing crown. Tho' worn with toil, op-pressed by

RIT.

foes, No mur-mur from his heart a-rose; I asked what bouyed his

spir-its up, "O this!" said he "the bless-ed hope."

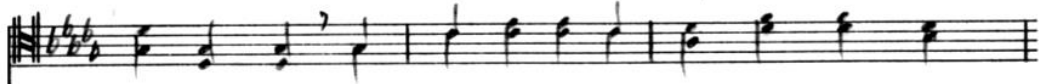
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 7/8 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, and dynamic markings like 'Rit.' and 'SOLO ACAPPELLA'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

MOURNFUL TREAD.

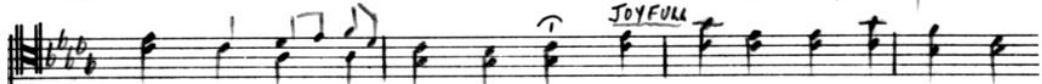
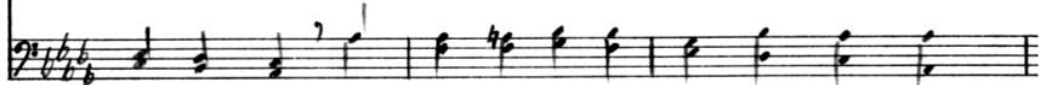
I Saw One Weary (3)



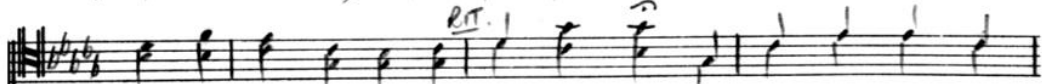
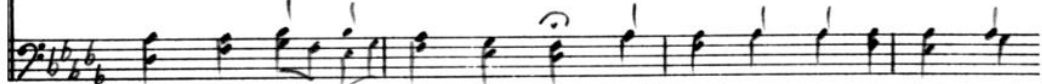
4. While pil-grims here we jour-ney on In this dark vale of



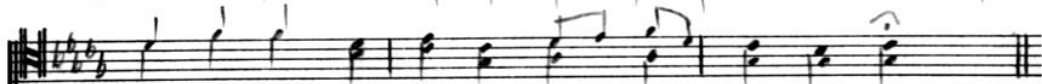
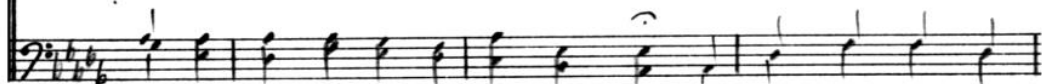
sin and gloom, Thro' trib-u-la-tion, hate, and scorn, Or



thro' the por-tals of the tomb, Till our re-turn-ing Kingshall



come To take His ex-ile cap-tives home, O! what can bouy the



spir-its up? 'Tis this a - lone--- the bless-ed hope!

