



Alone

Ukrainian Folk Song

arr. W.H. Anderson

Lento A

Fierce blow the winds, The sway-ing

trees are bare and bend-ing low; - ness fills my lone - ly heart, With wea - ry steps I

poco ral.

go. — Sad - ness fills my lone - ly heart, With wea - ry steps I go. —

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15

B

primo

Des - o-late my days, My dear-est mem - 'ries bring but si - lent grief;

21

On - ly in my tears doth my spir - it find re - lief On - ly in my

26

C

tears Doth my spir - it find lief. Where are thou be - lov - ed, Where art

31

thou? an - swer me! Had I wings to fly, My soul would glad-ly seek for

36 *poco ral.*

thee. Had I wings to fly, My soul would glad-ly seek for thee.

41 **D** *primo*

Rest - less do I wan - te is vain for me, since

46

thou art gone; All the love my heart can know is thine, yea, thine a - lone.

51 *rit.*

All love my heart can know is thine, yea, thine a - lone.

rit.

In the Garden the Flowers are Growing

from Two Ukrainian Folk Songs

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arr. W.H. Anderson

Allegretto *mf*

1. In the gar - den flow'rs are grow - ing,
2. Boys to quar - rel, is so craz - y,

Tom ta, drit - ta, tom - ta dra! Boy will quar - rel where I'm go - ing,
Pret - ty girls are al - ways la - zy.

Tom - ta dri - ta, tom - ta dra! Hoy, hoy, hoy - a, hoy - a! How my lit - tle

head is ac! Hoy, hoy, hoy - a, hoy - a! Oh! the trou - ble I am mak - ing!

mf

f

f