TIRED

WORDS BY
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MUSIC BY
LOUIS LICHTENSTEIN

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI  NEW YORK  CHICAGO
LEIPSIC  LONDON
Tired

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX

Con sentimento

1. I am tired to-night and

2. I am tired to-night, and I

some - thing, The wind may be, or the rain, Or the
miss you, And long for you, love, through tears! And it

cry of a bird in the cope outside, Has brought back the past, and its
seems but to-day that I saw... you go... You, who have been gone... for

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pain. And I feel as I sit here thinking, That the years!
And I seem to be newly lonely,

hand of a dead old June Has reached hold of my
I, who am so much alone, And the strings of my heart are

heart-strings, And is drawing them up in tune.
well in tune, But they have not the same old
tone. 3. I am

tired and that old sorrow Sweeps down the bed of my soul, As a
turbulent river might suddenly break, A way from a dam's con-

It bear-eth a wreck on its bosom, A

wreck with a snow white sail, And the hand on my heart-strings

thrums a-way, But they only respond with a wall.