Waiting, Waiting for the Day that Ne'er Will Come

Words and Music by CHAS F. PIETZSCH.

Tempo di Valse

She was happy and fair, Of a beauty most rare, And by many years passed away, When, one pleasant Spring day From the

all called the pride of the place; To that town came a train stepped a man with his wife: Said the man, Years a-

lad, In the finest clothes clad, Who at once swore he'd go In this town I did know A fool maid who once

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I swore me her life!

To his words she fell prey,

Said a native near bye, "In the church-yard does lie That sweet maid of a day that is passed;

But he left her alone In a heart-breaking stain; Her poor heart ached with grief, Until death brought relief, She was weeping and waiting but to wait all in vain!"

home, Left her weeping and waiting for to wait all in vain.
CHORUS

Waiting, waiting for a day that ne'er will come,

Dreaming, dreaming a sweet love-tale that is done;

Where the ivy green is creeping,

There's a heart-broken maiden weeping,

Waiting, waiting for a day that ne'er will come.