

Gloomy Sunday

Desmond Carter

Rezso Seress

$\text{♩} = 36$

mf *f* *ten.* *mf* *ad libitum*

5

p

Sad-ly, one Sun-day, I wait-ed and wait-ed With flowers in my arms for the dream I'd cre-at-ed. I

7

dim. e poco rit.

wait-ed 'til dreams, like my heart, were all bro-ken. The flowers were all dead and the words were un-spo-ken. The

dim. e poco rit.

9 *p* *a tempo*

grief that I knew was be-yond all con-so-ling. The beat of my heart was a bell that was toll-ing...

mf

11 *mf*

Sad-est of Sun-days!

p *mf* *ad lib*

15 *p* *a tempo*

Then came a Sun-day when you came to find me. They bore me to church and I left you be-hind me. My

p *a tempo*

17

dim. e poco rit.

eyes could not see one I want-ed to love me. The earth and the flowers are for-ev-er a-bove me. The

19

p a tempo

mf

bell tolled for me and the wind whispered, "Nev-er!" But you I have loved and I bless you for-ev-er. —

21

mf

Last of all Sun - days!