

When your hair is like the snow

transposé une 4te ↓

Ecrit en 1907 par Scott Joplin (1867-1917) sur des paroles de Owen Spendthrift.

Andante con expression

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. Dynamics range from *mf* to *mp*.

The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "An a - ged cou - ple seat - ed by the fire light's - cheer - ful glow, Re - The cap - tain of the re - gi - ment, a sol - dier young and fair, Be -". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar style to the introduction, marked *mf*.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "- viewed their hap - py court - ship of the — dis - tant long a - go. The - lov-ed by com - rades, feared by foes, re — ceived the mis - sive there; He". A measure rest of 10 measures is indicated above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is marked *f*.

mf

scene re - verts to sad - ness as that scroll of time un - rolled, A
read each line, then turned a - way to hide the tears that fell, What

mf

mp *rit*

let - ter then to write they plan, this cou - ple gray and old. Far
bat - tles fought with - in that heart no tongue can ev - ver tell. 'I'll

mp *rit.*

15 *mf* *a tempo*

o'er the sea their on - ly boy had gone to join the fray, Their
go!" he said, "To Mo - ther dear, and Fath - er kind and true, I'll

mf

mp

lone - ly watch they kept for him as years rolled on their way. At
 leave these crim - son bat - tle fields for lands where skies are blue." He

mp

mf 20 *rit.*

last they sent this mes - sage to that dis - tant for - eign land, « We
 hur - ried home a - cross the foam, a - las! but all in vain, Be -

mf *rit.*

mp *rit.* *mf*

miss you dear, we're old and poor » and thus the let - ter ran:
 -neath the weep - ing wil - lows there he read these lines a - gain.

mp *rit.*

Chorus

25

Our hair is like the snow, Our cheeks have lost their glow, Our

eyes no longer sparkle like the dew. At life's

twilight, old and gray, we have waited day by day, Will your

children then desert you, when your hair is like the snow.

An aged couple seated by the fire light's cheerful glow,
Reviewed their happy court ship of the distant long ago.
The scene reverts to sadness as that scroll of time unrolled,
A letter then to write they plan, this couple gray and old.

Far o'er the sea their only boy had gone to join the fray,
Their lonely watch they kept for him as years rolled on their way.
At last they sent this message to that distant foreign land,
« We miss you dear, we're old and poor » and thus the letter an :

Chorus : Our hair is like the snow,
Our cheeks have lost their glow,
Our eyes no longer sparkle like the dew.
At life's twilight, old and gray,
We have waited day by day,
Will your children then desert you,
When your hair is like the snow.

The captain of the regiment, a soldier young and fair,
Beloved by comrades, feared by foes, received the missive there;
He read each line, then turned away to hide the tears that fell,
What battles fought within that heart no tongue can ever tell.

« I'll go ! » he said, « To Mother dear, and Father kind and true,
I'll leave these crimson battle fields for lands where skies are blue.
»
He hurried home across the foam alas ! but all in vain,
Beneath the weeping willows there he read these lines again.

Un couple âgé assis près de la lumière chaleureuse du feu,
Revoyait leur voyage avec le recul des années.
La scène de ce parchemin déroulé incite à la tristesse,
Une lettre qu'ils prévoient d'écrire , ce couple gris et vieux.

Loin sur la mer leur seul fils était allé rejoindre la mêlée,
Pour lui ils avaient gardé leur montre au fil des ans qui passent.
Enfin ils ont envoyé ce message vers ce lointain pays étranger,
« Tu nous manques, cher, à nous vieux et pauvres » et la lettre
continuait ainsi :

Chorus: Nos cheveux sont comme la neige,
Nos joues ont perdu leur éclat,
Nos yeux ne brillent plus comme la rosée.
Au crépuscule de la vie, vieux et gris,
Nous avons attendu de jour en jour,
Est-ce que vos enfants doivent vous abandonner,
Lorsque vos cheveux sont comme la neige.

Le capitaine du régiment, un soldat jeune et beau,
Aimé de ses camarades, redoutés par l'ennemi, reçut la missive ;
Il lut chaque ligne, puis se détourna pour cacher ses larmes,
Que de batailles dans un cœur la parole ne dira jamais.

« J'y vais ! » dit-il, « Pour Mère chérie, et Père bon et vrai,
Je vais laisser ces champs de bataille pour le pays du ciel bleu. »
Il courut chez lui à travers la mousse hélas ! mais en vain,
Sous les saules pleureurs il lut à nouveau ces lignes.