

ONCE WE SANG AND DANCED WITH GLADNESS

Text: Susan Briehl
Based on Psalm 137

Tune: KAS DZIEDAJA
Latvian folk song
Arr. by Marty Haugen

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 76-84$

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *mp*. The tempo is indicated as $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 76-84$. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into systems. The first system (measures 1-3) is the piano introduction. The second system (measures 4-7) is marked 'Solo or section' and *mp*, with the lyrics '1. Once we sang and danced with glad - ness, once de - light filled ev-'ry'. The third system (measures 8-11) continues the vocal line with 'breath; now we sit a - mong the ash - es, all our dreams de-royed by'. The fourth system (measures 12-15) shows the vocal line ending with 'death.' and the piano accompaniment. The fifth system (measures 16-19) shows the vocal line with '2. All the' and the piano accompaniment. The sixth system (measures 20-23) continues the piano accompaniment. The score is marked with *mp* and *mf* dynamics.

mp

Solo or section
mp

1. Once we sang and danced with glad - ness, once de - light filled ev-'ry

breath; now we sit a - mong the ash - es, all our dreams de-royed by

death.

S, A unis. mp

T, B unis. mf

2. All the

2. All the

See page 7 for a hymn version.

Words © 2003, Arrangement © 2004 by GIA Publications, Inc., 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638

International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved Printed in the U.S.A.

Photocopying of this publications without permission of the publisher is a violation of the U.S. Code of Law
G-6305 for which the responsible individual or institution is subject to criminal prosecution. No one is exempt.

16

wil - lows bow in weep - ing, all the riv - ers rage and moan

wil - lows bow in weep - ing, all the riv - ers rage and moan as cre-

20

div. *mf*

Ah “God, do not leave us a - lone.”

a - tion joins our plead - ing: “God, do not leave us a - lone.”

24

3. God, who came to dwell a -

div. *mf*

28

mong us, God, who suf-fered our dis-grace, from your own heart, grieved and

32

wound-ed, come the rich-es of your grace.

poco accel.

36

rit.