"The St. Louis Cyclone"

GRAND DESCRIPTIVE SONG AND CHORUS

WORDS BY Ren. Shields

MUSIC BY Geo. Evans

Many hearts are aching,
Many homes forsaken,
Many loved ones gone forever more;
Wives and mothers weeping,
At the harvest death was reaping,
As it traveled on its way from door to door.
THE ST. LOUIS CYCLONE.

Words by Ren. Shields.

Music by Geo. Evans.
Arr. by Max Hoffmann.

INTRO

mf
Andante Moderato.

1. In the cit-y of St. Lou-is on a
2. In a cheer-y lit-tle cot-tage on the

bus-y aft-er-noon, Just be-fore the ev-ning shades be-gan to
out-skirts of the town, There a dear old gray-haired moth-er sat a-

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The streets were filled with people who were coming home from toil,
No danger seemed to alone,
She had the supper ready and was waiting for her boy,
She knew that he would

threaten them at all; Decorah may as they strolled along the way,
The weary hours rolled by, but alas! he never came.

The world to them had never looked so bright,
When a cyclone with a roar down the lonely watch she kept till morning light;
She'll never see him again, for the

streets and by-ways tore,
Leaving sorrow and destruction there that night.

boy she watched in vain, Like other mothers on that fatal night.
CHORUS.

Man-y hearts are ach-ing,   Man-y homes for-sak-en,

Man-y lov'd ones gone for-ev-er-more;   Wives and moth-ers weep-ing, At the

har-vest death is reap-ing, As it trav-els on its way from door to door. . .

3. When the wires flashed the tidings of the city's awful plight,
   Every honest heart was touched with sympathy;
   We'll all join in like brothers and will let St. Louis know
   That we'll lend a helping hand from sea to sea;
   We'll help with all our might to make her burden light,
   And she'll find that we are with her to the end,
   When her trials are all o'er and she's on her feet once more,
   She will find out that *Chicago was her friend.

   *Any city.

The St. Louis Cyclone. 3–3.