

WHERE ARE THE
FRIENDS OF MY COUNTRY
BALLAD
COMPOSED BY
George Barker.

GUITAR 

PIANO 

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WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH!

Andante con
Espressione.

p

This block contains the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in common time (C) and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth notes with slurs, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns.

This block shows the piano accompaniment for the first part of the vocal line. It features two staves. The music includes a *Rall.* (Ritardando) section followed by a return to *A tempo*. The bass staff has a prominent bass line with slurs and accents.

This block shows the vocal line for the first part of the lyrics. It is a single treble clef staff with a melody that follows the rhythm of the piano accompaniment.

Where are the friends of my youth, Say where are those cherish'd ones gone, And

This block shows the piano accompaniment for the second part of the vocal line. It consists of two staves with a steady accompaniment pattern.

This block shows the vocal line for the second part of the lyrics. It is a single treble clef staff with a melody that continues the previous line.

why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah why have they left me to mourn? Their

This block shows the piano accompaniment for the third part of the vocal line. It consists of two staves with a steady accompaniment pattern.



voices still sound in mine ear, Their features I see in my

dreams; And the world is a wil-der-ness drear, As a wide-spreading

des-ert it seems. Ah Where are the friends of my youth, Ah

p

pp

where are those cherish'd ones gone, And why have they dropp'd with the

Cres.

leaf, Ah *Ad lib.* why have they left me to mourn!

p *A tempo.*

Say can I ev - er a - gain, Such

Rall. *A tempo.*

ties can I ev - er re - new, Or feel those warm pul - ses a - gain Which

beat for the dear ones I knew! The world as a win-ter is cold, Each

charm seems to vanish a way; My heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all

na - ture's de - cay. Ah Where are the friends of my youth, Say

where are those cherish'd ones gone, And why have the dropp'd with the leaf, Ah

p Ad lib.
why have they left me to mourn!

p *A tempo.* *Ritard.*