When All Is Done

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Gary Bachlund

When all is done, and my last word is said.
When all is done and in the oozing clay.

9

poco rit. a tempo

and ye who loved me murmur "He is dead."
Let no one weep

ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away.
pray not for me.

16

poco rit. a tempo

for fear that I should know,
and sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

for, after long despair,
the quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

23

When all is done...

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I have suffered loss and grievous pain, the hurts of hatred and the world's

disdain, and wounds so deep that love, well-tried and

pure, had not the pow'r to ease them or

come prima
to cure. When all is done, say not my day,
When All Is Done

is o'er, and that thro' night I seek a dimmer shore:

say rather that my morn has just begun,

When all is done...

greet the dawn and not the setting sun.

When all is done...

meno mosso

When all is done...

circa 4'00"