Slowly, with feeling; \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 96 \)

Pinned All My Hopes

from the musical "Sweat of His Brow"

Words and Music by Lia Rodriguez
Arranged by Jacqueline S. Boothe

I pinned all my hopes on a quarter section of good Oklahoma dirt. Now hardship's road leads to reflection, all I've
reaped is sorrow and hurt, weary bones and heavy heart. Have n't I done my share? But the sky won't do its part. Is this the portion for the sweat of my brow? No thing but dust to eat for over three years now. Where is your mercy, Lord? Where is the labor's reward? I pinned all my hopes on this land. Did I mis-
Mel.  
man - age my cards or was I dealt a bad hand?  
I had a dream, I chased it down, like an - y oth - er

Pn.  
man in this town. Look - ing back we were gam - bl - ers, but it seemed so sure.  
I was nine - teen and full of hope,

Vln.  
en - er to pro - cure the farm we lost when I was a child.  
Though the sod - die was in shamb - les and the

Cel.  

Mel. fields had grown wild, oh what wouldn't I do to call it mine? Take out a loan, and plant some wheat, I'd pay it back.

Mel. an easy feat. But who could have guessed that this would be the portion for the sweat of my brow? Nothing but

Mel. dust to eat for over three years now. Where is your mercy, Lord? Where is the labor's reward?
I pinned all my hopes on this land. Did I manage my cards or was I dealt a bad hand?

Things went as planned and nearly free, I raised the stakes from on one knee. All I

needed was one more crop, and it seemed so sure. Twenty-two and in love was I eager to a-
Mel.  

[Music notation]

In a year we'd get married and we never would part.

Mel.  

[Music notation]

Oh how ready I was to call her mine. Just pray for rain and sell the wheat. I'd pay it off, an easy

Mel.  

[Music notation]

But who could have guessed that this would be the portion for the sweat of my brow? Nothing but
dust to eat for over three years now. Where is your mercy, Lord? Where is the labor's reward?

I pinned all my hopes on this land. Did I manage my cards or was I dealt a bad hand?

Now the reckoning time has come. I must account for the deeds I have done. I pinned all my hopes
on a quarter section of good Oklahoma dirt. And it only takes a moment's re-

flection to see that all I have left is this quarter section of good for nothing Oklahoma dirt.