

Christie's 1829

36

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN,

The Words by

MRS H E M A N S ,

The Music by

H E R S I S T E R .

Ent. Stu. Hall.

Price 2

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	<i>Author</i>	<i>Composer</i>	<i>Price</i>
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Handwritten signature

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

THE WORDS BY M^{rs} HEMANS. THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

MODERATO.

p Dolce.

Come, come, come!

Dim

Ped

Come to the Sun-set tree, The day is past and gone, The

Wood-man's axe lies free, And the Reap-er's work is done.

The two - light star to Heaven, And the Sum - mer dew to flowers; And

rest to us is given, By the cool soft evening hours.

Come, come, come!

p

Ped *Ped ** *Ped ** *Ped **

*Ped ** *Ped ** *Ped ** *Ped **

2^d VERSE.

3

Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the wind's low sigh, And the

gleam ing of-the West, And the turf whereon we lie; When the

burden and the heat Of Labor's task are o'er, And kind-ly voi-ces

greet The tired one at the door. Come, come, come.

ROYAL-MUSICAL
497
REPOSITORY.

Ped

COLTI.

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* *

3^d VERSE.

Yes! tune-ful is the sound That dwells in whispering boughs,

pia

Welcome the freshness round, And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still Than e-ver night - fall gave, Our

yearning hearts shall fill, In the world beyond the grave. Come, come, come.

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* *

4th VERSE.

There shall no tempests blow, No scorching noon-tide beat,

There shall be no more snow, No wea-ry wandering feet.

So we lift our trust-ing eyes From the hills our fathers trod, To the

qui-et of the skies To the Sabbath of our God! Come, come, come.

Come to the Sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The Woodman's axe lies

free, And the Reaper's work is done.

*Péd ** *Péd ** *Péd ** *Péd ** *Péd **