With Dawn Beyond the Hills

Words by
Frederick H. Martens

Music by
Emil Rhode

6

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York London
Ev'ry day, beyond the hills
The dawn-flush lights the skies,
Ev'ry night, the rose-gold fills them,
As the bright sun dies.
Ev'ry dawn, the dream of love,
That night's long hours stayed,
Along the skies in beauty dies,
Like golden hopes, that fade.

Ev'ry day, the rosy morn
With promise seems aglow!
Ev'ry night, in dawn's despite,
Its brave mirage must go.
Will there never come the hour,
That all my yearning stills,
When you will blush in love's first flush,
With dawn beyond the hills?

Frederick H. Martens
With Dawn Beyond The Hills

Poem by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

EMIL RHODE

Andante

Ev'ry day, beyond the hills,

pp tranquillo

dawn—flush lights the skies,

Ev'ry night, the rose-gold

fills them, as the bright sun dies.
Every dawn, the dream of love,
that night's long hours stayed,
Along the skies in beauty dies, like golden hopes, that fade.
Every day, the rosy
morn— with promise seems a— glow!

Ev'ry night, in dawn's despite, its brave mirage must
go. Will there never come the hour, that
all my yearning stills, When you will blush in love's first

flush, when you will blush in love's first flush,