A Twilight Plea
Three part secular chorus for Women's Voices

Poem by
ARThUR WALLACE PEACh* GOTTFRID H. FEDERLEIN


Allegretto $ = 112

SOPRANO
Hush thy music, wind of evening;

MEZZO
Hush thy music, wind of evening;

ALTO
Hush thy music, wind of evening;

* Courtesy of "Munseys Magazine"

M.S. 156
Copyright, 1919, by The H.W. Gray Co.
Lay thy silver harp aside; Let the golden
notes, long lingering, Drift to peace at eventide,
Let the gold-en notes long linger-ing, Drift to peace at eve-n-tide.

Song is sweet, but rest is sweet-er,
When the heart is full of dreams, And the thoughts on

When the heart is full of dreams, And the thoughts on

When the heart is full of dreams, And the thoughts on

still paths wander Down to im - me - ro - rial streams,

still paths wander Down to im - me - ro - rial streams,

still paths wander Down to im - me - ro - rial streams,
And the thoughts on still paths wander Down to im-mo-rial streams.

Slower

Touch the murm'ring strings no long-er, Lest the mel-low
tones a - wake, Ghosts of vanished sighs and laughter,

Bring once more some old heart - ache.

Bring once more some old heart - ache.

W. S. 156
Tempo I

Hush, thy music wind of evening, Let thy thrumming

Slower

Fingers cease; Twilight comes, our hearts grow weary,
Nothing would we ask but peace, nothing would we ask but peace.