



# Evening.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD.

Music by J. G. CALLCOTT.

VOICE. *S.*

PIANO. *p.*

1. I  
2. Oh,

love the veiled and qui - et light Of ev-'ning on the verge of night,  
what were life of love be - reft? And what of joy in life were left,



*con anima.*

When from the hedge-row nest is heard The last faint chirp - - ing of the bird; I  
 If love should die and leave us here To miss and mourn..... a bright-er sphere? I

love the rose-flushed cloud that sails Where west-ern splen-dour pales and pales;  
 love the sweet and ten-der light Of ev-'ning ere it grows to night;

*accel. un poco.* *riten.* *ri - tard - tan - do.*

And, sweet-er still, and, sweet-er still, the smiles that rise With looks of love in  
 And, sweet-er still, and, sweet-er still, I love to see The face most fair of

hap-py eyes.  
 all to me.

*tempo.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

