

The Closing of Day.

Words by J. F. WALLER, LL.D.
Andante tranquillo. ♩=132.

Music by BERTHOLD TOURS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The
2. Oh,

cres

long sha-dows steal-ing, the An-ge-lus..... peal-ing, From the tow'r of the
bright is day's break-ing, when Na-ture, a - - wak-ing From her trance of the

p *cres* - - -

cen - - do. *p*

Ab-bey soared heav'n - ward a - way ;..... The sun sank be -
night, is all ra - dian't and fair ;..... And rich is the

cen - - do. *p*

dim. *p*

- fore me, the twi - light fell o'er me, As I sat..... in the porch at the
noon - tide in deep glow-ing June - tide, When the sun - - light is flood - ing the

dim. *p*

clos - - ing of day, the clos - - ing of day.
trem - - u - lous air, the trem - - u - lous air.

dim.

Then soft came the sigh - ing..... of eve - ning winds.....
But, oh! far more ten - der..... to me..... than the

più tranquillo.
pp

pp

dy - ing..... And gleam - - ing and ghost - - ly the wide..... o - cean
splen - dour..... Of morn - - ing or noon in their glo - - - rious ar -

lay,..... Un - til, calm..... and se - re - ly..... the moon a - rose.....
- ray,..... Is the hour..... when long sha - dows..... come steal - ing o'er the

pp *cres - - cen - - do.*

pp *cres - - cen - - do.*

queen - - ly, As to take..... up the night - watch at clos - - ing of day, at
mea - - dows, And the An - - ge - lus peals..... at the clos - - ing of day, at

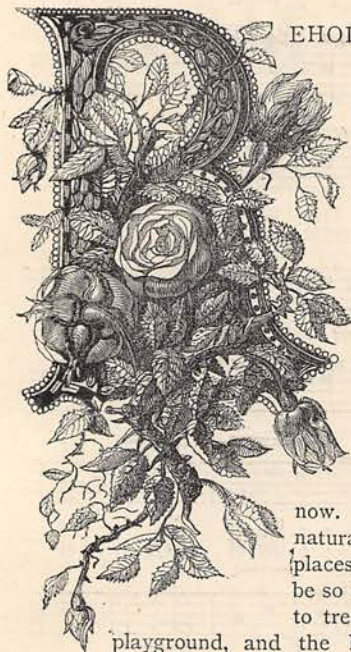
f *dim.* *p dolce.* *mf*

f *dim.* *p dolce.*

clos - ing of day,..... at clos - - ing of day.....
 day.....
 day.....

dim. *pp* *ritard.* *1st time. a tempo.*
mf *pp* *colla voce.* *p*
Con Pedale.
D.S. *2nd time. a tempo.*
p *p a tempo.* *dim.* *pp*
Con Pedale.

OUR ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.



EHOLD the leaves are out, the birds are in full song, and though now and then the wind will still indulge in a vigorous romp, it plays no worse antic than to shake over us the sweet blossoms of hawthorn or pear-tree. Croquet sets are out again, lawn tennis is remembered, and it is time to think about our annual flower show.

We have flower shows everywhere, now. They may seem most natural in sweet country places, where an awning can be so easily swung from tree to tree, in the school-house playground, and the head gardeners from the two Halls will be the judges, likely to be just indeed, if their opinions will agree! Rich indeed may be the flower shows in these places where sunshine, and pure rain, and fresh air are the common

property of all, and where prizes may be offered not only for home-grown and carefully cultivated beauty, but for diligently collected and beautifully arranged wildlings—representative, perhaps, of the county flora. At such a flower show, held in a little town perched on the rocky hills beside a Highland frith, we have seen glorious bunches of wild flowers and shrubs, which must have involved hours of active exercise, with its concomitants of health and happiness. And at the same show we have seen a number of light and graceful things—amongst them a crown which might have served for a fairy queen—wrought in various grasses by the busy fingers of a poor herdwoman, a proud and happy woman that day, tasting all the sweetness of distinction, in the praise of familiar and honoured voices.

Nevertheless, though not so beautiful as the country gathering, far more pathetic and interesting is a city flower show. For it tells of a strong instinct for beauty and nature, surviving where bricks and hard pressure have done their best to squeeze it out. The city flower show must needs be held where it can be. Some fortunate parishes have open places at command, not absolutely treeless, nor quite destitute of turf, but these are the exception. Before the time of Board schools, and the chance of their asphalted enclosures, many city flower shows were fain to hide their sweetness inside the local school-room, and the poor flower-rearers trembled for their pets in the dry