



The Gloaming Time.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by FREDERICK G. COLE, L. Mus. T. C. L.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante. ♩ = 88.

pp

p

rit.

1. Oh, there's an hour when mor - tals share A taste of bliss a - bove, When the
 2. And I have vowed to seek the spot— The spot that we both love best; And a
 3. The birds have hushed their ten - der songs, The bee its mur - mur low; And the

strife that stirs the heart is gone, And life is a dream of love, And
 rose I've plucked, a white, white rose, To lay on my dar - ling's breast, To
 flowers have closed their wea - ry eyes, And fold - ed their breasts of snow, And

cres.

pp.

Ped. * Ped.

rit. *pp* *a tempo.*

life is a dream of love; When words that fall from the lips we prize Are a
 lay on my dar-ling's breast: And there a tale that none else shall know I will
 fold-ed their breasts of snow: Then I'll a-way, for my heart can tell There's a

pp *a tempo.*

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p *cres. e agitato.*

sweet-er sound to hear— In the gloam-ing time, In the gloam-ing time, And it's
 whis-per in her ear— In the gloam-ing time, In the gloam-ing time, And it's
 foot-fall ling-'ring near— Oh! the gloam-ing time, Oh! the gloam-ing time, Is the

colla voce.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

then that I woo my dear, my dear; In the gloam-ing time, In the gloam-ing time, And it's
 then that I woo my dear, my dear; In the gloam-ing time, In the gloam-ing time, And it's
 time when I woo my dear, my dear; Oh! the gloam-ing time, Oh! the gloam-ing time, Is the

cres. *p*

rit. *pp a tempo.* *pp rall.*

then that I woo my dear. *1st & 2nd verses.* *3rd verse.*
 then that I woo my dear. *1st & 2nd verses.* *3rd verse.*
 time when I woo my dear. *1st & 2nd verses.* *3rd verse.*

rit. *pp a tempo.* *pp rall.*