

Evening.

*Words by
Harriet Fairchild Blodgett.

Music by
Margaret Ruthven Lang, Op.39. N^o 5.

Very slowly and peacefully. (♩ = 84)

p
The shadows furl their

p
wings to rest, As, through the curtains of the west, The

Eve - ning com - eth with a star To light her from the

a tempo *mp*

worlds a - far, — And says, — her gray eyes

ritard. *a tempo* *mp*

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* *

filled — with dew: — “Dear child, — I have sweet

mp

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

5 8 2 1 2 1

dreams for you! Sweet dreams, dear child, for

mp

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

pp

you!”

p *pp* *ppp*

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *