



When Twilight Dews are Falling Soft

William Mason
(1829-1908)

Moderato

S *mp* When twi - light dew - s are fall - ing soft Up - on the ros - y sea, love! I

A *mp* When twi - light dew - s are fall - ing soft Up - on the ros - y sea, love! I

T *mp* When twi - light dew - s are fall - ing soft Up - on the ros - y sea, love! I

B *mp* When twi - light dew - s are fall - ing soft Up - on the ros - y sea, love! I

S⁵ watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee, love! And

A watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee, love! And

T watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee, love! And

B watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee, love! And

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S thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, *cresc.* And think, tho' lost for

A thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, *cresc.* And think, tho' lost for

T thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, *cresc.* And think, tho' lost for

B thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, *cresc.* And think, tho' lost for

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S ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n, thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n.

A ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n, thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n.

T ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n, *f* thou'lt be mine in Heav'n.

B ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n, *f* thou'lt yet be mine in Heav'n.

S *mp* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, love! But

A *mp* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, love! But

T *mp* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, love! But

B *mp* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, love! But

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S brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee, love! And

A brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee, love! And

T brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee, love! And

B brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee, love! And

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S still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've *cresc.*

A still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've *cresc.*

T still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for-giv'n, The pains, the ills we've *cresc.*

B still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for-giv'n, The pains, the ills we've *cresc.*

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S wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in Heav'n, may Turn to smiles in Heav'n.

A wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in Heav'n, may Turn to smiles in Heav'n.

T wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in Heav'n, Turn to smiles in Heav'n. *sf*

B wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in Heav'n, may Turn to smiles in Heav'n. *sf*

William Mason (1829-1908) was born in Boston, Massachusetts, son of the renowned musical figure Lowell Mason. He first studied in Boston and was trained at the Boston Academy of Music. He travelled to Europe where he was the first American piano student of Franz Liszt and Ignaz Moscheles. He played in London and toured the United States as a pianist before settling in New York City. He led a chamber ensemble that introduced many works of Robert Schumann and other famous Europeans to Americans. He published numerous pedagogical works for piano and composed many piano works. He died in New York City.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love!
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in Heaven.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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