TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

BY

Mrs. Hemans

MUSIC BY

Miss Browne

Published by John Cole Baltimore.

Come, come, come, come to the sunset tree
The day is past and gone, The

woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done
The twilight star to heaven And the

summer-dew to flowers, And rest to us is given By the cool soft evening hours Come, come
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Moderato,

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woodman's axe lies free And the reaper's work is done The twilight star to heaven And the

summer-dew to flowers And rest to us is given By the cool soft evening hours Come come
Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the woods' low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labours task are o'er
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come! &c.

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than even nightfall gave;
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come! &c.

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow
No weary wandering feet.
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod;
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come! &c.