THE SUNSET TREE,

A TYROLESE EVENING HYMN

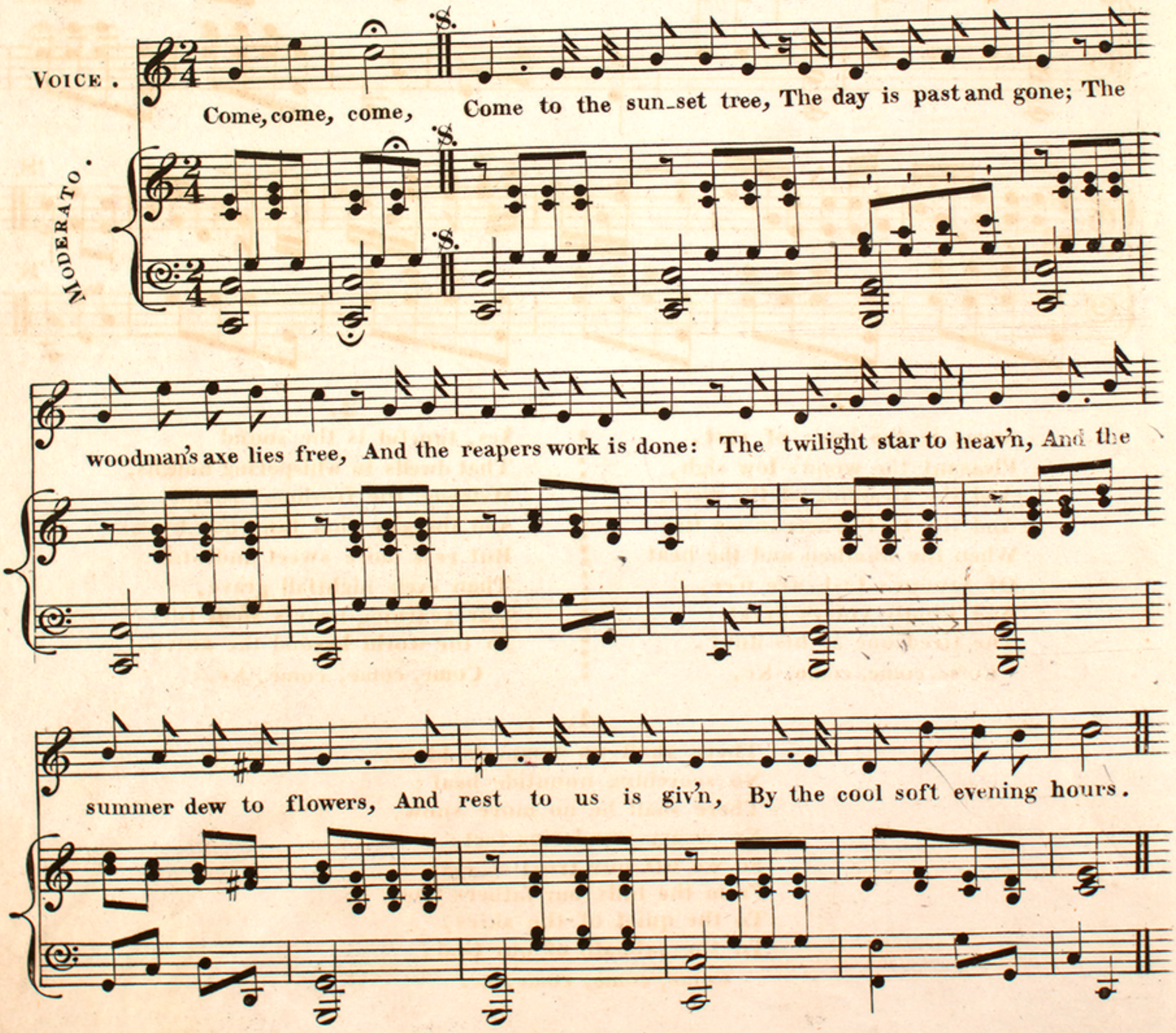
BY

Mrs Hemans.

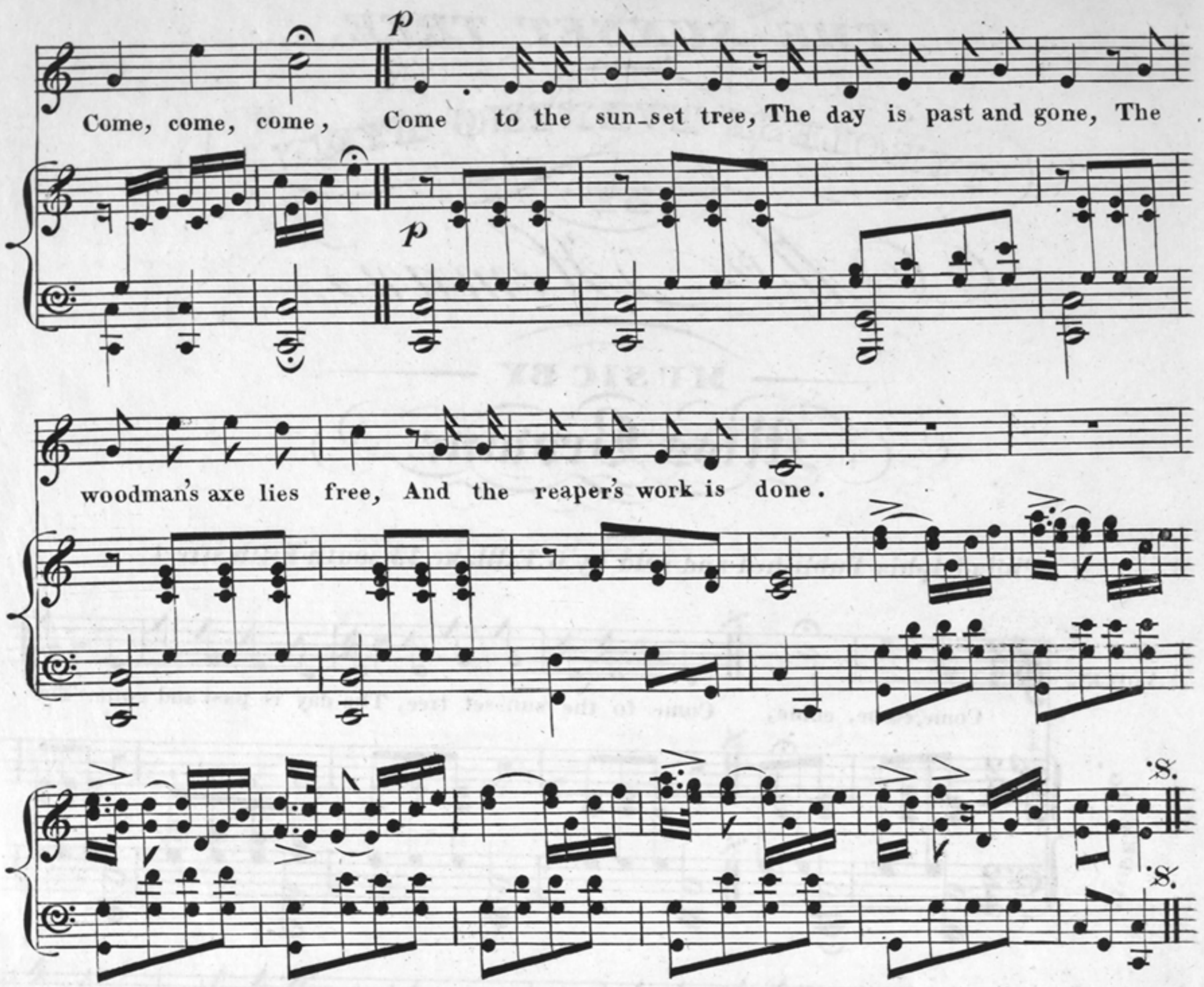
MUSIC BY

Miss Browne.

Philadelphia Published and sold by G.E.Blake 13 south Fifth street.



SOLD AT
COLE'S
MUSIC STORE
BALTIMORE.



2.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie:
When the burthen and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come, &c.

3.

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 grave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come, &c.

4.

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide beat;
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.