

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN;

Words by

Mrs Demans

Music by her Sister

MISS BROWNE

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MODERATO

Come come come Come to the sun set tree! The day is past and

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

Heav'n And the summerdew to flow'rs And rest to us is giv'n By the cool soft evening hours.

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.
 Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
 And the gleaning 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 tried 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 gave,
 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.