

# THE DAY IS DONE.

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato molto.* *p*

The day is done, and the dark - ness Falls from the wings of night

*pp* *cres.*

*cres.* *f*

As a feath - er is waft-ed downward From an ea - gle in his flight, From an ea - gle in his flight.

*pp*

*pp* *poco riten.*

I see the lights of the vil - lage Glean through the rain and the mist, And a feel - ing of sadness comes

*pp animando un poco.* *col canto.*

*cres.* *Andante.*

o'er me That my soul cannot re - sist; - A feel - ing of sad - ness and longing That is not a - kin to

*cres.* *f* *p* *pp* *cres.*

*slower.* *smorz.*

pain, And re - sem - bles sor - row on - ly As the mist re - sem - bles rain.

*pp*

Come read to me some po-em, some sim-ple and heart-felt

*cres.* *fp* *pp*

lay, That shall soothe this rest-less feeling And ban-ish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old mas-ters, Not from the bards sub-lime Whose dis-tant foot-steps

*cres.* *cres.*

e-cho through the cor-ri-dors of time; For, like strains of mar-tial mu-sic, Their

*accelerando.*

might-y thoughts sug-gest Life's end-less toil and en-deav-or, And to-night I long for

*cres.* *string.* *cres.* *f rall.*

*cres.* *cres.* *f rall.*

THE DAY IS DONE.—Continued.

*riten.* rest, To-night I long for rest. *Tempo primo.* *sotto voce.* Read from some humbler

*riten.* po-et Whose songs gush'd from his heart, from his heart, *dolce.* As showers from the clouds of sum-mer, Or

tears from the eye-lids start, Or tears from the eye-lids start, *animando un poco.*

*p* Who thro' long days of la-bor, And nights de-void of ease, Still heard in his soul the *cres.*

mu-sic Of won-der-ful mel-o-dies. Such songs have pow-er to qui-et The *cres.*

*poco meno mosso.* *pp staccato.*

THE DAY IS DONE.—Concluded.

*Solemn and slow.* *smorz.*  
rest - less pulse of care, And come like the ben - e - dic - tion That fol - lows af - - - ter

*pp colla parte.* *cres.*

*riten.*  
prayer. Then read from the treasur'd volume The po - em of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the

*pp riten.*

*riten.* *poco animato.*  
po - et The beau - ty of thy voice; And the night shall be fill'd with mu - sic, And the

*riten.*

*riten.*  
cares that in - fest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as si - lent - ly, (Imitating the voice.)

*riten.* *p* *pp*

*p* *pp adagio assai.* *ppp* *perdendosi.*  
si - lent - ly, And as si - - lent - ly steal . . . . a - - - - way.

*pp* *ppp* *pppp*