

Ring Young

# TWILIGHT.

Gilbert Parker.

Edward Elgar.  
Op. 59, No 6.

*Molto moderato.* *mf*

*pp* A -

*con Ped.* *di.*

*A poco più lento*

- dieu! \_\_\_\_\_ and the sun goes a-wea-ri-ly down, The

*colla parte*

*dim.* *a tempo cresc.*

mist creeps up o'er the sleep-y town, The white sails bend to the

*dim.* *cresc.*

*p ma sonoramente*

*poco rit.*

shud - d'ring mere, And the reap - ers have reaped, and the

*colla parte*

*pp rit.* **B** *mf a tempo*

night is here. A - dieu!

*pp rit.* *a tempo mf* *p*

*p poco più lento* *cresc.* *pp*

and the years are a bro-ken song, The right grows weak in the strife with wrong, The

*colla parte* *cresc.* *dim.*

*a tempo*

li - - lies of love have a crim-son stain, And the

*a tempo*

*poco rit.* *espress.* *a tempo*

old days nev-er will come \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain. A -

*colla parte* *a tempo*

*rit.* *più lento*

- dieu! \_\_\_\_\_ Some time shall the veil between The

*rit.* *f* *pp colla parte*

*Ped.* \*

*rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

things that are, and that might have been, Be fold - - ed

*rit.* *pp* *a tempo* *molto espress.*

back\_ for our eyes to see, And the mean - ing of

*rit.* *p* *F dim.*

all be clear to me. A - dieu!

*colla parte* *pp* *con Ped.*

*rit. molto* *dim.* *ppp*