

M. Orchard.

NO 1 IN D.



NO 2 IN E<sup>b</sup>



NO 3 IN F.



# GOD SEND ME LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

SACRED SONG

Words

by

EDWARD LOCKTON

Music

by

VALENTINE  
HEMERY

PRICE 2/6 NET.

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## God send me Light at Eventide.

When eastern hills begin to glow,  
O comrades bid me rise!  
Give me my scythe, and send me forth,  
With glad and hoping eyes!  
O call me to the golden fields,  
Beneath the flaming sun,  
To reap the rich good harvest there,  
Before the day is done.

When western skies are lit with fire,  
O comrades, call at last,  
"Lay down thy scythe and rest awhile,  
Thy weary toil is past!"  
And when that solemn night shall fall,  
When I afar must roam,  
God send me light at eventide,  
And bring my harvest home!

*Edward Lockton.*

# God send me Light at Eventide.

Words by  
EDWARD LOCKTON.

Music by  
VALENTINE HEMERY.

**Moderato.**

Voice.

Piano.

*f* *p* *p*

When east - ern hills be -

- gin to glow, O com - rades bid me rise!

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a 'Moderato' tempo marking. The voice part starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system contains the lyrics 'When east - ern hills be -' and continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system contains the lyrics '- gin to glow, O com - rades bid me rise!' and concludes the piece with a final chord and a fermata over the piano part.

*f cresc.*

Give me my scythe, and send me forth, With glad and hop - ing eyes!

*f ten.*

*rit*

*p*

O call me to the gold - en fields, Be - neath the flam - ing

*p*

*tempo*

*ten.* *rit.* *f* *a tempo*

sun, To reap the rich good har - vest there, Be -

*rit.* *f a tempo* *p*

*p rit.*

-fore the day is done, be - fore the day is

*p rit.*

*a tempo*

done.

*f a tempo*

*rit.*

*p*

*più mosso*

*f*

When west - - - ern skies are lit with fire, O

*più mosso f*

*meno mosso*

*p* *Tempo*

com - rades, call at last, "Lay down thy scythe and

*meno mosso*

*p*

*p* *3*

*calando*

rest a-while, Thy wea - ry toil is past!"

*calando*

*p* *3*

*p solenne*

And when that sol - emn night shall fall, When I a - far must

*p*

*molto rall. ten* *ff allargando* *poco*

roam, God send me light, light at ev - en - tide, And

*ff molto rall.* *ff*

*accel. e cresc.* *f* *allargando*

bring my har - vest home, And bring my har - vest

*accel.* *ff allargando*

*ff accel.*

home.

*ff accel.* *ff* *sf*

\* When voice takes the higher notes, the small notes in the accompaniment must be played.  
 God send me Light at Eventide—V. Hemery.