



Twelve O'clock

**Ossian E. Dodge
(1820-1876)**

Ossian Euclid Dodge (1820-1876) was born in Cayuga, New York. His father was a mathematician who helped broker the British government's disputed claims in Canada. He showed talent through childhood and started to write and perform moral comic songs. His parents apprenticed him with a cabinet-maker to dissuade him from music. With the skills learned, he started teaching wax sculpturing at female seminaries. After writing a commencement song, he chose to pursue music as a career. He established a reputation for writing and performing sophisticated comic songs and was a showman reportedly "nearly equal to Barnum in the manufacture of sensational inducements and all the arts of delusion" (Sacramento Daily Union, 1873). He formed a troupe named "Ossian's Bards" and went to New York City to perform, socializing in political circles. He was elected to the 1851 delegation to the World's Peace Congress in London and acted as a foreign correspondent for the Boston Weekly Museum. He retired from singing and moved to Cleveland, Ohio, as a music retailer. He then moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, as a real estate investor and became secretary of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce. He died in London, England.

As I sit, my lone watch keeping,
By the fever-haunted bed,
Comes the solemn midnight, creeping,
Creeping on with silent tread;
With its weird and magic power
Giving all my soul a shock,
Comes a solitary hour,
Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock.

'Tis the hour most sad and dreary
To the sick and aching head,
'Tis the time most dread and weary
To the watcher by the bed.
Every murmur round me sighing,
Seems my hope of life to mock,
As this mystic hour is flying,
Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock.

Hush! thou night wind wailing lowly,
Making all my pulses thrill!
Hush! I feel a presence holy
Touch my heart with sudden chill;
And I know that death is stealing
One more lamb from out our flock,
While the last faint stroke is pealing,
Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock.

Twelve O'clock

Ossian E. Dodge

S As I sit, my lone watch keep - ing, By the fev - er - haunt - ed bed,

A As I sit, my lone watch keep - ing, By the fev - er - haunt - ed bed,

T As I sit, my lone watch keep - ing, By the fev - er - haunt - ed bed,

B As I sit, my lone watch keep - ing, By the fev - er - haunt - ed bed,

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S Comes the sol - emn mid - night, creep - ing, Creep - ing on with si - lent tread; With its

A Comes the sol - emn mid - night, creep - ing, Creep - ing on with si - lent tread; With its

T Comes the sol - emn mid - night, creep - ing, Creep - ing on with si - lent tread; With its

B Comes the sol - emn mid - night, creep - ing, Creep - ing on with si - lent tread; With its

Twelve O'clock

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S weird and mag - ic pow - er Giv - ing all my soul a shock,

A weird and mag - ic pow - er Giv - ing all my soul a shock,

T weird and mag - ic pow - er Giv - ing all my soul a shock,

B weird and mag - ic pow - er Giv - ing all my soul a shock,

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S Comes a sol - i - ta - ry hour, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

A Comes a sol - i - ta - ry hour, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

T Comes a sol - i - ta - ry hour, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

B Comes a sol - i - ta - ry hour, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

S 'Tis the hour most sad and drear - y To the sick and ach - ing head,

A 'Tis the hour most sad and drear - y To the sick and ach - ing head,

T 'Tis the hour most sad and drear - y To the sick and ach - ing head,

B 'Tis the hour most sad and drear - y To the sick and ach - ing head,

Twelve O'clock

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S 'Tis the time most dread and wear - y To the watch - er by the bed. Ev - 'ry

A 'Tis the time most dread and wear - y To the watch - er by the bed. Ev - 'ry

T 'Tis the time most dread and wear - y To the watch - er by the bed. Ev - 'ry

B 'Tis the time most dread and wear - y To the watch - er by the bed. Ev - 'ry

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S mur - mur round me sigh - ing, Seems my hope of life to mock,

A mur - mur round me sigh - ing, Seems my hope of life to mock,

T mur - mur round me sigh - ing, Seems my hope of life to mock,

B mur - mur round me sigh - ing, Seems my hope of life to mock,

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S As this mys - tic hour is fly - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

A As this mys - tic hour is fly - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

T As this mys - tic hour is fly - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

B As this mys - tic hour is fly - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

Twelve O'clock

S Hush! thou night wind wail - ing low - ly, Mak - ing all my puls - es thrill!

A Hush! thou night wind wail - ing low - ly, Mak - ing all my puls - es thrill!

T⁸ Hush! thou night wind wail - ing low - ly, Mak - ing all my puls - es thrill!

B Hush! thou night wind wail - ing low - ly, Mak - ing all my puls - es thrill!

³⁸S Hush! I feel a pres - ence ho - ly Touch my heart with sud - den chill; And I

A Hush! I feel a pres - ence ho - ly Touch my heart with sud - den chill; And I

T⁸ Hush! I feel a pres - ence ho - ly Touch my heart with sud - den chill; And I

B Hush! I feel a pres - ence ho - ly Touch my heart with sud - den chill; And I

⁴²S know that death is steal - ing One more lamb from out our flock,

A know that death is steal - ing One more lamb from out our flock,

T⁸ know that death is steal - ing One more lamb from out our flock,

B know that death is steal - ing One more lamb from out our flock,

Twelve O'clock

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S While the last faint stroke is peal - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

A While the last faint stroke is peal - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

T While the last faint stroke is peal - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

B While the last faint stroke is peal - ing, Twelve o' - clock, twelve o' - clock.

Oliver Ditson & Co.
(1885)

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