



# When twilight dews

Walter Heaton  
(1871-1933)

Slowly, with expression

S  
When twi - light dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ros - y sea, I watch that

A  
When twi - light dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ros - y sea, I watch that

T  
When twi - light dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ros - y sea, I watch that

B  
When twi - light dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ros - y sea, I watch that

S  
star, whose beam so oft Hath light - ed me to thee! And thou, too,

A  
star, whose beam so oft Hath light - ed me to thee! And thou, too,

T  
star, whose beam so oft Hath light - ed me to thee! And thou, too,

B  
star, whose beam so oft Hath light - ed me to thee! And thou, too,

## When twilight dews

6

S on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for ev - er here, —

A on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for ev - er here, —

T on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for ev - er here, —

B on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for ev - er here, —

*p* *rall.*

9

S — Thou't yet be mine — in heav'n? —

A — Thou't yet be mine — in heav'n? —

T — Thou't yet be mine — in heav'n? —

B — Thou't yet be mine in heav'n? —

*rall.* *p* *pp*

## Tempo 1

S There's not a gar - den walk I tread There's not a flow'r I see But brings to

A There's not a gar - den walk I tread There's not a flow'r I see But brings to

T There's not a gar - den walk I tread There's not a flow'r I see But brings to

B There's not a gar - den walk I tread There's not a flow'r I see But brings to

*mf* *p* *mf*

# When twilight dews

14

S mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee! And still I

A mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee! And still I

T mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee! And still I

B mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee! And still I

16

S wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, —

A wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, —

T wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, —

B wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, —

19

S — May turn to smiles — in heav'n. —

A — May turn to smiles — in heav'n. —

T — May turn to smiles — in heav'n. —

B — May turn to smiles in heav'n. —

**Walter Heaton** (1871-1933) was born in Manchester, England, the son of a silk manufacturer. He attended the Eccles parish school, King Edward School of Macclesfield, and Victoria University. He won the Hargreaves Musical scholarship three years in succession and earned the Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists. He relocated to Reading, Pennsylvania, to be organist at the Memorial Church of the Holy Cross, a position he held for 32 years. He was also awarded a degree from Lincoln-Jefferson University. He later left Reading to be organist at the Trinity Episcopal church, New Orleans, Louisiana, serving three years before falling ill. He died in Reading. He had a wide reputation as a teacher of vocal and organ music, and as a recitalist. He was a member of the American Guild of Organists, the National Association of Organists, the British Society of Psychology, and the British Palestrina society. Among his published books are "The Artistic Impulse," "Vocal Technology" and "Temperament and Sex." His compositions include a number of anthems and choral works.

When twilight dews are falling fast  
Upon the rosy sea,  
I watch that star, whose beam so oft  
Hath lighted me to thee!  
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,  
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,  
And think, though lost for ever here,  
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?

There 's not a garden walk I tread  
There's not a flower I see  
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,  
Some joy I've lost with thee!  
And still I wish that hour was near,  
When, friends and foes forgiven,  
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,  
May turn to smiles in heaven.

Anon.

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