



When twilight dews



Henry Hiles (1826-1904)

Adagio $\text{♩} = 76$

S *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*
 When twi - light dews are fall - ing soft Up - on the ro - sy sea, I

A *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*
 When twi - light dews are fall - ing soft Up - on the ro - sy sea, I

T *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*
 When twi - light dews are fall - ing soft Up - on the ro - sy sea, I

B *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*
 When twi - light dews are fall - ing soft Up - on the ro - sy sea, I watch_____

5 S *dim.* *p*
 watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee. And

A *dim.* *p*
 watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee. And

T *dim.* *p*
 watch the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee. And thou, too,

B *dim.* *p*
 — the star, whose beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee. And

9 S *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p*
 thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, And

A *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p*
 thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, And

T *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p*
 on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, And

B *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p*
 thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah, dost thou gaze at ev'n, And

13

S *cresc.* think, tho' lost for e - ver here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n, *pp* Thou'lt

A *cresc.* think, tho' lost for e - ver here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n, *pp* Thou'lt yet _____

T *cresc.* think, tho' lost for e - ver here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n, *pp* Thou'lt

B *cresc.* think, tho' lost for e - ver here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n, *pp* Thou'lt

17

S *mf* yet be mine in heav'n, *rall.* Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n. *pp*

A *mf* — be mine in heav'n, *rall.* Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n. *pp*

T *cresc.* yet be mine in heav'n, *mf* Thou'lt yet, *rall.* Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n. *pp*

B *mf* yet be mine in heav'n, *rall.* Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n. *pp*

S *p* *cresc.* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, *dim.* There's not a flow'r I see, *pp* But

A *p* *cresc.* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, *dim.* There's not a flow'r I see, *pp* But

T *p* *cresc.* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, *dim.* There's not a flow'r I see, *pp* But

B *p* *cresc.* There's not a gar - den walk I tread, *dim.* There's not a flow'r I see, *pp* But brings _____

25

S brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee. And

A brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee. And

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

B — to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee. And

dim. *p* *dim.* *p* *dim.* *p* *dim.* *p*

29

S still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The

A still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The

T wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The

B still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for - giv'n, The

cresc. *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *p*

33

S pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n, May

A pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n, May turn

T pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May — turn to smiles in heav'n, May

B pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n, May

cresc. *pp* *cresc.* *pp* *cresc.* *pp* *cresc.* *pp*

37

S
turn to smiles in heav'n, May turn to smiles in heav'n.

A
— to smiles in heav'n, May turn to smiles in heav'n.

T
turn to smiles in heav'n, May turn, May turn to smiles in heav'n.

B
turn to smiles in heav'n, May turn to smiles in heav'n.

Novello and Company
(1869-1885)

Henry Hiles (1826-1904) was born in Shrewsbury, the youngest of six boys. He began studying the piano at the age of 4 and the organ a few years later. At age 13 he deputized at several churches in Shrewsbury and, at 18, was appointed organist at the Parish Church of Bury, near Manchester. In 1851, he struck out to Australia with the gold rush. He noted in a 1900 interview for *The Musical Times* that, in those Colonial days, “You had to fire off a revolver every night to show your neighbour that you possessed fire arms.” He spent £150 to find three ounces of gold and returned to England in 1857. He became organist at St. Michael Wood Street, London, but soon went to Manchester as organist at Henshaw’s Blind Asylum and St. Thomas Church, Old Trafford. He studied at Oxford where he earned a Bachelor and Doctor of Music degrees. He was editor and owner *The Quarterly Musical Review* from 1885-1888 and founded the *Society of Professional Musicians*. He taught at the Royal Manchester College of Music (University of Manchester) and was conductor of many important choral societies— at Knutsford, Blackburn, Preston, Warrington, and Manchester. He composed an oratorio, an operetta, some cantatas, piano pieces and many songs and part-songs.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, tho’ 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, love,
But brings to mind some hope that’s fled,
Some joy that’s gone with thee, Love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we’ve wept thro’ here
May turn to smiles in heaven.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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David Anderson
SHORCHOR Music
1706 NE 177th St.
Shoreline, WA 98155 USA

