



Now the
wearied sun
declining

Richard Francis Lloyd
(1871-1943)

Now the wearied sun declining

Richard Francis Lloyd

Andante sostenuto

S *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

A *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

T *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

B *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

S ⁶ rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

A rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

T rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

B rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

S ¹¹ sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

A sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

T sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

B sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

Now the wearied sun declining

17 *mf*

S O Love, wert thou but here, _____ wert thou but here, wert thou but

A *mf*
O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

T *mf*
O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

B *mf*
O Love, wert thou, wert thou but here, wert thou but

22 *sf*

S here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

A *sf*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

T *sf* *pp*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____ Through _____ this

B *sf*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

27 *pp* *cresc.*

S Through _____ this peace - ful hour, through _____

A *pp* *cresc.*
Through _____ this peace - ful hour, through _____

T *cresc.*
peace - - - ful hour, _____ through _____

B *pp* *cresc.*
Through _____ this peace - - -

Now the wearied sun declining

32

S — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, how

A — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, how

T — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, how

B - ful, peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, how

mf *dim.*

37

S sweet 'twould be to feel thee near.

A sweet 'twould be, 'twould be to feel thee near.

T sweet 'twould be to feel thee near.

B sweet 'twould be to feel thee near.

p *pp*

42

S In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

A In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

T In the dale the flocks are sleep - - - ing, Wea - ried

B In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

p

47

S by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

A by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

T by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

B by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

52

S clos - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

A clos - - - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

T clos - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

B clos - - - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

58 *mf*

S O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but here, wert thou but

A *mf* O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

T *mf* O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

B *mf* O Love, wert thou, wert thou but here, wert thou but

Now the wearied sun declining

63 *sf*

S here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

A here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

T *sf* here, wert thou _____ but here, _____ *pp* Ev - er

B *sf* here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

68 *pp* *cresc.*

S Ev - - - er trust - ing thee, ev - - -

A *pp* *cresc.* Ev - - - er trust - ing thee, ev - - -

T *cresc.* trust - - - ing thee, _____ ev - - -

B *pp* *cresc.* Ev - - - er, ev - - -

73 *mf*

S - - er trust - ing thee, I too _____ could

A - - er trust - ing thee, I too could

T *mf* - - er trust - ing thee, I too could

B *mf* - - er trust - ing thee, I too could

77

S rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

A rest, I too could rest, could rest with thee so near.

T rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

B rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

dim. *p* *pp*

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Richard Francis Lloyd (1871-1943) was born and educated in Liverpool, England. He was organist at Canning Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. He also served as chairman of the Liverpool and District Organists' and Choirmasters' Association. His compositions include hymns, anthems, organ music and part-songs.

Now the wearied sun declining,
Sinks to rest o'er yonder hill;
Ev'ry bird has ceas'd from singing,
All the forest leaves are still.

O Love, wert thou but here,
Through this peaceful hour,
How sweet 'twould be to feel thee near.

In the dale the flocks are sleeping,
Wearied by the sun's hot ray;
And the daisies' heads are closing,
With the waning light of day.

O Love, wert thou but here,
Ever trusting thee,
I too could rest with thee so near.

Richard Francis Lloyd

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