



# The last days of Autumn

Howard Kingsbury  
(1842-1878)

Plaintively

S  
Now the grow - ing year is o - ver, And the shep - herd's tin - kling bell

A  
Now the grow - ing year is o - ver, And the shep - herd's tin - kling bell

T  
Now the grow - ing year is o - ver, And the shep - herd's tin - kling bell

B  
Now the grow - ing year is o - ver, And the shep - herd's tin - kling bell

5  
S  
Faint - ly from its win - ter cov - er Rings a low fare - well:—

A  
Faint - ly from its win - ter cov - er Rings a low fare - well:—

T  
Faint - ly from its win - ter cov - er Rings a low fare - well:—

B  
Faint - ly from its win - ter cov - er Rings a low fare - well:—

## The last days of Autumn

9

S Now the birds of Au - tumn shiv - er, Where the with - er'd beech - leaves quiv - er,

A Now the birds of Au - tumn shiv - er, Where the with - er'd beech - leaves quiv - er,

T Now the birds of Au - tumn shiv - er, Where the with - er'd beech - leaves quiv - er,

B Now the birds of Au - tumn shiv - er, Where the with - er'd beech - leaves quiv - er,

13

S O'er the dark and la - zy riv - er, In the rock - y dell.

A O'er the dark and la - zy riv - er, In the rock - y dell.

T O'er the dark and la - zy riv - er, In the rock - y dell.

B O'er the dark and la - zy riv - er, In the rock - y dell.

17

S Now the mist is on the moun - tains, Red - d'ning in the ris - ing sun;

A Now the mist is on the moun - tains, Red - d'ning in the ris - ing sun;

T Now the mist is on the moun - tains, Red - d'ning in the ris - ing sun;

B Now the mist is on the moun - tains, Red - d'ning in the ris - ing sun;

# The last days of Autumn

21

S Now the flow'rs a - round the foun - tains Per - ish\_\_ one by one:—

A Now the flow'rs a - round the foun - tains Per - ish\_\_ one by one:—

T Now the flow'rs a - round the foun - tains Per - ish\_\_ one by one:—

B Now the flow'rs a - round the foun - tains Per - ish\_\_ one by one:—

25

S Not a spire of grass is grow - ing, But\_\_ the\_\_ leaves that\_\_ late\_\_ were glow - ing

A Not a spire of grass is grow - ing, But\_\_ the\_\_ leaves that\_\_ late\_\_ were glow - ing

T Not a spire of grass is grow - ing, But the leaves that late were glow - ing

B Not a spire of grass is grow - ing, But the leaves that late were glow - ing

29

S Now its blight - ed green are strow - ing With\_\_ a\_\_ man - tle dun.

A Now its blight - ed green are strow - ing With a man - tle dun.

T Now its blight - ed green are strow - ing With\_\_ a\_\_ man - tle dun.

B Now its blight - ed green are strow - ing With a\_\_ man - tle dun.

## The last days of Autumn

33

S Now the tor - rent brook is steal - ing Faint - ly down the fur - row'd glade,—

A Now the tor - rent brook is steal - ing Faint - ly down the fur - row'd glade,—

T Now the tor - rent brook is steal - ing Faint - ly down the fur - row'd glade,—

B Now the tor - rent brook is steal - ing Faint - ly down the fur - row'd glade,—

37

S Not as when, in win - ter peal - ing, Such a din it made,

A Not as when, in win - ter peal - ing, Such a din it made,

T Not as when, in win - ter peal - ing, Such a din it made,

B Not as when, in win - ter peal - ing, Such a din it made,

41

S That the sound of cat - aracts fall - ing Gave no ech - o so ap - pal - ling,

A That the sound of cat - aracts fall - ing Gave no ech - o so ap - pal - ling,

T That the sound of cat - aracts fall - ing Gave no ech - o so ap - pal - ling,

B That the sound of cat - aracts fall - ing Gave no ech - o so ap - pal - ling,

# The last days of Autumn

45

S As its hoarse and heav - y brawl - ing In the pine's black shade.

A As its hoarse and heav - y brawl - ing In the pine's black shade.

T As its hoarse and heav - y brawl - ing In the pine's black shade.

B As its hoarse and heav - y brawl - ing In the pine's black shade.

49

S Dark - ly blue the mist is hov - 'ring Round the clift - ed rock's bare height,

A Dark - ly blue the mist is hov - 'ring Round the clift - ed rock's bare height,

T Dark - ly blue the mist is hov - 'ring Round the clift - ed rock's bare height,

B Dark - ly blue the mist is hov - 'ring Round the clift - ed rock's bare height,

53

S All the bor - d'ring moun - tains cov - 'ring With a dim, un - cer - tain light:—

A All the bor - d'ring moun - tains cov - 'ring With a dim, un - cer - tain light:—

T All the bor - d'ring moun - tains cov - 'ring With a dim, un - cer - tain light:—

B All the bor - d'ring moun - tains cov - 'ring With a dim, un - cer - tain light:—

## The last days of Autumn

57

S Now, a fresh - er wind pre - vail - ing, Wide its heav - y bur - den sail - ing,

A Now, a fresh - er wind pre - vail - ing, Wide its heav - y bur - den sail - ing,

T Now, a fresh - er wind pre - vail - ing, Wide its heav - y bur - den sail - ing,

B Now, a fresh - er wind pre - vail - ing, Wide its heav - y bur - den sail - ing,

61

S Deep - ens, as the day is fail - ing, Fast the gloom of night.

A Deep - ens, as the day is fail - ing, Fast the gloom of night.

T Deep - ens, as the day is fail - ing, Fast the gloom of night.

B Deep - ens, as the day is fail - ing, Fast the gloom of night.

65

S Slow the blood - stain'd moon is rid - ing Thro' the still and ha - zy air,

A Slow the blood - stain'd moon is rid - ing Thro' the still and ha - zy air,

T Slow the blood - stain'd moon is rid - ing Thro' the still and ha - zy air,

B Slow the blood - stain'd moon is rid - ing Thro' the still and ha - zy air,

# The last days of Autumn

69

S Like a sheet - ed spec - tre glid - ing In a torch - 's glare:—

A Like a sheet - ed spec - tre glid - ing In a torch - 's glare:—

T Like a sheet - ed spec - tre glid - ing In a torch - 's glare:—

B Like a sheet - ed spec - tre glid - ing In a torch - 's glare:—

73

S Few the hours her light is giv - en,— Min - gling clouds of tem - pest driv - en

A Few the hours her light is giv - en,— Min - gling clouds of tem - pest driv - en

T Few the hours her light is giv - en,— Min - gling clouds of tem - pest driv - en

B Few the hours her light is giv - en,— Min - gling clouds of tem - pest driv - en

77

S O'er the mourn - ing face of heav - en, All is black - ness there.

A O'er the mourn - ing face of heav - en, All is black - ness there.

T O'er the mourn - ing face of heav - en, All is black - ness there.

B O'er the mourn - ing face of heav - en, All is black - ness there.

**Howard Kingsbury** (1842–1878) was born in New York City, New York, and graduated from Yale University. He became an ordained minister, serving at the Second Presbyterian Church, Newark, Ohio, and later at the Village Church in Amherst, Massachusetts. He died in Amherst. He wrote many hymns, and wrote part songs for singing schools and conventions. Some of his songs were recognized by the Sol-Fa movement and republished by John Curwen's company in England in both traditional and sol-fa notation.

Now the growing year is over,  
And the shepherd's tinkling bell  
Faintly from its winter cover  
Rings a low farewell:—  
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,  
Where the withered beech-leaves quiver,  
O'er the dark and lazy river,  
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,  
Reddening in the rising sun;  
Now the flowers around the fountains  
Perish one by one:—  
Not a spire of grass is growing,  
But the leaves that late were glowing  
Now its blighted green are strowing  
With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing  
Faintly down the furrowed glade,—  
Not as when, in winter pealing,  
Such a din it made,  
That the sound of cataracts falling  
Gave no echo so appalling,  
As its hoarse and heavy brawling  
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering  
Round the clifted rock's bare height,  
All the bordering mountains covering  
With a dim, uncertain light:—  
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,  
Wide its heavy burden sailing,  
Deepens, as the day is failing,  
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stained moon is riding  
Through the still and hazy air,  
Like a sheeted spectre gliding  
In a torch's glare:—  
Few the hours her light is given,—  
Mingling clouds of tempest driven  
O'er the mourning face of heaven,  
All is blackness there.

James Gates Percival (1795–1856)

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