



# **Morning twilight**

**Howard Kingsbury**  
**(1842-1878)**

# Morning twilight

H. Kingsbury

S  
The\_ moun - tains are blue in the morn - ing air, And the woods are spar - kling with

A  
The\_ moun - tains are blue in the morn - ing air, And the woods are spar - kling with

T  
The moun - tains are blue in the morn - ing air, And the woods are spar - kling with

B  
The moun - tains are blue in the morn - ing air, And the woods are spar - kling with

<sup>4</sup>  
S  
dew - y light; The winds, as they wind thro' the hol - lows, bear The

A  
dew - y light; The\_ winds, as they wind thro' the hol - lows, bear The

T  
dew - y light; The\_ winds, as they wind thro' the hol - lows, bear The

B  
dew - y light; The winds, as they wind thro' the hol - lows, bear The



# Morning twilight

7

S  
breath of the blos - soms that wake by night. Wide o'er the bend - ing

A  
breath of the blos - soms that wake by night. Wide o'er the bend - ing

T  
8  
breath of the blos - soms that wake by night. Wide o'er the bend - ing

B  
breath of the blos - soms that wake by night. Wide o'er the bend - ing

10

S  
mead - ows roll The mists, like a light - ly mov - ing sea; The

A  
mead - ows roll The mists, like a light - ly mov - ing sea; The

T  
8  
mead - ows roll The mists, like a light - ly mov - ing sea; The

B  
mead - ows roll The mists, like a light - ly mov - ing sea; The

13

S  
sun is not ris - en,—and o'er the whole There hov - ers a si - lent mys - ter - y.

A  
sun is not ris - en,—and o'er the whole There hov - ers a si - lent mys - ter - y.

T  
8  
sun is not ris - en,—and o'er the whole There hov - ers a si - lent mys - ter - y.

B  
sun is not ris - en,—and o'er the whole There hov - ers a si - lent mys - ter - y.

## Morning twilight

S The pure blue sky is in calm re - pose; The pil - lowy clouds are

A The pure blue sky is in calm re - pose; The pil - lowy clouds are

T The pure blue sky is in calm re - pose; The pil - lowy clouds are

B The pure blue sky is in calm re - pose; The pil - lowy clouds are

20 S sleep - ing there; So still - y the brook in its co - vert flows, You would

A sleep - ing there; So still - y the brook in its co - vert flows, You would

T sleep - ing there; So still - y the brook in its co - vert flows, You would

B sleep - ing there; So still - y the brook in its co - vert flows, You would

23 S think its mur - mur a breath of air. The wa - ter that floats in the

A think its mur - mur a breath of air. The wa - ter that floats in the

T think its mur - mur a breath of air. The wa - ter that floats in the

B think its mur - mur a breath of air. The wa - ter that floats in the

# Morning twilight

26

S glass - y pool, Half hid by the wil - lows that line its brink, In its

A glass - y pool, Half hid by the wil - lows that line its brink, In its

T glass - y pool, Half hid by the wil - lows that line its brink, In its

B glass - y pool, Half hid by the wil - lows that line its brink, In its

29

S deep re - cess has a look so cool, One would wor - ship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

A deep re - cess has a look so cool, One would wor - ship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

T deep re - cess has a look so cool, One would wor - ship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

B deep re - cess has a look so cool, One would wor - ship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

S Pure and beau - ti - ful thoughts, at this ear - ly hour, Go off to the home of the

A Pure and beau - ti - ful thoughts, at this ear - ly hour, Go off to the home of the

T Pure and beau - ti - ful thoughts, at this ear - ly hour, Go off to the home of the

B Pure and beau - ti - ful thoughts, at this ear - ly hour, Go off to the home of the

## Morning twilight

36

S  
A  
T  
B

bright and blest; They steal on the heart with an un - seen pow'r, And its

39

S  
A  
T  
B

pas - sion-ate throb - bings are laid at rest; O, who would not catch, from the

42

S  
A  
T  
B

qui - et sky And the moun - tains that soar in the ha - zy air, When his

# Morning twilight

45

S har - bin-ger tells that the sun is nigh, The vis - ions of bliss that are float - ing there!

A har - bin-ger tells that the sun is nigh, The vis - ions of bliss that are float - ing there!

T har - bin-ger tells that the sun is nigh, The vis - ions of bliss that are float - ing there!

B har - bin-ger tells that the sun is nigh, The vis - ions of bliss that are float - ing there!

Taintor Brothers  
(1874)

**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.

The mountains are blue in the morning air,  
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light;  
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear  
The breath of the blossoms that wake by night.  
Wide o'er the bending meadows roll  
The mists, like a lightly moving sea;  
The sun is not risen,—and o'er the whole  
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose;  
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there;  
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,  
You would think its murmur a breath of air.  
The water that floats in the glassy pool,  
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,  
In its deep recess has a look so cool,  
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour,  
Go off to the home of the bright and blest;  
They steal on the heart with an unseen power,  
And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest;  
O, who would not catch, from the quiet sky  
And the mountains that soar in the hazy air,  
When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh,  
The visions of bliss that are floating there!

James Gates Percival (1795–1856)

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