



Lo! the peaceful shades of evening

Walter Maynard (pseud.)
Thomas Willert Beale
(1828-1894)

Tranquillo assai

S
Lo! The peace - ful shades of ev - 'ning Slow - ly fall - ing all a - round;

A
Lo! The shades of ev - 'ning a - round;

T
Lo! The peace - ful shades of ev - 'ning Slow - ly fall - ing a - round;

B
Lo! The shades of ev - 'ning a - round;

Tranquillo assai

Piano

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

5

S
Hush to si - lence ev - er deep - 'ning Ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry sound.

A
Hush to si - lence Ev - 'ry voice and sound.

T
Hush to si - lence ev - er deep - 'ning Ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry sound.

B
Hush to si - lence Each voice and sound.

Pno.

9

S
-

A
- deep en - shroud - ed,

T
Soon in dark - ness deep en - shroud - ed,

B
Soon in dark - ness, soon in dark - ness deep en - shroud - ed,

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

13

S Wear - ied na - ture will re - pose, Soon in dark - ness

A na - ture will re - pose, Soon in dark - ness

T 8 Wear - ied na - ture will re - pose, Soon in dark - ness

B na - ture will re - pose,

Pno.

17

S deep en - shroud - ed, Wear - ied na - ture

A deep en - shroud - ed, Wear - ied na - ture

T 8 deep en - shroud - ed, Wear - ied na - ture

B Wear - ied na - ture

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

21

S will re - pose, As a life by

A will re - pose, As a life by

T will re - pose, As a life by

B will re - pose, As a life by sor - row cloud - ed Sinks to

Pno.

25

S sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest, Sinks to rest from

A sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest from all its woes, from

T sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest from all its woes, from

B rest from all its woes, It sinks to rest from all its woes, from

Pno.

29

S all its woes, As a life by

A all its woes, As a life by

T all its woes, As a life by

B all its woes, And as a life by sor - row cloud - ed Sinks to

Pno.

33

S sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest, Sinks to rest from

A sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest from all its woes, from

T sor - - - row cloud - ed Sinks to rest from all its woes, from

B rest from all its woes, It sinks to rest from all its woes, from

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

37

S all its woes, from all its woes,

A all its woes, from all its woes,

T all its woes, from all its woes,

B all its woes, It sinks to rest from woes, It sinks to

Pno.

Più Vivo

41

S from all its woes. When the first bright rays of morn - ing

A from all its woes. When the rays of

T from all its woes. When the first bright rays of morn - ing

B rest from all its woes. When the rays of

Più Vivo

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

45

S Tinge with gold each_ moun - tain height, To cre - a - tion giv - ing_ warn - ing,

A morn - ing Tinge each height, To cre - a - tion

T Tinge with gold each_ moun - tain height, To cre - a - tion giv - ing warn - ing.

B morn - ing Tinge each height, To cre - a - tion

Pno.

49

S Day has brok - en_ through the night.

A giv - ing warn - ing.

T Day has brok - en_ through the night. Then thanks - giv - ing

B giv - ing warn - ing. Then thanks - giv - ing, then thanks - giv - ing

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

53

S From the earth to Heav'n will rise,

A with - out num - ber From the earth will rise,

T with - out num - ber From the earth to Heav'n will rise,

B with - out num - ber From the earth will rise,

Pno.

57

S Then thanks - giv - ing with - out num - ber

A Then thanks - giv - ing with - out num - ber

T Then thanks - giv - ing with - out num - ber

B

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

61

S From the earth to Heav'n will rise,

A From the earth to Heav'n will rise,

T From the earth to Heav'n will rise,

B From the earth to Heav'n will rise, As the

Pno.

65

S As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

A As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

T As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

B soul from mor - tal slum - ber Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, It

Pno.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening

69

S Wafts its flight, Wafts its flight be - yond the skies,

A Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies,

T Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies,

B wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies, As the

Pno.

73

S As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

A As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

T As the soul from mor - - - tal slum - ber

B soul from mor - tal slum - ber Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, It

Pno.

77

S Wafts its flight, Wafts its flight be - yond the skies,

A Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies,

T Wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies,

B wafts its flight be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies, be - yond the

Pno.

81

S be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies.

A be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies.

T be - yond the skies, be - yond the skies.

B skies, the skies, It wafts it flight be - yond the skies.

Pno.

Thomas Willert Beale (1828-1894) was the son of music publisher Frederick Beale of the firm of “Cramer, Beale, & Addison.” He was educated at Lincoln’s Inn, London, and became a barrister. He had a great passion for music and was a good pianist. He became an Impresario, managing operas and touring with notable musicians of his time. He was a founder of the New Philharmonic Society. He contributed to many journals and magazines, often writing under the pseudonym Walter Maynard. He wrote a farce, a three-act drama, an operetta, and a large number of songs, part-songs, and piano pieces. His most significant work was the two-volume tome “The Light of other Days as seen through the wrong end of an Opera Glass” (1890) containing his reminiscences of famous singers, performers, and composers. The volumes provide contemporary insight into English music culture in the 19th Century. He died at Gipsy Hill, in the London Borough of Lambeth.

Lo! The peaceful shades of evening
Slowly falling all around;
Hush to silence ever deepening
Each voice and every sound.

Soon in darkness deep enshrouded,
Wearied nature will repose,
As a life by sorrow clouded
Sinks to rest from all its woes.

When the first bright rays of morning
Tinge with gold each mountain height,
To creation giving warning.
Day has broken through the night.

Then thanksgiving without number
From the earth to Heaven will rise,
As the soul from mortal slumber
Wafts its flight beyond the skies.

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