



# Evening

Herbert C. Morris  
[1873 -?]

**Herbert Charles Morris** (1873-?) was born in Coventry, Warwickshire, England. He studied organ privately in Coventry and Leamington, then attended at the Royal College of Music, studying with Sir Walter Parratt. He was organist at the Kenilworth Parish Church, various Churches in London, and Boscombe Pavilion. He was also assistant organist of Manchester Cathedral; organist of St. Andrew's, Bath; and organist of St. David's Cathedral, Wales. His compositions include service music, anthems, and a few assorted small pieces.

# Evening

Herbert C. Morris

S *p* How soft and sweet \_\_\_\_\_ the breath of \_\_\_\_\_ eve, \_\_\_\_\_ That

A *p* How soft and sweet the breath of \_\_\_\_\_ eve, \_\_\_\_\_ That

T *p* How soft and sweet \_\_\_\_\_ the breath of \_\_\_\_\_ eve, \_\_\_\_\_ That

B *p* How soft and sweet the breath of eve, That

5  
S sighs a - cross \_\_\_\_\_ the wood - land vale; \_\_\_\_\_ Where

A sighs a - cross \_\_\_\_\_ the wood - land vale; \_\_\_\_\_ Where

T *8* sighs a - cross \_\_\_\_\_ the wood - land vale; \_\_\_\_\_ Where

B sighs a - cross \_\_\_\_\_ the wood - land vale; \_\_\_\_\_ Where

# Evening

9

S arch - ing branch - es in - ter - weave, *mf* And

A arch - ing branch - es in - ter - weave,

T arch - ing branch - es in - ter - weave,

B arch - ing branch - es in - ter - weave,

13

S lov - ers tell the oft - told tale. *p* The *mf*

A And lov - ers tell the oft - told tale. *p* The *mf*

T And lov - ers tell the oft - told tale. *p* The *mf*

B And lov - ers tell the oft - told tale. *p* The *mf*

17

S glow - ing sun, to greet the west, Hath

A glow - ing sun, to greet the west, Hath

T glow - ing sun, to greet the west, Hath

B glow - ing sun, to greet the west, Hath

# Evening

21

S sum - moned all his gold - en rays, While

A sum - moned all his gold - en rays, While

T sum - moned all his gold - en rays, While

B sum - moned all his gold - en rays, While

25

S na - ture takes a wel - come rest, And

A na - ture takes a wel - come rest,

T na - ture takes a wel - come rest,

B na - ture takes a wel - come rest,

*dim.*

29

S to the night its hom - - - age pays.

A And to the night its hom - age pays.

T And to the night its hom - - - age pays.

B And to the night its hom - age pays.

*p* *rall.*

# Evening

S *p* Now let us cast our cares a - side And

A *p* Now let us cast our cares a - side And

T *p* Now let us cast our cares a - side And

B *p* Now let us cast our cares a - side And

37 S bid our dai - ly la - bours cease; As

A bid our dai - ly la - bours cease; As

T bid our dai - ly la - bours cease; As

B bid our dai - ly la - bours cease; As

41 S calm the mo - ments gen - tly glide, *mf* And

A calm the mo - ments gen - tly glide,

T calm the mo - ments gen - tly glide,

B calm the mo - ments gen - tly glide,

# Ebening

45

S call our wear - y souls to peace. Then *mf*

A And call our wear - y souls to peace. Then *mf*

T And call our wear - y souls to peace. Then *mf*

B And call our wear - y souls to peace. Then *mf*

49

S high - er thoughts and pur - er aims With -

A high - er thoughts and pur - er aims With -

T high - er thoughts and pur - er aims With -

B high - er thoughts and pur - er aims With -

53

S in the heart a place may find, Un -

A in the heart a place may find, Un -

T in the heart a place may find, Un -

B in the heart a place may find, Un -

# Evening

57

*dim.*

S til we feel the sa - cred claims Of

*dim.*

A til we feel the sa - cred claims

*dim.*

T til we feel the sa - cred claims

*dim.*

B til we feel the sa - cred claims

61

*p* *rall.*

S no - bler life en - thrall the mind.

*p* *rall.*

A Of no - bler life en - thrall the mind.

*p* *rall.*

T Of no - bler life en - thrall the mind.

*p* *rall.*

B Of no - bler life en - thrall the mind.

65

*p*

S So when our day of time is o'er, And all its

*p*

A So when our day of time is o'er, And all its

*p*

T So when our day of time is o'er, And all its

*p*

B So when our day of time is o'er, And all its



# Ebening

71

S stress and strife is past, May

A stress and strife is past, May

T stress and strife is past, May

B stress and strife is past, May

74

S light from you ce - les - tial shore Its

A light from you ce - les - tial shore

T light from you ce - les - tial shore

B light from you ce - les - tial shore

78

S gen - tle ra - diance on us cast. Then

A Its gen - tle ra - diance on us cast. Then

T Its gen - tle ra - diance on us cast. Then

B Its gen - tle ra - diance on us cast. Then

# Evening

82

S bright - er hope and full - er joy In

A bright - er hope and full - er joy In

T bright - er hope and full - er joy In

B bright - er hope and full - er joy In

86

S ev - 'ry long - ing breast shall reign, And

A ev - 'ry long - ing breast shall reign, And

T ev - 'ry long - ing breast shall reign, And

B ev - 'ry long - ing breast shall reign, And

90

S death will not our peace de - stroy, For

A death will not our peace de - stroy,

T death will not our peace de - stroy,

B death will not our peace de - stroy,

*dim.*

# Eveing

94

S death will be our end - - - less gain.

A For death \_\_\_\_\_ will be our end - less gain.

T For death \_\_\_\_\_ will be our end - - - less gain.

B For death \_\_\_\_\_ will be our end - less gain.

J. Curwen & Sons  
(1899)

How soft and sweet the breath of eve,  
That sighs across the woodland vale;  
Where arching branches interweave,  
And lovers tell the oft-told tale.

The glowing sun, to greet the west,  
Hath summoned all his golden rays,  
While nature takes a welcome rest,  
And to the night its homage pays.

Now let us cast our cares aside  
And bid our daily labours cease;  
As calm the moments gently glide,  
And call our weary souls to peace.

Then higher thoughts and purer aims  
Within the heart a place may find,  
Until we feel the sacred claims  
Of nobler life enthrall the mind.

So when our day of time is o'er,  
And all its stress and strife is past,  
May light from you celestial shore  
Its gentle radiance on us cast.

Then brighter hope and fuller joy  
In every longing breast shall reign,  
And death will not our peace destroy,  
For death will be our endless gain.

Andrew J. Foxwell (1826-1903)

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