



Sabbath evening twilight

**George James Webb
(1803-1887)**

George James Webb (1803-1887) was born at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England. He trained early in England and was an organist in Falmouth, England. He emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1830. He was organist at the Old South Church in Boston for nearly 40 years and was organist at the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. With Lowell Mason, he founded the Boston Academy of Music. He was president of the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1871, he left Boston, taught in New York from 1876-1885, and retired to Orange, New Jersey. He was an editor for the journals "The Music Library" and "The Music Cabinet." He published the books "Vocal Techniques" and "Voice Culture," and was editor and arranger of the collections "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," "The Glee Hive," "The New Odeon," "The Vocalist," the "Little Songster," and "Cantica Laudis." He composed organ music, choral music, songs, and hymns. His most well-known composition is his part-song "'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing." The original song was well received and later adapted as a hymn with the addition of sacred words "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Delightful hour of sweet repose,
Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
I love thy deep and tranquil close,
 For all the sabbath-day is there.
Each pure desire, each high request
 That burned before the temple shrine—
The hopes, the fears, that moved the breast—
 All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow
 Thou shed'st around the closing day—
Those golden fires, those wreaths of snow,
 That light and pave his glorious way!
Through them, I've sometimes thought, the eye
 May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,
And track the course where spirits fly,
 On viewless wings, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm,
 That slumbers on this fading scene,
And throws its kind and soothing charm
 O'er "all the little world within."
It trances every roving thought,
 Yet sets the soaring fancy free—
Shuts from the soul the present out,
 That all is musing memory.

William Cutter (1801–1867)

Sabbath evening twilight

G. J. Webb

Adagio assai

S De - light - ful hour of sweet re-*pose*, Of hal - low'd thoughts, of love, of pray'r! I

A De - light - ful hour of sweet re-*pose*, Of hal - low'd thoughts, of love, of pray'r! I

T De - light - ful hour of sweet re-*pose*, Of hal - low'd thoughts, of love, of — pray'r! I

B De - light - ful hour of sweet re-*pose*, Of hal - low'd thoughts, of love, of pray'r! I

5
S love thy deep and tran - quil close, For all the sab - bath - day is there. Each

A love thy deep and tran - quil close, For all the sab - bath - day is there. Each

T love thy deep and tran - quil close, For all the sab - bath - day is there. Each

B love thy deep and tran - quil close, For all the sab - bath - day is there. Each



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S pure de-sire, each high re-quest That burn'd be-fore the tem-ple shrine— The

A pure de-sire, each high re-quest That burn'd be-fore the tem-ple shrine— The

T pure de-sire, each high re-quest That burn'd be-fore the— tem-ple shrine— The

B pure de-sire, each high re-quest That burn'd be-fore the tem-ple shrine— The

13

S hopes, the fears, that mov'd the breast— All live a-gain in light like thine. *pp*

A hopes, the fears, that mov'd the breast— All live a-gain in light like thine. *pp*

T hopes, the fears, that mov'd the breast— All live a-gain in light like thine. *pp*

B hopes, the fears, that mov'd the breast— All live a-gain in light like thine. *pp*

S I love thee for the fer-vid glow Thou shed'st a-round the clos-ing day— Those

A I love thee for the fer-vid glow Thou shed'st a-round the clos-ing day— Those

T I love thee for the fer-vid glow Thou shed'st a-round the clos-ing— day— Those

B I love thee for the fer-vid glow Thou shed'st a-round the clos-ing day— Those

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S gold - en fires, those wreaths of snow, That light and pave his glo - rious way! Through

A gold - en fires, those wreaths of snow, That light and pave his glo - rious way! Through

T gold - en fires, those wreaths of snow, That light and pave his glo - rious way! Through

B gold - en fires, those wreaths of snow, That light and pave his glo - rious way! Through

25

S them, I've some - times thought, the eye May pierce th'un - meas - ured deeps of space, And

A them, I've some - times thought, the eye May pierce th'un - meas - ured deeps of space, And

T them, I've some - times thought, the eye May pierce th'un - meas - ured deeps of space, And

B them, I've some - times thought, the eye May pierce th'un - meas - ured deeps of space, And

29

S track the course where spir - its fly, On view - less wings, to realms of bliss. *pp*

A track the course where spir - its fly, On view - less wings, to realms of bliss. *pp*

T track the course where spir - its fly, On view - less wings, to realms of bliss. *pp*

B track the course where spir - its fly, On view - less wings, to realms of bliss. *pp*

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S I love thee for th'un - brok - en calm, That slum - bers on this fad - ing scene, And

A I love thee for th'un - brok - en calm, That slum - bers on this fad - ing scene, And

T I love thee for th'un - brok - en calm, That slum - bers on this fad - ing scene, And

B I love thee for th'un - brok - en calm, That slum - bers on this fad - ing scene, And

37 S throws its kind and sooth - ing charm O'er "all the lit - tle world with - in." It

A throws its kind and sooth - ing charm O'er "all the lit - tle world with - in." It

T throws its kind and sooth - ing charm O'er "all the lit - tle world with - in." It

B throws its kind and sooth - ing charm O'er "all the lit - tle world with - in." It

41 S tranc - es ev - 'ry rov - ing thought, Yet sets the soar - ing fan - cy free— Shuts

A tranc - es ev - 'ry rov - ing thought, Yet sets the soar - ing fan - cy free— Shuts

T tranc - es ev - 'ry rov - ing thought, Yet sets the soar - ing fan - cy free— Shuts

B tranc - es ev - 'ry rov - ing thought, Yet sets the soar - ing fan - cy free— Shuts

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45

S
A
T
B

from the soul the pres - ent out, That all is mus - ing mem - o - ry.
from the soul the pres - ent out, That all is mus - ing mem - o - ry.
from the soul the pres - ent out, That all is mus - ing mem - o - ry.
from the soul the pres - ent out, That all is mus - ing mem - o - ry.

Mason & Law
(1850)

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