



*When  
The*  
**TWILIGHT  
SOFTLY FALLS**

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY

R.M. STULTS

WRITER  
OF

"SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

5

PUBLISHED BY  
**WEYMANN & SON**  
1010 CHESTNUT ST. PHILA. PA.

K. FEHR

Vp-013596  
1908  
WHEN

# WHEN THE TWILIGHT SOFTLY FALLS.

## BALLAD

R. M. STULTS.  
 Author of "That Song Divine"  
 "Sweetest Story Ever Told," etc.

Andante

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *rall.* (rallentando). It features a melody in the right hand with a descending line and a bass line in the left hand with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

*Express mf*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The lyrics are: "I oft - en dream of sun - ny days of yore / Though years have passed, time lit - tle change has brought, / Those sun - ny / Since that blest". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment as the introduction.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "gold - en days / day, when in / that are no / the woods we / more, / sought / When / Some". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment as the introduction.



hearts were light and cares were all un-known, *mp*  
 rus-tic shade, where pur-ple vio-lets grew, And you, fond  
Where we could

heart, \_\_\_\_\_ were mine a-lone. *mf*  
 tell \_\_\_\_\_ our love a-new, I  
Fond

sit and sigh, as days go by, and long for you *mf*  
 mem-o-ry brings back to me the dear, old days And  
When

gold-en rays of sun-niest days I ev-er knew; But  
 o'er our lives love shed its gold-en, sun-ny rays; And

When The Twilight, &c..A.

Bagaduce Music  
 Lending Library  
 Blue Hill, Maine

donor 1119

oh, a - las! my thoughts are vain, the past is gone, *mp* And  
in my dreams I see a gain your form so dear, And

*rall.*  
so at twi - light time I dream a - lone.  
hear a gain your voice in ac - cents clear.

*a tempo*  
When the twi - light soft - ly falls,

*mf* When the nightbird sweet-ly calls, *mp* Flowers wet with dew

*mp* seem to speak of you, *mf* And a spell my sad heart

*ff* now en-thralls, *mp* Nature all is hushed and still,

*mf* save the song of brook and rill, *f* Heart for-ev-er true,

*dim. e rall.* oft I think of you, — *p rit* When the twi-light soft - ly falls, —