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The Day is Done

M. W Balfe

Composer

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Lyricist

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TRIFET
EDITION

THE DAY IS DONE.

WORDS BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE.

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BALF

THE DAY IS DONE.

Poetry by LONGFELLOW.

Music by BALFE.

Moderato molto. *p*

The day is done, and the dark-ness Falls from the

wings of night, As a feather is wafted downward From an ea - gle in his

flight, From an ea - gle in his flight;

cres. *f* *pp Animando un poco.*

I see the lights of the vil - lage Gleam through the rain . . . and the

poco rit. *cres.*

mist, And a feel - ing of sad-ness comes o'er me, That my soul cannot re-

col canto. *cres.*

Andante.

- sist: A feel - ing of sad-ness and longing, That is not a - kin to

f p pp *cres.*

slower. *smorz.*

pain, And re-sem - bles sorrow on - ly As the mist re - sem - - - bles

pp

Moderato animato.

rain. Come read to me some

fp dim. *cres.* *pp*

poem, Some sim - ple and heart-felt lay, That shall soothe this rest - less

feeling, And ban-ish the thoughts of day! Not from the grand old

masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose dis - tant foot - steps

ech - - o through the cor - - ri - dors of time: For, like

accel. *cres.*

strains of mar - - - tial mu - sic, Their might - y thoughts sug -

string: *cres.*

- gest Life's end - less toil and en - deav - or, And to -

string: *cres.*

f *rall.* *rit.*

- night I long for rest. To - night I long for rest.

rall. *rit.*

a tempo. *sotto voce.*

Read from some humbler po - et, Whose

a tempo. *pp*

songs gush'd from . . . his heart, from his heart,

dol.
As showers from the clouds of sum - mer, Or tears from the eye - lids

pp

start, Or tears from the eye - lids start;

dim.
Animando un poco.

p
Who thro' long days of la - bor, And nights de-void . . . of ease, Still

pp

cres.

heard in his soul the mu - sic Of won - der-ful mel - o - dies: Such

cres.

Poco meno mosso.

songs have pow - er to qui-et The rest - less pulse of care, And

mp Staccato.

Solemnly and Slow. *smorz.* *rit.*

come like the ben - e - dic - tion, That fol - lows af - - - ter prayer. Then

mp colla parte. *cres.* *mp rit.*

read from the treasur'd volume, the po - em of thy choice, And

rit. *poco animato.*

lend to the rhyme of the po - et, The beau - ty of thy voice; And the

night shall be fill'd with mu - sic, And the cares that in - fest the day Shall

rit. *p*

fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as si - lent-ly, (Imitating the voice.)

Adagio assai. *pp* *ppp* *perdendosi.*

si - lent-ly, And as si - - lent-ly steal . . . a - - way.