

"THE HOUR OF SHADE."

WORDS BY
EDWIN WAUGH

MUSIC BY
C.E. ROWLEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. When stars begin to steal in sight A -
2. Bright star that leads the glorious throng That

-bove the moorland hill When dream-y dusk leads on the night And
gem the midnight sky When the noise-y world has hush'd its song And

all the world grows still..... When dew - y pearls on .ev - 'ry
laid its bus - iness by..... The kind - ly heavn's have fill'd thy

blade Light up the twink - ling lea I
light With love's en - chant - ing thrill Shine

hail.... the soft sweet hour... of shade That brings my love to
sweet - ly when my bon - - ny lad Comes lilt - ing down the

me..... That brings my love to me That
hill..... Comes lilt - ing down the hill Comes

brings my love to me. I hail the soft sweet
lilt - ing down the hill. Shine sweet - ly when my

hour of shade That brings my love to me. That
bon - ny lad Comes lilt - ing down the hill. Comes

brings my love to me.
lilt - ing down the hill.

D.C.

3.

I see him springing down the steep,
And singing as he comes;
I see his form in manly sweep,
Bound o'er the heather-blooms.
I see, I see his glowing eyes,
That burn with loving glee.
He comes! My own dear moorland lad!
I know he comes to me.