

Home to Our Mountains

C. JEFFERYS

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Home to our moun-tains Let us re - turn, love, There in its young days

Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song fall on my slum - bers,

MANRICO
There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain. Rest thee, my moth - er,
Sva.....
dolciss

kneel - ing be - side thee, I will pour forth my
Sva.....

AZUCENA >

trou - ba - dour lay. Oh, sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft

Sua.....:

num - bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor - rows a - way, Oh, way.

MANRICO

Yes, I will pour forth. . my trou - ba - dour lay. lay.

pp

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD

J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.