

# In the Gloaming.

META ORRED

ANNIE F. HARRISON.

*Andante.*

*p*  
In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, when the lights are dim and low;  
In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, think not bit-ter-ly of me;

And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go;  
Though I pass'd a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free

*poco animato*  
*mf*  
When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly, with a gen-tle un-known woe  
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be;

*cresc.*  
*rit.*

*a tempo*  
*p*  
Will you think of me and love me, as you did once long a-go?  
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and

*dim.*

best for me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

*p*