



Now the
wearied sun
declining

Richard Francis Lloyd
(1871-1943)

Now the wearied sun declining

Richard Francis Lloyd

Andante sostenuto

S *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

A *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

T *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

B *p* Now the wea - ried sun de - clin - ing, Sinks to

S ⁶ rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

A rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

T rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

B rest o'er yon - der hill; Ev - 'ry bird has ceas'd from

11

S sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

A sing - - - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

T sing - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

B sing - - - ing, All the for - est leaves are still.

17

S *mf* O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but here, wert thou but

A *mf* O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

T *mf* O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

B *mf* O Love, wert thou, wert thou but here, wert thou but

22

S here, wert thou but here, Through this

A here, wert thou but here,

T here, wert thou but here, Through this

B here, wert thou but here,

Now the wearied sun declining

27

S *pp* Through this peace - ful hour, *cresc.* through

A *pp* Through this peace - ful hour, *cresc.* through

T peace - - - ful hour, *cresc.* through

B *pp* Through this peace - - *cresc.*

32

S *mf* — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, *dim.* how

A *mf* — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, *dim.* how

T *mf* — this peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, *dim.* how

B *mf* - ful, peace - ful hour, How sweet 'twould be, *dim.* how

37

S *p* sweet 'twould be to feel thee near. *pp*

A *p* sweet 'twould be, 'twould be to feel thee near. *pp*

T *p* sweet 'twould be to feel thee near. *pp*

B *p* sweet 'twould be to feel thee near. *pp*

42

S *p* In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

A *p* In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

T *p* In the dale the flocks are sleep - - - ing, Wea - ried

B *p* In the dale the flocks are sleep - ing, Wea - ried

47

S by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

A by the sun's hot ray, And the dai - sies' heads are

T by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

B by the sun's hot ray; And the dai - sies' heads are

52

S clos - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

A clos - - - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

T clos - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

B clos - - - ing, With the wan - ing light of day.

Now the wearied sun declining

58 *mf*

S O Love, wert thou but here, _____ wert thou but here, wert thou but

A *mf*
O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

T *mf*
O Love, wert thou but here, wert thou but

B *mf*
O Love, wert thou, wert thou but here, wert thou but

63 *sf*

S here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

A *sf*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

T *sf* *pp*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____ Ev - er

B *sf*
here, wert thou _____ but here, _____

68 *pp* *cresc.*

S Ev - - - er trust - ing thee, ev - - -

A *pp* *cresc.*
Ev - - - er trust - ing thee, ev - - -

T *cresc.*
trust - - - ing thee, _____ ev - - -

B *pp* *cresc.*
Ev - - - er, ev - - -

73

S
- - er trust - ing thee, I too could

A
- - er trust - ing thee, I too could

T
- - er trust - ing thee, I too could

B
- - er trust - ing thee, I too could

77

S
rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

A
rest, I too could rest, could rest with thee so near.

T
rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

B
rest, I too could rest with thee so near.

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Richard Francis Lloyd (1871-1943) was born and educated in Liverpool, England. He was organist at Canning Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. He also served as chairman of the Liverpool and District Organists' and Choirmasters' Association. His compositions include hymns, anthems, organ music and part-songs.

Now the wearied sun declining,
Sinks to rest o'er yonder hill;
Ev'ry bird has ceas'd from singing,
All the forest leaves are still.

O Love, wert thou but here,
Through this peaceful hour,
How sweet 'twould be to feel thee near.

In the dale the flocks are sleeping,
Wearied by the sun's hot ray;
And the daisies' heads are closing,
With the waning light of day.

O Love, wert thou but here,
Ever trusting thee,
I too could rest with thee so near.

Richard Francis Lloyd

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