THE TWILIGHT

Words by L. ROLAND JONES

Music by HARRY ARMSTRONG
Composer of "Sweet Adeline."
Arr. by Joe Nathan.

The twilight lingers, calm and cool,
The swallows skim the darken'd pool,
The shadows lengthen o'er the hill,
The twilight deepens, all is still;
The

sower plods across the field,
The dew en-folds the promised yield;
While

wea-ried toil-ers seek their rest,
The ro-sy light still tints the West;
While

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faint-ly, from the wood, is heard the low, weird cry of some lone bird.
soft-ly, on the wind, is heard the dis-tant low-ing of the herd.

CHORUS, Slow.

The twi-light, the twi-light! We hail thee Queen of

Night! The star-light, the star-light is com-ing soon, and
bright: But ere the stars with brightness shine,
To

tell us of the night, We'll worship still at

Nature's shrine; At twilight, at twilight.