



V I C T O R I A N W O M E N

**Tyrolese
Morning Hymn**

Harriet Mary Browne

(1790-1858)

COME to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done!

Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans (1793-1835)

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

H. M. Browne

Moderato

S
Come, come, come! Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

A
Come, come, come! Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

T
Come, come, come! Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

B
Come, come, come! Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

6
S
gone; The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done. The

A
gone; The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done. The

T
gone; The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done. The

B
gone; The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done. The



Tyrolese Morning Hymn

11

S
twi - light star to heav'n, And the sum - mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is

A
twi - light star to heav'n, And the sum - mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is

T
twi - light star to heav'n, And the sum - mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is

B
twi - light star to heav'n, And the sum - mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is

16

S
giv'n By the cool soft ev - 'ning hours. Come, come, come!

A
giv'n By the cool soft ev - 'ning hours. Come, come, come!

T
giv'n By the cool soft ev - 'ning hours. Come, come, come!

B
giv'n By the cool soft ev - 'ning hours. Come, come, come!

21

S
Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone, The

A
Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone, The

T
Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone, The

B
Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone, The

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

25

S wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

A wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

T wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

B wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

29

S *p* Sweet is the hour of rest! Plea - sant the wood's low sigh, And the

A *p* Sweet is the hour of rest! Plea - sant the wood's low sigh, And the

T *p* Sweet is the hour of rest! Plea - sant the wood's low sigh, And the

B *p* Sweet is the hour of rest! Plea - sant the wood's low sigh, And the

33

S gleam - ing of the west, And the turf where - on we lie. When the

A gleam - ing of the west, And the turf where - on we lie. When the

T gleam - ing of the west, And the turf where - on we lie. When the

B gleam - ing of the west, And the turf where - on we lie. When the

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

37

S
bur - den and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And

A
bur - den and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And

T
bur - den and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And

B
bur - den and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And

41

S
kind - ly voic - es greet The tired one at this door.

A
kind - ly voic - es greet The tired one at this door.

T
kind - ly voic - es greet The tired one at this door.

B
kind - ly voic - es greet The tired one at this door.

45

S
f Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

A
f Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

T
f Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

B
f Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

50

S gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

A gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

T gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

B gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

55

S *pp* Yes; tune - ful is the sound That dwells in whis - p'ring boughs,

A *pp* Yes; tune - ful is the sound That dwells in whis - p'ring boughs,

T *pp* Yes; tune - ful is the sound That dwells in whis - p'ring boughs,

B *pp* Yes; tune - ful is the sound That dwells in whis - p'ring boughs,

60

S *mf* Wel - come the fresh - ness round, And the gale that fans our brows. *p* But

A *mf* Wel - come the fresh - ness round, And the gale that fans our brows. *p* But

T *mf* Wel - come the fresh - ness round, And the gale that fans our brows. *p* But

B *mf* Wel - come the fresh - ness round, And the gale that fans our brows. *p* But

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

64

S rest more sweet and still Than ev - er night - fall gave, Our

A rest more sweet and still Than ev - er night - fall gave, Our

T rest more sweet and still Than ev - er night - fall gave, Our

B rest more sweet and still Than ev - er night - fall gave, Our

68

S year - ing hearts shall fill In the world be - yond the grave.

A year - ing hearts shall fill In the world be - yond the grave.

T year - ing hearts shall fill In the world be - yond the grave.

B year - ing hearts shall fill In the world be - yond the grave.

72

S *f* Come, come, come! *mp* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

A *f* Come, come, come! *mp* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

T *f* Come, come, come! *mp* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

B *f* Come, come, come! *mp* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

77

S gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

A gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

T gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

B gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

82

S There shall no tem - pests blow, No scorch - ing noon - tide heat; There

A There shall no tem - pests blow, No scorch - ing noon - tide heat; There

T There shall no tem - pests blow, No scorch - ing noon - tide heat; There

B There shall no tem - pests blow, No scorch - ing noon - tide heat; There

86

S shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wan - d'ring feet. So we

A shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wan - d'ring feet. So we

T shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wan - d'ring feet. So we

B shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wan - d'ring feet. So we

Tyrolese Morning Hymn

90

S lift our trust - ing eyes, From the hills our Fa - thers trod, To the *pp*

A lift our trust - ing eyes, From the hills our Fa - thers trod, To the *pp*

T lift our trust - ing eyes, From the hills our Fa - thers trod, To the *pp*

B lift our trust - ing eyes, From the hills our Fa - thers trod, To the *pp*

94 **Adagio**

S qui - et of the skies, To the Sab - bath of our God! *rit.*

A qui - et of the skies, To the Sab - bath of our God! *rit.*

T qui - et of the skies, To the Sab - bath of our God! *rit.*

B qui - et of the skies, To the Sab - bath of our God! *rit.*

98

S *f* Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

A *f* Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

T *f* Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

B *f* Come, come, come! *p* Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and

103

S
gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

A
gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

T
gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

B
gone, The wood - man's axe lies free, And the reap - er's work is done.

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(1848)

Harriet Mary Browne Owen (1790–1858) was born in Liverpool, England. Her father was a Liverpool merchant and her mother was the daughter of the Austrian and Tuscan consul to Liverpool. The family moved to Wales and she grew up near Abergele and St. Asaph in Flintshire. She composed a number of musical works but was confused during her lifetime with another composer, making attribution of her works difficult and, in some publications, she was identified as “Miss Brown.” She was also known under the pseudonym Mrs. Hughes. Her sister was popular poet Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans and, in addition to her musical compositions, she wrote “The works of Mrs. Hemans, with a memoir by her sister.”

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