

PAUL WINCHESTER

AT SUNSET

High Voice and Piano

Tonight the west o'er brims with warmest dyes,
its chalice overflows
with pools of purple coloring the skies
aflood with gold and rose.
And some hot soul seems throbbing close to mine,
as sinks the sun into the world of wine.

I seem to hear a bar of music float
and swoon into the west.
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
but something in my breast
blends with that strain, till both are one
as cloud and colour blend at set of sun.

And twilight comes as ashes follow flame.
But O! I heard a voice from those rick skies call tenderly my name
as if some priestly fingers stole,
in benedictions, o'er my lonely soul

I know not why, but all my being longed
and leapt at that sweet call;
my heart outreached its arms, all passion thronged
and beat against fate's wall
crying in utter homesickness to be
near to a heart that loves and leans to me

- Emily Pauline Johnson

for Alice and Mark

AT SUNSET

Emily Pauline Johnson

Paul Winchester

Reflective ♩ = 54

Voice

Piano

mp *pp* *mp* *pp*

4

8

13

p

pp *p*

To-night the west o'er brims with warm - est

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31

leggiero

34 *quasi recit., quasi senza misura* *p*

I seem to hear a bar of music float

mp non leggiero

37

and swoon in - to the west My ear can scarce - ly catch the whis - pered

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53 *mp*

ash - es fol - low flame. But O! I heard a

mp *non leggiero*

ppp

55 *mf* *f*

voice _____ from those rich skies _____ call

f

57 *mp* *p*

ten - der - ly my name _____ as if some priest - ly fin - gers stole, in

p *pp*

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THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING
INDEPENDENT ARTISTS

74

mf

beat a-gainst fate's wall, cry - ing in ut - ter

77

f *mp* *mf*

home - - - sick - ness to be near to a

81

mp *p*

heart that loves and leans to me.

85

mp roll slowly *p* roll quickly *pp*