

*Tempo primo.*

day! Thy

*Tempo primo.*

life is cold and dark, may be, And all the light gone out from thee; Thy

*p*

hopes cast down, thy fears un - still'd, Thy gold - en dreams still un - ful - fill'd, still

*f*

un - - - ful - fill'd, And all in life, that used to bless, Seems

*rit.*

'Tis darkest, etc.