

*a tempo.*

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring

*p cantando*

*scempre Qd.*

shadows, softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary.

*mf*

*Qd.*

*ad lib.*

sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song comes

*Qd.*

Love's old sweet song. ....

*animato.*

*rit.*

*Qd.*

*mf*

Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ever more;

*p*

Fool. steps may fal-ter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.

*mf*

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

*rit.*