

MUSIC.

At Set of Sun.

Words by E. W.

(BALLAD.)

Music by BOSSIRIO.

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If we sit down at set of sun, And count the things that we have done, And, count-ing, find—
But if through all the life-long day, We've eased no heart by yea or nay; If through it all—

and, count-ing find . . . One self-de-n-y-ing act, one word, That eased the heart of him who heard;
if through it all . . . We've done nothing that we can trace, That brought the sun-shine to a face;

One glance most kind— one glance most kind, . . . That fell like sun-shine where it went, Then
No act, most small— no no act, most small, . . . That help'd some soul, and no-thing cost— Then

we may count that day well spent—Then we may count that day well than spent . . .
count that day as worse than lost— Then count that day as worse than lost. . .

D.C.