

# Between the Sunken Sun and the New Moon

Paul Hamilton Payne (1830-1886)

Gary Bachlund

$\text{♩} = 60$  *very sustained, simple*

*mf*

5

Be-tween the sunk-en sun and the new moon, I stood in

8

fields through which a ri-vu-let ran with scarce per-cep-ti-ble mo-tion,

11

not a span of its smooth sur-face trem-bling to the tune of sun-set bree-zes:

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14

"O de - li - cious boon," I cried "of qui - et! —

17

Wise is na - ture's plan, who — in her realm, as in the soul of man, al - ter -

20

nates storm — with calm, — and the loud noon —

23

with dew - y ev - 'ning's — soft and sa - cred lull: —

26

30

Hap - py the heart <sup>3</sup> that keeps \_\_\_\_\_ its twi-light hour, and

33

in the depths of hea-ven-ly peace re - clined, \_\_\_\_\_ loves \_\_\_\_\_ <sup>3</sup> to com-mune \_\_\_\_\_ with thoughts of

36

ten-der pow'r; thoughts that as-cend like an-gels beau-ti-ful, \_ a shi-ning Ja-cob's lad-der of the

39

mind." "O de - li - cious boon," I cried,"of qui - et!\_

42

Wise is na-ture's plan, who\_ in her realm, as in the soul of man, al - ter-

45

nates storm\_ with calm, Hea-ven-ly peace...

48

an - gels... calm... Peace...

*molto ritardando*

circa 3' 30"