

Lottie Geiger

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Erio

Words by Mrs. Hemans

MUSIC

Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to his

Empress

By

GEO. KINGSLEY.

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ANDANTE
STACCATO.

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2

1st Treble.

Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a-way;

2^d Treble.

Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a-way;

3^d Treble.

Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a-way;

PIANO-FORTE



Mother, with thine earnest eye Ev - er following si - lent - - ly;

Mother, with thine earnest eye Ev - er following si - lent - - ly;

Mother, with thine earnest eye Ev - er following si - lent - - ly;

Mother, with thine earnest eye Ev - er following si - lent - - ly;

Mother, with thine earnest eye Ev - er following si - lent - - ly;

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;

Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and

Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and

hours be, Lift the heart and

bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Dolce.

4

Traveller, in the stranger's land Far from thine own household band; Mourner,
Traveller, in the stranger's land Far from thine own household band; Mourner,
Traveller, in the stranger's land Far from thine own household band; Mourner,

haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone! Captive, in whose narrow
haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone! Captive, in whose narrow
haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone! Captive, in whose narrow

cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sailor, on the darkening sea
cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sailor, on the darkening sea
cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sailor, on the darkening sea

Dim: Adagio. *a tempo.*

Dim: Adagio. *a tempo.*

Dim: Adagio. *a tempo.*

Lift the heart and bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Lift the heart and bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Lift the heart and bend the knee! Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Dolce.

3.

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathless now at set of sun!
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial plain;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!