

## WILL HE COME?

Words by  
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Music by  
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voice.

Piano.

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *p*

*mf*

"I can scarcely hear" she murmur'd, "For my heart beats long and fast, But

sure - ly, in the far, far dis - tance, I can hear a sound at last." It is

*p*

*tranquillo.*

*p*

on - ly the reapers sing - ing, As they car - ry home their sheaves; And the

*dim.*

eve-ning breeze has ris - en, And rus-tles the dy - ing leaves, the

*dim.*

dy - ing leaves.

*pp* *cresc.*

"Lis-ten! there are voi - ces talking;" Calm-ly still she strove to speak,

*p*

Yet her voice grew faint and trembling, And the red flush'd in her cheek. It is

*a tempo.*

*tranquillo.*

on-ly the child-ren play - ing Be - low, now their work is . . done, And they

laugh that their eyes are daz-zled By the rays of the set-ting sun, of the

set-ting sun. Faint-er grew her

voice, and weak-er As with an-xious eyes she cried:

*cresc.*

"Down the a - ve - nue of ches - nuts I can hear a horse - man

*cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do.*

*f*

ride." It was on - ly the deer that were feed - ing In a

*f*

*p*

herd on the clo - ver grass. They were start - led and fled to the

*p*

thick - et, As they saw the rea - pers pass.

*quasi recit.*

Now the night a-rose in si-lence, Birds lay in their lea- fy nest,

And the deer couch'd in the forest, And the child-ren were at rest....There was

*p tranquillo un poco più lento.*  
on-ly a sound of weep - ing From watchers a - round a bed, But

rest to the wea - ry spi - rit, Peace to the qui - et Dead!

Peace to the qui - et Dead!.....