

Title:	hour of prayer, trio
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*Deposited in Mass: Dist. Clerk's Office
28. April 1834. See Vol. 9. p. 344.*

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Trio

Words by Mrs. Hemans

MUSIC

Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to his

Pupils

By

GEO. KINGSLEY.

BOSTON: Published for the AUTHOR, by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.

ANDANTE
STACCATO.

Dolce.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834 by G. Kingsley in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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;

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;

3

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

5

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!

