



With Dawn Beyond the Hills

Words by

Frederick H. Martens

Music by

Emil Rhode

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The John Church Company
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Ev'ry day, beyond the hills
The dawn-flush lights the skies,
Ev'ry night, the rose-gold fills them,
As the bright sun dies.
Ev'ry dawn, the dream of love,
That night's long hours stayed,
Along the skies in beauty dies,
Like golden hopes, that fade.

Ev'ry day, the rosy morn
With promise seems aglow!
Ev'ry night, in dawn's despite,
Its brave mirage must go.
Will there never come the hour,
That all my yearning stills,
When you will blush in love's first flush,
With dawn beyond the hills?

Frederick H. Martens

With Dawn Beyond The Hills

Poem by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

EMIL RHODE

Andante

Ev - 'ry day, be-yond the hills, — the

pp tranquillo

dawn - flush lights the skies, — Ev - 'ry night, the rose-gold

p

fills them, as the bright sun dies.

cresc. *f* *dim.*

Ev - 'ry dawn, the dream of love, — that night's long hours

p *pp*

stayed, — A - long the skies in beau - ty dies, like gold - en

f

hopes, that fade. Ev - 'ry day, the ro - sy

marc. *pp*

morn — with prom - ise seems a - - glow! —

Ev - 'ry night, in dawn's de - spite, — its brave mi - rage must

go. Will there nev - - er come the hour, — that

all my yearn-ing stills, When you will blush in love's first

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

flush, when you will blush in love's first flush,—

f *molto cresc.*

With dawn be - yond the hills?

ff *p* *molto rit* *pp*