Evening
(for KJV)

Music by Andrew Goldman
Poem by Emily Dickinson

Evening

The cricket sang,

And set the sun,

And workmen finished, one by one,

Their seam the day upon.
The low grass loaded with the dew, The twilight stood as strangers do With hat in hand, polite and new, to stay as if, or go.
Evening

poco rit.

Poco meno mosso

A vast-ness, as a neigh-bor, came,
A wis-dom with-out face or

name,
A peace,

as he-mi-spheres at
Evening

home, And so the night became.