

THE OLD GUITAR.

Words by
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Andante.

Lento.

1. When twi - light comes a - creep - ing, Like
2. The haunt - ed eye is light - en'd, With
3. And oft her voice is call - ing, In

nuns to ho - ly pray'r, And crick - ets are a - cheep - ing Be -
mu - sic rich and low, And shad - ows weird, are bright - en'd, As
tones di - vine - ly clear, And soft, the strains en - thrall - ing, From

neath the cel - lar stair, There comes a fair - y vis - ion, To
meas - ures soft - ly flow; And then the one who taught me, Comes
ser - aph harp I hear; And then, tho' blades and flow - ers Con -

woo my soul a - far, ——— The while my con - so - la - tion, I
 forth from out the past, ——— And brings me floods of rap - ture, Too
 ceal her from my sight, ——— Her spir - it smile il - lu - mines The

CHORUS.
 take with my guit - ar. ——— } The hands once cross'd on a qui - et breast, Now
 strange-ly sweet to last. ——— }
 dark - ness of my night. ——— }

sweep the strings of the harp of the blest; And oft as the light of the

day - star dies, My long - ing heart to the loved one flies.