

Julian M. Dabrymple.

*Dedicated to Miss Wakefield,
Sedgwick.*

SUNG WITH THE GREATEST SUCCESS BY
MISS HELEN D'ALTON MAD^E OSBORNE WILLIAMS, MISS SPENSER JONES,
MISS AMY RONAYNE, MISS EMILY DONES, — MISS BESSIE HOLT, & C.

GATES OF THE WEST,

Song

WRITTEN BY



Composed by

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

PIANO. *p* *f*

Moderato.

She lin-gered where the sun - set glow.

rall. *p*

Fell on her gol - den hair - Lit up the gil - - ded.

or - gan pipes The car - - ving quaint and rare - But

Ped.

G.D.W.

Cres.

3

sad the strain the blind girl played, and full of longing

Cres.

sore, While list' - ning an - gels pi - - tying heard, Up -

f

Ped: *

- on the heav'n - ly shore = Up - on the heav'n - ly shore...

p *cres.* *f*

Ped: *

p dolce cantabile.

Up - - - ward as - cen - - - deth thro' gates of the West:

Heav'n - - ward the sigh - - - ing of pil - - - grims dis - - tress'd...

f cres
Up - - ward, where an - - - gels in won - - der - ment fall...

son Ped: cres.

ff
Round Him "in whom is no dark - - ness at all"...

Ped: rall: Ped:

Moderate p
The

p

gol-den glo-ry paled and passed and still, the girl played on Un-

conscious of the twilight gray, As of the ra-diant sun. But

poco animato cres

from a heart no lon - - ger sad, sweet notes were ringing

cres:

rall. *f tempo*

clear - For God had sent His an - gels down, with

cres: *f deciso* *Ped:*

p

words of ho - - ly cheer, With words of ho - ly cheer...

Ped: *cres: Ped:* *Ped:*

p

Down - ward, re - joi - - - cing thro' gates of the West.....

Earth - ward the an - - - gels ful - fil His be - hest.....

f

"On - - ward" they whis - - - per, when sha - - dows ap - pal.....

ff

"Trust Him in whom is no dark - - - ness at all....."

ff deciso. *rall:*

p *rall:*

A

p Con *lentezza*.

7

win - try sun - set's dy - - ing gleam Swept like an ebb - ing wave O'er

p Ped: Ped: Ped: Ped:

si - lent or - gan dus - ky aisle And o'er a snow-wreathed grave, But

rall: *cres:* *rall:* *cres:*

where loud prai - ses ne - - ver cease, and never ill's be - -

poco animato

- tide. The eyes which yearned for light of earth. In

rall: *ff tempo* *rall: cres:* *ff*

heaven are "sat - - is - fied" - In heaven are "sat - - is - - fied"...

cres:

p *legato.*

Up - - - ward as - cen - - - ding thro' gates of the

West. Heav'n - - ward the an - - gels have borne

f *accel: e cres.*

her to rest. Home - - ward where wel - - - come, a -

ff con gran forza al fine,

- wait - - - eth us all. With Him "in whom

Ped:

is no dark - - ness. at all:

Ped: