



# It is the Hour

arranged for the

## GUITAR

— by —

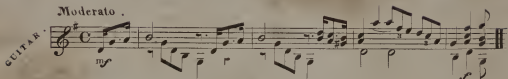
HAROLD POHLE MERRILL

Property of the Publisher

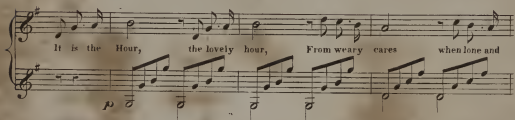
PIOT MUKHOMOV & CO. 217 (Second) St.

Moderato.

GUITAR.

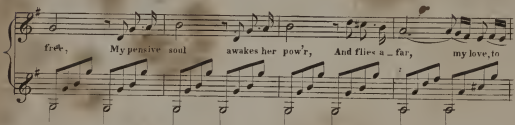


The guitar introduction consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.




It is the Hour, the lovely hour, From weary cares when lone and

The first system of the vocal and guitar accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The guitar accompaniment is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "It is the Hour, the lovely hour, From weary cares when lone and".



free, My pensive soul awakes her pow'r, And flies a - far, my love, to

The second system of the vocal and guitar accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The guitar accompaniment is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "free, My pensive soul awakes her pow'r, And flies a - far, my love, to".



thee! When Ev'ning leads her gentle store Of hues di - vine o'er sea and

The third system of the vocal and guitar accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The guitar accompaniment is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "thee! When Ev'ning leads her gentle store Of hues di - vine o'er sea and".

Ad Libitum

shore Oh! then's the hour, the lovely hour, From weary  
cares when lone and free, My pensive soul awakes her  
pow'r And flies, my on - - ly love, to thee!

SECOND VERSE.

When all the stars, with glories new, Are seen to leave their secret bow'rs As if to  
share, in worship due, The incense of our breathing flow'rs; And that sweet ray, that falls like balm, Seems ev'ry  
earthly plaint to calm: Oh! that's the hour, the lovely hour, From weary cares when lone and  
free, My pensive soul awakes her pow'r - - - and flies, my only love, to thee.

