

Words
by
Richard Warren Hatch

Deerfield Even song

Music
by
Ralph Herrick Oatley

I Tenor



1- Far be- yond each western mountain Glean the

2- Now the mead-ow- wind's soft whisper Stirrs the

II Tenor Let the cir- cling night be softened By the



I Bass



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2 Now the mead-ow- wind's soft whisper Stirrs the

II Bass 3. Let the cir- cling night be softened By the



1- fires of dy- ing day;

Soft-ly from each hidden fountain

2- old elm's sil- hou- ette;

Bends each leaf- y tower above us

3- em- bers last faint glow,

In the fire- light we will gather



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- Music copy by -
O. D. Howlett, Wakefield
Mass.

1- Flows the river on its way. All the val-ley lies in
 2- Caught in evenings dusky net. Now the day is done with
 3- Bound by song before we go. Deerfield days are days of

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1- splen-dor Hushed before the com-ing night
 2- striv-ing; Let the heart hold mem'ry bright
 3- glo-ry; Mem'ry lives in every son;

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1- From a hun-dred an-cient win-dows Flashes
 2- Soon these halls and fields were leav-ing - Raise we
 3- Let no other name be spo-ken Till the

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back the sun - set's light -
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