

Jonatha Brooke, In The Gloaming

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
when the lights are soft and low
and the quiet shadows falling
softly come and softly go..

When the trees are sobbing faintly
with a gentle unknown woe,
will you think of me and love me,
as you did once long ago..?

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
think not bitterly of me.

Though I passed away in silence
left you lonely, set you free..

For my heart was tossed with longing,
what had been could never be.

It was best to leave you, thus, dear,
best for you and best for me..

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
when the lights are soft and low,
will you think of me and love me,
as you did once long ago..?