

## In The Gloaming

Jonatha Brooke

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..?