

DEDICATED TO
WALTER PARRATT.

EIGHT 7hp 148
FOUR-PART SONGS

FOR S.A.T.B.

COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

No.		
1.	PHILLIS	<i>From an Elizabethan Song-Book.</i>
2.	O LOVE, THEY WRONG THEE MUCH ...	<i>From an Elizabethan Song-Book.</i>
3.	AT HER FAIR HANDS ROBERT JONES.
4.	HOME OF MY HEART ARTHUR BENSON.
5.	YOU GENTLE NYMPHS	<i>From an Elizabethan Song-Book.</i>
6.	COME, PRETTY WAG, AND SING... MARTIN PIERSON.
7.	YE THRILLED ME ONCE ROBERT BRIDGES.
8.	BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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PHILLIS

FOUR-PART SONG

WORDS FROM AN "ELIZABETHAN SONG-BOOK"

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, BERNERS STREET (W.), and 80 & 81, QUEEN STREET (E.C.); also in New York

Allegro. ♩ = 140.

SOPRANO.
Phil - lis, a herd maid dain - ty, Who hath no peer . . for

ALTO.
Phil - lis, a herd maid dain - ty, Who hath no peer . . for

TENOR.
Phil - lis, a herd maid dain - ty, Who hath no peer for

BASS.
Phil - lis, a herd maid dain - ty, Who hath no peer for

PIANO.
f *p* *f*

beau - ty, By Thyrsis was re - quest - ed To hear the wrongs wherewith, where -
crea.

beau - ty. By Thyrsis was re - quest - ed To hear *crea.* the wrongs where -
p

beau - - ty, By Thyrsis was re - quest - ed To hear the wrongs wherewith, where -
p *crea.*

beau - - ty, By Thyrsis was re - quest - ed To hear the wrongs wherewith, where -
p *crea.*

PHILLIS.

- with his heart was wrest - ed, But she Di-an - a serv - ed, but
 - with his heart was wrest - ed, But she Di-an - a serv - ed, but
 - with his heart was wrest - ed, But she Di-an - a serv - ed, but
 - with his heart was wrest - ed, But she Di-an - a serv - ed, but

she . . Di-an - a serv - ed, And would not hear, and would not hear, and
 she . . Di-an - a serv - ed, And would not hear, . . and would not hear, . . and
 she . . Di-an - a serv - ed, And would not hear, and would not hear, and
 she . . Di-an - a serv - ed, And would not hear, and would not hear, and

would not hear how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed, how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed.
 would not hear how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed, how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed.
 would not hear how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed, how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed.
 would not hear how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed, how love poor lov - ers sterv - ed.

PHILLIS.

a tempo. p
 Phil - lis more white than li - lies, More fair .. than A - ma - ril - lis, More
a tempo. p
 Phil - lis more white than li - lies, More fair than A - ma - ril - lis, More
a tempo. p
 Phil - lis more white than li - lies, More fair than A - ma - ril - lis, More
a tempo. p
 Phil - lis more white than li - lies, More fair than A - ma - ril - lis, More

cres.
 cold than crys-tal foun - tain, More hard than craggy rock, than crag - gy rock, or
cres.
 cold than crys-tal foun-tain, More hard than crag-gy rock, than crag - gy rock, or
cres.
 cold than crystal foun - tain, More hard than crag - gy rock, or sto - ny,
cres.
 cold than crystal foun - tain, More hard than craggy rock, than crag - gy rock, or

ff
 sto - ny moun-tain, O ti - ger fierce and spite - ful, O ti - ger fierce and
ff
 sto - ny moun-tain, O ti - ger fierce and spite - ful, O ti - ger fierce and
ff
 sto - ny moun-tain, O ti - ger fierce and spite - ful, O ti - ger fierce and
ff
 sto - ny moun-tain, O ti - ger fierce and spite - ful, O ti - ger fierce and

PHILLIS.

dolce. cres.
spite - ful, Why hatest thou love, why hatest thou love, sith love is so de -

dolce. cres.
spite - ful, Why hatest thou love, . . why hatest thou love, . . sith love is so de -

p dolce. cres.
spite - ful, Why hatest thou love, why hatest thou love, sith love is so de -

p dolce. cres.
spite - ful, Why hatest thou love, why hatest thou love, sith love is so de -

p dolce. cres.

poco rit. p
- light - ful, sith love is so . . de - light - ful.

poco rit. p
- light - ful, sith love is so . . de - light - ful.

poco rit. p
- light - ful, de - light - ful, sith love is so . . de - light - ful.

poco rit. p
- light - ful, sith love is so de - light - ful.

p poco rit.

O LOVE, THEY WRONG THEE MUCH

FOUR-PART SONG

WORDS FROM AN "ELIZABETHAN SONG BOOK"

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, BERNERS STREET (W.), and 80 & 81, QUEEN STREET (E.C.); also in New York.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

SOPRANO.
O Love, O Love, they wrong thee much That say thy sweet is

ALTO.
O Love, O Love, they wrong thee much That say thy sweet is

TENOR.
O Love, O Love they wrong thee much That say thy sweet is

BASS.
O Love, O Love they wrong thee much That say thy sweet is

PIANO.
(For practice only.)

bit - ter, bit - ter, When thy rich fruit is such, As no - thing can be

bit - ter, bit - ter, When thy rich fruit is such, As no - thing can be

bit - ter, bit - ter, When thy rich fruit is such, As no - thing, no - thing can be

bit - ter, bit - ter, When thy rich fruit is such, As no - thing can be

O LOVE, THEY WRONG THEE MUCH.

Animando. cres.

sweet-er, sweet-er. Fair house of joy and bliss; Where tru-est plea-sure
cres.

sweet-er, sweet-er. Fair house of joy and bliss; Where tru-est plea-sure
cres.

sweet-er, sweet-er. Fair house of joy and bliss; Where tru-est plea-sure
cres.

sweet-er, sweet-er. Fair house of joy and bliss; Where tru-est plea-sure
Animando.

cres. *cres.* *f*

is, I do a-dore, . . . I do a-dore, . . . I do a-dore . . .
cres. *cres.* *cres.*

is, Fair house of joy and bliss, I do a-dore, . . . I do a-dore thee, Fair
cres. *cres.*

is, Fair house of joy and bliss, I do a-dore thee, Fair house of
cres. *cres.*

is, Fair house of joy and bliss, Where tru-est plea-sure is, I do a-dore

p rit. e dim.

thee, . . . I do a-dore thee;
dim. *rit. e dim.*

house of joy and bliss, I do a-dore thee, . . . I do a-dore thee;
dim. *p rit. e dim.*

joy . . . and bliss, fair house of joy and bliss, I do a-dore thee;
dim. *rit. e dim.*

thee, Fair house of joy and bliss, I do a-dore thee;
f p rit. e dim.

O LOVE, THEY WRONG THEE MUCH.

Tempo. Animando.
poco cres. *cres.*
 I know thee what thou art, I serve thee with my heart, And
poco cres. *cres.*
 I know thee what thou art, . . . I serve thee with my heart, . . . And
poco cres. *cres.*
 I know thee, what thou art, . . . I serve thee with my heart, . . . And
poco cres. *cres.*
 I know thee what thou art, I serve thee with my heart, And
Animando.

dim.
 fall be - fore thee, and fall . . . be - fore . . . thee, and
dim.
 fall . . . be - fore thee, and fall . . . be - fore . . . thee, and
dim.
 fall . . . be - fore . . . thee, and fall . . . be - fore . . . thee, and
dim.
 fall be - fore . . . thee, and fall be - fore thee, and
dim.

poco rit. *a tempo. cres.*
 fall . . . be - fore . . . thee; I know thee, I serve . . . thee, and
poco rit. *a tempo.*
 fall be - fore . . . thee; I know thee, . . .
poco rit. *a tempo. cres.*
 fall . . . be - fore . . . thee; I know thee, I serve thee, I
poco rit. *a tempo. cres.*
 fall . . . be - fore thee, I fall, I fall, I
poco rit. *a tempo. cres.*

O LOVE, THEY WRONG THEE MUCH.

fall be - fore . . . thee, I know thee, I
 . . . I . . . serve thee, I know thee, I serve thee, and fall be -
 know thee, I serve thee, . . . and fall be - fore thee, and fall, . . .
 fall, I fall, and fall, fall be - fore

serve thee, and fall, . . . and fall be - fore thee. *rit. molto.* *dim.* *pp*
 fore thee, and fall . . . be - fore thee, and fall be - fore . . . thee. *rit. molto.* *dim.* *pp*
 . . . I know thee, I serve thee, and fall . . . be - fore . . . thee. *rit. molto.* *dim.* *pp*
 thee, and fall . . . be - fore . . . thee, be - fore thee. *p rit. molto.* *dim.* *pp*

AT HER FAIR HANDS

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT JONES

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 80 & 81, Queen Street (E.C.); also in New York.

Allegretto. ♩ = 126. *cres.*

SOPRANO.
At her fair hands how have I grace .. en - treat - ed, With prayers oft re -

ALTO.
At her fair hands how have I grace en - treat - ed, With prayers oft re -

TENOR.
At her fair hands how have I grace en - treat - ed, With prayers oft re -

BASS.
At her fair hands how have I grace en - treat - ed, With prayers oft re -

PIANO.
(For practice only.)

cres.

- peat - ed, Yet still my love is thwarted! Heart, let her go, for she'll not be con -

cres. *f*

- peat - ed, Yet still my love is thwarted! Heart, let her go, for she'll not be con -

cres. *f*

- peat - ed, Yet still my love is thwarted! Heart, let her go, for she'll not be con -

cres. *f*

- peat - ed, Yet still my love is thwarted! Heart, let her go, for she'll not be con -

cres. *f*

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AT HER FAIR HANDS.

cres. *Animato.*

- vert - ed. Say, shall she go? . . shall she go? . . O no, no, no!

- vert - ed. Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

- vert - ed. Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

- vert - ed. Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

p *cres.* *f*

Animato.

a tempo.

She is most fair, she is most fair, though she be mar - ble heart-ed.

She is most fair, she is most fair, though she be mar - ble heart-ed.

She is most fair, she is most fair, though she be mar - ble heart-ed.

She is most fair, she is most fair, though she be mar - ble heart-ed.

a tempo. *p*

mf dolce.

How of - ten have my sighs de - clared . . my an - guish, Wherein I dai - ly

How of - ten have my sighs . . de - clared my an - guish, Wherein I dai - ly

How of - ten have my sighs declared my an - guish, Wherein I dai - ly

How of - ten have my sighs de - clared my an - guish, Wherein I dai - ly

mf *p*

AT HER FAIR HANDS.

mf cres. Animato.

lan - guish, Yet still she doth pro - cure it! Heart, let her go, for I can - not en -

lan - guish, Yet still she doth pro - cure it! Heart, let her go, for I can - not en -

lan - guish, Yet still she doth pro - cure it! Heart, let her go, for I can - not en -

mf cres. Animato.

f cres.

cres. molto. Animato.

- dure it; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no, no, no!

- dure it; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

- dure it; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

- dure it; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

cres. molto. Animato.

cres. molto. Animato.

a tempo. *poco rit.*

She gave the wound, she gave the wound, and she . . . a - lone can cure it.

a tempo. *poco rit.*

She gave the wound, she gave the wound, and she a - lone . . . can cure it.

a tempo. *poco rit.*

She gave the wound, she gave the wound, and she . . . a - lone . . . can cure it.

a tempo. *poco rit.*

She gave the wound, she gave the wound, and she . . . a - lone can cure it.

a tempo. *p* *poco rit.*

AT HER FAIR HANDS.

The trick-ling tears that down my cheeks have flow-ed, My love have of-ten

The trick-ling tears . . . that down my cheeks have flow-ed, My love have of-ten

The trick-ling tears that down my cheeks have flow-ed, My love have of-ten

The trick-ling tears . . . that down my cheeks have flow-ed, My love have of-ten

show-ed, Yet still un-kind I prove her. Heart, let her go for nought I do can

show-ed, Yet still un-kind I prove her. Heart, let her go for nought I do can

show-ed, Yet still un-kind I prove her. Heart, let her go for nought I do can

show-ed, Yet still un-kind I prove her. Heart, let her go for nought I do can

Animato.
cres. molto.

move her; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no, no!

move her; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

move her; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

move her; Say, shall she go? shall she go? O no, no, no!

AT HER FAIR HANDS.

a tempo.
p
 Though me she hate, though me she hate, I can - not choose but

a tempo.
p
 Though me she hate, though me she hate, I can - not choose but

a tempo.
p
 Though me she hate, though me she hate, I can - not choose but

a tempo.
p
 Though me she hate, though me she hate, I can - not choose but

a tempo.
p
 Though me she hate, though me she hate, I can - not choose but

Slow.
mf
 love her, I can - not choose but love . . her.

mf
 love her, I can - - not choose but love her.

mf
 love her, I can - not choose . . but love . . her.

mf
 love her, I can - not choose . . but love her,

Slow.
mf

HOME OF MY HEART

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ARTHUR BENSON

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, BERNERS STREET (W.), and 80 & 81, QUEEN STREET (E.C.); also at New York.

Moderato espressivo. ♩ = 80.

SOPRANO.
Home of my heart, when wilt thou open Thy silent doors to

ALTO.
Home of my heart, when wilt thou open Thy silent doors to

TENOR.
Home . . . of my heart, when wilt thou open Thy silent doors to

BASS.
Home of my heart, when wilt thou open Thy silent doors to

PIANO.
(For practice only.)

cres. f

let . . me in? What! not one glimpse to quick-en hope Of all . . that I . . as -

cres. f

let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick-en hope Of all that I as -

cres. f

let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick-en hope Of all that I as -

cres. f

let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick-en hope Of all that I as -

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HOME OF MY HEART.

legato.
 pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de-nied! The ros-es on my
 - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de-nied! The ros-es on my
 - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de-nied! The ros-es on my
 - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de-nied! The ros-es on my

dim. *pp*
 trel-lis throw Their heedless scent from side to side, Yet will not whis-per what they know.
dim. *pp*
 trel-lis throw Their heedless scent from side to side, Yet will not whis-per what they know.
dim. *pp*
 trel-lis throw Their heedless scent from side to side, Yet will not whis-per what they know.
dim. *pp*
 trel-lis throw Their heedless scent from side to side, Yet will not whis-per what they know.

Poco più animato. $\text{♩} = 90.$
p *legato.*
 The yel-low moon that hangs and peers A-mid the i-cy horns on high,
p *legato.*
 The yel-low moon . . that hangs and peers A-mid the i-cy horns on high,
p *legato.*
 The yel-low moon . . that hangs and peers A-mid the i-cy horns on high,
p *legato.*
 The yel-low moon . . that hangs and peers A-mid the i-cy horns on high,
Poco più animato. $\text{♩} = 90.$

HOME OF MY HEART.

Leans to the lis-t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se-cret of the sky.

Leans to the lis-t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se-cret of the sky.

Leans to the lis-t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se-cret of the sky.

Leans to the lis-t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se-cret of the sky.

O pines that whis-per in the wind, When lin-g'ring herds from pas-ture come,

O pines that whis-per in the wind, When lin-g'ring herds from pas-ture come,

O pines that whis-per in the wind, When lin-g'ring herds from pas-ture come,

O pines that whis-per in the wind, When lin-g'ring herds from pas-ture come,

Breathe somewhat of your stead-fast mind, The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

Breathe somewhat of your stead-fast mind, The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

Breathe somewhat of your stead-fast mind, The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

Breathe somewhat of your stead-fast mind, The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

HOME OF MY HEART.

a tempo.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell,

a tempo.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell,

a tempo.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell,

a tempo.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell,

a tempo. p

cres. *poco rit.*

I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell.

cres. *poco rit.*

I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell.

cres. *poco rit.*

I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell.

cres. *p poco rit.*

I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell.

Meno mosso. ♩ = 80.

Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? there is

Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? there is

Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? there is

Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? there is

Meno mosso. ♩ = 80.

HOME OF MY HEART.

mirth with - in : The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

mirth with - in : The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

mirth with - in : The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

mirth with - in : The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

let . . the baf - fled wan - d'rer in, Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

let . . the baf - fled wan - d'rer in, Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in, Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in, Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

YOU GENTLE NYMPHS

FOUR-PART SONG

WORDS FROM AN "ELIZABETHAN SONG-BOOK"

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 80 & 81, Queen Street (E.C.); also in New York.

Moderato. ♩ = 94.

SOPRANO.
You gen - tle Nymphs that on these mea-dows play, And

ALTO.
You gen - tle Nymphs that on these mea-dows play, And

TENOR.
You gen - tle Nymphs that on these mea-dows play, . .

BASS.
You gen - tle Nymphs that on these mea-dows play, And

PIANO. (For practice only.)
p *cres.*

dim. *mf > cres.*

oft . . re - late . . the love of shepherds young ; Come, sit you down, for

dim. *mf > cres.*

oft . . re - late the love of shepherds young ; Come, sit you down, for

dim. *mf > cres.*

. . . And oft re - late the love of shepherds young ; Come, sit you down, for

dim. *mf > cres.*

oft re - late the love of shepherds young ; Come, sit you down, for

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YOU GENTLE NYMPHS.

if you please to stay, Now may you hear an un-couth pas-sion sung, an
 if you please to stay, Now may you hear an un-couth pas-sion sung, an
 if you please to stay, Now may you hear an un-couth pas-sion sung, an
 if you please to stay, Now may you hear an un-couth pas-sion sung, an

cres. *f*

un-couth pas-sion. A youth there is, and
 un-couth pas-sion. A youth there is, and
 un-couth pas-sion. A youth there is, and
 un-couth pas-sion. A youth there is, . . . and I am that poor

p

I am that poor groom That's fall'n . . . in love, that's fall'n . . . in love, that's
 I am that poor groom That's fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, . . . that's
 I am that poor groom That's fall'n . . . in love, that's fall'n . . . in love that's
 groom . . . That's fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, . . . that's

p *Meno mosso.* *espressivo.* *cres.*

Meno mosso. *cres.*

YOU GENTLE NYMPHS.

dim. rit. pp *Più mosso. cres.*

fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, in love, and cannot tell, and

dim. rit. pp *cres.*

fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, in love, and cannot tell, and

dim. rit. pp *cres.*

fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, in love, and cannot tell, and

dim. rit. pp *cres.*

fall'n in love, that's fall'n in love, in love, and cannot tell, and

dim. rit. pp *Più mosso. cres.*

molto cres. ed animando. ff

can-not tell, and can-not, can-not, can-not, can-not tell with whom.

molto cres. ff

can-not tell, and can-not, can-not, can-not, can-not tell with whom.

molto cres. ff

can-not tell, and can not, can-not, can-not, can-not tell with whom.

molto cres. ff

can-not tell, and can-not, can-not, can-not, can-not tell with whom.

molto cres. ed animando. ff

COME, PRETTY WAG, AND SING

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MARTIN PIERSON

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 80 & 81 Queen Street (E.C.); also in New York.

Allegro alla breve. $\text{♩} = 100.$

SOPRANO.
Come, pretty wag, and sing; The sun's all ripe-ning wing, Fans

ALTO.
Come, pretty wag, and sing; . . The sun's all ripe-ning wing, Fans

TENOR.
Come, pretty wag, and sing; . . The sun's all ripe-ning wing, Fans

BASS.
Come, pretty wag, and sing; . . The sun's all ripe-ning wing, Fans

PIANO.
(For practice only.)
f

Allegro alla breve. $\text{♩} = 100.$

. . . up the wan-ton spring. O let us both go chaunt it, O let us both go

. . . up the wan-ton spring. O let us both go chaunt it, O let us both go

. . . up the wan-ton spring. O let us both go chaunt it, O let us both go

up the wan-ton spring. O let us both go chaunt it, O let us both go

COME, PRETTY WAG, AND SING.

chaunt it, For now fresh May, fresh May, fresh May . . . doth
 chaunt it, For now fresh May doth flaunt it, fresh May . . . doth flaunt it, doth
 chaunt it, For now fresh May doth flaunt it, for now fresh May doth flaunt it, doth
 chaunt it, For now fresh May . . . doth flaunt . . . for now fresh May doth

flaunt it! Then with re-ports most spright-ly, Trip with thy voice most
 flaunt it! Then with re-ports most spright-ly, Trip with thy voice most
 flaunt it! Then with re-ports most sprightly, Trip with thy
 flaunt it! Then with re-ports most spright-ly, Trip with thy voice most

light-ly, O sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly, O sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly,
 light-ly, O sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly, O sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly, For
 voice most light-ly, Sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly, . . . O sing, . . . so wit-ti-ly,
 light-ly, O sing, O sing, O sing, O sing, For

COME, PRETTY WAG, AND SING.

For now the cuckoo sings, . . for now the cuckoo sings, now the cuckoo,
 now, for now the cuckoo sings, for now the cuckoo sings, now the
 O sing, O sing, For now the cuckoo sings, for now, for
 now the cuckoo sings, for now the cuckoo sings, for now, now the

cres.

now the cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo sings, And
 cuckoo sings, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
 now sings, . . cuc - koo, cuc - koo, . . cuc - koo, cuckoo sings, And
 cuckoo, cuckoo sings, cuckoo, cuc - koo, cuckoo, cuc - koo, And

ff *mf* *ff* *mf*

e - cho doth re - bound, and e - cho doth re - bound, And dal - ly, dal - ly,
 E - cho doth re - bound, doth . . rebound, And dal - ly, dal - ly,
 e - cho doth re - bound, and e - cho doth re - bound, And dal - ly, dal - ly,
 e - cho doth re - bound, re - bound, And dal - ly, dal - ly,

cres. *f* *dim.* *dim.* *dim.* *dim.*

GOME, PRETTY WAG, AND SING.

sempre dim.

dal-ly with the sound, and e-cho dal-lies with the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the

sempre dim.

dal-ly with the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the

sempre dim.

dal-ly with the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the

sempre dim.

dal-ly with the sound, the sound, the sound, e-cho dal-lies with the

sound, *dim.* e-cho dal-lies, *pp* dal-lies,

sound, *dim.* e-cho dal-lies, *pp* dal-lies,

sound, *dim.* e-cho dal-lies with the sound,

sound, *dim.* e-cho dal-lies with the sound, with the

sempre dim.

pp e-cho dal-lies, . . . dal-lies . . . with . . . the sound.

pp dal-lies dal-lies, . . . with . . . the sound.

pp e-cho dal-lies, . . . dal-lies . . . with . . . the sound.

sound, with the sound.

YE THRILLED ME ONCE

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, BERNERS STREET (W.), and 80 & 81, QUEEN STREET (E.C.); also in New York.

Andantino. *cres.*

SOPRANO.
Ye thrilled me once, ye mourn-ful strains, Ye an-thems of plain-tive woe, My

ALTO.
Ye thrilled me once, ye mourn-ful strains, Ye an-thems of plain-tive woe, My

TENOR.
Ye thrilled me once, ye mourn-ful strains, Ye an-thems of plain-tive woe, My

BASS.
Ye thrilled me once, ye mourn-ful strains, Ye an-thems of plain-tive woe, My

PIANO.
(For practice only.)
Andantino. *p* *cres.* *p* *p*

spi-rit was sad when I was young, A sorrowful long a-go! But

spi-rit was sad when I was young, A sorrowful long . . . a-go! . . . But

spi-rit was sad when I was young, A sor - - row-ful long a-go! . . . But

spi-rit was sad when I was young, A sorrowful long a-go! But

cres. *f* *p* *mf*

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YE THRILLED ME ONCE.

Poco animato.

since I have found the beauty of joy, I have done with proud . . dis - may: For

since I have found the beauty of joy, I have done with proud . . dis - may: . . For

since I have found the beauty of joy, I have done with proud . . dis - may: Fo

since I have found the beauty of joy, I have done with proud dis - may: . . For

Poco animato.

Animato.

how - so - e'er man hug his care, The best of his art . . is gay, For

how - so - e'er man hug his care, The best of his art is gay, . . For how - so -

how - so - e'er man hug his care, The best of his art . . is gay, . . For how - so -

how - so - e'er man hug his care, The best of his art is gay, . . For how - so -

Animato.

Slower.

how - so - e'er man hug his care, The best of his art . . is gay. And

- e'er man hug his care, . . The best of his art . . is gay. And

- e'er man hug his care, The best . . of his art is gay. And

- e'er man hug his care, The best of his art is gay. And

Slower.

YE THRILLED ME ONCE.

poco cres. cres.
 yet if voi - ces of fancy's choir, A - gain in mine ear a - wake, Your old lament, 'tis
poco cres. cres.
 yet if voi - ces of fancy's choir, A - gain in mine ear a - wake, Your old lament, 'tis
poco cres. cres.
 yet if voi - ces of fancy's choir, A - gain in mine ear a - wake, Your old lament, 'tis
poco cres. cres.
 yet if voi - ces of fancy's choir, A - gain in mine ear a - wake, Your old lament, 'tis

f p dolce
 dear to me still, Nor all for the me - mo - ry's sake: 'Tis like the dirge of
f p dolce
 dear to me still, Nor all for the me - mo - ry's sake: 'Tis like the dirge of
f p dolce
 dear to me still, Nor all . . . for the me - m'ry's sake: 'Tis like the dirge of
f p dolce
 dear to me still, Nor all for the me - mo - ry's sake: 'Tis like the dirge of

pp poco cres.
 sor - row, Dead, whose tears . . . are wiped a - way, Or drops of the show'r when
pp poco cres.
 sor - row, Dead, whose tears . . . are wiped a - way, . . . Or drops of the show'r when
pp poco cres.
 sor - row, Dead, whose tears . . . are wiped a - way, Or drops of the show'r when
pp poco cres.
 sor - row, Dead, whose tears . . . are wiped a - way, Or drops of the

YE THRILLED ME ONCE

rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, Or drops of the show'r when
 rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day . . Or drops of the show'r . . when
 rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, Or drops . . of the show'r when ;
 show - er when rain is o'er, . . or drops of the show'r when

rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, jew - - el the brightened day.
 rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, jew - - el the brightened day.
 rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, . . that jew - el the brightened day.
 rain is o'er, That jew - el the brightened day, the bright - ened day.

BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

London: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., 1, Berners Street (W.), and 80 & 81, Queen Street (E.C.); also in New York.

Vivace.

SOPRANO.
Bet-ter mu-sic ne'er was known Than a pair of hearts in one.

ALTO.
Bet-ter mu-sic ne'er was known Than a pair of hearts . . . in one.

TENOR.
Bet-ter mu-sic ne'er was known Than a pair of hearts . . in one.

BASS.
Bet-ter mu-sic ne'er was known Than a pair of hearts in one.

PIANO.
For practice only.

Let each o - ther that hath been Trou-bled with the gall or spleen, Learn of

Let each o - ther that hath been Trou-bled with the gall or spleen, Learn of

Let each o - ther that hath been Trou-bled with the gall or spleen, Learn of

Let each o - ther that hath been Trou-bled with the gall or spleen, Learn of

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BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN.

leggiero. *cres.*

us to keep his brow Smooth and plain as ours are now, smooth and plain, smooth and plain, smooth and

us to keep his brow Smooth and plain as ours are now, smooth and plain, smooth and plain, smooth and

us to keep his brow Smooth and plain as ours are now, smooth and plain, smooth and plain,

us to keep his brow Smooth and plain, smooth and plain, smooth and plain, smooth and

f *Animato.*

plain as ours, as ours are now! Sing, sing, though be-fore the hour of

plain as ours . . are now! Sing, sing, sing,

smooth and plain as ours . . are now! Sing, sing, though be-fore the hour of

plain . . as ours are now! Sing, sing, *Animato.* sing,

dy-ing, sing, sing,

sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, though be-fore the hour of

dy-ing, sing, sing, though be-fore the hour of dy-ing, sing,

sing, though be-fore the hour of dy-ing, sing, sing, sing, though be-

BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN.

sing, though be-fore the hour of dy-ing, He shall rise, he shall
 dy-ing, sing, sing, sing be-fore the hour of dy-ing, be-
 sing, sing, sing, He shall rise,
 - fore . . the hour of dy-ing, be-fore the hour of dy-ing, be-fore the hour of

rise, he shall rise and then be cry-ing; Heigh ho! heigh
 - fore the hour of dy-ing, He shall rise and be cry-ing; Heigh ho! heigh
 he shall rise, shall rise and then be cry-ing; Heigh ho!
 dy-ing, be-fore the hour of dy-ing He shall be cry-ing; Heigh ho!

ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh
 ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh
 heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh
 heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh

BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN.

ho! 'Tis nought but mirth That keeps this bo - dy, 'tis nought but

ho! 'Tis nought but mirth That keeps this bo - dy, 'tis nought but

ho! 'Tis nought but mirth That keeps this bo - dy, 'tis nought but

ho! 'Tis nought but mirth That keeps this bo - dy, 'tis nought but

p. cres.

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, this bo - dy from the earth, but mirth, but

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, this bo - dy from the earth, but mirth, ..

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, this bo - dy from the earth, but mirth, ..

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, this bo - dy from the earth, but mirth, but

cres.

mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - dy, nought but mirth, mirth, mirth, mirth,

... but mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - dy, but mirth, but mirth, nought, ..

... but mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - dy, nought but mirth, nought but mirth, nought but

mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - dy, nought but mirth that keeps this

p. cres.

mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - - - dy, but

. . 'tis nought but mirth that keeps this bo - - - dy, but

mirth, but mirth that keeps this bo - - - dy, but

bo - dy, nought but mirth that keeps this bo - - - dy, but

ff *sostenuto.*

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, that keeps this bo - dy from the earth.

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, that keeps . . this bo - dy from the earth.

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, that keeps this bo - dy from the earth.

mirth that keeps this bo - dy, this bo - dy from the earth.