

DEDICATED TO THE  
MAGPIE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

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# SIX MODERN LYRICS

SET AS PART-SONGS

BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

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No.

1. HOW SWEET THE ANSWER.
  2. SINCE THOU, O FONDEST.
  3. IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS.
  4. THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.
  5. WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.
  6. MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.
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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.  
NEW YORK : THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

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# HOW SWEET THE ANSWER

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; AND NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., New York.

*Allegretto. Vivace.*  
*pp* *dolce.*

SOPRANO.  
How sweet the an - swer E - cho makes To Mu - - sic at

ALTO.  
*pp*  
How sweet the an - swer E - cho makes To.. Mu - sic at

TENOR.  
*pp*  
How sweet the an - swer E - cho makes To.. Mu - sic at..

BASS.  
*pp*  
How sweet, how sweet the E - cho at  
*Allegretto. Vivace.*

PIANO.  
*pp* *dolce.*

*poco cres.* *p* *dim.*

night When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes, And far .. a - way o'er

*poco cres.* *dim.*

night . . . When, rous'd by lute .. or horn, she wakes, And far .. a - way o'er

*poco cres.* *dim.*

night . . . When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes, And far a - way .. o'er

*poco cres.* *p* *dim.*

night When rous'd by lute .. or horn, she wakes, And far a - way o'er

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HOW SWEET THE ANSWER.

lawns and lakes Goes an - swering light, goes an - - - swering

lawns and lakes Goes an - swering light, . . . an - - - swering

lawns and lakes Goes an - swering light, . . goes an - - - swering

lawns and lakes Goes an - swering light, . . goes an - - - swering

*dim.*

*pp*

light! . . . Yet Love hath e - choes tru - er far And far more

light! . . . Yet Love hath e - choes tru - er far And far more

light, an - swering light! Yet Love hath e - choes tru - er far And far more

light! . . . Yet Love hath e - choes tru - er far And far more

*p*

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER.

sweet Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star, Of horn or lute or soft gui-tar The  
 sweet . . Than e'er, be - neath the moonlight's star, Of horn or lute or soft gui - tar The  
 sweet . . Than e'er, be - neath the moonlight's star, Of horn or lute or soft gui - tar The  
 sweet Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star, Of horn or lute or soft gui-tar The

*poco* *cres.* *p*  
*poco* *cres.* *p*  
*poco* *cres.* *p*  
*poco* *cres.* *p*

songs . . re - peat. 'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sin-cere And on - - ly  
 songs . . re - peat. 'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sin-cere And on - - ly  
 songs, the songs re - peat. 'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sin-cere And on - - ly  
 songs . . re - peat. 'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sin-cere And on - - ly

*mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER.

then, The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear—Is by that one, that on - ly Dear

then, . . The sigh that's breath'd for one . . to hear—Is by that one, that on - ly Dear

then, The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear—Is by that one, that on - ly Dear

then, . . The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear—Is by that one, that on - ly Dear

Breath'd back a - gain, breath'd back, breath'd back a - gain.

Breath'd back a - gain, . . breath'd back, breath'd back a - gain.

Breath'd back a - gain, . . breath'd back, breath'd back a - gain.

Breath'd back a - gain, breath'd back, breath'd back a - gain.

# SINCE THOU, O FONDEST

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; AND NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.

*Andantino.*

**SOPRANO.**  
Since thou, O fond-est and tru-est, Hast loved me best and long-est, And

**ALTO.**  
Since thou, O fond-est and tru-est, Hast loved me best and long-est, And

**TENOR.**  
Since thou, O fond-est and tru-est, Hast loved me best and long-est, And

**BASS.**  
Since thou, O fond-est and tru-est, Hast loved me best and long-est, And

**PIANO.**  
*Andantino.*

now with trust the strongest The joy of my heart re-new-est; Since thou art dear-er and

now with trust the strongest The joy of my heart re-new-est; Since thou art dear-er and

now with trust the strongest The joy of my heart re-new-est; Since thou art dear-er and

now with trust the strongest The joy of my heart re-new-est; Since thou art dear-er and

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SINCE THOU, O FONDEST.

Four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano is in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked *legato*. Dynamics include *cres.*, *mf*, and *p*. The lyrics are: dear - er While o - ther hearts grow cold - er, And ev - er, as love is old - er, More

Four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Slower.* and *Tempo lmo.*. Dynamics include *cres.*, *mf*, and *p*. The lyrics are: lov - ing - ly draw - est near - er, more lov - ing - ly draw - est near - er. Since now I see in the

SINCE THOU, O FONDEST.

mea-sure Of all my giv-ing and tak-ing, Thou wert my hand in the mak-ing, The

mea-sure Of all my giv-ing and tak-ing, Thou wert my hand in the mak-ing, The

mea-sure Of all my giv-ing and tak-ing, Thou wert my hand in the mak-ing, The

mea-sure Of all my giv-ing and tak-ing, Thou wert my hand in the mak-ing, The

sense and the soul of my pleasure; The good I have ne'er re - paid thee, In heav'n I pray be re -

sense and the soul of my pleasure; The good I have ne'er re - paid thee, In heav'n I pray be re -

sense and the soul of my pleasure; The good I have ne'er re - paid thee, In heav'n I pray be re -

sense and the soul of my pleasure; The good I have ne'er re - paid thee, In heav'n I pray be re -



SINCE THOU, O FONDEST

*p* *legatissimo.* *pp*  
 - cord - ed, And all . . thy love re - ward - ed, and all . . thy love re - ward - ed, By  
*p* *legatissimo.* *pp*  
 - cord - ed, And all . . thy love re - ward - ed, and all . . thy love re - ward - ed, By  
*p* *legatissimo.* *pp*  
 - cord - ed, And all . . thy love re - ward - ed, and all . . thy love re - ward - ed, By  
*p* *legatissimo.* *pp*  
 cord - ed, And all . . thy love re - ward - ed, and all . . thy love re - ward - ed, By

*Slower.* *mf* *f* *p* *pp*  
 God, thy mas - ter that made thee, by God, thy mas - ter that made . . thee.  
*mf* *f* *p* *pp*  
 God, thy mas - ter that made thee, by God, thy mas - ter that made . . . thee.  
*mf* *f* *p* *pp*  
 God, thy mas - ter that made thee, by God, thy mas - ter that made . . . thee  
*mf* *f* *p* *pp*  
 God, thy mas - ter that made thee, by God, thy mas - ter that made thee.

# IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY S. T. COLERIDGE

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

*Allegretto vivace.*

SOPRANO.  
If I had but two lit-tle wings, And were a lit-tle fea-ther-y bird, To

ALTO.  
If I had but two lit-tle wings, And were a lit-tle fea-ther-y bird, To

TENOR.  
If I had but two lit-tle wings, And were a lit-tle fea-ther-y bird, To

BASS.  
If I had but two lit-tle wings, And were a fea-ther-y bird, To

PIANO.  
*Allegretto vivace.*

you I'd fly my dear! to you! to you! But thoughts like these are

you I'd fly my dear! to you! to you! But thoughts like these are

you I'd fly my dear! to you! to you! But thoughts like these are

you I'd fly my dear! to you! to you! But thoughts like these are

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS.

*p poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
*pp*  
i - dle things, .. And I . . . stay here. But in my sleep to you I fly: I'm

*p poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
*pp*  
i - dle things, .. And I . . . stay here. But in my sleep to you I fly: I'm

*p poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
*pp*  
i - dle things, .. And I . . . stay here. But in my sleep to you I fly: I'm

*p poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
*pp*  
i - dle things, .. And I stay here But in my sleep to you I fly: I'm

*p*  
al - ways with you in my sleep! The world . . . is all one's own, . . . is all one's

*p*  
al - ways with you in my sleep! The world . . . is all one's own, . . . is all one's

*p*  
al - ways with you in my sleep! The world is all one's own, . . . is all one's

*p*  
al - ways with you in my sleep! The world is all one's own, . . . is all one's

*f* *p* *pp*  
own. But then one wakes, .. and where am I? All, all a - lone.

*f* *p* *pp*  
own. But then one wakes, .. and where am I? All, all a - lone.

*f* *p* *pp*  
own. But then one wakes, .. and where am I? All, all a - lone.

*f* *p* *pp*  
own. But then one wakes, .. and where am I? All, all a - lone.

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS.

Sleep stays not, though a mon-arch bids, So I love to wake ere break of day; For

Sleep stays not, though a mon-arch bids, So I love to wake ere break of day; For

Sleep stays not, though a mon-arch bids, So I love to wake ere break of day; For

Sleep stays not, though a mon-arch bids, So I love to wake ere break of day; For

though my sleep be gone, my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark one

though my sleep be gone, my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark one

though my sleep be gone, my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark one

though my sleep be gone, be gone, my sleep be gone, Yet while 'tis dark one

shuts one's lids, . . . And still . . . dreams on, and still dreams on, For while 'tis dark . . .

shuts one's lids, . . . And still . . . dreams on, . . . and still dreams on, For while 'tis dark . . .

shuts one's lids, . . . And still . . . dreams on, and still dreams on, For while 'tis dark . . .

shuts one's lids, . . . And still dreams . . . on, and still dreams on, For while 'tis

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS.

*poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
 . . one shuts . . one's lids, . . and dreams, . . yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids, and  
*poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
 . . one shuts . . one's lids, . . and dreams, yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids, and  
*poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
 . . one shuts . . one's lids, . . and dreams . . on. yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids, and  
*poco rit.* *a tempo.*  
 dark one shuts one's lids, and dreams, yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids, and

*p* *p* *p dim. rit.* *pp*  
 still dreams on, and still dreams, and dreams, . . and still dreams on.  
*p* *p* *p dim. rit.* *pp*  
 still dreams . . on, and dreams, . . and dreams, . . and still dreams on.  
*p* *p* *p dim. rit.* *pp*  
 still dreams on, and still dreams on, and still dreams on, and still . . dreams on.  
*p* *p* *p dim. rit.* *pp*  
 still dreams on, and still dreams on, . . and still . . dreams on.

# THERE ROLLS THE DEEP

FROM TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM" CXXIII.\*

SET TO MUSIC FOR S.A.T.B. BY

C. H. H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; AND NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.

*Lento espressivo.*

SOPRANO.  
There rolls the deep where grew the tree. O earth, what chang - es hast thou

ALTO.  
There rolls the deep where grew the tree. O earth, what chang - es hast thou

TENOR.  
There rolls the deep where grew the tree. O earth, what chang - es hast thou

BASS.  
There rolls the deep where grew the tree. O earth, what chang - es hast thou

PIANO.  
(For rehearsing only.)

seen ! There, . . where the long street roars, hath been The still - ness

seen ! There, . . where the long street roars, hath been . . The still - ness

seen ! There, . . where the long street roars, hath been . . The still - ness

seen ! There, . . where the long street roars, . . . hath been The still - ness

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THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.

of the cen - tral sea. The hills . . are sha - dows, and they  
of the cen - tral sea. . . The hills are sha - dows, and they  
of the cen - tral sea. . . The hills . . are sha - dows, and they  
of the cen - tral sea. The hills . . are sha - dows, and they

flow From form to form, and no - thing stands ; They melt . . like mist, the  
flow From form to form, and no - thing stands ; They melt like mist, . . the  
flow From form to form, and no - thing stands ; They melt . . like mist, . . the  
flow From form to form, and no - thing stands ; They melt . . like mist, . . the

sol - id lands, Like clouds . . they shape them - selves and go.  
sol - id lands, Like clouds, like clouds they shape them - selves and go.  
sol - id lands, Like clouds . . they shape them - selves and go.  
sol - id lands, Like clouds, like clouds they shape them - selves and go.

THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.

*a tempo.* *p* *cres.* *p*  
 But in my spi - rit will I dwell, And dream my  
*a tempo.* *p* *cres.* *p*  
 But in my spi - rit will I dwell, . . . And dream my  
*a tempo.* *p* *cres.* *p*  
 But in my spi - rit will I dwell, And dream my  
*a tempo.* *p* *cres.* *p*  
 But in my spi - rit will I dwell, And dream my

*p* *pp*  
 dream, and hold it true; For though my lips may breathe a - dieu, . . .  
*p* *pp*  
 dream, and hold it true; For though my lips may breathe a - dieu, . . .  
*p* *pp*  
 dream, and hold it true; For though my lips may breathe a - dieu, . . .  
*p* *pp*  
 dream, and hold it true; For though my lips may breathe a - dieu, . . .

*Poco animando.* *p* *cres.*  
 I can - not think . . . the thing fare - well, I can - not think . . . the thing fare -  
*cres.*  
 I can - not think . . . the thing fare - well, I can - not think the thing fare -  
*cres.*  
 I can - not think the thing fare - well, I can - not think . . . the thing fare -  
*cres.*  
 I can - not think the thing fare - well, I can - not think the thing fare

*Poco animando.* *p* *cres.*



THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.

- well, . . . . I can-not think the thing fare - well, I

- well, I can-not think the thing, the thing fare - well, I

- well, I can - not think the thing fare - well, I

- well, I can - - not think, I can - not think the

can - not think fare - well, . . . . fare - well, fare - well.

can - not think fare - well, fare - well, fare - well. . .

can - not think fare - well, . . . fare - well, . . . fare - well. . .

thing fare - well, . . . fare - well, . . . fare - well.

# WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

*Vivace.*

SOPRANO. *f* What voice of glad-ness, hark! in heaven is ring-ing! *mf* From the

ALTO. *f* What voice of glad-ness, hark! in heaven is ring-ing! *mf* From the

TENOR. *f* What voice of glad-ness, hark! in heaven is ring-ing! *mf* From the

BASS. *f* What voice of glad-ness, hark! in heaven is ring-ing! *mf* From the

PIANO. *f* *mf*

*♩ = about 100.*

sad fields the lark is up-ward wing-ing, up-ward, up-ward, the *cres. >* *f*

sad fields the lark is up-ward wing-ing, up-ward, up-ward, the *cres. >*

sad fields the lark is up-ward wing-ing, up-ward, up-ward, the *cres. >*

sad fields the lark is up-ward wing-ing, up-ward, up-ward, the *cres. >*

*mf >* *cres. >* *f*

WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.

lark is up-ward wing - ing. High thro' the mourn-ful mist that  
 lark is up-ward wing - ing, is up - ward wing-ing. High thro' the mourn-ful mist that  
 lark is up-ward wing - ing, is up - ward wing-ing. High thro' the mourn-ful  
 lark is up-ward wing - ing, is up - ward wing-ing. High thro' the mourn-ful

*mf cres.*  
 blots our day, Their songs betray them soar - ing, their songs betray them soar - ing, their  
 blots our day, Their songs betray them soar - ing, their songs betray them soar - ing, their  
 mist that blots our day, Their songs betray them soar - ing, their songs be - tray them, their  
 mist that blots our day, Their songs be - tray them soar - ing, soar - ing, their

songs betray them soar - ing, soar - ing in the grey, their songs betray them soar - ing,  
 songs be - tray them soar - ing, soar - ing in the grey, be - tray them  
 songs be - tray them soar - ing in the grey, . . . their songs be - tray . . . them  
 songs betray them soar - ing, soar - ing, soar - ing, their songs be - tray them soar - ing

WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.

ing in the grey. See them! nay, . . . nay, they in sunlight swim, nay they in  
 soaring in the grey. See them! nay, . . . nay, nay, nay, nay, they in  
 soaring in the grey. See them! nay, . . . nay, they in sunlight swim, . . . they in  
 . . . ing in the grey. See them! nay, . . . nay, nay they in sun . . .

sun - light swim; A - bove the fur - thest stain, . . . a - bove the furthest stain . . .  
 sun - light swim; A - bove the fur - thest stain of cloud, the furthest stain of,  
 sun - light swim; A - bove the fur - thest stain, . . . the fur - thest stain of  
 . . . light swim; A - bove the fur - thest stain of

. . . of cloud at - tain; Their hearts . . . in Mu - sic, their hearts . . . in Mu - sic, their  
 cloud . . . at - tain; Their hearts in Mu - sic, their hearts in Mu - sic, their  
 cloud . . . at - tain; Their hearts in Mu - sic, their hearts in Mu - sic, their  
 cloud . . . at - tain; Their hearts in Mu - sic, their hearts . . . in Mu - sic

*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*f* *p* *mf cres.* *rit. dim.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*

WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.

*p dolce.*  
 hearts.. in Mu-sic rain, . . in Mu-sic rain up-on the plain. Sweet birds, sweet  
*p dolce.*  
 hearts in Mu - sic rain, rain up-on the plain. Sweet birds, sweet  
*p dolce.*  
 hearts in Mu - sic rain, . . . up-on the plain. Sweet birds, sweet  
*p dolce.*  
 rain, in Mu - sic rain up-on the plain. Sweet birds, sweet

*p*

*cres.*  
 birds, far out of sight, your songs of pleasure, your songs of plea - sure Dome us with  
*cres.*  
 birds, far out of sight, your songs of plea-sure, your songs of plea-sure Dome us with  
 birds, far out of sight, your songs of pleasure, your songs of plea - sure Dome us with  
 birds, far out of sight, your songs of plea-sure Dome us with joy, with joy as

*p*

joy .. as bright as heaven's best a-zure, your songs of pleasure dome us with joy, dome . . us with  
 joy as heaven's best a-zure, your songs of pleasure dome us with joy, dome . . us with  
 joy .. as heaven's . . best a-zure, your songs of pleasure dome . . us with joy, with  
 bright as heaven's best a-zure, your songs of plea - sure dome us with

WHAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.

joy, with joy as bright, . . as bright . . as heaven's best a - zure, with

joy, with joy . . as bright . . as heaven's best a - zure, with

joy, with joy as bright as heaven's best a - zure, with

joy, with joy . . as bright . . as heaven's best a - zure, with

The first system consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. Each vocal staff begins with a *cres.* marking and a dynamic accent (>). The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation.

joy as bright! as heaven's best a - zure, as heaven's best a - zure.

joy as bright as heaven's best a - zure, as heaven's best a - zure.

joy as bright as heaven's best a - zure, as heaven's best a - zure.

joy as bright as heaven's best a - zure, as heaven's best a - zure.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves end with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

# MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

FOUR-PART SONG

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY P. B. SHELLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; AND NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.

*Lento espressivo.*

SOPRANO. *p* Mu - sic, when . . soft voi - ces die, Vi - brates in . .

ALTO. *p* Mu - sic, when . . soft voi - ces die, . . Vi - brates, vi -

TENOR. *p* Mu - sic, when . . soft voi - ces die, . . Vi - brates, vi - brates

BASS. *p* Mu - sic, when . . soft voices die, Vi - brates in the

PIANO. *p* *Lento espressivo.*

. . the mem - o - ry— O - dours, when . . sweet vio - lets sick-en,

- brates in the mem - o - ry— O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

in . . the mem - o - ry— O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick-en,

mem - o - ry— O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

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MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

Live . . with-in the sense they quicken. Rose . . leaves, when . . the

Live . . . with-in the sense . . they quicken. Rose leaves, when the

Live . . . with-in the sense . . they quicken. Rose . . leaves, when . . the

Live . . with-in the sense they quicken. Rose leaves, when the

rose is dead, . . Are heaped, are heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed ; And

rose is dead, . . Are heaped, heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed ; And

rose is dead, . . Are heaped, . . are heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed ; And

rose . . is dead, Are heaped, heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed ; And



MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

so thy thoughts, . . when thou art gone, Love it-self shall slum - ber, slum - ber,

so thy thoughts, . . when thou art gone, . . Love it - self shall slum - ber, slum - ber,

so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, . . Love it-self shall slum-ber, slum-ber,

so thy thoughts, when thou art gone, Love it - self shall slum-ber, slum-ber,

love it - self shall slum - ber on, love . . it-self shall slum - ber on.

love it - self . . shall slum - ber on, love . . it-self shall slum - ber on.

love it - self . . shall slum - ber on, love . . it-self shall slum - - ber on.

love it-self shall slum - ber on, shall slum - ber on.