

Sister, Since I Met Thee Last

Poetry by
Mrs. F. D. B. Hemans

The Sister's Song

Music by
Stephen Glover

Andante con Espressione

The piano introduction is in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with dotted rhythms and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and a bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the first measure.

The first vocal entry begins at measure 6. The vocal line is in G major and 3/4 time, starting with a whole note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The lyrics "Sis-ter!" are written under the vocal line.

The second vocal entry begins at measure 11. The vocal line is in G major and 3/4 time, starting with a dotted quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The lyrics "Since I met thee last, O'er thy brow a change hath past; In the" are written under the vocal line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the first measure of the piano accompaniment.

15

soft - ness of thine eyes, — Deep and still a shad-ow lies; From thy

19

voice there thrills a tone, Nev-er to thy child-hood known; Thru thy

23

soul a storm hath moved, Gen-tle sis-ter thou hast loved! Thru thy

27 *rall.*

soul a storm hath moved, Gen-tle sis-ter thou hast loved!

cresc. *pp rall.* *a tempo cresc.*

31

Yes! Thy

36

var - y-ing cheek hath caught, Hues too bright for trou-bled thought; Far a-

p

40

p *cresc.*

long the wand'r-ing stream, Thou art fol-lowed by a dream; In the

44

rall. *a tempo*

woods and val-leys lone, Mu-sic haunts thee, not thine own; Where-fore

rall. *a tempo*

48

fz

fall thy tears like rain? — Sis-ter, thou hast loved in vain. Where-fore

52 *rall.*

fall thy tears like rain? — Sis-ter, thou hast loved in vain!

cresc. *pp rall.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

56

Tell me

p *cresc.*

61

not thy tale sweet flow-er! On my bos-om pour that show-er! Tell me

p

65

not of kind thoughts wast-ed Tell me not of young hopes

68

blast-ed; Wring not forth one burn-ing word, Let thy heart no more be

rall.

72

stirred! Home a-lone can give thee rest. — Weep sweet sis-ter, on my

a tempo

fz

76

breast. Home a-lone can give thee rest. — Weep sweet sis-ter, on my

rall.

pp rall.

80

breast.

a tempo

cresc.