Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7

Alfred, Lord Tennyson  
(1809-92)

Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

Soprano: Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7

Alto: Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7

Tenor: Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7

Bass: Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7

Piano: Home they brought her warrior dead, Op.68 no.7


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dead, She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry: All her maidens,
Eyes closed, he said, "She must weep, or she will die.

Then they praised him,

soft and low,

Called him worthy to be loved, Tru-est friend and
cresc.

soft and low,

Called him worthy to be loved, Tru-est friend and
cresc.

soft and low,

Called him worthy to be loved, Tru-est friend and
cresc.

soft and low,

Called him worthy to be loved, Tru-est friend and
no-blest foe; I

Yet she nei-ther spake nor moved.

from her place, Light-ly to the war-rior stept, Took the face-cloth from the face:

Home they brought her warrior dead - Stanford
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Yet she neither moved nor wept.