



# On Music

Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

# On Music

C. V. Stanford

Andante

S *p* When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,

A *p* When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,

T *p* When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,

B *p* When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,

S<sup>5</sup> Should some notes we used to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

A Should some notes we used to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

T<sup>8</sup> Should some notes we used to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

B Should some notes we used to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

9

S Wak - 'ning thoughts that

A Wak - 'ning thoughts that

T Wak - 'ning thoughts that

B *mf* Oh! how wel - come breathes the strain!

12

S long have slept; Kin - dling form - er smiles a - gain In

A long have slept; Kin - dling form - er smiles a - gain In

T long have slept; Kin - dling form - er smiles a - gain

B Kin - dling form - - - er smiles a - gain

15

S fad - ed eyes that long have wept.

A fad - ed eyes that long have wept.

T In fad - ed eyes that long have wept.

B In fad - ed eyes that long have wept.

19 *p*

S Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs,

A Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs,

T Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs,

B Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs,

23

S Is the grate - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours;

A Is the grate - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours;

T Is the grate - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours;

B Is the grate - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours;

27 *p*

S Tho' the flow'rs have

A Tho' the flow'rs have

T Tho' the flow'rs have

B *mf* Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,

30

S sunk in death; So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its

A sunk in death; So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone, Its

T sunk in death; So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone,

B So, when pleas - ure's dream is gone,

33

S mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

A mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

T Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

B Its mem - 'ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

37

S how faint, how weak Lan - guage fades

A how faint, how weak Lan - guage fades

T Mu - sic! oh how faint, how weak Lan - guage fades

B how faint, how weak Lan - guage fades

41

S be - fore thy spell!

A be - fore thy spell!

T be - fore thy spell!

B be - fore thy spell!

45

S Why should Feel - - ing ev - er speak, When

A Why should Feel - - ing ev - er speak, When

T Why should Feel - ing ev - er speak, When

B Why should Feel - - ing ev - er speak, When

47

S *rall.* thou canst breathe her soul *a tempo* so well?

A *rall.* thou canst breathe her soul *a tempo* so well?

T *rall.* thou canst breathe her soul *a tempo* so well?

B *rall.* thou canst breathe her soul *a tempo* so well?

50

S Love's are ev'n more false than they;

A Love's are ev'n more false than they;

T Love's are ev'n more false than they;

B Friend - ship's balm - y words may feign, 'tis on - ly

54

S Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - - - ly

A Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can

T Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can

B Mu - - - sic's, Mu - sic's strain Can

57

S soothe, and not be - tray.

A sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray.

T sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray.

B sweet - ly soothe, and not be - tray.

When thro' life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
Beds of Oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh how faint, how weak  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should Feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are even more false than they;  
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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