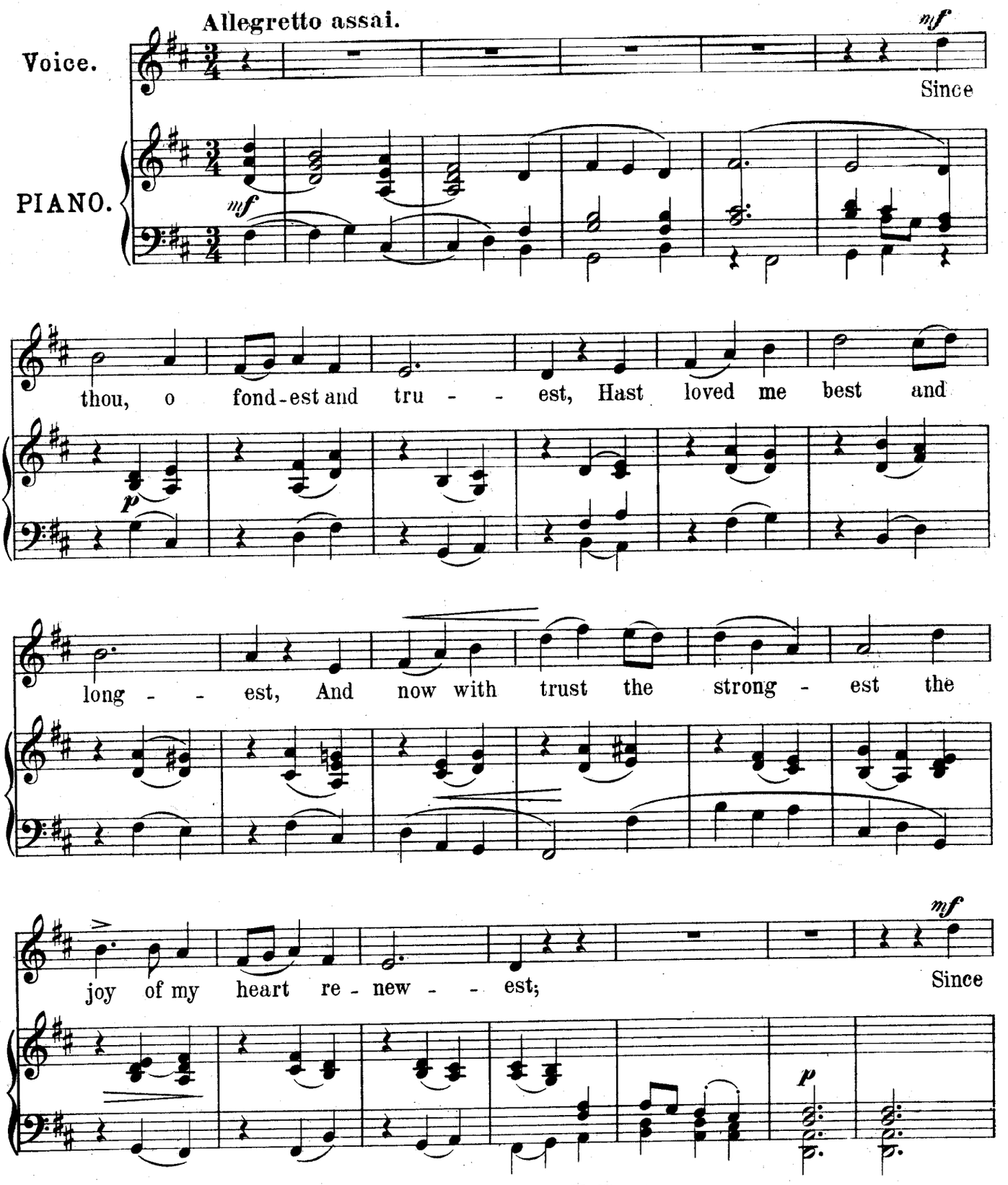
SINCE THOU, O FONDEST AND TRUEST.

Poem by
ROBERT BRIDGES.*

Set to Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD, Op. 48.



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Edited by C.P. Scott.

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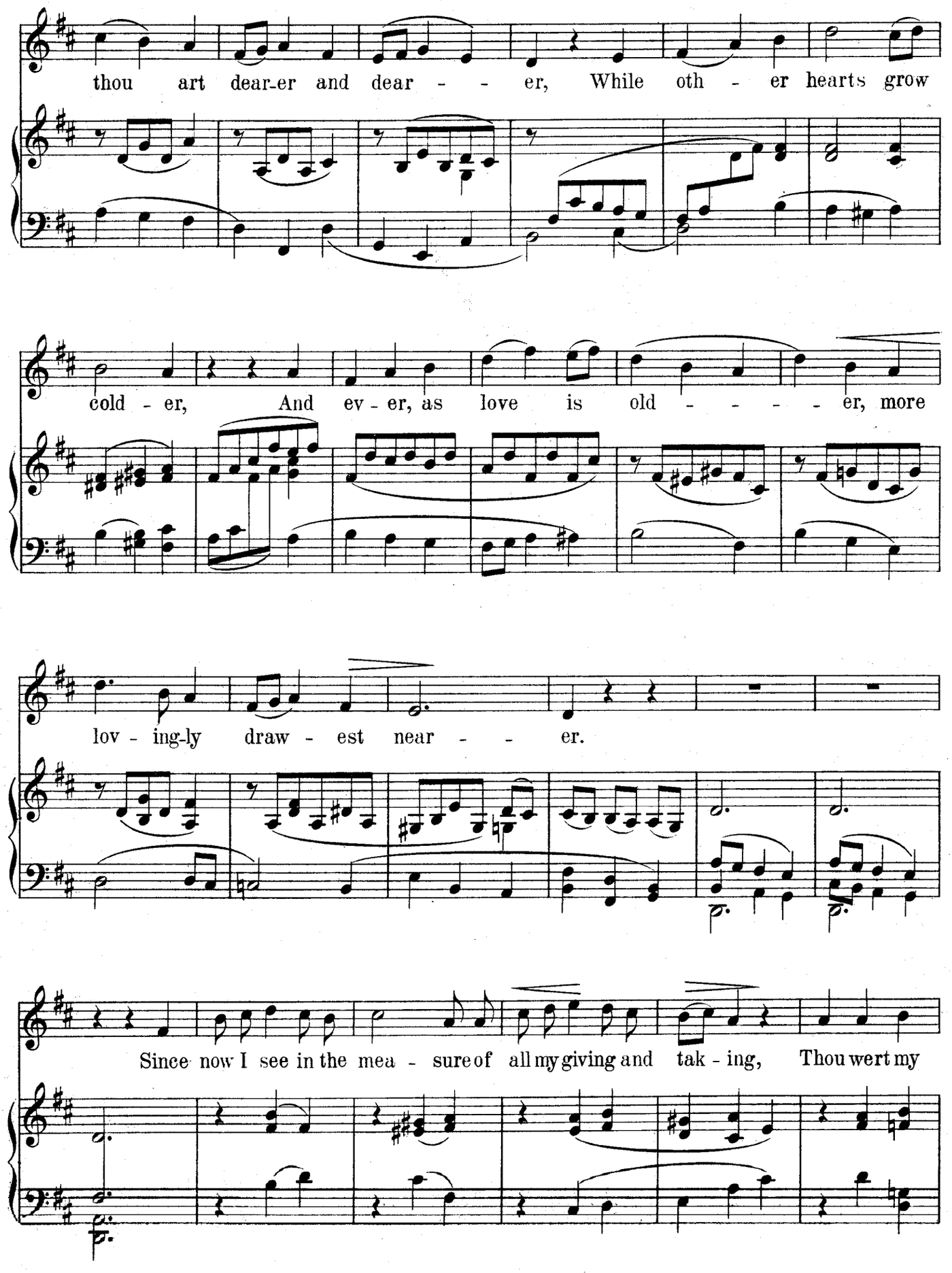
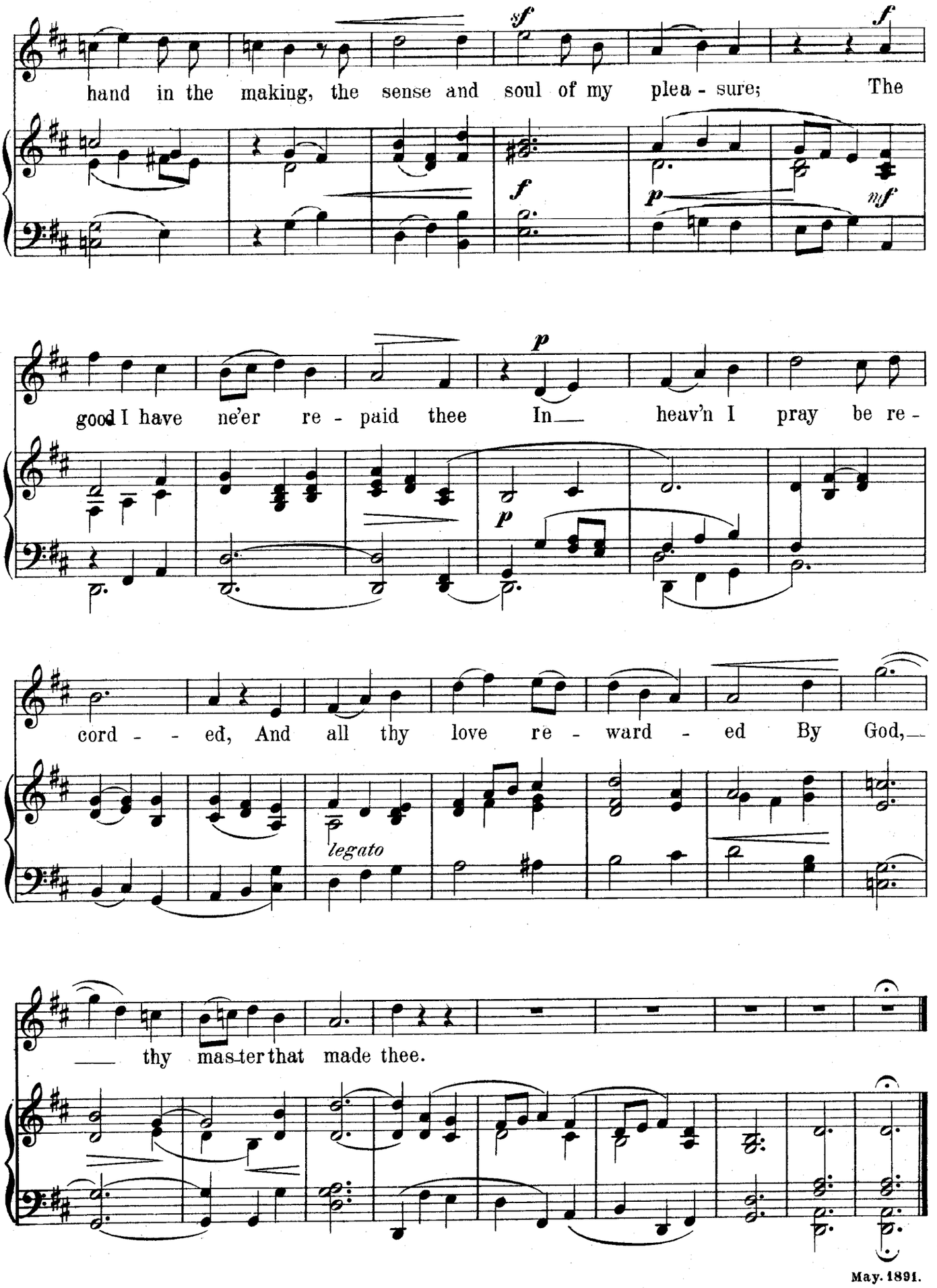
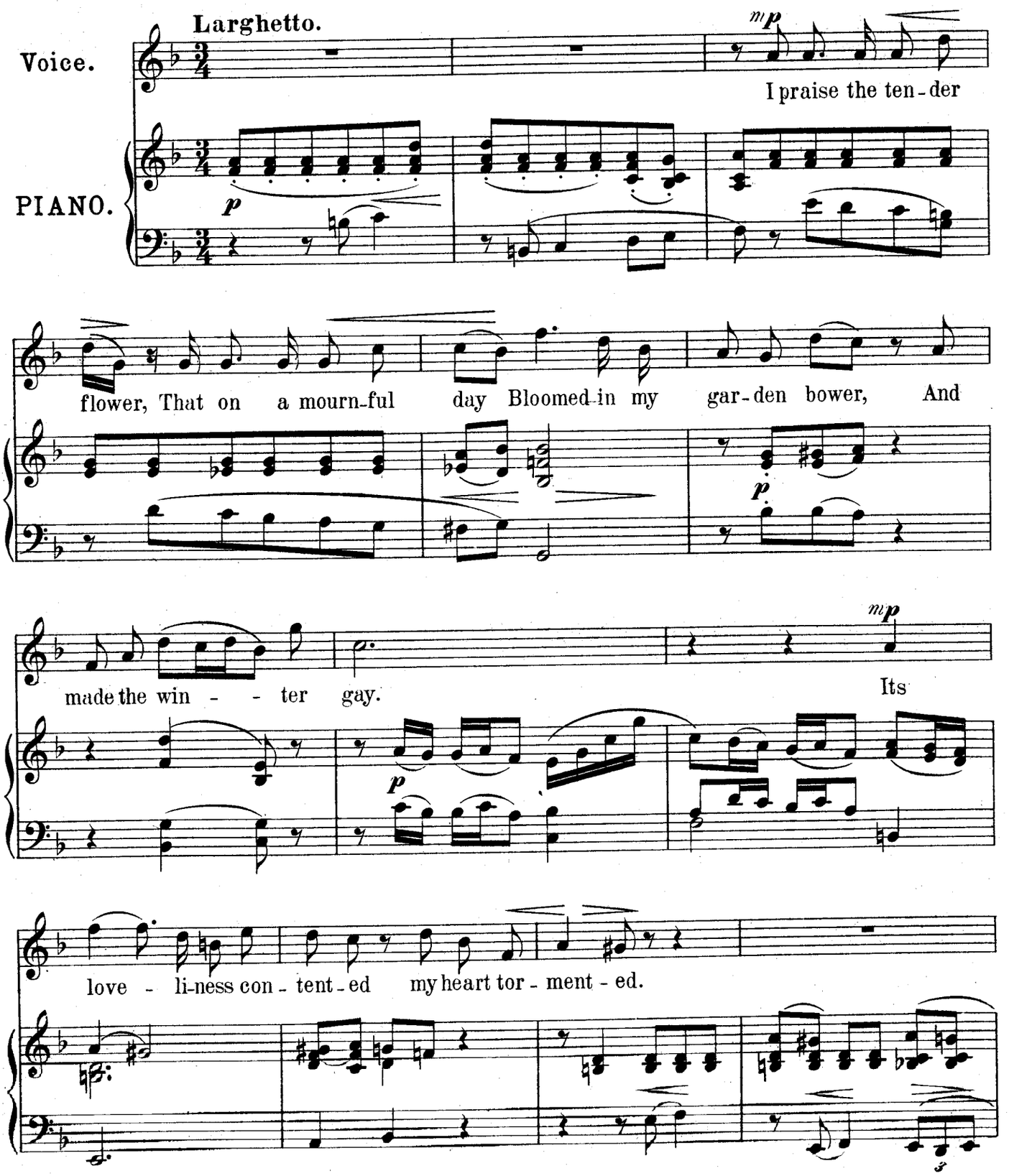

thou art dear-er and dear - - er, While oth - er hearts grow
cold - er, And ev - er, as love is old - - - - er, more
lov - ing-ly draw - est near - - er.
Since now I see in the mea - sure of all my giving and tak - ing, Thou wert my


hand in the making, the sense and soul of my plea - sure; The
good I have ne'er re - paid thee In heav'n I pray be re -
cord - - ed, And all thy love re - ward - ed By God,
legato
thy mas-ter that made thee.

I PRAISE THE TENDER FLOWER.

Poem by
ROBERT BRIDGES.*

Set to Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD, Op. 43.



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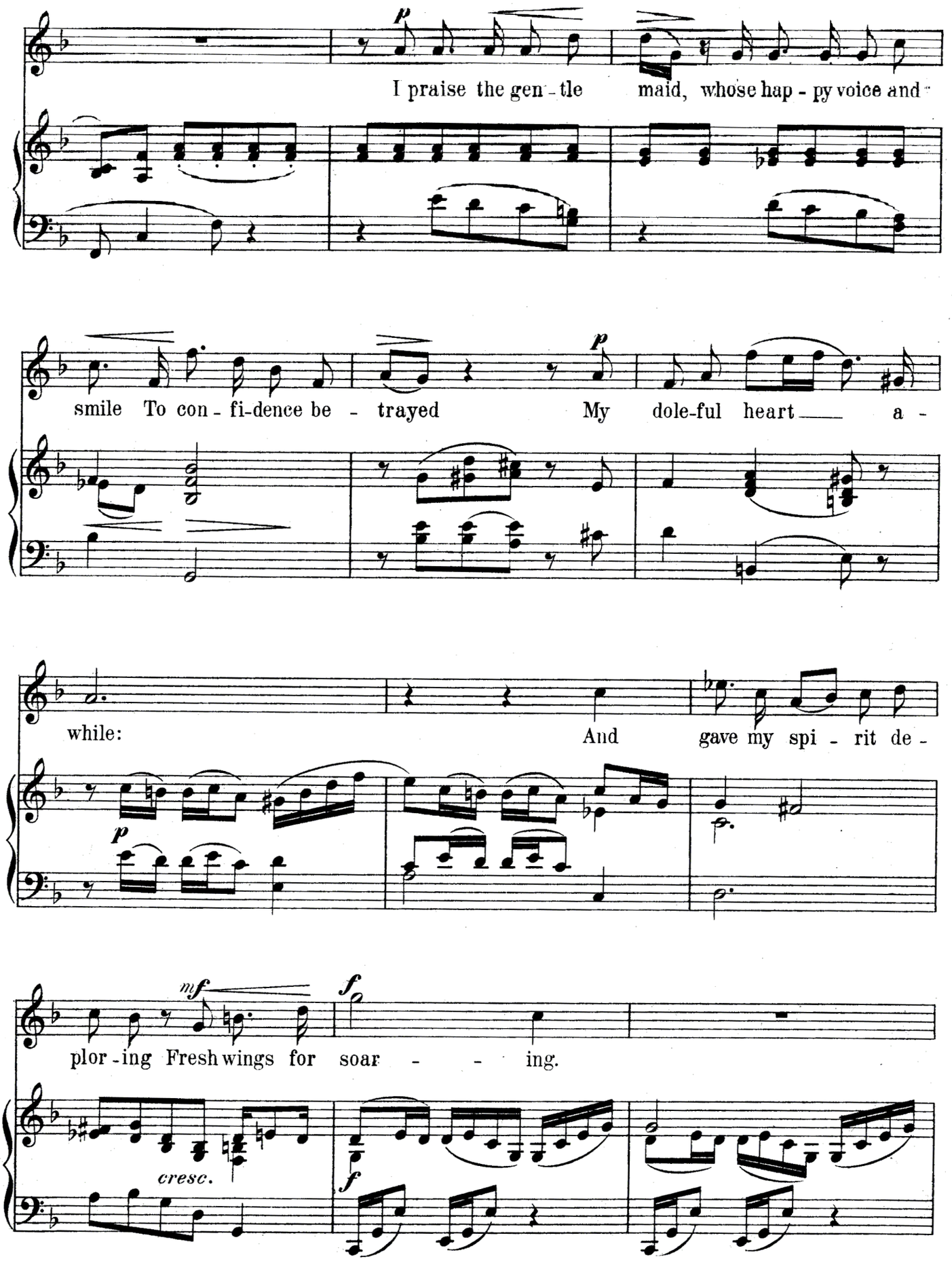
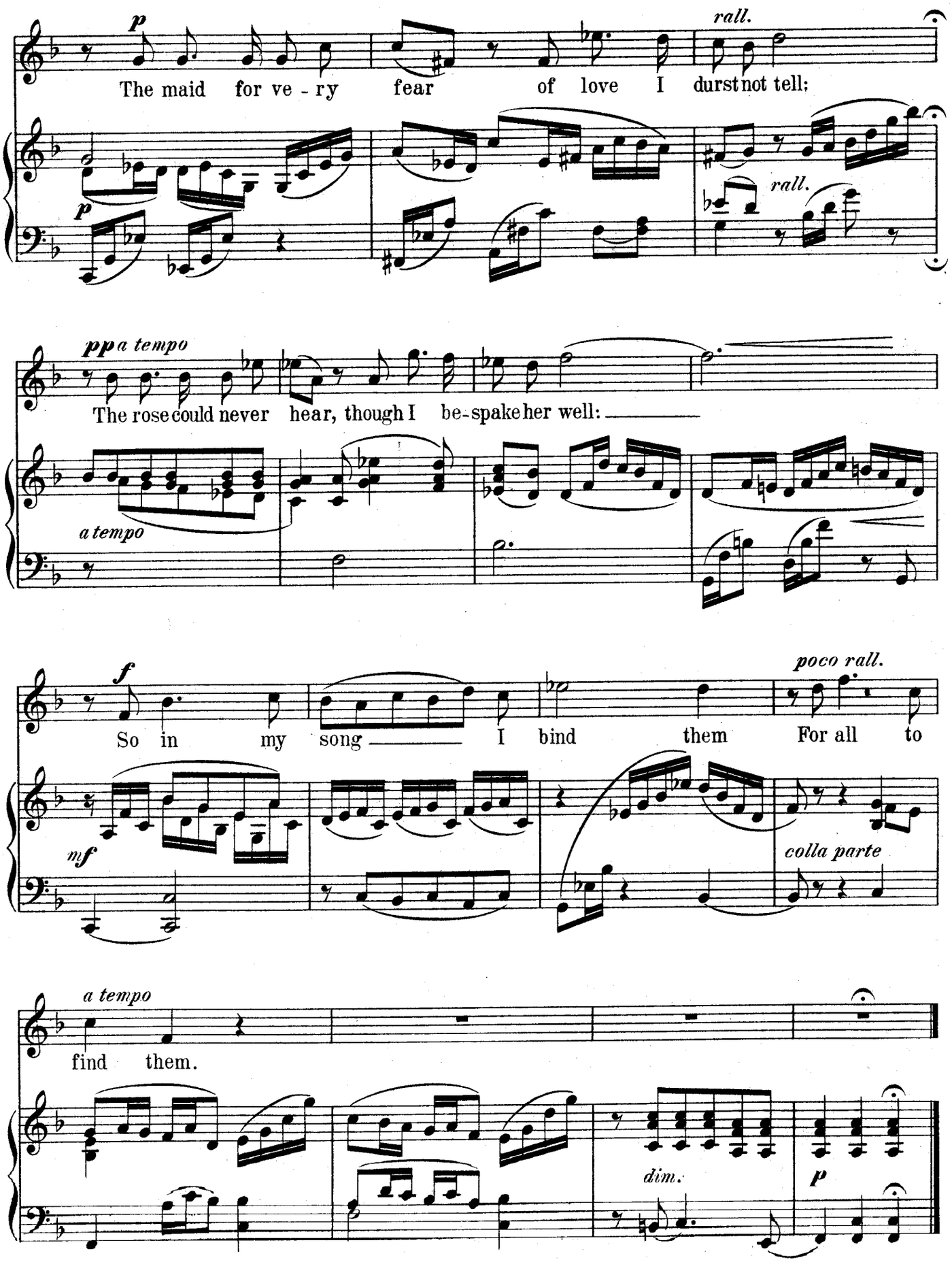
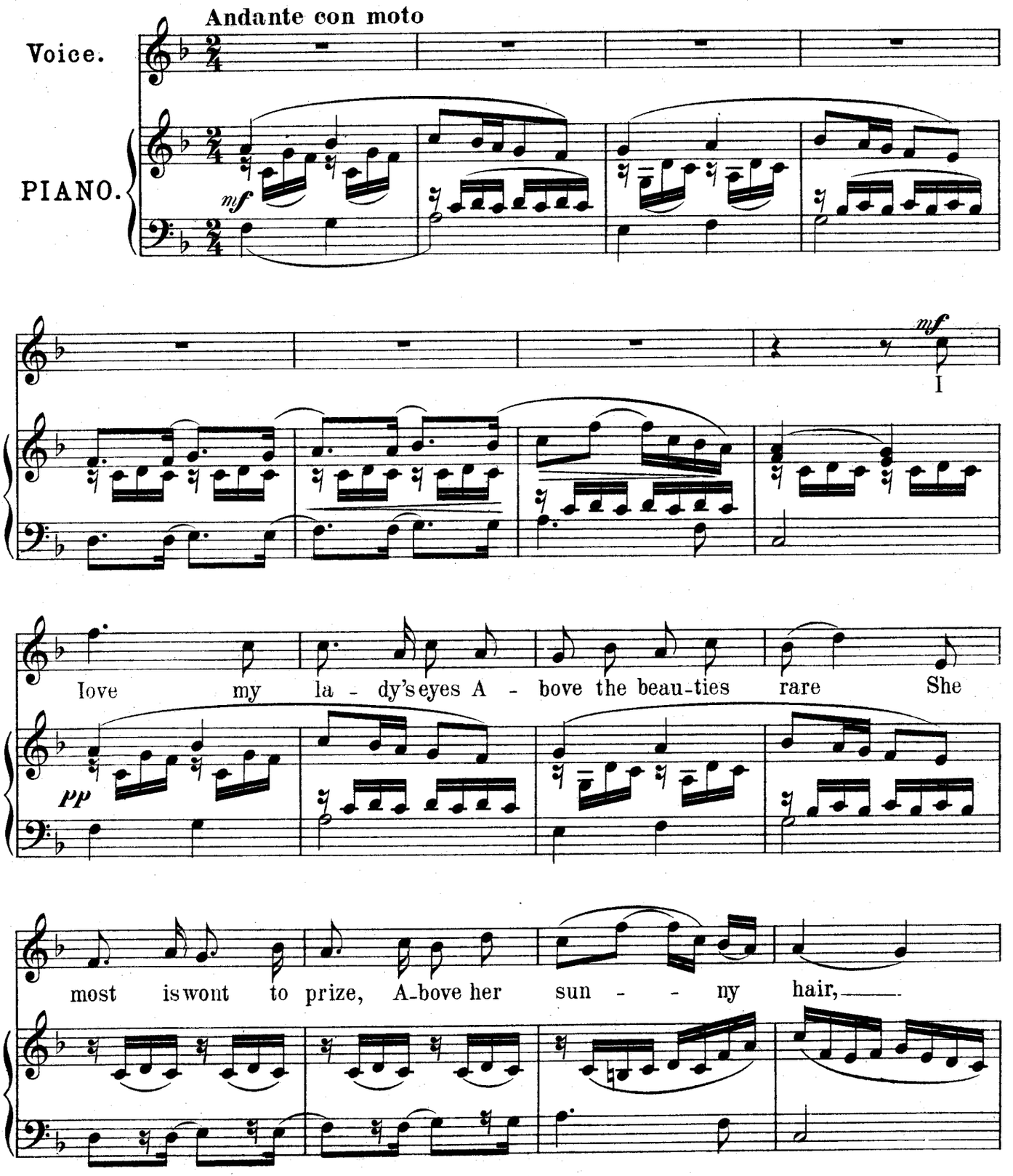

I praise the gen - tle maid, whose hap - py voice and
smile To con - fi-dence be - trayed My dole-ful heart a -
while: And gave my spi - rit de -
plor - ing Fresh wings for soar - - ing.
cresc.


p
The maid for ve - ry fear of love I durst not tell:
rall.
rall.
pp a tempo
The rose could never hear, though I be-spake her well:
a tempo
a tempo
f
So in my song I bind them For all to
poco rall.
mf
colla parte
a tempo
find them.
dim.
p

SAY, O SAY! SAITH THE MUSIC.

Poem by
ROBERT BRIDGES.*

Set to Music by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD, Op. 43.



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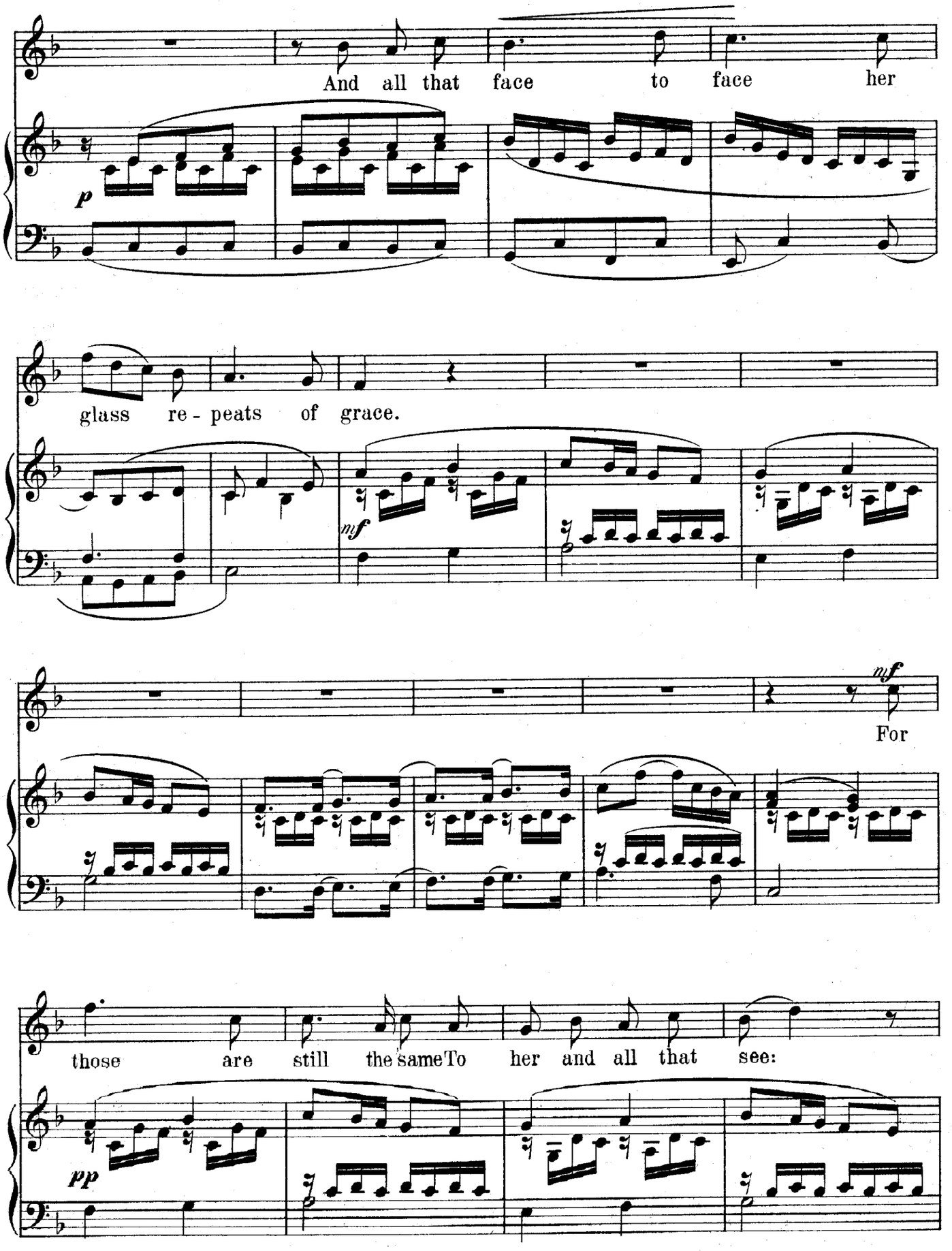
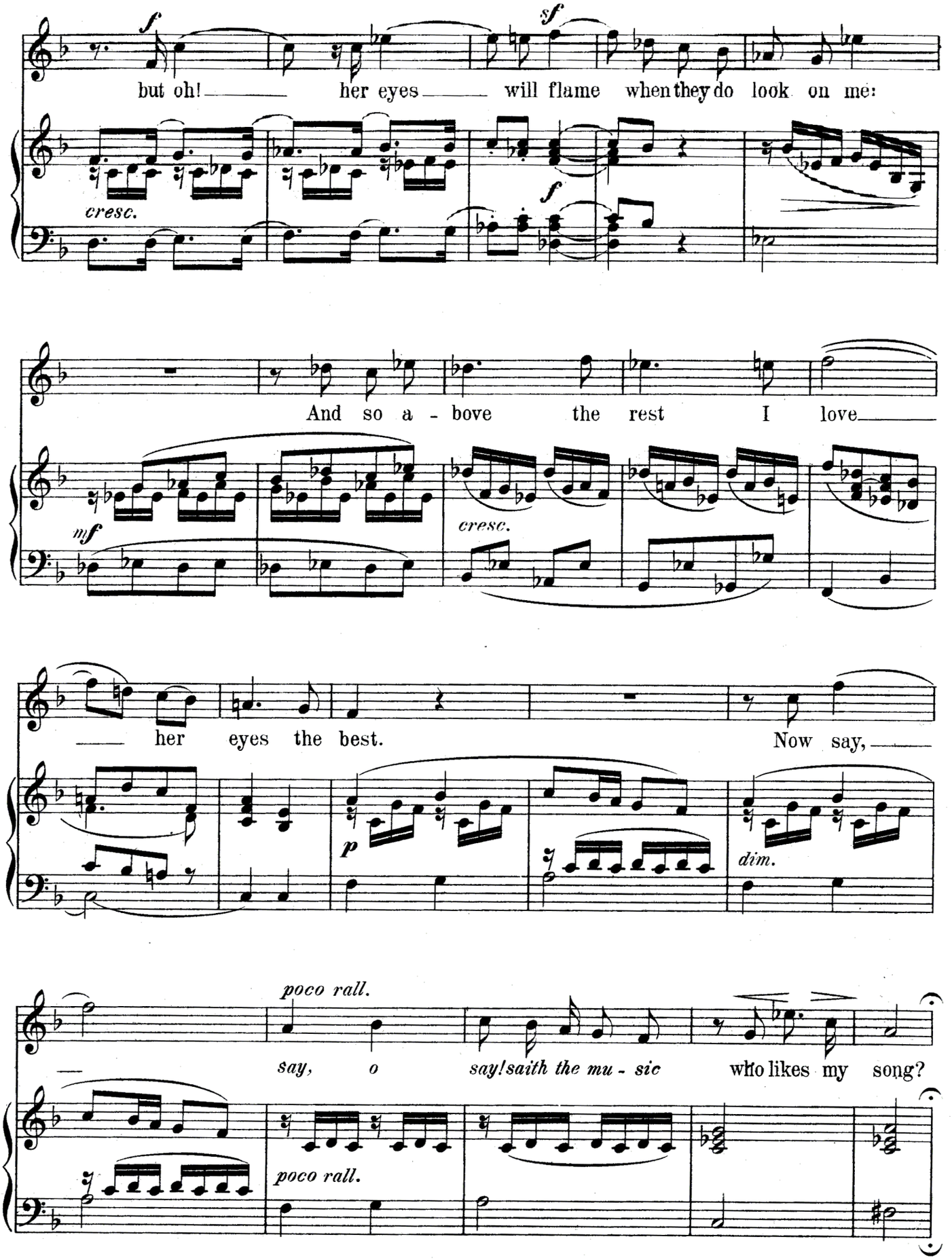
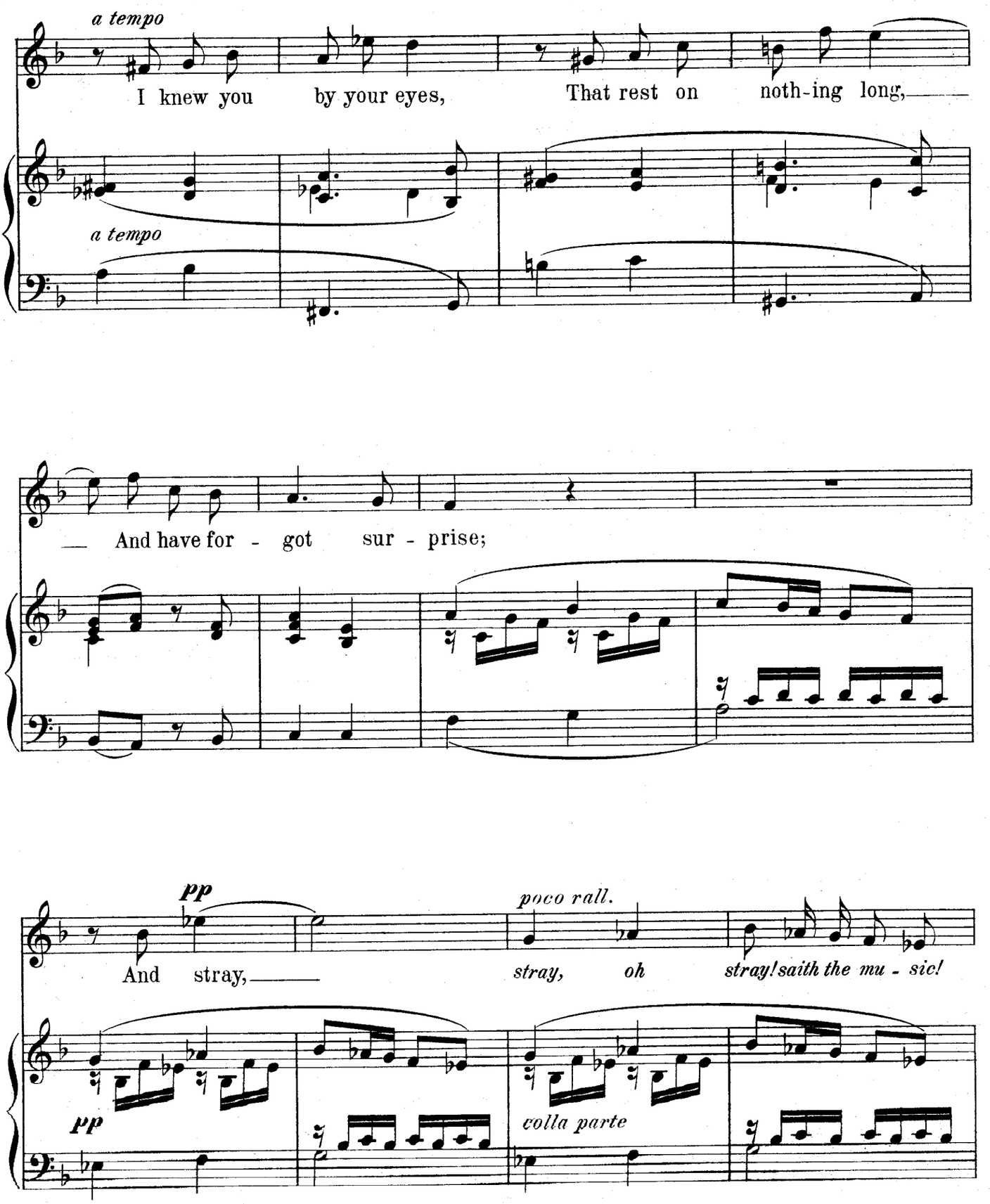
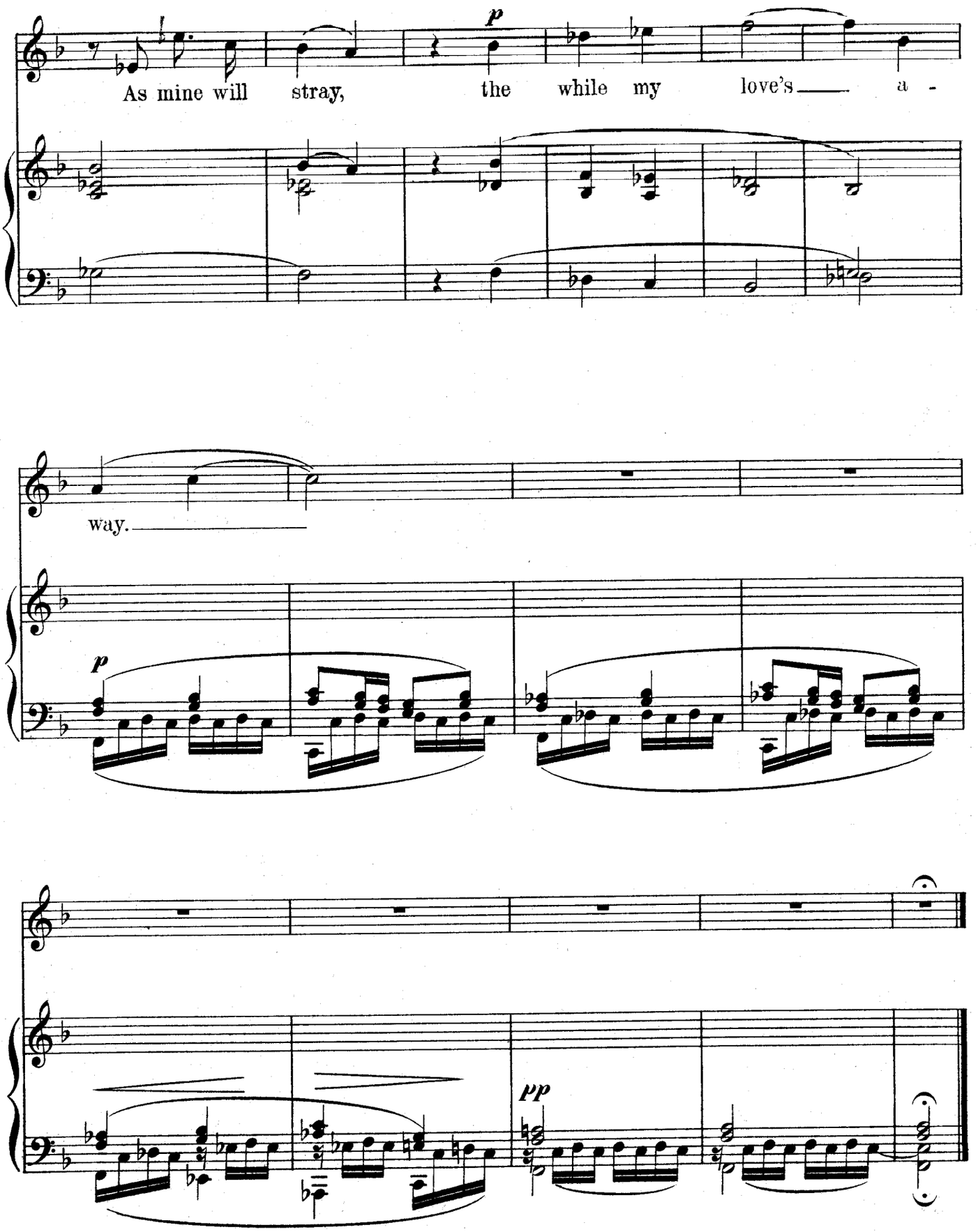

And all that face to face her
p
glass re - peats of grace.
mf
mf
For
those are still the sameTo her and all that see:
pp


but oh! her eyes will flame when they do look on me:
cresc.
And so a - bove the rest I love
her eyes the best. Now say,
cresc.
dim.
poco rall.
say, o say! saith the mu - sic who likes my song?
poco rall.


a tempo
I knew you by your eyes, That rest on noth-ing long,
a tempo
And have for - got sur - prise;
pp
And stray,
poco rall.
stray, oh stray! saith the mu - sic!
pp
colla parte



May. 1891.