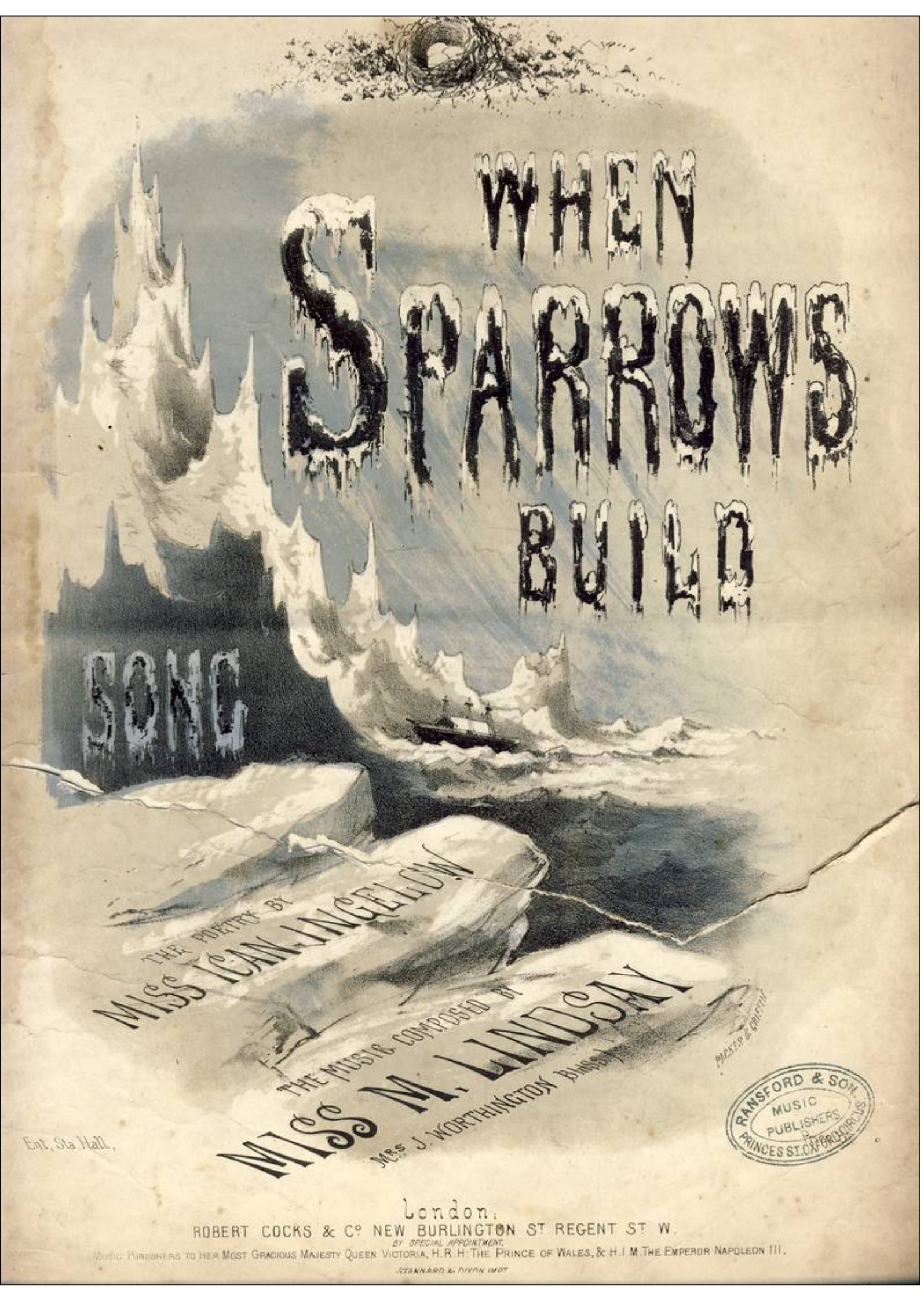




WHEN SPARROWS BUILD

SONG

THE POETRY BY
MISS ICAN INGELLOW

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
MISS M. LINDSAY
MRS. J. WORTHINGTON BISS

PACKER & GRIFFITH



Ent. Sta. Hall.

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WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.

WORDS BY

Miss JEAN INGELow.

MUSIC BY

Mrs J. WORTHINGTON BLISS.

Andantino.

VOICE.

PIANO-
FORTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part enters with a whole note rest, followed by a half note rest, and then begins the melody. The lyrics are: 'When sparrows build and the leaves break forth, My old sorrow wakes and cries: For I'. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (cres:) and a forte (rfz) section. The score is divided into three systems, each with a voice staff and a piano staff. The piano staff uses a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, and dynamic markings.

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When Sparrows build. Mrs J. W. BLISS.

14,942.

know there is dawn in the far, far north, And a

scar-let sun doth rise. Like a scar-let fleece the

snow-field spreads, And the i-...cy founts run free..... And the

bergs be-...gin to bow their head, And

Slowly.

plunge and sail in the sea O my lost love and my

own, own love, And my love that lov'd me so ! Is there

ad lib:
never a chink in the world a bove Where they

con espress:
lis - ten for words from be low Nay I

spoke once, and I griev'd thee sore, I remember all that I

Slowly.

said, And now thou wilt hear me no

ad lib:

more, no more, Till the sea gives up her dead.

mf

à tempo.

Thou didst set thy foot on the

ship and sail, To the ice-fields and the snow; Thou wert

sad for thy love did not a ---- vail And the

rall: end I could not know *à tempo.* How could I tell I should

love thee to-day, Whom that day I held not dear? ...

How could I know I should love thee a-way When I

did not love thee a-near? We shall walk no more through the

sod-den plain With the fa-ded bents o'er-spread, We shall

stand no more by the seeth-ing main, While the dark wrack drives o-ver-

con espress:

head: We shall part no more in the wind and the rain Where thy

last fare-well was said: But per-haps I shall meet thee and

know thee a-gain When the sea gives up her

dead.

14,942.