

The Chorister

Fred. E. Weatherley

Arthur Sullivan

Andante moderato.

p

O sweet and dim the

lights and shade, A - cross the min - ster steal - ing; I

heard the grand old or - gan play'd, The an - them up - ward

peal - ing, One boy's sweet voice a - bove the rest, I

cresc.

cresc.

heard so clear - ly ring - ing, The An - gels must his

dim.

p

dim.

p

dreams have blest, to teach him such sweet sing - ing.

rall.

rall.

f

p

His ear - nest eyes to heav'n were bent, With yearn - ing pure and

p

cresc.

low - ly; To fol - low where his sing - ing went, And

cresc.

f

join the An - gels ho - ly. No gen - tle moth - er's

f

dim.

love had he, But God had com - fort - giv'n, For

dim

he might sing on earth And she might hear her child from

p

heav'n. Last night I dreamt of

f *p*

harps of gold, Heav'n's gates were roll'd a - sun - der, I

saw the grave sweet face of old, Up - rais'd in joy and

cresc. molto *cresc. molto*

won - der. He sings a - mong the

An - gels now, Be - side the crys - tal

ri - ver, The light of God is on his brow, For

e - ver and for e - ver.

con forza