

Thou'rt Passing Hence

(From 'The Highland Message')

Felicia Hemans

Arthur Sullivan

Andante.

p

Thou'rt pass - ing hence my bro - ther! Oh! my

dim. *p*

ear - liest friend, fare - well! Thou'rt leav - ing me, with-

Ad. ❁

out thy voice, In a lone - ly home to dwell; And from the

cresc. hills, and from the hearth, And from the house - hold-

cresc.

tree, With thee de - parts the ling - ring mirth, The

dim.

dim.

bright - ness goes with thee. But

p

p

cresc. molto

thou, my friend, my bro - ther! Thou'rt speed - ing to the

cresc. molto

shore Where the dirge - like tone of part - ing words Shall

smite the soul no more! And thou wilt see our

f

f sf

ho - ly dead, The lost on earth and main:

sf

sf

sf

dim.

In - to the sheaf of kin - dred hearts, Thou wilt be

dim.

p cantabile

bound a - gain! Then

p

tell our white-hair'd fa - ther, That in the paths he

trod, The child he lov'd, the last on earth, Yet

cresc.

walks and wor - ships God. Say that his last fond

dim.

bless - ing yet Rests on my soul like dew, And

dim.

p

by its hal - lowing might I trust Once more his_ face to

p

dolce

view. And tell our gen - tle

dolce

Ad.

mo - ther That on her grave I pour The

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sor - rows of my spi - rit forth, As on her breast of

yore. *cresc.* Hap - py thou art that soon, how soon, Our

cresc.

good and bright will see! *dim.* Oh bro - ther bro - ther!

dim.

may I dwell, Ere long, with them and thee! *cresc.*

Hap - py thou art that soon, Our good and bright will *cresc.*

mf *cresc.*

see! Oh brother, brother! may I dwell, Ere long, with them and *ff* *slower*

ff *colla voce* *sf* *sf*

thee!

fff