



The millstream flows

Hamilton Clarke
(1840-1912)

Moderato

S *mf* The mill - stream flows so swift a - long, The west wind mur - murs 'mongst the trees; The

A *mf* The mill - stream flows so swift a - long, The west wind mur - murs 'mongst the trees; The

T *mf* The mill - stream flows so swift a - long, The west wind mur - murs 'mongst the trees; The

B *mf* The mill - stream flows so swift a - long, The west wind mur - murs 'mongst the trees; The

5 *cresc.* *mf* *p*
S thros - tle pours a wealth of song Up - on the sweet scent - la - den breeze; The

cresc. *mf* *p*
A thros - tle pours a wealth of song Up - on the sweet scent - la - den breeze; The

cresc. *mf* *p*
T thros - tle pours a wealth of song Up - on the sweet scent - la - den breeze; The

cresc. *mf* *p*
B thros - tle pours a wealth of song Up - on the sweet scent - la - den breeze; The

The millstream flows

9

S sun sinks in an am - bient west, A gold - en glo - ry cast - ing wide, And

A sun sinks in an am - bient west, A gold - en glo - ry cast - ing wide, And

T sun sinks in an am - bient west, A gold - en glo - ry cast - ing wide, And

B sun sinks in an am - bient west, A gold - en glo - ry cast - ing wide, And

cresc. *f*

13

S bird and flow'r are seek - ing rest At e - - - ven - tide.

A bird and flow'r are seek - ing rest At e - - - ven - tide.

T bird and flow'r are seek - ing rest At e - - - ven - tide.

B bird and flow'r are seek - ing rest At e - - - ven - tide.

rall. e dim. *pp*

Tempo 1

S *mf* The cur - few chime is sweet - ly rung From yon - der sa - cred sun - bathed tow'r; And

A *mf* The cur - few chime is sweet - ly rung From yon - der sa - cred sun - bathed tow'r; And

T *mf* The cur - few chime is sweet - ly rung From yon - der sa - cred sun - bathed tow'r; And

B *mf* The cur - few chime is sweet - ly rung From yon - der sa - cred sun - bathed tow'r; And

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22 *cresc.* *mf* *p*
S ev - 'ry bird his song has sung, And closed is ev - 'ry liv - ing flow'r; Then
A *cresc.* *mf* *p*
T *cresc.* *mf* *p*
B *cresc.* *mf* *p*
ev - 'ry bird his song has sung, And closed is ev - 'ry liv - ing flow'r; Then

26 *cresc.* *f*
S wan - d'ring on - ward hand in hand, We vow we will in love a - bide; Then
A *cresc.* *f*
T *cresc.* *f*
B *cresc.* *f*
wan - d'ring on - ward hand in hand, We vow we will in love a - bide; Then

30 *rall. e dim.* *pp*
S peace sighs o - ver all the land At e - - - ven - tide.
A *rall. e dim.* *pp*
T *rall. e dim.* *pp*
B *rall. e dim.* *pp*
peace sighs o - ver all the land At e - - - ven - tide.

James Hamilton Siree Clarke (1840-1912) was born in Birmingham, the son of an amateur organist. He started the piano at age four, the violin at eight and played in an orchestra at twelve. At six, he improvised a tune that he reused in one of his works forty years later. He became the organist at his church and was composing music by age 19. His parents did not want him to pursue a career in music so he first worked with an analytical chemist and then with a land surveyor. Clarke started his music profession in his twenties as an organist and pianist, eventually becoming the conductor and composer at many London theatres. He also composed a very large amount of church music, organ solos, songs, operettas and orchestral works. He is remembered as a musical director for Gilbert & Sullivan. He also arranged selections and overtures from Gilbert & Sullivan operettas for the promenade concerts at Covent Garden. In 1889, he took charge of the Victorian National Orchestra in Australia, returning to England in 1892 and become conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Failing eyesight forced his retirement in 1901. He later suffered health problems that affected his mind and he died at Banstead Asylum.

The millstream flows so swift along,
The west wind murmurs 'mongst the trees;
The throstle pours a wealth of song
Upon the sweet scent-laden breeze;
The sun sinks in an ambient west,
A golden glory casting wide,
And bird and flower are seeking rest
At eventide.

The curfew chime is sweetly rung
From yonder sacred sunbathed tower;
And every bird his song has sung,
And closed is every living flower;
Then wandering onward hand in hand,
We vow we will in love abide;
Then peace sighs over all the land
At eventide.

“Young Folks Paper”

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