



The Meeting of the Waters

arranged
Thomas Frederick Dunhill
(1877-1946)

Thomas Frederick Dunhill (1877-1946) was born in Hampstead, London, and was educated at the North London High School for Boys and Kent College, Canterbury. In 1893 he entered the Royal College of Music, studying composition under Charles Villiers Stanford. He continued studying under Stanford after leaving the college, studying with him until 1901. Dunhill was assistant music master at Eton and professor of harmony and counterpoint at the Royal College of Music. He then became an examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. He was in steady demand as musical examiner, lecturer, and adjudicator, and teacher.

The Meeting of the Waters

Thomas F. Dunhill

Andante sostenuto

S *p* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that

A *p* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that

T *p* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so — sweet As that

B *p* There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that

S ³ vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the

A vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the

T ³ vale in whose bos - om the — bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the

B vale in whose bos - om — the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the

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5

S last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

A last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

T last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

B last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the

7

S bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the

A bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the

T bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the

B bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the

9

S bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart. Yet it

A bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart. Yet it

T bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart. Yet it

B bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart. Yet it

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11

S was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her ___

A was not that Na - ture ___ had shed o'er the scene Her

T was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the ___ scene Her

B was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her ___

13

S pur - est of ___ crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas ___

A pur - est ___ of crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas

T pur - est of ___ crys - tal and ___ bright - est of green; 'Twas

B pur - est of crys - tal ___ and ___ bright - est of green; 'Twas

15

S not her soft ___ mag - ic of stream - let or hill, Oh! ___

A not her soft ___ mag - ic ___ of ___ stream - let ___ or ___ hill, Oh! ___

T not ___ her ___ soft ___ mag - ic of stream - let or hill, Oh! ___

B not her soft mag - ic ___ of ___ stream - let or hill, Oh!

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17

S no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still, Oh!

A no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still, Oh! —

T no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still, Oh!

B no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still, Oh!

19

S no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still. 'Twas that

A no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still. 'Twas that

T no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still.

B no,— it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still.

21

S friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made

A friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made

T friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made

B 'Twas that friends of my bos - om, were near, Who made

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23

S ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who

A ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who

T ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who

B ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who

25

S felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we

A felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we

T felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we

B felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we

27

S see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

A see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

T see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

B see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

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29 *pp*

S see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

A see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

T see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love. Sweet *p dolce*

B see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

31 *p*

S how calm could I rest In thy

A how calm could I rest In thy

T vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy

B how calm could I rest In thy

33 *cresc.*

S bos - om of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the *cresc.*

A bos - om of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the *cresc.*

T bos - om of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the *cresc.*

B bos - om of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the

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35

S storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

A storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

T storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

B storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

poco rit. *f* *pp* *a tempo*

37

S hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our

A hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our

T hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our

B hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our

mf

39

S hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace. _____

A hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - - - gled in peace. _____

T hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - - - gled in peace. _____

B hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, in peace. _____

pp *rit.*

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,— it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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