



Six Elizabethan Pastorals [set 2]

Opus 53

No. 1

# On a hill there grows a flower

(A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORYDON)

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

# On a hill there grows a flower

C. V. Stanford

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 72$

S *mf*  
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty sweet! \_\_\_\_\_

A *mf*  
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty sweet! \_\_\_\_\_

T *mf*  
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty, dain - ty

B *mf*  
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair \_\_\_\_\_ be - fall \_\_\_\_\_ the dain - ty sweet! \_\_\_\_\_

5  
S *mf* *f*  
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly

A *mf* *f*  
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly

T *mf* *f*  
sweet! By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly,

B *mf* *f*  
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly,

9  
S  
Mus - es meet. \_\_\_\_\_

A  
Mus - es meet. \_\_\_\_\_

T *cresc.*  
heav'n - ly Mus - es meet. In that bow'r there is a

B *cresc.*  
heav'n - ly Mus - es meet. \_\_\_\_\_ In that bow'r there is a

# On a hill there grows a flower

13

S *mp* Where doth sit the *cresc.*

A *mf* Fring - èd all a - bout with gold, Where doth *cresc.*

T *mf* chair, Fring - èd all a - bout with gold, Where doth *cresc.*

B *mf* chair, Fring - èd all a - bout with gold, Where doth *cresc.*

17

S *dim.* fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

A *dim.* sit the fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

T *dim.* sit the fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

B *dim.* sit the fair - est, Ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

S *f* It is Phil - lis fair and bright, She that is the shep - herd's joy;

A *f* It is Phil - lis fair and bright, She that is the shep - herd's joy;

T *f* She that

B *f* She that

## On a hill there grows a flower

26

S And did blind her lit - tle boy.

A did blind her lit - tle boy.

T 8 Ve - nus did de - spite, And did blind her lit - tle boy. Who would

B Ve - nus did de - spite, And did blind her lit - tle boy. Who would

*p* *p* *p* *mf*

30

S Who would

A Who would not this saint a - dore?

T 8 not his face ad - mire? Who would not this saint a - dore?

B not his face ad - mire? Who would not this saint a - dore?

*mf* *mf*

34

S not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

A Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

T 8 Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

B Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

# On a hill there grows a flower

38

S see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

A see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

T see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

B see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

42

S let me see One good look, and I am gone;

A let me see One good look, and I am gone;

T let me see One good look, and I am gone;

B let me see One good look, and I am gone;

46

S Look on me, Thy poor sil - ly

A Look on me, Thy poor sil - ly

T Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor sil - ly

B Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor sil - ly

## On a hill there grows a flower

51

S Co - ry - don. Thou that art the

A Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

T Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

B Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

55

S shep - herd's queen, Look up - on thy sil - ly

A queen, Look up - on thy sil - ly

T queen, Look up - on thy sil - ly

B queen, Look up - on thy sil - ly

59

S swain; By thy com - fort

A swain, By thy com - fort

T swain; By thy com - fort

B swain; By thy

*cresc.*

# On a hill there grows a flower

64

S have \_\_\_\_\_ been seen \_\_\_\_\_ Dead men

A have \_\_\_\_\_ been seen \_\_\_\_\_ Dead men

T have \_\_\_\_\_ been seen \_\_\_\_\_ Dead men

B com - fort have been seen \_\_\_\_\_ Dead men

68

S brought \_\_\_\_\_ to life \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain.

A brought \_\_\_\_\_ to life \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain.

T brought \_\_\_\_\_ to life \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain.

B brought \_\_\_\_\_ to life \_\_\_\_\_ a - - - gain.

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1894)

On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty, dainty sweet!  
By that flower there is a bower,  
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
Fringèd all about with gold,  
Where doth sit the fairest fair,  
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,  
She that is the shepherd's joy;  
She that Venus did despise,  
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not his face admire?  
Who would not this saint adore?  
Who would not this sight desire,  
Tho' he thought to see no more?

Oh, fair eyes! yet let me see  
One good look, and I am gone;  
Look on me, for I am he,  
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,  
Look upon thy silly swain;  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)

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