



Lines Written in Early Spring

Henry Waller
(1864-1942)

Quietly, in moderate time

Piano

S
I heard a thousand blend - ed notes, While in a grove I

A
I heard a thousand notes, While in a

T
I heard a thousand blend - ed notes, While in a grove I

B
I heard a thousand blend - ed

Pno.

Lines Written in Early Spring

9

S
sat re - clined, In that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts — Bring sad tho'ts to the

A
grove re - clined, In that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts — Bring sad tho'ts to the

T
sat re - clined, In that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts — Bring sad tho'ts to the

B
notes, — In that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts — Bring sad tho'ts to

Pno.

13

S
mind. — Thro' prim - rose tufts, — in that sweet bow'r, The per - i - win - kle *cresc. e rit.*

A
mind. — Thro' prim - rose tufts, in that sweet bow'r, The per - i - win - kle *cresc. e rit.*

T
mind. — Thro' prim - rose tufts, in that sweet bow'r, The per - i - win - kle *cresc. e rit.*

B
mind. — Thro' prim - rose tufts, in that sweet bow'r, The per - i - win - kle *cresc. e rit.*

Pno.

13

p *cresc. e rit.*

17 *mf* *a tempo*

S trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it

A trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it

T trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it

B trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it

Pno. *mf* *a tempo*

21 *più f* *dim. e rit.*

S breathes; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it breathes.

A breathes; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it breathes.

T breathes; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it breathes.

B breathes; And 'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r En - joys the air it breathes.

Pno. *più f* *dim. e rit.*

Henry Waller (1864–1942) was born in Helensburgh, Scotland, and adopted by Mr. Scott-Siddons. He was educated at the Royal Academy of Music in London and the Royal Military Academy in Woolwich, then studied music in Hanover, Germany, and in New York under Victor Herbert and Anton Seidl. He had association with the “Indianist” movement in American composition. He became a musical director and composed operas, including *The Ogallallas*, the first “Indian” opera, libretto by American writer and newspaper editor Young E. Allison (1853–1932). He composed music for a number of theater works and worked as accompanist for solo recitalists.

NOTE: Waller used only two stanzas of Wordsworth’s poem, the full poem is included, in case performers choose artistic liberty to repeat with additional words.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And ’tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature’s holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

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