



**Be still**

**Alfred Arthur Graley**  
**(1813-1905)**

# Be still

A. A. Graley

S  
Come, bring me wild pinks from the val - leys, A - blaze with the fire o' the

A  
Come, bring me wild pinks from the val - leys, A - blaze with the fire o' the

T  
Come, bring me wild pinks from the val - leys, A - blaze with the fire o' the

B  
Come, bring me wild pinks from the val - leys, A - blaze with the fire o' the

<sup>4</sup>  
S  
sun— No poor lit - tle pit - i - ful lil - ies That

A  
sun— No poor lit - tle pit - i - ful lil - ies That

T  
sun— No poor lit - tle pit - i - ful lil - ies That

B  
sun— No poor lit - tle pit - i - ful lil - ies That

# Be still

7

S speak of a life that is done! \_\_\_\_\_ And o - pen the win - dows to

A speak of a life that is done! \_\_\_\_\_ And o - pen the win - dows to

T speak of a life that is done! \_\_\_\_\_ And o - pen the win - dows to

B speak of a life that is done! \_\_\_\_\_ And o - pen the win - dows to

10

S light - en The wear - i - some cham - ber of pain—\_\_\_\_\_ The

A light - en The wear - i - some cham - ber of pain—\_\_\_\_\_ The

T light - en The wear - i - some cham - ber of pain—\_\_\_\_\_ The

B light - en The wear - i - some cham - ber of pain—\_\_\_\_\_ The

13

S eyes of my dar - ling will bright - en To see the green hill - tops a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

A eyes of my dar - ling will bright - en To see the green hill - tops a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

T eyes of my dar - ling will bright - en To see the green hill - tops a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

B eyes of my dar - ling will bright - en To see the green hill - tops a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_

## Be still

S Choose tunes with a lul - la - by flow - ing, And sing thro' the watch - es you

A Choose tunes with a lul - la - by flow - ing, And sing thro' the watch - es you

T Choose tunes with a lul - la - by flow - ing, And sing thro' the watch - es you

B Choose tunes with a lul - la - by flow - ing, And sing thro' the watch - es you

20 S keep \_\_\_\_\_ He soft with your com - ing and go - ing— Be

A keep \_\_\_\_\_ He soft with your com - ing and go - ing— Be

T keep \_\_\_\_\_ He soft with your com - ing and go - ing— Be

B keep \_\_\_\_\_ He soft with your com - ing and go - ing— Be

23 S soft! she is fall - ing a - sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, what would my life be with -

A soft! she is fall - ing a - sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, what would my life be with -

T soft! she is fall - ing a - sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, what would my life be with -

B soft! she is fall - ing a - sleep. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, what would my life be with -

26

S out her! Pray God that I nev - er may know! \_\_\_\_\_ Dear

A out her! Pray God that I nev - er may know! \_\_\_\_\_ Dear

T out her! Pray God that I nev - er may know! \_\_\_\_\_ Dear

B out her! Pray God that I nev - er may know! \_\_\_\_\_ Dear

29

S friends, as you gath - er a - bout her, Be\_ low with your weep - ing— be low. \_\_\_\_\_

A friends, as you gath - er a - bout her, Be\_ low with your weep - ing— be low. \_\_\_\_\_

T friends, as you gath - er a - bout her, Be low with your weep - ing— be low. \_\_\_\_\_

B friends, as you gath - er a - bout her, Be\_ low with your weep - ing— be low. \_\_\_\_\_

S Be low, oh, be low with your weep - ing! Your sobs would be sor - row to

A Be low, oh, be low with your weep - ing! Your sobs would be sor - row to

T Be low, oh, be low with your weep - ing! Your sobs would be sor - row to

B Be low, oh, be low with your weep - ing! Your sobs would be sor - row to

## Be still

36

S her; \_\_\_\_\_ I trem - ble lest while she is sleep - ing A

A her; \_\_\_\_\_ I trem - ble lest while she is sleep - ing A

T her; \_\_\_\_\_ I trem - ble lest while she is sleep - ing A

B her; \_\_\_\_\_ I trem - ble lest while she is sleep - ing A

39

S rose on her pil - low should stir. \_\_\_\_\_ Sing slow - er, sing soft - er and

A rose on her pil - low should stir. \_\_\_\_\_ Sing slow - er, sing soft - er and

T rose on her pil - low should stir. \_\_\_\_\_ Sing slow - er, sing soft - er and

B rose on her pil - low should stir. \_\_\_\_\_ Sing slow - er, sing soft - er and

42

S slow - er! Her sweet cheek is los - ing its red - \_\_\_\_\_ Sing

A slow - er! Her sweet cheek is los - ing its red - \_\_\_\_\_ Sing

T slow - er! Her sweet cheek is los - ing its red - \_\_\_\_\_ Sing

B slow - er! Her sweet cheek is los - ing its red - \_\_\_\_\_ Sing

# Be still

7

45

S  
low, aye, sing low - er and low - er— Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.\_\_\_\_\_

A  
low, aye, sing low - er and low - er— Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.\_\_\_\_\_

T  
low, aye, sing low - er and low - er— Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.\_\_\_\_\_

B  
low, aye, sing low - er and low - er— Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.\_\_\_\_\_

Taintor Brothers  
(1874)

**Alfred Arthur Graley** (1813–1905) was born in London, England, and moved to New York as a youth. He worked as a cobbler for several years before deciding to go into the ministry. He studied at the Hamilton Academy and Princeton Seminary. After ordination, he served as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, New York; in Pompey Hill, New York; Trinity Presbyterian Church, Manlius, New York; Medina, New York; Knowlesville, New York, and was state supply and mission at Clarkson, New York. After retirement, he eventually moved to Brockport, New York. He died in Brockport. His compositions include words or music for over 150 hymns, and part songs for singing schools and conventions.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys,  
Ablaze with the fire o' the sun—  
No poor little pitiful lilies  
That speak of a life that is done!

And open the windows to lighten  
The wearisome chamber of pain—  
The eyes of my darling will brighten  
To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,  
And sing through the watches you keep  
He soft with your coming and going—  
Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah, what would my life be without her!  
Pray God that I never may know!  
Dear friends, as you gather about her,  
Be low with your weeping— be low.

Be low, oh, be low with your weeping!  
Your sobs would be sorrow to her;  
I tremble lest while she is sleeping  
A rose on her pillow should stir.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower!  
Her sweet cheek is losing its red—  
Sing low, aye, sing lower and lower—  
Be still, oh, be still! She is dead.

Alice Cary (1820–1871)

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