



Echoes

C. Gordon Hall
(1842-1906)

Echoes

C. Gordon Hall

Andante

S *p* Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters

A *p* Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters

T *p* Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters

B *p* Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters

4
S flow, But the an - gel - voice is si - lent That I

A flow, But the an - gel - voice is si - lent That I

T flow, But the an - gel - voice is si - lent That I

B flow, But the an - gel - voice is si - lent That I

Echoes

7

S heard so long a - go, *cresc.* But the an - gel - voice is

A heard so long a - go, *cresc.* But the an - gel - voice is

T heard so long a - go, *cresc.* But the an - gel - voice is

B heard so long a - go, *cresc.* But the an - gel - voice is

10

S *f* si - lent That I heard so long a - go.

A *f* si - lent That I heard so long a - go. *p* Hark! the

T *f* si - lent That I heard so long a - go. *p* Hark! the

B *f* si - lent That I heard so long a - go.

13

S *p* long a - go, *pp* long a -

A ech - oes mur - mur, mur - mur low, Hark! the ech - oes mur - mur, mur - mur *pp*

T ech - oes mur - mur, mur - mur low, Hark! the ech - oes mur - mur, mur - mur *pp*

B *p* long a - go, *pp* long a -

Echoes

16

S go! Still the wood is dim and

A low. Still the wood is dim and

T low. Still the wood is dim and

B go! Still the wood is dim and

19

S lone - ly, Still the splash - ing foun - tains play, But the

A lone - ly, Still the splash - ing foun - tains play, But the

T lone - ly, Still the splash - ing foun - tains play, But the

B lone - ly, Still the splash - ing foun - tains play, But the

22

S past and all its beau - ty, Whith - er has it fled a -

A past and all its beau - ty, Whith - er has it fled a -

T past and all its beau - ty, Whith - er has it fled a -

B past and all its beau - ty, Whith - er has it fled a -

Echoes

25

S way? Whith - er has it fled a - way? Hark! the

A way? Whith - er has it fled a - way? Hark! the

T way? Whith - er has it fled a - way?

B way? Whith - er has it fled a - way? Fled a -

28

S mourn - ful ech - oes say, Hark! the mourn - ful ech - oes

A mourn - ful ech - oes say, Hark! the mourn - ful ech - oes

T Fled a - way, fled a -

B way, a - way, fled a - way, a -

31

S say, _____ Cease, _____ oh

A say, _____ Cease, _____ oh

T way! _____ Cease, _____ oh

B way! _____ Cease, _____ oh

Echoes

35 *p*

S ech - oes, mourn - ful ech - oes! Once I loved your voic - es

A ech - oes, mourn - ful ech - oes! Once I loved your voic - es

T ech - oes, mourn - ful ech - oes! Once I loved your voic - es

B ech - oes, mourn - ful ech - oes! Once I loved your voic - es

38

S well; Now my heart is sick and wear - y- Days of

A well; Now my heart is sick and wear - y- Days of

T well; Now my heart is sick and wear - y- Days of

B well; Now my heart is sick and wear - y- Days of

41 *cresc.*

S old, a long fare - well! *cresc.* Now my heart is sick and

A old, a long fare - well! *cresc.* Now my heart is sick and

T old, a long fare - well! *cresc.* Now my heart is sick and

B old, a long fare - well! *cresc.* Now my heart is sick and

Echoes

44 *f*

S wear - y- Days of old, a long fare - well!

A wear - y- Days of old, a long fare - well! *p* > Hark! the

T wear - y- Days of old, a long fare - well! *p* > Hark! the

B wear - y- Days of old, a long fare - well!

47 *pp*

S fare - well, fare -

A ech - oes cry fare - well! Hark! the ech - oes cry fare -

T ech - oes cry fare - well! Hark! the ech - oes cry fare -

B fare - well, fare -

50

S well!

A well!

T well!

B well!

Charles Gordon Hall (1842-1906) was born in Weymouth, Dorset, England. Professionally, he became private secretary and Assistant Pay Clerk to the Post Master General, but was active as pianist throughout the area. He died in St. George, Hanover Square, London.

Still the angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow,
But the angel-voice is silent
That I heard so long ago.
Hark! the echoes murmur low,
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say,
Fled away!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes!
Once I loved your voices well;
Now my heart is sick and weary—
Days of old, a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary
Cry farewell, farewell!

Adelaide Ann Procter (1825-1864)

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