



Native Music

**Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)**

Native Music

Victor Herbert

With animation and warmth

Soprano (S): Ah! native mu - sic! be - yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the
Alto (A): Ah! native mu - sic! be - yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the
Tenor (T): Ah! native mu - sic! be - yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the
Bass (B): Ah! native mu - sic! be - yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the

Soprano (S): ear that falls, Thy gen - tle num - bers the heart re - mem - bers, Thy
Alto (A): ear that falls, Thy gen - tle num - bers the heart re - mem - bers, Thy
Tenor (T): ear that falls, Thy gen - tle num - bers the heart re - mem - bers, Thy
Bass (B): ear that falls, Thy gen - tle num - bers the heart re - mem - bers, Thy

7

S strains en - chain us in ten - der thralls. Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or

A strains en - chain us in ten - der thralls. Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or

T strains en - chain us in ten - der thralls. Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or

B strains en - chain us in ten - der thralls. Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or

10

S sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign strand:

A sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign strand: Oh! who can

T Or sad or cheer - ing, Thy tones the ab - sent soothe on for - eign strand: Oh!

B sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign strand: Oh! who can

13

S Oh! who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is Broaden in the song of our na - tive

A tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is Broaden in the song of our na - tive

T tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is Broaden in the song of our na - tive

B tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is in the song of our na - tive

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16

S land? _____ The proud and low - ly, the pil - grim ho - ly, The
A land? _____ The proud and low - ly, the pil - grim ho - ly, The
T land? _____ The proud and low - ly, the pil - grim ho - ly, The
B land? _____ The proud and low - ly, the pil - grim ho - ly, The

19

S lov - er, kneel - ing at beau - ty's shrine, The bard who dreams by the
A lov - er, kneel - ing at beau - ty's shrine, The bard who dreams by the
T lov - er, kneel - ing at beau - ty's shrine, The bard who dreams by the
B lov - er, kneel - ing at beau - ty's shrine, The bard who dreams by the

22

S haunt - ed streams,— All are touch'd by thy pow'r di - vine! The
A haunt - ed streams,— All, all are touch'd by thy pow - er di - vine! The
T haunt - ed streams,— All, all are touch'd by thy pow - er di - vine! The
B haunt - ed streams,— All, all are touch'd by thy pow'r di - vine! The

25

S cap - tive cheer - less, The sol - dier fear - less; The moth - er,— taught by Na - ture's

A cap - tive cheer - less, The sol - dier fear - less; The moth - er,— taught by Na - ture's

T cap - tive cheer - less, The sol - dier fear - less; The moth - er,— taught by Na - ture's

B cap - tive cheer - less, The sol - dier fear - less; The moth - er,— taught by Na - ture's

28

S hand, Her child when weep - ing, Will lull to sleep - ing, With

A hand, Her child when weep - ing, Will lull to sleep - ing, With

T hand, Her child when weep - ing, Will lull to sleep - ing, With

B hand, Her child when weep - ing, Will lull to sleep - ing, With

31

S some sweet song of her na - tive land! Ah! na - tive mu - sic! be -

A some sweet song of her na - tive land! Ah! na - tive mu - sic! be -

T some sweet song of her na - tive land! Ah! na - tive mu - sic! be -

B some sweet song of her na - tive land! Ah! na - tive mu - sic! be -

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34

S yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the ear that falls, Thy

A yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the ear that falls, Thy

T yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the ear that falls, Thy

B yond com - par - ing The sweet - est far on the ear that falls, Thy

37

S tones en - dear - ing, Or sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign

A tones en - dear - ing, Or sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign

T Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign

B tones en - dear - ing, Or sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent soothe on for - eign

40

S strand: Oh! who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is in the

A strand: Oh! who can tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is in the

T strand: Oh! tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is in the

B strand: Oh! who can tell, who can tell What a ho - ly spell Is in the

Soprano (S): song of our native land?

Alto (A): song of our native land?

Tenor (T): song of our native land?

Bass (B): song of our native land?

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Victor Herbert (1859-1924) was born in Dublin, Ireland. After his father died, his mother married a German physician, and the family moved to Stuttgart, Germany. He studied cello, attended the Stuttgart Conservatory, and played in several orchestras. He moved to New York and became principal cellist for the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. He also played in the New York String Quartet, served as conductor of summer concerts and festivals, and joined the faculty of the National Conservatory of Music. He later became conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and founded the Victor Herbert Orchestra. He was active as a composer and became best known for his highly successful operettas. He championed composers' rights and was instrumental in advocating for the passage of the American copyright law of 1909. With John Philip Sousa and Irving Berlin, he co-founded the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. His compositions include operas, operettas, orchestral music, cantatas, chamber music, piano pieces, songs and choral pieces.

Ah! native music! beyond comparing
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.

Thy tones endearing,
Or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand:
Oh! who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land?

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,—
All, all are touch'd by thy power divine!

The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless;
The mother,—taught by Nature's hand,
Her child when weeping,
Will lull to sleeping,
With some sweet song of her native land!

Samuel Lover (1797-1868)

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