



Six Modern Lyrics  
set as Part-Songs  
No. 6

# Music, when soft voices die

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry  
(1848-1918)

*Lento espressivo*

S *p* Mu - sic, when soft voic - es die, Vi - brates in

A *p* Mu - sic, when soft voic es die, Vi - brates, vi -

T *p* Mu - sic, when soft voic - es die, Vi - brates, vi - brates

B *p* Mu - sic, when soft voic - es die, Vi - brates in the

# Music, when soft voices die

4

S the mem - o - ry — O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

A - brates in the mem - o - ry — O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

T in the mem - o - ry — O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

B mem - o - ry — O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,

7

S Live with - in the sense they quick - en. Rose leaves, when the

A Live with - in the sense they quick - en. Rose leaves, when the

T Live with - in the sense they quick - en. Rose leaves, when the

B Live with - in the sense they quick - en. Rose leaves, when the

10

S rose is dead, Are heaped, are heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed; And

A rose is dead, Are heaped, heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed; And

T rose is dead, Are heaped, are heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed; And

B rose is dead, Are heaped, heaped for the be - lov - ed's bed; And

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13 *cresc.* *p* *pp*

S so thy thoughts, when thou art gone Love it - self shall

A so thy thoughts, when thou art gone Love it - self shall

T so thy thoughts, when thou art gone Love it - self shall

B so thy thoughts, when thou art gone Love it - self shall

16 *dim.*

S slum - ber, slum - ber, Love it - self shall slum - ber

A slum - ber, slum - ber, Love it - self shall slum - ber

T slum - ber, slum - ber, Love it - self shall slum - ber

B slum - ber, slum - ber, Love it - self shall slum - ber

19 *rit.*

S on, Love it - self shall slum - ber on.

A on, Love it - self shall slum - ber on.

T on, Love it - self shall slum - ber on.

B on, shall slum - ber on.

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone  
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

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