



Six Lyrics
from
Elizabethan Song-books
No. 1

Follow your Saint

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry
(1848-1918)

Follow your Saint

C. Hubert H. Parry

Andantino

S
Fol - low your saint, fol - low with ac - cents

A
Fol - low, fol - low your saint with ac - cents

T
Fol - low, fol - low your saint with ac - cents

B
mf
Fol - low your saint with

5
S
sweet! Haste — you, sad notes, fall at her

A
sweet! Haste you, sad notes, fall at her

T
sweet! Haste, haste, fall at her

B
ac - cents sweet! Haste you, sad notes, fall at her

Follow your Saint

9

S *f* fly - ing feet! *p* There, wrapt in cloud of

A *f* fly - ing feet! *p* There, wrapt in cloud of

T *f* fly - ing feet! *p* There, wrapt in cloud of

B *f* fly - ing feet! *p* There, wrapt in cloud of

13

S sor - row, pit - y move, And tell the

A sor - row, pit - y move, And tell the

T *8* sor - row, pit - y move, And tell the

B sor - row, pit - y move, And tell the

17

S *f* rav - ish - er of my soul *p* I per - ish for her love:

A *f* rav - ish - er of my soul *p* I per - ish for her love:

T *8* *f* rav - ish - er of my soul *p* I per - ish for her love:

B *f* rav - ish - er of my soul *p* I per - ish for her love:

Follow your Saint

Animato

22

S *f* But if she scorns my nev - er - ceas - ing

A *f* But if she scorns my nev - er - ceas - ing

T *f* But if she scorns my nev - er - ceas - ing

B *f* But if she scorns my nev - er - ceas - ing

25

S pain, Then burst with sigh - ing, with sigh - ing in her

A pain, Then burst with sigh - ing, with sigh - ing in her

T pain, Then burst with sigh - ing, with sigh - ing in her

B pain, Then burst with sigh - ing, with sigh - ing,

Slower

29

S *p* sight, and ne'er sight re - turn a - gain!

A *p* sight, and ne'er sight re - turn a - gain!

T *p* sight, and ne'er sight re - turn a - gain!

B *p* sigh - ing, and ne'er sight re - turn a - gain!

Follow your Saint

Tempo 1mo.

33

S All that I sung still to her praise — did

A All, all that I sung still — to her

T All, all that I sung still — to her

B All that I sung, to her

37

S tend; Still — she was first, still she my

A praise did tend; — Still — she was first, still she my

T praise did tend; — Still she was first, still she —

B praise did tend; Still she was first, still she — my

41

S songs — did end; Yet she my love — and

A songs did end; Yet she my love and

T — my songs did end; Yet she my love and

B songs did end; Yet she my love — and

Follow your Saint

45

S mu - sic both doth fly, The mu - sic that her

A mu - sic both doth fly, The mu - sic

T mu - sic both doth fly, The mu - sic that her

B mu - sic both doth fly, The mu - sic that her

49

S ech - o is and beau - ty's sym - pa - thy:

A *mf* that her ech - o is and beau - ty's sym - pa - thy:

T *mf* ech - o is and beau - ty's, beau - ty's sym - pa - thy:

B *mf* ech - o is and beau - ty's sym - pa - thy:

più animato

53

S Then let my notes pur - sue her scorn - ful flight! It shall suf -

A Then let my notes pur - sue her scorn - ful flight! It shall suf -

T Then let my notes pur - sue her scorn - ful flight! It shall suf -

B Then let my notes pur - sue her scorn - ful flight! It shall suf -

f *cresc.* *poco rit.*

Follow your Saint

57

S
fice that they were breath - ed, suf - fice that they were breath - ed

A
fice that they were breath - ed, suf - fice that they were breath - ed

T
fice that they were breath - ed, suf - fice that they were breath - ed

B
fice that they were breath - ed, suf - fice that they were breath - ed

61 *Slower*

S
and died, died for her de - light.

A
and died, died for her de - light.

T
and died, died for her de - light.

B
and died, died for her de - light.

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1897)

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

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