



The Tear-drop

**W. T. Samuel
(1852-1917)**

With tenderness and feeling

S Love - ly tear - drop! clear as crys - tal, On the cheek I see thee roll; _____

A Love - ly tear - drop! clear as crys - tal, On the cheek I see thee roll;

T Love - ly tear - drop! clear as crys - tal, On the cheek I see thee roll; _____

B Love - ly tear - drop! clear as crys - tal, On the cheek I see thee roll;

5 *cresc.* S In thee I be - hold the tem - pest Which be - stirs the *dim.* mourn - ful soul;

A *cresc.* In thee I be - hold the tem - pest Which be - stirs the *dim.* mourn - ful soul; _____

T *cresc.* In thee I be - hold the tem - pest Which be - stirs the *dim.* mourn - ful soul; _____

B *cresc.* In thee I be - hold the tem - pest Which be - stirs the *dim.* mourn - ful soul;

The Tear-drop

9

S *mf* Sea of trou - ble, con - cen - trat - ed In one ti - ny drop thou art; *p*

A *mf* Sea of trou - ble, con - cen - trat - ed In one ti - ny drop thou art; *p*

T *mf* Sea of trou - ble, con - cen - trat - ed In one ti - ny drop thou art; *p*

B *mf* Sea of trou - ble, con - cen - trat - ed In one ti - ny drop thou art; *p*

13

S *cresc.* Or some big "ninth wave" which *dim.* sur - ing, *f* O - ver - flows my storm - toss'd heart. *p* *rall.* *pp*

A *cresc.* Or some big "ninth wave" which *dim.* sur - ing, *f* O - ver - flows my storm - toss'd heart. *p* *rall.* *pp*

T *cresc.* Or some big "ninth wave" which *dim.* sur - ing, *f* O - ver - flows my storm - toss'd heart. *p* *rall.* *pp*

B *cresc.* Or some big "ninth wave" which *dim.* sur - ing, *f* O - ver - flows my storm - toss'd heart. *p* *rall.* *pp*

Tempo 1

17

S *p* Dear - est tear - drop! oh, how sooth - ing Of - ten hast thou been to me, —

A *p* Dear - est tear - drop! oh, how sooth - ing Of - ten hast thou been to me,

T *p* Dear - est tear - drop! oh, how sooth - ing Of - ten hast thou been to me, —

B *p* Dear - est tear - drop! oh, how sooth - ing Of - ten hast thou been to me,

The Tear-drop

21 *cresc.* *dim.*
S When my soul, too full for speak - ing, Fit ex-pres - sion found in thee;
A When my soul, too full for speak - ing, Fit ex-pres - sion found in thee; —
T When my soul, too full for speak - ing, Fit ex-pres - sion found in thee; —
B When my soul, too full for speak - ing, Fit ex-pres - sion found in thee;

25 *mf* *p*
S Grate - ful dew at night de-scend - ing On sad heart when none is near,
A Grate - ful dew at night de-scend - ing On sad heart when none is near,
T Grate - ful dew at night de-scend - ing On sad heart when none is near,
B Grate - ful dew at night de-scend - ing On sad heart when none is near,

29 *cresc.* *dim.* *f* *p* *rall.* *pp*
S Man - y a parch - ed spot to moist - en, This thou art, O ten - der tear.
A Man - y a parch - ed spot to moist - en, This thou art, O ten - der tear.
T Man - y a parch - ed spot to moist - en, This thou art, O ten - der tear.
B Man - y a parch - ed spot to moist - en, This thou art, O ten - der tear.

William Thomas Samuel (1852-1917) was born in Carmarthen, Wales. He was also boy in the choir of the Baptist Chapel, but an even more avid cricket player. He began a trade, but was led to music after studying Tonic Sol-fa. At 17 he won prizes for sight-singing and composition and at 18 conducted the Carmarthen United Choir. He studied at Aborystwyth University, returning to Carmarthen to teach at several chapels and schools. He moved to Swansea to conduct the choir of Mount Pleasant Chapel. He organized and conducted the Baptist Union Choir and conducted the Young Men's Christian Association Choir, and the Swansea Tonic Sol-fa Society. He also led the choir when Dwight Moody and Ira Sankey brought their evangelistic meeting from the United States. He taught at St. Joseph's Convent, Alderman Davies' Schools, Neath, Mumbles Board Schools, the Higher Grade Schools, Cardiff, and a number of private schools. He died in Cardiff, Glamorganshire, Wales.

Lovely teardrop! clear as crystal,
On the cheek I see thee roll;
In thee I behold the tempest
Which bestirs the mournful soul;
Sea of trouble, concentrated
In one tiny drop thou art;
Or some big "ninth wave" which, surging,
Overflows my stormtoss'd heart.

Dearest teardrop! oh, how soothing
Often hast thou been to me,
When my soul, too full for speaking,
Fit expression found in thee;
Grateful dew at night descending
On sad heart when none is near,
Many a parched spot to moisten,
This thou art, O tender tear.

from the Welsh of Rev. A. Morgan
transl. W. Owen Jenkins

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