



A set of Four-part songs
for voices

No. 1

Morning

Henry Smart
(1813-1879)

Morning

Henry Smart

Andante ♩ = 80

S *p* From the height ce - les - tial stream - ing, Floods of o - rient light des - cend; O - ver

A *p* From the height ce - les - tial stream - ing, Floods of o - rient light des - cend; O - ver

T *p* From the height ce - les - tial stream - ing, Floods of o - rient light des - cend; O - ver

B *p* From the height ce - les - tial stream - ing, Floods of o - rient light des - cend; O - ver

S ⁶ *cresc.* *f* *dim.* hill and val - ley gleam - ing, o - ver hill and val - ley gleam - ing, With the

A *cresc.* *f* *dim.* hill and val - ley gleam - ing, o - ver hill and val - ley gleam - ing, With the

T *cresc.* *f* *dim.* hill and val - ley gleam - ing, o - ver hill and val - ley gleam - ing, With the

B *cresc.* *f* *dim.* hill and val - ley gleam - ing, o - ver hill and val - ley gleam - ing, With the

Morning

10

S glitt - 'ring dews they blend. 'Tis the hour when all things ren - der Ho - mage *cresc.*

A glitt - 'ring dews they blend. 'Tis the hour when all things ren - der Ho - mage *cresc.*

T glitt - 'ring dews they blend. 'Tis the hour when all things ren - der Ho - mage *cresc.*

B glitt - 'ring dews they blend. 'Tis the hour when all things ren - der Ho - mage *cresc.*

14

S to the king of day, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *f* *dim.*

A to the king of day, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *f* *dim.*

T to the king of day, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *f* *dim.*

B to the king of day, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *f* *dim.*

18

S sul - try noon - tide ray, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *pp*

A sul - try noon - tide ray, he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *pp*

T sul - try noon - tide ray, Ere he sheds ex - haust - ing slen - dour, In his *pp*

B sul - try noon - tide ray, his sul - try *pp*

Morning

22

S sul - try noon - tide ray. O 'twas thus in life's gay morn - ing, Ere my

A noon - tide ray. O 'twas thus in life's gay morn - ing, Ere my

T sul - try noon - tide ray. O 'twas thus in life's gay morn - ing, Ere my

B noon - tide ray. O 'twas thus in life's gay morn - ing, Ere my

26

S bo - som har - bour'd care, Ev - 'ry scene with joy a - dorn - ing, ev - 'ry

A bo - som har - bour'd care, Ev - 'ry scene with joy a - dorn - ing, ev - 'ry

T bo - som har - bour'd care, Ev - 'ry scene with joy a - dorn - ing, ev - 'ry

B bo - som har - bour'd care, Ev - 'ry scene with joy a - dorn - ing, ev - 'ry

30

S scene with joy a - dorn - ing, Love shone bright - ly, sweet - ly there! If a

A scene with joy a - dorn - ing, Love shone bright - ly, sweet - ly there! If a

T scene with joy a - dorn - ing, Love shone bright - ly, sweet - ly there! If a

B scene with joy a - dorn - ing, Love shone bright - ly, sweet - ly there! If a

Morning

34

S mo - men - ta - ry sad - ness Chanc'd up - on my breast to light, — Beams of

A mo - men - ta - ry sad - ness Chanc'd up - on my breast to light, Gen - tle

T mo - men - ta - ry sad - ness Chanc'd up - on my breast to light, Gen - tle

B mo - men - ta - ry sad - ness Chanc'd up - on my breast to light, Gen - tle

38

S glad - - - - - ness, Put the drea - ry cloud to flight.

A beams of glad - ness, Put the drea - ry cloud to flight.

T beams of sun - ny glad - ness, Put the drea - ry cloud to flight.

B beams of sun - ny glad - ness, Put the drea - ry cloud to flight.

S Now 'tis past! — yet while I wan - der — In the

A Now 'tis past! yet while I wan - der

T Now 'tis past! yet while I wan - der

B Now 'tis past! yet while I wan - der

Morning

46 *cresc.*

S thor - ny path of woe, Doom'd on par - ted joys to pon - der, Sad - ly

A In the thor - ny path of woe, Doom'd to pon - der, Sad - ly

T In the thor - ny path of woe, Doom'd ___ pon - der, Sad - ly

B

50 *p*

S sigh - ing as I go; Oft in mem - 'ry's glass re -

A sigh - ing as I go; Oft re -

T sigh - ing as I go; Oft in mem - 'ry's glass re -

B *p* Oft in mem - 'ry's glass re - view - ing,

53 *cresc.* *f*

S view - ing, Ev - 'ry spot my feet have trod, Fan - cy,

A *cresc.* view - ing, Ev - 'ry spot my feet have trod, Fan - cy,

T *cresc.* view - ing, Ev - 'ry spot my feet have trod, Fan - cy,

B *cresc.* Ev - 'ry spot my feet have trod, Fan - cy,

Morning

56

S each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope the fu - ture road; Fan - cy, *cresc.*

A each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope the fu - ture road; Fan - cy, *cresc.*

T each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope the fu - ture road; Fan - cy, *cresc.*

B each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope, Fan - cy, each lov'd scene re -

60

S each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope, Still lights with

A each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope the fu - ture road, lights with

T each lov'd scene re - new - ing, Lights with hope the fu - ture road,

B new - ing, Lights with hope, Still lights with

64

S hope, with hope the fu - - - - ture road. *rit.*

A hope, Still lights with hope the fu - - - - ture road. *rit.*

T Still lights with hope the fu - - - - ture road. *rit.*

B hope, still lights with hope, with hope the fu - - - - ture road. *rit.*

Music Review
The Musical World
Boosey & Sons
March 17, 1860

“*A set of Four-part Songs, for voices*”—composed by Henry Smart (Cramer, Beale and Chappell). One of these —“*Cradle-song*” (No. 3)—has been heard at the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie’s Choir, where it was unanimously extolled as one of the most attractive things of its kind—as one, in short, of its accomplished composer’s very best, and therefore worthy any amount of praise. The voices, as managed here by Mr. Smart, are a match for the orchestra itself, as a vehicle for what is somewhat affectedly denominated “colour-music.” Never did sweeter “Lullaby” soothe the baby to repose. The other three are as good in their way; “*What are the Joys of Spring?*” (No. 4) charms by its freshness as it enlivens by its vigour; “*Morning*” (No. 1) has a genial touch of Mendelssohn in its melody and harmony, without, however, being in the slightest degree a plagiarism; while “*Hymn to Cynthia*” is of a more elaborate but by no means less agreeable texture. All four songs are models of vocal writing, and welcome additions to the repertory of English part-music.

From the height celestial streaming,
Floods of orient light descend;
Over hill and valley gleaming,
With the glittering dews they blend.

’Tis the hour when all things render
Homage to the king of day,
Ere he sheds exhausting splendour,
In his sultry noontide ray.

O ’twas thus in life’s gay morning,
Ere my bosom harboured care,
Every scene with joy adorning,
Love shone brightly, sweetly there!

If a momentary sadness
Chanced upon my breast to light,
Gentle beams of sunny gladness,
Put the dreary cloud to flight.

Now ’tis past! yet while I wander
In the thorny path of woe,
Doomed on parted joys to ponder,
Sadly sighing as I go;

Oft in mem’ry’s glass reviewing,
Every spot my feet have trod,
Fancy, each loved scene renewing,
Lights with hope the future road.

John Ellison, Esq.

Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) was born in London, son of a music publisher, orchestra director and accomplished violinist. He declined a commission in the Indian army, and had planned to work in law, but gave it up for a musical career. He was organist of Blackburn parish church; St. Giles-without-Cripplegate; St. Luke’s, Old Street; and finally of St. Pancras New Church. He was the music editor for *Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship* (1867), the *Presbyterian Hymnal* (1875) and the hymn book of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He was a recognized authority on organs, and designed many instruments, including those in the City Hall and St. Andrew’s Hall in Glasgow, Scotland, and the Town Hall in Leeds. Smart was highly rated as a composer by his contemporaries, especially his organ works and part-songs. His best-known composition is now probably the hymn tune “Regent Square”, commonly sung with the words “Christ Is Made The Sure Foundation” or “Angels from the Realms of Glory”. In the last fifteen years of his life Smart was practically blind. He composed by dictation, primarily to his daughter.

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