



Semblances

George James Webb
(1803-1887)

Andantino con espressione

S *mp* Say not, be-cause you see no tears, That tears can nev - er flow; Ah,

A *mp* Say not, be-cause you see no tears, That tears can nev - er flow; Ah,

T *mp* Say not, be-cause you see no tears, That tears can nev - er flow; Ah,

B *mp* Say not, be-cause you see no tears, That tears can nev - er flow; Ah,

5
S judge not by the light that plays On man - yla ra - diant brow; For,

A judge not by the light that plays On man - yla ra - diant brow; For,

T judge not by the light that plays On man - yla ra - diant brow; For,

B judge not by the light that plays On man - yla ra - diant brow; For,

Semblances

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S oh! be - lieve me, hearts can feel When care - less they ap - pear; — And

A oh! be - lieve me, hearts can feel When care - less they ap - pear; And

T oh! be - lieve me, hearts can feel When care - less they ap - pear; — And

B oh! be - lieve me, hearts can feel When care - less they ap - pear; And

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S *cresc.* smil - ing eyes have of - ten *p* smil'd To hide the gath - 'ring *dim.* tear!

A *cresc.* smil - ing eyes have of - ten *p* smil'd To hide the gath - 'ring *dim.* tear!

T *cresc.* smil - ing eyes have of - ten *p* smil'd To hide the gath - 'ring *dim.* tear!

B *cresc.* smil - ing eyes have of - ten *p* smil'd To hide the gath - 'ring *dim.* tear!

S *mp* I doubt the pur - i - ty of sighs, I doubt the strength of tears; When

A *mp* I doubt the pur - i - ty of sighs, I doubt the strength of tears; When

T *mp* I doubt the pur - i - ty of sighs, I doubt the strength of tears; When

B *mp* I doubt the pur - i - ty of sighs, I doubt the strength of tears; When

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S these are shed be - fore men's eyes, Those rung in - to men's ears; But

A these are shed be - fore men's eyes, Those rung in - to men's ears; But

T these are shed be - fore men's eyes, Those rung in - to men's ears; But

B these are shed be - fore men's eyes, Those rung in - to men's ears; But

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S doubt I not the depth, the truth Of ach - ing hearts, which wear — A

A doubt I not the depth, the truth Of ach - ing hearts, which wear A

T doubt I not the depth, the truth Of ach - ing hearts, which wear — A

B doubt I not the depth, the truth Of ach - ing hearts, which wear A

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S *cresc.* smile up - on the pal - lid face, *p* That none may see the tear! *dim.*

A *cresc.* smile up - on the pal - lid face, *p* That none may see the tear! *dim.*

T *cresc.* smile up - on the pal - lid face, *p* That none may see the tear! *dim.*

B *cresc.* smile up - on the pal - lid face, *p* That none may see the tear! *dim.*

George James Webb (1803-1887) was born at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England. He trained early in England and was an organist in Falmouth, England. He emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1830. He was organist at the Old South Church in Boston for nearly 40 years and was organist at the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. With Lowell Mason, he founded the Boston Academy of Music. He was president of the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1871, he left Boston, taught in New York from 1876-1885, and retired to Orange, New Jersey. He was an editor for the journals "The Music Library" and "The Music Cabinet." He published the books "Vocal Techniques" and "Voice Culture," and was editor and arranger of the collections "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," "The Glee Hive," "The New Odeon," "The Vocalist," the "Little Songster," and "Cantica Laudis." He composed organ music, choral music, songs, and hymns. His most well-known composition is his part-song "'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing." The original song was well received and later adapted as a hymn with the addition of sacred words "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Say not, because you see no tears,
That tears can never flow;
Ah, judge not by the light that plays
On many a radiant brow;
For, oh! believe me, hearts can feel
When careless they appear;
And smiling eyes have often smiled
To hide the gathering tear!

I doubt the purity of sighs,
I doubt the strength of tears;
When these are shed before men's eyes,
Those rung into men's ears;
But doubt I not the depth, the truth
Of aching hearts, which wear
A smile upon the pallid face,
That none may see the tear!

Alicia Jane Sparrow (?-1858)

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