

A. C. Benson  
(1862-1925)

# Home of my heart

C. H. H. Parry  
(1848-1918)

*moderato espressivo* ♩=80

Soprano  
*p* Home of my heart, when wilt thou open *p* Thy silent doors to let me in?

Alto  
*p* Home of my heart, when wilt thou open *p* Thy silent doors to let me in?

Tenor  
*p* Home of my heart, when wilt thou open *p* Thy silent doors to let me in?

Bass  
*p* Home of my heart, when wilt thou open *p* Thy silent doors to let me in?

*moderato espressivo* ♩=80



5 *cresc.*

S What! not one glimpse to quicken hope Of *f* all that I aspire to win?

A *cresc.*  
What! not one glimpse to quicken hope Of *f* all that I aspire to win?

T *cresc.*  
What! not one glimpse to quicken hope Of *f* all that I aspire to win?

B *cresc.*  
What! not one glimpse to quicken hope Of *f* all that I aspire to win?

*cresc.* *f*



10 *legato*

S So near, and yet so oft de-nied! *p* The ro-ses on my trel-lis throw Their heed-less scent from

A So near, and yet so oft de-nied! *p* The ro-ses on my trel-lis throw Their heed-less scent from

T So near, and yet so oft de-nied! *p* The ro-ses on my trel-lis throw Their heed-less scent from

B So near, and yet so oft de-nied! *p* The ro-ses on my trel-lis throw Their heed-less scent from

*p*

15 *dim.* *poco più animato* =90

S side to side, *pp* Yet will not whi-sper what they know. *p* The yel-low moon that

A side to side, *pp* Yet will not whi-sper what they know. *p* The yel-low moon— that *legato*

T side to side, *pp* Yet will not whi-sper what they know. *p* The yel-low moon— that *legato*

B side to side, *pp* Yet will not whi-sper what they know. *p* The yel-low moon— that *legato*

*dim.* *pp* *p*

20

S hangs and peers A - mid the i - cy *p* horns on high, Leans to the lis-t'ning

A hangs and peers A - mid the i - cy *p* horns on high, Leans to the lis-t'ning

T hangs and peers A - mid the i - cy *p* horns on high, Leans to the lis-t'ning

B hangs and peers A - mid the i - cy *p* horns on high, Leans to the lis-t'ning

25

S earth, yet fears to tell the se-cret *p* of the sky. O pines that whi-sper in the wind, When

A earth, yet fears to tell the se-cret *p* of the sky. O pines that whi-sper in the wind, When

T earth, yet fears to tell the se-cret *p* of the sky. O pines that whi-sper in the wind, When

B earth, yet fears to tell the se-cret *p* of the sky. O pines that whi-sper in the wind, When

30 *cresc.* >

S lin- g'ring herds from pas-ture come, *mf* Breathe some-what of your stead-fast mind,

A lin - g'ring herds from pas-ture come, *mf* Breathe some-what of your stead-fast mind,

T lin- g'ring herds from pas-ture come, *mf* Breathe some-what of your stead-fast mind,

B lin- g'ring herds from pas-ture come, *mf* Breathe some-what of your stead-fast mind,

*mf cresc.*

35

S *f* The hour is yours: *p* yet ye are dumb. *p* Sweet an-swering eyes, you too have learned The

A *f* The hour is yours: *p* yet ye are dumb. *p* Sweet an-swering eyes, you too have learned The

T *f* The hour is yours: *p* yet ye are dumb. *p* Sweet an-swering eyes, you too have learned The

B *f* The hour is yours: *p* yet ye are dumb. *p* Sweet an-swering eyes, you too have learned The

*f* *rit. dim.* *a tempo* *p dim.* *a tempo* *p*

S  
se - cret that you will not tell, I should have known it, but you turned That

A  
se - cret that you will not tell, I should have known it, but you turned That

T  
se - cret that you will not tell, I should have known it, but you turned That

B  
se - cret that you will not tell, I should have known it, but you turned That

40  
S  
mo - ment, *p* and the la - shes fell. *p* Home of my heart, why stand so cold And

A  
mo - ment, *p* and the la - shes fell. *p* Home of my heart, why stand so cold And

T  
mo - ment, *p* and the la - shes fell. *p* Home of my heart, why stand so cold And

B  
mo - ment, *p* and the la - shes fell. *p* Home of my heart, why stand so cold And

45

*cresc.*

S  
si - lent? there is mirth — wi - thin: The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

A  
si - lent? there is mirth — wi - thin: The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

T  
si - lent? there is mirth — wi - thin: The sun sinks low, the day — is old, Oh,

B  
si - lent? there is mirth — wi - thin: The sun sinks low, the day is old, Oh,

*cresc.*

50

*f* let — the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in, *pp* Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in!

A  
*f* let — the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in, *pp* Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in!

T  
*f* let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in, *pp* Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in!

B  
*f* let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in, *pp* Oh, let the baf - fled wan - d'r'er in!

*f* *pp* *rit.*