



Eight
Four-Part Songs



No. 4

Home of my heart

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry
(1848-1918)

Home of my heart, when wilt thou ope
Thy silent doors to let me in?
What! not one glimpse to quicken hope
Of all that I aspire to win?

So near, and yet so oft denied!
The roses on my trellis throw
Their heedless scent from side to side,
Yet will not whisper what they know.

The yellow moon, that hangs and peers
Amid the icy horns on high,
Leans to the listening earth, yet fears
To tell the secret of the sky.

O pines, that whisper in the wind,
When lingering herds from pasture come,
Breathe somewhat of your steadfast mind:
The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned
The secret that you will not tell—
I should have known it, but you turned
That moment, and the lashes fell!

Home of my heart, why stand so cold
And silent? There is mirth within:
The sun sinks low: the day is old:
Oh let the baffled wanderer in!

Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-1925)

Home of my heart

C. Hubert H. Parry

Moderato espressivo ♩ = 80

S
Home of my heart, when wilt thou ope Thy si - lent doors to

A
Home of my heart, when wilt thou ope Thy si - lent doors to

T
Home _____ of my heart, when wilt thou ope Thy si - lent doors to

B
Home of my heart, when wilt thou ope Thy si - lent doors to

4
S
let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick - en hope Of

A
let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick - en hope Of

T
let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick - en hope Of

B
let me in? What! not one glimpse to quick - en hope Of

Home of my heart

7

S all that I as - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de - nied!

A all that I as - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de - nied!

T all that I as - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de - nied!

B all that I as - pire to win? So near, and yet so oft de - nied!

11

S The ros - es on my trel - lis throw Their heed - less scent from *dim.*

A The ros - es on my trel - lis throw Their heed - less scent from *dim.*

T The ros - es on my trel - lis throw Their heed - less scent from *dim.*

B The ros - es on my trel - lis throw Their heed - less scent from *dim.*

14

S side to side, Yet will not whis - per what they know. *pp*

A side to side, Yet will not whis - per what they know. *pp*

T side to side, Yet will not whis - per what they know. *pp*

B side to side, Yet will not whis - per what they know. *pp*

Home of my heart

Poco più animato $\text{♩} = 90$

17

S The yel - low moon, moon, that anpeers A - mid the ic - y horns on high,

A The yel - low moon, that hangs and peers A - mid the ic - y horns on high, —

T The yel - low moon, that hangs and peers A - mid the ic - y horns on high, —

B The yel - low moon, that hangs and peers A - mid the ic - y horns on high, —

22

S Leans to the lis - t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se - cret of the sky.

A Leans to the lis - t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se - cret of the sky.

T Leans to the lis - t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se - cret of the sky.

B Leans to the lis - t'ning earth, yet fears To tell the se - cret of the sky.

26

S O pines, that whis - per in the wind, When lin - g'ring herds from pas - ture come,

A O pines, that whis - per in the wind, When lin - g'ring herds from pas - ture come,

T O pines, that whis - per in the wind, When lin - g'ring herds from pas - ture come,

B O pines, that whis - per in the wind, When lin - g'ring herds from pas - ture come,

Home of my heart

30 *mf cresc.* > *f* *p rit. dim.* *3*

S Breathe some-what of your stead - fast mind: The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

A Breathe some-what of your stead - fast mind: The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

T Breathe some-what of your stead - fast mind: The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

B Breathe some-what of your stead - fast mind: The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

34 *a tempo p*

S Sweet ans - w'ring eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell—

A *a tempo p* Sweet ans - w'ring eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell—

T *a tempo p* Sweet ans - w'ring eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell—

B *a tempo p* Sweet ans - w'ring eyes, you too have learned The se - cret that you will not tell—

38 *cresc.* *p poco rit.*

S I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell!

A *cresc.* *p poco rit.* I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell!

T *cresc.* *p poco rit.* I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell!

B *cresc.* *p poco rit.* I should have known it, but you turned That mo - ment, and the lash - es fell!

Home of my heart

Meno mosso $\text{♩} = 80$

42

S Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? There is

A Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? There is

T Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? There is

B Home of my heart, why stand so cold And si - lent? There is

45

S mirth with - in: The sun sinks low: the day is old: Oh

A mirth with - in: The sun sinks low: the day is old: Oh

T mirth with - in: The sun sinks low: the day is old: Oh

B mirth with - in: The sun sinks low: the day is old: Oh

48

S let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in! Oh let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

A let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in! Oh let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

T let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in! Oh let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

B let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in! Oh let the baf - fled wan - d'rer in!

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