

Williams
no 5

HOW SWEET THOSE TUNEFUL BELLS

A
Cantata

Written and Composed

By

G. W. WORGAN

Organist of St. Mary's

Respectfully Dedicated

TO

The Very Rev. F. Murphy V. G.

Circa 1825

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SYDNEY.

L. Lamborn

HOW SWEET THOSE TUNEFUL BELLS.

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VOCE

PIANO

FORTE.

Allegro con Espressione.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo and expression marking is 'Allegro con Espressione'. The piano part consists of two staves: the upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The piano part starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes various dynamics such as piano (p), fortissimo (ff), and piano-piano (pp). The voice part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: 'How sweet those tuneful bells responsive peal; How sweet those tuneful bells responsive peal, As when at opening morn, the fragrant'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ped. f' (pedal forte) marking and a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. There are also asterisks (*) in the piano part, likely indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments.

How sweet those tuneful bells responsive peal; How sweet those

tune-ful bells responsive peal, As when at op'ning morn, the fragrant

breeze, Breathes on the tremb-ling sense of wan dis-ease, So

pierc-ing to my heart their force I feel, their force I feel!

And hark! with less'ning ca-dence now they

f dim: ped f dim.

fall; And hark! with less'ning ca-dence now they

f p f Ped dim:

How sweet those & .

fall; And now a-long the white and le-vel

f *p* *f*

tide, They fling their me-lan-cho-ly mu-sic wide,

p *f* *prelen?*

Recitando teneramente.

Bid-ding me na-ny a ten-der thought re-

pp *f*

-- call; Of sum-mer days and those de-lightful years, when by my na-tive

p *f*

energico.

streams in life's fair prime, The

f *ped* *sempre legato.*

mournful magic of their mingling chime, The

p *cres* *dim*

mournful magic of their mingling chime, First

p *ped* *retard.*

woke my wondrous childhood into tears. First: woke my wondrous childhood

piu cres. *p*

How sweet those & .

in to tears. But seem-ing

ritard. *p* *dol:*

now when all those days are o'ers. Those

f

sounds of joy, once heard, are heard no more. Once

f *dim.* *ritard*

ad lib: heard are heard no more. How sweet those &

ritard. *dol:*