



What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind

W. T. Best
(1826-1897)

Andante con moto

S 1 *p* *cresc.* *dim.*
What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn day is

S 2 *p* *cresc.* *dim.*
What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn day is

A *p* *cresc.* *dim.*
What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn day is

T *p* *cresc.* *dim.*
What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn day is

B *p* *cresc.* *dim.*
What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn day is

What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind

4

S 1 dy - ing! So plain - tive all, are wave and

S 2 dy - ing! So plain - - - tive all, are wave and

A dy - ing! So plain - tive all, are wave and

T dy - ing! So plain - tive all, are wave and

B dy - ing! So plain - tive all, are wave and

mp *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

8

S 1 wind, Like Sum - mer's phan - tom sigh - ing; While Win - ter

S 2 wind, Like Sum - mer's phan - tom sigh - ing; While Win - ter

A wind, Like Sum - mer's phan - tom sigh - ing; While Win - ter

T wind, Like Sum - mer's phan - tom sigh - ing; While Win - ter

B wind, Like Sum - mer's phan - tom sigh - ing; While Win - ter

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

12

S 1 with a crown of snow Looks out, looks out a - bove

S 2 with a crown of snow Looks out a - bove the moun -

A with a crown, a crown of out, looks out a - bove

T with a crown, a crown of snow Looks out a - bove the moun -

B with a crown, a crown of snow a - bove

17

Molto sostenuto

S 1 the moun - tain's brow. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

S 2 - - tain's brow. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

A the moun - tain's brow. What mourn - ful thoughts come

T - - tain's brow. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

B the moun-tain's brow. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind

23

S 1 *p* mind _____ When *pp* Au - tumn_ day is dy - ing!

S 2 *p* mind _____ When *pp* Au - tumn_ day is dy - ing!

A *p* o'er _____ the mind When *pp* Au - tumn day is

T *p* 8 mind _____ When *pp* Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

B *p* mind _____ When *pp* Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

Tempo 1

S 1 *p* We think of friends who *cresc.* calm - ly sleep The *dim.* church - yard grass - es

S 2 *p* We think of friends who *cresc.* calm - ly sleep The *dim.* church - yard grass - es

A *p* dy - ing! We think of *cresc.* friends_ who calm - ly_ sleep The *dim.* church - yard

T *p* 8 We think of friends who *cresc.* calm - ly sleep The *dim.* church - yard grass - es

B *p* We_ think of_ friends who *cresc.* calm - ly sleep The_ church - yard grass - es_

32

S 1 un - der, No more to hope, no more to

S 2 un - der, No more to hope, no more to

A grass - es un - der, No more to hope, no

T un - der, No more to hope, no more to

B un - der, No more to hope, no more to

mp *mf*

36

S 1 weep, No more to toil or won - der. And 'lone, be -

S 2 weep, No more to toil or won - der. And 'lone, be -

A more to weep, No more to toil or won - der. And

T weep, No more to toil or won - der. And 'lone, and

B weep, No more to toil or won - der. And 'lone, and

f *mf* *f*

What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind

40

S 1 *dim.* *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *cresc.*
 neath a gloo - - - my sky, We long, we long near them

S 2 *dim.* *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *cresc.*
 neath a gloo - - - my sky, We long near them at rest

A *dim.* *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *cresc.*
 'lone, and 'lone, be - neath a sky, We long, we long

T *dim.* *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *cresc.*
 'lone, be - neath a gloo - my sky, We long near them at rest

B *dim.* *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *cresc.*
 'lone, be - neath a gloo - my sky, We long

45 *Molto sostenuto*

S 1 *dim.* *p* *dim.*
 — at rest to lie. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

S 2 *dim.* *p* *dim.*
 — to lie. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

A *dim.* *p* *dim.*
 — near them at rest to lie. What mourn - ful

T *dim.* *p* *dim.*
 — to lie. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

B *dim.* *p* *dim.*
 — at rest to lie. What mourn - ful thoughts come o'er the

51

S 1
mind When Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

S 2
mind When Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

A
thoughts come o'er the mind When Au - tumn

T
mind When Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

B
mind When Au - tumn day is dy - ing!

Alfred Novello
(1859)

William Thomas Best (1826–1897) was born at Carlisle, Cumbria. As a child, he had some lessons from the organist of Carlisle Cathedral and soon became organist of the Baptist chapel in Pembroke Road after he was sent to Liverpool to study civil engineering. He was mainly self-taught as an organist. At about twenty, he decided to become a professional musician. He was appointed organist at the church for the blind, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. He spent some time in London, acting as organist at the Royal Panopticon and, for a few months, was organist at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and at Lincoln's Inn. He was appointed organist at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and remained there nearly forty years. As composer, he is principally known for his organ works, but did publish some pianoforte and vocal pieces. He was eccentric and a recluse. He would not join the Royal College of Organists, and refused to play on any organ whose pedal-keyboard had been constructed on the plan recommended by that college. For many years he refused to let any other organist play on his own organ. He kept the tuner in attendance at his recitals in St. George's Hall, and would leave his seat in the middle of a performance to expostulate with him; on one occasion he informed the audience that the tuner received a princely salary and neglected his work.

What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind
When Autumn day is dying!
So plaintive all, are wave and wind,
Like Summer's phantom sighing;
While Winter with a crown of snow
Looks out above the mountain's brow.
What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind
When Autumn day is dying!

We think of friends who calmly sleep
The churchyard grasses under,
No more to hope, no more to weep,
No more to toil or wonder.
And 'lone, beneath a gloomy sky,
We long near them at rest to lie.
What mournful thoughts come o'er the mind
When Autumn day is dying!

Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808–1872)

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