



Six Elizabethan Pastorals [set 2]

Opus 53

No. 1

On a hill there grows a flower

(A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORYDON)

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

On a hill there grows a flower

C. V. Stanford

Allegretto ♩ = 72

S *mf*
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty sweet! _____

A *mf*
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty sweet! _____

T *mf*
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair be - fall the dain - ty, dain - ty

B *mf*
On a hill there grows a flow'r, Fair _____ be - fall _____ the dain - ty sweet! _____

5
S *mf* *f*
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly

A *mf* *f*
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly

T *mf* *f*
sweet! By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly,

B *mf* *f*
— By that flow'r there is a bow'r, — Where the heav'n - ly,



On a hill there grows a flower

9

S Mus - es meet.

A Mus - es meet.

T heav'n - ly Mus - es meet. *cresc.* In that bow'r there is a

B heav'n - ly Mus - es meet. *cresc.* In that bow'r there is a

13

S *mp* Where doth sit the

A *mf* Fring - ed all a - bout with gold, *cresc.* Where doth

T *mf* chair, Fring - ed all a - bout with gold, *cresc.* Where doth

B *mf* chair, Fring - ed all a - bout with gold, *cresc.* Where doth

17

S *dim.* fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

A *dim.* sit the fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

T *dim.* sit the fair - est fair, That ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

B *dim.* sit the fair - est, Ev - er eye did yet be - hold.

On a hill there grows a flower

S *f* It is Phil - lis fair and bright, She that is the shep - herd's joy; —

A *f* It is Phil - lis fair and bright, She that is — the shep - herd's joy; —

T — — — — — *f* She that

B — — — — — *f* She that

S ²⁶ — — — — — *p* And — did blind — her lit - tle boy.

A — — — — — *p* did blind her lit - tle boy.

T *p* Ve - nus did de - spite, — And did blind her lit - tle boy. *mf* Who would

B *p* Ve - nus did de - spite, — And did blind her lit - tle boy. *mf* Who would

S ³⁰ — — — — — *mf* Who would

A *mf* Who would not this saint a - dore? —

T not his face ad - mire? — Who would not this saint a - dore? —

B not his face ad - mire? — Who would not this saint a - dore? —

On a hill there grows a flower

34

S not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

A Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

T Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

B Who would not this sight de - sire, Tho' he thought to

38

S see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

A see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

T see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

B see no more? Oh, fair eyes! yet

42

S let me see One good look, and I am gone;

A let me see One good look, and I am gone;

T let me see One good look, and I am gone;

B let me see One good look, and I am gone;

On a hill there grows a flower

46

S *mp* Look on me, Thy poor sil - ly

A *mp* Look on me, Thy poor sil - ly

T *f* Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor sil - ly

B *f* Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor sil - ly

51

S Co - ry - don. Thou that art _____ the

A Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

T Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

B Co - ry - don. Thou that art the shep - herd's

55

S shep - herd's queen, Look _____ up - on _____ thy sil - ly

A queen, _____ Look up - on thy sil - ly

T queen, _____ Look up - on thy sil - ly

B queen, Look up - on thy sil - ly

On a hill there grows a flower

59

S swain; By thy com - - - fort *cresc.*

A swain, By thy com - - - fort *cresc.*

T swain; By thy com - fort *cresc.*

B swain; By thy *cresc.*

64

S have _____ been seen _____ Dead men

A have _____ been seen Dead men

T have _____ been seen Dead men

B com - fort have been seen _____ Dead men

68

S brought _____ to life _____ a - gain. *f*

A brought _____ to life _____ a - gain. *f*

T brought _____ to life _____ a - gain. *f*

B brought _____ to life a - - - gain. *f*

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty, dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringèd all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy;
She that Venus did despise,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not his face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Tho' he thought to see no more?

Oh, fair eyes! yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)

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