

# More Fond than Cushat Dove

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2

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry

**Allegretto**

Voice

Piano

*p*

*legato*

*p*

There

5

sits a bird on yon - der tree, More fond than Cus - hat dove; \_\_\_\_\_ There

9

sits a bird on yon - der tree, And sings to me of love. Oh

stoop thee from thine ey - riedown, And nes-tlethee near my heart, Forthe

*accel.* mo-mentsfly andthe hour is nigh, When thou and I must part, My love! when thou and *rall.*

I must part.

*p* In yon - der cov - ert lurks a fawn, The pride of syl - van

31

scene: In yon - der cov - ert lurks a fawn, And I am his on - ly

35

queen: Oh! bound from thy se - cret lair, For the sun is be-low the

39

west: Nor mor-tal eye may our meet-ing spy, For all are closed in rest, My love! —

44

— each eye is closed in rest.

49

Oh! sweet is the breath of morn, When the

53

sun's first beams ap - - pear; Oh! sweet is the shep-herd's strain, When it

57

dies on the list - 'ning ear. Oh! sweet the soft voice that speaks The

61 *rall.* *tempo mf*

wan-der-er's wel-come home; But sweet-er far by yon pale mild star, With our

65 *cresc.*

true lovethus to roam, My dear! ——— With our own true love to roam;

70 *p*

With our own true love ——— to roam.

*rall.*

*colla voce*

*p*

75

*rall.*