

# She is my love beyond all thought

From "English Lyrics" - Set 11 - Number 8

Editor: John Henry Fowler

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Words by Alfred Percival Graves

From "Songs of the Gael" - 1908

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry

(1848 - 1918)

*Andantino*  
1 ♩ = 92 2

Soprano

Piano

*p*

5 *mf* — *f*

She is my love beyond all thought, Though she has wrought my deep - est

*mf*

9 *rit.*

dole; Yet dear-er for the cru - el pain Than one — who fain would make me

*rit.*

13 *a tempo*

whole. She is my gli-ter-ing gem of gems, Who yet con -

*a tempo*

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17

- temns my for - tune bright; Whose cheek but glows with red - der scorn

21

*p* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Since mine has worn a strick-en white.

*p* *colla voce* *mf a tempo*

25

*f poco allargando*

She is my sun and moon and

*f poco allargando* 3

29

*p a tempo* *p*

star, Who yet so far and cold doth keep, She would not e - ven o'er my

*p a tempo* *p*

33 *p* *pp*

bier One ten - der tear of pi - ty weep. In - to my

37 *cresc.* *poco allargando* *mf* *a tempo*

heart un-sought she came, A wast-ing flame, a haunt ing care; In - to my

41 *p* *pp* *slower*

heart of hearts, ah ! why ? And left a sigh \_\_\_\_\_ for ev - er

45 *a tempo*

there.