



V I C T O R I A N W O M E N

Six Four-part Songs Op. 30
No. 4

Mutability

Ann Sheppard

Mounsey

Bartholomew

(1811-1891)

Mutability

A. S. M. Bartholomew

S *p* The flow'r that smiles to - day To - mor - row

A *p* The flow'r that smiles to - day To - mor - row

T *p* The flow'r that smiles to - day To - mor - row

B *p* The flow'r that smiles to - day To - mor - row

5
S *p* dies; All that we wish to stay

A *p* dies;

T *p* dies; All that we wish to stay,

B *p* dies; All that we wish to stay

Mutability

8 *cresc.* *f*

S Tempts and then flies, Tempts and then flies.

A *cresc.* *f*
All that we wish to stay Tempts and then flies.

T *cresc.* *f*
All that we wish to stay Tempts and then flies.

B *cresc.* *f*
Tempts and then flies, Tempts and then flies.

12 *p*

S What is this world's de - light?

A *p*
What is this world's de - light?

T
Light - ning that mocks the night,

B
Light - ning that mocks the night,

16 *f*

S Brief e'en as bright, Brief e'en as bright.

A *f*
Brief e'en as bright, Brief e'en as bright.

T *f*
Brief e'en as bright, Brief e'en as bright.

B *f*
Brief e'en as bright, Brief e'en as bright.

Mutability

20 *p*

S Vir - tue, how frail it is! Friend - ship how

A Vir - tue, how frail it is! Friend - ship how

T Vir - tue, how frail it is! Friend - ship how

B Vir - tue, how frail it is! Friend - ship how

23 *cresc.* *f*

S rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss For

A rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss For

T rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss For

B rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss For

26 *p*

S proud des - pair! But we, tho' soon they

A proud des - pair! But we, tho' soon they

T proud des - pair! But we, tho' soon they

B proud des - pair! But we, tho' soon they

Mutability

29

S fall, Sur - vive their joy, and all Which ours

A fall, Sur - vive their joy, and all Which ours,

T fall, Sur - vive their joy, and all Which ours,

B fall, Sur - vive their joy, and all Which

32

S — we call. Whilst skies are blue and *piu f*

A — which ours we call. Whilst skies are blue and *piu f*

T — which ours we call. Whilst skies are blue and *piu f*

B ours we call. Whilst skies are blue *piu f*

35

S bright, Whilst flow'rs are gay, Whilst

A bright, Whilst flow'rs are gay, Whilst

T bright, Whilst flow'rs are gay, Whilst eyes that

B — and bright, Whilst flow'rs are gay,

Mutability

38

S eyes that change ere night ———— Make glad the

A eyes that change ere night Make glad the

T change, whilst eyes that change ere night Make glad the

B ———— Whilst eyes that change ere night Make glad the

41

S day; ———— Whilst yet the calm hours creep,

A day; ———— Whilst yet the calm hours creep,

T day; ———— Whilst yet the calm hours creep,

B day; ———— Whilst yet the calm hours creep,

44

S Dream thou — and from thy sleep Then

A Dream thou — and from thy sleep Then

T Dream ———— thou — and from thy sleep Then

B Dream thou — and from thy sleep Then

Mutability

47 *cresc.*

S wake to weep, and from thy sleep Then wake to weep,

A wake to weep, and from thy sleep Then wake to weep,

T wake to weep, and from thy sleep Then wake to weep,

B wake to weep, and from thy sleep Then wake to weep,

50 *f*

S then wake to weep, then wake to weep,

A then wake to weep, wake to weep,

T then wake to weep, wake to weep,

B then wake to weep, wake to weep, then *p*

54 *p*

S wake to weep.

A wake to weep.

T wake to weep.

B wake to weep, then wake to weep.

Ann Sheppard Mounsey Bartholomew (1811–91) was born in London and studied organ early in life. After 1828 she became the organist at various London churches, serving at St. Vedast Foster Lane for nearly fifty years. In 1845 she was accompanist at the premiere of Mendelssohn's anthem "Hear My Prayer." In 1853 she married its librettist, William Bartholomew (1793–1867). After her marriage she taught music in London and worked as a composer.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou— and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

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