Alfred Tennyson  
(1809-1892)  

Andante

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish, wholly vanish

God and the Universe

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

SOPRANO

Alto

Tenor

Bass

PIANO (for rehearsal only)

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Please send comments, amendments, suggestions and corrections to robertnottingham6@hotmail.com
by reason of your boundless nights, Rush of

by reason, O ye Heav'ns, of your boundless nights,

by reason, O ye Heav'ns, of your boundless nights,

reason, O ye Heav'ns, of your boundless nights,

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of

Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of
me-teor-ites?

Will my ti-ny spark of be-ing vanish,

me-teor-ites?

Will my ti-ny spark of be-ing vanish, whol-ly vanish,

me-teor-ites?

Will my ti-ny spark of be-ing vanish, whol-ly vanish,

me-teor-ites?

Will my ti-ny spark of be-ing vanish,

Will my ti-ny spark of be-ing vanish,

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights? Whol-ly vanish?

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?

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Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?

Whol-ly vanish in your deeps and heights?
nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not
nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not
nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not
nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
The
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Pow’r
cresc.
Fear not thou the hidden, hidden purpose of that
cresc.
Fear not thou the hidden, hidden purpose of that
cresc.
Fear not thou the hidden, hidden purpose of that
cresc.
that Pow'r which alone is great, Nor the myriad
Pow'r, that Pow'r which alone is great, Nor the myriad
Pow'r, that Pow'r which alone is great, Nor the myriad

world, the myriad world, His shadow, His
world, the myriad world, His shadow, His
world, the myriad world, His shadow, His

world, the myriad world, His shadow, His
world, the myriad world, His shadow, His
world, the myriad world, His shadow, His
Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my days be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?
“Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.”

Alfred Tennyson (1809 - 1892)