

# Say, O say! saith the music

Robert Bridges  
(1844-1930)

C. V. Stanford  
(1852-1924)

*Andante con moto*

Piano

*mf*

5

*mf*

I love my la - dy's eyes A - bove the beau-ties rare — She

*pp*

*mf*

most is wont to prize, A-bove her sun-ny hair, — And all that

*p*

*mf*

face to face her glass re - peats of grace.

30 *mf*

For those are

35 *f* *sf*

still the same To her and all that see: — but oh! — her eyes — will flame

40

when they do look on me: And so a - bove the rest I

*cresc.*

45 50

love — her — eyes the best. Now say, —

*p* *dim.*

*poco rall.* 55 *a tempo*

Say, O say! saith the mu-sic, who likes my song? I knew you by your eyes,

*poco rall.* *a tempo*

60

That rest on noth-ing long, — And have for - got sur - prise;

*pp* 65 *poco rall.*

And stray, — stray, oh stray! saith the mu-sic! As mine will stray, —

*pp*

70 *p*

the while my love's — a - way.

*p*

75 80

*pp*