

To my Mother

SIDNEY HOMER

Op. 21, No. 2

There's Heaven Above

SONG

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

Words from Johannes Agricola in Meditation

BY

Robert Browning

High in E $\flat$ min. (Original)

Low in C $\sharp$ min.

75 Cents

(Op. 21; No. 1. The Eternal Goodness .75)



New York : G. Schirmer
BOSTON : BOSTON MUSIC CO.
LONDON : SCHOTT & CO.

THERE'S HEAVEN ABOVE

THERE'S heav'n above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons, tho' e'er so bright,
Avail to stop me ; splendor-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof :
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
These shoals of dazzling glory passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as he has always smiled ;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thunder-girt, or piled
The heav'ns, God thought on me, his child.

From Johannes Agricola in Meditation

by ROBERT BROWNING

There's Heaven Above

From
"Johannes Agricola in Meditation"
by Robert Browning

Andante
With utmost conviction and elevation

Sidney Homer. Op. 21, No. 2

Voice

There's heav'n a - bove, and night by night I look right through its

Piano

p legato

gor - geous roof; — No suns and moons, tho' e'er-so bright, A - vail to stop me; —

cresc.

cresc.

splendor-proof I keep the broods of stars a - loof: — For

f

rit.

f

rit.

Grandly
Poco animato (not hurried)

f

I in-tend to get to God, — For 'tis to God I speed so fast, — For

f *legato*

dim. poco a poco

in God's breast, my own a-bode, Those shoals of daz-zling glo-ry passed, I

dim. poco a poco

p rit.

lay my spir-it down — at last. — I

pp

p rit. *dim.* *pp*

Molto adagio
With intimacy, ecstasy

lie where I have al - ways lain, God smiles as he has

pp *legato*

al - ways smiled; Ere suns and moons could wax and wane, Ere stars were thun-der-

pp

girt, or piled The heav'ns, God thought on me, his child, God

espress.
p rit. *molto rit.*
pp

rit. *p* *molto rit.*

a tempo

thought on me, his child. ————— There's

pp *a tempo* *poco accel.*

Andante
Slightly faster than at the beginning

heav'n a - bove, and night by night I look right through its gor-geous roof; —

cresc.

— No suns and moons, tho' e'er so bright, A - vail to stop me; —

cresc.

f *rit.*

splen-dor-proof I keep the broods of stars a - loof: _____ For

With increasing grandeur
Poco animato (not hurried)

f

I in - tend to get to God, _____ For 'tis to God I speed so

fast, _____ For in God's breast, my own a - bode, Those

f

shoals of daz-zling glo-ry passed, I lay _____ my

cresc.

cresc.

spir - it down at last. _____

rit. *ff* *a tempo poco animato*

rit. *ff* *a tempo sf* *cresc.* *sf*

fff cresc. *rit.* *ffff*