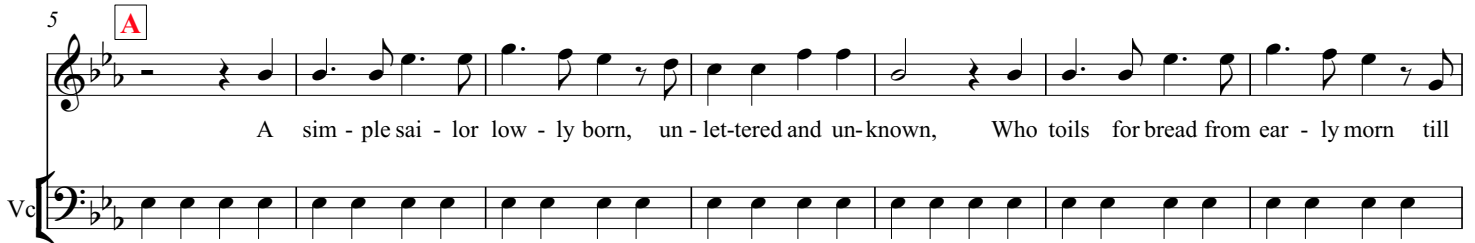


# The hours creep on apace

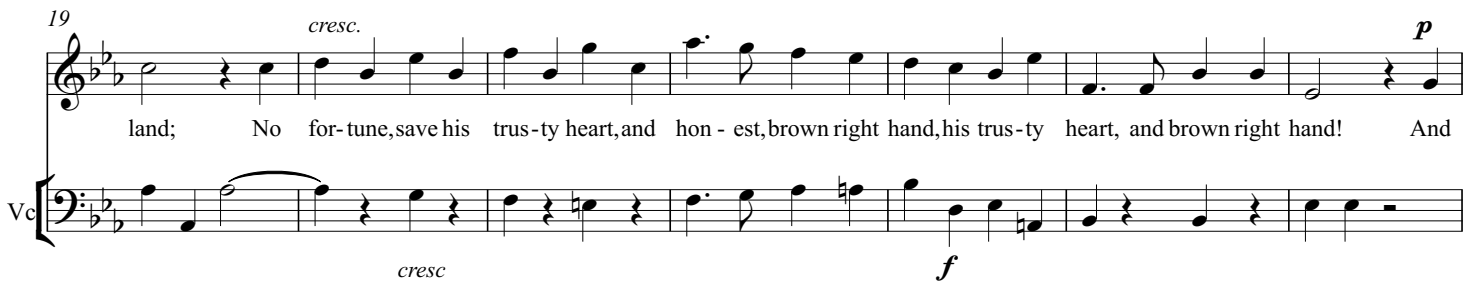
(from 'HMS Pinafore')  
**Allegro con spirito.**

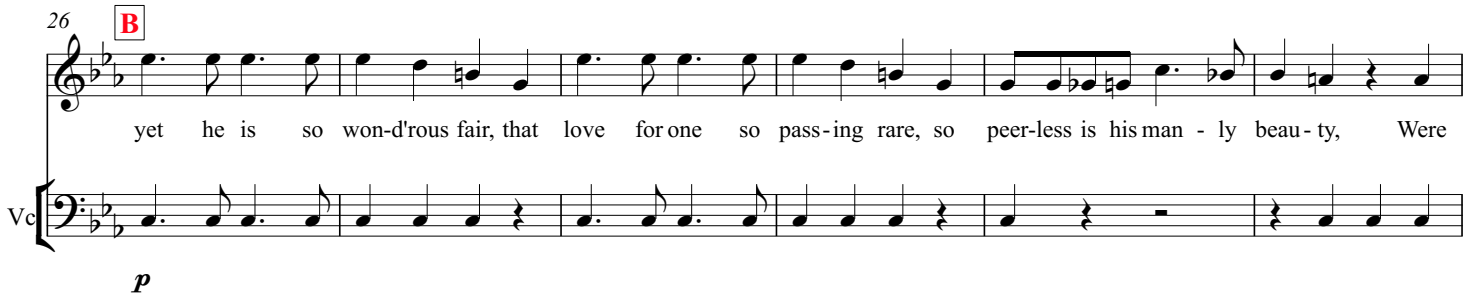
W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan


Vc.   
*mf* *cresc. molto.* *f*

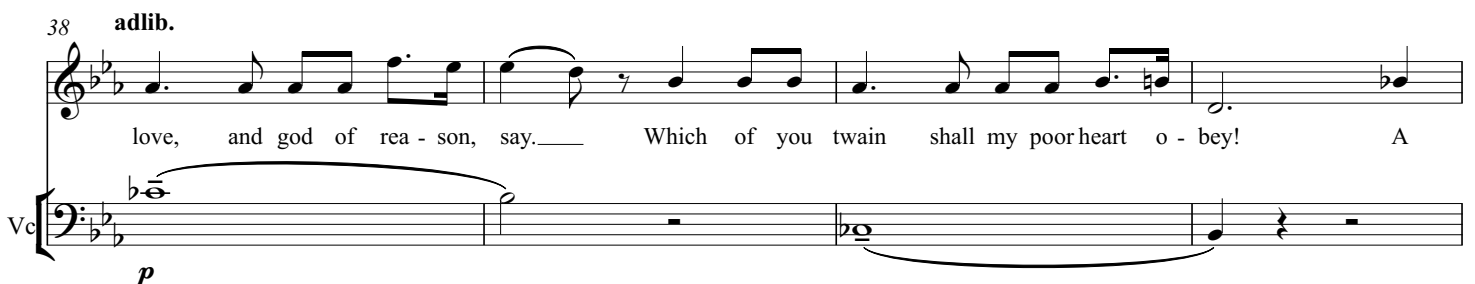
5 **A**  
  
A sim - ple sai - lor low - ly born, un - let-tered and un-known, Who toils for bread from ear - ly morn till

12 *p*  
  
half the night has flown, Till half the night has flown. No gold-en rank can he im-part, no wealth of house or

19 *cresc.* *p*  
  
land; No for-tune, save his trus-ty heart, and hon - est, brown right hand, his trus-ty heart, and brown right hand! And

26 **B** *p*  
  
yet he is so won-d'rous fair, that love for one so pass-ing rare, so peer-less is his man - ly beau-ty, Were

32 *rall.*  
  
lit-tle else than so - lemn du - ty, Were lit-tle else than so - lemn du - ty! Oh god of

38 *adlib.* *p*  
  
love, and god of rea - son, say. — Which of you twain shall my poor heart o - bey! A

42 **C** a tempo

sim - ple sai - lor low - ly born, un - let - tered and un known, No gold - en rank can he im - part, no wealth of house or

land. No for - tune, save his trus - ty heart, and hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and right hand. O god of

love, and god of rea - son, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart o -

**D** bey? God of love, god of rea - son, god of rea - son, god of love, say \_\_\_\_\_ Which shall my poor heart o -

bey! Oh god of love, and god of rea - son, say, Oh god of love, and god of rea son, say, Which of you

twain shall my poor heart \_\_\_\_\_ o - bey, my heart o - bey? Which shall my

heart, my heart o - bey?