

The hours creep on apace

W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

(from 'HMS Pinafore')

Allegro con spirito.

Fl. 1
Fl. 2

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 half the night has

13

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

Fl. 1
Fl. 2

p

20

cresc.

p

for-tune, save his trus-ty heart, and hon-est, brown right hand, his trus-ty heart, and brown right hand! And

Fl. 1
Fl. 2

f

26

B

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

Fl. 2

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

Fl. 1

p

50
 for- tune, save his trus - ty heart, and hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and right hand. O god of

Fl.1
 Fl.2

p

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

Fl.2

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

Fl.1
 Fl.2

p *cresc.*

71
 bey! Oh god of love, and god of rea- son, say, Oh god of love, and god of rea- son, say, Which of you

Fl.1
 Fl.2

f *mf* *f*

76
 twain shall my poor heart o - bey, my heart o - bey? Which shall my

Fl.1
 Fl.2

f

83
 heart, my heart o - bey?

Fl.1
 Fl.2