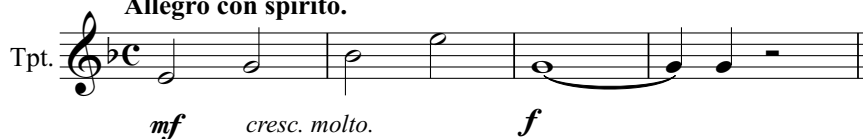


The hours creep on apace

W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

(from 'HMS Pinafore')

Allegro con spirito.

Tpt. 

5 **A** 

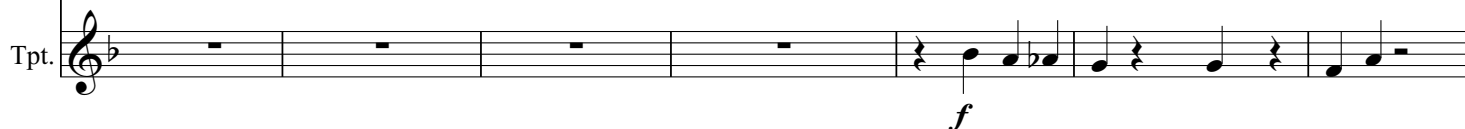
A sim - ple sai - lor low - ly born, un - let - tered and un known, Who toils for bread from ear - ly morn till

12 

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.* 

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

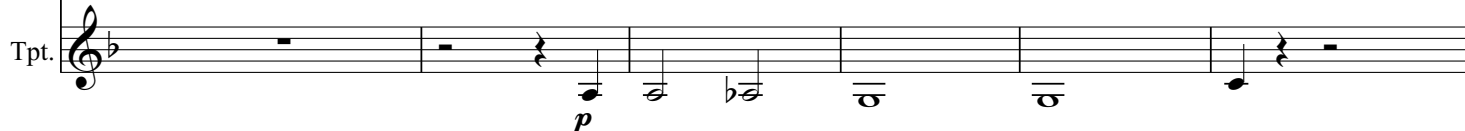
Tpt. 

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

Tpt. 

38 *adlib.* 

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

50

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

Tpt. *p*

56

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

cresc.

63

D

bey? God of love, god of rea-son, god of rea-son, god of love,

Tpt. *p* *cresc.*

67

say, Which shall my poor heart o - bey! Oh

Tpt. *f*

72

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

Tpt. *mf* *f*

77

heart o - bey, my heart o - bey? Which shall my heart, my

Tpt. *f*

84

heart o - bey?

Tpt. *f*