



### Corra.

Words by the REV. J. H. DAVIES, B.A.

Music by H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus. B.

VOICE. *mp* *S.*

PIANO. *Andantino.* *mp*

1. The world has lost its sun - shine, The  
lon - ger o - cean spar - kles, And

rose..... its ten - der bloom, For Co - ra's ly - ing life - less, In  
dan - - - ces on the shore, The light in Co - ra's laugh - ing eyes Is

yon - der dark - ened room. The sum - mer is as win - ter, And  
dimmed for e - ver - more. No ver - dure has the for - est, The

*dolce.* *rit.* *dolce.* *mf* *f* *cres.* *mf*

jars the wild birds' mirth, For Co - ra's voice will ne - - ver Be  
mea - dow - lands no green, The charm has gone from ev - 'ry place Where

*p*

heard a - gain on earth, Be heard a - gain on earth. 2. No  
Co - ra's steps have been, Where Co - ra's steps have been.

*pp* *rall.* *a tempo,* *Dal Seg. 8.*

3. On - ly in yon - der hea - ven, Where now she rests, I see The same un - chang - ing

*dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *p*

*mp dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *p*

love - li - ness Of old that used to be,..... The same unchanging love - li - ness Of

*pp*

old..... that used to be.

*ad lib.* *colla voce.* *morendo.*