

The Mirror.

Words by A. CAPEL SHAW.

Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK, M. B.

VOICE. *Andante.* *p* At times on earth there fall - eth—

PIANO. *Andante.* *p* *tempo.*

Man knows not whence or why— A sud - den sha-dow, mak - ing His spi - rit sad, and

dim - in - u - en - do.

wak - ing Strange fears that sleep - ing lie; And all the scene is dark - en'd, E'en though the sun be

rall..... lento. *pp* *colla voce.* *lento.* *pp*

bright, And ev - 'ry bird that sing - eth Seems mourning, and joy wing-eth To o - ther realms his

cres..... *ad lib.* *p* *cres.....* *colla voce.* *p*

flight. A - gain, a sense of glad - ness Is Is it that earth thus chang - eth, And

Allegro. 8. *p* *rall.* *Allegro.* *8.* *pp* *sf*

borne up on the air, Man knows not whence it stream-eth, Nor why, but mu-sic
 feel-eth bliss or woe? Or where-fore is the sad-ness, And whence a-gain the

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

rall en-tan-do.
 seem-eth A-round him ev-ry-where, A-round him ev-ry-where.
 glad-ness, She seem-eth thus to know? She seem-eth thus to know?

sf *rall* *cres* *tan* *do.*

Andante. *dim-in-u-en-do.* *mf* *accel*
 And all the earth is brighten'd, The sky a-gain seems blue, The birds, no long-er
 Ah, no! the great earth on-ward, Un-change-a-ble, doth roll! No grief or joy she

Andante. *f* *cres-cen-do.* *dim-in-u-en-do.* *p* *accel*

er an-do. *poco-a-poco.*
 mourn-ing, Sing, and sweet flow'rs a-dorn-ing The mea-dows meet the view, Sweet
 know-eth, But like a mir-ror show-eth The chan-ges in man's soul, But

cres-cen-do.

cres-cen-do. *rall* *en-tan-do.*
 flowers, sweet flowers, sweet flowers a-dorn-ing The meadows meet the
 like a mir-ror, a mir-ror show-eth The chan-ges in man's

p *f* *colla voce.*

1st time. 2nd time.
 view. soul.
tempo. *rall* *en-tan-do.* *tempo.* *tempo.*
cres-cen-do. *f* *ad lib.* *f* *cres-cen-do.* *f*