

MY HEART IS LIKE A SINGING BIRD.

Christina Rossetti.

C. Hubert H. Parry.

Joyously.

Voice

PIANO

f

4 *mf* *cresc.* *p*

My heart is like a sing - ing bird Whose

7 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

nest is in a wa - ter'd shoot; My heart is like an

10 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.* *p*

ap - ple tree Whose boughs are bent with thick - set fruit; My

24 *mf*

Raise me a da - is of pur - ple and gold;
silk and down

mf *cresc.*

27

Hang it with vair and pur - ple dyes; Carve it in doves and

p

30 *mf* *cresc. ed animando*

pome - gra-nates, And pea - cocks with a hun - dred eyes;

mf *cresc. ed animando*

33 *cresc. sempre* *poco allargando*

Work it in gold and sil - ver grapes, In leaves and sil - ver

cresc. sempre *poco allargando*

36 *f*
fleurs - de-lys; Be - cause the birth-day of my life Is come,

39
— my love is come to

42
me.

Copied from English Lyrics (tenth set) publ. Novello & Co., Ltd, 1918.
Parry's major departures from the original poem are noted in italics in the musical text.

A BIRTHDAY
by Christina G. Rossetti
from POEMS
1892, London, Macmillan and Co.

MY heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot ;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit ;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.