



# Long, long the Night

**Daniel Gregory Mason**  
**(1873-1953)**

S  
A  
T  
B

Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row \_\_\_\_\_

Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row \_\_\_\_\_

Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row \_\_\_\_\_

Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row \_\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for four voices: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). The music is written in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row \_\_\_\_\_". The Soprano part starts on a G4 note, the Alto on a G3 note, the Tenor on a G2 note, and the Bass on a G1 note. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a long note at the end of each phrase.

## Long, long the Night

5

S While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row, her

A While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row, her

T While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row, of

B While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row, of

9

S bed of sor - row. Can I cease to care?

A bed of sor - row. Can I cease to care?

T sor - - - row. Can I cease to care?

B sor - - - row. Can I cease to

13

S Can I cease to lan - guish, While my dar - ling Fair Is on the

A Can I cease to lan - guish, While my dar - ling Fair Is on the

T Can I cease to lan - guish, While my dar - ling Fair Is on the

B care? Can I cease to lan - guish, While my dar - ling's on the

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17

S couch of an - guish, the couch of an - guish?

A couch of an - guish, the couch of an - guish, the couch of

T couch of an - guish, the couch of an - guish, of

B couch of an - guish, the couch of an - guish,

21

S Ah! Long, long the night,

A an - - - - - guish? Long, long the night,

T an - - - - - guish? Long, long the night,

B the couch of an - guish? Long, long the night,

25

S Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is

A Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is

T Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is

B Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is

## Long, long the Night

29

S on her bed of sor - row, her bed of sor - row.

A on her bed of sor - row, her bed of sor - row.

T on her bed of sor - row, of sor - - - row.

B on her bed of sor - row, of sor - - - row.

33

S Ev - 'ry hope is fled, Ev - 'ry fear is ter - ror,

A Ev - 'ry hope is fled, Ev - 'ry fear is ter - ror,

T — Ev - 'ry hope is fled, Ev - 'ry fear is ter - ror,

B — Ev - 'ry hope is fled, Ev - 'ry fear is

37

S Slum - ber ev'n I dread, Ev - 'ry dream is hor - ror,

A Slum - ber ev'n I dread, Ev - 'ry dream is hor - ror, each

T Slum - ber ev'n I dread, Ev - 'ry dream is hor - ror, each

B ter - ror, Slum - ber dread, Ev - 'ry dream is hor - ror, each

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41

S each dream is hor - ror. Ah!

A dream is hor - ror, each dream is hor - ror.

T dream is hor - ror, is hor - ror.

B dream is hor - ror, each dream is hor - ror.

45

S Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row

A Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row

T Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row

B Long, long the night, Heav - y comes the mor - row

49

S While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row.

A While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row.

T While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row.

B While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of sor - row.

## Long, long the Night

53

S Hear me, Pow'rs Di - vine! Oh, in pit - y, hear me!

A Hear me, Pow'rs Di - vine! Oh, in pit - y, hear me!

T Hear me, Pow'rs Di - vine! Oh, in pit - y, hear me!

B — Hear me, Pow'rs Di - vine! Oh, in pit - y,

57

S *cresc.* Take aught else of mine, But my Chlo - ris spare me! my *f*

A *cresc.* Take aught else of mine, But my Chlo - ris spare me! my *f*

T *cresc.* Take aught else of mine, But my Chlo - ris — spare me! my *f*

B *cresc.* hear me! Take aught else of mine, But Chlo - - - ris spare me! *f*

61

S Chlo - ris spare me! my Chlo - ris spare me! — — — — — Take aught of

A Chlo - ris — spare me! my Chlo - ris — spare me! — — — — — Take aught of

T Chlo - ris — spare — me! Chlo - ris — spare — me! — — — — — Take aught of

B Chlo - ris spare — me! — Chlo - ris spare — me! — — — — — Take aught of

# Long, long the Night

66

S mine, But Chlo - ris spare me! Long, long the night,

A mine, — But Chlo - ris spare me! Long the night,

T mine, — But Chlo - ris — spare — me! Long the night,

B mine, But Chlo - ris spare me! Long, long the night,

71

S Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of

A Heav - y comes the mor - row — While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of

T Heav - y comes the mor - row — While my soul's de - light — Is on her bed of

B Heav - y comes the mor - row While my soul's de - light Is on her bed of

76

S sor - row, her bed of sor - row, Is on her bed of sor - row.

A sor - row, her bed of sor - row, her bed of — sor - row.

T sor - row, her bed of sor - row, her bed of — sor - row.

B sor - row, Is on her bed of sor - row, of sor - row.

**Daniel Gregory Mason** (1873-1953) was born in Brookline, Massachusetts. His father was Henry Mason, co-founder of the piano company Mason & Hamlin, and his grandfather was the renowned musical figure Lowell Mason. He studied under some of the most significant American musicians of the time, including John Knowles Paine, George Chadwick, Percy Goetschius, and Arthur Whiting. He was a successful composer, writer on music, and enjoyed a long career on the faculty of Columbia University. He died in Greenwich, Connecticut. His compositions include symphonies, other orchestral works, chamber works, keyboard works, songs and part-songs.

*Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

Can I cease to care?  
Can I cease to languish,  
While my darling Fair  
Is on the couch of anguish?

Ev'ry hope is fled,  
Ev'ry fear is terror,  
Slumber ev'n I dread,  
Ev'ry dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers Divine!  
Oh, in pity, hear me!  
Take aught else of mine,  
But my Chloris spare me!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

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