

VOCAL MUSIC
FOR EQUAL VOICES

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Pt. I - Sacred
" II - Moral
" III - Misc.

A
COLLECTION OF VOCAL MUSIC,

In Parts,

FOR EQUAL VOICES.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION APPOINTED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection of *Part-Music* for equal voices is intended chiefly for the use of children in schools; but it is hoped that it may also assist pupils further advanced, and tend generally to promote the cultivation of the art of singing.

It appears very desirable that an endeavour to form a correct taste, and to inculcate good moral and religious principles, should accompany the earliest instructions in an art so fascinating, and, without such precaution, so peculiarly liable to be misemployed. In all the gifts of Divine bounty, when properly received, the useful and the agreeable are found to be united; and it must tend materially to the well-being and happiness of men to fix in their minds pleasing and impressive sounds, habitually associated with sentiments of devotional feeling, of moral and religious truth, and of Christian charity, as well as with those of innocent mirth and joy.

It should, therefore, be a prominent object with all persons engaged in the business of education, to store the minds of children with music suited as well for the expression of devotional feelings as for the refreshment of the spirits after labour, and the promotion of general cheerfulness; and it may be reasonably expected that the benefits of such a provision will remain, in after-life, a source of innocent gratification, and the means of employing intervals of leisure in a way that will tend to advance their highest and best interests.

Much pains have been taken, in the present work, to render the harmonies as perfect as possible, and to give the

exact time in which the music should be sung. A number is placed at the beginning of each piece, indicating the length of pendulum required to mark the duration of each beat. "A pendulum is made by fastening a small weight to a piece of ribbon or tape, upwards of a yard long, and marking inches on the ribbon, measuring them from the centre of the weight. Thus 12  means that the pendulum is to be held at the twelfth inch from the centre of the weight, by the finger and thumb, and the weight suffered to swing freely, when its vibrations will show the length of the quavers: these vibrations will continue equal, if the weight does not describe so large an arc as to cause the ribbon to bend."* In using the pendulum, care must be taken to keep the hand perfectly still.

An habitual attention to this method of marking time will best remedy the uncertainty of the general directions usually given; such as *quick*, *slow*, *allegro*, *andante*, &c. &c. If a tune which is meant to be lively is drawn out in the performance, or if a solemn air is hurried, the whole effect will be spoiled.

When a part in any of the glees may be dispensed with, it is so stated in the title, in order to avoid the false harmony frequently occasioned by the omission of one voice in a piece which has been arranged for three or four. The under parts in the pieces for more than two voices may be sung by men taking the lowest part as a bass an octave lower than it is written.

* Preface to Dr. Crotch's "Specimens of various Styles of Music."

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PART I.

DEVOTIONAL.

WHO MADE THE WORLD?

Partly from Miss TAYLOR.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Scotch Air.

19

I saw the glorious sun a - rise In morning's ear - ly grey; I

I saw the glorious sun a - rise In morning's ear - ly grey; I

saw him light the eastern skies, And melt the shades a-way. Who made the sun to shine so bright, The

saw him light the eastern skies, And melt the shades a-way. Who made the sun to shine so bright, The

heavens to a - dorn? Who turn'd the darkness in - to light, And gave us back the morn?

heavens to a - dorn? Who turn'd the darkness in - to light, And gave us back the morn?

CHORUS.

'Twas God who made the sun so bright, The heavens to a-dorn; 'Twas

'Twas God who made the sun so bright, The heavens to a-dorn; 'Twas

'Twas God who made the sun so bright, The heavens to a-dorn; 'Twas

God who made the darkness light, And gave us back the morn.

God who made the darkness light, And gave us back the morn.

God who made the darkness light, And gave us back the morn.

2.

Last night the moon a crescent rose,
With pale and tender beams;
But ev'ry day she larger grows,
'Till round and full she seems.
Who made the moonlight fair and soft,
And ev'ry twinkling star?
Who placed them in the heavens aloft,
To give us light from far?

CHORUS.

'Twas God who made the moon-light soft.
And every twinkling star;
He placed them in the heavens aloft.
To give us light from far.

3.

I walk'd abroad in early spring
And mark'd the flowers that grew,
The little birds were on the wing,
And happy insects too.
Who made this wond'rous world of ours,
The birds and insects small?
The spreading trees, the springing flowers?
And who preserves them all?

CHORUS.

'Twas God who made this world of ours, &c.

4.

Since He who made the glorious sky,
The sun, and moon, and stars,
Still looks to earth from heaven on high,
And for His creatures cares,
May we His children then believe
That God will be our friend,
With mercy will His lambs receive,
And keep us to the end?

CHORUS.

Yes—we His children may believe, &c.

WE'LL GO TO THE MEADOWS.

TWO VOICES.

Hook.

22

We'll go to the meadows where cow-slips do grow, And dai-sies and vio-lets be -

We'll go to the meadows where cow-slips do grow, And dai-sies and vio-lets be -

gin - ing to blow, And but - ter - cups look - ing as yel - low as gold, For

gin - ing to blow, And but - ter - cups look - ing as yel - low as gold, For

'tis a most beau - ti - ful sight to be - hold. The lit - tle bee hum - ming a -

'tis a most beau - ti - ful sight to be - hold. The lit - tle bee hum - ming a -

bout them is seen, The grass-hop-per chirps in the hedges of green; The but - ter-fly
 bout them is seen, The grass-hop-per chirps in the hedges of green; The but - ter - fly
 mer - ri - ly dan - ces a - long, And the lin - net is sing - ing his live - li - est song.
 mer - ri - ly dan - ces a - long, And the lin - net is sing - ing his live - li - est song.

2.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
 And we will be thankful to God every day;
 The beasts of the field they are glad and rejoice,
 We'll praise His great name with a loftier voice.
 He made the green meadows, He planted the flowers,
 He created these wonderful bodies of ours;
 He sent His bright Sun in the heavens to blaze,
 And as long as we live we will sing of His praise.

PSALM XXIII.

THREE VOICES.

33

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest ; He

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest ; He

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest ; He

leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest. Thro' the val - ley and

leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest. Thro' the val - ley and

leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest. Thro' the val - ley and

sha-dow of Death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear ; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 sha-dow of Death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear ; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 sha-dow of Death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear ; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy

staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall with The Com-for - ter near.
 staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall with The Com-for - ter near.
 staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall with The Com-for - ter near.

2.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;—
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy Providence more ?
 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
 I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom
 of love.

MORNING HYMN.

THREE VOICES.

"St David's."

19.!

When morn-ing comes the birds a - rise, And tune their voi - ces to the skies; With war - bling

When morn-ing comes the birds a - rise, And tune their voi - ces to the skies; With war - bling

When morn-ing comes the birds a - rise, And tune their voi - ces to the skies; With war - bling

When morn-ing comes the birds a - rise, And tune their voi - ces to the skies; With war - bling

2.

Shall I then from my chamber go,
Or any work presume to do,
Before I've sought the God of Heaven,
And my first morning tribute given?

3.

Come then, my soul, awake and pray,
And praise Thy Maker ev'ry day;
Bless Him for raiment, health, and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode.

4.

Lest every bird's harmonious song,
Reproach me as I walk along,
Thoughtless of Him whose guardian power,
Upholds and saves me every hour.

notes and hal - low'd lays, They sing their great Cre - a - tor's praise.

notes and hal - low'd lays, They sing their great Cre - a - tor's praise.

notes and hal - low'd lays, They sing their great Cre - a - tor's praise.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Translation.

TWO VOICES.

German Air.

26

Wouldst thou free from trou-ble go, Through life gen - tly glid - - - ing? Trust in all things

Wouldst thou free from trou-ble go, Through life gen - tly glid - - - ing? Trust in all things

to the Lord, Like a child con - fid - - ing. Mark His hand, how He af - fords His pro-tect - ing

to the Lord, Like a child con - fid - - ing. Mark His hand, how He af - fords His pro-tect - ing

love and power, When the plea - sant sun-beams play, When light - nings shine and tempests lower.

love and power, When the pleasant sun-beams play, When lightnings shine and tempests lower.

HYMN.

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

French Air.

11

Be with me, Lord, where - 'er I go, Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do, Sug-gest what-

Be with me, Lord, where - 'er I go, Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do, Sug-gest what-

Be with me, Lord, where - 'er I go, Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do, Sug-gest what-

e'er I think or say, Di-rect me in Thy nar-row way.

e'er I think or say, Di-rect me in Thy nar-row way.

e'er I think or say, Di-rect me in Thy nar-row way.

2.

Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

3.

Oh may I never do my will,
But Thine and only Thine fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended in Thy praise.

EVENING HYMN.

TWO VOICES.

French Air.

28 ♪

Through the day Thy love has spared us, Wea-ried we lie down to rest; Through the si-lent watch-es

Through the day Thy love has spared us, Wea-ried we lie down to rest; Through the si-lent watch-es
guard us, May no foe our peace mo-lest. Pil-grims here on earth, and stran-gers Dwell-ing

in the midst of foes, Us and ours pre-serve from dan-gers, In Thine arms may we re- pose.

COTTAGER'S EVENING SONG AND CHORUS.

Altered from NELSON.



'Tis e - ven-tide! the sun's last gleam Be - neath the wave will soon be gone, But



ere it leaves the peace - ful stream, Our dai - ly la - bour will be done.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark! Hark, hark, the peal - ing cur - few bell Pro - claims the hour of

Hark! hark! hark! Hark, hark, the peal - ing cur - few bell Pro - claims the hour of

Hark! hark! hark! Hark, hark, the peal - ing cur - few bell Pro - claims the hour of

wel - come rest ; Ere yet we close our wea-ry eyes, Be grateful hymns to Heav'n address'd. Praise the Lord for

wel - come rest, Ere yet we close our wea-ry eyes, Be grate-ful hymns to Heav'n address'd. Praise the Lord for

wel - come rest, Ere yet we close our wea - ry eyes, Be grateful hymns to Heav'n address'd. Praise the Lord for

glo-rious light, Praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord.

glo-rious light, Praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord.

glo-rious light, Praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord.

SOLO.

'Tis sweet to rest from toil awhile,
 And when the shades of night are come,
 To meet the cheering welcome smile
 That waits us at our peaceful home.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! the pealing curfew bell
 Proclaims the hour of welcome rest ;
 Ere yet we close our weary eyes,
 Be grateful hymns to Heav'n address'd.
 Praise the Lord for peaceful night,
 Praise the Lord!

EVENING HYMN.

BISHOP HEBER.

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

Welsh Air.

27

God, who mad - est earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light!

God, who mad - est earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light!

God, who mad - est earth and hea - ven, Dark - ness and light!

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel

guard de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us,
 guard de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us,
 guard de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us,

The live - long night.
 The live - long night.
 The live - long night.

2.

And when morn awakes, renewing
 The busy day,
 May we still, in all we're doing,
 Thy will obey.
 May Thy love protect and guide us,
 May we feel,—whate'er betide us,
 Joy or sorrow,—Thou'rt beside us,
 The livelong day.

3.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All safely lie.
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, O Lord, forsake us,
 But to dwell in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

EVENING HYMN.

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

German "So Schliesset nun."

36

Dark shades of night A - bove, be - low, a - round us ho - ver :

Dark shades of night A - bove, be - low, a - round us ho - ver :

Dark shades of night A - - - bove us ho - ver :

O Lord of light! Be Thy blest wings our co - ver ; Be thy ho - ly arm

O Lord of light! Be Thy blest wings our co - ver ; Be thy ho - ly arm

O Lord of light! Be Thy blest wings our co - ver ; Be thy blest wings our

our shield from harm Till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver.

our shield from harm Till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver.

co - - - - - ver Till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver, till night is o - ver.

2.

Lo! we bend down
 In humble penitence before Thee ;
 For mercies shewn
 Our grateful hearts adore Thee ;
 For help and grace
 In future days
 Still we implore Thee, Still we, &c.

3.

Bless those we love
 This night with us Thy throne addressing.
 Send from above
 The peace beyond expressing.
 Through Christ our Lord,
 Th' Eternal Word,
 Give us Thy blessing, Give us Thy Blessing, Give us, &c.

HYMN FOR THE EPIPHANY.

Arranged from Bishop Heber's words.

THREE VOICES.

Altered from NOVELLO.

19

Bright - est and best of the Sons of the morn - ing, Star of the

Bright - est and best of the Sons of the morn - ing, Star of the

and best of the Sons of the morn - ing, Star of the

East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine

East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine

East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine

aid, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where our

aid, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where our

aid, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where our

in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

2.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Odours of Edom and off'rings divine,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

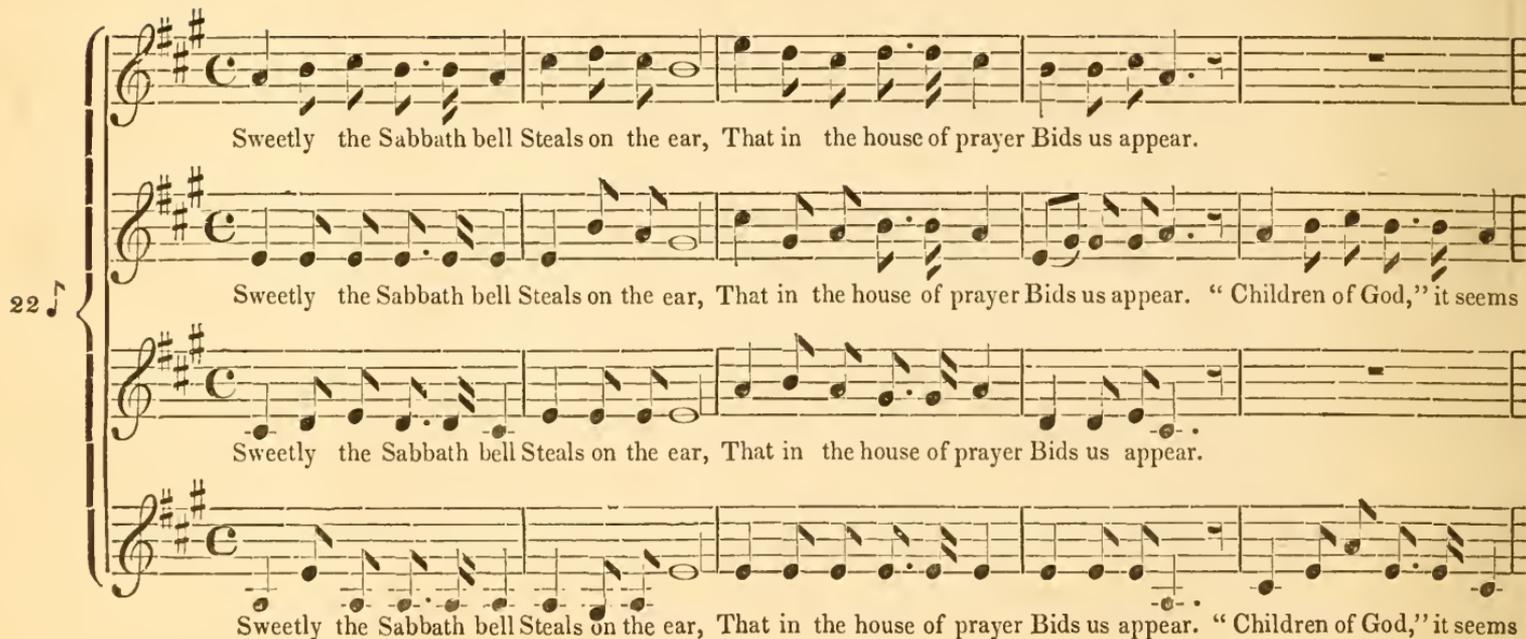
3.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Vainly His favour with gold we implore,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

SWEETLY THE SABBATH BELL.

FOUR VOICES.

Air, PAESIELLO, "Ireo dell' Erebo."

22 

Sweetly the Sabbath bell Steals on the ear, That in the house of prayer Bids us appear.

Sweetly the Sabbath bell Steals on the ear, That in the house of prayer Bids us appear. "Children of God," it seems

Sweetly the Sabbath bell Steals on the ear, That in the house of prayer Bids us appear.

Sweetly the Sabbath bell Steals on the ear, That in the house of prayer Bids us appear. "Children of God," it seems

Soft-ly to say, "Hasten to pray, Haste to your Fa-ther's house, Hasten to pray."

"Haste to your Father's house, Haste to your Fa-ther's house, Hasten to pray."

Soft-ly to say, "Hasten to pray, Haste to your Fa-ther's house, Hasten to pray."

"Haste to your Father's house, Haste to your Fa-ther's house, Hasten to pray."

2.

Sadly the funeral bell,
 Strikes on the heart,
 When from their earthly home
 Kind friends depart.
 How like a warning voice
 Sent from on high—
 "Like him for whom we toll,
 Thou too must die!"

3.

Oft as the Sabbath chimes
 Summon to pray,
 May we their holy call
 Gladly obey.
 That when the last sad knell
 For us shall sound,
 Ready our Judge to meet
 We may be found.

SUNDAY HYMN.

HAYDN'S "German Hymn."

FOUR VOICES.

20

Lord, we bless thee for thy fa - vour, And this ho - ly Sab - bath day, For the rest from weekly

Lord, we bless thee for thy fa - vour, And this ho - ly Sab - bath day, For the rest from weekly

Lord, we bless thee for thy fa - vour, And this ho - ly Sab - bath day, For the rest from weekly

3 VOICES.

la - bour, And the grace to praise and pray. May our af - ter lives' be - haviour Gra - ti - tude and love dis - play.

la - bour, And the grace to praise and pray. May our af - ter lives' be - ha - viour Gra - ti - tude and love dis - play.

la - bour, And the grace to praise and pray. May our af - ter lives' be - haviour Gra - ti - tude and love dis - play.

CHORUS.



Lord, we bless Thee for Thy fa - vour, and this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

Lord, we bless Thee for Thy fa - vour, and this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

Lord, we bless Thee for Thy fa - vour, and this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

2.

May Thy mercy still attend us,
 While we sleep and when we rise ;
 Other days if thou shalt lend us,
 Teach us how the gift to prize.
 And when death at last shall send us
 Slumber long to seal our eyes,
 May Thy mercy still attend us,
 While we sleep, and when we rise.

MORNING HYMN.

THREE OR FOUR VOICES.

From NOVELLO's Collection.



1st verse. Lord, our Shepherd, Lord, most ho - ly, We thy serv - ants, bend - ing low - ly, Pay the grate - ful

2nd verse. Forth in pleasant pas - tures lead us, Lest we wan - der, kind - ly heed us, Now and e - ver



1st verse. Lord, our Shepherd, Lord, most ho - ly, We thy serv - ants, bend - ing low - ly, Pay the grate - ful

2nd verse. Forth in pleasant pas - tures lead us, Lest we wan - der, kind - ly heed us, Now and e - ver

* * This Part may be omitted.



1st verse Lord, our Shepherd, Lord, most ho - ly, We thy serv - ants, bend - ing low - ly, Pay the grate - ful

2nd verse. Forth in pleasant pas - tures lead us, Lest we wan - der, kind - ly heed us, Now and e - ver



1st verse. Lord, our Shepherd, Lord, most ho - ly, We thy serv - ants, bend - ing low - ly, Pay the grate - ful

2nd verse. Forth in pleasant pas - tures lead us, Lest we wan - der, kind - ly heed us, Now and e - ver



thanks we owe Thee, Rais'd to life and light a - gain. With Thy whole cre - a - tion waking, In - to
deign to feed us With Thy bread, th'E - ter - nal Word. Thus Thy peace our souls pos - sessed, With our



thanks we owe Thee, Rais'd to life and light a - gain. With Thy whole cre - a - tion waking, In - to
deign to feed us With Thy bread, th'E - ter - nal Word. Thus Thy peace our souls pos - sessed, With our



thanks we owe Thee, Rais'd to life and light a - gain. With Thy whole cre - a - tion waking, In - to
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thanks we owe Thee, Rais'd to life and light a - gain. With Thy whole cre - a - tion waking, In - to
deign to feed us With Thy bread, th'E - ter - nal Word. Thus Thy peace our souls pos - sessed, With our



joy - ful praises breaking, One u - ni - ted cho - rus making, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
lips Thy pow'r con-fess-ing, We for aye will yield Thee blessing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.



joy - ful praises breaking, One u - ni - ted cho - rus making, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
lips Thy pow'r con - fessing, We for aye will yield Thee blessing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.



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joy - ful praises breaking, One u - ni - ted cho - rus mak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
lips thy pow'r con-fessing, We for aye will yield Thee bless - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

27

Translation.

FOUR VOICES.

HEFFERMAN.

26



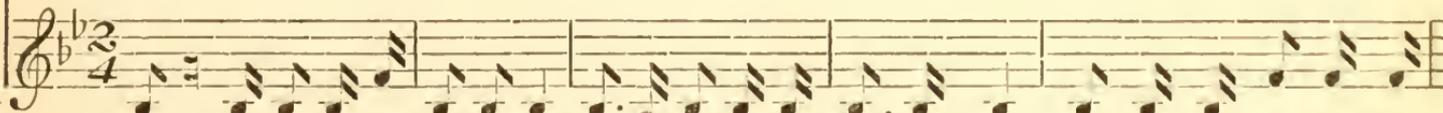
Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell *Ten* now strikes on the bel - fry bell! Ten are the ho - ly Com-



Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell *Ten* now strikes on the bel-fry bell!



Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell *Ten* now strikes on the bel - fry bell! Ten are the ho - ly Com-



Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell *Ten* now strikes on the bel - fry bell! Ten are the ho - ly Com-

2.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven Apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

3.

Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffer'd rebuke for their Saviour's name,
Human watch, &c.

4.

Hark ye, neighbours and hear me tell,
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

mand - ments gi - ven To man be - low from God in Heaven. Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us,
 To man be - low from God in Heaven. Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us,
 mand - ments given To man be - low from God in Heaven. Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us,
 mand - ments given To man be - low from God in Heaven. Hu - man watch from harm can't ward us,

5.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
Two resounds from the belfry bell,
 Two paths before mankind are free,
 Neighbour, choose the best for thee.
 Human watch, &c.

6.

Hark ye, neighbours! and hear me tell
Three now sounds on the belfry bell,
 Threefold reigns the heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Human watch, &c.



God will watch, and God will guard us. He, through his e - ter - nal might, Grant us all a blessed night.



He, through his e - ter - nal might, Grant us all a blessed night.



God will watch, and God will guard us. He, through his e - ter - nal might Grant us all a blessed night.



God will watch, and God will guard us. He, through his e - ter - nal might Grant us all a blessed night.

SACRED ROUND.

BOYCE.

1 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

20 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu jah!

3 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

SACRED ROUND.

BOYCE.

1 Come let us strive to join In some things more di - vine,

20 That we may raise our choir 'Till we as-cend, as-cend yet higher,

3 And swell - - - the songs of praise Which saints and an - gels raise.

PART II.



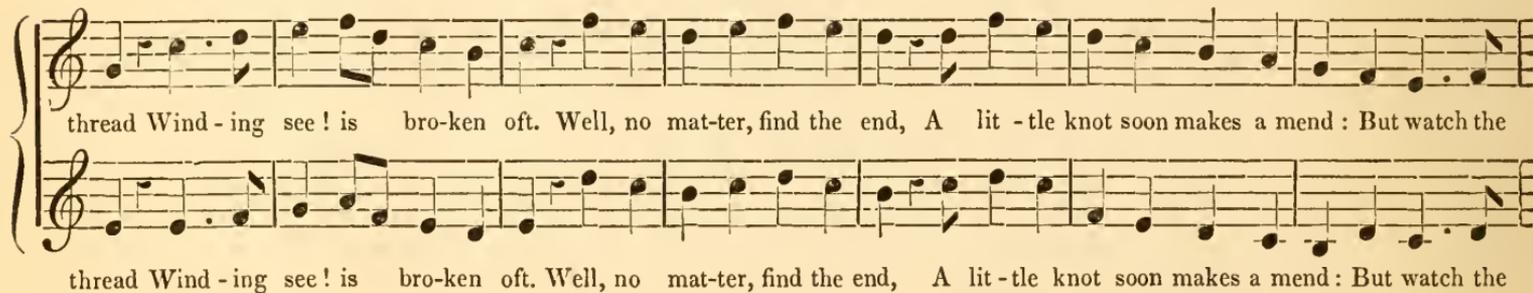
M O R A L.

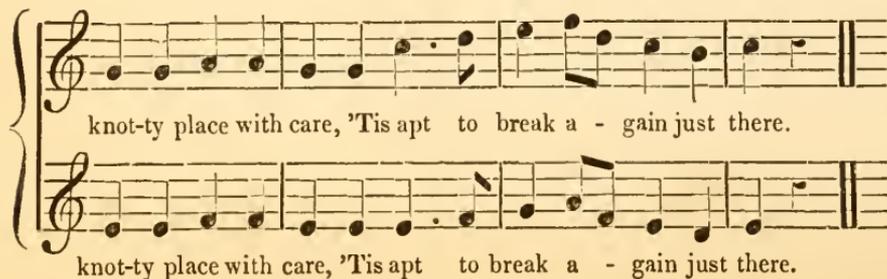
WINDING SONG.

TWO VOICES.

Tune "In my Cottage."

12.  *Bright-ly, bright-ly shines the skein, Gold - en yel - low, smooth and soft ; But the slen - der silk - en*

 *thread Wind - ing see ! is bro - ken oft. Well, no mat - ter, find the end, A lit - tle knot soon makes a mend : But watch the*

 *knot - ty place with care, 'Tis apt to break a - gain just there.*

2
 Like the silk our tempers seem
 Smooth and even till they're tried ;
 But oft we see the thread of peace
 Broke short by roughness and by pride.
 Well, no matter, join the ends,
 Forgive ! Forget ! shake hands, be friends.
 But watch the knotty place with care,
 Lest it should break again just there.

FACTORY SATURDAY EVENING SONG.

33

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

"The Crystal Hunters," Swiss Air.

2.

The hour is come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The

The hour is come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The

The hour is come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The

wea - ry Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill. The

wea - ry Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill. The

wea - ry Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill. The

Rall. *a tempo.*

week of toil is o - ver - past, The Sab - bath eve brings rest at last. The hour is

week of toil is o - ver - past, The Sab - bath eve brings rest at last. The hour is

week of toil is o - ver - past, The Sab - bath eve brings rest at last. The hour is

come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The wea - ry

come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The wea - ry

come that calls us home, The noi - sy reels are hush'd and still; The wea - ry

Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill, and soft - ly sets be - hind the hill.

Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill, and soft - ly sets be - hind the hill.

Sun his course has run, And soft - ly sets be - hind the hill, and soft - ly sets be - hind the hill.

2.

As in the west he sinks to rest,
 We joyful take our homeward way,
 And, oh! 'tis sweet our friends to greet,
 Together met at close of day.
 Soft ev'ning breezes play around,
 Cool dews refresh the thirsty ground.
 The hour is come that calls us home,
 And bids our weekly labours cease;
 With joy shall dawn the Sabbath morn,
 The day of holy rest and peace.

4.

An angel-guard, with watch and ward,
 Our quiet homes in safety keep;
 May peaceful night bring dawning bright,
 And glad awaking follow sleep:
 And, when the night of death draws near,
 May this soft whisper soothe our ear:
 "The hour is come that calls thee home,
 Conclude thy toil, from labour cease;
 With joy shall dawn the Sabbath-morn,
 That ushers in eternal peace."

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

E. CASWELL.

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

Irish Melody.

36

The glo - ry of sum - mer Is fa - ded and fled, The wreaths that a -

The glo - ry of sum - mer Is fa - ded and fled, The wreaths that a -

The glo - ry of sum - mer Is fa - ded and fled, The wreaths that a -

dorned her Are dy - ing or dead; The au - tumn is coming, And strong in its

dorned her Are dy - ing or dead; The au - tumn is coming, And strong in its

dorned her Are dy - ing or dead; The au - tumn is coming, And strong in its

blast, Will o - pen for win - ter A pas - - sage at last.

blast, Will o - pen for win - ter A pas - - sage at last.

blast, Will o - pen for win - ter A pas - - sage at last.

2.

Oh! how to my spirit
 It seemeth to say,
 " Thus, too, is thy summer
 Fast fading away ;
 And the things that thou lovest,
 Though beautiful now,
 And the friends thou hast chosen,
 Are fragile as thou.

3.

" Dost thou covet a summer
 More certain of bliss ?
 Go, seek thee a country
 Far brighter than this ;
 Where the joys thou hast lost
 Thou shalt never deplore,
 And the friends thou hast chosen
 Shall quit thee no more !"

CANON.

THREE IN ONE, UNISON.

23 !

Go to the Ant, thou slug-gard, con - - - si - - der her ways and be

Go to the ant, thou slug-gard, con-

Go to the

wise. Go to the ant, thou slug-gard, con - - - si - - der her

si - - der her ways and be wise. Go to the ant, thou

ant, thou sluggard, con - - - si - - der her ways and be wise.

CONTENTMENT.

CARLYLE.

THREE VOICES.

GEMINIANI.

36

Why should I blush that For-- - tune's frown Dooms me life's hum - ble paths to tread ;

Why should I blush that For - tune's frown Dooms me life's hum - ble paths to tread ;

Why should I blush that For - - tune's frown dooms me life's hum - ble paths to tread ;

Liv - ing un - heed - ed and un - known, Sink - ing for - got - - ten to the dead ?

Liv - ing un - heed - ed and un - known, Sink - ing for - got - ten to the dead ?

Liv - ing un - heed - ed and un - known, Sink - ing for - got - ten to the dead ?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave, That sur - est shine, that high - est rise ; The

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave, That sur - est shine, that high - est rise ; The

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave, That sur - est shine, that high - est rise ; The

fea - ther sports up - on the wave, The pearl in ocean's ca - vern lies.

fea - ther sports up - on the wave, The pearl in o - cean's ca - vern lies.

fea - ther sports up - on the wave, The pearl in o - cean's ca - vern lies.

AS FORTH I WALKED.

THREE VOICES.

GERMAN.

20

As forth I walk'd in the ear - ly, ear - ly morn - ing, The ho - ney bee so bu - si - ly the

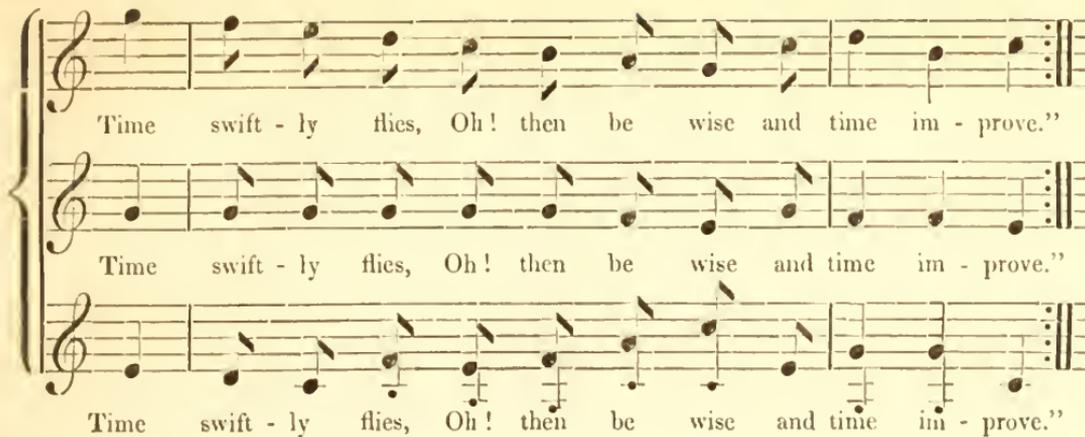
As forth I walk'd in the ear - ly, ear - ly morn - ing, The ho - ney bee so bu - si - ly the

As forth I walk'd in the ear - ly, ear - ly morn - ing, The ho - ney bee so bu - si - ly the

fields did rove, And thus she sang, "Good peo - ple all, take warn - ing :

fields did rove, And thus she sang, "Good peo - ple all, take warn - ing :

field did rove, And thus she sang, "Good peo - ple all, take warn - ing :



Time swift - ly flies, Oh! then be wise and time im - prove."

Time swift - ly flies, Oh! then be wise and time im - prove."

Time swift - ly flies, Oh! then be wise and time im - prove."

2

As on I walk'd in the early, early morning,
A little bird in nest I heard begin to move,
And "Rise, my mate," he sang with cheerful
warning.

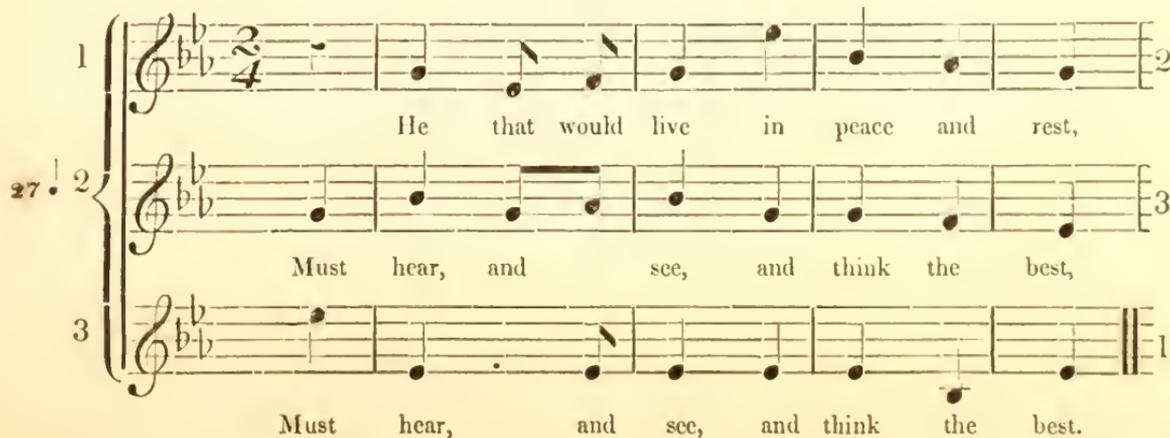
"Time swiftly flies, &c."

3

Then, children, list, and, prompt at early
dawning,
Let one and all at duty's call prepare to move,
Beware lest age surprise you while you're
yawning.

Time swiftly flies, &c.

ROUND.



1 He that would live in peace and rest,

27 2 Must hear, and see, and think the best,

3 Must hear, and see, and think the best.

WEAVER'S SONG, AND CHORUS.

BARRY CORNWALL.



Weave, brothers, weave, swift - ly throw The shut - tle a - cross the loom, And show us how brightly the

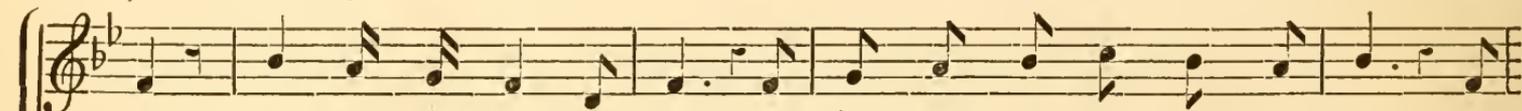


flow - ers grow That have beau - ty but no per - fume. Come, show us the rose with a hundred dyes, The



li - ly that hath no spot, The vi - o - let blue as the star - ry skies, And the lit - tle for - get - me - not.

CHORUS, THREE PARTS.



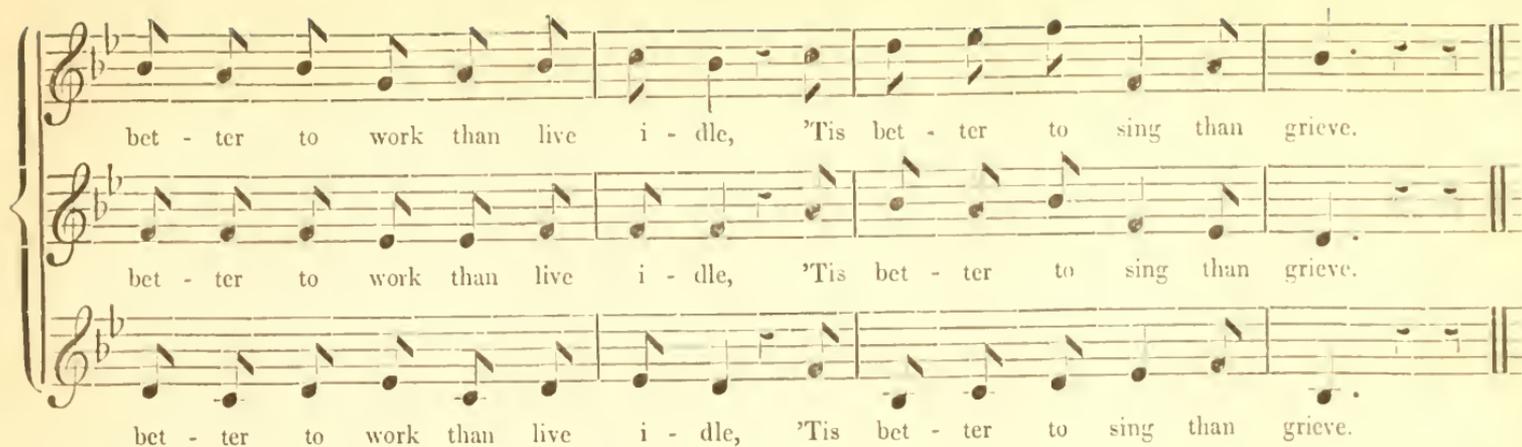
Sing, sing, bro - thers, weave, and sing, 'Tis good both to sing and to weave; 'Tis



Sing, sing, bro - thers, weave, and sing, 'Tis good both to sing and to weave; 'Tis



Sing, sing, bro - thers, weave, and sing, 'Tis good both to sing and to weave; 'Tis



bet - ter to work than live i - dle, 'Tis bet - ter to sing than grieve.

bet - ter to work than live i - dle, 'Tis bet - ter to sing than grieve.

bet - ter to work than live i - dle, 'Tis bet - ter to sing than grieve.

2.

Weave, brothers ; weave, and bid
 The colours of sunset glow ;
 Let grace in each gliding thread be hid,
 Let beauty about you blow ;
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure ;
 Nor time nor chance shall your work untwine,
 But all, like truth, endure.
 Sing ! &c.—(Chorus.)

3.

Weave, brothers, weave ; toil is ours.
 But toil is the lot of men ;
 One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flow'rs,
 One soweth the seed again.
 There is not a creature, from England's King
 To the peasant that delves the soil,
 That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
 If he has not his share of toil.
 Sing ! &c.—(Chorus.)

MRS. HEMANS.

THREE VOICES.

15

Come, come, come to the sun-set tree, The day is past and gone, The

Come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun-set tree, The day is past and gone, The

Come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun set tree, The day is past and gone, The

woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done; The twilight star to Heav'n, And the summer dew to flow'rs, And

woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done; The twilight star to Heav'n, And the summer dew to flow'rs, And

woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done; The twilight star to Heav'n, And the summer dew to flow'rs, And

rest to us is giv'n By the cool soft evening hours. Come, come.

rest to us is giv'n By the cool soft eve-ning hours Come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun-set tree.

rest to us is giv'n By the cool soft evening hours. Come to the sun-set tree, come to the sun-set tree.

2nd.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie.
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever twilight gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill,
 In the world beyond the grave.
 Come, &c.

3rd.

There shall no tempests blow,
 No scorching noon-tide heat,
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary wandering feet.
 So we lift our trusting eyes,
 From the fields our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.
 Come, &c.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

ROUND.

"Frena dei torbidi."

1 Launch thy bark, ma - ri - ner! Chris - tian, God speed thee!

2 Look to the wea - ther - bow! Break - ers are round thee!

3 Slack - en not sail yet At in - let or is - land.

Let loose the rud - der - bands, Good an - gels lead thee! Set thy sails

Let fall the plum - met now, Shal - lows may ground thee! Reef in the

Straight for the bea - con steer, Straight for the high land!

wa - ri - ly, tem pests will come, Steer thy course stea - di - ly,
 fore - sail there! hold the helm fast! So let the ves - sel wear,
 crowd all sail! cut the foam! Chris - tian cast an - chor now,

Chris-tian steer home! Chris - tian steer home! Chris - tian steer home!
 There swept the blast! there swept the blast! There swept the blast!
 Heav'n is thy home! heav'n is thy home! heav'n is thy home!

THE SEASONS.

THREE VOICES AND CHORUS.

12

Swift - ly roll the sea - sons round, Sum - mer's pass'd a - way; Thick the fo - liage

Swift - ly roll the sea - sons round, Sum - mer's pass'd a - way; Thick the fo - liage

Swift - ly roll the sea - sons round, Sum - mer's pass'd a - way; Thick the fo - liage

strews the ground, Leaf - less mourns the spray. From the sad and na - ked bower, From the bit - ter

strews the ground, Leaf - less mourns the spray. From the sad and na - ked bower, From the bit - ter

strews the ground, Leaf - less mourns the spray. From the sad and na - ked bower, From the bit - ter

storms that lower, Far each fea - thered song - ster flies, Led to seek, by instinet's power, Mild - er climes and

storms that lower, Far each fea - thered song - ster flies, Led to seek, by instinet's power, Mild - er climes and

storms that lower, Far each fea - thered song - ster flies, Led to seek, by instinet's power, Mild - er climes and

fair - er skies, mild - er - climes and fair - er skies.

fair - er skies, mild - er climes and fair - er skies.

fair - er skies, mild - er climes and fair - er skies.

2.

Swiftly roll the seasons by,
 Thus our life proceeds ;
 Spring and summer quickly fly,
 Autumn next succeeds.
 Move the moments slow or fast,
 Winter cold will come at last ;
 Age will crown our head with snow,
 Sight will fail and strength will waste,
 Death will strike the final blow.

3.

Swiftly roll the seasons round,
 Spring will come again,
 Let not then our year be found
 To have pass'd in vain.
 Now, before the season's o'er,
 Grace divine may we implore,
 Grace to aid our feeble powers,
 That when time shall be no more,
 Spring eternal may be ours.

WINTER SONG.

JONES.

THREE VOICES.

Altered from ATTERBURY.

16

Oh, come hither, see what weather, Rain and sleet and driving snow, Let us sit and sing to - gether,

Oh, come hither, see what weather, Rain and sleet and driv - ing snow, Let us sit and sing to - gether,

Oh, come hither, see what weather, Rain and sleet and driv - ing snow, Let us sit and sing to - gether,

While the blust'ring wind doth blow. Let us sit and sing to - gether, While the blust'ring wind doth blow.

While the blust'ring wind doth blow. Let us sit and sing to - gether, While the blust'ring wind doth blow.

While the blust'ring wind doth blow. Let us sit and sing to - gether, While the blust'ring wind doth blow.

Hark, the beg - gar loud complaining, Tries to make us feel his grief; This is not the time for feigning,

Hark, the beg - gar loud complaining, Tries to make us feel his grief; This is not the time for feigning,

Hark, the beg - gar loud complaining, Tries to make us feel his grief; This is not the time for feigning,

Haste and yield him some re - lief. Give the hun - gry no de - ni - al, For we all do surely know,

Haste and yield him some re - lief. Give the hun - gry no de - ni - al, For we all do surely know,

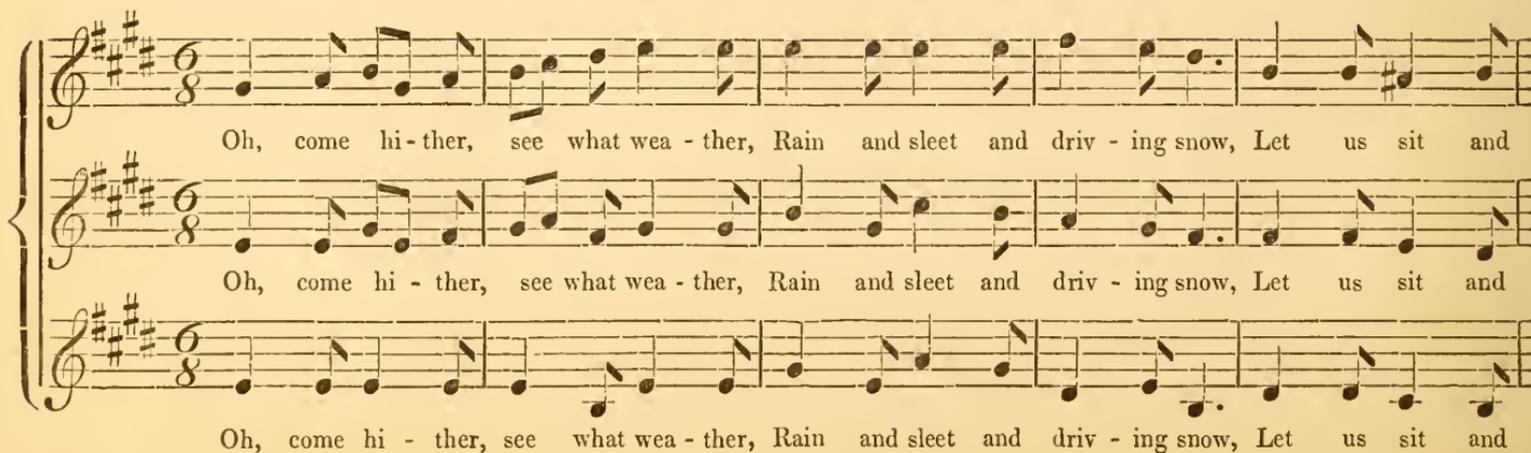
Haste and yield him some re - lief. Give the hun - gry no de - ni - al, For we all do surely know,



Mer - cy in the day of tri - al, They shall find who mer - cy show, who mer - cy show.

Mer - cy in the day of tri - al, They shall find who mer - cy show, who mer - cy show.

Mer - cy in the day of tri - al, They shall find who mer - cy, mer - cy show.



Oh, come hi - ther, see what wea - ther, Rain and sleet and driv - ing snow, Let us sit and

Oh, come hi - ther, see what wea - ther, Rain and sleet and driv - ing snow, Let us sit and

Oh, come hi - ther, see what wea - ther, Rain and sleet and driv - ing snow, Let us sit and

sing to - ge - ther, While the blust'ring wind doth blow. Oh, come hi - ther, see what wea - ther,
 sing to - ge - ther, While the blust'ring wind doth blow. Oh, come hi - ther, see what wea - ther,
 sing to - ge - ther, While the blust'ring wind doth blow, Rain, sleet, driv ing snow,

Rain and sleet and driving snow, Let us sit and sing to - ge-ther, While the blust'ring wind doth blow.
 Rain and sleet and driving snow, Let us sit and sing to - ge - ther, While the blust'ring wind doth blow.
 Rain, sleet, driving snow, Let us sit and sing to - gether, While the blust ring wind doth blow.

THE CLOCK.
ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

"La Meunière."

1

Mark how soft - - ly how steal - thi - ly time moves on ; a

2

Me - thinks the clock goes tick, tick, tick, to mark how the mi - nutes fly, that when we

3

With a tick, a tick, a tick, a tick, tick, tick, tick, a tick, a tick, a tick, tick, tick,

2

mo - ment, now a mo - ment more, How soon an hour is gone!

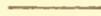
3

learn that it will not re - turn We may warn - ing take there - by.

1

tick, a tick, a tick, a tick, tick, tick, O work them bu - si - ly.

PART III



M I S C E L L A N E O U S .

BREAD-MAKING.

SONG AND CHORUS.

"A Carrion Crow."

Soft.

7 ♩

Who can tell me how bread is made? Fal la la la la la.

Fal la la la la la.

Chorus.

We can tell how bread is made, For we have learnt all a - bout the trade.

We can tell how bread is made, For we have learnt all a - bout the trade,

Loud.

Show! show! those who know. Fal la la la la la.

Show! show! those who know. Fal la la la la la.

2.

What's the first thing that you must do?

Fal lal, &c.

First the field we have to plough,
And then the corn to seatter and sow.

Show, show, &c.

3.

What's the business next in hand?

Fal lal, &c.

We must harrow o'er the land,
And boys to frighten the birds must stand.

So, so, halloo! halloo! Fal lal, &c.

4.

When the corn is sown, what then?

Fal lal, &c.

We must wait for sun and rain,
To swell the seed and ripen the grain.

So, so, how fast 'twill grow. Fal lal, &c.

5.

When the corn is fit to reap?

Fal lal, &c.

Then the sheaves together we heap,
And harvest-home we merrily keep.

Home, home, harvest-home. Fal lal, &c.

6.

What comes next, I prithee, say?

Fal lal, &c.

On the barn floor the sheaves we lay,
And thresh the chaff from the grain away.

So, so, with many a blow. Fal lal, &c.

7.

And all the grain that is good and sound?

Fal lal, &c.

We carry to the mill to be ground;
So there the mill-sails turning round,

Lo, lo! there they go. Fal lal, &c.

8.

What then does the miller's man?

Fal lal, &c.

He sends it home as fast as he can;
The fine flour, the second, the pollard, and the bran.

Show, show, &c.

9.

What's the next thing that you must do?

Fal lal, &c.

We mix the flour with water so,
And knead it up to make it into dough.

So, so, knead the dough. Fal, la, &c.

10.

You put yeast in, do you not?

Fal lal, &c.

Yes, and the salt must never be forgot.
Now put in the loaf for the oven is hot.

Show, show, &c.

11.

What's the yeast for? do you know?

Fal lal, &c.

Without 'twould be but heavy dough.
So now to dinner let us go.

Go, go, let us go. Fal lal, &c.

12.

Wait a bit,—what should you do?

Fal lal, &c.

Mistress, say good bye to you,
Make our bows and curtsies too.

So, so, bending low,
Home to dinner let us go.

CHILDREN'S SONG FOR PLAY-HOURS.

TWO VOICES AND CHORUS.

14.!

Child - ren go, to and fro, In a mer - ry pret - ty row, Foot-steps light, fa - ces bright,

Child - ren go, to and fro, In a mer - ry pret - ty row, Foot-steps light, fa - ces bright,

'Tis a hap - py, hap - py sight. Swift - ly turn - ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground.

'Tis a hap - py, hap - py sight. Swift - ly turn - ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground.

CHORUS.

Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly

Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.

2.

Birds are free, so are we,
 And we live as happily ;
 Work we do, study too,
 Learning daily something new.
 Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
 Gay as bird or anything.

Follow me, &c.

3

Work is done, play's begun,
 Now we have our laugh and fun ;
 Happy days, pretty plays,
 And no naughty, naughty, ways.
 Holding fast each other's hand,
 We're a happy, cheerful band.

Follow me, &c.

A WELCOME TO MAY.

G. F.

TWO VOICES.

"C'est l'amour."

26 ♪.

Wel-come May joy - ful - ly danc - ing, With thee mirth and jolli - ty bring; See the hope-ful year ad-

Wel-come May joy - ful - ly danc - ing, With thee mirth and jolli - ty bring; See the hopeful year ad-

vanc - ing, Haste with me to wel - come the Spring. The earth be - low, the heav'ns a - bove, Men,

vanc - ing, Haste with me to wel - come the Spring. The earth be - low, the heav'ns a - bove, Men,

beasts, and plants, all na - ture move, To hap - pi - ness, to God, to love; Then wel - come in the Spring.

beasts, and plants, all na - ture move, To hap - pi - ness, to God, to love; Then wel - come in the Spring.

AMERICAN CRADLE SONG.

63

TWO VOICES.

28 ♪

Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep: The lit - tle lamb is
 Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep: The lit - tle lamb is
 on the green With snow - y fleece so soft and clean. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 on the green With snow - y fleece so soft and clean. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

2.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Near where the woodbines creep,
 Be always like the lamb so mild,
 A sweet, and kind, and gentle child.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

3.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Thy rest shall angels keep,
 While on the grass the lambs shall feed,
 And never suffer want nor need.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

CRADLE SONG.

TWO VOICES.

HIMMEL.

10

Dar - ling, let me kiss thee, Ba - by dear, good night; In thy cra - dle rest thee,

Dar - ling, let me kiss thee, Ba - by dear, good night; In thy cra - dle rest thee,

Till the morn - ing light, Good an - gels guard thee, Lul - la - by, lul - la -

Till the morn - ing light, Good an - gels guard thee, Lul - la - by, lul - la -

by, lul - la - by. Good night, good night, good night, good night.

by, lul - la - by. Good night, good night, good night, good night.

THE FAREWELL.

TWO VOICES.

"Gute Nacht."

36 $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Since the part - ing hour is come ;

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Since the part - ing hour is come ;

Heaven's pro - tec - tion still be - friend thee ! Heaven - ly bless - ings still at - tend thee ! Till we bid thee

Heaven's pro - tec - tion still be - friend thee ! Heaven ly bless - ings still at - tend thee ! Till we bid thee

wel - - - - come home. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

wel - - - - come home. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1 The great bells of Os - ney:

2 They ring, they jing, they ring, they jing.

3 The te - nor of them goes mer - ri - ly.

Detailed description: This musical score is for a three-voice round in G major, 4/4 time. The first voice (top staff) starts with a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a dotted half note G4. The second voice (middle staff) starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a dotted half note G4. The third voice (bottom staff) starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a dotted half note G4. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1 Great Tom is cast, and

2 Christchurch bells ring one, two, three, four, five,

3 six, and Tom comes last.

Detailed description: This musical score is for a three-voice round in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The first voice (top staff) starts with a whole note Bb4, followed by quarter notes C5, D5, and a dotted half note Bb4. The second voice (middle staff) starts with a quarter note Bb4, followed by quarter notes C5, D5, and a dotted half note Bb4. The third voice (bottom staff) starts with a quarter note Bb4, followed by quarter notes C5, D5, and a dotted half note Bb4. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

JENKINS.

1 A boat, a boat, un - to the fer - ry ;

2 For we'll go o - ver to be mer - ry ;

3 To laugh and dance, and sing down der - ry.

Detailed description: This musical score is for a three-voice round in G major, 3/4 time. The first voice (top staff) starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note G4. The second voice (middle staff) starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note G4. The third voice (bottom staff) starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note G4. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

ROUND.
THREE VOICES.

1
White sand and grey sand,

2
Who'll buy my grey sand,

3
Who'll buy my grey sand.

ROUND.
THREE VOICES.

1
All in - - to ser - - vice

2
Let us sing mer - ri - ly to go,

3
Thus ding dong ding dong bell.

ROUND.
FOUR VOICES.

1
La - dy come

2
down and see the

3
cat sits in the

4
plum tree.

WINTER GLEE.

THREE VOICES.

Altered from HOLDER.

16 ⁷

Hoa - ry frost be - strews the ground, And the tem - pests whis - tle round; Now we seek the

Hoa - ry frost be - strews the ground, And the tem - pests whis - tle round; Now we seek the

Hoa - ry frost be - strews the ground, And the tem - pests whis - tle round; Now we seek the

blaz - ing hearth, 'Tis the time for so - cial mirth; Stir, oh stir, the ge - nial fire,

blaz - ing hearth, 'Tis the time for so - cial mirth; Stir, oh stir, the ge - nial fire,

blaz - ing hearth, 'Tis the time for so - cial mirth; Stir, oh stir, the ge - nial fire,

Pile the crack-ing fag-gots high-er; Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents

Pile the crack-ing fag-gots high-er; Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents

Pile the crack-ing fag-gots high-er; Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents

of the soul. Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents of the soul.

of the soul. Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents of the soul.

of the soul. Let not win-ter's rage con-trol The warm-er cur-rents of the soul.

16

Bring the fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing, Bring the

Bring the fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing, Bring the

Bring the fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing, Bring the

fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing: Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing: Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

fag - gots, quick - ly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing: Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

sit to - ge - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, sit to - ge - ther,
 sit to - ge - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, sit to - ge - ther,
 sit to - ge - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, sit to - ge - ther,

Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther.
 Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther.
 Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther, Fenced a - gainst the war - ring wea - ther.

HARK! THE MERRY HUM.

G. P.

THREE VOICES.

MRS. DIXON.

20

Hark! the mer - ry hum that the in - sects are mak - ing, The bee bu - sy seek - ing its

Hark! the mer - ry hum that the in - sects are mak - ing, The bee bu - sy seek - ing its

Hark! the mer - ry hum that the in - sects are mak - ing, The bee bu - sy seek - ing its

food from each flower; Blithe birds are sing - ing, the lark is for - sak - ing The

food from each flower; Blithe birds are sing - ing, the lark is for - sak - ing The

food from each flower; Blithe birds are sing - ing, the lark is for - sak - ing The

earth for the sky, at the glad morn - ing hour. Join, then, in the ca - rol, The

earth for the sky, at the glad morn - ing hour. Join, then, in the ca - rol, The

earth for the sky, at the glad morn - ing hour. Join, then, in the ca - rol, The

mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, Join the mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, At the bright dawn of day.

mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, Join the mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, At the bright dawn of day.

mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, Join the mer - ry, mer - ry ca - rol, At the bright dawn of day.

2.

While each happy creature around us rejoices,
 May we ever follow their musical call;
 Gratefully raising our hearts and our voices,
 In praises of Him who is Maker of all.—Join, then, &c.

CANON—THREE IN ONE—UNISON.

W. BYRD.

Hey hoe - - to the green - wood, now let us go sing

Hey hoe - - - - to the green - -

Hey - - - - hoe

heave and hoe, And there shall we find both buck and doe. Sing heave

wood, now let us go sing heave and hoe, And there shall we find both buck

- - to the green - wood, now let us go sing heave and hoe, And

and hoe, The hart and hind, and the lit - tle pret - ty roe. Sing
and doe, Sing heave and hoe, The hart and hind, and the
there shall we find both buck and doe. Sing heave and hoe,

heave and hoe. Hey hoe to the green-wood now.
lit - tle pret - ty roe. Sing heave and hoe, Hey hoe.
The hart and hind, and the lit tle pret - - ty roe. Sing heave and hoe.

HARVEST HOME.

THREE VOICES.

HOOK.

23.

Now when Sum-mer's fruits are o - ver, Yel - low har - vest smiles a - gain, Mown the hay, and

Now when Sum-mer's fruits are o - ver, Yel - low har - vest smiles a - gain, Mown the hay, and

Now when Sum - mer's fruits are o - ver, Yel - low har - vest smiles a - gain, Mown the hay, and

stack'd the clo-ver, Ev'-ry field is bright with grain. Ply the sic - kle mer-ry reap-ers, Soon as peeps the cheer - ful morn,

stack'd the clo-ver, Ev'-ry field is bright with grain. Ply the sic - kle mer-ry reap-ers, Soon as peeps the cheer - ful morn,

stack'd the clo-ver, Ev'-ry field is bright with grain. Ply the sic - kle mer-ry rea-pers, Soon as peeps the cheer - ful morn,

Come be - times and shame the sleepers, Snor - ing with their cur - tains drawn. Haste, my lads, for - get the trou - ble,
 Come be - times and shame the sleepers, Snor - ing with their cur - tains drawn. Haste, my lads, for - get the trou - ble,
 Come be - times and shame the sleepers, Snor - ing with their cur - tains drawn. Haste, my lads, for - get the trou - ble,

Join the hal - loo lar - gess song, Whilst a - cross the crack - ling stub - ble, Moves the loa - ded wain a - long.
 Join the hal - loo lar - gess song, Whilst a - cross the crack - ling stub - ble, Moves the loa - ded wain a - long.
 Join the hal - loo lar - gess song, Whilst a - cross the crack - ling stub - ble, Moves the loa - ded wain a - long.

Then with shout - ing, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den sheaves a - way, While the har - vest supper smoking,

Then with shout - ing, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den sheaves a - way, While the har - vest supper smoking,

Then with shout - ing, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den sheaves a - way, While the har - vest supper smoking,

Shall your ho - nest toils re - pay. Then with shouting, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den sheaves a-way.

Shall your ho - nest toils re - pay. Then with shouting, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den, sheaves a-way.

Shall your ho - nest toils re - pay. Then with shouting, laughing, jo - king, Bear the gol - den sheaves a-way.

ROUND.

FOUR VOICES.

19 ♪

1 Home to din - ner, Home to din - ner 2

2 There's the bell, There's the bell 3

3 Ba-con and po-ta - toes, Ba-con and po-ta - toes, 4

4 Ding dong ding, Ding dong ding. 1

CANON.

NINE VOICES.

12 ♪

1 Hark how the bells go ding ding dong. We shall have a 6

2 3 4 5

7 8 9

ve - ry ve - ry mer - ry day a mer - ry day.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1
The cheerful day is dawn-ing, I hear the Cuckoo sing To greet the ear-ly morn - ing, And usher in the Spring.

6.7 2
Oh wel - come, Oh welcome Spring. Oh wel - come, Oh welcome Spring.

3
Cuc - koo, Cuckoo, Cuc-koo, Cuc-koo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1
In Spring the leaves be - gin to sprout, and Sum - mer brings the blos - soms out.

12 2
In Au - tumn we the seeds must sow, Till Win - ter comes with frost and snow.

3
Thus round and round the sea - sons go, round and round go the seasons, the sea-sons go round and round.

WEEP NO MORE.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

THREE VOICES.

"Comely Swain," Playford.

12

Weep no more, or sigh, or moan, Fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la. Grief re - calls no

Weep no more, or sigh, or moan, Fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la. Grief re - calls no

Weep no more, or sigh, or moan, Fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la. Grief re - calls no

hour that's gone, Fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

hour that's gone, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

hour that's gone, Fal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Fal, la, &c.
Makes not fresh nor grow again,
Fal, la, &c.

4.

Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
Fal, la, &c.
Why should sadness longer last ?
Fal, la, &c.

THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY,

A TAYLOR.

TWO VOICES.

HOOK.

6.

There go to sleep dol - ly in own mo-ther's lap, I've put on your night-gown and

There go to sleep dol - ly in own mo-ther's lap, I've put on your night-gown and

neat lit - tle cap; There go to sleep dol - ly in own mo-ther's lap, I've put on your night-gown and

neat lit - tle cap; There go to sleep dol - ly in own mo-ther's lap, I've put on your night-gown and

neat lit - tle cap; So sleep pret - ty ba - by and shut up your eye, so sleep pret - ty ba - by and

neat lit - tle cap; So sleep pret - ty ba - by and shut up your eye, So sleep pret - ty ba - by and

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'shut up your eye, Lie still lit - tle dol - ly, lie still lit - tle dol - ly, lie still and bye bye.' The piano accompaniment features a simple melody with a bass line. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics underneath. There are some decorative elements like a fermata over the first 'eye' and a slur over the final 'bye'.

shut up your eye, Lie still lit - tle dol - ly, lie still lit - tle
 shut up your eye Lie still lit - tle
 dol - ly, lie still lit - tle dol - ly, lie still and bye bye.
 dol - ly, lie still lit - tle dol - ly, lie still and bye bye.

2

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
 And then make believe that my lap is your bed ;
 So hush little dear, and be sure you dont cry ;
 Bye bye little dolly, lie still and bye bye.

3

There now it is morning and time to get up,
 And I'll crumb you a mess in my doll's china cup ;
 So wake little baby and open your eye,
 For I think it's high time to have done with bye bye.

MY POOR ROBIN RED-BREAST.

TWO VOICES.

HOOK.

8

My poor Ro - bin Red - breast look well to your nest, For now the cold wea-ther comes
 look well to your nest, For now the cold wea-ther comes

in, comes in; My poor Ro - bin Red - breast look well to your nest, For
 in, comes in; look well to your nest, For

now the cold wea - ther comes in, comes in; I care not a rush for I'll
 now the cold wea - ther comes in, comes in; I care not a rush for I'll

in - to my bush And I'll put my bill un - der my wing, my wing; I
 in - to my bush And I'll put my bill un - der my wing, my wing;
 care not a rush for I'll in - to a bush, And I'll put my bill un - der my wing, my wing,
 I'll in - to a bush, And I'll put my bill un - der my wing, my wing.

2.

Suppose that the frost should prove ever so cross,
 And I could get nothing to eat, to eat,
 I'd hop round your table, and pick, while I'm able,
 The crumbs that lie strewn at your feet, your feet.
 And what if the eat poor Robin should watch,
 While he lies under the table, the table,
 I'd fly to the barn to keep myself warm,
 And I'd sleep every night in the stable, the stable.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1

If your voi - ces are tuned, let us hear how they sound, Like the

2

Now you that come in next must keep pace with me, The

3

Thus cheer - ful we sing, both in school and at play, And

2

ca - nons you sing you must let it go round.

3

mu - sic is no - thing, un - less we a - gree.

1

join in the song with the birds on the spray.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1

Sweet the plea - sures of the Spring, When we hear the Cuc - koo

2

Sweet the plea - sures of the Spring, When we hear the Cuc - koo,

3

Sweet the plea - sures of the Spring, Cuckoo, Cuc - koo,

When we hear the Cuc - koo, When we hear the Cuc - koo sing.

When we hear the Cuc - koo, When we hear the Cuc - koo sing.

Cuc - koo, When we hear the Cuc - koo sing, Cuc - koo.

THE SHIP.

ROUND, THREE VOICES.

CHERUBINI, "Perfida Clori."

1

Bound-ing a - long th'o - be - di - ent sur - ges, Lo! her course our

28

2

friend her! Soft gales at - tend her joy - ful - ly, And wind and wea - ther

3

For many a thought is brood - ing o'er her, For many a

ves - sel ur - ges Brave - ly on her des - tined way. May Heav'n be-

2

u - nite to - ge - ther, To waft her on as best they may.

3

pray - er is ris - ing for her from day - to day.

1

THE MILKMAID.

TWO OR THREE VOICES.

German "Gern auf."

Shenstone.

13

Hark to yon - der milk-maid sing - ing, Cheer - ly o'er the brimming pail ; Cowslips all a-round her

Hark to yon - der milk-maid sing - ing, Cheer - ly o'er the brimming pail ; Cowslips all a-round her

Hark to yon - der milkmaid sing-ing, o'er the brimming pail ; Cowslips all a-round her

spring-ing, Sweet - ly paint the gold - en vale.

spring-ing, Sweet - ly paint the gold - en vale.

spring-ing, Sweet - ly paint the gold - en vale.

2

Never yet did courtly maiden
 Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
 Never breast with jewels laden
 Poured a song so void of care.

3

Happy she by vale and mountain
 Free from fetters, blythe to rove,
 Fearless taste the crystal fountain,
 Peaceful sleep within the grove.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn;

2
Warb - ling birds the day pro - claim - ing, Ca - rol sweet their live - ly strain;

3
See con - tent the hum - ble glean - er, Take the scat - tered ears that fall;

2
Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

3
They for - sake their lea - - fy dwel - ling, To pro - cure the gold - en grain.

1
God his child - ren e - ver view - ing, Kind - ly bounteous cares for all.

ROUND.
THREE VOICES.

EMILY KING.

1
Hark how plain - ly the bells say tis time to go,

2
Oh! no they say stay a lit - tle long - er;

3
Past twelve o'clock and a star - light morn - ing.

ROUND.
THREE VOICES.

1
Come let us all a may - ing go, And light-ly, and lightly trip it to and fro.

2
The bells shall ring, the bells shall ring, and the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, sing. The

3
drums shall beat, and the fife shall play, And so will we pass our time a - way.

ROUND.
THREE VOICES.

H. PURCELL.

1
Hark the bon - ny Had-leigh Bells One, two, three, four, five, six, they sound, So

5 2
Hark I hear a bell be - gin And then a - no - ther drop - ping in, One

3
Tingle, tingle, ting, so mer-ri - ly they ring from out the stee - ple tall. Come a -

2
sweet and gay they seem to say, Come a - way make ho-li-day mer - ri - ly.

3
two, one, two, three, four, five, six, Till they all in a mer - ry con - cert mix.

1
way, come away, make ho - li - day be mer - ry one and all.

FACTORY ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

"Il Destriero."

1 *12*
8

The bob-bins are twist-ing and twirl-ing, With a mur-mur-ing, buz-zing sound. The

12 *2*
2

So se-conds and mi-nutes and hours, Are has-ti-ly pass-ing a-way, And

3

All up! all up! a-run-ning, a-run-ning, a-go-ing.

swifts are stea-di-ly whirl-ing, A-round, and a-round, and a-round.

3

hap-py are they who like us, Are in-dus-tri-ous, ho-nest and gay.

1

All up! all up! a-run-ning, a-run-ning, a-go-ing.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

ROUND, THREE VOICES.

FERRARI, "Gira Gira."

1
 Lit - tle flutt'-rer swift-ly fly - ing, There is none to harm thee near; Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy

2
 May no cuc - koo wand'ring near thee, Lay her eggs with - in thy nest; Nor thy young ones born to

3
 Lit - tle flut-t'rer swift - ly fly - ing, Cease to

2
 pry - ing, Lit - tle flutt'-rer cease to fear. Lit - tle flutt' - rer cease to fear.

3
 cheer thee, Be de - stroy'd by such a guest, Be de - stroy'd by such a guest.

1
 fear, Cease to fear, There is none to harm thee near.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

1
Slaves to the world should be toss'd in a blan-ket, if I could have my will,

2
Like to the mill that turn-eth round so fast on yon-der hull, and fal-leth

3
down a-gain, and down a-gain the ground it touch un-til.

ROUND.

THREE VOICES.

HILTON.

1
Come fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, me,

2
Whither shall I fol-low, fol-ow, fol-low, whi-ther shall I fol-low, fol-low, thee;

3
To the green-wood, To the greenwood To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Altered from MOORE.

THREE VOICES.

Harmonised from STEVENSON.

Those ev'n - - ing bells, those ev'n - - - ing bells, How ma - ny a
ma - ny a
Those ev'n - ing bells, those ev'n - ing bells, those ev'n - ing bells, How many a tale - - - -

tale their mu - - sic tells Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When
tale their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home, and that sweet time, that time,
- - their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home, and that sweet time, that time, When last I

last I heard their sooth - ing chime ; Of youth and home, and that sweet
 When last I heard their soothing, sooth - ing chime ; Of youth and home, and that sweet time, and that sweet
 heard their sooth - - ing chime, Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When

time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime.
 time, When last, when last I heard their sooth - ing chime.
 last I heard their sooth - ing, sooth - ing chime.

2.

Those joyous hours have pass'd away,
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

3.

Ye seem to say, "They rest in peace,
 Where care is not, where sorrows cease."
 The thought my rising anguish quells ;
 Repeat the strain, sweet evening bells.

4.

They hear no more a mortal voice.
 But still in heavenly songs rejoice ;
 In songs whose music far excels
 Your softest sounds, sweet evening bells.

HOLIDAY GLEE,

FOUR VOICES.

"Oh Pescator."

14

Come, let us keep our ho - li - day mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Come, let us sing, and dance, and play, mer - ri -

Come, let us keep our ho - li - day mer - ri - ly, Come, let us sing, and dance, and play, mer - ri -

Come, let us keep our ho - li - day mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Come, let us sing, and dance, and play,

Come, let us keep our ho - li - day mer - ri - ly, Come, let us sing, and dance, and play, mer - ri -

ly, mer - ri-ly; Join hands, come form a ring, Fal lal la la la la la la, fal lal la la, let us sing, let us sing mer-ri - ly.

ly, mer - ri-ly; Join hands, come form a ring, Fal lal la la la la la la, fal lal la, let us sing mer-ri - ly.

mer - ri-ly; Join hands, come form a ring, Fal lal la la la la la la, fal la la la, let us sing, let us sing mer-ri - ly.

ly, mer - ri-ly; Join hands, come form a ring, fal lal la la, let us sing, let us sing mer-ri ly.

2.

The time, be sure, away will fly, merrily,
If we to please each other try, merrily.

Let no ill tempers spring.

Fal lal la la la la, &c.

3.

And if, in kindness, ev'ry lass, merrily,
Her holiday shall strive to pass, merrily,

Pleasure will leave no sting.

Fal lal la, &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
Stamford Street.

BOUND BY

WANT & EDWARDS

