

# THE FRYAR OF ORDERS GRAY,

*Glee for Three Voices*  
Composed by

J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus Doc Oxon.

Pr. 1<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup>

LONDON Printed by G. WALKER, 17 Soho Square & 64 Burlington Arcade.

*Lento con espressione.*

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey, Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey Walk'd forth to tell his beads; And he

met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds: Now Heav'n thee save! thou rev'rend

met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds: Now Heav'n thee save! thou rev'rend

met with a Lady fair, Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds:

Fryar, I pray thee tell to me If e-ver at your Holy shrine, My true love thou didst see?

Fryar, I pray thee tell to me If e-ver at your Holy shrine, My true love thou didst see?

O by his cockle

O by his cockle

And how should I your true love know, From many a nother one?

hat and staff, And by his san\_dal shoon.

hat and staff, And by his san\_dal shoon.

O La-dy he's dead and gone,

La-dy he's dead and gone; And at his head a green grass turf, And at his heels a

*Espress:*

Weep no more, La - dy, Weep no more, La - dy, La - dy weep no

*Espress:*

Weep no more, La - dy, Weep no more, La - dy, La - dy weep no

*Espress:*

stone. Weep no more, La - dy, Weep no more, La - dy,

more, Thy sor - row is in vain; For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will  
 more, For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will  
 Thy sor - row is in vain; For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will

ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will  
 ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will  
 ne'er make grow a - gain: For vio - lets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs Will

ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister  
 ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister  
 ne'er make grow a - gain: Yet stay fair La - dy rest awhile, Beneath yon Cloister

wall. See thro' the haw - thorn blows the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall;  
 wall. See thro' the hawthorn the wind, And drizzling rain doth fall;  
 wall. See..... the drizzling rain doth fall;

blows the cold wind, blows

blows the cold wind, blows

See thro' the hawthorn blows the cold wind, See thro' the hawthorn

*Dolce* the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall: *Cres:* O stay me not thou Holy

the cold wind, *Dolce* *Cres:* O stay me not thou Holy

blows the cold wind, And drizzling rain doth fall: O stay me not thou Holy

Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can

Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can

Fryar, O stay me not I pray, No drizzling rain that falls on me, Can

wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a.....way.

wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a.....way.

wash my fault a - way, Can wash my fault a.....way.