Booth

Stefan Grové

(1955)

FOUR

CHORAL SONGS

For mixed voices

S. A. T. B.

C. [illegible],

Harvard University

PASSANTINO BRANDS NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

John Fletcher

Weep no more

Slowly. [M ♩ = c 66]

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sor- row calls no time that's gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sor- row calls no time that's gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sor- row calls no time thats gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sor-row calls no time thats gone:

Vio- lets pluck'd, the swee-test rain makes not fresh nor grow a-

Vio - lets pluck'd, the sweet- test rain makes not fresh nor grow a-

Vio - lets pluck'd, the swee- test rain makes not fresh nor grow a-

Vio - lets pluck'd, the swee-test rain makes not fresh nor grow a-

-gain. Trim thy locks, look cheer-ful-ly; Fate's hid end eyes can-not

-gain. Trim thy locks look cheer-ful-ly; Fate's hid end eyes can-not

-gain. Trim thy locks, look cheer-ful-ly; Fate's hid end eyes can-not

-gain. Trim thy locks, look cheer-ful-ly; Fate's hid end eyes can- not

Forward

slow

see. Joys as wing-èd dreams fly fast, why should sad-ness

see. Joys as wing-èd dreams fly fast, why should sad-ness

see. Joys as wing-ed dreams fly fast, why should sad-ness

see. Joys as wing-ed dreams fly fast, why should sad-ness

lon-ger last?

lon-ger last? Grief is but a wound to woe; Gent-

lon-ger last? Grief is but a wound to woe;

lon-ger last?

-lest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Gent-lest fair mourn, mourn no moe.

Gent-lest fair, mourn mourn no moe.

Gent-lest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Phineas Fletcher

A Lytany

Broad. [M: ♩=52]

Drop, drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beau-teous feet which

Drop, drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beau-teous feet which

Slow tears, and bathe those beau-teous feet which

Slow tears, and bathe those beau-teous feet which

cease. In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears; nor let His

cease. In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears nor let His

cease. In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears nor let His

cease. In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears nor let His

brought from Hea-ven the news and Prince of Peace:

brought from Hea-ven the news and Prince of Peace: Cease not, wet

brought from Hea-ven the news and Prince of Peace: Cease not, wet

brought from Hea-ven the news and Prince of Peace: Cease not, wet

eye see sin, but through my tears.

eye see sin, but through my tears.

eye see sin, but through my tears

eye see sin, but through my tears.

His mer-cy to en-

eyes, His mer-cy to en

eyes, His mer-cy to en-

eyes, His mer-cy to en-

treat; to cry for ven-geance. Sin doth ne-ver

treat; to cry for ven-geance. Sin doth ne-ver

treat; to cry for ven-geance. Sin doth ne-ver

treat; to cry for ven-geance. Sin doth ne-ver

PASSANTINO BRANDS
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12 Stave Octavo

Samuel Daniel

Love is a Sickness

Fast. [M: ♩. = 88]

mf

Love is a sick - ness full of woes, all re - me-dies re -

mf

Love is a sick - ness full of woes, all re - me - dies re -

mf

Love is a sick - ness full of woes, all re - me - dies re -

mf

Love is a sick - ness full of woes, all re - me - dies re -

fu - - sing; a plant that with most cut - ting grows, most

fu - sing; a plant that with most cut - ting grows, most

fu - sing; a plant that with most cut - ting grows, most

fu - sing; a plant that with most cut - ting grows, most

bar - ren with best u - sing. Why so? More we en - joy it,

mf cresc

bar - ren with best u - sing. Why so? More we en - joy it,

mf cresc

bar - ren with best u - sing. Why so? More we en - joy it,

mf cresc

bar - ren with best u - sing. Why so? More we en -

move it dies; if not en- joy'd it sigh-ing cries — Heigh

move it dies; if not en- joy'd it sigh-ing cries — Heigh

more it dies; if not en- joy'd it sigh-ing cries- Heigh

joy it more it dies; if not en- joy'd it sigh-ing cries- Heigh

ho! Love is a tor-ment of the mind, a tem-pest

ho! Love is a tor-ment of the mind, a

ho! Love is a

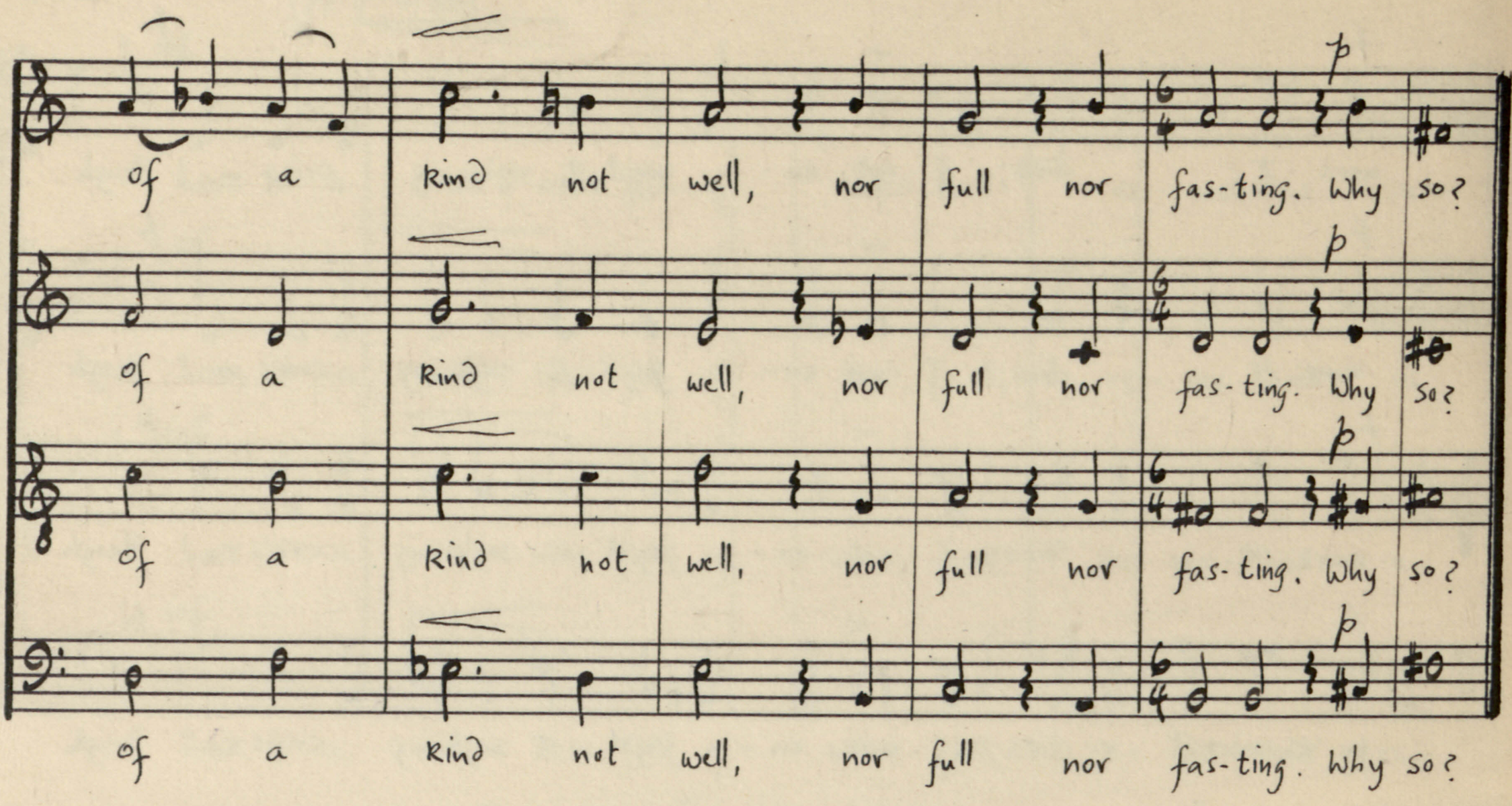
ho! Love is a tor-ment of the

e — ver- las- ting; And Jove hath made it

tem- pest e — ver- las- ting; And Jove hath made it

tor-ment of the mind e - ver- las-ting; And Jove hath made it

mind a tem-pest e - ver- las-ting And Jove hath made it


of a Kind not well, nor full nor fas-ting. Why so?
of a Kind not well, nor full nor fas-ting. Why so?
of a Kind not well, nor full nor fas-ting. Why so?
of a Kind not well, nor full nor fas-ting. Why so?

William Blake

Cradle Song

Very slowly and quietly [M ♩ = 52]

Sleep, sleep, beau- ty bright, dream- ing in the joys of

Sleep, sleep, sleep, beau- ty bright, dream- ing in the joys of

Sleep, sleep, sleep, beau-ty bright,

Sleep, sleep, sleep, beau-ty bright.

night;

sleep.

night;

sleep

In thy sleep lit- tle

Sleep, sleep,

sleep. In thy sleep lit-tle sor-rows sit and

Sleep, sleep,

sleep. In thy sleep lit-tle sor-rows sit and

Sweet babe, in thy face soft de- sires I can

sor- rows weep.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

weep.

sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

weep.

sleep, sleep, sleep.

mf

trace, se - cret joys — — and se - cret

mf

Se - cret joys and se - cret smiles, lit - tle

mf

Se - cret joys and

mf

Se - cret joys and se - cret smi - les.

smiles lit - tle pret - ty in - fant wiles.

pret-ty in-fant wiles, lit - tle pret - ty in - fant wiles.

wiles, pret-ty lit - tle in - ~~fant~~ faut wiles

lit - tle pret-ty in - fant wiles lit-tle in - fant wiles

tenderly

p

As thy soft - test limbs I feel, smiles as of the

p

As thy soft - test limbs I feel, smiles as of the

p mf

Steal o'er thy cheek and

mor - ning Steal o'er thy cheek and

mf

mor - ning steal o'er thy cheek and o'er thy

steal o'er thy cheek and o'er thy

o'er thy breast where thy lit - tle heart doth rest.

mp

o'er thy breast where thy lit - tle heart doth rest. —

breast, where - thy lit - tle heart doth rest. —

breast where thy lit - tle heart — doth rest. —

p When thy

p Oh, the cun-ning wiles that creep in thy lit - tle heart a-sleep

Oh the cun - ning wiles that creep in thy lit - tle heart a-

lit - tle heart doth wake, then the dread - ful night shall

When thy lit - tle heart doth wake, then the night shall

When thy lit - tle heart doth wake, then the night shall

sleep When thy lit - tle heart doth wake, then the night shall

break. sleep sleep, sleep sleep sleep. sleep.

break. sleep sleep, sleep sleep, Sleep sleep.

break. sleep sleep, sleep sleep, sleep, sleep.

break. Sleep sleep, sleep sleep, sleep. sleep.