FOUR

CHORAL SONGS

For mixed voices

S. A. T. B.

Harvard University
Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sorrow calls no time that's gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sorrow calls no time that's gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sorrow calls no time that's gone:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan, sorrow calls no time that's gone:

Violets plucked, the sweetest rain makes not fresh nor grow again.

Violets plucked, the sweetest rain makes not fresh nor grow again.

Violets plucked, the sweetest rain makes not fresh nor grow again.

- gain. Trim thy locks, look cheerfully; Fate's hid end eyes cannot

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Forward

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

longer last?

longer last?

longer last?

longer last?

longer last?

lest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Gent-lest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Gent-lest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.
Love is a sickness, all remedies remainder.

Love is a sickness, all remedies remainder.

Singing; a plant that with most cutting grows, most

Singing; a plant that with most cutting grows, most

Singing; a plant that with most cutting grows, most

Barren with best singing. Why so? More we en-joy it,

Barren with best singing. Why so? More we en-joy it,

Barren with best singing. Why so? More we en-joy it,

Barren with best singing. Why so? More we en-joy it,
F
move it
dies; if not en-
joy'd it sigh-ing
cries - Heigh

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

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

joy it move 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 tor-
ment of the

ho!
Love is a tor-
ment of the

slower and solemnly

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

PASSANTINO
BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo
of a kind not well, nor full nor fasting. Why so?
Very slowly and quietly [M F 52]

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright, dreaming in the joys of
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright, dreaming in the joys of
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright.

Night; sleep. In thy sleep little sorrows sit and
Sleep, sleep, sleep. In thy sleep little sorrows sit and
Sleep, sleep. In thy sleep little sorrows sit and

Sweet babe, in thy face soft desires I can
sorrows weep.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
weep.
sleep, sleep, sleep.
weep.
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
trace, secret joys — and secret

secret joys and secret smiles, little
secret joys and secret smiles — little pretty infant

smiles, little pretty infant smiles.

pretty infant smiles, little pretty infant smiles.

wiles, pretty little infant wiles,

little pretty infant wiles little infant wiles.


As thy softest limbs I feel, smiles as of the

As thy softest limbs I feel, smiles as of the
Oh, the cunning wiles that creep in thy little heart asleep
When thy breast, where thy little heart doth rest.

Steal over thy cheek and over thy breast, where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep in thy little heart asleep.
Little heart and wake, then the dreadful night shall

Break, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

break. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

When thy little heart doth wake, then the night shall

break. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

When thy little heart doth wake, then the night shall

break. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.