Spring's Singing

Lloyd Roberts

Alexander MacFadyen

The John Church Company
SPRING'S SINGING.

by LLOYD ROBERTS.

SPRING once more is here—
Joyous, sweet, and clear—
Singing down the leafless sides
To the budding year.

Her chaste song in the thrush
Through the twilight bough,
And the silver tongues of waters
Where the willows blush;

Star of lilies bade
Over violet bough;
Piping of the last glad robin
Through the greens and reds;

Creak of sullen crows
When the south wind blown,
Sighing in the shaggy sycamore
Wet with melting snows;

Whisper of the rain
Down the hills again,
And the heavy feet of waters
Trampling on the plain.

Now the Goddess Spring
Makes the woodlands ring,
Bringing with a hundred voices
Joy to everything.

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Spring's Singing

LLOYD ROBERTS

ALEXANDER MACFADYEN

Allegro giocoso

Spring once more is

here, joyous, sweet and clear, Singing

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down the leaf-less aisles, To the budding year.

chant-ing in the thrush, Through the twi-light bush,

And the sil-ver tongues of wa-ters, Where the wil-lows soft-ly blush,
Stir of lifting heads O-ver vio-let beds, Piping of the first glad rob-in,

Thru the greens and reds; Croak of sui-len crows, When the south wind blows,

Sigh-ing in shag-y spruc-es, Wet with melt-ed snows;

Whis-per of the rain... Down the
hills again, And the heavy feet of waters

Tramping on the plain

p una voce ppp
Tempo Primo

Now the Goddess Spring Makes the

woodlands ring, Bringing with a hundred voices, Joy to

everything, Joy to everything, Joy to