



# **Country Squires**

**Matthew Doodson  
(1861-1918)**

# Country Squires

M. Doodson

**Boldly**

S Oh, vain - ly they prate who raise the chaunt Of a life in a dir - ty

A Oh, vain - ly they prate who raise the chaunt Of a life in a dir - ty

T Oh, vain - ly they prate who raise the chaunt Of a life in a dir - ty

B Oh, vain - ly they prate who raise the chaunt Of a life in a dir - ty

5 *mf* town, With red - tiled roofs and a cob - bled street, And skies of a smok - y brown. *f* But

A *mf* town, With red - tiled roofs and a cob - bled street, And skies of a smok - y brown. *f* But

T *mf* town, With red - tiled roofs and a cob - bled street, And skies of a smok - y brown. *f* But

B *mf* town, With red - tiled roofs and a cob - bled street, And skies of a smok - y brown. *f* But

# Country Squires

10

S give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a

A give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a

T give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a

B give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a

*cresc.* *rall.* *ad lib.*

14

S loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at

A loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at

T loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at

B loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at

*ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

17

S dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

A dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

T dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

B dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

*rit.*

## Country Squires

Tempo 1

S Oh, loud - ly they sing who drain red wine From a glass or a sil - ver

A Oh, loud - ly they sing who drain red wine From a glass or a sil - ver

T Oh, loud - ly they sing who drain red wine From a glass or a sil - ver

B Oh, loud - ly they sing who drain red wine From a glass or a sil - ver

24 *mf* cup; Who pass the nights in un - sat - ing mirth, And sleep when the sun is up. *f* But

A *mf* cup; Who pass the nights in un - sat - ing mirth, And sleep when the sun is up. *f* But

T *mf* cup; Who pass the nights in un - sat - ing mirth, And sleep when the sun is up. *f* But

B *mf* cup; Who pass the nights in un - sat - ing mirth, And sleep when the sun is up. *f* But

29 *cresc.* give to me a draught of mead Drawn straight from cask, with foam - ing head, In a *rall.* *ad lib.*

A *cresc.* give to me a draught of mead Drawn straight from cask, with foam - ing head, In a *rall.* *ad lib.*

T *cresc.* give to me a draught of mead Drawn straight from cask, with foam - ing head, In a *rall.* *ad lib.*

B *cresc.* give to me a draught of mead Drawn straight from cask, with foam - ing head, In a *rall.* *ad lib.*

# Country Squires

33

S good pew - ter pot as I sad - dle my steed, With the dew all fresh at

A good pew - ter pot as I sad - dle my steed, With the dew all fresh at

T good pew - ter pot as I sad - dle my steed, With the dew all fresh at

B good pew - ter pot as I sad - dle my steed, With the dew all fresh at

*ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

36

S dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

A dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

T dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

B dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

*rit.*

## Tempo 1

S Oh, deep - ly they sigh who spend their love On a dame like a lil - y

A Oh, deep - ly they sigh who spend their love On a dame like a lil - y

T Oh, deep - ly they sigh who spend their love On a dame like a lil - y

B Oh, deep - ly they sigh who spend their love On a dame like a lil - y

*f*

## Country Squires

43

S *mf* white, With cheeks so pale and a slen - der waist, In cost - li - est sat - ins dight. *f* But

A *mf* white, With cheeks so pale and a slen - der waist, In cost - li - est sat - ins dight. *f* But

T *mf* white, With cheeks so pale and a slen - der waist, In cost - li - est sat - ins dight. *f* But

B *mf* white, With cheeks so pale and a slen - der waist, In cost - li - est sat - ins dight. *f* But

48

S *cresc.* give to\_\_ me a bux - om\_\_ mayde, In\_\_ rus - set\_\_ kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, *rall.* With an *ad lib.*

A *cresc.* give to me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, *rall.* With an *ad lib.*

T *cresc.* give to\_\_ me a\_\_ bux - om\_\_ mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, *rall.* With an *ad lib.*

B *cresc.* give to\_\_ me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, *rall.* With an *ad lib.*

52

S eye like a sloe and a cheek\_\_ so\_\_ redde, In\_\_ the dew all fresh\_\_ at *ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

A eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh\_\_ at *ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

T eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh at *ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

B eye\_\_ like a sloe and a cheek\_\_ so\_\_ redde, In the dew all fresh\_\_ at *ff* *a tempo* *3* *accel.*

# Country Squires

55

S  
dawn - ing, In the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

A  
dawn - ing, In the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

T  
dawn - ing, In the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

B  
dawn - ing, In the dew all fresh at dawn - ing.

J. Curwen & Sons  
(1895)

**Matthew Doodson** (1861-1918) was born in Sunderland, Durham, England. He was a tailor by trade and an amateur musician, active in choral music and publishing a few part-songs utilizing Sol-fa though John Curwen's publishing house. He resided in Denton, Lancashire, and died in Ashton Under Lyne, Lancashire.

Oh, vainly they prate who raise the chaunt  
Of a life in a dirty town,  
With red-tiled roofs and a cobbled street,  
And skies of a smoky brown.  
But give to me the green grass sward,  
And gallant squires to follow hard,  
And a loud 'tally ho' for the cunning Reynard,  
With the dew all fresh at dawning.

Oh, loudly they sing who drain red wine  
From a glass or a silver cup;  
Who pass the nights in un-sating mirth,  
And sleep when the sun is up.  
But give to me a draught of mead  
Drawn straight from cask, with foaming head,  
In a good pewter pot as I saddle my steed,  
With the dew all fresh at dawning.

Oh, deeply they sigh who spend their love  
On a dame like a lily white,  
With cheeks so pale and a slender waist,  
In costliest satins dight.  
But give to me a buxom mayde,  
In russet kirtle plain array'd,  
With an eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde,  
In the dew all fresh at dawning.

Sidney Newman Sedgwick (1872-1941)

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