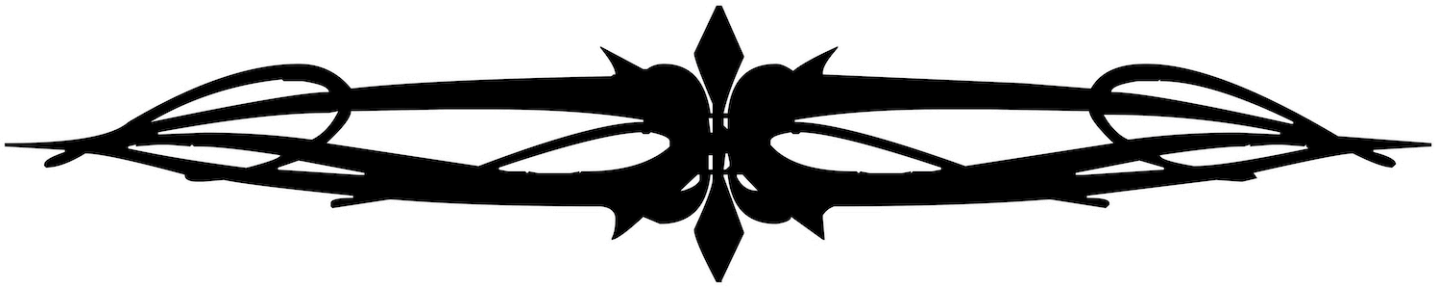
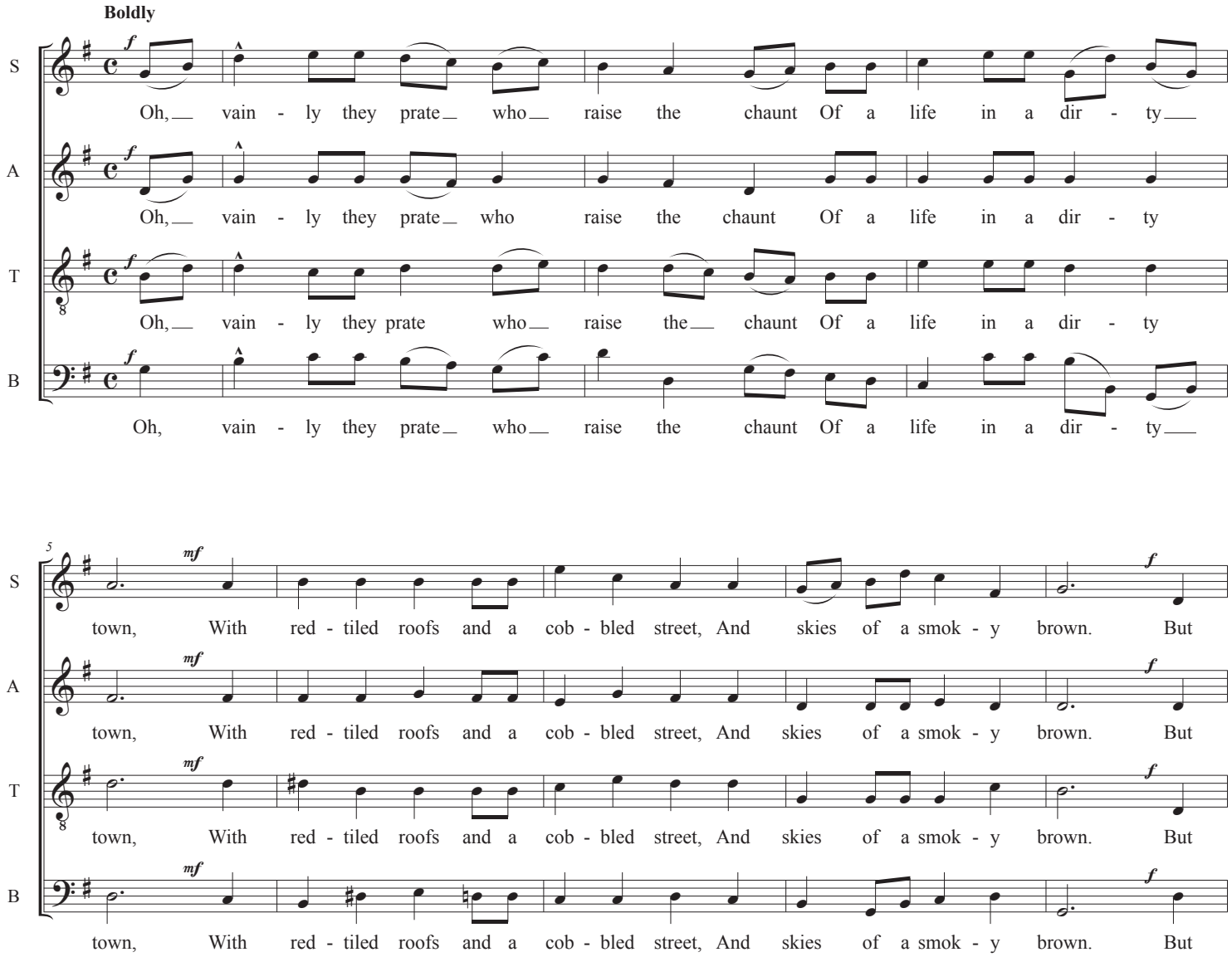


Country Squires

Matthew Doodson
(1861-1918)

Country Squires

M. Doodson



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Country Squires

10

S: *cresc.* give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a *rall.* *ad lib.*

A: *cresc.* give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a *rall.* *ad lib.*

T: *cresc.* give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a *rall.* *ad lib.*

B: *cresc.* give to me the green grass sward, And gal - lant squires to fol - low hard, And a *rall.* *ad lib.*

14

S: loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at *ff* *a tempo* *accel.*

A: loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at *ff* *a tempo* *accel.*

T: loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at *ff* *a tempo* *accel.*

B: loud 'tal - ly ho' for the cun - ning Rey - nard, With the dew all fresh at *ff* *a tempo* *accel.*

17

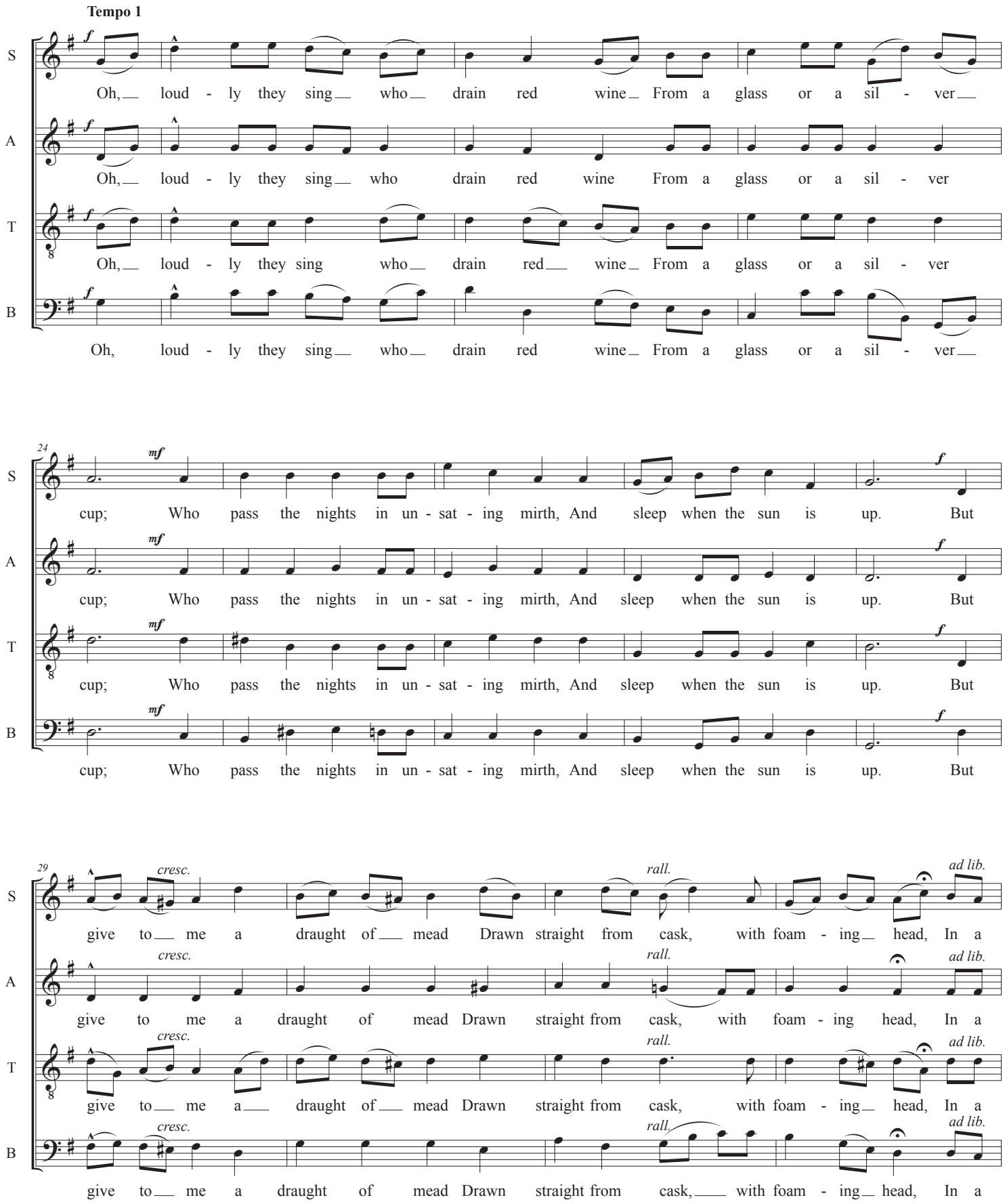
S: dawn - ing, With the dew all fresh at dawn - ing. *rit.*

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

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

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

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* *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

f

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

Country Squires

43

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

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

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

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

48

cresc. *rall.* *ad lib.*

S: give to me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, With an

A: give to me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, With an

T: give to me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, With an

B: give to me a bux - om mayde, In rus - set kir - tle plain ar - ray'd, With an

52

a tempo *accel.*

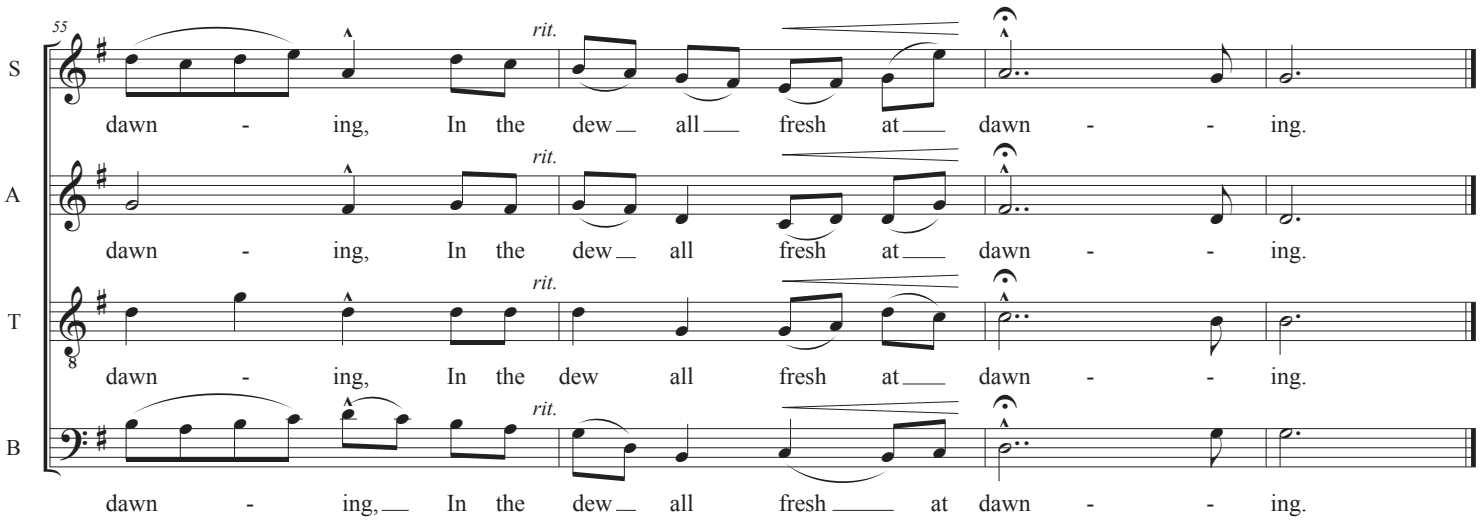
S: eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh at

A: eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh at

T: eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh at

B: eye like a sloe and a cheek so redde, In the dew all fresh at

Country Squires



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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