



The snows
are whirling

Frederic James
(1858-1922)

The snows are whirling

Frederic James

S
The snows are whirl - ing, thick and fast, The drifts as - sail my door - way; I

A
The snows are whirl - ing, thick and fast, The drifts as - sail my door - way; I

T
The snows are whirl - ing, thick and fast, The drifts as - sail my door - way; I

B
The snows are whirl - ing, thick and fast, The drifts as - sail my door - way; I

5
S
doubt me if a wild - er mast Blows o'er the hills of Nor - way. But

A
doubt me if a wild - er mast Blows o'er the hills of Nor - way. But

T
doubt me if a wild - er mast Blows o'er the hills of Nor - way. But

B
doubt me if a wild - er mast Blows o'er the hills of Nor - way. But

The snows are whirling

9

S sit thee down, my old - en friend; We twain millmock the weath - er; And,

A sit thee down, my old - en friend; We twain millmock the weath - er; And,

T sit thee down, my old - en friend; We twain millmock the weath - er; And,

B sit thee down, my old - en friend; We twain millmock the weath - er; And,

13

S while the fear - ful winds con - tend, We'll have a night to - geth - er.

A while the fear - ful winds con - tend, We'll have a night to - geth - er.

T while the fear - ful winds con - tend, We'll have a night to - geth - er.

B while the fear - ful winds con - tend, We'll have a night to - geth - er.

S Oh, man - yla year and man - y_a storm We twain have mocked at light - ly; And

A Oh, man - yla year and man - y_a storm We twain have mocked at light - ly; And

T Oh, man - yla year and man - y_a storm We twain have mocked at light - ly; And

B Oh, man - yla year and man - y_a storm We twain have mocked at light - ly; And

The snows are whirling

21

S
tho' our hearts to - night are warm Our heads are pow - der'd white - ly. And

A
tho' our hearts to - night are warm Our heads are pow - der'd white - ly. And

T
tho' our hearts to - night are warm Our heads are pow - der'd white - ly. And

B
tho' our hearts to - night are warm Our heads are pow - der'd white - ly. And

25

S
snows have drift - ed o'er our souls, To fall on win - try heath - er, And

A
snows have drift - ed o'er our souls, To fall on win - try heath - er, And

T
snows have drift - ed o'er our souls, To fall on win - try heath - er, And

B
snows have drift - ed o'er our souls, To fall on win - try heath - er, And

29

S
hide from us the grass - y knolls Where rest our loves to - geth - er.

A
hide from us the grass - y knolls Where rest our loves to - geth - er.

T
hide from us the grass - y knolls Where rest our loves to - geth - er.

B
hide from us the grass - y knolls Where rest our loves to - geth - er.

The snows are whirling

33

S Stir up the fire! We'll talk of love— Of love, old friend, and sor - row; For

A Stir up the fire! We'll talk of love— Of love, old friend, and sor - row; For

T Stir up the fire! We'll talk of love— Of love, old friend, and sor - row; For

B Stir up the fire! We'll talk of love— Of love, old friend, and sor - row; For

38

S life, like rain - bow arched a - bove, Its light thro' tears must bor - row. We'll

A life, like rain - bow arched a - bove, Its light thro' tears must bor - row. We'll

T life, like rain - bow arched a - bove, Its light thro' tears must bor - row. We'll

B life, like rain - bow arched a - bove, Its light thro' tears must bor - row. We'll

42

S talk of lips that clung to ours, Tho' ours are now like leath - er; We'll

A talk of lips that clung to ours, Tho' ours are now like leath - er; We'll

T talk of lips that clung to ours, Tho' ours are now like leath - er; We'll

B talk of lips that clung to ours, Tho' ours are now like leath - er; We'll

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46

S talk of girls, we'll talk of flow'rs, That now are dust to - geth - er.

A talk of girls, we'll talk of flow'rs, That now are dust to - geth - er.

T talk of girls, we'll talk of flow'rs, That now are dust to - geth - er.

B talk of girls, we'll talk of flow'rs, That now are dust to - geth - er.

50

S Oh! win - try heart 'tis throbbing low— O! win - try storm! 'tis pelt - ing; What

A Oh! win - try heart 'tis throbbing low— O! win - try storm! 'tis pelt - ing; What

T Oh! win - try heart 'tis throbbing low— O! win - try storm! 'tis pelt - ing; What

B Oh! win - try heart 'tis throbbing low— O! win - try storm! 'tis pelt - ing; What

55

S boots it that we warm our snow? It turns to tears in melt - ing. But

A boots it that we warm our snow? It turns to tears in melt - ing. But

T boots it that we warm our snow? It turns to tears in melt - ing. But

B boots it that we warm our snow? It turns to tears in melt - ing. But

The snows are whirling

59

S bet - ter tears than ice, — old — friend, So tears we'll shed to - geth - er; And

A bet - ter — tears than ice, old — friend, So tears we'll shed to - geth - er; And

T bet - ter tears than ice, old friend, So tears we'll shed to - geth - er; And

B bet - ter tears than ice, old friend, So — tears we'll shed to - geth - er; And

63

S o'er — our hearts a rain - bow bend To light the storm - y weath - er.

A o'er our hearts a rain - bow bend To light the storm - y weath - er.

T o'er our hearts a rain - bow bend To light the storm - y weath - er.

B o'er our hearts a — rain - bow bend To light the storm - y weath - er.

J. Curwen & Sons
(1892)

The snows are whirling, thick and fast,
The drifts assail my doorway;
I doubt me if a wilder mast
Blows o'er the hills of Norway.
But sit thee down, my olden friend;
We twain will mock the weather;
And, while the fearful winds contend,
We'll have a night together.

Oh, many a year and many a storm
We twain have mocked at lightly;
And though our hearts tonight are warm
Our heads are powdered whitely.
And snows have drifted o'er our souls,
To fall on wintry heather,
And hide from us the grassy knolls
Where rest our loves together.

Stir up the fire! We'll talk of love—
Of love, old friend, and sorrow;
For life, like rainbow arched above,
Its light through tears must borrow.
We'll talk of lips that clung to ours,
Though ours are now like leather;
We'll talk of girls, we'll talk of flowers,
That now are dust together.

Oh! wintry heart 'tis throbbing low—
O! wintry storm! 'tis pelting;
What boots it that we warm our snow?
It turns to tears in melting.
But better tears than ice, old friend,
So tears we'll shed together;
And o'er our hearts a rainbow bend
To light the stormy weather.

Augustine Joseph Hickey Duganne (1823-1884)

Frederic James (1858-1922) was born in Masborough, Rotherham, England. He studied with and was deputy to his father, organist at the Wesleyan Chapel. He was educated at Westminster Teacher Training College and served there as organist. He taught at Ellesmere Wesleyan School, Sheffield, and was music master at Woodhouse Grove School in Bradford, Yorkshire. He died in Bradford. His compositions include organ and piano works, cantatas, anthems, hymns, and a part-song.

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