

# The Sculptor Boy

Frederic H. Pease (1839-1909)

S  
Chis - el in hand stood a Sculp - tor Boy, With his mar - ble block - be -

A  
Chis - el in hand stood a Sculp - tor Boy, With his mar - ble block - be -

T  
Chis - el in hand stood a Sculp - tor Boy, With his mar - ble block be -

B  
Chis - el in hand stood a Sculp - tor Boy, With his mar - ble block be -

4  
S  
fore - him, And his face lit up with a smile - of joy, As an

A  
fore him, And his face lit up with a smile - of joy, As an

T  
fore him, And his face lit up with a smile of joy, As an

B  
fore him, And his face lit up with a smile of joy, As an

7  
S  
an - gel dream - pass'd o'er him: He carved the dream on the

A  
an - gel dream - pass'd o'er him: He carved the dream on the

T  
an - gel dream pass'd o'er him: He carved the dream on the

B  
an - gel dream pass'd o'er him: He carved the dream on the

# The Sculptor Boy

10

S shape - less stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, With heav'n's own light the

A shape - less stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, With heav'n's own light the

T shape - less stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, With heav'n's own light the

B shape - less stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, With heav'n's own light the

14

S sculp - tor shone, He had caught that an - gel vis - ion.

A sculp - tor shone, He had caught that an - gel vis - ion.

T sculp - tor shone, He had caught that an - gel vis - ion.

B sculp - tor shone, He had caught that an - gel vis - ion.

17

S Sculp - tors of life are we, as we stand With our souls un - carv'd be -

A Sculp - tors of life are we, as we stand With our souls un - carv'd be -

T Sculp - tors of life are we, as we stand With our souls un - carv'd be -

B Sculp - tors of life are we, as we stand With our souls un - carv'd be -

# The Sculptor Boy

20

S fore us, Wait - ing the hour when at God's com - mand, Our

A fore us, Wait - ing the hour when at God's com - mand, Our

T fore us, Wait - ing the hour when at God's com - mand, Our

B fore us, Wait - ing the hour when at God's com - mand, Our

23

S life's dream pass - es o'er us. If we carve it then on the

A life's dream pass - es o'er us. If we carve it then on the

T life's dream pass - es o'er us. If we carve it then on the

B life's dream pass - es o'er us. If we carve it then on the

26

S yield - ing stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, Its heav'n - ly beau - ty shall

A yield - ing stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, Its heav'n - ly beau - ty shall

T yield - ing stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, Its heav'n - ly beau - ty shall

B yield - ing stone, With ma - ny\_a sharp in - ci - sion, Its heav'n - ly beau - ty shall

## The Sculptor Boy

30

S  
be — our own, Our lives — that an - gel vis - ion.

A  
be — our own, Our lives that an - gel vis - ion.

T  
be — our own, Our lives that an - gel vis - ion.

B  
be our own, Our — lives that an - gel vis - ion.

Ginn & Co.  
(1894)

**Frederic Henry Pease** (1839-1909) was born in Farmington, Ohio, son of a founder of Oberlin College. Showing talent as a singer and on the violin, he attended a nearby singing school as a child. He paid for his textbook by working a neighbor's plough-horse. He was educated at Oberlin and left to accompany E. M. Foote, holding musical conventions. He spent time studying in Boston and settled in Ypsilanti, Michigan. He was appointed professor of music at Michigan State Normal School, holding that position until his death. At Michigan State, he established the Conservatory of Music. He held organist positions in Jackson, Detroit and Ypsilanti. He also taught courses at the Detroit Conservatory, worked with the Bay View Festival and conducted at the National Summer School at Chicago. He wrote and compiled music for progressive musical education. His compositions include minor works and choral pieces.

Chisel in hand stood a Sculptor Boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
As an angel dream passed o'er him:  
He carved the dream on the shapeless stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone,  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our souls un-carved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command,  
Our life's dream passes o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision.

The Right Reverend William Crosswell Doane (1832-1913)

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