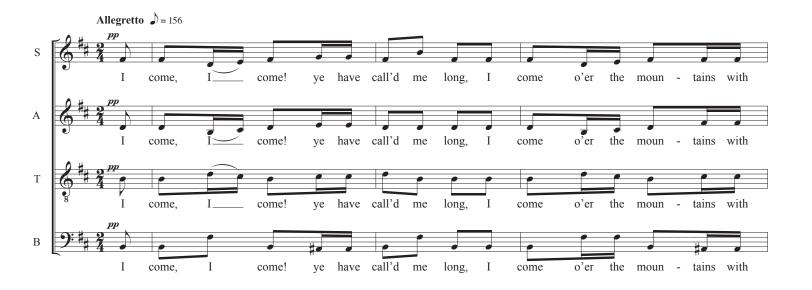


The voice of Spring

J. G. Peaco (1856-1949)

The voice of Spring

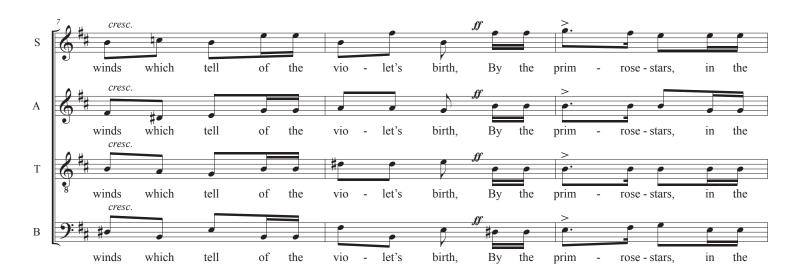
J. G. Veaco

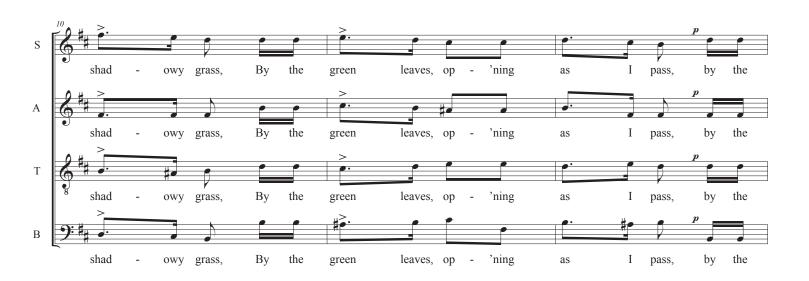


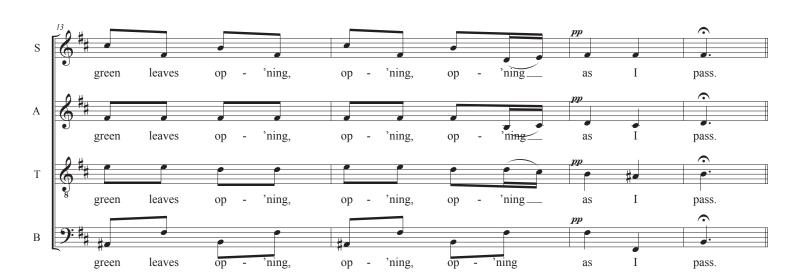


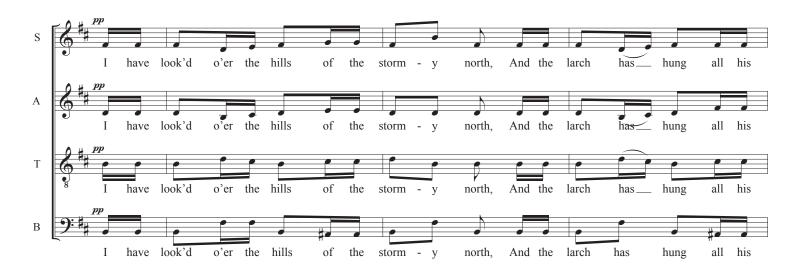


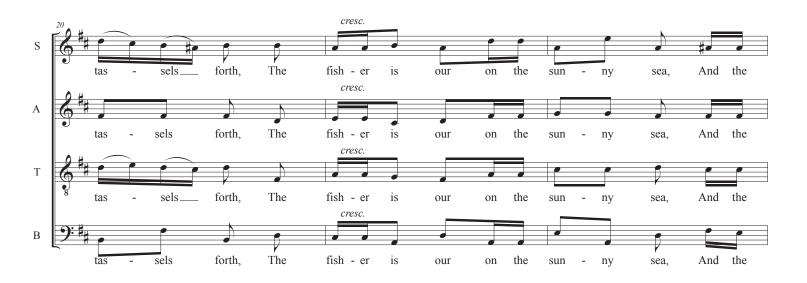
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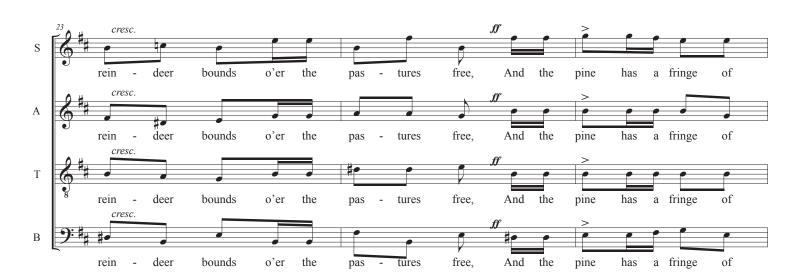


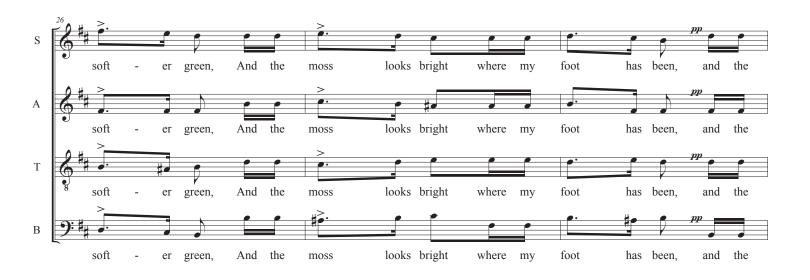


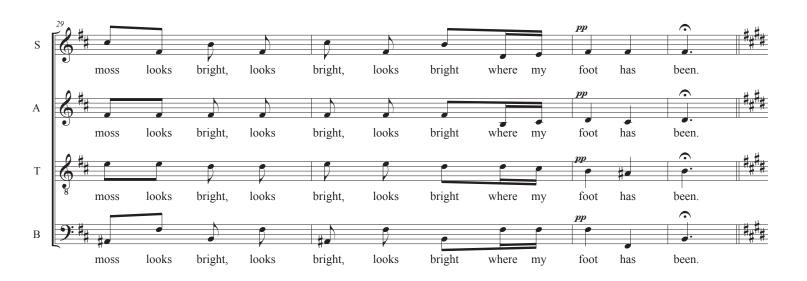


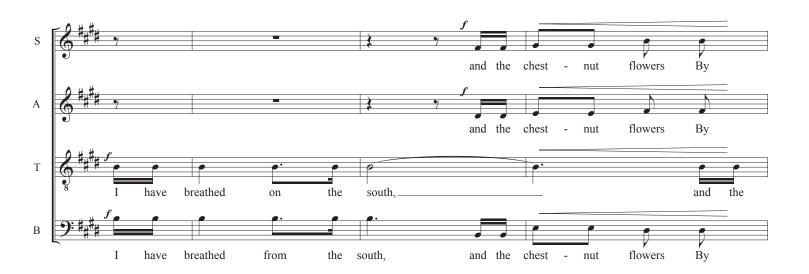


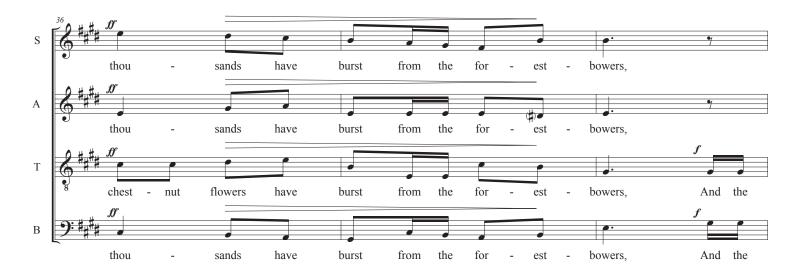


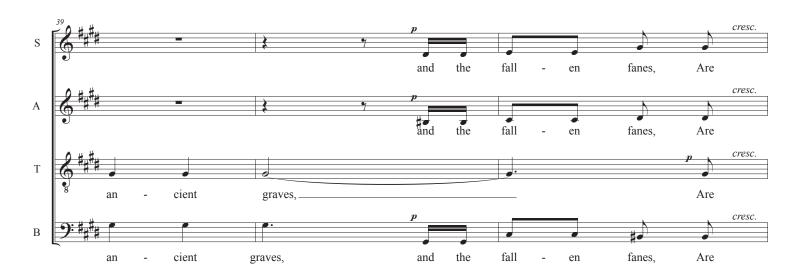


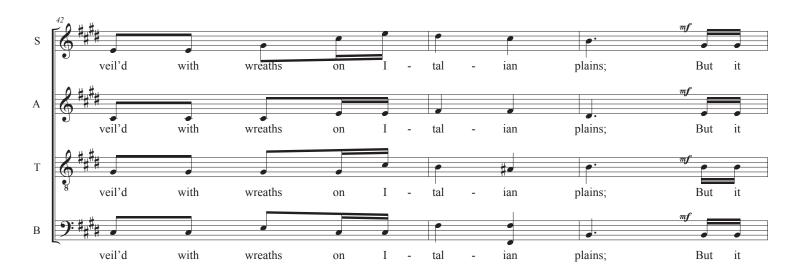


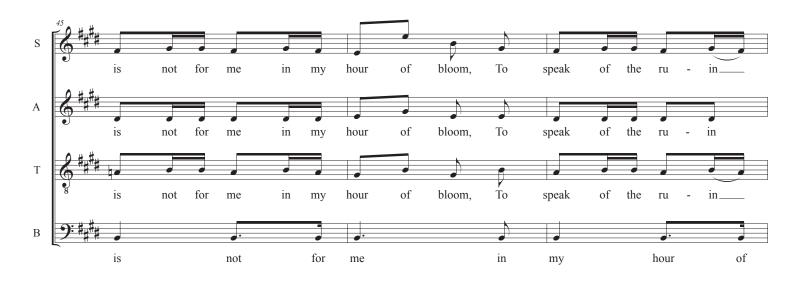


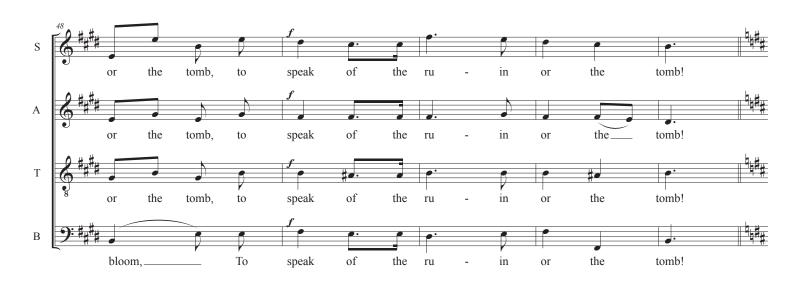


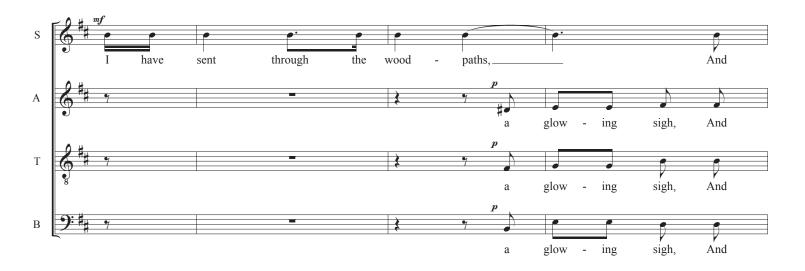


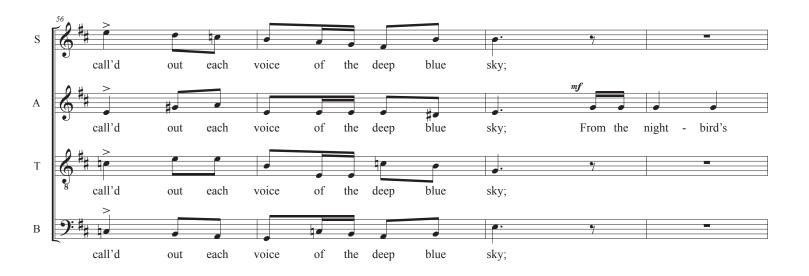


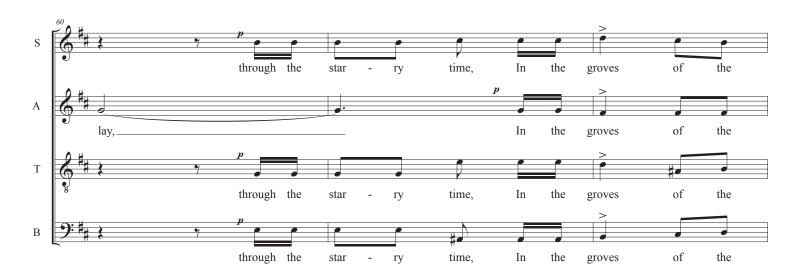


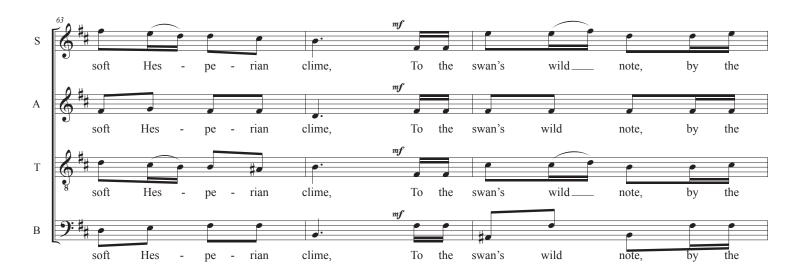


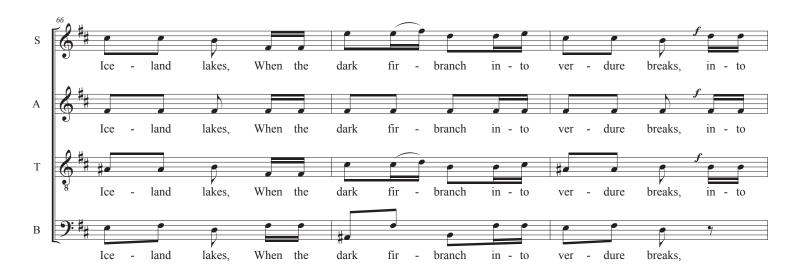


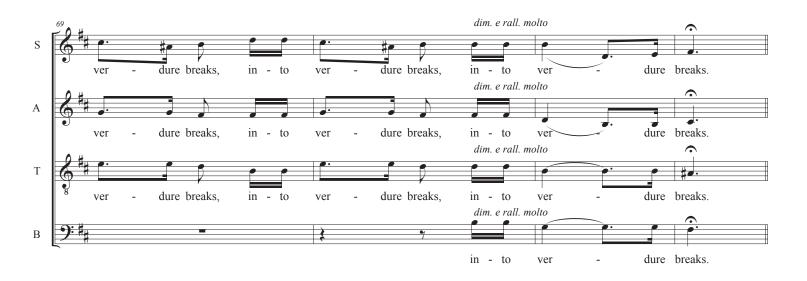


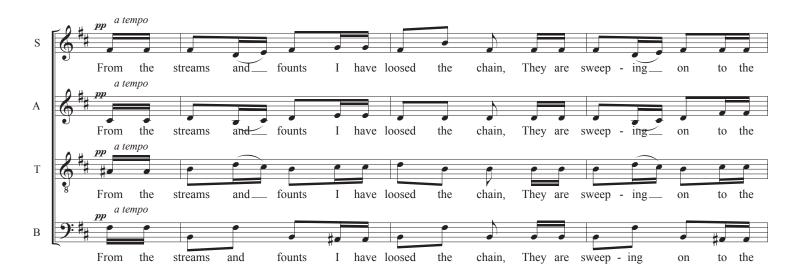


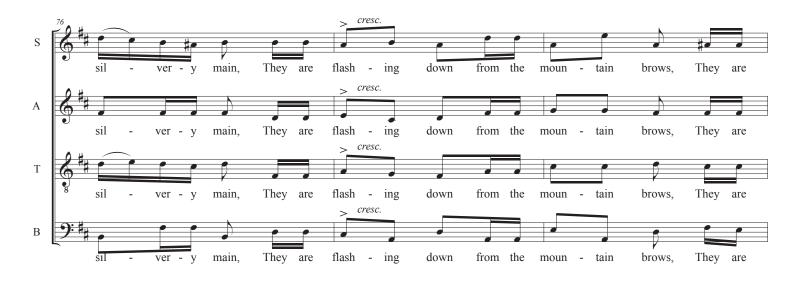


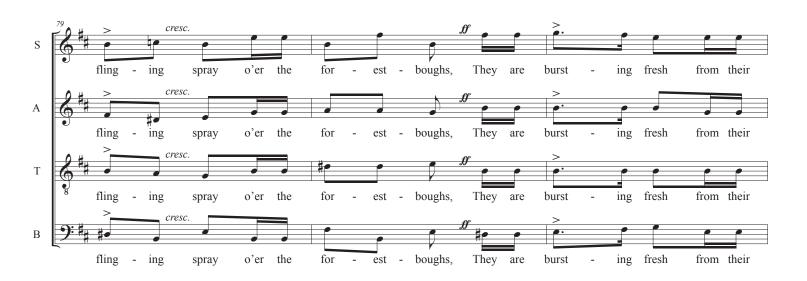


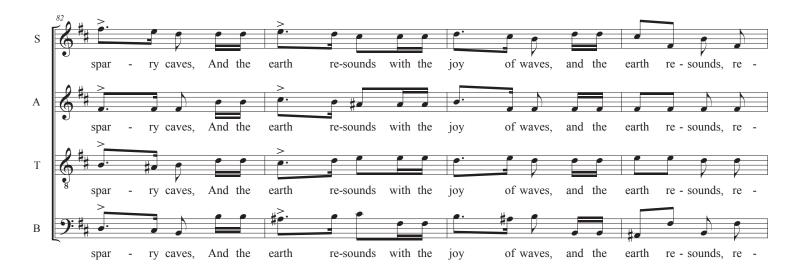


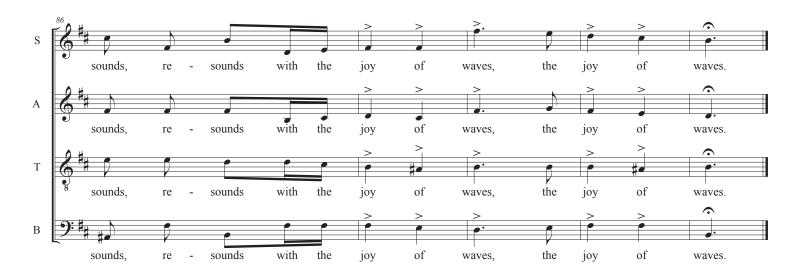












Novello, Ewer and Company (1886)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The original publication included an *ad lib.* piano accompaniment. This accompaniment was almost an exact duplication of the vocal parts but did include an occasional duplication of the bass line an octave lower and an occasional merging or simplification of rhythmic figures.

John George Veaco (1856-1949) was born in Liverpool, Lancashire, England. He was trained at the Royal Academy of Music and taught at Farrington Ladies' College. As composer, he was best known for songs and organ works.

I come, I come! ye have called me long, I come o'er the mountains with light and song! Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north, And the larch has hung all his tassels forth, The fisher is our on the sunny sea, And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free, And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright where my foot has been.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers, And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains; But it is not for me in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have sent through the wood-paths, a glowing sigh, And called out each voice of the deep blue sky; From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time, In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime, To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes, When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain, They are sweeping on to the silvery main, They are flashing down from the mountain brows, They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans [née Browne] (1793-1835)

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If performed, sending a copy of the concert program would be a valuable affirmation. If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies and a copy of the recording would be greatly appreciated!

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