



Love – the Minstrel

F.A. Challinor
(1866-1952)

Andante $\text{♩} = 63$

Soprano (S): O sweet-voic'd Love, that in my heart Thy dul - cet strains art ev - er

Alto (A): O sweet-voic'd Love, that in my heart Thy dul - cet strains art ev - er

Tenor (T): O sweet-voic'd Love, that in my heart Thy dul - cet strains art

Bass (B): O Love, that in my heart Thy strains art

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S sing - ing, How dost thou thy won - drous art, To
 A sing - ing, How dost thou thy art, To
 T sing - ing, How dost thou thy art, To
 B sing - ing, How dost thou thy art, To

7

S give my wish - es swift - er wing - ing. As Morn a - side Night's cur - tain
 A give my wish - es swift - er wing - ing. As Morn a - side Night's cur - tain
 T give my wish - es swift - er wing - ing. As
 B give my wish - es swift - er wing - ing. As

10

S throws, Thy song I hear with - in me well - ing, My
 A throws, Thy song I hear with - in me well - ing,
 T Morn a - side Night's cur - tain throws, Thy song I hear, My wak - ing
 B Morn a - side Night's cur - tain throws, Thy song I hear, My wak - ing

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13

S wak - ing thoughts to thee com - pel - ling, Ere yet my eyes un - close.
A My thoughts com - pel - ling, Ere yet my eyes un - close.
T thoughts to thee com - pel - ling, Ere yet my eyes un - close.
B thoughts to thee com - pel - ling, Ere yet my eyes un - close.

rit. e dim.

a tempo

S All thro' the day's suc - ceed - ing hours Thou sing - est man - y_a win - some
A All thro' the day's suc - ceed - ing hours Thou sing - est man - y_a win - some
T All thro' the day's suc - ceed - ing hours Thou sing - est man - y_a
B All thro' the hours Thou sing - est man - y_a

20

S meas - ure, Of hearts a - glow 'mid ros - y bow'r_s, Of
A meas - ure, Of hearts 'mid ros - y bow'r_s, Of
T meas - ure, Of hearts 'mid ros - y bow'r_s, Of
B meas - ure, Of hearts a - glow 'mid ros - y bow'r_s, Of

poco decresc.

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23

S whis - per'd vows and fond - est pleas - ure. A tire - less Min - strel, Love, art

A whis - per'd vows and fond - est pleas - ure. A tire - less Min - strel, Love, art

T whis - per'd vows and fond - est pleas - ure. A

B whis - per'd vows and fond - est pleas - ure. A

26

S thou, And I, to hear thee, tire - less ev - er; Yea,

A thou, And I, to hear thee, tire - less ev - er;

T tire - less Min - strel, Love, art thou, And I, to hear thee, tire - less ev - er;

B tire - less Min - strel, Love, art thou, And I, to hear thee, tire - less ev - er;

29

S will I say thy song was nev - er So sweet to me as now.

A thy song was nev - er So sweet to me as now.

T Yea, thy song was nev - er So sweet to me as now.

B Yea, thy song was nev - er So sweet to me as now.

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5

33

Soprano (S) *a tempo*
Yet have I heard re - proach of thee, For way - ward-ness and wan - ton

Alto (A) *a tempo*
Yet have I heard re - proach of thee, For way - ward-ness and wan - ton

Tenor (T) *a tempo*
Yet have I heard re - proach of thee, For way - ward-ness and wan - ton

Bass (B) *a tempo*
Yet have I heard re - proach of thee, For way - ward-ness and wan - ton

Yet have I heard re - proach of thee, For way - ward-ness and wan - ton

37

Soprano (S)
wil - ing, Of frail - ty, and in - con - stanc - y, When

Alto (A)
wil - ing, Of frail - ty, and in - con - stanc - y, When

Tenor (T)
wil - ing, Of frail - ty, and in - con - stanc - y, When

Bass (B)
wil - ing, Of frail - ty, and in - con - stanc - y, When

40

Soprano (S)
thou hast done with thy be - guil - ing, when thou hast done

Alto (A)
thou hast done with thy be - guil - ing, when thou hast

Tenor (T)
thou hast done with thy be - guil - ing, when thou hast

Bass (B)
thou hast done with thy be - guil - ing, when thou hast done, hast

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47

S prove A sy - ren - song for my un - do - ing, I'll

A prove A sy - ren - song for my un - do - ing,

T though thy mu - sic hap - ly prove A sy - ren - song, I'll take the joy and

B though thy mu - sic hap - ly prove A sy - ren - song, I'll take the joy and

S 50 take the joy and risk the rue - ing, For oh, I love thee,
A I'll risk the rue - ing, For I love thee,
T risk the rue - ing, For oh, I love thee,
B risk the rue - ing, For I love thee,

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7

Soprano (S) Alto (A) Tenor (T) Bass (B)

mf

53 Love; I'll take the joy and risk the rue - ing, For
mf Love; I'll take the joy and risk the rue - ing, For
mf Love; I'll risk _____ the rue - ing, For
mf Love; I'll take the joy and risk the rue - ing, For

Soprano (S) Alto (A) Tenor (T) Bass (B)

mf lusingando oh, I love thee, I love thee, _____ Love.
rit. e dim.
mf lusingando oh, I love thee, I love thee, _____ Love.
rit. e dim.
mf lusingando oh, I love thee, I love thee, _____ Love.
rit. e dim.
mf lusingando oh, I love thee, I love thee, _____ Love.

Banks & Son
(1924)

Frederick Arthur Challinor (1866-1952) was born near Caverswall, Staffordshire, England. His father worked in the coal mines and was a Methodist Lay Preacher. He left school at age ten to work in a brick factory and held a succession of labor jobs. He learned music from a fellow worker and through self study using Alfred Robert Gaul's book on harmony, spending his free time studying music and enduring ridicule from fellow workers. He began to teach music and passed the local Royal Academy of Music examination. He was admitted into the Royal College of Music and studied at Durham University. He was a recognized music teacher and composer. He was best known for his anthems, part songs, cantatas, and hymn tunes. He died in Paignton, Devon, England.

O sweet-voiced Love, that in my heart
Thy dulcet strains art ever singing,
How dost thou ply thy wondrous art,
To give my wishes swifter winging.
As Morn aside Night's curtain throws,
Thy song I hear within me welling,
My waking thoughts to thee compelling,
Ere yet my eyes unclose.

All through the day's succeeding hours
Thou singest many a winsome measure,
Of hearts aglow 'mid rosy bowers,
Of whispered vows and fondest pleasure.
A tireless Minstrel, Love, art thou,
And I, to hear thee, tireless ever;
Yea, will I say thy song was never
So sweet to me as now.

Yet have I heard reproach of thee,
For waywardness and wanton wilng,
Of frailty, and inconstancy,
When thou hast done with thy beguiling.
And though thy music haply prove
A syren-song for my undoing,
I'll take the joy and risk the rueing,
For oh, I love thee, Love.

Marion Ray

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