



The Echoing Green

Percy de Courcy Smale

(1875—1942)

Allegro felice

S *mf* *cresc.*
The Sun does a - rise, And make hap - py the skies; The mer - ry bells ring To

A *mf* *cresc.*
The Sun does a - rise, And make hap - py the skies; The mer - ry bells ring To

T *mf* *cresc.*
The Sun does a - rise, And make hap - py the skies; The mer - ry bells ring To

B *mf* *cresc.*
The Sun does a - rise, And make hap - py the skies; The mer - ry bells ring To

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4

S wel - come the Spring, The mer - ry bells ring To wel - come the Spring, to

A wel - come the Spring, The mer - ry bells ring To wel - come the Spring, to

T wel - come the Spring, — The mer - ry bells ring To wel - come, the

B wel - come the Spring, The mer - ry bells ring To wel - come to

7

S wel - come the Spring; The sky - lark and

A wel - come the Spring; The sky - lark and

T mer - ry bells wel - come Spring; The sky - lark and

B wel - come the Spring; The sky - lark and thrush, The birds of the

10

S thrush, — The birds of the bush, Sing loud - er a -

A thrush, The birds of the bush, Sing loud - er a -

T thrush, The birds of the bush, Sing loud - er a -

B bush, The sky - lark and thrush, The birds of the bush, Sing loud - er a -

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13

S round To the bells' cheer - ful sound, While our sports shall be seen *rall.*

A round To the bells' cheer - ful sound, While our sports shall be seen *rall.*

T round To the bells' cheer - ful sound, While our sports shall be seen *rall.*

B round To the bells' cheer - ful sound, While our sports shall be seen, our sports shall be

16

S *dolce più lento e dim.* On the Ech - o - ing Green. *p*

A *dolce più lento e dim.* On the Ech - o - ing Green. *p*

T *dolce più lento e dim.* On the Ech - o - ing Green. *p*

B *dolce più lento e dim.* On the Ech - o - ing Green. *p*

seen On the Ech - o - ing Green.

Tempo 1

S *mf* Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care, Sit - ting un - der the oak, A -

A *mf* Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care, Sit - ting un - der the oak, A -

T *mf* Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care, Sit - ting un - der the oak, A -

B *mf* Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care, Sit - ting un - der the oak, A -

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22

S
mong the old folk; Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care,

A
mong the old folk; Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care,

T
mong — the old folk; Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way

B
mong the old folk; Old John, with white hair, Does laugh a - way care,

25

S
Un - der the oak, They laugh at our

A
Un - der the oak, They laugh at our

T
care, — 'neath the oak, They laugh at our

B
Un - der the oak, They laugh at our play, They laugh at our

28

S
play, — And soon they all say: 'Such, such were the

A
play, And soon they all say: 'Such, such were the

T
play, And soon they all say: 'Such, such were the

B
play, A - mong the old folk, And soon they all say: 'Such, such were the

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31

S joys When we all, girls and boys, In our youth time were seen.

A joys When we all, girls and boys, In our youth time were seen.

T joys When we all, girls and boys, In our youth time were seen.

B joys When we all, girls and boys, In our youth time were seen, our youth time were

34

più lento

S On the Ech - o - ing Green.' *p*

A On the Ech - o - ing Green.' *p*

T On the Ech - o - ing Green.' *p*

B On the Ech - o - ing Green.' *p*

seen On the Ech - o - ing Green.'

Più lento

p dolce

S Till the lit - tle ones, wear - y, No more can be mer - ry;

A wear - y! *pp*

T wear - y! *pp*

B wear - y! *pp*

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40

S *cresc.*
The sun, the sun does de - scend, And our

A *pp cresc.*
wear - y! The sun, the sun does de - scend, And our

T *pp cresc.*
wear - y! The sun does de - scend, de - scend, And our

B *pp cresc.*
wear - y! The sun does de - scend, de - scend, And our

43

S *dolce*
sports have an end. Round the laps of their

A *dolce*
sports have an end. Round the laps of their

T *dolce*
sports have an end. Round the laps of their

B *dolce*
sports have an end. Round the

46

S *pp*
moth - ers Man - y sis - ters and broth - ers, Like

A *pp*
moth - ers Man - y sis - ters and broth - ers, Like

T *pp*
moth - ers Man - y sis - ters and broth - ers, Like

B *pp*
laps of their moth - - - - ers Like

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49

S birds in their nest, Are read - y for rest, And

A birds in their nest, Are read - y for rest, And

T birds in their nest, Are read - y for rest, And

B birds in their nest, Are read - y for rest, And

52

S sport no more _____ seen _____ On the *dolce lento*

A sport no more seen _____ On the *dolce lento*

T sport no more _____ seen _____

B sport no more, no more _____ seen

55

S dark - en - ing Green, _____ On the dark - 'ning Green. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

A dark - en - ing Green, _____ On the dark - 'ning Green. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

T On the dark - en - ing Green, the dark - 'ning _____ Green. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

B On the dark - en - ing Green, the dark - 'ning Green. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

Percy Walter de Courcy Smale (1875–1942) was born in Bideford, Devon, England, was educated in Vevey, and served as an officer in the Labour Corps. He held organist positions at Instow Parish Church; St. Barnabas', Bell Street, London; and All Saints Parish Church, Wigan; and was director of the Yealand Choral Society and Morecambe Madrigal Society. He also authored the book *The instruments and art of the orchestra: An introductory study, with table showing range of each instrument*. He died in Wigan. His compositions include organ pieces, piano pieces, anthems, carols, hymns, part-songs, and songs.

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

William Blake (1757–1827)

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