



To Blossoms

Harold E. Darke

(1888–1976)

Co Blossoms

Harold E. Darke

♩ = 100

S Fair pledg - es of a fruit - ful tree, Why

A Fair pledg - es of a fruit - ful tree, Why

T Fair pledg - es of a fruit - ful tree, Why

B Fair pledg - es of a fruit - ful tree, Why

6

S do ye fall so fast?

A do ye fall so fast? Your

T do ye fall so fast? Your date is not so

B do ye fall so fast? Your date is not so past But

p tranquillo



To Blossoms

10

S Your date is not so

A date is not so — past But you may stay yet here a -

T past But you may stay yet here a - while To

B you may stay yet here a - while To

13

S past — But you may stay — yet here a - while, — But

A while To blush and gent - ly smile, But you may

T blush and gent - ly smile, —

B blush and gent - ly smile, But you may stay yet

mp affret. *p* *f*

17

S you may stay — yet here a - while To blush and

A stay — yet here a - while To blush —

T But you may stay — yet here a - while To blush —

B here — a - while To blush and

f *ff* *ff*

Co Blossoms

21

S gent - ly smile, And go at last.

A and gent - ly smile, And go at last.

T and gent - ly smile, And go at last.

B gent - ly smile, And go at last.

mp *pp* *rall.* *ppp*

26

Animato ♩ = 144

sotto voce

S What! were ye born to be An hour or half's de -

A What! were ye born to be An hour or half's de -

T What! were ye born to be An hour or half's de -

B What! were ye born to be An hour or half's de -

29

S light, And so to bid good night? 'Twas

A light, And so to bid good night? 'Twas

T light, And so to bid good night? 'Twas pit -

B light, And so to bid good night? 'Twas

mf *ff*

32 *allargando* *sempre ff*

S pit - y Na - ture brought you forth — Mere - ly to show your

A pit - y Na - ture brought you forth — Mere - ly to show your

T y Na - ture brought you forth — Mere - ly to show your

B pit - y Na - ture brought you forth — Mere - ly to show your

35 *pp rall.* $\text{♩} = 100$ *mp tranquillo*

S worth And lose you quite.

A worth And lose you quite.

T worth And lose you quite. But

B worth And lose you quite. But you are love - ly —

39 *mp tranquillo*

S But you are love - ly —

A But you are love - ly — leaves, where we May —

T you are love - ly — leaves, where we May read how —

B leaves, — where — we May — read how soon things —

Co Blossoms

42

S leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their

A read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so

T soon things have Their end, though ne'er so

B have Their end, though ne'er so

45

S end, though ne'er so brave,

A brave, though ne'er so brave,

T brave, though ne'er so

B brave, though ne'er so brave, though

48

S — though ne'er so brave: And

A — though ne'er so brave: And

T brave: And

B ne'er so brave: And

Co Blossoms

51 *sempre ff*

S af - ter they have shown their pride

A af - - - ter they have shown their pride

T af - - - ter they have shown their pride

B af - - - ter they have shown their pride Like you a -

55 *pp*

S Like you a - while, they

A Like you a - while,

T Like you a - while,

B while, they glide

59 *ppp senza rit. poco rall.*

S glide In - to the grave.

A they glide In - to the grave.

T they glide In - to the grave.

B In - to the grave.

Harold Edwin Darke (1888–1976) was born in Highbury, London, England, was educated at Dame Alice Owen's School, Islington, and at the Royal College of Music. He served in the Royal Air Force during WWI. He was assistant to H. W. Davies at Temple Church, then held organist positions at Stoke Newington Presbyterian Church, London; Emmanuel Church, West Hampstead; St. James' Church, Paddington; and for 50 years at St Michael's Church, Cornhill, London. He taught at the RCM, and was acting Director of Music at King's College, Cambridge during World War II. His wife Dora was a violinist and was the first woman to lead the Queen's Hall Orchestra. He died in Cambridge. His compositions are mostly the repertoire for Anglican church including organ pieces, service music, anthems, choral works, hymns, and carols.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

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