



Aftermath

T. S. Drummond
(1854-?)

Andante espressivo $\text{♩} = 72$

S *mp* Oh! wan - ing year, bind up thy sheaves Of hap - py hours that

A *mp* Oh! wan - ing year, bind up thy sheaves Of hap - py hours that

T *mp* Oh! wan - ing year, bind up thy sheaves Of hap - py hours that

B *mp* Oh! wan - ing year, bind up thy sheaves Of hap - py hours that

4
S swift - ly fly! Now yel - low are the fall - ing leaves, Now *ten.*

A swift - ly fly! Now yel - low are the fall - ing leaves, Now *ten.*

T swift - ly fly! Now yel - low are the fall - ing leaves, Now *ten.*

B swift - ly fly! Now yel - low are the fall - ing leaves, Now *ten.*

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7

S dull and gray the pal - lid sky. The sum - mer's come- the *dolente*

A dull and gray the pal - lid sky. The sum - mer's come- the *dolente*

T dull and gray the pal - lid sky. The sum - mer's come- the *dolente*

B dull and gray the pal - lid sky. The sum - mer's come- the *dolente*

10

S sum - mer's gone,- Her song is hush'd for - ev - er here; A *dim.* *pp* *dolce*

A sum - mer's gone,- Her song is hush'd for - ev - er here; A *dim.* *pp* *dolce*

T sum - mer's gone,- Her song is hush'd for - ev - er here; A *dim.* *pp* *dolce*

B sum - mer's gone,- Her song is hush'd for - ev - er here; A *dim.* *pp* *dolce*

13

S few sad flow'rs are left to tell How sweet she was, how

A few sad flow'rs are left a - lone To tell how sweet she

T few sad flow'rs are left a - lone To tell how

B few sad flow'rs are left to tell How

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16

cresc.

S dear, _____ A few sad flow'rs are left to tell How

cresc.

A was, how dear, A few sad flow'rs are left to tell How

cresc.

T sweet, how dear, A few sad flow'rs are left a - lone, are

cresc.

B sweet, how dear, A few flow'rs left a - lone To

19

poco rall. e dim.

S sweet she was, how dear, *mf affetuoso* To tell how

poco rall. e dim.

A sweet she was, how dear, *mf affetuoso* To tell _____

poco rall. e dim.

T left _____ a - lone To tell, _____ *mf affetuoso* to tell how

poco rall. e dim.

B tell how sweet, how dear, *mf affetuoso* To tell how

22

S sweet, _____ to tell how dear, _____ A few sad flow'rs are

A _____ how sweet, to tell _____ how dear, A few sad flow'rs are

T sweet she was, to tell, to tell how dear, A few sad flow'rs are left, are

B sweet, to tell how dear, A few flow'rs

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26 *poco rall.*

S left a - lone To tell how sweet, how dear.

A left a - lone To tell how sweet she was, how dear.

T left To tell how sweet she was, how dear.

B left a - lone To tell how sweet, how dear.

Tempo 1

f

S Bind thou the gath - er'd sheaves, Oh Love! Lest win - ter fold them

A Bind thou the gath - er'd sheaves, Oh Love! Lest win - ter fold them

T Bind thou the gath - er'd sheaves, Oh Love! Lest win - ter fold them

B Bind thou the gath - er'd sheaves, Oh Love! Lest win - ter fold them

33 *ten.*

S in her shroud: 'Tis not the coo - ing of the dove, But

A in her shroud: 'Tis not the coo - ing of the dove, But

T in her shroud: 'Tis not the coo - ing of the dove, But

B in her shroud: 'Tis not the coo - ing of the dove, But

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36

S wear - y winds that pipe so loud. Yet mourn thou not with *deciso*

A wear - y winds that pipe so loud. Yet mourn thou not with *deciso*

T wear - y winds that pipe so loud. Yet mourn thou not with *deciso*

B wear - y winds that pipe so loud. Yet mourn thou not with *deciso*

39

S vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the si - lent strain, The *p*

A vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the si - lent strain, The *p*

T vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the si - lent strain, The *p*

B vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the si - lent strain, The *p*

42

S joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd is our

A joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd is our

T joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd

B joy, the joy of sum - mer has not,

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45

S gold - en grain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd,

A gold - en grain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd,

T is our grain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd,

B has not set, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For gath - er'd,

cresc. *f*

49

S gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, Yet mourn thou

A gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, Yet mourn

T gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, Yet mourn thou not, mourn not with

B gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, Yet mourn thou

53

S not with vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the

A thou not with vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the

T vain re - gret, mourn not with vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the si - lent

B not with vain re - gret, The fad - ed flow'r, the

poco meno

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7

57

mp *animato*

S si - lent strain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For

A si - lent strain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For

T strain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For

B si - lent strain, The joy of sum - mer has not set, For

60

cresc. *ff*

S gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, For gath - er'd, for

A gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, For gath - er'd, for

T gath - er'd is our grain, our gold - en, gold - en grain, For

B gath - er'd is our gold - en grain, our gold - en grain, For

63

rall.

S gath - er'd, for gath - er'd is our gold - en, gold - en grain.

A gath - er'd, for gath - er'd is our gold - en, gold - en grain.

T gath - er'd, for gath - er'd is our gold - en, gold - en grain.

B gath - er'd is, for gath - er'd is our gold - en grain.

Thomas Smith Drummond (1854-1912?) was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, son of musician James Drummond (1811-1883). He studied under G. Montague Smith and became an established pianist and conductor. He held organist positions at Maxwell Parish Church, Glasgow and the Episcopal Church, Moffat. He also was organist and choirmaster at Auchingramont Parish Church, Hamilton, and Christ Church, Dunoon. He was conductor of the Dennistoun Musical Society and the Crosshill Musical Association. His compositions include a few songs, motets, and part-songs.

Oh! waning year, bind up thy sheaves
Of happy hours that swiftly fly!
Now yellow are the falling leaves,
Now dull and gray the pallid sky.
The summer's come— the summer's gone,—
Her song is hushed forever here;
A few sad flowers are left alone
To tell how sweet she was, how dear.

Bind thou the gather'd sheaves, Oh Love!
Lest winter fold them in her shroud:
'Tis not the cooing of the dove,
But weary winds that pipe so loud.
Yet mourn thou not with vain regret,
The faded flower, the silent strain,
The joy of summer has not set,
For gathered is our golden grain.

James Brown (of Glasgow)

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