



Song of the seasons

Luther Orlando Emerson
(1820-1915)

Song of the seasons

L.O. Emerson

S
There is mu - sic in the Spring When its birds are on the wing;

A
There is mu - sic in the Spring When its birds are on the wing;

T
There is mu - sic in the Spring When its birds are on the wing;

B
There is mu - sic in the Spring When its birds are on the wing;

5
S
Sum - mer's voic - es wake for me Na - ture's sweet - est mel - o - dy.

A
Sum - mer's voic - es wake for me Na - ture's sweet - est mel - o - dy.

T
Sum - mer's voic - es wake for me Na - ture's sweet - est mel - o - dy.

B
Sum - mer's voic - es wake for me Na - ture's sweet - est mel - o - dy.

Song of the seasons

9

S
Tral la la la la la la la la,

A
Tral la la la la la la la la,

T
8
Tral la la la la la la la la,

B
Tral la la la la la la la la,

13

S
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

A
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

T
8
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

B
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

17

S
Sad - ly doth my heart re - call The low whis - per - ings of Fall;

A
Sad - ly doth my heart re - call The low whis - per - ings of Fall;

T
8
Sad - ly doth my heart re - call The low whis - per - ings of Fall;

B
Sad - ly doth my heart re - call The low whis - per - ings of Fall;

Song of the seasons

21

S Win - ter, as he steals a - long, Hath for me a pleas - ant song.

A Win - ter, as he steals a - long, Hath for me a pleas - ant song.

T Win - ter, as he steals a - long, Hath for me a pleas - ant song.

B Win - ter, as he steals a - long, Hath for me a pleas - ant song.

25

S Tral la la la la la la la la,

A Tral la la la la la la la la,

T Tral la la la la la la la la,

B Tral la la la la la la la la,

29

S Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

A Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

T Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

B Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

Song of the seasons

33

S Thus do Na - ture's voic - es still All her joy - ous plac - es fill,

A Thus do Na - ture's voic - es still All her joy - ous plac - es fill,

T Thus do Na - ture's voic - es still All her joy - ous plac - es fill,

B Thus do Na - ture's voic - es still All her joy - ous plac - es fill,

37

S And her wild and thrill - ing strain Now is hush'd, now wakes a - gain.

A And her wild and thrill - ing strain Now is hush'd, now wakes a - gain.

T And her wild and thrill - ing strain Now is hush'd, now wakes a - gain.

B And her wild and thrill - ing strain Now is hush'd, now wakes a - gain.

41

S Tral la la la la la la la la,

A Tral la la la la la la la la,

T Tral la la la la la la la la,

B Tral la la la la la la la la,

Song of the seasons

45

S Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

A Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

T Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

B Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

49

S Thus for - ev - er may it be With her var - ied mel - o - dy;

A Thus for - ev - er may it be With her var - ied mel - o - dy;

T Thus for - ev - er may it be With her var - ied mel - o - dy;

B Thus for - ev - er may it be With her var - ied mel - o - dy;

53

S Hers for - ev - er be the pow'r Thus to charm life's pass - ing hour.

A Hers for - ev - er be the pow'r Thus to charm life's pass - ing hour.

T Hers for - ev - er be the pow'r Thus to charm life's pass - ing hour.

B Hers for - ev - er be the pow'r Thus to charm life's pass - ing hour.

Song of the seasons

57

S
Tral la la la la la la la la,

A
Tral la la la la la la la la,

T
Tral la la la la la la la la,

B
Tral la la la la la la la la,

61

S
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

A
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

T
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

B
Tral la la la la la la la la, Tral la la la la la la la la.

Oliver Ditson & Co.
(1871)

Luther Orlando Emerson was born in Parsonsfield, Maine. He originally planned to be a doctor, attending Parsonsfield Seminary and Effingham Academy. Changing his direction, he studied under the well-known music teacher Isaac Woodbury. He moved to Salem, Massachusetts, where he taught for several years. He moved to Boston as organist and musical director at the Bulfinch Street Church. He was organist and musical director in various churches in Massachusetts, and directed of about 300 musical festivals and conventions. He also became associated with the publishing house Oliver Ditson & Company in Boston. He compiled several collections of church music, and authored a number of training manuals and compilations for choirs. He died in Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

There is music in the Spring
When its birds are on the wing;
Summer's voices wake for me
Nature's sweetest melody.

Sadly doth my heart recall
The low whisperings of Fall;
Winter, as he steals along,
Hath for me a pleasant song.

Thus do Nature's voices still
All her joyous places fill,
And her wild and thrilling strain
Now is hush'd, now wakes again.

Thus forever may it be
With her varied melody;
Hers forever be the power
Thus to charm life's passing hour.

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