



Lost in the Snow

Albert J. Holden
(1841-1916)

Lost in the Snow

Albert J. Holden

S

A *Quasi Recitativo*
p
"My son, 'tis late, the woods are dark; Oh, go not forth to

T

B

5

S

A *p*
roam; Thy sis - ter thou wilt nev - er find; ___ Re - main ___ with me ___ at

T

B

dim. e rit.

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9

S *p a tempo* The for - est gloom is damp and cold, The winds are bleak and

A *p a tempo* home! The for - est gloom is damp and cold, The winds are bleak and

T *p a tempo* The for - est gloom is damp and cold, The winds are bleak and

B *p a tempo* The for - est gloom is damp and cold, The winds are bleak and

13

S *ff* wild; 'Tis late to rove the woods a - lone,

A *ff* wild; — 'Tis late to rove the woods a - lone, Oh, stay with me, — my

T *ff* wild; 'Tis late to rove the woods a - lone,

B *ff* wild; 'Tis late to rove the woods a - lone,

17

S *p* Oh, stay with me: oh, stay with me, — my

A *p* child, Oh, stay with me: oh, stay with me, my

T *p* Oh, stay with me: oh, stay with me, my

B *p* Oh, stay with me: oh, stay with me, my

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S child!"

A child!"

T *mf* (a la Recit.) *animato* child!" "Oh, Moth - er, Moth - er, let me go! Weep - ing is all in

B child!"

25

S

A

T *cresc.* *f* vain; My sis - ter I shall sure - ly find, And bring her home a -

B

29

S *p* Till she be found, there is no rest, No com - fort here for

A *p* Till she be found, there is no rest, No com - fort here for

T *p* gain. Till she be found, there is no rest, No com - fort here for

B *p* Till she be found, there is no rest, No com - fort here for

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S me; The snow and wind I'll bold - ly face, And soon re - turn to

A me; The snow and wind I'll bold - ly face, And soon re - turn to

T me; The snow and wind I'll bold - ly face, And soon re - turn to

B me; The snow and wind I'll bold - ly face, And soon re - turn to

37

S thee, and soon re - turn to thee." The *p Più lento*

A thee, and soon re - turn to thee." The *p Più lento*

T thee, and soon re - turn to thee." The *p Più lento*

B thee, and soon re - turn to thee." The *p Più lento*

41

S moth - er wept, while forth he went, A - cross the drear - y moor; The *cresc.* *f*

A moth - er wept, while forth he went, A - cross the drear - y moor; The *cresc.* *f*

T moth - er wept, while forth he went, A - cross the drear - y moor; The *cresc.* *f*

B moth - er wept, while forth he went, A - cross the drear - y moor; The *cresc.* *f*

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45 *ff* *rit.* *pause* *Slow*

S storm de - part - ed, morn re - turn'd; But he re - turn'd no

A *ff* *rit.* *Slow*

A storm de - part - ed, morn re - turn'd; But he re - turn'd no

T *ff* *rit.* *Slow*

T storm de - part - ed, morn re - turn'd; But he re - turn'd no

B *ff* *rit.* *Slow*

B storm de - part - ed, morn re - turn'd; But he re - turn'd no

49 *p più animato* >

S more! The snow dis-solv'd, the winds re-pos'd, The sun un-cloud - ed

A *p più animato* >

A more! The snow dis-solv'd, the winds re-pos'd, The sun un-cloud - ed

T *p più animato* >

T more! The snow dis-solv'd, the winds re-pos'd, The sun un-cloud - ed

B *p più animato* >

B more! The snow dis-solv'd, the winds re-pos'd, The sun un-cloud - ed

53 *f* *rit.* *p* *Very slow* *pp*

S shone; The buds and blos - soms — came, but, ah! The

A *f* *rit.* *p* *Very slow* *pp*

A shone; The buds and blos - soms came, but, ah! The

T *f* *rit.* *p* *Very slow* *pp*

T shone; The buds and blos - soms came, but, ah! The

B *f* *rit.* *p* *Very slow* *pp*

B shone; The buds and blos - soms came, but, ah! The

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S
moth - er wept a - lone: she wept a - lone!

A
moth - er wept a - lone: she wept a - lone!

T
moth - er wept a - lone: she wept a - lone!

B
moth - er wept a - lone: she wept a - lone!

pp *Grave*

Geo. Molineux
(1887)

Albert James Cook Holden (1841–1916) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. (Some biographies use “Janos” as middle name; death records and other legal documents indicate “James”). He studied in New York City and became an established organist in the city, serving in several positions including the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity and of the Presbyterian Church of the Puritans. He was also identified with the occupation “pianos.” He was a founding member of the American Guild of Organists and editor of several collections of sacred music. He died in Longmeadow, Massachusetts. His compositions are mostly church music and hymns.

“My son, ’tis late, the woods are dark;
Oh, go not forth to roam;
Thy sister thou wilt never find;
Remain with me at home!
The forest gloom is damp and cold,
The winds are bleak and wild;
’Tis late to rove the woods alone,
Oh, stay with me, my child!”

“Oh, Mother, Mother, let me go!
Weeping is all in vain;
My sister I shall surely find,
And bring her home again.
Till she be found, there is no rest,
No comfort here for me;
The snow and wind I’ll boldly face,
And soon return to thee.”

The mother wept, while forth he went,
Across the dreary moor;
The storm departed, morn return’d;
But he return’d no more!
The snow dissolv’d, the winds repos’d,
The sun unclouded shone;
The buds and blossoms came, but, ah!
The mother wept alone!

translated “Swedish Winter Song”

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