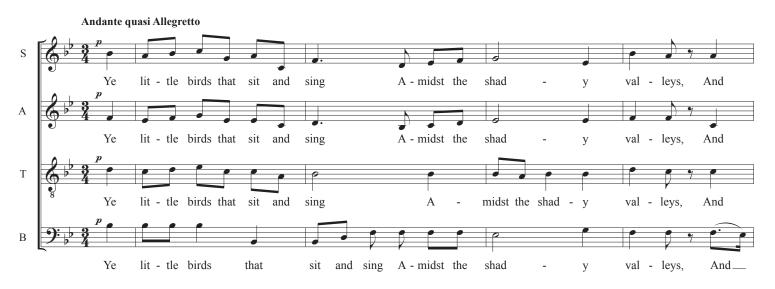


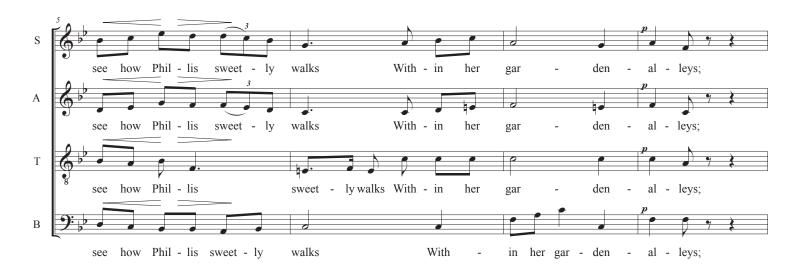
Ue little birds

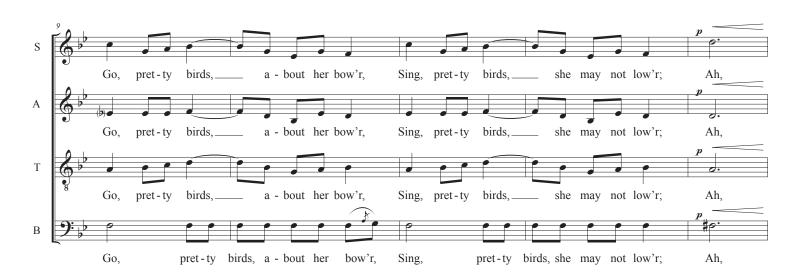
George A. Macfarren (1813-1887)

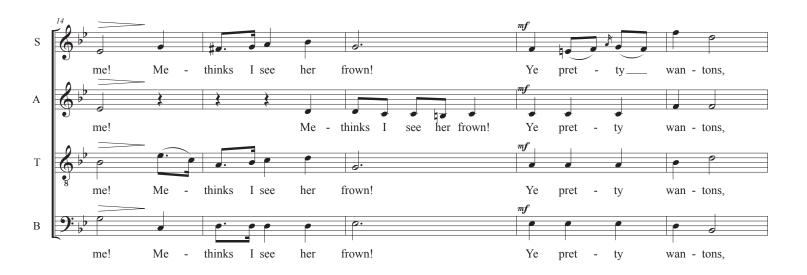


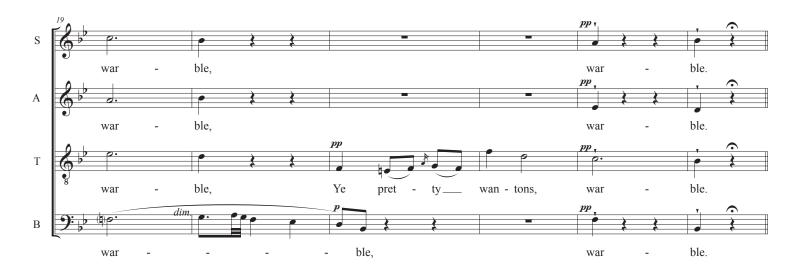


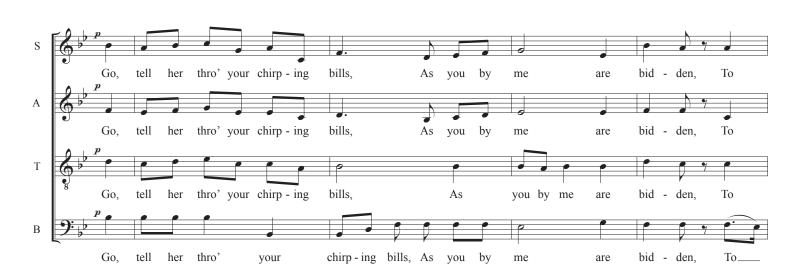
Edition and "engraving" © 2024 SHORCHOR™. May be freely distributed, duplicated, performed and recorded under the TERMS OF USE described elsewhere in this publication. This edition is not a source for a secondary edition.

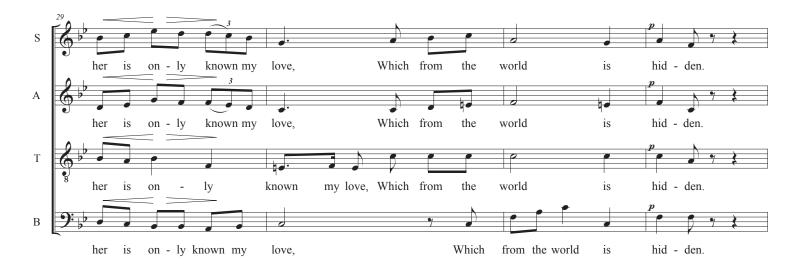


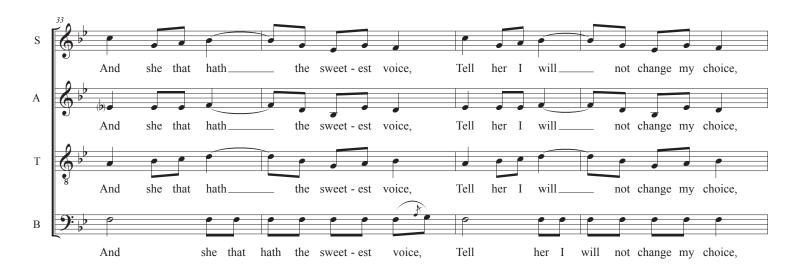


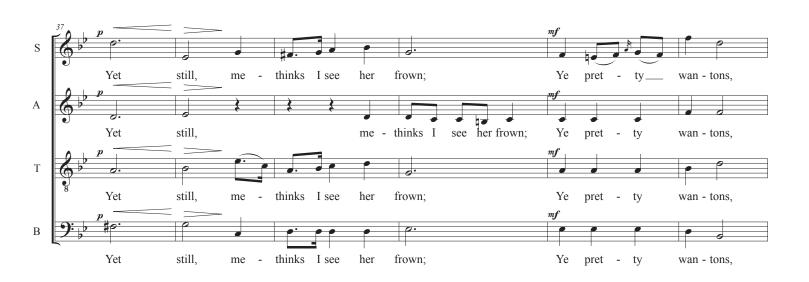


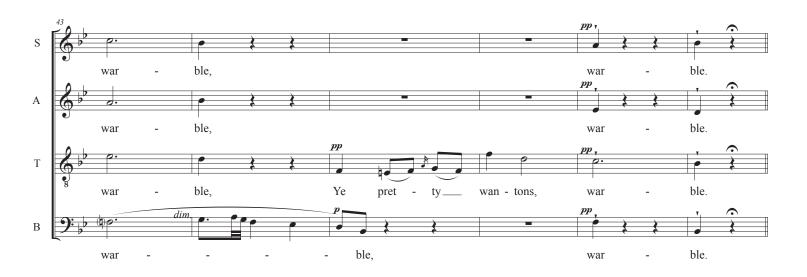


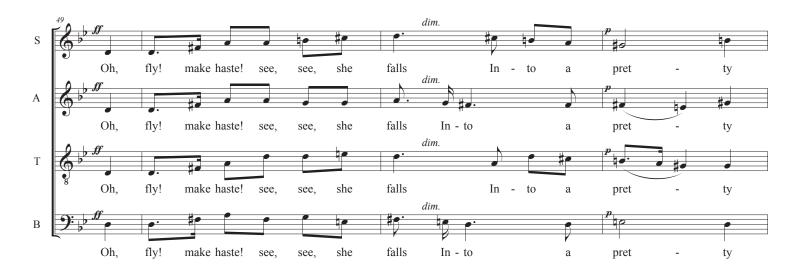


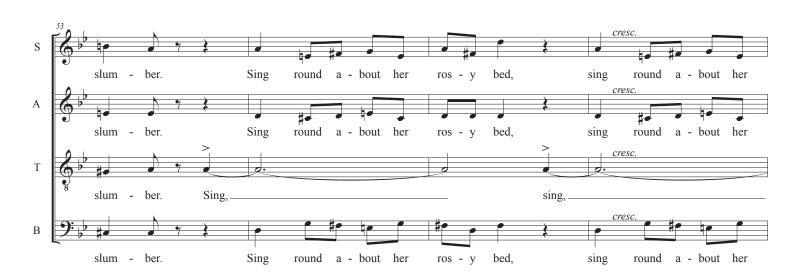


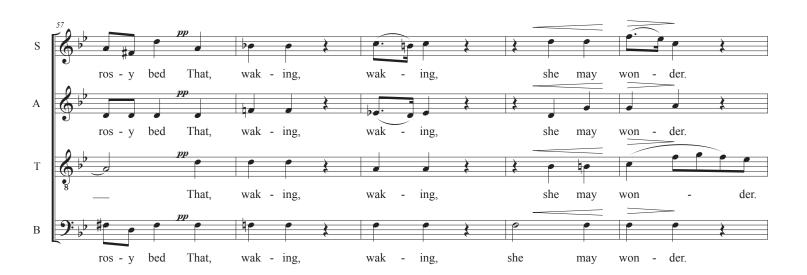


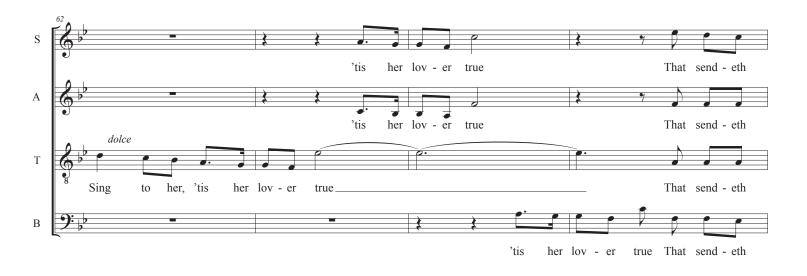


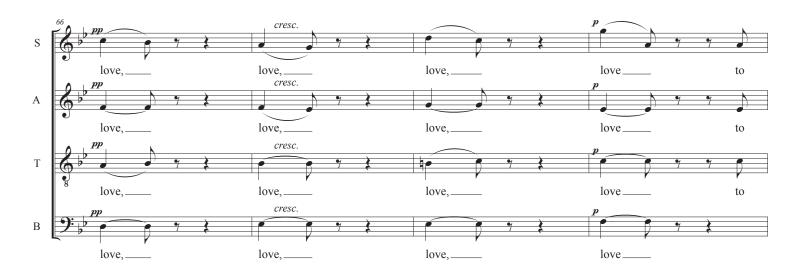


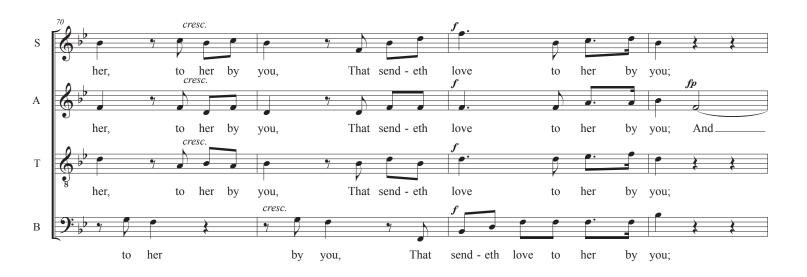


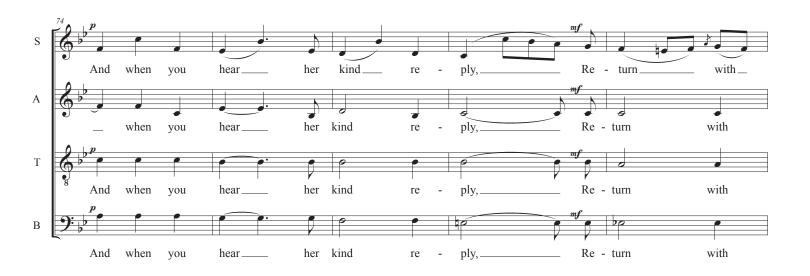


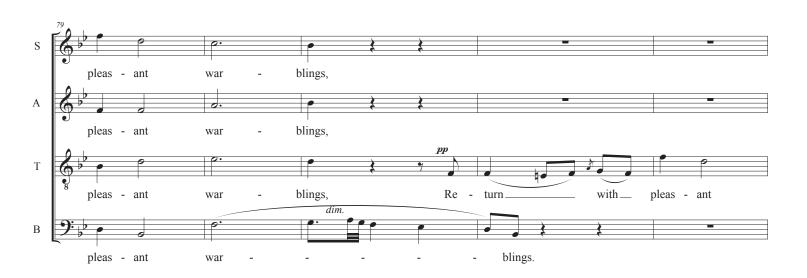


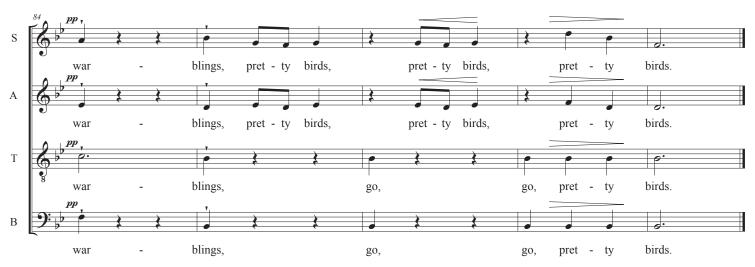












S. Brainard's Sons (1876)

Sir George Alexander Macfarren (1813-1887) was born in London. From early youth, he suffered from poor health and weak eyesight. His eyesight continually deteriorated until he became totally blind in 1860. However, his blindness had little effect on his productivity. Macfarren began to study music when he was fourteen and, at sixteen, entered the Royal Academy of Music. Because of his eyesight, he abandoned performance and concentrated on composition. He later taught at the Academy, eventually becoming a principal. He was also appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1875. He was conductor at Covent Garden, London; founder the Handel Society; program note writer for the Philharmonic Society; and editor of *Handel and Purcell*. He wrote 18 operas, 13 oratorios and cantatas, 9 symphonies, and 162 songs. He was active as writer of part-songs, literature for the many amateur choirs appearing throughout the country. He was knighted in 1883 on the same day as Arthur Sullivan and George Grove. His brother Walter Macfarren (1826-1905) was a pianist, composer and professor of the Royal Academy.

Ye little birds that sit and sing Amidst the shady valleys, And see how Phillis sweetly walks Within her garden-alleys; Go, pretty birds, about her bower, Sing, she may not lower; Ah, me! methinks I see her frown! Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills, As you by me are bidden, To her is only known my love, Which from the world is hidden. And she that hath the sweet-est voice, Tell her I will not change my choice, Yet still, methinks I see her frown; Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed
That, waking, she may wonder.
Sing to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to her by you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

Thomas Heywood (1574–1641) Originally published in *Fair Maid of the Exchange* (1607).

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos. please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit: www.shorchor.net

