



# Morning Song

Walter E. Macfarren  
(1828-1905)

Allegro vivace ♩ = 80

*mf*

S Oh! come, for the li - ly is white on the lea, Oh! come, for the wood doves are

*mf*

A Oh! come, come, Oh! come, Oh! come, for the wood doves are

*mf*

T Oh! come, for the li - ly is white, is white, Oh! come, for the wood doves are

*mf*

B Oh! come, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh! come, for the wood doves are

## Morning Song

4

S pair'd on the tree, Oh! come, for the li - ly is white on the lea, Oh! —

A pair'd on the tree, Oh! come, for the li - ly is white,

T pair'd on the tree, Oh! come, for the li - ly is white on the lea,

B pair'd on the tree, Oh! come, the li - ly is white, is white,

7

S come, for the wood doves are pair'd on the tree, *p* The lark sings, with dew on her

A come, come, so come, Oh! come, *p* The lark, the lark sings, with

T come, come, so come, — Oh! come, *p* The lark sings, with dew

B come, come, so come, come, *p* The lark, the lark sings, with

10

S wings and her feet, — The thrush pours his dit - ty loud, var - ied, and sweet, The

A dew on her feet, — The thrush pours his dit - ty loud, — and sweet,

T on her feet, The thrush pours his dit - ty loud, var - ied, and sweet,

B dew on her feet, — The thrush pours his dit - ty loud, var - ied, and sweet,

# Morning Song

13

S thrush pours his dit - ty loud, var - ied, and sweet, loud, var - ied, and  
A pours his dit - ty loud, var - ied, and  
T pours his dit - ty var - ied, and sweet, loud, var - ied, and  
B pours his dit - ty his loud, and

16

S sweet, So come, so come, so *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*  
A sweet, So come, yes, come, so come, so *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*  
T sweet, So come, so *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*  
B sweet, So come, yes, come, so come, so *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*

19

S come where the twin hares mid fra - grance have been, With flow'rs I will weave thee a  
A come, come, Oh! come With flow'rs I will weave thee a  
T come where the twin hares mid fra - grance have been, With flow'rs I will weave thee a  
B come, With flow'rs I will weave thee a

## Morning Song

22

S crown like a queen, With flow'rs I will weave thee a crown like a queen, a

A crown like a queen, With flow'rs \_\_\_\_\_ a crown, a

T crown like a queen, With flow'rs I will weave thee a crown, a

B crown like a queen, With flow'rs will weave thee a crown, a

25

S crown like a queen, \_\_\_\_\_ so come, Oh! come. \_\_\_\_\_

A crown like a queen, \_\_\_\_\_ so come, Oh! come. \_\_\_\_\_

T crown like a queen, \_\_\_\_\_ so come, Oh! come. \_\_\_\_\_

B crown \_\_\_\_\_ like a queen, so come. \_\_\_\_\_

S Oh! come, hark the thros - tle in - vites you a - loud; And wild comes the plov - er's cry

A Oh! come, \_\_\_\_\_ come, Oh! come, And wild comes the plov - er's cry

T Oh! come, hark the thros - tle in - vites you loud; And wild comes the plov - er's cry

B Oh! come, \_\_\_\_\_ And wild comes the plov - er's cry

# Morning Song

31

S down from the cloud: Oh! come, hark the tros - tle in - vites you a - loud: And\_\_\_

A down from the cloud: Oh! come, hark the tros - tle loud:

T down from the cloud: Oh! come, hark the tros - tle in - vites you a - loud:

B down from the cloud: Oh! come, the tros - tle in - vites a - loud:

34

S wild comes the plov - er's cry down from the cloud: The stream lifts its voice, and yon

A Come, come, Oh! come, Oh! come, The stream, the stream lifts its

T Come, come, Oh! come, — Oh! come, The stream lifts its voice,

B Come, come, Oh! come, come, The stream, the stream lifts its

*p*

37

S dai - sy's be - gun\_\_\_ To part its red lips and drink dew from the sun, Yon

A voice, and yon dai - sy's be - gun\_\_\_ To part\_\_\_ its lips and drink,

T and yon dai - sy's be - gun\_\_\_ To part,\_\_\_ and drink,

B voice, and yon dai - sy's be - gun\_\_\_ To part\_\_\_ its lips and drink,

## Morning Song

40

S dai - sy's be - gun To part its red lips and drink in the

A part its red lips and drink dew in the

T part its red lips and drink dew in the

B red lips and drink dew in the

43

S sun; So come, so come! The

A sun; So come, yes, come, so come! Oh!

T sun; So come, yes, come, so come! The

B sun; So come, yes, come, so come! Oh!

*p* *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*

*p* *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*

*p* *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*

*p* *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo*

46

S sky laughs in light, earth re - joi - ces in green; So come, and I'll crown thee with

A come, come, Oh! come; So come, and I'll crown thee with

T sky laughs in light, earth re - joi - ces in green; So come, and I'll crown thee with

B come, So come, and I'll crown thee with

# Morning Song

49

S  
flow'rs like a queen! So come, and I'll crown thee with flow'rs like a queen, with

A  
flow'rs like a queen! with flow'rs, \_\_\_\_\_ a crown, a

T  
flow'rs like a queen! So come, and I'll crown thee with flow'rs, with

B  
flow'rs like a queen! with flow'rs, a crown, yes, a crown, a

52

S  
flow'rs like a queen! So come, Oh! come! \_\_\_\_\_

A  
crown like a queen! So come, Oh! come! \_\_\_\_\_

T  
flow'rs like a queen! So come, Oh! come! \_\_\_\_\_

B  
crown \_\_\_\_\_ like a queen! So come! \_\_\_\_\_

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1860-1885)

**Walter Cecil Macfarren** (1826–1905) was in London, the younger brother of one of the leading Victorian composers, George Alexander Macfarren. He was a chorister at Westminster Abbey and sang at Queen Victoria's coronation. He had thoughts of becoming an artist, taking lessons in painting, but entered the Royal Academy of Music, studying the pianoforte and composition. He became a sub-professor of the pianoforte and was on the staff of the Royal Academy fifty-seven years. Macfarren was musical critic for the 'Queen' newspaper from 1862 until his death. He was chiefly concerned with teaching the piano and had some distinction as a conductor. He suffered from weak eyesight, but did not become totally blind, as did his brother. He composed many small pianoforte pieces and choral works, including two church services and many part-songs. He wrote no large-scale choral or dramatic works and wrote only a limited amount of orchestral music.

Oh! come, for the lily is white on the lea,  
Oh! come, for the wood doves are paired on the tree,  
The lark sings, with dew on her wings and her feet,  
The thrush pours his ditty loud, varied, and sweet,  
So come where the twin hares mid fragrance have been,  
With flowers I will weave thee a crown like a queen,  
Oh! come, hark the throstle invites you aloud;  
And wild comes the plover's cry down from the cloud:  
The stream lifts its voice, and yon daisy's begun  
To part its red lips and drink dew from the sun,  
The sky laughs in light, earth rejoices in green;  
So come, and I'll crown thee with flowers like a queen!

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842)

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