



# April

**H. Ernest Nichol  
(1862-1926)**

*Allegretto*

S *p* She comes to us a maid - en With half - a - vert - ed face. Her

A *p* She comes to us a maid - en With half - a - vert - ed face. Her

T *p* She comes to us a maid - en With half - a - vert - ed face. Her

B *p* She comes to us a maid - en With half - a - vert - ed face. Her

## April

5

S hands with buds are la - den, Her form is full of grace, Her

A hands with buds are la - den, Her form is full of grace, Her

T hands with buds are la - den, Her form is full of grace, Her

B hands with buds are la - den, Her form is full of grace, Her

*cresc.*

9

S form is full of grace; So ten - der, shy, ca - pri - cious, So

A form is full of grace; So ten - der, shy, ca - pri - cious, So

T form is full of grace; So ten - der, shy, ca - pri - cious, So

B form is full of grace; So ten - der, shy, ca -

*dim.*

13

S dew - y, sweet, and fair, so sweet and fair, so sweet and fair, Our

A dew - y, sweet, and fair, so sweet and fair, so sweet and fair, Our

T dew - y, sweet, and fair, so sweet and fair, so sweet and fair, Our

B pri - cious, So dew - y, sweet, and fair, Our

*cresc.* *rall.* *a tempo*

# April

17

S A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear, Our

A A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear, Our

T A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear, Our

B A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear, Our A - pril

21

S A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear. \_\_\_\_\_

A A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear. \_\_\_\_\_

T A - pril is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear. \_\_\_\_\_

B is de - li - cious What - ev - er guise she wear. \_\_\_\_\_

## Tempo 1

S She loves to hide her blush - es Be - hind a veil of shower, But

A She loves to hide her blush - es Be - hind a veil of shower, But

T She loves to hide her blush - es Be - hind a veil of shower, But

B She loves to hide her blush - es Be - hind a veil of shower, But

## April

29 *cresc.*

S soon her weep - ing hush - es, Grown hap - py in an hour, Grown

A soon her weep - ing hush - es, Grown hap - py in an hour, Grown

T soon her weep - ing hush - es, Grown hap - py in an hour, Grown

B soon her weep - ing hush - es, Grown hap - py in an hour, Grown

33 *dim.*

S hap - py in an hour; She pours a tide of spleen - dour, O'er

A hap - py in an hour; She pours a tide of spleen - dour, O'er

T hap - py in an hour; She pours a tide of spleen - dour, O'er

B hap - py in an hour; She pours a tide of

37 *cresc.* *rall.* *a tempo*

S all the wait - ing earth, o'er all the earth, o'er all the earth, Our

A all the wait - ing earth, o'er all the earth, o'er all the earth, Our

T all the wait - ing earth, o'er all the earth, o'er all the earth, Our

B spleen - dour, O'er all the wait - ing earth, Our

# April

41

S A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth, Our

A A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth, Our

T A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth, Our

B A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth, Our A - pril

*cresc.* *f*

45

S A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth.

A A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth.

T A - pril sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth.

B sad and ten - der, Or gay and full of mirth.

*rall.*

## Tempo 1

49

S We can - not choose but love her, A maid, and still a child; The

A We can - not choose but love her, A maid, and still a child; The

T We can - not choose but love her, A maid, and still a child; The

B We can - not choose but love her, A maid, and still a child; The

*p*

## April

54 *cresc.*

S stars are bright a - bove her, The ver - y winds are mild, The

A stars are bright a - bove her, The ver - y winds are mild, The

T stars are bright a - bove her, The ver - y winds are mild, The

B stars are bright a - bove her, The ver - y winds are mild, The

58 *dim.*

S ver - y winds are mild. She sets our feet to danc - ing, She

A ver - y winds are mild. She sets our feet to danc - ing, She

T ver - y winds are mild. She sets our feet to danc - ing, She

B ver - y winds are mild. She sets our feet to

62 *cresc.* *rall.* *a tempo*

S stirs our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, Our

A stirs our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, Our

T stirs our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, our hearts to praise, Our

B danc - ing, She stirs our hearts to praise, Our

# April

66

S dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days, Our

A dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days, Our

T dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days, Our

B dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days, Our dar - ling

70

S dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days.

A dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days.

T dar - ling A - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days.

B A - - - pril, glanc - ing A - long the gold - en days.

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**Henry Ernest Nichol** (1862-1926) was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England. He originally planned to be a civil engineer but abandoned an apprenticeship to study music privately, then graduated from Oxford University. He settled back in Hull as performer and teacher. He was music master at Hull Grammar School, organist at St. Andrew's, conductor of the North Cave Choral Society, and conductor of the Newport Harmonic Society. He was also musical editor for The Sunday School Union and wrote books on choir training and a primer on transposition at sight. He died in Yorkshire, England. His compositions include cantatas, services, anthems, carols, hymns, songs, piano pieces, and part-songs. His best known hymn is "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations." He often wrote under the pseudonym Colin Sterne, an anagram of his name.

She comes to us a maiden  
With half-averted face.  
Her hands with buds are laden,  
Her form is full of grace;  
So tender, shy, capricious,  
So dewy, sweet, and fair,  
Our April is delicious  
Whatever guise she wear.

She loves to hide her blushes  
Behind a veil of shower,  
But soon her weeping hushes,  
Grown happy in an hour;  
She pours a tide of splendour,  
O'er all the waiting earth,  
Our April sad and tender,  
Or gay and full of mirth.

We cannot choose but love her,  
A maid, and still a child;  
The stars are bright above her,  
The very winds are mild.  
She sets our feet to dancing,  
She stirs our hearts to praise,  
Our darling April, glancing  
Along the golden days.

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