



'Tis sweet
to hear
the merry lark

John Pointer
(1808–1934)

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark

John Pointer

Allegro ♩ = 152

mf stacc.

S 'Tis sweet to hear the mer - ry lark, That bids a blithe good - mor - row; But

A 'Tis sweet to hear the mer - ry lark, That bids a blithe good - mor - row; But

T 'Tis sweet to hear the mer - ry lark, That bids a blithe good - mor - row; But

B 'Tis sweet to hear the mer - ry lark, That bids a blithe good - mor - row; But

5

S sweet - er to hark, in the twink - ling dark, To the sooth - ing song of sor - row, the sooth - ing song of *dim.*

A sweet - er to hark, in the twink - ling dark, To the sooth - ing song of sor - row, the sooth - ing song of *dim.*

T sweet - er to hark, in the twink - ling dark, To the sooth - ing song of sor - row, the sooth - ing song of *dim.*

B sweet - er to hark, in the twink - ling dark, To the sooth - ing song of *dim.*

10

S *f* sor - row. O Night - in-gale! what doth she ail? And is she sad or jol - ly? For

A *f* sor - row. O Night - in-gale! what doth she ail? And *is* she sad or jol - ly? For

T *f* sor - row. O Night - in-gale! what doth she ail? And is she sad or jol - ly? For

B *f* sor - row. O Night - in-gale! what doth she ail? And is she sad or jol - ly? For

15

S *mp* ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to me - lan - cho - ly, so

A *mp* ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to me - lan - cho - ly, so

T *mp* ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to me - lan - cho - ly, so

B *mp* ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to me - lan - cho - ly, so

19 *poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

S like to me - lan - cho - ly. The mer - ry lark, he soars on high, No

A *poco rit.* *mf a tempo* like to me - lan - cho - ly. The mer - ry lark, he soars on high, No

T *poco rit.* *mf a tempo* like to me - lan - cho - ly. The mer - ry lark, he soars on high, No

B *poco rit.* *mf a tempo* like to me - lan - cho - ly. The mer - ry lark, he soars on high, No

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark

23

S world - ly thought o'er - takes him; He sings a - loud to the clear blue sky, And the

A world - ly thought o'er - takes him; He sings a - loud to the clear blue sky, And the

T world - ly thought o'er - takes him; He sings a - loud to the clear blue sky, And the

B world - ly thought o'er - takes him; He sings a - loud to the clear blue sky, And the

27

S day - light that a - wakes him, the day - light that a - wakes him. As

A day - light that a - wakes him, the day - light that a - wakes him. As

T day - light that a - wakes him, the day - light that a - wakes him. As

B day - - - light that a - wakes him. As

31

S sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The night - in - gale is trill - ing; With

A sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The night - in - gale is trill - ing; With

T sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The night - in - gale is trill - ing; With

B sweet a lay, as loud, as gay, The night - in - gale is trill - ing; With

35 *mp*

S feel - ing bliss, no less than his, Her lit - tle heart is thrill - ing, her

A feel - ing bliss, no less than his, Her lit - tle heart is thrill - ing, her

T feel - ing bliss, no less than his, Her lit - tle heart is thrill - ing, her

B feel - ing bliss, no less than his, Her lit - tle heart is thrill - ing, her

39 *poco rit.* *p* *a tempo*

S lit - tle heart is thrill - ing. Yet ev - er and a - non, a sigh Peers

A lit - tle heart is thrill - ing. Yet ev - er and a - non, a sigh Peers

T lit - tle heart is thrill - ing. Yet ev - er and a - non, a sigh Peers

B lit - tle heart is thrill - ing. Yet ev - er and a - non, a sigh Peers

44 *poco cresc.*

S through her lav - ish mirth; For the lark's bold song is of the sky, And

A through her lav - ish mirth; For the lark's bold song is of the sky, And

T through her lav - ish mirth; For the lark's bold song is of the sky, And

B through her lav - ish mirth; For the lark's bold song is of the sky, And

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark

48

S her's is of the earth, the earth, and her's is of the earth. By

A her's is of the earth, the earth, and her's is of the earth. By

T her's is of the earth, the earth, and her's is of the earth. By

B her's is of the earth. By

dim. *mf*

52

S night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive a - way all

A night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive a - way all

T night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive a - way all

B night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive a - way all

55

S sor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to -

A sor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to -

T sor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to -

B sor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to -

59

S mor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to - *dim.*

A mor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to - *dim.*

T mor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to - *dim.*

B mor - row; For bliss, a - las! to - night must pass, And woe may come to - *dim.*

63

S mor - row, and woe may come to - mor - row, and woe may come to - *p*

A mor - row, and woe may come to - mor - row, and woe may come to - *p*

T mor - row, and woe may come to - mor - row, and woe may come to - *p*

B mor - row, may come to -

68

S mor - row, may come to - mor - row, to - mor - row. *rall.*

A mor - row, may come to - mor - row, to - mor - row. *rall.*

T mor - row, may come to - mor - row, to - mor - row. *rall.*

B mor - row, may come to - mor - row, to - mor - row. *rall.*

John Pointer (1868–1934) was born in ham, Chester, England. He was active as a pianist, conductor, and composer, and was a long-time editor for Novello and Company, music publishers in London. His most significant work was with editions of Bach cantatas, works by Purcell, and works by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. He worked with John E. West, chief editor at Novello, to bring out Elgar's principal works. He was skilled as an orchestrator, particularly in connection with light opera. As composer, he mainly wrote songs and part-songs.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849)

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