



# The Fisherman's Song

Ed. F. Kimbault  
(1816-1876)

*Allegretto*

S *mf* Oh, the gal - lant fish - er's life, *p* It is the best of an - y! *cresc.* 'Tis

A *p* It is the best of an - y! *cresc.* 'Tis

T *mf* Oh, the gal - lant fish - er's life, *p* It is the best of an - y! *cresc.* 'Tis

B *p* It is the best of an - y! *cresc.* 'Tis

## The Fisherman's Song

5

S full of pleas - ure, void of strife, And 'tis be - lov'd of man - y;

A full of pleas - ure, void of strife, And 'tis be - lov'd of man - y;

T full of pleas - ure, void of strife, And 'tis be - lov'd of man - y;

B full of pleas - ure, void of strife, And 'tis be - lov'd of man - y;

9

S Oth - er joys Are but toys; On - ly this Law - ful is, *rall.*

A Oth - er joys Are but toys; On - ly this Law - ful is, *rall.*

T Oth - er joys Are but toys; On - ly this Law - ful is, *rall.*

B Oth - er joys Are but toys; On - ly this Law - ful is, *rall.*

13

S *a tempo* Breeds no ill, Breeds no ill,

A *a tempo* Breeds no ill, Breeds no ill,

T *mf a tempo* For our skill Breeds no ill, For our skill Breeds no ill,

B *a tempo* Breeds no ill, Breeds no ill,

# The Fisherman's Song

17

S For our skill  
But con-tent and pleas - ure, Breeds no ill,

A But con-tent and pleas - ure, Breeds no ill, For our skill

T 8 But con-tent and pleas - ure, Breeds no ill,

B But con-tent and pleas - ure, Breeds no ill,

22

S Breeds no ill, But con - tent and pleas - ure. *cresc.* *p* *Slower*

A Breeds no ill, But con - tent and pleas - ure. *cresc.* *p* *Slower*

T 8 Breeds no ill, But con - tent and pleas - ure. *cresc.* *p* *Slower*

B Breeds no ill, But con - tent and pleas - ure. *cresc.* *p* *Slower*

Tempo 1

27

S When we please to walk a - broad, In search of re - cre - a - tion, In *cresc.*

A In search of re - cre - a - tion, In *cresc.*

T 8 When we please to walk a - broad, In search of re - cre - a - tion, In *cresc.*

B In search of re - cre - a - tion, In *cresc.*

## The Fisherman's Song

31

S pleas - ant fields is our a - bode, Our chief - est de - lec - ta - tion:

A pleas - ant fields is our a - bode, Our chief - est de - lec - ta - tion:

T pleas - ant fields is our a - bode, Our chief - est de - lec - ta - tion:

B pleas - ant fields is our a - bode, Our chief - est de - lec - ta - tion:

35

S *mf* Where in brook, With a hook, Or a lake, *rall.* Fish we take;

A *mf* Where in brook, With a hook, Or a lake, *rall.* Fish we take;

T *mf* Where in brook, With a hook, Or a lake, *rall.* Fish we take;

B *mf* Where in brook, With a hook, Or a lake, *rall.* Fish we take;

39

S *a tempo* For a bit, For a bit,

A *a tempo* For a bit, For a bit,

T *mf a tempo* There we sit For a bit, There we sit For a bit,

B *a tempo* For a bit, For a bit,

# The Fisherman's Song

43

S Till we fish en - tan - gle, For a bit, There we sit

A Till we fish en - tan - gle, For a bit, There we sit

T Till we fish en - tan - gle, For a bit,

B Till we fish en - tan - gle, For a bit,

48

S For a bit, Till we fish en - tan - gle.

A For a bit, Till we fish en - tan - gle.

T For a bit, Till we fish en - tan - gle.

B For a bit, Till we fish en - tan - gle.

53

Tempo 1

S Or we some - times pass an hour Be - neath a friend - ly wil - low; For

A Be - neath a friend - ly wil - low; For

T Or we some - times pass an hour Be - neath a friend - ly wil - low; For

B Be - neath a friend - ly wil - low; For

## The Fisherman's Song

57

S that de-fends us from a show'r,- The moss - y turf our pil - low;

A that de-fends us from a show'r,- The moss - y turf our pil - low;

T that de-fends us from a show'r,- The moss - y turf our pil - low;

B that de-fends us from a show'r,- The moss - y turf our pil - low;

61

S Where we may Think or pray, Be - fore death Stops our breath.

A Where we may, Think or pray, Be - fore death Stops our breath.

T Where we may, Think or pray, Be - fore death Stops our breath.

B Where we may, Think or pray, Be - fore death Stops our breath.

65

S Are but toys, Are but toys,

A Are but toys, Are but toys,

T Oth - er joys, Are but toys, Oth - er joys, Are but toys,

B Are but toys, Are but toys,

# The Fisherman's Song

69

S Oth - er joys

And to be la - ment - ed, Are but toys,

A And to be la - ment - ed, Are but toys, Oth - er joys,

T And to be la - ment - ed, Are but toys,

B And to be la - ment - ed, Are but toys,

*p* *pp* *pp* *pp*

74

S Are but toys, And to be la - ment - ed.

A Are but toys, And to be la - ment - ed.

T Are but toys, And to be la - ment - ed.

B Are but toys, And to be la - ment - ed.

*cresc.* *p* *Slower* *cresc.* *p* *Slower* *cresc.* *p* *Slower* *cresc.* *p* *Slower*

Mason & Law  
(1851)

**Edward Francis Rimbault** (1816-1876) was born in Soho, London, son of organist and composer Stephen Francis Rimbault (1773-1837). He studied under his father, Samuel Wesley, and William Crotch. He was organist of the Swiss Church, Soho, and subsequently of several other London churches. He was a popular lecturer on musical history, especially at the Royal Institution. He was one of the founders of the Percy and Musical Antiquarian Societies, editor to the Motett Society, the Percy Society, the Camden Society, and the Handel Society. He held a membership in the Academy of Music in Stockholm, Sweden. He received degrees from the Academy as well as Harvard University and the University of Oxford. He edited many collections of music, and edited or arranged earlier English music and contemporary operas. He also author of numerous books on music. He died in London. His compositions include a cantata, an operetta, organ pieces, piano pieces, service music, songs, and part-songs.

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any!  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis belov'd of many;  
Other joys  
Are but toys;  
Only this  
Lawful is,  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

When we please to walk abroad,  
In search of recreation,  
In pleasant fields is our abode,  
Our chiefest delectation:  
Where in brook,  
With a hook,  
Or a lake,  
Fish we take;  
There we sit  
For a bit,  
Till we fish entangle.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
Beneath a friendly willow;  
For that defends us from a shower,—  
The mossy turf our pillow;  
Where we may  
Think or pray,  
Before death  
Stops our breath.  
Other joys  
Are but toys,  
And to be lamented.

John Chalkhill (1595?-1642)

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