



# Three Elizabethan Part Songs

1.

## Sweet day

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

**Andantino tranquillo**

*p dolce*

S Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the earth and

A Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the earth and

T Sweet day! so cool, — so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the — earth and

B Sweet day! so cool, — so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the earth and

## Sweet day

8

S sky, The dew shall weep thy fall — to - night; For thou must die. *pp*

A sky, The dew shall weep thy fall — to - night; For — thou *dim.*

T sky, The dew shall weep thy fall — to - night; For — thou *dim.*

B sky, The dew shall weep thy fall — to - night; For — thou *dim.*

15

S — — — — — Sweet spring! Full of sweet days and ro - ses, — A *mf*

A must die. — — — — — Sweet spring! Full of sweet days and ro - ses, — A *pp* *mf*

T — — — — — must die. — — — — — Sweet spring! Full of sweet days and ro - ses, — A *pp* *mf*

B — — — — — must die. — — — — — Sweet spring! Full of sweet days and ro - ses, — A *pp* *mf*

23

S box where sweets com - pact - ed lie, My mu - sic shows ye have — your

A box — where sweets com - pact - ed lie, My mu - sic shows ye have — your

T box — where sweets com - pact - ed — lie, My mu - sic shows ye have — your

B box where sweets com - pact - ed lie, My mu - sic shows ye have — your

30

S clos - es, And all must die. *pp* On - ly a sweet and *ppp*

A clos - es, And all must die. *pp* On - ly a sweet and *ppp*

T clos - es, And all must die. *pp* On - ly a sweet and *ppp*

B clos - es, And all must die. *pp* On - ly a sweet and *ppp*

37

S vir - tuous soul, Like sea - son'd tim - ber, ne - ver gives;

A vir - tuous soul, Like sea - son'd tim - ber, ne - ver gives;

T vir - tuous soul, Like sea - son'd tim - ber, ne - ver gives;

B vir - tuous soul, Like sea - son'd tim - ber, ne - ver gives;

43

S But though the whole world turn to coal, *ppp* Then chief - ly lives. *poco rall.* *pppp*

A But though the whole world turn to coal, *ppp* Then chief - ly lives. *poco rall.* *pppp*

T But though the whole world turn to coal, *ppp* Then chief - ly lives. *poco rall.* *pppp*

B But though the whole world turn to coal, *ppp* Then chief - ly lives. *poco rall.* *pppp*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

from *The Temple* (1633)  
George Herbert (1593–1633)

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