



Spring and Autumn

John Thomas
(1839-1929)

Moderato ♩ = 80

S
Ev - 'ry sea - son hath its pleas - ures; Spring may boast her flow - 'ry

A
Ev - 'ry sea - son hath its pleas - ures; Spring may boast her flow - 'ry

T
Ev - 'ry sea - son hath its pleas - ures; Spring may boast her flow - 'ry

B
Ev - 'ry sea - son hath its pleas - ures; Spring may boast her flow - 'ry

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5

S prime, Yet the vine - yard's ru - by treas - ures Bright - en Au - tumn's so - b'rer

A prime, Yet the vine - yard's ru - by treas - ures Bright - en Au - tumn's so - b'rer

T prime, Yet the vine - yard's ru - by treas - ures Bright - en Au - tumn's so - b'rer

B prime, Yet the vine - yard's ru - by treas - ures Bright - en Au - tumn's so - b'rer

9

S time. So Life's year be - gins and clos - es; Days tho' short - 'ning still can

A time. So Life's year be - gins and clos - es; Days tho' short - 'ning still can

T time. So Life's year be - gins and clos - es; Days tho' short - 'ning still can

B time. So Life's year be - gins and clos - es; Days tho' short - 'ning still can

13

S shine; — What tho' youth gave love and ros - es, Age still

A shine; What tho' youth gave love and ros - es, Age still

T shine; What tho' youth gave love and ros - es, Age still

B shine; What tho' youth gave love and ros - es, Age still

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16

S leaves us friends and wine, What tho' youth gave love and

A leaves us friends and wine, What tho' youth gave love and

T leaves us friends and wine, What tho' youth gave love and

B leaves us friends and wine, What tho' youth gave love and

19

S ros - es, Age still leaves us friends and wine.

A ros - es, Age still leaves us friends and wine.

T ros - es, Age still leaves us friends and wine.

B ros - es, Age still leaves us friends and wine.

p

S Phil - lis, when she might have caught me, All the Spring look'd coy and

A Phil - lis, when she might have caught me, All the Spring look'd coy and

T Phil - lis, when she might have caught me, All the Spring look'd coy and

B Phil - lis, when she might have caught me, All the Spring look'd coy and

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26

S shy, Yet her - self in Au - tumn sought me, When the flow'rs were all gone

A shy, Yet her - self in Au - tumn sought me, When the flow'rs were all gone

T shy, Yet her - self in Au - tumn sought me, When the flow'rs were all gone

B shy, Yet her - self in Au - tumn sought me, When the flow'rs were all gone

30

S by. Ah, too late;— she found her lov - er Calm and free be - neath his

A by. Ah, too late;— she found her lov - er Calm and free be - neath his

T by. Ah, too late;— she found her lov - er Calm and free be - neath his

B by. Ah, too late;— she found her lov - er Calm and free be - neath his

34

S vine, — Drink - ing to the Spring - time o - ver, In his

A vine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time o - ver, In his

T vine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time o - ver, In his

B vine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time o - ver, In his

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37

S best au - tum - nal wine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time

A best au - tum - nal wine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time

T best au - tum - nal wine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time

B best au - tum - nal wine, Drink - ing to the Spring - time

40

S o - ver, In his best au - tum - nal wine.

A o - ver, In his best au - tum - nal wine.

T o - ver, In his best au - tum - nal wine.

B o - ver, In his best au - tum - nal wine.

44

S Thus may we, as years are fly - ing, To their flight our pleas - ures

A Thus may we, as years are fly - ing, To their flight our pleas - ures

T Thus may we, as years are fly - ing, To their flight our pleas - ures

B Thus may we, as years are fly - ing, To their flight our pleas - ures

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48

S
A
T
B

suit, Nor re - gret the blos - soms dy - ing, While we still may taste the

suit, Nor re - gret the blos - soms dy - ing, While we still may taste the

suit, Nor re - gret the blos - soms dy - ing, While we still may taste the

suit, Nor re - gret the blos - soms dy - ing, While we still may taste the

52

S
A
T
B

fruit. Oh, while days like this are ours, — Where's the lip that dares re -

fruit. Oh, while days like this are ours, Where's the lip that dares re -

fruit. Oh, while days like this are ours, Where's the lip that dares re -

fruit. Oh, while days like this are ours, Where's the lip that dares re -

56

S
A
T
B

pine? — Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and

pine? Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and

pine? Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and

pine? Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and

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60

S wine, Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may

A wine, Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may

T wine, Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may

B wine, Spring may take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may

63

S take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may take our loves and

A take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may take our loves and

T take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may take our loves and

B take our loves and flow'rs, Spring may take our loves and

66

S flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and wine.

A flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and wine.

T flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and wine.

B flow'rs, So Au - tumn leaves us friends and wine.

John Thomas (1839-1922) was born in Blaenannerch, Cardiganshire, Wales. He apprenticed as a shopkeeper and ran his father's shop due to his father's health. He was an active musician: a composer, festival adjudicator, and collector of Welsh melodies. He conducted festivals of congregational singing, Psalm singing, and was prominent in the *Cymanfa Ganu*, which was a movement of gatherings for singing, from hymns to oratorios. He died in Llanwrtyd Wells, Breconshire, Wales. His compositions include anthems, hymns, glees, and part songs.

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's soberer time.
So Life's year begins and closes;
Days tho' shortening still can shine;
What tho' youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phyllis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring looked coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late; — she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over,
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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