



AUTUMN

GEORGE TOOTELL
(1886-1969)

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George Tootell

Con moto, ma moderato $\text{♩} = 60$

S *mf* There is a beau - ti - ful spi - rit breath - ing now Its mel - low

A *mf* There is a beau - ti - ful spi - rit breath - ing now Its mel - low

T *mf* There is a beau - ti - ful spi - rit breath - ing now Its mel - low

B *mf* There is a beau - ti - ful spi - rit breath - ing now Its mel - low

S ⁴ rich - ness on the clus - tered trees, And,

A rich - ness on the clus - tered trees, And, from a beak - er

T rich - ness on the clus - tered trees, And, from a

B rich - ness on the clus - tered trees, And, from a

7

S from a beak - er full of rich - est dyes, Pour - ing new glo - ry on the

A full of rich - est dyes, Pour - ing new glo - ry on the

T beak - er full of rich - est dyes, Pour - ing new glo - ry on the

B beak - er full of rich - est dyes, Pour - ing new glo - ry on the

10

S au - tumn woods, And dip - ping in warm light the pil - lared

A au - - - tumn woods, And dip - ping in warm

T au - tumn woods, And dip - ping in warm light the

B au - - - tumn woods, And dip - ping in warm

13

S clouds, dip - ping in warm light the pil - lared

A light the pil - lared clouds, the pil - - - lared

T pil - - - lared clouds, dip - ping in warm light the pil - lared

B light the pil - lared clouds, the pil - - - lared

16

S clouds. Morn, on the moun - tain, like a sum - mer bird, Lifts up her

A clouds. Morn, on the moun - tain, like a sum - mer bird, Lifts up her

T clouds. Morn, on the moun - tain, like a sum - mer bird, Lifts up her

B clouds. Morn, on the moun - tain, like a sum - mer bird, Lifts up her

19

S pur - ple wing; and in the vales The gen - tle

A pur - ple wing; and in the vales, in the vales The gen - tle

T pur - ple wing; and in the vales, in the vales The gen - tle

B pur - ple wing; and in the vales The gen - - - tle

22

S wind, a sweet and pas - sion - ate woo - er, a *dim.*

A wind, the gen - tle wind, a sweet and pas - sion - ate

T wind, a sweet and pas - sion - ate woo - er, a sweet and pas - sion - ate

B wind, a sweet and pas - sion - ate

25

S woo - er, a sweet and pas - sion - ate woo - er,

A woo - er, Kiss - es the blush - ing leaf, and stirs up life With - in the

T woo - er, a sweet and pas - sion - ate, pas - sion - ate

B woo - er, Kiss - es the blush - ing leaf, and stirs up life With - in the

pp *pp, misterioso* *pp* *pp, misterioso*

28

S Kiss - es the blush - ing leaf, and stirs up life With - in the

A sol - emn, sol - emn woods, a sweet and pas - sion - ate woo - er,

T woo - er, Kiss - es the blush - ing leaf, and stirs up life With - in the

B sol - emn, sol - emn woods, a sweet and pas - sion - ate woo - er,

pp, misterioso *pp* *pp, misterioso* *pp*

31

S sol - emn woods, the sol - emn woods, Where Au - tumn, like a

A stirs up life With - in the sol - emn woods, Where Au - tumn, like a faint old

T sol - emn woods, the sol - emn woods, Where Au - tumn, like a

B stirs up life With - in the sol - emn woods, Where Au - tumn, like a

p *p* *p* *p*

34

S faint old man, sits down By the way - side a - wea - ry.

A man, a faint old man, sits down By the way - side a - wea - ry.

T faint old man, sits down By the way - side a - wea - ry.

B faint old man, sits down By the way - side a - wea - ry.

rall. *dim.* *pp*

38

S Oh, what a glo - ry doth this world put on For him who,

A Oh, what a glo - ry doth this world put on For him who,

T Oh, what a glo - ry doth this world put on For him who,

B Oh, what a glo - ry doth this world put on For him who,

a tempo *f* *>* *3*

41

S with a fer - vent heart, goes forth

A with a fer - vent heart, goes forth Un - der the bright and

T with a fer - vent heart, goes forth Un - der the

B with a fer - vent heart, goes forth Un - der the bright and

44

S Un - der the bright and glo - rious sky, and looks On du - ties well per -

A glo - rious sky, and looks On du - ties well per -

T bright and glo - rious sky, and looks On du - ties well per -

B glo - rious sky, and looks On du - ties well per -

47

S form'd, and days well spent, Looks on du - ties well per - *allargando*

A form'd, and days well spent, Looks on du - ties *allargando*

T form'd, and days well spent, Looks on du - ties *allargando*

B form'd, and days well spent, du - ties *allargando*

50

S *sempre f* form'd, and days well spent!

A *sempre f* well per - form'd, and days well spent!

T *sempre f* well per - form'd, and days well spent!

B *sempre f* well per - form'd, and days well spent!

George Tootell (1886-1969) was born in Chorley, Lancashire, England. He was educated at Seafield College and the University of Durham. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists. He held numerous church organist positions including Lytham Parish Church; Lund Parish Church; St. John's Parish Church, Keswick; St. James' Parish Church, Whitehaven; St. Thomas Parish Church, St. Annes-on-the-Sea; and Kendal Parish Church. He was Music Master at Seafield School; Lytham and Stamford House Collegiate School; Warwick House School, Poulton; Keswick School; Castlegate School, Cockermouth; Kilgrimol School; Rougemont College, Blackpool; Fairhaven Girls School, Lytham; and Kendal Grammar School. He was conductor of the Lytham Orchestral Society; Keswick Musical Festival; Keswick Choral Society; Keswick Operatic Society and Whitehaven Harmonic Society; Whitehaven Lyric (operatic) Society; Cockermouth Choral Society; Egremont Vocal Union; St. Annes Harmonic Choral Society; Kendal Male Voice Choir; and Kendal Operatic Society. His compositions include a comic opera, an orchestral suite, many children's operettas and musical plays. He was best known as a pioneer in the art of film music. He was an expert in playing for the silent movie with the theatre organ. He was a featured cinema organist, presenting recitals in movie houses, especially as organist at the StoU Picture Theatre (The London Opera House). His book "How to play the Cinema Organ (1927)" was an important and popular publication. He wrote a considerable amount of film music.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods, [of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,]
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. [Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.]

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

Autumn - Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

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