



There sits a bird on yonder tree

Richard H. Malthew
(1872-1951)

Richard Henry Walthew (1872-1951) was born in Islington, Middlesex. He was educated at Islington Proprietary School then studied music at The Guildhall School of Music. He then studied at the Royal College of Music under Hubert Parry. He taught at the Guildhall School of Music and from 1907 was Professor of Music at the Queen's College. In 1909 he became conductor of The South Place Orchestra, part of The South Place Sunday Concerts run by the South Place Ethical Society. Many of Walthew's chamber music compositions were composed specifically for these concerts. He also gave a series of lectures on the history and development of chamber music there; these lectures were published by Boosey and Co. He played at many of these concerts as did his son, the clarinetist Richard Sidney Walthew. According to his grand-daughter the name Walthew is pronounced with the 'TH' as in Mathew.

There sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than Cushat Dove;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.

Oh, stoop thee from thine eyrie down
And nestle thee near my heart,
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh,
When thou and I must part,
My love!
When thou and I must part.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
the pride of the sylvan scene;
In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
and I am his only queen;

Oh, bound from thy secret lair,
For the sun is below the west;
No mortal eye
May our meeting spy,
For all are closed in rest,
My love!
Each eye is closed in rest.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn,
When the sun's first beams appear;
Oh, sweet is the shepherd's strain,
on the list'ning ear;
And sweet the soft voice which speaks
The Wanderer's welcome home;
But sweeter far
By yon pale mild star,
With our true love thus to roam,
My dear!
With our own true love to roam!

The Ingoldsby Legends

Thomas Ingoldsby [Richard Harris Barham (1788-1845)]

The Ingoldsby Legends is a collection of myths, legends, ghost stories and poetry written supposedly by Thomas Ingoldsby of Tappington Manor, actually a pen-name of an English clergyman named Richard Harris Barham (1788-1845). The legends were first printed during 1837 as a regular series in the magazine Bentley's Miscellany and later in New Monthly Magazine. They proved immensely popular and were compiled into books published in 1840, 1842 and 1847 by Richard Bentley. They remained popular during the 19th century but have since become little known.

There sits a bird on yonder tree

Richard H. Walthew

Andante semplice ♩ = 66

S
There sits a bird on yon - der tree, More fond than Cush - at Dove; There

A
There sits a bird on yon - der tree, More fond than Cush - at Dove; There

T
There sits a bird on yon - der tree, More fond than Cush - at Dove; There

B
There sits a bird on yon - der tree, More fond than Cush - at Dove; There

5
S
sits a bird on yon - der tree, And sings to me of love. Oh,

A
sits a bird on yon - der tree, And sings to me of love. Oh,

T
sits a bird on yon - der tree, And sings to me of love.

B
sits a bird on yon - der tree, And sings to me of love.

There sits a bird on yonder tree

9

S stoop thee from thine ey - rie down And nes - tle thee near my heart, —

A stoop thee from thine ey - rie down And nes - tle near my heart, — For the

T And nes - tle near my heart, — For the

B And nes - tle near my heart, —

13

S And the hour is nigh, When thou and I must part, — My

A mo - ments fly, And the hour is nigh, When thou and I must part, — My

T mo - ments fly, And the hour is nigh, When thou and I must part, My love! —

B And the hour is nigh, When thou and I must part, — My

17

S love! When thou and I must part. — In

A love! When thou and I must part. — In

T — When thou and I must part. — In

B love! When thou and I must part. — In

21

S yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, the pride of the syl - van scene; In

A yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, the pride of the syl - van scene; In

T yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, the pride of the syl - van scene; In

B yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, the pride of the syl - van scene; In

25

S yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, and I am his on - ly queen; Oh,

A yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, and I am his on - ly queen; Oh,

T yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, and I am his on - ly queen; Oh,

B yon - der cov - ert lurks a Fawn, and I am his on - ly queen; Oh,

29

S bound from thy se - cret lair, For the sun is be - low the

A bound from thy se - cret lair, For the sun is be - low the

T bound from thy se - cret lair, For the sun is be - low the

B bound from thy se - cret lair, For the sun is be - low the

There sits a bird on yonder tree

32

S west; — No mor - tal eye May our meet - ing spy, For all are closed in

A west; — No mor - tal eye May our meet - ing spy, For all are closed in

T west; — No mor - tal eye May our meet - ing spy, For all are closed in

B west; — No mor - tal eye May our meet - ing spy, For all are closed in

36

S rest, — My love! Each eye is closed in rest. —

A rest, — My love! Each eye is closed in rest. —

T rest, — My love! — Each eye is closed in rest. —

B rest, — My love! — Each eye is closed in rest. —

40

S — Oh, sweet — is the breath of morn, When the sun's first beams ap -

A — Oh, sweet — is the breath of morn, When the sun's first beams ap -

T — Oh, sweet is the breath of morn, When the sun's first beams ap -

B — Oh, sweet — is the breath of morn, When the sun's first beams ap -

44

S pear; Oh, sweet _____ is the shep - herd's strain, _____ on the list - 'ning

A pear; Oh, sweet the shep - herd's strain, When it dies on the list - 'ning

T pear; Oh, sweet is the shep - herd's strain, When it dies on the list - 'ning

B pear; Oh, sweet the shep - herd's strain, When it dies on the

48

S ear;

A ear;

T ear; And sweet the soft _____ voice which speaks The Wan - der - er's wel - come

B ear; And sweet the soft _____ voice _____ which speaks The Wan - der - er's wel - come

52

S *p dolce* But sweet - er far By yon pale mild star, With our true love thus to

A *p dolce* But sweet - er far By yon pale mild star, With our true love thus to

T *p dolce* home; But sweet - er far By yon pale mild star, With our true love thus to

B *p dolce* home; But sweet - er far By yon pale mild star, With our true love thus to

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S
roam, _____ My dear! With our own true love _____ to roam! *rall.* *pp*

A
roam, _____ My dear! With our own true love _____ to roam! *rall.* *pp*

T
roam, My dear! _____ With our own true love _____ to roam! *rall.* *pp*

B
roam, _____ My dear! With our own true love _____ to roam! *rall.* *pp*