



# The farmer

George James Webb  
(1803-1887)

Allegretto

S *mf* When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air, And

A *mf* When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air, And

T *mf* When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air, And

B *mf* When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air, And

S <sup>5</sup> green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair, - I

A green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair, - I

T green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair, - I

B green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair, - I

## The farmer

9

S  
ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work 'till night has come, And then re - turn con -

A  
ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work 'till night has come, And then re - turn con -

T  
8  
ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work 'till night has come, And then re - turn con -

B  
ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work 'till night has come, And then re - turn con -

14

S  
tent - ed, To take my rest at home, To take my rest at home. *f*

A  
tent - ed, To take my rest at home, To take my rest at home. *f*

T  
8  
tent - ed, To take my rest at home, To take my rest at home. *f*

B  
tent - ed, To take my rest at home, To take my rest at home. *f*

S  
*mf* How sweet un - to the wear - y Is such un - vex'd re - pose, When

A  
*mf* How sweet un - to the wear - y Is such un - vex'd re - pose, When

T  
8  
*mf* How sweet un - to the wear - y Is such un - vex'd re - pose, When

B  
*mf* How sweet un - to the wear - y Is such un - vex'd re - pose, When

# The farmer

23

S ev - 'ning's length - en'd shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close: With

A ev - 'ning's length - en'd shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close: With

T ev - 'ning's length - en'd shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close: With

B ev - 'ning's length - en'd shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close: With

27

S qui - et in our bos - oms, We sit in twi - light shades, And watch the crim - son

A qui - et in our bos - oms, We sit in twi - light shades, And watch the crim - son

T qui - et in our bos - oms, We sit in twi - light shades, And watch the crim - son

B qui - et in our bos - oms, We sit in twi - light shades, And watch the crim - son

32

S ra - diance As from the west it fades, As from the west it fades.

A ra - diance As from the west it fades, As from the west it fades.

T ra - diance As from the west it fades, As from the west it fades.

B ra - diance As from the west it fades, As from the west it fades.

## The farmer

S *mf*  
And then how fresh the slum - ber, Which falls up - on our eyes; When

A *mf*  
And then how fresh the slum - ber, Which falls up - on our eyes; When

T *mf*  
And then how fresh the slum - ber, Which falls up - on our eyes; When

B *mf*  
And then how fresh the slum - ber, Which falls up - on our eyes; When

41  
S  
night's clear dews are fall - ing, And stars are in the skies. No

A  
night's clear dews are fall - ing, And stars are in the skies. No

T  
night's clear dews are fall - ing, And stars are in the skies. No

B  
night's clear dews are fall - ing, And stars are in the skies. No

45  
S  
fe - v'rish dreams af - fright us, Or make us start and weep; But trust - ing in God's

A  
fe - v'rish dreams af - fright us, Or make us start and weep; But trust - ing in God's

T  
fe - v'rish dreams af - fright us, Or make us start and weep; But trust - ing in God's

B  
fe - v'rish dreams af - fright us, Or make us start and weep; But trust - ing in God's

# The farmer

50

S mer - cy, We gent - ly sink to sleep, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

A mer - cy, We gent - ly sink to sleep, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

T mer - cy, We gent - ly sink to sleep, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

B mer - cy, We gent - ly sink to sleep, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

S And then, ere morn - ing blush - es A - long the east - ern skies, We

A And then, ere morn - ing blush - es A - long the east - ern skies, We

T And then, ere morn - ing blush - es A - long the east - ern skies, We

B And then, ere morn - ing blush - es A - long the east - ern skies, We

59

S bless the care that watch'd us, And, nerv'd to la - bor, rise. We

A bless the care that watch'd us, And, nerv'd to la - bor, rise. We

T bless the care that watch'd us, And, nerv'd to la - bor, rise. We

B bless the care that watch'd us, And, nerv'd to la - bor, rise. We

## The farmer

63

S see the day - star fad - ing, We see the va - pors glide A - long the might - y

A see the day - star fad - ing, We see the va - pors glide A - long the might - y

T see the day - star fad - ing, We see the va - pors glide A - long the might - y

B see the day - star fad - ing, We see the va - pors glide A - long the might - y

68

S val - leys, And up the moun - tain's side, And up the moun - tain's side.

A val - leys, And up the moun - tain's side, And up the moun - tain's side.

T val - leys, And up the moun - tain's side, And up the moun - tain's side.

B val - leys, And up the moun - tain's side, And up the moun - tain's side.

*mf*

S A - gain, our har - dy sin - ews Are bent to man - ly toil; We

A A - gain, our har - dy sin - ews Are bent to man - ly toil; We

T A - gain, our har - dy sin - ews Are bent to man - ly toil; We

B A - gain, our har - dy sin - ews Are bent to man - ly toil; We

# The farmer

77

S  
mow the tall grass wav - ing, Or plough the mel - low soil. And

A  
mow the tall grass wav - ing, Or plough the mel - low soil. And

T  
8 mow the tall grass wav - ing, Or plough the mel - low soil. And

B  
mow the tall grass wav - ing, Or plough the mel - low soil. And

81

S  
ev - er when our la - bors By day are past and done, We sit be - fore our

A  
ev - er when our la - bors By day are past and done, We sit be - fore our

T  
8 ev - er when our la - bors By day are past and done, We sit be - fore our

B  
ev - er when our la - bors By day are past and done, We sit be - fore our

86

S  
cot - tage, And watch the set - ting sun, And watch the set - ting sun.

A  
cot - tage, And watch the set - ting sun, And watch the set - ting sun.

T  
8 cot - tage, And watch the set - ting sun, And watch the set - ting sun.

B  
cot - tage, And watch the set - ting sun, And watch the set - ting sun.

**George James Webb** (1803-1887) was born at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England. He trained early in England and was an organist in Falmouth, England. He emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1830. He was organist at the Old South Church in Boston for nearly 40 years and was organist at the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. With Lowell Mason, he founded the Boston Academy of Music. He was president of the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1871, he left Boston, taught in New York from 1876-1885, and retired to Orange, New Jersey. He was an editor for the journals "The Music Library" and "The Music Cabinet." He published the books "Vocal Techniques" and "Voice Culture," and was editor and arranger of the collections "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," "The Glee Hive," "The New Odeon," "The Vocalist," the "Little Songster," and "Cantica Laudis." He composed organ music, choral music, songs, and hymns. His most well-known composition is his part-song "'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing." The original song was well received and later adapted as a hymn with the addition of sacred words "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

When winds blow pure and freely,  
And blossoms load the air,  
And green trees wave their branches,  
And all around looks fair,—  
I ply my daily labor,  
And work 'till night has come,  
And then return contented,  
To take my rest at home.

How sweet unto the weary  
Is such unvexed repose,  
When evening's lengthened shadows  
Around our cottage close:  
With quiet in our bosoms,  
We sit in twilight shades,  
And watch the crimson radiance  
As from the west it fades.

And then how fresh the slumber,  
Which falls upon our eyes;  
When night's clear dews are falling,  
And stars are in the skies.  
No feverish dreams affright us,  
Or make us start and weep;  
But trusting in God's mercy,  
We gently sink to sleep.

And then, ere morning blushes  
Along the eastern skies,  
We bless the care that watched us,  
And, nerved to labor, rise.  
We see the daystar fading,  
We see the vapors glide  
Along the mighty valleys,  
And up the mountain's side.

Again, our hardy sinews  
Are bent to manly toil;  
We mow the tall grass waving,  
Or plough the mellow soil.  
And ever when our labors  
By day are past and done,  
We sit before our cottage,  
And watch the setting sun.

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