



North Country Folk Tunes
XVI

Blow the wind southerly

arranged
W. G. Whittaker

Allegretto. Legato sempre ♩. = 69

S
Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly, Blow the wind south o'er the

A
uh

T
uh
uh

B
uh

NOTE: Pronounce "uh" as in "but". If one voice is singing "ah", while others are using "uh", the former should be slightly prominent, but, of course, not so much as the melody.



Blow the wind southerly

4

S bon - ny blue sea; Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly,

A uh

T ah

B uh

pp

7

S Blow, bon - ny breeze, my lo - ver to me. They told me last night there were

A uh

T ah

B uh

mf

10

S ships in the of - fing, And I hur - ried me down to the

A ah

T uh

B ah

cresc.

Blow the wind southerly

12

S deep rol - ling sea, But my eye could not see it, where -

A ah

T ah

B ah

14

S ev - er might be it— The boat that is bear - ing my lo - ver to me.

A uh

T uh

B ah

17

S

A Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly, Blow the wind south, that my

T uh ah

B uh

Blow the wind southerly

20

S

A

T

B

lo - ver may come; Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly,

uh
ah
uh

ppp

ppp

ppp

23

S

A

T

B

Blow, bon - ny breeze, and bring him safe home. I stood by the light - house the

uh
ah
uh

mp

mf

mp

26

S

A

T

B

last time we part - ed Till dark - ness came down o'er the

uh
uh

mp

Blow the wind southerly

28

S *dim.*
uh

A *dim.*
deep - rol - ling sea, And no long - er I saw the bright

T *dim.*
uh

B *dim.*
uh

30

S *rit.* *pp*
uh

A *rit.* *pp*
boat of my lo - ver, Blow, bon - ny breeze, — and bring him to me.

T *rit.* *pp*
uh

B *rit.* *pp*
uh

33

S *a tempo* *p*
Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly, Blow, bon - ny breeze o'er the

A *a tempo* *p*
ah

T *a tempo* *p*
uh

B *a tempo* *p*
ah

Blow the wind southerly

36

S bon - ny blue sea; Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly,

A ah

T uh uh

B uh uh

pp

39

S Blow bon - ny breeze, and bring him to me. Is it not sweet to

A ah

T uh uh

B uh

cresc.

42

S hear the breeze sing - ing, As light - ly it comes o'er the deep rol - ling sea? But

A ah

T ah

B uh

mf cresc.

Blow the wind southerly

45 *f allaeg.*

S sweet - er and dear - er by far, when 'tis bring - ing The

A *f allaeg.*
Sweet - er and dear - er by far, when 'tis bring - ing The

T *f allaeg.*
Sweet - er and dear - er by far, when 'tis bring - ing The

B *f allaeg.*
Sweet - er and dear - er by far, when 'tis bring - ing The

47 *dim. e rit.*

S boat of my true love in safe - ty to me. *p*

A *dim. e rit.*
boat of my true love in safe - ty to me. *p*

T *dim. e rit.*
boat of my true love in safe - ty to me. *p*

B *dim. e rit.*
boat of my true love in safe - ty to me. *p*

William Gillies Whittaker (1876-1944) was born in Newcastle upon Tyne, England. He studied science at Armstrong College, University of Durham, received training in organ and singing, and became a member of its faculty. He later was Professor of Music at the University of Glasgow and principal of the Royal Scottish Academy of Music. He was a respected choral conductor with positions with Armstrong College, the Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Union and the Newcastle Bach Choir. Whittaker was a scholar of Bach and conductor Bach's works. He was editor of a series of Bach's cantatas and author of one of the definitive commentaries on Bach's cantatas. He also edited instrumental works of the 17th and 18th centuries. He composed a number of larger choral works, piano pieces, songs, and choral arrangements. He is particularly known for his collection of "North Countrie Folk Songs" and choral arrangements of many of the songs.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, my lover to me.

They told me last night there were ships in the offing,
And I hurried me down to the deep rolling sea,
But my eye could not see it, where-ever might be it—
The boat that is bearing my lover to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south, that my lover may come;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, and bring him safe home.

I stood by the lighthouse the last time we parted
Till darkness came down o'er the deep-rolling sea,
And no longer I saw the bright boat of my lover,
Blow, bonny breeze, and bring him to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze o'er the bonny blue sea;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze, and bring him to me.

Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing,
As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea?
But sweeter and dearer by far, when 'tis bringing
The boat of my true love in safety to me.

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