



Life is a river

Frank ^{Car}Trigleg
(1858-1995)

Marziale con espressione

S *mf* Oh, life is a riv - er, and man is the boat, That o - ver its sur - face is

A *mf* Oh, life is a riv - er, and man is the boat, That o - ver its sur - face is

T *mf* Oh, life is a riv - er, and man is the boat, That o - ver its sur - face is

B *mf* Oh, life is a riv - er, and man is the boat, That o - ver its sur - face is

Life is a river

4

S des - tin'd to float- And joy is the car - go so eas - i - ly stor'd That

A des - tin'd to float- And joy is the car - go so eas - i - ly stor'd That

T des - tin'd to float- And joy is the car - go so eas - i - ly stor'd That

B des - tin'd to float- And joy is the car - go so eas - i - ly stor'd That

7

S *cresc.* he is a fool that takes Sor - row on board. *pp* We all have our taste of the

A *cresc.* he is a fool that takes Sor - row on board. *pp* We all have our taste of the

T *cresc.* he is a fool that takes Sor - row on board.

B *cresc.* he is a fool that takes Sor - row on board. *pp* We all have our taste of the

10

S ups and the downs, As For - tune dis - pens - es her smiles and her frowns; Oh, *dim.* *mf*

A ups and the downs, As For - tune dis - pens - es her smiles and her frowns; Oh, *dim.* *mf*

T As For - tune dis - pens - es her smiles and her frowns; Oh, *dim.* *mf*

B ups and the downs, and her frowns; Oh, *mf*

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13

S may we not hope, if she's frown - ing to-day, That to - mor - row she'll lend us the

A may we not hope, if she's frown - ing to-day, That to - mor - row she'll lend us the

T may we not hope, if she's frown - ing to-day, That to - mor - row she'll lend us the

B may we not hope, if she's frown - ing to-day, That to - mor - row she'll lend us the

16

S light of her ray? That to - mor - row she'll lend us the light of her ray?

A light of her ray? That to - mor - row she'll lend us the light of her ray?

T light of her ray? That to - mor - row she'll lend us the light of her ray?

B light of her ray? That to - mor - row she'll lend us the light of her ray?

S I would not, that man, with - out cau - tion should steer O'er the quick - sands, the rocks, that en -

A I would not, that man, with - out cau - tion should steer O'er the quick - sands, the rocks, that en -

T I would not, that man, with - out cau - tion should steer O'er the quick - sands, the rocks, that en -

B I would not, that man, with - out cau - tion should steer O'er the quick - sands, the rocks, that en -

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22

S cir - cle us here; Be Hon - our his com - pass, the mag - net his breast, Let him

A cir - cle us here; Be Hon - our his com - pass, the mag - net his breast, Let him

T cir - cle us here; Be Hon - our his com - pass, the mag - net his breast, Let him

B cir - cle us here; Be Hon - our his com - pass, the mag - net his breast, Let him

25

S stand to truth's cause, and to fate leave the rest. There's plen - ty of sun - shine, then

A stand to truth's cause, and to fate leave the rest. There's plen - ty of sun - shine, then

T stand to truth's cause, and to fate leave the rest.

B stand to truth's cause, and to fate leave the rest. There's plen - ty of sun - shine, then

28

S why choose the shade? Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made, Then

A why choose the shade? Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made, Then

T Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made, Then

B why choose the shade? Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made, Then

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31

S go right a-head, and there's Joy's smil - ing ray, Why run from our course to meet

A go right a-head, and there's Joy's smil - ing ray, Why run from our course to meet

T go right a-head, and there's Joy's smil - ing ray, Why run from our course to meet

B go right a-head, and there's Joy's smil - ing ray, Why run from our course to meet

34

S Trou - ble half - way, Why run ___ from our course to meet Trou - ble half - way.

A Trou - ble half - way, Why run from our ___ course ___ to meet Trou - ble half - way.

T Trou - ble half - way, Why run ___ from our course to meet Trou - ble half - way.

B Trou - ble half - way, Why run ___ from our course to meet Trou - ble half - way.

37

S *mf* Would Sum - mer be priz'd for its fruit and its flow'rs, If Win - ter ne'er fol - low'd with

A *mf* Would Sum - mer be priz'd for its fruit and its flow'rs, If Win - ter ne'er fol - low'd with

T *mf* Would Sum - mer be priz'd for its fruit and its flow'rs, If Win - ter ne'er fol - low'd with

B *mf* Would Sum - mer be priz'd for its fruit and its flow'rs, If Win - ter ne'er fol - low'd with

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41

S storms, wind, and show'rs? And does not the bright - est of pleas - ures ap - pear Still

A storms, wind, and show'rs? And does not the bright - est of pleas - ures ap - pear Still

T storms, wind, and show'rs? And does not the bright - est of pleas - ures ap - pear Still

B storms, wind, and show'rs? And does not the bright - est of pleas - ures ap - pear Still

44 *cresc.* *pp*

S bright - er, when che - quer'd with mo - ments of care? I ask not for gold, are there

A bright - er, when che - quer'd with mo - ments of care? I ask not for gold, are there

T bright - er, when che - quer'd with mo - ments of care?

B bright - er, when che - quer'd with mo - ments of care? I ask not for gold, are there

47 *dim.* *mf*

S pleas - ures in wealth, So dear to the heart as con - tent - ment and health? Oh,

A pleas - ures in wealth, So dear to the heart as con - tent - ment and health? Oh,

T So dear to the heart as con - tent - ment and health? Oh,

B pleas - ures in wealth, and health? Oh,

Life is a river

50

S give me but these, naught can add to my store, With - out them, tho' rich - es were

A give me but these, naught can add to my store, With - out them, tho' rich - es were

T give me but these, naught can add to my store, With - out them, tho' rich - es were

B give me but these, naught can add to my store, With - out them, tho' rich - es were

cresc.

53

S mine, I am poor, With - out them, tho' rich - es were mine, I am poor.

A mine, I am poor, With - out them, tho' rich - es were mine, I am poor.

T mine, I am poor, With - out them, tho' rich - es were mine, I am poor.

B mine, I am poor, With - out them, tho' rich - es were mine, I am poor.

ff

J. Scrutton
(1876)

Frank Wrigley (1858-1925) was born in Manchester, Lancashire, England, into a very successful musical family. His father John Wrigley (1831-1872) was a well-known organist and composer and his grandfather was an organist. He was descended from Sir Henry Vane, who was once Royal Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He studied under his father was educated at Victoria College. He taught organ and voice in Manchester and served as organist and choirmaster at St. Philip's Church, Griffin, Blackburn; then St. Augustine's Church, Grove Park, Lee, before moving to New York City. There he became organist of the Eleventh Street Universalist Church. After two years, he moved to Quincy, MA, where he was appointed organist of Christ Episcopal Church, succeeding Ethelbert Nevin. He then was organist at St. Paul's Episcopal, Brockton, before returning to England for a short period. Moving back to the U. S., he became organist at Union Congregational Church, Wollaston, MA. He died in Quincy. His compositions include church music, keyboard pieces, songs, and part songs.

Oh, life is a river, and man is the boat,
That over its surface is destined to float—
And joy is the cargo so easily stor'd
That he is a fool that takes Sorrow on board.

We all have our taste of the ups and the downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and her frowns;
Oh, may we not hope, if she's frowning today,
That tomorrow she'll lend us the light of her ray?

I would not, that man, without caution should steer
O'er the quick-sands, the rocks, that encircle us here;
Be honour his compass, the magnet his breast,
Let him stand to truth's cause, and to fate leave the rest.

There's plenty of sunshine, then why choose the shade?
Half the clouds that come o'er us, our own fears have made,
Then go right ahead, and there's Joy's smiling ray,
Why run from our course to meet Trouble half-way.

Would Summer be prized for its fruit and its flowers,
If Winter ne'er followed with storms, wind, and showers?
And does not the brightest of pleasures appear
Still brighter, when chequered with moments of care?

I ask not for gold, are there pleasures in wealth,
So dear to the heart as contentment and health?
Oh, give me but these, naught can add to my store,
Without them, though riches were mine, I am poor.

Charles Jefferys (1807-1865)

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