



The Lark now
leaves his
watery nest

J. G. Callcott
(1821-1895)

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

J. G. Callcott

Moderato ♩ = 92

S *pp*
(With closed lips)

A *pp*
(With closed lips)

T *p*
The Lark now leaves his

B *pp*
(With closed lips)

S ⁴

A

T ₈
wat - 'ry nest, And climb - ing shakes — his dew - y wings: He

B

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

7

Soprano: *pp*

Alto: *pp*

Tenor: *pp* >

Bass: *pp*

8 takes this win - dow for the east; And to im - plore your

10

Soprano: *cresc.* *dim.*

Alto: *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*

Tenor: *cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

Bass: *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*

light, he sings, and to im - plore your light, he sings. A -

A -

13

Soprano: *pp* *poco accel.*

Alto: *pp* *poco accel.*

Tenor: *p* *poco accel.*

Bass: *pp* *poco accel.*

wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise, Till she can dress her

wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise, Till she can dress her

wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise, Till she can dress her

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

16

S beau - ty at your eyes, A - wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise,

A beau - ty at your eyes, A - wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise,

T beau - ty at your eyes, A - wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise,

B beau - ty at your eyes, A - wake, a - wake! the morn will nev - er rise,

mf *a tempo* *dim.*

19

S Till she can dress her beau - - -

A Till she can dress her beau - - -

T Till she can dress her beau - - -

B Till she can dress her beau - - -

f

22

S ty, her beau - ty at your eyes.

A ty, her beau - ty at your eyes.

T ty, her beau - ty at your eyes.

B ty, her beau - ty at your eyes.

dim. *rit.*

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

26

S *pp*
(With closed lips)

A *pp*
(With closed lips)

T *p*
The mer - chant bows un -

B *pp*
(With closed lips)

29

S

A

T to the sea - man's star, The plow - man from the sun his sea - son takes, But

B

32

S *pp*

A *pp*

T *pp*
still the lov - er won - ders what they are Who — look for day — be -

B *pp*

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

35

S *cresc.* *dim.*

A *cresc.* *dim.* *pp* A -

T *cresc.* *dim.* *mf* fore his mis - tress wakes, who look for day be - fore his mis - tress wakes. A -

B *cresc.* *dim.* *pp* A -

38

S *pp* *poco accel.* Then draw your cur - tains,

A *pp* *poco accel.* wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn, Then draw your cur - tains,

T *p* *poco accel.* wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn, Then draw your cur - tains,

B *pp* *poco accel.* wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn, Then draw your cur - tains,

41

S *mf* *a tempo* *dim.* and be - gin the dawn, A - wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn,

A *mf* *a tempo* *dim.* and be - gin the dawn, A - wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn,

T *mf* *a tempo* *dim.* and be - gin the dawn, A - wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn,

B *mf* *a tempo* *dim.* and be - gin the dawn, A - wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn,

The Lark now leaves his watery nest

44

S Then draw your cur - - - tains, then draw your

A Then draw your cur - tains, then draw your

T Then draw your cur - - - tains, then draw your

B Then draw your cur - - - tains, then draw your

48

S cur - tains, and be - gin, be - gin the dawn.

A cur - tains, and be - gin the dawn.

T cur - tains, and be - gin, be - gin the dawn.

B cur - tains, and be - gin the dawn.

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1878)

John George Callcott (1821-1895) was born in Westminster, London, England, the son of John Callcott who was in the band of the Coldstream Guards and one of those to beat to arms in Brussels on the Eve of Waterloo. John George was organist at Eaton Episcopal Chapel, Eaton Square, St. Stephen's, Westminster; and Parish Church, Teddington. For many years, he was accompanist to Henry Leslie's choir. He was known as an excellent pianist, an outstanding accompanist, and a respected teacher, and gave lessons to the acclaimed Italian contralto Marietta Alboni (1823-1894) during her stay in England. His compositions include dance music, cantatas, church pieces, piano pieces, and part-songs.

Morning Song

The Lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings.
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The plowman from the sun his season takes,
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant (1606–1668)

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