



Go, Pretty Birds

Walter E. Macfarren
(1828-1905)

Go, Pretty Birds

W. C. Macfarren

Allegro non tropo ♩ = 152

S *p* Ye pret - ty birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And

A *p* Ye pret - ty birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And

T *p* Ye pret - ty birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And

B *p* Ye pret - ty birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And

5
S see how Phil - lis sweet - ly walks, With - in her gar - den al - leys;

A see how Phil - lis sweet - ly walks, in her gar - den al - leys;

T see how Phil - lis sweet - ly walks, With - in her al - leys; *f* Go, —

B see how Phil - lis sweet - ly walks, in her gar - den al - leys;

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S *p* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r, *cresc.* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r; Sing,

A *p* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r, *cresc.* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r; Sing,

T *p* _____ a - bout her bow'r, Go, _____ a - bout her bow'r, Sing,

B *p* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r, *cresc.* Go, pret - ty birds, a - bout her bow'r; Sing,

13

S *cresc.* pret - ty birds, she may not low'r; Ah me! Me-thinks I see her frown! Ye

A *cresc.* pret - ty birds, she may not low'r; Ah me! Me-thinks I see her frown! Ye

T *cresc.* pret - ty birds, she _____ may not low'r; Ah me! I see her frown! Ye

B *cresc.* pret - ty birds, she _____ may not low'r; Ah me! Me-thinks I see her frown! Ye

17

S *p rit.* pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. *p* So tune your voic - es' har - mo - ny, And

A *p rit.* pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. *p* So tune your voic - es' har - mo - ny, And

T *p rit.* pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. *p* So tune your voic - es' har - mo - ny, And

B *p rit.* wan - tons, war - ble. *p* So tune your voic - es' har - mo - ny, And

O, Pretty Birds

21

S sing, "I am her lov - er;" Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note With

A sing, "I am her lov - er;" Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note

T sing, "I am her lov - er;" Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note With

B sing, "I am her lov - er;" Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note

25

S sweet con - tent may move her. And she that hath the sweet - est voice,

A With con - tent may move her. And she that hath the sweet - est voice,

T sweet con - tent may move her. And she that hath

B With con - tent may move her. And she that hath the sweet - est voice,

29

S And she that hath the sweet - est voice Tell her I will not change my choice; Yet

A And she that hath the sweet - est voice Tell her I will not change my choice; Yet

T the sweet - est voice Tell her I will not change my choice; Yet

B And she that hath the sweet - est voice Tell her I will not change my choice; Yet

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33 *cresc.* *rit.*
 S still, me - thinks, I see her frown: Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble.
 A still, me - thinks, I see her frown: Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble.
 T still, I see her frown: Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble.
 B still, me - thinks, I see her frown: Ye wan - tons, war - ble.

37 *mf* *p*
 S Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls — In - to a pret - ty slum - ber! Sing
 A Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls — In - to a slum - ber! Sing
 T Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls — In - to a slum - ber! Sing
 B Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls In - to a slum - ber! Sing

41
 S round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wak - ing she may won - der.
 A round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wak - ing she may won - der.
 T round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wak - ing she — may won - der. Say —
 B round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wak - ing she may won - der.

O, Pretty Birds

45 *p*

S Say to her, "tis her lov - er true," Say to her, "tis her lov - er true That

A Say to her, "tis her lov - er true," Say to her, "tis her lov - er true That

T — "tis her lov - er true," Say — "tis her lov - er true That

B Say to her, "tis her lov - er true," Say to her, "tis her lov - er true That

49

S send - eth love to you, to you." And when you hear her kind re - ply, Re -

A send - eth love to you, to you." And when you hear her kind re - ply, Re -

T send - eth love to — you, to you." And when you hear her kind re - ply, Re -

B send - eth love to — you, to you." And when you hear her kind re - ply, Re -

53 *cresc.* *f*

S turn with plea - sant war - blings. Re - turn with plea - sant war - blings, Re -

A turn with plea - sant war - - - blings, with plea - sant war - - -

T turn with plea - sant war - - - blings, with plea - sant war - - -

B turn with plea - sant war - - - blings. Re -

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S
turn, re - turn with plea - sant war - blings. Pret - ty birds, pret - ty birds.

A
blings, with plea - sant war - blings. Pret - ty birds, pret - ty birds.

T
blings, Re - turn with plea - sant war - blings. Pret - ty birds, pret - ty birds.

B
turn with war - blings. Pret - ty birds, pret - ty birds.

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1860-1885)

Walter Cecil Macfarren (1826–1905) was in London, the younger brother of one of the leading Victorian composers, George Alexander Macfarren. He was a chorister at Westminster Abbey and sang at Queen Victoria's coronation. He had thoughts of becoming an artist, taking lessons in painting, but entered the Royal Academy of Music, studying the pianoforte and composition. He became a sub-professor of the pianoforte and was on the staff of the Royal Academy fifty-seven years. Macfarren was musical critic for the 'Queen' newspaper from 1862 until his death. He was chiefly concerned with teaching the piano and had some distinction as a conductor. He suffered from weak eyesight, but did not become totally blind, as did his brother. He composed many small pianoforte pieces and choral works, including two church services and many part-songs. He wrote no large-scale choral or dramatic works and wrote only a limited amount of orchestral music.

Ye pretty birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks,
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, "I am her lover;"
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Say to her, "'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you:"
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

from "The Fair Maid of the Exchange"
Thomas Heywood (c. 1570-1641)

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