

English Folk Song arranged for chorus: no.21

Cold blows the wind

unaccompanied SATB chorus

duration c.4'30"

Preview File Only

Timothy Salter

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Unless underlaid with words or other phonetics, each note is to be sung to "doo" (with the *i* barely articulated). Where it or another phonetic is written, retain the phonetic until anything other is indicated.

Preview File Only

Cold blows the wind

arr. Timothy Salter

sadly - always sustained ♩. c. 63

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A
P doo

TI
P Cold blows the wind to my true love, And

TII
P doo Cold blows the wind to my true love, And

B
P Cold blows the wind to my true love, And

A
gen-tly drops the rain, I ne-ver had but one sweetheart, And in

T
gen-tly drops the rain, I ne-ver had but one sweetheart, And in

B
gen-tly drops the rain, I ne-ver had but one sweetheart, And in

A
green-wood she lies slain, And in green-wood she lies slain.

T
green-wood she lies slain, And in green-wood she lies slain.

B
green-wood she lies slain, And in green-wood she lies slain.

S
P, clear doo

A
I'll do as much for my sweetheart As a-ny young man

T
I'll do as much for my sweetheart As a-ny young man

B
I'll do as much for my sweetheart As a-ny young man

II
P, clear doo

17

may; I'll sit and mourn all on her grave, A twelve-month and a

21

day, A twelve-month and a day. (P) m

day, A twelve month and a day. (P) m

S

twelvemonth and the day was past, The ghost began to speak: What

I

A

II

26

T

B

doo

30

make you, sitting up- on my grave, And will not let me sleep, And

34

S will not let me sleep? P What

A doo

T doo

B doo

39

I is it that you want of me, And will not let me

II is it that you want of : me, And will not let me

I you want of me? doo

II you want of me? doo

T And

B

S sleep? Your sal-ted tears they trickle down And

A

43

T will not let me sleep? Your tears they trick-le down

B

wet my wind-ing sheet. doo mp What

47

And wet my wind-ing sheet. doo

wet my winding sheet

S II

I } mp doo

S } do st thou want of me, true heart, of me what dost thou crave?

A } mp m

52

T } One

B } mp m

56

on-ly kiss from your li-ly-white lips, Then I'll go from your grave, Then

60

I'll go from your grave. My lips are cold as

64

clay, sweetheart, My breath smells earthy and strong, And if you kiss my

68

li-ly-white lips Your time will not be long, Your time will not be