

# The joyous birds are singing

Agnes Zimmermann  
(1847-1925)

88

Soprano

1. The joy - ous birds are sing - ing To wel - come in the day, The  
*p* 2. Quick cull the ear - ly ro - ses In all their glow - ing bloom, The  
 3. Oh thou whose home of splen - dour Is in yon star - ry skies, The

Alto

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*p* 2. Quick cull the ear - ly ro - ses In all their glow - ing bloom, The  
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Tenor

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Bass

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 3. Oh thou whose home of splen - dour Is in yon star - ry skies, The

Accomp.

88 *p*

5

S

*cresc.*  
 fair - est buds are spring - ing To hail the com - ing May, While  
 jas - mine, which dis - clo - ses *f* Its fra - grant rich per - fume, *p* With  
 hom - age which we ten - der Re - ceive with pity - ing eyes, And

A

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 hom - age which we ten - der Re - ceive with pity - ing eyes, And

*cresc.* *f* *p*

10 *cresc.*

S  
 yet the morn is new, — Come, mai - dens, to the bowers, — Be -  
 all the buds of Spring — Your blush - ing gar-lands twine, — *f* And  
 from thy cloud-less sphere — Of ne - ver dy - ing day, — Look

A  
 yet the morn is new, — Come, mai - dens, to the bowers, — Be -  
 all the buds of Spring — Your blush - ing gar-lands twine, — *f* And  
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B  
 Be -  
*f* And  
 Look

*cresc.* *f*

15

S  
 fore the fall - ing dew — Has dried u - pon the flowers. — While —  
 haste your wreaths to bring, — To deck Our La - dy's shrine. — *p* With —  
 on thy chil - dren here, — Who now be - fore thee pray. — And —

A  
 fore — the dew — Has dried u - pon the flowers. While  
 haste — your wreaths — To deck Our La - dy's shrine. *p* With  
 on — thy chil - dren Who now be - fore thee pray. And

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*p*

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