



# The Goslings

J. Frederick Bridge  
(1844-1924)

# The Goslings

J. Frederick Bridge

**Allegro con moto**

S *p stacc.* She was a pret - ty lit - tle gos - ling, *f* And a gay young gos - ling\_ he;

A *p stacc.* She was a pret - ty lit - tle gos - ling, *f* And a gay young gos - ling he; *dolce e legato*

T *p stacc.* She was a pret - ty lit - tle gos - ling, *f* And a gay young gos - ling he; *p* And "I

B *p stacc.* She was a pret - ty lit - tle gos - ling, *f* And a gay young gos - ling he;

5 S *p dolce e legato* "so dear - ly;" *rit.* And "I love you\_ too," said she.

A *p dolce e legato* "so dear - ly;" *rit.* said she. *cresc. con espress.*

T love you," he said, *p dolce e legato* "so dear - ly;" *rit.* said she. But "A -

B *p dolce e legato* "so dear - ly;" *rit.* said she.



# The Goslings

9

S he whis - pered, "I'm off to the world so wide; But

A he whis - pered, "I'm off to the world so wide; But

T las! we must part," he whis - pered, "I'm off to the world so wide; But

B He whis - pered, "I'm off to the world so wide; But

*pp* *f* *p*

13

S love, don't fear, I'll come next year, And make you, and make you

A love, don't fear, I'll come next year, And make you, and make you

T love, don't fear, I'll come next year, And make you, and make you

B love, don't fear, I'll come next year, And make you, and make you

*rall.* *f tempo a la marcia*

17

S my lit - tle bride." (to be hummed) *f* *rall.*

A my lit - tle bride." (to be hummed) *f* *rall.*

T my lit - tle bride." (to be hummed) *f* *rall.*

B my lit - tle bride." (to be hummed) *f* *rall.*

*3* *3*

## The Goslings

S *p stacc.* 'Twas Mi-chael-mas day at morn - ing, That he came home once more, He *dolce e legato p*

A *p stacc.* 'Twas Mi-chael-mas day at morn - ing, That he came home once more, He *dolce e legato p*

T *p stacc.* 'Twas Mi-chael-mas day at morn - ing, That he came home once more, He *dolce e legato p*

B *p stacc.* 'Twas Mi-chael-mas day at morn - ing, That he came home once more, He *dolce e legato p*

27 S *rall. molto* met his true love's mo - ther, And oh! she was weep - ing sore. *cresc. con espress.* "Too

A *rall. molto* met his true love's mo - ther, And oh! she was weep - ing sore.

T *rall. molto* met his true love's mo - ther, And oh! she was weep - ing sore.

B *rall. molto* met his true love's mo - ther, And oh! she was weep - ing sore.

31 S late, you've come" she whis - pered, "They've ta - ken your love a - way, She *p*

A she whis - pered, "They've ta - ken your love a - way, She *p*

T she whis - pered, "They've ta - ken your love a - way, She *p*

B she whis - pered, "They've ta - ken your love a - way, She *p*

35 *rall.* *pp* *f* *tempo a la marcia*

S nev - er will be Your bride, ah, me! For she's go - ing, she's go - ing to be

A nev - er will be Your bride, ah, me! For she's go - ing, she's go - ing to be

T nev - er will be Your bride, ah, me! For she's go - ing, she's go - ing to be

B nev - er will be Your bride, ah, me! For she's go - ing, she's go - ing to be

39 *Lento e con espress.* *pp* *rall.*

S cooked \_\_\_\_\_ to - day!" (to be hummed)

A cooked \_\_\_\_\_ to - day!" (to be hummed)

T cooked \_\_\_\_\_ to - day!" (to be hummed)

B cooked \_\_\_\_\_ to - day!" (to be hummed)

*Tempo 1* *p* *stacc.* *f* *ff* *accel. e agitato*

S Then up he went to the farm - house: "Where is my love?" he said; But the

A Then up he went to the farm - house: "Where is my love?" he said; But the

T Then up he went to the farm - house: "Where is my love?" he said; But the

B Then up he went to the farm - house: "Where is my love?" he said; But the

## The Goslings

49

S farm - er's wife She seized a knife And cut off his lit - tle head. And she

A farm - er's wife She seized a knife And cut off his lit - tle head.

T farm - er's wife She seized a knife And cut off his lit - tle head.

B farm - er's wife She seized a knife And cut off his lit - tle head.

*senza rall.* *lunga* *Lento espress.* *p*

53

S served him up with his true love, On a dish so deep and

A with his true love, On a dish so deep and

T with his true love, On a dish so deep and

B with his true love, On a dish so deep and

*p*

56

S wide, So though in life they were part - - -

A wide, So though in life they were part - - -

T wide, So though they were part - - -

B wide, So though they were part - - -

*p* *Grave* *cresc.*

60

S ed, In death they were side by side.

A ed, In death they were side by side.

T ed, In death they were side by side.

B ed, In death they were side by side.

*f* *Maestoso* *rall.*

Novello and Company  
(1913)

**Sir John Frederick Bridge** (1844-1924) was born in central England. At age 6, he was admitted as “practising boy” (probationer) to the choir at Rochester Cathedral when his father was appointed a vicar-choral. At age 14, he left the cathedral choir to apprentice with the organist of Rochester Cathedral. While still a student, he was appointed organist of the village church of Shorne and then Strood Parish Church. He studied composition with John Goss, of the Royal Academy of Music, and earned his Bachelor of Music degree at Oxford. He became organist of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, then at Manchester Cathedral, and earned his Doctor of Music degree at Oxford. He then became organist and master of the choristers at Westminster Abbey. He was in charge of music for great state occasions, including Queen Victoria’s jubilee (1887), the Coronation of King Edward VII (1902), the national memorial service for Edward VII (1910), George V’s coronation (1911), and the re-inauguration of Henry VII’s Chapel as the chapel of the Order of the Bath (1913). For those, he organized and composed some and organized the music. He was professor of harmony and counterpoint at Royal College of Music, professor of music at Gresham College, and professor of music at the University of London. He was also the conductor of the Royal Choral Society, introducing many new works, including those by Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Parry.

She was a pretty little gosling,  
And a gay young gosling he;  
And "I love you," he said, "so dearly;"  
And "I love you too," said she.

"But alas! we must part," he whispered,  
"I'm off to the world so wide;  
But love, don't fear,  
I'll come next year,  
And make you my little bride."

'Twas Michaelmas day at morning,  
That he came home once more,  
He met his true love's mother,  
And oh! she was weeping sore.

"Too late, you've come," she whispered,  
"They've taken your love away,  
She never will be  
Your bride, ah, me!  
For she's going to be cooked today!"

Then up he went to the farmhouse:  
"Where is my love?" he said;  
But the farmer's wife,  
She seized a knife  
And cut off his little head.

And she served him up with his true love,  
On a dish so deep and wide,  
So though in life they were parted,  
In death they were side by side.

Frederic Edward Weatherly (1848-1929)

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