



# The Lark

John L. Hatton  
(1809-1886)

# The Lark

J. L. Hatton

**Allegro** ♩ = 80  
*leggiero e stacc.*

S *p* The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, Their sil - ver bells hang

A *p* The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, Their sil - ver bells hang

T *p* The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, Their sil - ver — bells,

B *p* The grass is wet with shin - ing dews, hang

4

S on each tree, Breathe *f*

A on each tree, While *cresc.* op' - ning flow'r Breathe *f*

T While *cresc.* op' - ning — flow'r and *f* burst - ing bud Breathe

B on — each — tree, and *f* burst - ing bud Breathe

# The Lark

7

S in - cense forth un - ceas - ing - ly; Breathe in - cense forth un - ceas - ing -

A in - cense forth un - ceas - ing - ly; Breathe in - cense forth un - ceas - ing -

T in - cense forth, \_\_\_\_\_ Breathe in - cense forth un - ceas - ing -

B in - cense forth, Breathe in - cense forth un - ceas - ing -

11

S ly; The ma - vis pipes \_\_\_\_\_ The thros - tle glads \_\_\_\_\_

A ly; in green - wood shaw, the

T ly; in green - wood shaw, the

B ly; the

15

S \_\_\_\_\_ And cheer - i - ly the blithe - some lark Sa - lutes the

A spread - ing thorn, And cheer - i - ly the blithe - some lark Sa - lutes the

T spread - ing thorn, And cheer - i - ly the blithe - some lark Sa - lutes the

B spread - ing thorn, the lark Sa - lutes the

## The Lark

18

S ros - y face of morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime: And hark! hark! hark! His

A ros - y face of morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime: And hark! hark! hark! His

T ros - y face of morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime: And hark! hark! hark! His

B ros - y face of morn. 'Tis ear - ly prime: And hark! hark! hark!

22

S mer - ry\_\_\_ chime\_\_\_ Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

A mer - ry chime Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

T mer - ry\_\_\_ chime\_\_\_ Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

B Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

25

S her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in hymn.

A her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in\_\_\_ hymn.

T her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in hymn.

B her - alds in The jol - ly sun with mat - in hymn.

# The Lark

S *p* Come, come, my love! and *cresc.* May - dew's shake *f* In pail - fuls from each

A *p* Come, come, my love! and *cresc.* May - dew's shake *f* In pail - fuls from each

T *p* Come, come, my love! and *cresc.* May - dew's shake *f* In pail - fuls — from each

B *p* Come, come, my love! and *cresc.* May - dew's shake each

32 S droop - ing bough; That

A droop - ing bough; They'll give fresh lus - tre That

T droop - ing bough; They'll give — fresh lus - tre to the bloom That

B droop - ing — bough; to the bloom That

35 S *dim.* breaks up - on thy young cheek now, *p* That breaks up - on thy young cheek

A *dim.* breaks up - on thy young cheek now, *p* That breaks up - on thy young cheek

T *dim.* breaks up - on, — That breaks up - on thy young cheek

B *dim.* breaks up - on, *p* That breaks up - on thy young cheek

## The Lark

39

S *f*  
now. O'er hill and dale, Au - ro - ra's smiles

A  
now. o'er waste and wood, are

T  
now. o'er waste and wood, are

B  
now. are

43

S  
— With earth it seems brave hol - i - day, In heav'n it

A  
stream - ing free; With earth it seems brave hol - i - day, In heav'n it

T  
stream - ing free; With earth it seems brave hol - i - day, In heav'n it

B  
stream - ing free; hol - i - day, In heav'n it

46

S *p*  
looks high ju - bi - lee. And it is right, For mark, love, mark! How

A *p*  
looks high ju - bi - lee. And it is right, For mark, love, mark! How

T *p*  
looks high ju - bi - lee. And it is right, For mark, love, mark! How

B *p*  
looks high ju - bi - lee. And it is right, For mark, love, mark!

# The Lark

50

S bath'd in light Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

A bath'd in light Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

T bath'd in light Chir - rups the lark; Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

B Chir - rup! Chir - rup! he

53

S up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

A up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

T up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

B up - ward flies, Like ho - ly thoughts to cloud - less skies.

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1860-1885)

**John Liptrot Hatton** (1809-1886) was born in Liverpool. He received a rudimentary music education as a child, but was essentially a self-taught musician. He held several appointments as organist in Liverpool and appeared as an actor on the Liverpool stage. He relocated to London in 1832 as a member of Macready's company at Drury Lane and began to establish himself as a composer. His first operetta, "Queen of the Thames", was successful in 1844; he then went to Vienna and brought out his opera "Pascal Bruno." He wrote several songs on his return to England and appeared at the Hereford festival as a singer. He also undertook piano concert tours at this time. From 1848 to 1850 he was in America, giving public and private concerts in New York City. Notably, in 1848, he shared the stage in Pittsburgh, PA with Stephen C. Foster. Returning to England, he became conductor of the Glee and Madrigal Union and director of music at the Princess's Theatre, London. He wrote operas, cantatas, incidental music, anthems, cathedral pieces, and many songs. His part-songs were regarded as some of the best of the genre. Hatton's daughter, Frances J. Hatton, emigrated to Canada in 1869, where she became a respected composer and the singing instructor at the Hellmuth Ladies College in London, Ontario.

## May Morn Song

The grass is wet with shining dews,  
Their silver bells hang on each tree,  
While opening flower and bursting bud  
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;  
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,  
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,  
And cheerily the blithesome lark  
Salutes the rosy face of morn.  
'Tis early prime:  
And hark! hark! hark!  
His merry chime  
Chirrup the lark;  
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in  
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake  
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;  
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom  
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.  
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,  
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;  
With earth it seems brave holiday,  
In heaven it looks high jubilee.  
And it is right,  
For mark, love, mark!  
How bathed in light  
Chirrup the lark;  
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,  
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

William Motherwell (1797-1835)

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