

Yet Another (Blake) Song

William Blake

Frank Wilhoit

Allegretto ♩ = 63

SOPRANO
p Love and har-mo-ny com-bine, While thy bran-ches mix with

ALTO
p Love and har-mo-ny com-bine, While thy bran-ches mix with

TENOR
p And a-round our souls in-twine, While thy bran-ches mix with

BASS
p And a-round our souls in-twine, While thy bran-ches mix with

(rehearsal only)

Allegretto ♩ = 63



5 **poco rit.** **A tempo**

mine, Joys u - pon our bran - ches sit, Chir - ping loud, and

mine, Joys u - pon our bran-ches sit, Chir - ping loud, and

mine, and our roots to-ge-ther join. Joys u - pon our bran-ches sit, Chir - ping loud and

mine, and our roots to-ge-ther join. Joys u - pon our bran - ches sit, Chir - ping loud and

poco rit. **A tempo**

10

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams, Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams, like gen - tle streams be neath our feet



14

In-no-cence and vir tue meet. I am clad in flow-ers fair;

In-no-cence Thou the gol-den fruit dost bear, Thy

In-no-cence and vir - tue meet. Mm Thy

In-no-cence and vir - tue meet. Mm Thy

18

poco rit. *A tempo*

and the tur-tle build-eth there. There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, and the tur-tle build-eth there. There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet

poco rit. *A tempo*



rit.

Adagio ♩ = 44

I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his

rit. *Adagio* ♩ = 44

30 **A tempo** **poco rit.**

tongue. *p* There he sports a-long the day,

tongue. *p* There he sports the day,

p tongue. There his char-ming nest doth lay, *p* There he sports a-long the day,

tongue. *p* There hesleeps the night a-way; *p* There he sports the day,

A tempo **poco rit.**

p *p*



36 **A tempo** **rit.**

pp And doth a-mong our bran-ches play.

pp And doth a-mong our bran-ches play.

pp And doth a-mong our bran-ches play, *pp* and doth a-mong our bran-ches play.

And doth a-mong our bran-ches play, *pp* and doth a-mong our bran-ches play.

A tempo **rit.**

pp *pp*