Skater’s glee

J. H. Tenney
(1840-1918)
Swift as the swallows ride,
Under the stormy sky;

Swift as the swallows ride,
Under the stormy sky;

Swift as the swallows ride,
Under the stormy sky;

Swift as the swallows ride,
Under the stormy sky;

Every heart beat light,
Ecstasy rules the hour,

Every heart beat light,
Ecstasy rules the hour,

Every heart beat light,
Ecstasy rules the hour,

Every heart beat light,
Ecstasy rules the hour,

Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful pow'r,

Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful pow'r,

Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful pow'r,

Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful pow'r,
Curling, whirl ing, glid ing, slid ing, O ver the ice we sail,

Blu est of skies a bove,
Smooth est of ice be low,

Skater's glee
Curling, whirl ing, glid ing, slid ing, Over the ice we sail,

Curling, whirl ing, glid ing, slid ing, Over the ice we sail,

Curling, whirl ing, glid ing, slid ing, Over the ice we sail,

Curling, whirl ing, glid ing, slid ing, Over the ice we sail,

Over the ice we sail,

Shout ing our words of glee,

Shout ing our words of glee,

Shout ing our words of glee,

Shout ing our words of glee,

Sing ing our songs of mirth,

Sing ing our songs of mirth,

Sing ing our songs of mirth,

Sing ing our songs of mirth,
Skater's Glee

Happier souls than we

Never were found on earth,

On, like a petrel's flight,

On, like the swiftest gale,

On, like the flying light,

Over the ice we sail.
John Harrison Tenney (1840-1918) was born in Rowley, Massachusetts. His father was a choir director and his mother was the leading soprano in her husband's choir. He was named after President William Henry Harrison, being born just after the presidential campaign of “Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.” By age 8, his parents had taught him to sight-read music and attended singing school and developed a pastime of composing tunes to well-known hymn texts. He studied his father's books and taught himself the principles of harmony. He subscribed to the periodical “The Musical Pioneer”, consumed its contents, and began submitting items to the paper—many accepted for publication. He became a deacon and organist in the Congregational Church in Linebrook, Massachusetts. He edited or was associate editor of over 30 books, and contributed to hundreds more. He was a prolific composer of music for Sunday schools, churches, singing schools and choral societies.
ast as the shadows glide,
Over the ice we fly;
Swift as the swallows ride,
Under the stormy sky;
Every heart beat light,
Ecstasy rules the hour,
Thousands of forms sweep by,
Showing their graceful power.
*Curling, whirling, gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.*

Bluest of skies above,
Smoothest of ice below,
Bound to the steel we love,
Ever and on we go;
Over the gleaming floor,
Over the frozen tide,
Skimming the peopled floor,
Merrily now we glide.
*Curling, whirling, gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.*

Shouting our words of glee,
Singing our songs of mirth,
Happier souls than we
Never were found on earth,
On, like a petrel’s flight,
On, like the swiftest gale,
On, like the flying light,
Over the ice we sail.
*Curling, whirling, gliding, sliding,
Over the ice we sail.*

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