



Call
of the
Breeze

Cliffe Forrester
(1860-1941)

Call of the Breeze

Cliffe Forrester

Molto vivace ♩ = 88

Very lightly and somewhat detached

S I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, O - ver

A I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, O - ver

T I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, O - ver

B I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, O - ver

6 S hill and o - ver hol - low Shall be heard my hap - py voice, *sostenuto* *f* *poco rit.* *a tempo* And for

A hill and o - ver hol - low Shall be heard my hap - py voice, my hap - py voice, *sostenuto* *f* *poco rit.* *a tempo* And for

T hill and o - ver hol - low Shall be heard my hap - py voice, my hap - py voice, *sostenuto* *f* *poco rit.* *a tempo* And for

B hill and o - ver hol - low Shall be heard my hap - py voice, *sostenuto* *f* *poco rit.* *a tempo* And for



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11 *stacc.* *cresc.* *With increasing animation and tone* *f* \wedge

S you that hear my call - ing, With a ri - sing, with a fall - ing, With a sound that is en -

A *stacc.* *cresc.* *f* \wedge

A you that hear my call - ing, With a ri - sing, with a fall - ing, With a sound that is en -

T *stacc.* *cresc.* *f* \wedge

T you that hear my call - ing, With a ri - sing, with a fall - ing, With a sound that is en -

B *stacc.* *cresc.* *f* \wedge

B you that hear my call - ing, With a ri - sing, with a fall - ing, With a sound that is en -

16 *p* *smoothly* *f* *rit.*

S thrall - ing, 'Twill your lis - t'ning heart re - joice, your heart re - joice!

A *p* *smoothly* *f* *rit.*

A thrall - ing, 'Twill your lis - t'ning heart re - joice, your heart re - joice!

T *p* *smoothly* *f* *rit.*

T thrall - ing, 'Twill your lis - t'ning heart re - joice, your heart re - joice!

B *p* *smoothly* *f* *rit.*

B thrall - ing, 'Twill your lis - t'ning heart re - joice, your heart re - joice!

21 *f* *a tempo* *p*

S I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low O - ver

A *f* *a tempo* *p*

A I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low O - ver

T *f* *a tempo* *p*

T I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low O - ver

B *f* *a tempo* *p*

B I will call and you shall fol - low, you shall fol - low, fol - low, fol - low O - ver

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26

S hill and o - ver hol - low, Till you learn my hap - py song! From the

A hill and o - ver hol - low, Till you learn my hap - py song, my hap - py song! From the

T hill and o - ver hol - low, Till you learn my hap - py song, my hap - py song! From the

B hill and o - ver hol - low, Till you learn my hap - py song! From the

sostenuto *f* *poco rit.* *p* *a tempo*

31

S wood - land ways I bring it, O'er the towers and trees I fling it, So that all the bells can

A wood - land ways I bring it, O'er the towers and trees I fling it, So that all the bells can

T wood - land ways I bring it, O'er the towers and trees I fling it, So that all the bells can

B wood - land ways I bring it, O'er the towers and trees I fling it, So that all the bells can

stacc. *cresc.* *f* *^*

With increasing animation and tone

36

S ring it, And the birds can sing it long! My hap - py song!

A ring it, And the birds can sing it long! My hap - py song!

T ring it, And the birds can sing it long! My hap - py song!

B ring it, And the birds can sing it long! My hap - py song!

p *smoothly* *f* *rit.*

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41 *Meno mosso*

p *sostenuto* *cresc.*

S And for some that may not fol - low, Those who are not free to fol - low, From that

A *p* *sostenuto* *cresc.*

A And for some that may not fol - low, Those who are not free to fol - low, From that

T *p* *sostenuto* *cresc.*

T And for some that may not fol - low, Those who are not free to fol - low, From that

B *p* *sostenuto* *cresc.*

B And for some that may not fol - low, Those who are not free to fol - low, From that

46 *f*

S far off hill and hol - low, There's a gift that I can bring, There's a tale and there's a

A *f*

A far off hill and hol - low, There's a gift that I can bring, There's a tale and there's a

T *f*

T far off hill and hol - low, There's a gift that I can bring, There's a tale and there's a

B *f*

B far off hill and hol - low, There's a gift that I can bring, There's a tale, _____

51 *pp* *poco rit.* *cresc.* *a tempo* *f*

S to - ken, There's a se - cret new - ly spo - ken, There's a word that's yet un - bro - ken, There's a

A *pp* *poco rit.* *cresc.* *a tempo* *f*

A to - ken, There's a se - cret new - ly spo - ken, There's a word that's yet un - bro - ken, There's a

T *pp* *poco rit.* *cresc.* *a tempo* *f*

T to - ken, There's a se - cret new - ly spo - ken, There's a word that's yet un - bro - ken, There's a

B *pp* *poco rit.* *cresc.* *a tempo* *f*

B _____ There's a se - cret, _____ There's a word that's yet un - bro - ken, There's a

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56 *rit.* *f*

S song of Hope to sing, a song!

A *rit.* *f*
song of Hope to sing, a song of Hope to sing!

T *rit.* *f*
song of Hope to sing, a song of Hope to sing!

B *rit.* *f*
song of Hope to sing, a song of Hope to sing!

62 *pp cresc.* *f* *p* *f* *molto rit.*

S I will call, I will

A *pp cresc.* *f* *p* *f* *molto rit.*
I will call, I will

T *pp cresc.* *f* *p* *f* *molto rit.*
I will call, I will

B *pp cresc.* *f* *p* *f* *molto rit.*
I will call, I will

Tempo Imo.
68 *p stacc. and lightly*

S *p*
call and they shall fol - low, In their fan - cy they shall fol - low, O - ver hill and o - ver

A *p*
call and they shall fol - low, In their fan - cy they shall fol - low, O - ver hill and o - ver

T *p*
call and they shall fol - low, In their fan - cy they shall fol - low, O - ver hill and o - ver

B *p*
call and they shall fol - low, In their fan - cy they shall fol - low, O - ver hill and o - ver

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73 *cresc.* *f sostenuto poco rit.* *a tempo stacc.*

S hol - low, They shall hear my hap - py song! I shall bring it from the

A hol - low, They shall hear my hap - py song, my hap - py song! I shall bring it from the

T hol - low, They shall hear my hap - py song, my hap - py song! I shall bring it from the

B hol - low, They shall hear my hap - py song! I shall bring it from the

78 *cresc.* *animato* *ff >*

S foun - tain, From the bright - ly flow - ing foun - tain, From the for - est, from the moun - tain I shall

A foun - tain, From the bright - ly flow - ing foun - tain, From the for - est, from the moun - tain I shall

T foun - tain, From the bright - ly flow - ing foun - tain, From the for - est, from the moun - tain I shall

B foun - tain, From the bright - ly flow - ing foun - tain, From the for - est, from the moun - tain I shall

83 *p* *sostenuto allargando ff* *molto rit. dim. morendo pp ppp*

S bring my hap - py song, my hap - py song, my song!

A bring my hap - py song, my hap - py song, my song!

T bring my hap - py song, my hap - py song, my song!

B bring my hap - py song, my hap - py song, my song!

James Cliffe Forrester (1860-1941) was born in Burslem, Staffordshire, England. He was an organ pupil of Sir Frederick Bridge and became a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists (FRCO). He held a number of organist positions including St. Peter's Church, Ealing, London. He was music master at Princess Helena College and conductor of The Ealing Choral and Orchestral Society. In 1884, he married Helen Elizabeth Ledward (1860-?). He wrote pieces for organ, piano, strings and voices. He died in Ealing, London, England.

I will call and you shall follow
Over hill and over hollow
Shall be heard my happy voice,
And for you that hear my calling,
With a rising, with a falling,
With a sound that is entralling,
'Twill your listening heart rejoice!

I will call and you shall follow
Over hill and over hollow,
Till you learn my happy song!
From the woodland ways I bring it,
O'er the towers and trees I fling it,
So that all the bells can ring it,
And the birds can sing it long!
My happy song!

And for some that may not follow,
Those who are not free to follow,
From that far off hill and hollow,
There's a gift that I can bring,
There's a tale and there's a token,
There's a secret newly spoken,
There's a word that's yet unbroken,
There's a song of Hope to sing,
a song!

I will call and they shall follow,
In their fancy they shall follow,
Over hill and over hollow,
They shall hear my happy song!
I shall bring it from the fountain,
From the brightly flowing fountain,
From the forest, from the mountain
I shall bring my happy song,
my song!

Elisabeth Forrester
[Helen Elizabeth Ledward (1860-?)]

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