



Take Heart!

John L. Hatton
(1809-1886)

Andante ♩ = 88

mf

S All day the storm - y wind has blown From off the dark and

A All day the storm - y wind has blown From off the dark and

T All day the storm - y wind has blown From off the dark and

B All day the storm - y wind has blown From off the dark and

Take Heart!

4

S rain - y sea; No bird has past the win - dow flown, The on - ly

A rain - y sea; No bird has past the win - dow flown,

T rain - y sea; No bird has past the win - dow flown,

B rain - y sea; No bird has past the win - dow flown,

7

S song _____ has been the moan The wind made in the wil - low -

A The on - ly song has been the moan made in the wil - low -

T The on - ly song has been the moan made in the wil - low -

B The on - ly song has been the moan made in the wil - low -

10

S tree, made _____ in the wil - low - tree. _____

A tree, made _____ in the wil - low - tree. _____

T tree, made _____ in the wil - low - tree. _____

B tree, made _____ in the wil - low - tree. _____

Cake Heart!

13

S This is the sum - mer's bur - - - ial - bur - ial - time: She *f*

A This is the sum - mer's bur - ial - time: She *f*

T This is the sum - mer's bur - ial - time: She *f*

B This is the sum - mer's bur - ial - time: She *f*

16

S died when dropp'd the ear - liest leaves; And, cold up - on her *p*

A died when dropp'd the ear - liest leaves; And, cold up - on her *p*

T died when dropp'd the ear - liest leaves; And, cold up - on her *p*

B died when dropp'd the ear - liest leaves; And, cold up - on her *p*

19

S ros - y prime, Fell dire - ful au - tumn's frost - y

A ros - y prime, Fell dire - ful au - tumn's frost - y

T ros - y prime, Fell dire - ful au - tumn's frost - y

B prime, Fell dire - ful au - tumn's frost - y

Take Heart!

22

S rime;— Yet I am not as one that grieves,— Yet

A rime;— Yet I am not as one that grieves,— Yet

T rime;— Yet I am not as one that grieves,— Yet

B rime;— Yet I am not as one that grieves,— Yet

25

S I am not as — one that — grieves,—

A I am not as — one — that grieves,—

T I am not as — one — that grieves,—

B I am not as — one — that grieves,—

S *mf* For well I know o'er sun - ny seas The blue - bird waits for *cresc.*

A *mf* For well I know o'er sun - ny seas The blue - bird waits for *cresc.*

T *mf* For well I know o'er sun - ny seas The blue - bird waits for *cresc.*

B *mf* For well I know o'er sun - ny seas The blue - bird waits for *cresc.*

Cake Heart!

31

p

S Ap - ril skies; And at the root of for - est trees The May - flow'rs

A Ap - ril skies; And at the root of for - est trees

T Ap - ril skies; And at the root of for - est trees

B Ap - ril skies; And at the root of for - est trees

34

dim.

S sleep in fra - grant ease, The vio - lets hide their az - ure

A The May-flow'rs sleep in fra - grant ease, The vio - lets hide their

T The May-flow'rs sleep in fra - grant ease, The vio - lets hide their

B The May-flow'rs sleep in fra - grant ease, The vio - lets hide their

37

mf

S eyes, vio - lets hide their az - ure eyes. O

A eyes, vio - lets hide their az - ure eyes.

T eyes, vio - lets hide their az - ure eyes.

B eyes, vio - lets hide their az - ure eyes.

Take Heart!

40

S thou, by winds of grief, of grief o'er-blown, Be -

A *mf* O thou, by winds of grief o'er-blown, Be -

T *mf* O thou, by winds of grief o'er-blown, Be -

B *mf* O thou, by winds of grief o'er-blown, Be -

43

S *cresc.* side some gold - en sum - mer's bier,— Take heart! Thy birds are

A *cresc.* side some gold - en sum - mer's bier,— Take heart! Thy birds are

T *cresc.* side some gold - en sum - mer's bier,— Take heart! Thy birds are

B *cresc.* side some gold - en sum - mer's bier,— Take heart! Thy birds are

46

S *dim.* on - ly flown, Thy blos - soms sleep - ing, *p* tear - ful

A *dim.* on - ly flown, Thy blos - soms sleep - ing, *p* tear - ful

T *dim.* on - ly flown, Thy blos - soms sleep - ing, *p* tear - ful

B *dim.* flown, Thy blos - soms sleep - ing, *p* tear - ful

Take Heart!

49

S
sown, To greet thee in th'im - mor - tal year! To

A
sown, To greet thee in th'im - mor - tal year! To

T
sown, To greet thee in th'im - mor - tal year! To

B
sown, To greet thee in th'im - mor - tal year! To

52

S
greet thee in the im - mor - - - tal year!

A
greet thee in the im - mor - - - tal year!

T
greet thee in the im - mor - - - tal year!

B
greet thee in the im - mor - - - tal year!

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

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;—
Yet I am not as one that grieves,—

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the root of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
The violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
Beside some golden summer's bier,—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor (1827-1923)

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