



Down in a
pretty valley

Henry Leslie
(1822-1896)

Down in a pretty valley

Henry Leslie

Allegro moderato ♩ = 116

S *p* Down in a pret - ty val - ley, Close to a clear stream - side, There

A *p* Down in a pret - ty val - ley, Close to a clear stream - side, There

T *p* Down in a pret - ty val - ley, Close to a clear stream - side, There

B *p* Down in a pret - ty val - ley, Close to a clear stream - side, There

5
S lives a charm - ing maid - en, That val - ley's joy and pride; She's

A lives a charm - ing maid - en, That val - ley's joy and pride; She's fair - er

T lives a charm - ing maid - en, That val - ley's joy and pride; She's fair - er

B lives a charm - ing maid - en, That val - ley's joy and pride;

9 *pp*

S fair - - - er than the li - ly, Her lips are ru - by

A than the li - - - ly, Her lips are ru -

T than the li - ly, Her lips are ru - - - by

B *pp* She's fair - er than the li - ly, Her lips are

12 *cresc.*

S bright, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

A - - by bright, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

T bright, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

B *cresc.* ru - by bright, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

15 *ff*

S eyes with love - light, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

A eyes with love - light, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

T eyes with love - light, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

B *ff* eyes with love - light, Her cheeks glow like the ro - ses, And her

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S eyes _____ with love - light. _____ *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley None

A eyes _____ with love - light. _____ *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley None

T eyes _____ with love - light. _____ *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley None

B eyes _____ with love - light. _____ *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley None

23

S is so fair as she; _____ The lads they all look at _____ her, But

A is so fair as she; _____ The lads they all look at _____ her, But

T is so fair as she; _____ The lads they all look at _____ her, But

B is so fair as she; _____ The lads they all look at _____ her, But

27

S she sees on - ly me. _____ With smiles _____ sweet _____ *pp*

A she sees on - ly me. _____ With smiles sweet as _____ the _____ *pp*

T she sees on - ly me. _____ With smiles sweet as _____ the _____ *pp*

B she sees on - ly me. _____ With smiles sweet _____ *pp*

Down in a pretty vallyn

30

S as the morn - ing, And voice like purl - ing rills, She

A morn - - - ing, And voice like purl - - - ing rills, She

T morn - ing, And voice like purl - - - ing rills, She

B as the morn - ing, And voice like purl - ing rills, She

cresc.

33

S greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills, She

A greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills, She

T greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills, She

B greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills, She

37

S greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills.

A greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills.

T greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills.

B greets me at the wick - et, And with love my heart fills.

ff

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41

S *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley, As we sat by the sea; One

A *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley, As we sat by the sea; One

T *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley, As we sat by the sea; One

B *p* Down in that pret - ty val - ley, As we sat by the sea; One

45

S bal - my moon - light ev - 'ning, My bride she vow'd to be, I

A bal - my moon - light ev - 'ning, My bride she vow'd to be, I love her

T bal - my moon - light ev - 'ning, My bride she vow'd to be, I love her

B bal - my moon - light ev - 'ning, My bride she vow'd to be,

49 *pp*

S *pp* love her true and dear - ly, More than I

A *pp* true and dear - ly, More than I love

T *pp* true and dear - ly, More than I love my

B *pp* I love her true and dear - ly, More than I

52 *cresc.*

S love my life _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When she

A _____ my life _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When she

T life _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When she

B love _____ my life _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be _____ When she

55 *ff*

S is my own dear wife, Oh! how hap - py shall I be When

A is my own dear wife, _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When

T is my own dear wife, _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When

B is my own dear wife, _____ Oh! how hap - py shall I be When

59

S she's _____ my own dear wife, When she's my own dear wife.

A she's my own dear wife, When she's my own dear wife.

T she's my own dear wife, When she's my own dear wife.

B she's my own dear wife, When she's my own dear wife.

Henry David Leslie (1822-1896) was born in London, England. He studied the cello as a youth, later playing in the Sacred Harmonic Society. In 1855, he organized an a cappella singing society. The society grew to 200 voices and became known as “Henry Leslie’s Choir.” The choir won numerous international competition prizes and enjoyed a strong reputation for singing unaccompanied music, both ancient and modern. He also became conductor of the Guild of Amateur Musicians. In 1864, Leslie established a National College of Music, but the college survived only two years. In 1878, Leslie and others made another attempt to form a national music school. This effort was successful, becoming the predecessor of the Royal College of Music. After he retired, he founded the Oswestry School of Music and its Festival of Village Choirs. Throughout his life, he was a champion of amateur choral musicians. He composed symphonies, oratorios, sacred works as well as chamber music, piano music and many part-songs.

Down in a pretty valley,
Close to a clear streamside,
There lives a charming maiden,
That valley’s joy and pride;
She’s fairer than the lily,
Her lips are ruby bright,
Her cheeks glow like the roses,
And her eyes with love-light.

Down in that pretty valley
None is so fair as she;
The lads they all look at her,
But she sees only me.
With smiles sweet as the morning,
And voice like purling rills,
She greets me at the wicket,
And with love my heart fills.

Down in that pretty valley,
As we sat by the sea;
One balmy moonlight evening,
My bride she vowed to be,
I love her true and dearly,
More than I love my life
Oh! how happy shall I be
When she is my own dear wife.

John Philips (1676-1709)

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