

Soprano

# Fol the Day-o

Nancy Kerr  
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

1. Ah 2. ah ah And though For the

5  
blos - soms blow and bees are hum - ming We'll rem -  
walls and fen - ces frame our know - ing And the

7  
em - ber cold Nov - em - ber's chill Fol the day - o love is  
meadows grow our lib - er - ty

CHORUS

10  
sweet - o Seeds are bloom-ing un - der-neath our feet - o Blow the

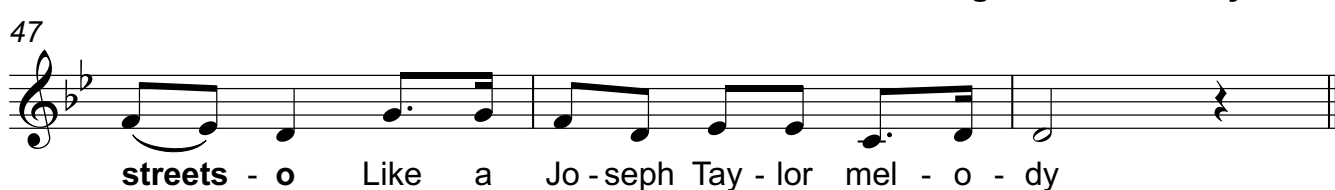
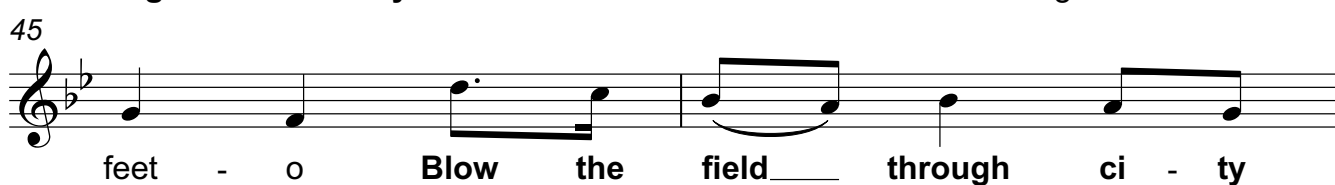
13  
field through ci ty streets-o Like a Jo-seph Tay-lor mel-o - dy dy

18  
3. Ah ah ah And our

24  
lov-ers wait be-yond the fair Fol the day - o love is sweet-o Seeds are

CHORUS

28  
bloom-ing un - der-neath our feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty



## Alto

## Fol the Day-o

Nancy Kerr  
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

1. Some do sing as though the sum-mer's com - ing Though the  
leave their gar - dens wild a - grow - ing Oth - ers

3  
sun is gone be-yond the hill And though blos-soms blow and bees are  
rule with bed and boun - da - ry For the walls and fen - ces frame our

6  
hum - ming We'll rem - em - ber cold Nov - em - ber's chill Fol the  
know - ing And the mea-dows grow our lib - er - ty

9  
day - o love is sweet-o Seeds are blooming un - der-neath our

12  
feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty streets o Like a Jo-seph Tay-lor mel - o -

16  
1. dy 2. Some do dy Ah ah

21  
Let us sing like it's the 5th of Aug - ust And our lov-ers wait be-yond the

25  
fair Fol the day-o love is sweet-o Seeds are bloom-ing un - der-neath our

29  
feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty streets-o Like a Jo-seph Tay-lor mel - o -

33  
dy 4. There's a mar-ble stone a-bove me sleep-ing Ah

37  
— There's my gar-den grown and wil-low weep-ing When I

40  
hear bold Jo-seph Tay-lor sing Fol the day-o love is sweet-o **Seeds are**

44  
**bloom-ing** un-der-neath our feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty

47  
streets-o **Like** a Jo-seph Tay-lor mel - o - dy

# Fol the Day-o

Tenor

Nancy Kerr  
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

8 Ah Though the sun is gone be - yond the  
Oth - ers rule with bed and boun - da -

4 hill ry And though blos - soms blow and bees are hum - ming We'll rem -  
For the walls and fen - ces frame our know - ing And the

7 em - ber cold Nov - em - ber's chill Fol the day - o love is  
mea - dows grow our lib - er - ty

10 sweet - o Seeds are bloom - ing un - der - neath our feet - o Blow the

13 field through ci - ty streets o Like a Jo - seph Tay - lor mel - o - dy 1. 2. dy

18 Ah Ah Let us sing like it's the 5th of

23 Aug - ust And our lov - ers wait be - yond the fair Fol the day - o love is

27 sweet - o Seeds are bloom - ing un - der - neath our feet - o Blow the

30 field through ci - ty streets - o Like a Jo - seph Tay - lor mel - o - dy



## Bass

## Fol the Day-o

Nancy Kerr  
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

5 Ah ah And though For the

blossoms blow and bees are hum - ming We'll rem - em - ber cold Nov - em - ber's  
walls and fen - ces frame our know - ing And the mea - dows grow our lib - er -

8 chill ty Fol the day - o love is sweet - o Seeds are bloom - ing un - der - neath our

12 feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty streets - o Like a Jo - seph Tay - lor mel - o -

16 1. dy 2. dy 3. Though the end of time is long be - fore us We are

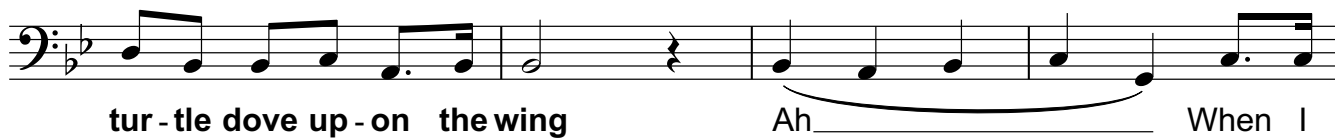
20 hunted like the Old - ham hare Let us sing like it's the 5th of Aug - ust And our

24 lov - ers wait be - yond the fair Fol the day - o love is sweet - o Seeds are

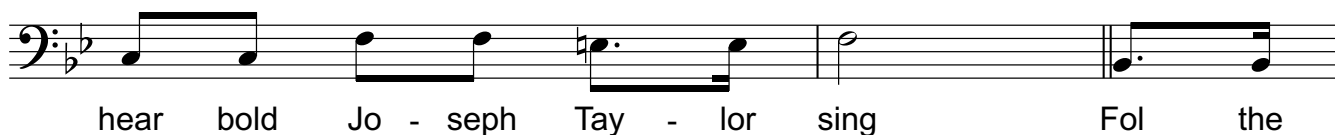
28 bloom - ing un - der - neath our feet - o Blow the field through ci - ty streets - o Like a

32 Jo - seph Tay - lor mel - o - dy Ah There's a

36



40



42



46



|                           |
|---------------------------|
| REPEAT VERSE 1 AND CHORUS |
|---------------------------|