



Whittier's April

W. A. Lafferty
(1851-1924)

Whittier's April

"The Spring comes slowly up the way."—CHRISTOBEL

W. A. Lafferty

S
'Tis the noon of the spring - time, yet nev - er a bird In the wind - shak - en elm or ma - ple

A
'Tis the noon of the spring - time, yet nev - er a bird In the wind - shak - en elm or ma - ple

T
'Tis the noon of the spring - time, yet nev - er a bird In the wind - shak - en elm or ma - ple

B
'Tis the noon of the spring - time, yet nev - er a bird In the wind - shak - en elm or ma - ple

4
S
heard; See the dead mead - ow grass - es, and lev - els of snow, And white

A
heard; See the dead mead - ow grass - es, and lev - els of snow, And white

T
heard; See the dead mead - ow grass - es, and lev - els of snow, And white

B
heard; See the dead mead - ow grass - es, and lev - els of snow, And white

Whittier's April

7

S drifts where the cro - cus should blow; O'er the cold win - ter beds of their

A drifts where the cro - cus should blow; O'er the cold win - ter beds of their

T drifts where the cro - cus should blow; O'er the cold win - ter beds of their

B drifts where the cro - cus should blow; O'er the cold win - ter beds of their

10

S late wak - ing roots White - flake ed - dies, the ice crys - tal shoots; And the

A late wak - ing roots White - flake ed - dies, the ice crys - tal shoots; And the

T late wak - ing roots White - flake ed - dies, the ice crys - tal shoots; And the

B late wak - ing roots White - flake ed - dies, the ice crys - tal shoots; And the

13

S long - ing for light, un - der wind driv - en heaps, Round the pine - wood the ground - laur - el

A long - ing for light, un - der wind driv - en heaps, Round the pine - wood the ground - laur - el

T long - ing for light, un - der wind driv - en heaps, Round the pine - wood the ground - laur - el

B long - ing for light, un - der wind driv - en heaps, Round the pine - wood the ground - laur - el

Whittier's April

S
creeps. Yes, we wait, _____ O, yes we wait for thy

A
creeps. Yes, we wait, _____ O, yes we wait for thy

T
creeps. O, yes we wait, O, yes we wait for thy

B
creeps. O, yes we wait, O, yes we wait for thy

18
S
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the touch, _____ O, for the

A
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the touch, _____ O, for the

T
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! O, for the touch,

B
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! O, for the touch,

21
S
touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

A
touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

T
O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

B
O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

Whittier's April

S
Yet we wait for thycom - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the gen - tle and warm kiss of thy

A
Yet we wait for thycom - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the gen - tle and warm kiss of thy

T
Yet we wait for thycom - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the gen - tle and warm kiss of thy

B
Yet we wait for thycom - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the gen - tle and warm kiss of thy

27
S
mouth; For the year - ly e - van - gel thou hear - est from God, Res - ur -

A
mouth; For the year - ly e - van - gel thou hear - est from God, Res - ur -

T
mouth; For the year - ly e - van - gel thou hear - est from God, Res - ur -

B
mouth; For the year - ly e - van - gel thou hear - est from God, Res - ur -

30
S
rec - tion and life to the sod! O thou soul of the spring - time, its

A
rec - tion and life to the sod! O thou soul of the spring - time, its

T
rec - tion and life to the sod! O thou soul of the spring - time, its

B
rec - tion and life to the sod! O thou soul of the spring - time, its

Whittier's April

33

S light and its breath, Bring - ing warmth to the cold gloom of death; And the

A light and its breath, Bring - ing warmth to the cold gloom of death; And the

T light and its breath, Bring - ing warmth to the cold gloom of death; And the

B light and its breath, Bring - ing warmth to the cold gloom of death; And the

36

S life of the spring - time, the life of the whole, Like the light of bright love to the

A life of the spring - time, the life of the whole, Like the light of bright love to the

T life of the spring - time, the life of the whole, Like the light of bright love to the

B life of the spring - time, the life of the whole, Like the light of bright love to the

39

S soul. Yes, we wait, _____ O, yes we wait for thy

A soul. Yes, we wait, _____ O, yes we wait for thy

T soul. O, yes we wait, O, yes we wait for thy

B soul. O, yes we wait, O, yes we wait for thy

42

S
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the touch, O, for the

A
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! For the touch, O, for the

T
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! O, for the touch,

B
com - ing, sweet wind of the south! O, for the touch,

45

S
touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

A
touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

T
O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

B
O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

John Church & Co.
(1883)

William A. Lafferty (1851-1924) was born in Ohio, and became a music teacher in Independence, Kansas. He took an interim position as assistant conductor of the New York Choral Union, directed by H. R. Palmer, before becoming conductor of the Musical Association of Allegheny in Pennsylvania. He also was a faculty member at the Pittsburgh Conservatory of Music and director of the Orpheus Club, a male chorus in the Pittsburg area. With Lyman S. Leason, he wrote and compiled music books for normal schools, singing schools and music conventions.

'Tis the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or maple heard;
See the dead meadow grasses, and levels of snow,
And white drifts where the crocus should blow;
O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots
White-flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots;
And the longing for light, under wind driven heaps,
Round the pinewood the ground-laurel creeps.

Yes, we wait, O, yes we wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch, O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

Yet we wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the gentle and warm kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou hearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the sod!
O thou soul of the springtime, its light and its breath,
Bringing warmth to the cold gloom of death;
And the life of the springtime, the life of the whole,
Like the light of bright love to the soul.

Yes, we wait, O, yes we wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch, O, for the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

Adapted from John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

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