



The Witches' Flight

**H. Ernest Nichol
(1862-1926)**

The Witches' Flight

H. Ernest Nichol

$\text{♩} = 116$

mf

S When in the tower the owls do screech, We fly by night; We

A When in the tower the owls do screech, We fly by night; We

T When in the tower the owls do screech, We fly by night; We

B When in the tower the owls do screech, We fly by night; We

5

pp *staccato*

S with - er all with - in our reach With noi - some blight. A -

pp *staccato*

A with - er all with - in our reach With noi - some blight. A -

pp *staccato*

T with - er all with - in our reach With noi - some blight. A -

pp *staccato*

B with - er all with - in our reach With noi - some blight. A -

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S bout our path the bats do fly, The frogs do croak as we pass by, The

A bout our path the bats do fly, The frogs do croak as we pass by, The

T bout our path the bats do fly, The frogs do croak as we pass by, The

B bout our path the bats do fly, The frogs do croak as we pass by, The

13 *cresc.*

S faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, The faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, As

A *cresc.* faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, The faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, As

T *cresc.* faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, The faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, As

B *cresc.* faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, The faith - ful house - dogs howl and bark, As

17

S on our dead - ly er - rand dark We fly, we fly! *ff*

A on our dead - ly er - rand dark We fly, we fly! *ff*

T on our dead - ly er - rand dark We fly, we fly! *ff*

B on our dead - ly er - rand dark We fly, we fly! *ff*

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S *mf* On aw - ful shapes of dis - mal cloud We witch - es ride; The

A *mf* On aw - ful shapes of dis - mal cloud We witch - es ride; The

T *mf* On aw - ful shapes of dis - mal cloud We witch - es ride; The

B *mf* On aw - ful shapes of dis - mal cloud We witch - es ride; The

26 S *pp staccato* dark - ness fol - lows like a shroud As on we glide. Where

A *pp staccato* dark - ness fol - lows like a shroud As on we glide. Where

T *pp staccato* dark - ness fol - lows like a shroud As on we glide. Where

B *pp staccato* dark - ness fol - lows like a shroud As on we glide. Where

30 S moon - beams play in dark - ened hall Our weird and flit - ting shad - ows fall, We

A moon - beams play in dark - ened hall Our weird and flit - ting shad - ows fall, We

T moon - beams play in dark - ened hall Our weird and flit - ting shad - ows fall, We

B moon - beams play in dark - ened hall Our weird and flit - ting shad - ows fall, We

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34 *cresc.*

S haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, We haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, And

A *cresc.* haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, We haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, And

T *cresc.* haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, We haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, And

B *cresc.* haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, We haunt the tombs and church - yard graves, And

38

S where the tem - pest loud - ly raves We fly, *ff* we fly!

A where the tem - pest loud - ly raves We fly, *ff* we fly!

T where the tem - pest loud - ly raves We fly, *ff* we fly!

B where the tem - pest loud - ly raves We fly, *ff* we fly!

S *mf* O'er town and vil - lage, house and farm, By night we sweep; The

A *mf* O'er town and vil - lage, house and farm, By night we sweep; The

T *mf* O'er town and vil - lage, house and farm, By night we sweep; The

B *mf* O'er town and vil - lage, house and farm, By night we sweep; The

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S folks be - low, not fear - ing harm, Are wrapt in sleep. But *pp* *staccato*

A folks be - low, not fear - ing harm, Are wrapt in sleep. But *pp* *staccato*

T folks be - low, not fear - ing harm, Are wrapt in sleep. But *pp* *staccato*

B folks be - low, not fear - ing harm, Are wrapt in sleep. But *pp* *staccato*

51

S with a hor - rid night - mare dream We rouse the sleep - er with a scream, The

A with a hor - rid night - mare dream We rouse the sleep - er with a scream, The

T with a hor - rid night - mare dream We rouse the sleep - er with a scream, The

B with a hor - rid night - mare dream We rouse the sleep - er with a scream, The

55

S *cresc.* chil - dren in their beds we scare, The chil - dren in their beds we scare, Then

A *cresc.* chil - dren in their beds we scare, The chil - dren in their beds we scare, Then

T *cresc.* chil - dren in their beds we scare, The chil - dren in their beds we scare, Then

B *cresc.* chil - dren in their beds we scare, The chil - dren in their beds we scare, Then

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59

S off a - gain through cloud and air We fly, we fly!

A off a - gain through cloud and air We fly, we fly!

T off a - gain through cloud and air We fly, we fly!

B off a - gain through cloud and air We fly, we fly!

J. Curwen & Sons
(1893)

Henry Ernest Nichol (1862-1926) was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England. He originally planned to be a civil engineer but abandoned an apprenticeship to study music privately, then graduated from Oxford University. He settled back in Hull as performer and teacher. He was music master at Hull Grammar School, organist at St. Andrew's, conductor of the North Cave Choral Society, and conductor of the Newport Harmonic Society. He was also musical editor for The Sunday School Union and wrote books on choir training and a primer on transposition at sight. He died in Yorkshire, England. His compositions include cantatas, services, anthems, carols, hymns, songs, piano pieces, and part-songs. His best known hymn is "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations." He often wrote under the pseudonym Colin Sterne, an anagram of his name.

When in the tower the owls do screech,
We fly by night;
We wither all within our reach
With noisome blight.
About our path the bats do fly,
The frogs do croak as we pass by,
The faithful housedogs howl and bark,
As on our deadly errand dark
We fly, we fly!

On awful shapes of dismal cloud
We witches ride;
The darkness follows like a shroud
As on we glide.
Where moonbeams play in darkened hall
Our weird and flitting shadows fall,
We haunt the tombs and churchyard graves,
And where the tempest loudly raves
We fly, we fly!

O'er town and village, house and farm,
By night we sweep;
The folks below, not fearing harm,
Are wrapt in sleep.
But with a horrid nightmare dream
We rouse the sleeper with a scream,
The children in their beds we scare,
Then off again through cloud and air
We fly, we fly!

"Colin Sterne"

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