

Voices Of The Woods

Melody by A. Rubinstein

Arr. by MICHAEL WATSON

Moderato

mf

cresc. *f* *p*

a tempo

Wel - come sweet Spring - time! We greet thee in song,
 Wel - come sweet Spring - time! What joy now is ours,

mp

Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear
 Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes,

mp

Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full notes pro - long.
 Flo - ra thy pres - sence a - waits in the bow - ers

mp

poco rit.

E - cho - ing far and near.
 Long - ing for thy com - mands.

poco rit. *p a tempo*

p

Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - rets from sleep,
 Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as on - ward they flow;

delicato

rit.

Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the air,
 Songs of the light at thy glad re - turn

rit.

a tempo *cresc.*

Snow - drop and prim - rose both ti mid - ly peep
Bound - less the wealth thou in love dost be - stow

a tempo *cresc.*

poco rit.

Hail - ing the glad new year.
Ev - er with lav - ish hand.

collo voce

p a tempo

Balm - y and life breath-ing breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to
How na - ture loves thee each glad voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou

p a tempo

con espress.

na - ture new vi - gor be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -
art of the time of the ro - ses, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -

colla voca

rall.

new, As Earth's fair-est beau-ties a-gain meet my view.
 new, As Earth's fair-est beau-ties a-gain meet my view.

rall.

a tempo

p

Sing then, ye birds! raise your voi-ces on high; Flow-rets a-

f

rit. *a tempo cresc.*

wake ye! burst in-to bloom — Spring-time is come! and sweet

Sum-mer is nigh, — Sing, then, ye birds, O sing! —

rall e dim.