

The sweet of the year

words by William Shakespeare

music by Sheena Phillips

$\bullet = 84$ *con brio*

solo *mp* 1. When daf - fo - dils be - gin to peer, *tutti* With
white sheet bleach - ing on the hedge, *mf* With

5 *poco meno mosso*
heigh! (the) dox - y o - ver the dale, Why
heigh! (the) sweet birds, O, how they sing! Doth

dolce

8 $\bullet = 60$
then comes in the sweet of the year, *f* For the
set my pug - ging tooth on edge, For a

11 *solo*
red blood reigns in the win - ter's pale. *mp* 2. The
quart of ale is a dish for a king. *p* 3. The

15 *tutti*

lark that tir - ra lir - ra lir - ra chants, *mp* With

18 *cresc.* *mf* *meno mosso* *mp*

heigh! (with) heigh! (with) heigh! *mf* the thrush and the jay, *mp* Are

heigh! heigh! heigh!

21 *a tempo* *f*

sum - mer songs for me and my aunts, *f* While

24 *ff*

we lie tumb - - - ling tumb - ling tumb - ling in the hay. *ff*

tumb - ling tumb - ling
[TB]