



Frank Wilhoit **Yet Another (Blake) Song**  
for SATB a cappella

webbermusic 300031





# Yet Another (Blake) Song

William Blake

Frank Wilhoit

**Allegretto** ♩ = 63

**SOPRANO**  
*p* Love and har-mo-ny com-bine, While thy bran-ches mix with

**ALTO**  
*p* Love and har-mo-ny com-bine, While thy bran-ches mix with

**TENOR**  
*p* And a-round our souls in-twine, While thy bran-ches mix with

**BASS**  
*p* And a-round our souls in-twine, While thy bran-ches mix with

*(rehearsal only)*

**Allegretto** ♩ = 63



5 **poco rit.** . . . . . **A tempo**

mine, Joys u - pon our bran - ches sit, Chir - ping loud, and

mine, Joys u - pon our bran-ches sit, Chir - ping loud, and

mine, and our roots to-ge-ther join. Joys u - pon our bran-ches sit, Chir - ping loud and

mine, and our roots to-ge-ther join. Joys u - pon our bran - ches sit, Chir - ping loud and

**poco rit.** . . . . . **A tempo**

10

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams, Like gen - tle streams be neath our feet

sing - ing sweet; Like gen - tle streams, like gen - tle streams be neath our feet



14

In-no-cence and vir tue meet. I am clad in flow-ers fair;

In-no-cence Thou the gol-den fruit dost bear, Thy

In-no-cence and vir - tue meet. Mm Thy

In-no-cence and vir - tue meet. Mm Thy

18

*poco rit.* . . . . . *A tempo*

and the tur-tle build-eth there. There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet  
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, and the tur-tle build-eth there. There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet  
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet  
 sweet boughs per-fume the air, There she sits and feeds her young, Sweet

*poco rit.* . . . . . *A tempo*



*rit.* . . . . .

*Adagio* ♩ = 44

I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his  
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his  
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his  
 I hear her mourn-ful song; And thy love-ly leaves a-mong, There is love: I hear his

*rit.* . . . . . *Adagio* ♩ = 44

**A tempo**

**poco rit.**

30

tongue. There he sports a-long the day,  
 tongue. There he sports the day,  
 tongue. There his char-ming nest doth lay, There he sports a-long the day,  
 tongue. There hesleeps the night a-way; There he sports the day,

**A tempo** **poco rit.**



**A tempo**

**rit.**

36

And doth a-mong our bran-ches play.  
 And doth a-mong our bran-ches play.  
 And doth a-mong our bran-ches play, and doth a-mong our bran-ches play.  
 And doth a-mong our bran-ches play, and doth a-mong our bran-ches play.

**A tempo** **rit.**



# Music by Frank Wilhoit

300028	Fugal Overture	for orchestra
300007	Sonata	Duo for tuba, piano
300027	Symphony no 4	for orchestra
300029	Symphony no 5	for orchestra
300005	Trio in E Major	Trio for clarinet, violin, piano
300009	Variations and Fuge on a theme by Joel Veitch	for string quartet
300030	Variations on a Theme of Thomas Campion	for small orchestra
300003	Violin Concerto	for violin and orchestra
300031	Yet Another (Blake) Song	for SATB a cappella

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<http://faeryhearts.tumblr.com/post/68193082444/love-and-harmony-combine-and-round-our-souls>  
<http://www.josephinewall.co.uk>