



# "Joy in Every Time."

Words by J. F. WALLER, LL. D.

Music by ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.

*mf*

1. Go not yet, sweet summer hours, Lin - ger with us  
 2. Pale not yet, fair summer skies, Beam a - bove us

*Andante con moto.*

*cres.*

still ; Song of birds and bloom of flowers Hearts with pleasure  
 still ; Tint - ing with thy sun - ny dyes..... Ev - 'ry vale and

*mp*

fill. The Sum - mer said, "My hours are sped, Here I may not  
 hill. The Sum - mer said, "My time is sped, Here I may not

"JOY IN EVERY TIME."

*cres.* *rall. dim.* *Da Capo* 

bide; My flowers that bloom must meet their doom, And fade in Au-tumn - tide."  
 bide; The clouds will rise to dim my skies, When comes the Au-tumn - tide."

*Da Capo* 



*mf*

The Sum - mer went, the Au - tumn came, Rich with rud - dy



fruits; The Win - ter froze with frost and snows Till Spring put forth her shoots :



*cres* . . . . . *cen* . . . . . *do.* *mf*

Then did I hear the cir - cling year Chant in tones su - blime— "Each

*cres* . . . . . *cen* . . . . . *do.* *mf*



*cres* . . . . . *cen* . . . . . *do. rall. f*

sea - son brings its own fair things, There's joy in ev - 'ry time."

