

Angling.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegretto.

pp *p*

1. Where the wa - ters dal - ly,
2. Through the fring - ing grass - es,
3. Rod and line are dang - ling,

Deep and brown and clear, Rest - ing from their sal - ly Down the
Bur - dock, reed and rush, Comes the queen of lass - es, Sing - ing
Wav - 'ring in and out— Not the kind of ang - ling Best to

foam - ing weir, Stands a gay young fel - low— Suit of home-spun
like a thrush; Paus - es near the stran-ger— Blush and sau - cy
snare the trout! Hark! be-neath the cov - er Wrought by wov - en

stout, Gait - ers new and yel - low— Ang - ling for the trout.
smile; What's the harm or dan - ger Just to watch a - while?
boughs, Sure I hear a lov - er Breath - ing true - love vows!

Light wind— soft cloud— Rip - ple fresh and gay ! Now
 Blue eyes— brown hair— Cheeks as fresh as May ! Now
 Sweet words ! fond words ! Let him say his say, For

f

ad lib. After 1st & 2nd verses.
a tempo.

won't they rise and take the flies? There should be sport to - day.
 won't they rise and take the flies? There should be sport to - day.
 lads will rise to maid - ens' flies For ev - er and a day.

After 3rd verse.

day.....

.....

p *p*