



# Prize Song: "When the Martens follow Spring!"

Words by MARIAN PENDLEBURY.

Music by T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus.D. \*

VOICE. *Larghetto.* ♩ = 88.

1. On the roof-tree sparrows  
vio-let doff'd her

PIANO. *f* *p* Ped. \* Ped. \*

chat-ter'd, And the ga-th'ring mar-tens cried; Autumn's gold the glades be-spat-ter'd, As a  
cov-er, And the snow-drop rang her bell; Catkins tress'd the haz-els o-ver, And the

Ped. \*

*a piacere.* *Affettuoso.*

lov-er's arts I plied; And I plead-ed, "Oh, be-lov'd one, On my bo-som fold thy  
gorse flam'd on the fell: Then I knelt, and whis-p'ring plead-ed "To be lov'd the thrush-es

\* To this Song was awarded the Prize of Five Guineas, offered by the Editor for the best setting of these words.

*a piacere.*

wing!" "Yea," she an-swer'd, look - ing up - ward, "When the mar - tens fol - low Spring!"  
sing!" Faint she an-swer'd, "For me nev - er Will the mar - tens fol - low Spring!"

*tempo.*

$\text{♩} = 100.$  *p* *cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.*

So I watch'd the snow-flakes fall - ing With a glad-ness naught could  
Close I look'd, and on her fore - head Mark'd the pen - cil - lings of

$\text{♩} = 100.$  *p*

*dim. . rit.* *tempo.*

chill, In the warmth of hope fore - stall-ing Joys which pa-tience must ful - - fil; For with-  
pain, Saw her lim - pid eyes full stor-ed, Like pools o - ver - fed with rain, And I

$\text{♩} = 42.$  *accel.*

- in, I whis-per'd low - ly, "To this breast my love will cling, When the blos-som-ing haw - thorn  
cried a - loud, sore-strick - en, "Oh, be - lov'd one, stay thy wing, For life com - eth, com - eth

$\text{♩} = 42.$

*rit.* *tempo.*

red - dens, And the mar - tens fol - low Spring!" With - in, I whis-per'd low - ly, "To this  
sure - ly, When the mar - tens fol - low Spring!" I cried, a - loud, sore-strick - en, Oh, be -

*rit.*

Ped. \*

breast my love will cling, When the blos-som-ing haw-thorn red - dens, And the mar - tens fol - low  
 - lov'd one, stay thy wing, For life com - eth, com - eth, sure - ly, When the mar - tens fol - low

*rit.*

*colla voce.*

1st time.  $\text{♩} = 88.$   $\text{♩} = 108.$  2. Soon the Spring!" They are chat-ting, chat-ting gai - ly, As their

$\text{♩} = 88.$   $\text{♩} = 108.$

*f*

nests they mend with care, And I sad - ly watch them dai - ly, With a dumb - ly blank des -

*lento.* *rit.*

*p* *colla voce.*

tempo. *cres* - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.*  
 - pair; For they home re - turn'd from roam-ing, But my love on tired wing, Had just

*tempo.*

*f* *largo.*  
 mount-ed up to hea - ven, When the mar - tens fol - low'd Spring!

*molto ritard.* *largo.* *3* *dim.*