## Text

The Sun does arise, And make happy the skies; The merry bells ring To welcome the Spring; The skylark and thrush, The birds of the bush, Sing louder around To the bells' chearful sound, While our sports shall be seen On the Ecchoing Green.

Till the little ones, weary, No more can be merry; The sun does descend, And our sports have an end. Round the laps of their mothers Many sisters and brothers, Like birds in their nest. Are ready for rest, And sport no more seen On the darkening Green.

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Composed for Beverly Taylor on the 100th Anniversary of the Radcliffe Choral Society
The Echoing Green
for SSA Chorus unaccompanied
William Blake
Jeffrey Bernstein
(ASCAP)
(1757-1827)


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