

SIR JOHN GUISE.

CATCH, FOR FOUR VOICES.

1st
Here ly - eth Sir John Guise, No one laughs and no one cries.

2d

3d
Where he's gone or how he fares, No one knows and no one cares.

4th

1st

HARK, HARK, THE LARK.

GLEE, FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Cooke.

SOPRANO. *p*
Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, Hark,

TENOR.

ALTO. *p*
Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, Hark,

BASS.

f
hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a - rise - - his steeds to

And Phœbus 'gins a - rise his steeds to wa - ter at those

hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a - rise - - his steeds to

And Phœbus 'gins a - rise his steeds to wa - - ter

wa-ter at those springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink-ing
 springs on cha - - lic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing
 wa-ter at those springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies;
 at these springs, on chalic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing

ma-ry-buds be - gin to ope their gol - - den eyes, and wink - ing ma-ry-buds be -
 ma - ry - buds be - gin to ope be - gin to
 And wink-ing ma-ry-buds le - gin to ope wink - ing ma - ry-buds be -
 ma - ry - buds be - gin to ope be - gin to

gin to ope their gol - - den eyes; With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my
 ope their gol - - den eyes; that pret - ty bin, my
 gin to ope their gol - - den eyes; My
 ope their gol - - den eyes;

La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a -

rise, With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my La - dy sweet a - rise, a -

rise, a - rise my La - dy sweet a - rise a - rise.