



The Summer Days are Over

**Simeon P. Cheney
(1818-1890)**

The Summer Days are Over

Allgretto

S. P. Cheney

S
The__ sum - mer days are o - ver, But bees are lin - g'ring still;__ A -

A
The__ sum - mer days are o - ver, But bees are lin - g'ring still;__ A -

T
The sum - mer days are o - ver, But bees are lin - g'ring still; A -

B
The sum - mer days are o - ver, But bees are lin - g'ring still; A -

5
S
round the dy - ing clo - ver, No__ more the whip - poor - will.

A
round the dy - ing clo - ver, No more the whip - poor - will.

T
round the dy - ing clo - ver, No more the whip - poor - will.

B
round the dy - ing clo - ver, No more the whip - poor - will.

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9

S Oh! Sum - mer, fled so soon! Gone with thy show'rs; Come,

A Oh! Sum - mer, fled so soon! Gone with thy show'rs; Come,

T Oh! Sum - mer, fled so soon! Gone with thy show'rs; Come,

B Oh! Sum - mer, fled so soon! Gone with thy show'rs; Come,

13

S breathe, oh, breathe a - gain Up - on our fad - ed bow'rs.

A breathe, oh, breathe a - gain Up - on our fad - ed bow'rs.

T breathe, oh, breathe a - gain Up - on our fad - ed bow'rs.

B breathe, oh, breathe a - gain Up - on our fad - ed bow'rs.

S The har - vest work is end - ing, The leaves are shad - ing brown, And

A The har - vest work is end - ing, The leaves are shad - ing brown, And

T The har - vest work is end - ing, The leaves are shad - ing brown, And

B The har - vest work is end - ing, The leaves are shad - ing brown, And

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S Au - tumn hues are blend - ing, The for - est hills to crown.

A Au - tumn hues are blend - ing, The for - est hills to crown.

T Au - tumn hues are blend - ing, The for - est hills to crown.

B Au - tumn hues are blend - ing, The for - est hills to crown.

25

S Oh! Au - tumn, how thy charms Man - tle the world! — May

A Oh! Au - tumn, how thy charms Man - tle the world! May

T Oh! Au - tumn, how thy charms Man - tle the world! May

B Oh! Au - tumn, how thy charms Man - tle the world! May

29

S long thy — col - ors wave Like ban - ners all un - furled.

A long thy col - ors wave Like ban - ners all un - furled.

T long thy col - ors wave Like ban - ners all un - furled.

B long thy col - ors wave Like ban - ners all un - furled.

The Summer Days are Over

S But Win - ter sends his warn - ing, Be sure he'll do his worst To

A But Win - ter sends his warn - ing, Be sure he'll do his worst To

T But Win - ter sends his warn - ing, Be sure he'll do his worst To

B But Win - ter sends his warn - ing, Be sure he'll do his worst To

37 S blast thy world— a - dorn - ing With snow and wind and frost.

A blast thy world— a - dorn - ing With snow and wind and frost.

T blast thy world— a - dorn - ing With snow and wind and frost.

B blast thy world— a - dorn - ing With snow and wind and frost.

41 S Blow, Win - ter, blow thy blast, Whirl wild the snow!

A Blow, Win - ter, blow thy blast, Whirl wild the snow!

T Blow, Win - ter, blow thy blast, Whirl wild the snow!

B Blow, Win - ter, blow thy blast, Whirl wild the snow!

The Summer Days are Over

S Ah! thou canst on - ly last Till Spring shall bid thee go.

A Ah! thou _____ canst on - ly last Till Spring shall bid thee go.

T Ah! thou _____ canst on - ly last Till Spring shall bid thee go.

B Ah! thou _____ canst on - ly last Till Spring shall bid thee go.

49 S Thus sea - son fol - lows sea - son, All teach - ing life is brief; Af -

A Thus sea - son fol - lows sea - son, All teach - ing life is brief; Af -

T Thus sea - son fol - lows sea - son, All teach - ing life is brief; Af -

B Thus sea - son fol - lows sea - son, All teach - ing life is brief; Af -

54 S ford - ing still no rea - son For sor - row or for grief.

A ford - ing still no rea - son For sor - row or for grief.

T ford - ing still no rea - son For sor - row or for grief.

B ford - ing still no rea - son For sor - row or for grief.

The Summer Days are Over

58

S Oh! life! we cherish thee! When thou art o'er, We'll

A Oh! life! we cherish thee! When thou art o'er, We'll

T Oh! life! we cherish thee! When thou art o'er, We'll

B Oh! life! we cherish thee! When thou art o'er, We'll

62

S hope for brighter skies Up on the other shore.

A hope for brighter skies Up on the other shore.

T hope for brighter skies Up on the other shore.

B hope for brighter skies Up on the other shore.

White, Smith & Co.
(1879)

The summer days are over,
But bees are lingering still;
Around the dying clover,
No more the whippoorwill.
Oh! Summer, fled so soon!
Gone with thy showers;
Come, breathe, oh, breathe again
Upon our faded bowers.

The harvest work is ending,
The leaves are shading brown,
And Autumn hues are blending,
The forest hills to crown.
Oh! Autumn, how thy charms
Mantle the world!
May long thy colors wave
Like banners all unfurled.

But Winter sends his warning,
Be sure he'll do his worst
To blast thy world— adorning
With snow and wind and frost.
Blow, Winter, blow thy blast,
Whirl wild the snow!
Ah! thou canst only last
Till Spring shall bid thee go.

Thus season follows season,
All teaching life is brief;
Affording still no reason
For sorrow or for grief.
Oh! life! we cherish thee!
When thou art o'er,
We'll hope for brighter skies
Upon the other shore.

Simeon Pease Cheney (1818-1890) was born in Meredith, New Hampshire, the son of Free Will Baptist pastor and musician Moses Cheney (1776-1853). After the family moved to Vermont, his brother Moses Ela and E. K. Prouty organized one of the first musical conventions in 1839. The Cheney siblings Nathaniel, Moses Ela, Joseph Young, Simeon, and Elizabeth Ela, formed the Cheney Family Singers that debuted in 1845 in New York City. After two years of touring, Simeon settled in Vermont. He was a farmer, but continued to teach singing schools and directed a church choir. In the 1870s he lived in California where his sons had settled. There he compiled the “American Singing Book” for use in singing schools and musical conventions. He spent his last years living in Franklin, Massachusetts. He wrote a series of articles on “Bird Music” that were published in “Century Magazine” and posthumously published as “Wood Notes Wild.” He died in Franklin.

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