



The silver lake

Charles E. Whiting
(1833-1923)

The silver lake

C. E. Whiting

Moderato

S
Come with me! the moon is beam-ing O'er the sil - ver wa-ters of the lake so fair;

A
Come with me! the moon is beam-ing O'er the sil - ver wa-ters of the lake so fair;

T
Come with me! the moon is beam-ing O'er the sil - ver wa-ters of the lake so fair;

B
Come with me! the moon is beam-ing O'er the sil - ver wa-ters of the lake so fair;

5
S
See ye not the white sails gleam - ing, And the rip - ples laugh - ing

A
See ye not the white sails gleam - ing, And the rip - ples laugh - ing

T
See ye not the white sails gleam - ing, And the rip - ples laugh - ing

B
See ye not the white sails gleam - ing, And the rip - ples laugh - ing

The silver lake

8

S in the sum - mer air? Come with me! the boat is — wait - ing,

A in the sum - mer air? Come with me! the boat is wait - ing,

T in the sum - mer air? Come with me! the boat is — wait - ing,

B in the sum - mer air? Come with me! the boat is wait - ing,

11

S And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come, the

A And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

T And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

B And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

14

S moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver — lake.

A the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

T the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

B the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

The silver lake

17

S Oh, de - lay not! time is fly - ing, And our com - rades scull us from the peb - bly strand;

A Oh, de - lay not! time is fly - ing, And our com - rades scull us from the peb - bly strand;

T Oh, de - lay not! time is fly - ing, And our com - rades scull us from the peb - bly strand;

B Oh, de - lay not! time is fly - ing, And our com - rades scull us from the peb - bly strand;

21

S E'en the gen - tle breeze is sigh - ing As it waits to bear us

A E'en the gen - tle breeze is sigh - ing As it waits to bear us

T E'en the gen - tle breeze is sigh - ing As it waits to bear us

B E'en the gen - tle breeze is sigh - ing As it waits to bear us

24

S from the dew - y land. 'Mid the hills is beau - ty gleam - ing,

A from the dew - y land. 'Mid the hills is beau - ty gleam - ing,

T from the dew - y land. 'Mid the hills is beau - ty gleam - ing,

B from the dew - y land. 'Mid the hills is beau - ty gleam - ing,

The silver lake

27

S And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come, the

A And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

T And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

B And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

30

S moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

A the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

T the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

B the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

33

S Wake the harp to ac - cents ten - der; Soft - ly sweep the chords, and war - ble sweet - est lays,

A Wake the harp to ac - cents ten - der; Soft - ly sweep the chords, and war - ble sweet - est lays,

T Wake the harp to ac - cents ten - der; Soft - ly sweep the chords, and war - ble sweet - est lays,

B Wake the harp to ac - cents ten - der; Soft - ly sweep the chords, and war - ble sweet - est lays,

The silver lake

37

S While the star - ry hosts in splen - dor Greet their plac - id mir - ror

A While the star - ry hosts in splen - dor Greet their plac - id mir - ror

T While the star - ry hosts in splen - dor Greet their plac - id mir - ror

B While the star - ry hosts in splen - dor Greet their plac - id mir - ror

40

S with an ear - nest gaze. Earth is heav'n in fair - est seem - ing,

A with an ear - nest gaze. Earth is heav'n in fair - est seem - ing,

T with an ear - nest gaze. Earth is heav'n in fair - est seem - ing,

B with an ear - nest gaze. Earth is heav'n in fair - est seem - ing,

43

S And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come, the

A And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

T And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

B And the dis - tant voic - es sweet - est ech - oes wake; Come, oh, come,

The silver lake

46

S
moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

A
the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

T
the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

B
the moon is beam - ing O'er the laugh - ing wa - ters of the sil - ver lake.

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Charles Edward Whiting (1833-1923) was born in Holliston, Massachusetts. He was an instructor in music in the Boston public schools for over forty years. He authored a series of textbooks on music, "The Public School Music Course." His compositions and arrangements were mostly songs for his music textbooks. His younger brother George Elbridge Whiting (1840-1923) was also an accomplished musician and composer.

Come with me! the moon is beaming
O'er the silver waters of the lake so fair;
See ye not the white sails gleaming,
And the ripples laughing in the summer air?
Come with me! the boat is waiting,
And the distant voices sweetest echoes wake;
Come, oh, come, the moon is beaming
O'er the laughing waters of the silver lake.

Oh, delay not! time is flying,
And our comrades scull us from the pebbly strand;
E'en the gentle breeze is sighing
As it waits to bear us from the dewy land.
'Mid the hills is beauty gleaming,
And the distant voices sweetest echoes wake;
Come, oh, come, the moon is beaming
O'er the laughing waters of the silver lake.

Wake the harp to accents tender;
Softly sweep the chords, and warble sweetest lays,
While the starry hosts in splendor
Greet their placid mirror with an earnest gaze.
Earth is heaven in fairest seeming,
And the distant voices sweetest echoes wake;
Come, oh, come, the moon is beaming
O'er the laughing waters of the silver lake.

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