

A Tribute to the Grave of Professor Staggins

Round To Four Voices

Peter Tranchell

Andante con moto

This musical score consists of four staves of music for bass voices, arranged in a round style. The music is in common time and uses a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written in bass clef. The score includes lyrics in a mix of regular text and underlined words, indicating specific notes to be sung. Measure numbers 1 through 29 are visible on the left side of the staves.

1 This Spot, let it hall-ow'd be. Oh Sym - pa - thë-tic bonds of hu - man

9 fel - low - shi - p of yore! Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold bars did_ it draw.

16 No base con - coc-tion made your Muse a slave. Ah!

23 This Spot, let it hall-ow'd be. Oh Sym - pa - thë-tic bonds of

29 phys-ick stirr'd; dire sneeze no hand - ker-chief as - suaged..

bars did_ it draw. No base con - coc - tion

This Spot, let it hall - ow'd be. Oh

25

Yet did your sweet still console crea - tures by these harsh ill's en -
made your Muse a slave. Ah! slee - per, we
Sym - pa - the - tic bonds of hu - man fel - low -

40

raged. Or-pheus' heir are you; to Al - bi - on what Bap -
see it on your grave. Fell cough no far - fam'd phys-ick stirr'd;
shi - p of Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold bars did it

45

tiste to Eur_ ope is (Ge-ni-us!). and in - deed a ve-ry suc-cour.
dire sneeze no hand - ker-chief as - suaged.

draw. No base con - coc - tion

This Spot, let it hall - ow'd be. Oh

50

Come, fill it, fill the bowl, tis our du - ty. Let us all
Yet did your sweet still con-sole crea - tures by these harsh ills en -
made your Muse a slave. Ah! slee - per, we
Sym - pa - the - tic bonds of hu - man fel - low -

3

55

praise his won - drous fu - nds of con - sum-mate art in
raged. Or - pheus' heir are you: to
see it on your grave. Fell cough no far - fam'd
shi - p of yore! Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold

59

ma-king songs of beau-ty This Spot, let it hall - ow'd
Al - bi - on what Bap - tiste to Eur - ope is (Ge-ni-us!). and in - deed a
phys-ick stirr'd; dire sneeze no hand - ker-chief as -
bars did it draw. No base con -

63

be. Oh Sym - pa - the - tic bonds of

ve-ry suc-cour. Come, fill _____ it, fill the bowl, tis our

suaged. Yet did your sweet still con-sole

coc - tion made your Muse a slave. Ah! _____

68

hu - man fel - low - shi - p of yore!

du - ty. Let us all praise his won

crea - tures by these harsh ills en - raged. Or

slee - per. we see it on your grave.