

A Tribute to the Grave of Professor Staggin's

Round To Four Voices

Peter Tranchell

Andante con moto

This Spot, let it hall-ow'd be. Oh Sym - pa - thē-tic bonds of hu - man
fel - low - shi - p of yore! Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold bars did it draw.
No__ base__ con - coc-tion made your Muse a slave. Ah!__
This Spot, let it hall-ow'd be. Oh Sym - pa - thē-tic bonds of
slee - per, we see it on your grave. Fell cough no far - fam'd
hu - man fel - low - shi - p of yore! Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold
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

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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 - thē - tic bonds of hu - man fel - low -

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raged. Or-phheus' 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 yore! Lea-den tho' the pen - cil, gold bars did_ it

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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

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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 -

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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

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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 -

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be. Oh Sym - pa - thē - 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!

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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.