

for the Appleton North High School Varsity Women's Choir: James R. Heiks, director

BARB'RY ELLEN

for Three-Part Women's Voices, a cappella

Folk Songs
arranged by
Stephen Hatfield

*in a declamatory, narrative style - a certain element of free time in the flow of the phrase,
but always with the storyteller's need to roll the tale forward - observe breath marks*

$\downarrow = 70$ All voices in unison

* see performance notes on handling the letter "n"

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mp like distant moans carried by a cold wind

mp like distant moans carried by a cold wind

— Oh —

— Oh — Oh dear —

El-l'en. — Oh dear — oh —

for the love of Bar - b'ry

oh. Sweet Wil - liam on his death bed lay for the love of Bar - b'ry

— Sweet Wil - liam on his death bed lay for the love of Bar - b'ry

El - len - cruel El - len. He sent his ser - vant to the

El - len - cruel El - len.

mf close to a resonant hum

El - len - cruel El - len. —

town to be - seech the place where she was dwel - lin' say - in'

— to be - seech the place where she was dwel - lin' say - in'

— to be - seech the place where she was dwel - lin'

27

oh y' must come to m' mas - ter dear if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

oh y' must come to m' mas - ter dear if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

Come _____ if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

29

El-len. Oh dear oh. Say-in'

El-len. Oh Oh dear oh. Say-in'

El-len. Oh

34

oh, y' must come to m' mas - ter dear if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

oh, y' must come to m' mas - ter dear if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

Come to m' mas - ter dear if y' name _____ be Bar - b'ry

36

$\text{♩} = 66$

El - len- sweet El - len. Slow ly,

El - len- sweet El - len. Then slow - ly, slow - ly she got

El - len- sweet El - len. Slow ly,

38

slow - ly she drew nigh. And all she had to
up, and slow - ly she drew nigh him — and all she had to
slow - ly she drew nigh. And all she had to

42

say to him: "Young man I think you're dy - in'." He
say to him: join soprano or alto
say to him: "Young man I think you're dy - in'." He

*a tempo
primo:
mp*
understate the gliss.

45 soft, but not soppy - a sense of grim inevitability

turned his face un - to the wall, and death was in him deep — a -
turned his face un - to the wall, and death was in him deep — a -

a final, deceptive moment of strength...

48

dwel-lin'. — "Good - bye the tie, good - bye my kind friends
dwel-lin'. — "Good - bye the tie, good - bye my kind friends

...and it's gone

3 rit.

3 rit.

50 *p*

all. Good - bye, be kind. Good - bye, be —

p mezzos regroup from soprano and alto sections *mp*

all. Now as

all. Now be kind to Bar-b'ry El - len. Be kind to Bar-b'ry El - len. Be

kind. Good - bye, be kind. Good - bye, be —

simile

she was walk - in' home through the field, 'twas then she heard the death bell knel-lin'.

kind to Bar-b'ry El - len. Be kind to Bar-b'ry El - len. Be

kind. Good - bye to hard heart - ed Bar - b'ry

Ev' - ry stroke to her did say, "Hard heart - ed Bar - b'ry

kind to Bar - b'ry El - len. "Hard heart - ed Bar - b'ry

El-len- cruel El - len. Fa - ther Fa - ther

El-len- cruel El - len. "Oh Fa - ther, Fa - ther dig my grave. Dig it both

El-len- cruel El - len. Fa - ther Fa - ther

d = 66

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60

60

dig my grave. Sweet Wil-liam died for me to - day: I'll die for
long and nar - row... Sweet Wil-liam died for me to - day: join soprano or alto
dig my grave. Sweet Wil-liam died for me to - day: I'll die for

64

him to - mor - row, to - mor - row. They bur - ied her in the old church
him to - mor - row, to - mor - row. They bur - ied her in the old church

67

yard, Sweet Wil - liam's grave was laid be - side her, And from
yard, Sweet Wil - liam's grave was laid be - side her, And from

70

Wil-liam's heart ___ grew a red, red rose, and from Bar-b'ry's heart ___ there grew a
Wil-liam's heart ___ grew a red, red rose, and from Bar-b'ry's heart ___ there grew a

Soprano $\text{♩} = 66$ cresc. poco a poco
Mezzo cresc. poco a poco
Alto cresc. poco a poco
bri - ar. They grew and grew in the old church
bri - ar. They grew and grew in the old church
bri - ar. They grew and grew in the old church

75

yard til they could grow no high - er. And there they

yard til they could grow no high - er. And there they

yard til they could grow no high - er. And there they

78 *a crescendo of awe and wonder*

tied in a true lover's knot.

a crescendo of awe and wonder

tied in a true lover's knot, true lov - er's

a crescendo of awe and wonder

tied in a true lover's knot.

80 *mp* *no breath* *a shimmering mp* *allargando - hushed, intense,
with a deep bitter-sweetness*

round the bri - ar, sweet bri - ar.

mp *knot.* The rose grew round the bri - ar, sweet bri - ar.

mp *no breath* *a shimmering mp*

The rose grew round the bri - ar, sweet bri - ar.