

# Spring Morning

$\text{♩} = 60$



The school boy loit - er'd on his way to  
Soured neigh - bors chat - ted by the gar - den  
How long I slept I know not, but at  
My eye - lids op - en'd on a field of



school, Scorn - ing to live so rare a day by  
pale, Nor quar - relled who should drive the need - ed  
last, I felt my con - scious - ness re - turn - ing  
blue, And close a - bove a nod - ding vio - let



rule, So mild the air a pleas - ure 'twas to  
nail, The most un - so - cial made new friends that  
fast, For Zeph - yr rust - led past with leaf - y  
grew, A part of heaven it seemed, but with a



breathe, For what seem'd  
day, As when the  
tread, And heed - less -  
scent, Its blue com -



heav'n a - bove was\_\_ earth be - neath.  
sun shines, far - mers then make hay.  
ly with one heel\_\_ grazed my head.  
ming - ling with the\_\_ fir - ma - ment.

Words: Henry Thoreau (adapted 2004)  
Music: Cyril V. Taylor

Coolinge  
10.10.10.10