

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"I care not for Spring on his fickle wing"

SUNG WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE

AT THE
NEW YORK CONCERTS
BY

Mr. H. Russell,

The Words from the Posthumous Papers of the

Pickwick Club

BY "B O Z"

The Music Composed & most cordially dedicated to

Miss Sarah Upjohn & Mrs. Britten

(OF ALBANY) BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

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"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. "this is, indeed, comfort." "Our invariable custom," replied Mr. Wardle. "Every body sits down with us on Christmas eve, as you see them now — servants and all; and here we wait till the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in, and while away the time with forfeits and old stories. Trundle, my boy, rake up the fire." Up flew the bright sparks in myriads as the logs were stirred, and the deep red blaze sent forth a rich glow, that penetrated into the farthest corner of the room, and cast its cheerful tint on every face.

"Come," said Wardle, "a song—a Christmas song. I'll give you one, in default of a better." "Bravo," said Mr. Pickwick. "Fill up," cried Wardle. "It will be two hours good, before you see the bottom of the bowl through the deep rich colour of the wassail; fill up all round, and now for the song." Thus saying, the merry old gentleman, in a good, round, sturdy voice, commenced, without more ado,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GRAZIOSO
E CON
ANIMA.

8va--

8va--

tr

8va--

loco.



I care not for Spring; on his fickle wing Let the blossoms and buds be borne: He



woos them amain with his treacherous rain, And he scatters them ere the morn. An



inconstant elf, he knows not himself, Or his own changing mind an hour, He'll



smile in your face, and, with wry grimace, He'll wither your youngest flower. Let the



colla voce.

ad lib:

a tempo.

p ad lib assai pp

sum_mer sun to his bright home run, He shall never be sought by me When he's

dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud, And I care not how sulky he be; Sva-----

Sva----- loco.

A mild harvest night, by the tran_quil light Of the mo_dest and gen_tle

moon, Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween, Than the broad and unblushing

noon. But eve-ry leaf a-wakens my grief, As it li-eth be-neath the

tree; So let Au-tumn air be ne-ver so fair, It by

no means agrees with me. Let the summer sun to his bright home run, He shall
ad lib assai.

6

ne-ver be sought by me; When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh a-loud, And I

care not how sul-ky he be.

ff

Sva

tr

loco.

3

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
 The hearty, the true, and the bold:
 A bumper I drain, and with might and main
 Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
 We'll usher him in with a merry din
 That shall gladden his joyous heart,
 And we'll keep him up while there's bite or sup,
 And in fellowship good, we'll part.
 Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
 He shall never be sought by me;
 When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
 And care not how sulky he be.

4

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars.
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing 'till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall —
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the King of the Seasons all!
 Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
 He shall never be sought by me;
 When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
 And care not how sulky he be.