



A Bunyan Garland

four poems of John Bunyan set for upper voice choir

1. Upon a Peal of Bells

ALAN BULLARD

Joyful and rhythmic (♩ = c.132)

f fp f fp f fp f

Soprano 1
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Bell. Bells have wide

f fp f fp f fp f

Soprano 2
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Bell. Bells have wide

f fp f fp f fp fp

Alto 1
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Bell, Bell.

f fp f fp f fp fp

Alto 2
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Bell, Bell.

Joyful and rhythmic (♩ = c.132)

Piano (rehearsal only)

7

p cresc. f

mouths and tongues, but are too weak, Have they not help, to sing, or talk or speak. —

p cresc. f

mouths and tongues, but are too weak, Have they not help, to sing, or talk or speak. —

cresc. f

— but — are too weak, Have they not help, to sing, or talk or speak. —

cresc. f

— but — are too weak, Have they not help, to sing, or talk or speak. —

John Bunyan, the author of Pilgrim's Progress, lived most of his life in Bedford. These verses are taken from a collection of moral poems for young people, published after his death.

2. The Snail

John Bunyan

Alan Bullard

Simply, slowly and gently (♩ = c.63)

Soprano 1,2 *unis. p legato*

She goes but soft-ly, but she go-eth sure, She stum-bles not, as stron-gercrea-tures

Alto 1,2 *unis. p legato*

She goes but soft-ly, but she go-eth sure, She stum-bles not, as stron-gercrea-tures

8

do, Her jour-ney's shor-ter, so she mayen-dure More than they which do much far-ther go.

do, Her jour-ney's shor-ter, so she mayen-dure More than they which do much far-ther go.

16 *pp*

pp She makes no noise, but stil-ly sei-zeth on The flow'r or herb ap-point-ed for her

pp She makes no noise, but stil-ly sei-zeth on The flow'r or herb ap-point-ed for her

3. Sunset

John Bunyan

Alan Bullard

Sadly and expressively, but with movement (♩ = c.84)

Soprano 1
What, hast thou run thy Race? Art go-ing down? Thou seem - est an - gry, why

Soprano 2
What, hast thou run thy Race? Art go-ing down? Thou seem - est an - gry, why

Alto 1
What, hast thou run thy Race? Art go-ing down? Thou seem - est an - gry, why

Alto 2
What, hast thou run thy Race? Art go-ing down? Thou seem - est an - gry, why

Piano (rehearsal only)

Sadly and expressively, but with movement (♩ = c.84)

7
mf espress. *p* *mp*
dost on usfrown? Yea, wrap thy heads with Clouds, and hide thy face, As

mf espress. *p* *mp*
dost on usfrown? Yea, wrap thy heads with Clouds, and hide thy face, As

mf espress. *p* *mp*
dost on usfrown? Yea, wrap thy heads with Clouds, and hide thy face, As

mf espress. *p* *mp*
dost on usfrown? Yea, wrap thy heads with Clouds, and hide thy face, As

4. The Hen

John Bunyan

Alan Bullard

Sprightly (♩ = c.132)

Soprano 1,2 *unis. p*
 The hen, the hen so soon as she an egg doth lay, Spreads the fame, the

Alto 1,2 *p*
 The hen, the hen so soon as she an egg doth lay, Spreads the fame, the fame

8 *mp*
 fame of her do-ing what she may. The hen, the hen so soon as she an egg doth lay,

mp
 of her do-ing what she may. The hen, the hen so soon as she an egg doth lay, Spreads the

15 *mf*
 Spreads the fame, the fame of her do-ing what she may. A-bout the yard she

mf
 fame, the fame of her do-ing what she may. A-bout the yard