

To  
H.C. Barnabee.



5  
WORCESTER.  
S. R. LELAND & CO. 446 Main St.

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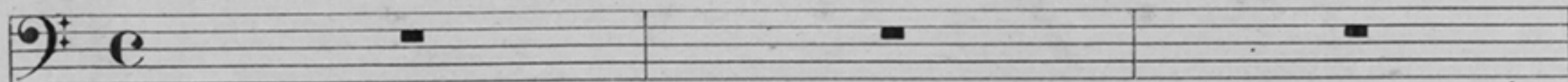


# THE PARISH SEXTON.

C. C. STEARNS.

*Allegro non troppo.*

VOICE.



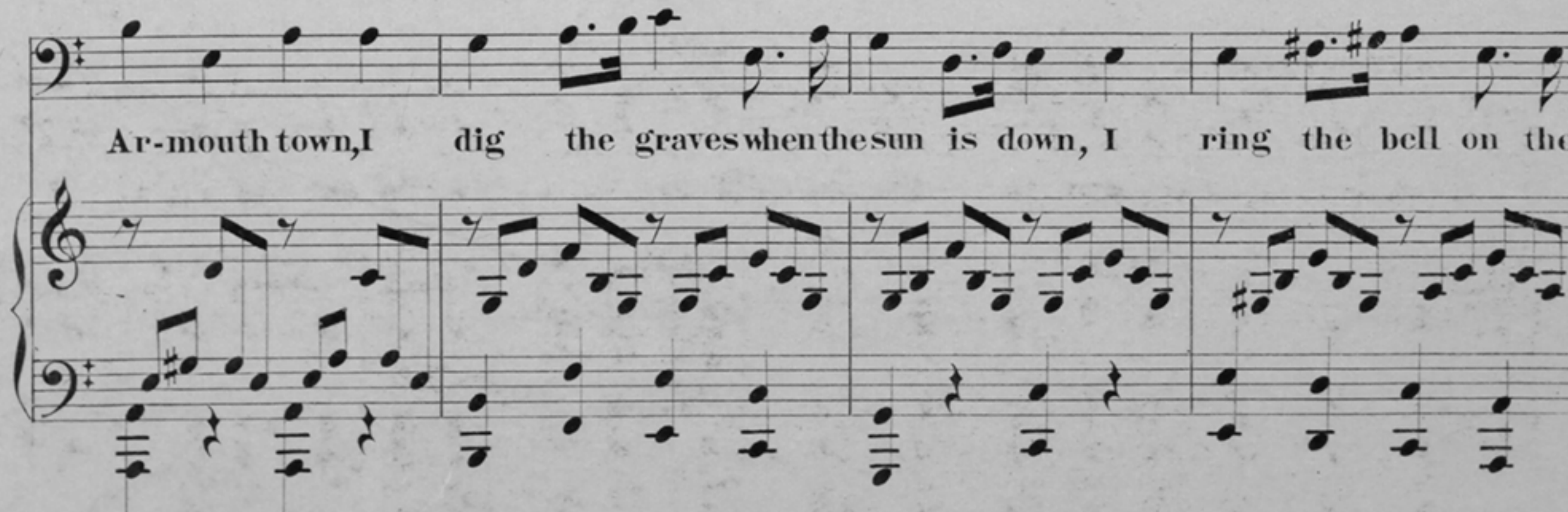
PIANO.



Sex - ton am I of



Ar-mouth town, I dig the graves when the sun is down, I ring the bell on the





*ritard.* *a tempo.*

sab-bath morn,I ring the bell when a child is born, I ring when the poor or

*ritard.*

wealth-y die, The herald of good and ill am I.

*f*

*ad lib. Declamando.*

*p* *f* *ff* *p*

Yestermorn when the storm was loud I

*p* *f* *ff*

*misterioso.* *sotto voce.*

*pp* *pp*

wrapp'd a mi-ser with-in his shroud; Yes-ter-eve in the dus-ky light, A



spend - thrift muttered his last good night.

*Adagio.*

*Andante sostenuto espressivo.*

A moth - er is watching with sto - ny eyes, In a hut hard

*accelerando.*

by as her in - fant dies; The storm is o - ver, Yet

*accelerando.*

*ad lib.*

out at sea Three bodies are tossing, a - wait - ing me.



Tempo Primo.

When the tide drives in on the shining sand I shall bury them all with a willing hand.

*ad lib.*

Last week, on a broad and vel-vet bed, The lord of the parish lay

stiff and dead; Last week, in a box of boards there slept A



Tempo Primo.

Marcato.

beggar whom wife nor chil - dren wept; One's in the chan - cel and

one's be - low In the deep damp hole where the nettles grow.

And so I live on from

day to day With the dead, for the starv - ing par - ish pay, Where -



ev-er they go, be - low or a-loft, It troubles me not so the

*marcato.*

ground be soft; Yet I know there's a fellow with puckered face, Who a

*Adagio.*

promise has got of the sex-ton's place, "Some night" he mutters me

*Adagio.*

hoarse and low, "I shall put thee to bed where the net-tles..... grow."