

Let him go, let him tarry

SATB with Accompaniment for practice

English Text

Traditional Irish

Engraved by Anna Ivanitsky

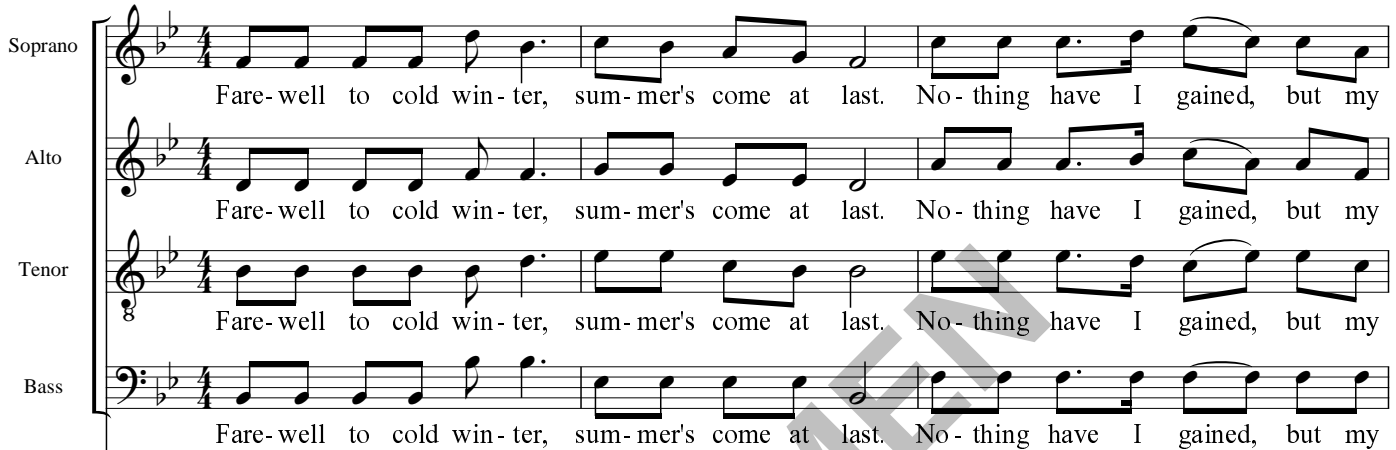
Bright and steady rhythm

Soprano
Fare-well to cold win-ter, sum-mer's come at last. No-thing have I gained, but my

Alto
Fare-well to cold win-ter, sum-mer's come at last. No-thing have I gained, but my

Tenor
Fare-well to cold win-ter, sum-mer's come at last. No-thing have I gained, but my

Bass
Fare-well to cold win-ter, sum-mer's come at last. No-thing have I gained, but my



Bright and steady rhythm



S
true love I have lost. I'll sing and I'll be hap-py like the birds up-on the tree, For

A
true love I have lost. I'll sing and I'll be hap-py like the birds up-on the tree, For

T
true love I have lost. I'll sing and I'll be hap-py like the birds up-on the tree, For

B
true love I have lost. I'll sing and I'll be hap-py like the birds up-on the tree, For

