

HOW SWEET I ROAMED

words by William Blake.

music by Walford Davies.

William Polake.

How sweet I roamed

*Allegro*

1. How sweet I roamed from field to field And  
 2. He showed me li-lies for my hair, And

*mp*  
*sempre legato*

fast-ed all the sum-mer's pride, Till I the Prince of the  
 blushing ro-ses for-my brow; He led me through of the

*pp*  
*mes.*

Love — be-held Who in the sunny, sunny beams his glide —  
 you — dems fair, Where all his golden, golden pleasures grew.

*mes.* *x mes +*

*with then repeats out in full, please.*

3. With sweet May-dews my wings were wet, And Phoebus fired my

*p.*

von ca rage; — He caught me in his silken net,

*slentando*  
shut me in his gol — da cage. He loves to

*slentando*  
*mp*

*slentando* *a tempo*  
sit and hear me sing, — Then laughing, laughing sports and

~~play with me; with me;~~ He ~~he~~ stretch- es out my

gold-en wings, And makes my loss, my loss of li-ber-ti-ty.

Rhydyfarian  
9-1-25