

GRE

# THE GREY FRIAR.



*W. Lovell Phillips*

M & N. HANHART, LITH. PRINTER.

SUNG BY  
**HERR FORMES.**  
 THE WORDS BY  
**J. W. THIRLWALL.**

COMPOSED BY  
**W. LOVELL PHILLIPS.**

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LONDON, C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.



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“THE GREY FRIAR”

Composed for and Sung by

HERR FORMES.

Written by J. W. THIRLWALL.

Composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS.

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE.

ALLEGRO GIOJOSO.

*ff*

*tr*

*Ped*

*Ped*

The Grey Friar.

The musical score is presented in three systems. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is in 6/8 time and features a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) and a trill (*tr*) on the first staff. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with a *Ped* (pedal) marking and an asterisk (\*) at the end of the system. The third system concludes the piano accompaniment, also featuring a *Ped* marking and an asterisk (\*). The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes at the beginning and end of the piece.

"This storm makes a ter-ri-ble rout!" Said a Grey Friar sit-ting a-

*ff* *ff* *mf*

lone "How I pi-ty the poor souls with-out, And

*cres* *f*

bless this good luck of my own—"How I pi-ty the poor souls with-

*fz*

out And bless this good luck of my own!" *tr* *tr*

*ff*

"Thus seat-ed so snug Thus

*p*

seat\_ed so snug in my warm chimney nook \_ Never dreaming of penance of

heads or of book , With a cup of good sack , and a bright roaring

fire ..... What more \_ What more... could the heart of a mortal de \_

sire?..... What more could the heart of a mor \_ \_ tal de \_

sire?.....

The Grey Friar .

This said! he replenish'd his bowl,..... But 'ere he the po-tion could

*ff*

drain - A voice on his ear dark - ly stole - Crying

*cres:* *f*

"Hoary old Sinner! re-frain!" A voice on his ear dark-ly

*ff*

stole - Crying - Hoary old Sinner! Re--frain!" *tr* *tr*

*ff*

"Thus seat - - - ed so snug - - - . Thus

*p*

seat-ed so snug in your warm chim-ney nook - Never dreaming of penance of

heads or of book! Of the good things of this life you have had your full

share! Now with me..... you must go..... so pre- pare!... Oh! pre-

*cres.* *cen-* *do*

pare..... With me you must go - so pre - pare - Oh! pre-

*f* *colla voce.*

pare!..... *tr* *tr*

The Fri-ar roar'd out with af-fright - "Less fit\_ted to die than to

*ff* *ff*

live - I vow if you spare me to-night - To the

*cres:* *f*

poor all my bot\_tles I'll give!" "I vow if you spare me to-

*fz*

night - To the poor all my bottles... I'll give!"

*ff* *tr* *tr*

Creak! Bang! went the door! Creak!

*ff*

*Giocoso.*

Bang! went the door! when in the Fiend rold! 'Twas old Fa-ther Tim- who his

sides scarce could hold- While shriek-ing with laugh-ter he cried "Oh! pre-

pare!.... Your sack..... is di-vine..... so I come for my

*cres- - - - - cen - do*

share..... Your sack is di-vine so I come for my

*colla voce.*

share".....*tr*

*ff*



Father Tim! you're a blockhead I vow — And de-serve well the scourge at your

*ff*

back The poor get my bottles through you — ..... But I'll

*back* *cres:* *f*

first if you please drink the sack ... The Poor get my bottles through

*fz*

you — But I'll first if you please drink the sack.

*fz* *tr* *tr*

Thus seat — ed so snug ..... Thus

*p*

seat\_ed so snug in my warm chimney nook \_ Never dreaming of penance, of

heads, or of book \_ With a cup of good sack \_ and a bright roar\_ing

fire\_.... What more\_.... What more... could the heart of a mor\_tal de\_

*cres.* *cen* *do*

sire ..... What more could the heart of a

*f* *colla voce*

mor\_tal de\_sire .....