

# Where'er You Walk

SATB and Piano

Lyrics: Alexander Pope (1688–1744)

Mus. by George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)  
Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

**Largo** ♩ = c. 48

*p*

S  
Wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade.

A  
Wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade.

T  
Wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade.

B  
Wher - e'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade.

**Largo** ♩ = c. 48

*p* *legato*

Piano

4

Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, trees, where you sit shall crowd in -

Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, trees, where you sit shall crowd in -

Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, trees, where you sit shall crowd in -

Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, trees, where you sit shall crowd in -

Piano



7

*mf* to a shade. e'er you walk cool

*mf* to a shade. Where you walk cool

*mf* to a shade. Where'er you walk cool

to a shade. Where'er you walk cool

*mf*

10

gales shall fan the glade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, in - to a

gales shall fan the glade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade.

gales shall fan the glade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade, in - to a

gales shall fan the glade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade.

13

*cresc.* *f*

shade, in - to a shade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in -

*cresc.* *f*

Trees where you shall crowd in -

*cresc.* *f*

shade, in - to a shade. Trees where you sit shall crowd in -

*cresc.* *f*

Trees where you shall crowd in -

16

*Fine*

to a shade.

to a shade.

to a shade.

to a

*Fine*



20

*p* Wher - e'er you walk the blushing flow'rs shall rise, and all things flourish, and

*mf*

*p* Wher - e'er you walk the flow'rs shall rise, all things flour-ish and

*mf*

*p* The flow'rs shall rise, and all things flour-ish, and

*p* The flow'rs shall all things flour-ish, and

*p* *mf*

*D.C.  
al Fine*

23

*p* all things flourish when you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes.

*p* all things flour-ish wher-e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes, you turn your eyes.

*p* all things flour-ish wher-e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes, your eyes.

*p* all things flour-ish wher-e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes, you turn your eyes.

*D.C.  
al Fine*

*p*

