

The Tyger

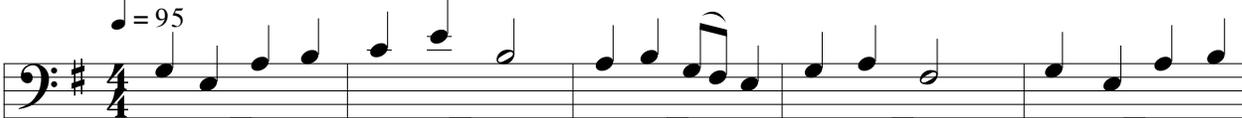
For the A Cappella Fellas of Buffalo, New York

William Blake (1757-1827)

John Schimminger

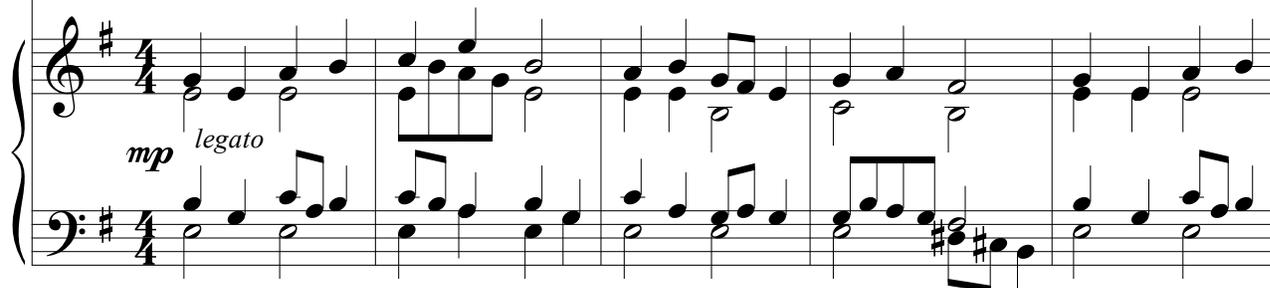
♩ = 95

Tenors
Basses

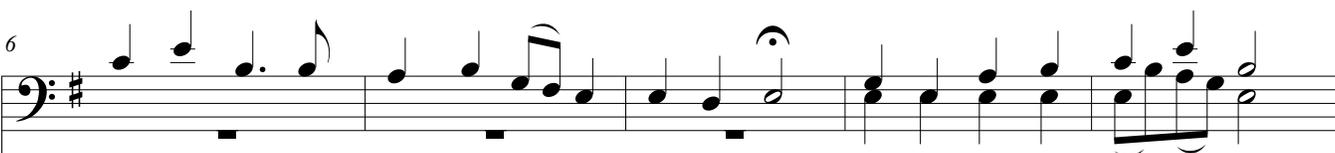


mp *legato*

Ty-ger! Ty-ger! burn-ing bright in the for-est of the night, what im-mor-tal



6



hand or eye could frame thy fear-ful sym-me - try? In what dis - tant deeps or skies

6



11



burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he a - spire? What the hand dare

11



The Tyger

16

mf seize the fire? *mp* And what shoul - der, and what art, could twist the sin - ews

16

20

mf of thy heart? *mp* And when thy heart be - gan to beat, *mf* what dread hand? and

20

24

f what dread feet? *mf* What the ham-mer? what the chain? In what fur-nace was thy brain?

24

The Tyger

29

f *mp*

What the an - vil? what dread grasp dare its dead - ly ter - rors clasp?

f *mp* *rit.*

33

meno mosso e misterioso

p

When the stars threw down their spears, and wa-ter'd hea-ven with their tears,

p *meno mosso e misterioso*

37

p *rit.*

did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the lamb make

p *rit.*

The Tyger

a tempo

41

thee? Ty - ger! Ty - ger! burn - ing bright in the for - est of the night,

46

what im - mor - tal hand or eye, dare frame thy fear - ful sym - me - try?

50

allargando

thy fear - ful sym - me - try? Ty - ger! Ty - ger!