

Hornets Wedding
23. Dawson Deeds

Moderato ♩=90

Bride
Dark Lady
Bill
Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

what did you do on the Daw-son? what did you do in the town? what did you do when you found them?

Violoncello 1
Violoncello 2
Violoncello 3
Tenor Drum

17

Br
BF
S.
A.
T.
B.

what's splat-tered on the wat-tle? what's hid-den in the clay? that'll be the day!

dis perse them nic ely

we all know we all keep mum send them on their way send them on their way! send them on their way! send them on their way! that'll be the day! to their graves their

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Vc.1
Vc.2
Vc.3
T. D.

Stringendo ♩=100

pizz.
pizz.
hit wood
mp

30

S.
A.
T.
B.

burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery one of us were twen-ty more plucked from the vine he's a hun-ter in his stride two din-goes to one black hide and drov-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and

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Vc.1
Vc.2
Vc.3
T. D.

mp

42

S. *mf* in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery one of us were twen-ty more plucked from the vine he's a hun-ter in his stride two din-goes *mp*

A. *mf* in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery one of us were twen-ty more plucked from the vine he's a hun-ter in his stride two din-goes *mp*

T. *mf* in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery one of us were twen-ty more plucked from the vine he's a hun-ter in his stride two din-goes *mp*

B. *mf* in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery one of us were twen-ty more plucked from the vine he's a hun-ter in his stride two din-goes *mp*

Vc.1 *mf*

Vc.2 *mf* arco

Vc.3 *mf*

T.D. *mf*

53

S. to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin hap py *f*

A. to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery *f*

T. to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin and to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery *f*

B. to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street a sas-sy Jim-an gin day/to their graves their burn-ing trees their dit-ches he'd dis-patch their kind for ev-ery *f*

Vc.1 *f* *his wood*

Vc.2 *f*

Vc.3 *f*

T.D. *f*

65

S. are they who fear the Lord, and take de-light in *ff*

A. one of us were twenty more plucked from the vine he's a hunter in his stride two din-goes to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street *ff*

T. one of us were twenty more plucked from the vine he's a hunter in his stride two din-goes to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street *ff*

B. one of us were twenty more plucked from the vine he's a hunter in his stride two din-goes to one black hide and drow-ing for-ty head of beef up the hill three My-alls cut down the oth-er side and in broad day-light in the town's main street *ff*

Vc.1 *ff*

Vc.2 *ff*

Vc.3 *ff*

T.D. *ff*

76

DL *hand claps* **ff** hard hits the ground [An eye for an eye...bloodline worth]

S. his com - mand - ments. hard hits the ground

A. *fff* *hand claps* *p* sas-sy Jim-an gin sport-ing bra-zen-ly his moth-er's flo-ral gown hard hits the ground her blood was thin

T. *fff* *hand claps* sas-sy Jim-an gin sport-ing bra-zen-ly his moth-er's flo-ral gown hard hits the ground

B. *fff* *hand claps* sas-sy Jim-an gin sport-ing bra-zen-ly his moth-er's flo-ral gown hard hits the ground

Vc.1 *fff* arco *col legno* *mf*

Vc.2 *fff* pizz. *p*

Vc.3 *fff* pizz. *p*

T.D. *fff*