

Four Songs for Voice and Violin.

I.

Gustav Holst, Op. 35.

Andante.

Je - su Sweet, now will I sing To Thee a song of love long-ing;

Do in my heart a quick well spring Thee to love a-bove all thing.

Je - su Sweet, my dim heart's gleam Brighter than the sun - - nè - beam!

As thou wert born in Beth - le-hem Make in me thy lov - è - dream.

Je - su Sweet, my dark heart's light Thou art day without - en

night;

Give me strength and ek - e might For to lov - en Thee a -

pp dolce

right.

Je - su Sweet, well _ may he be _

_ That in Thy bliss Thy - self _ shall see: With lov - - è cords then draw Thou

8

morendo

me That I may come and dwell with Thee.

sempre pp

II.

Voice.

Violin.

My soul has nought but fire and ice And my bo-dy earth and wood:

Pray — we all the Most High King Who is the Lord of our last doom,

— That He should give us just one thing That we may do His will.

*p**p*

III.

Allegretto.

Voice. *mf*

I sing of a maid-en That match-less is: King of all Kings Was her

Violin.

Andante.

pp

Son i - wis. He came all so still Where His mo - ther was As dew in A - pril that

fall - eth on grass: He came all so still To His mo - ther's bower As

pp

dew in A - pril That fall - eth on flower: He came all so still Where His

mo - ther lay As dew in A - pril That form - eth on spray. Mo - ther and

dim. rall.

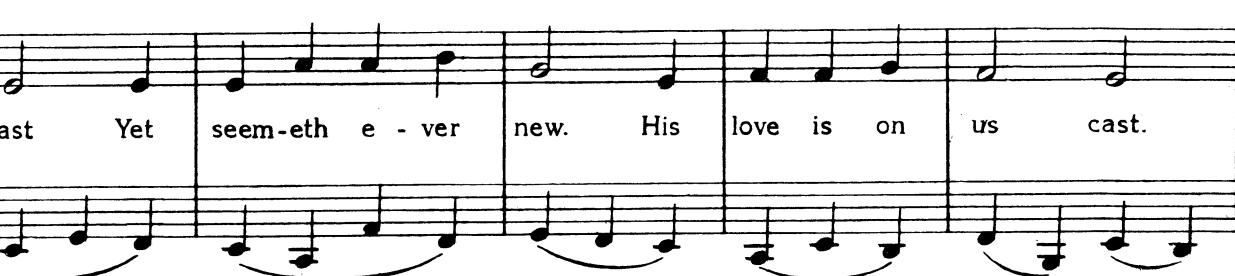
mai - den Was ne'er none but she: Well may such a la - dy God's mo - ther be.

dim. rall.

IV.

Allegretto.

Voice. 
 My Le-man is so true Of love and full

Violin. 
 steady fast Yet seem-eth e - ver new. His love is on us cast.

cresc. 
 I would that all Him knew And loved Him firm and fast, They
cresc.


 nev - er would it rue But hap - py be at last.


 He lov-ing - ly a - bides Al - though I stay full long;

He will me ne - ver chide Al - though I choose the wrong. He says 'Behold My

side And why on Rood I hung; For my love leave thy pride And

I thee *un - der - fong. I'll dwell with Thee be - lieve, Le - man, un - der Thy

poco animato

tree. May no pain e'er me grieve Nor make me from Thee flee. I will

a tempo

cresc.

in at Thy sleeve All in Thine heart to be; Mine heart shall burst and cleave Ere

rall.

cresc.

rall.

dim.

dim.

un - true Thou me see.

dim.

8

pp