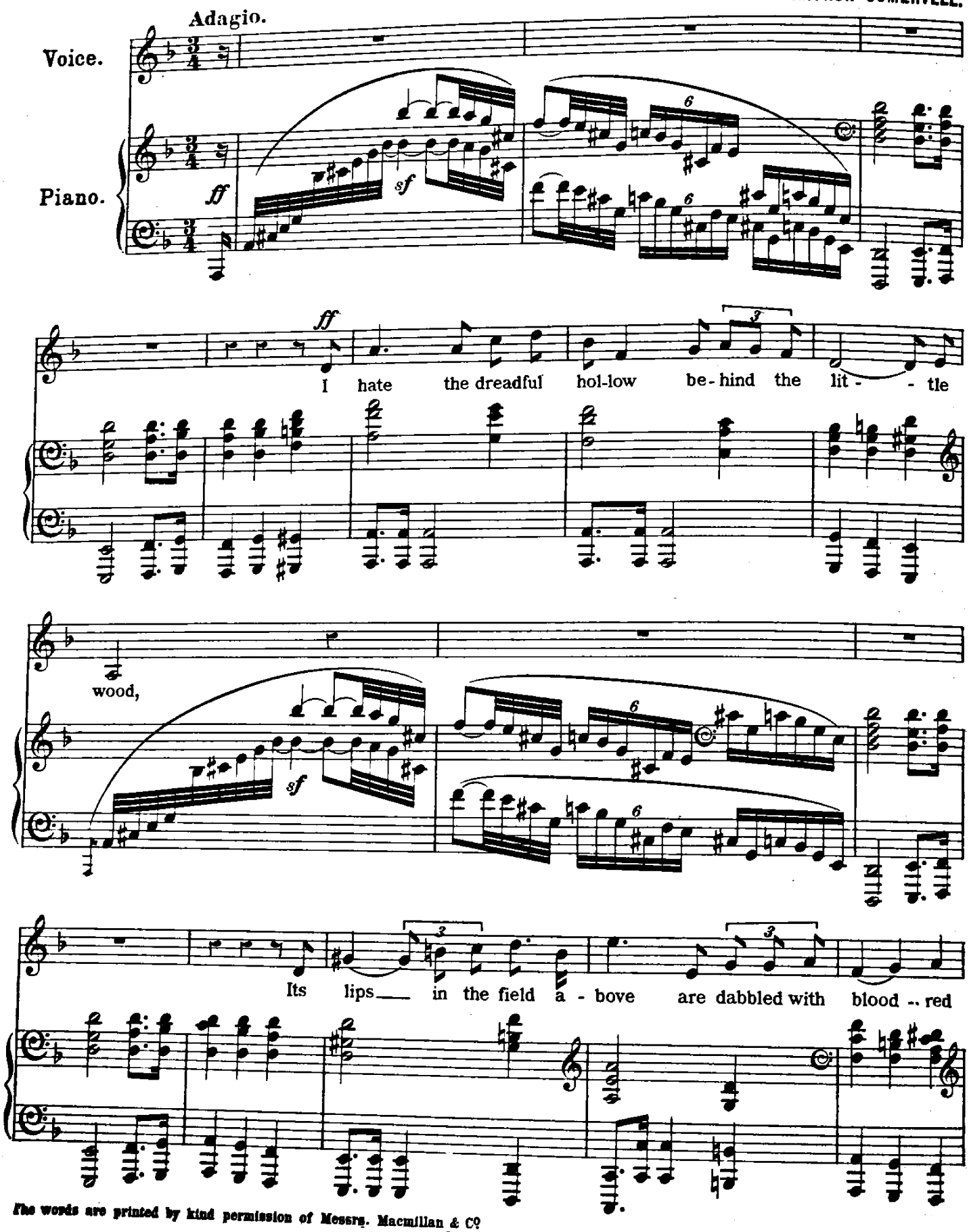
I.

I hate the dreadful hollow.

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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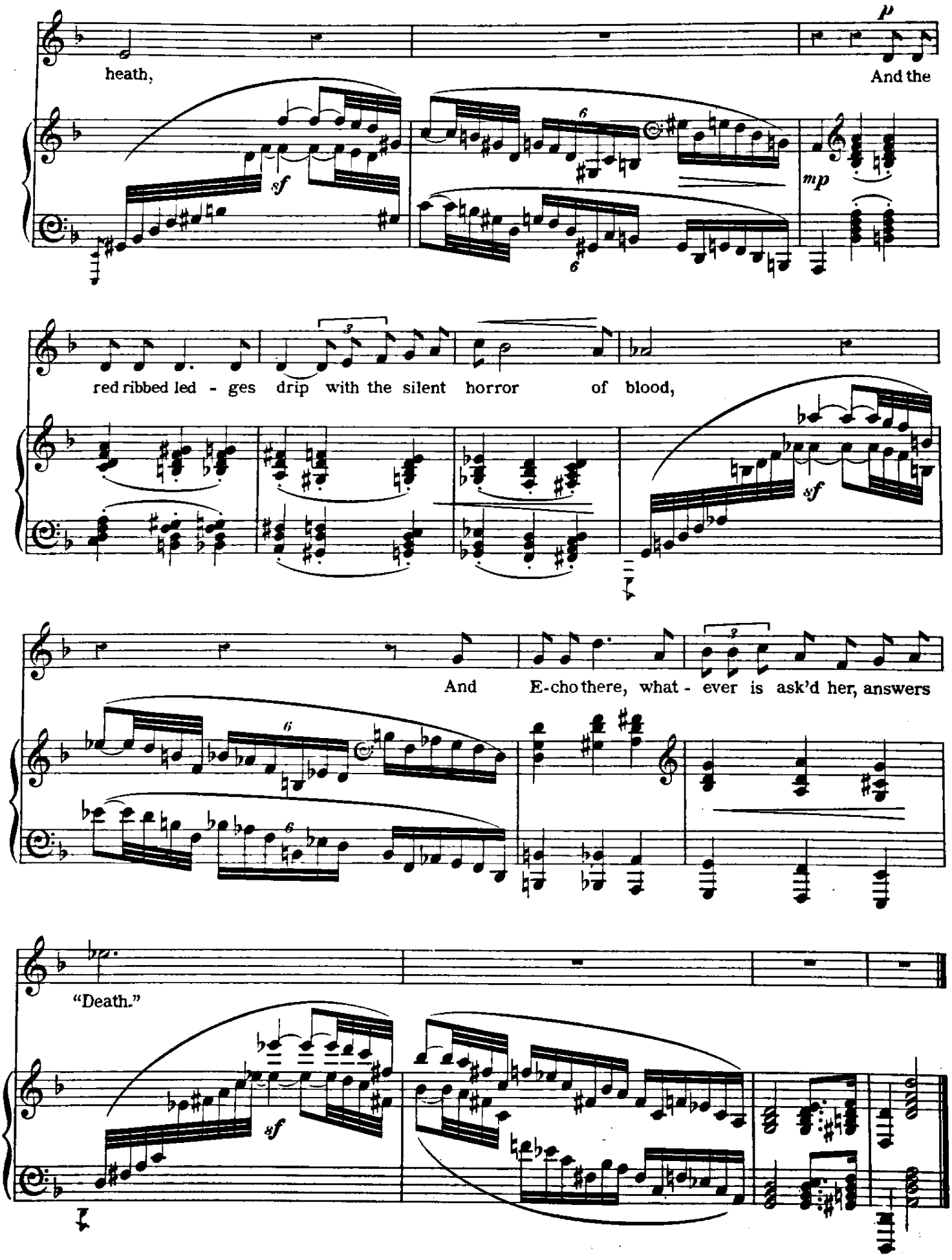
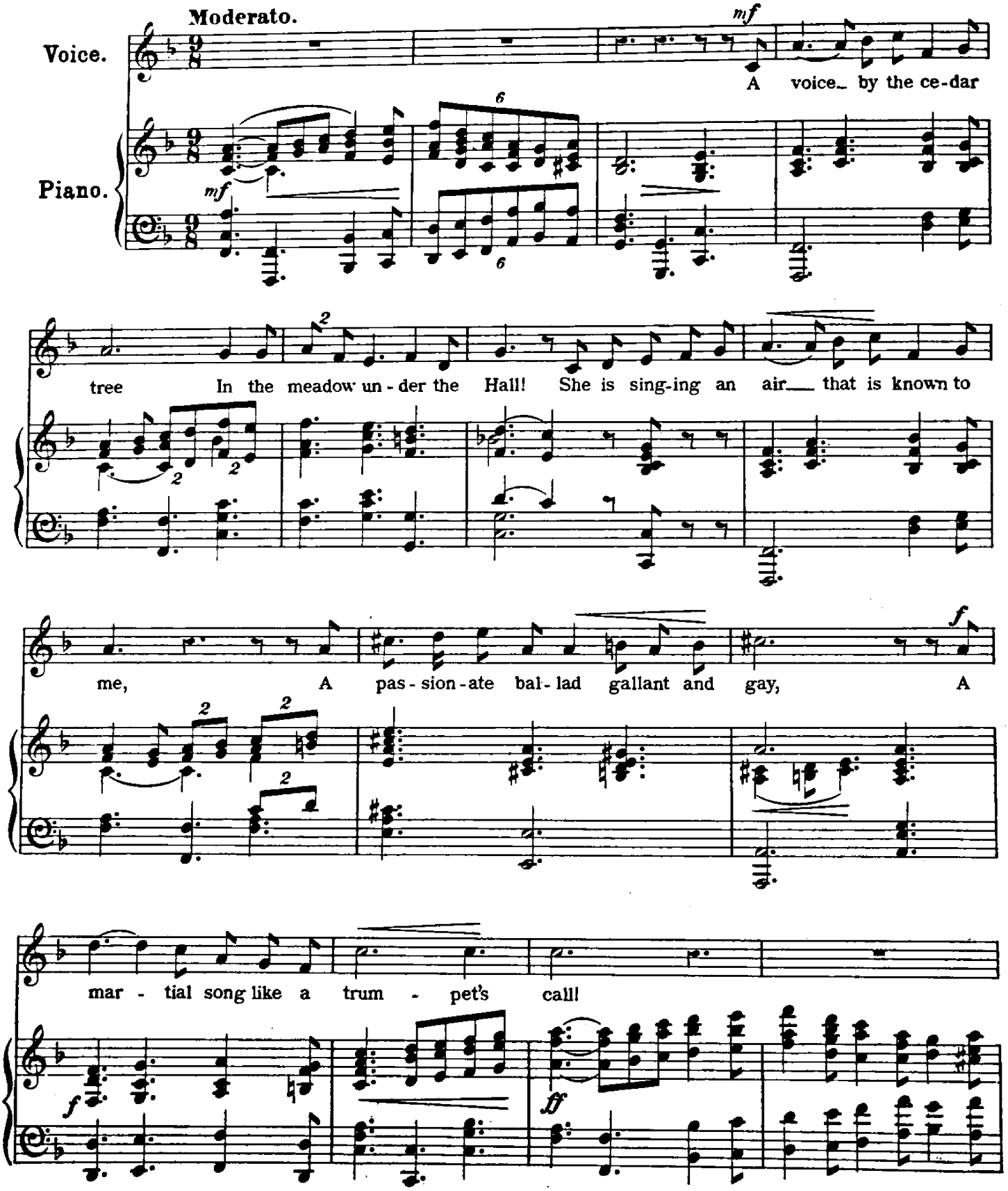

heath,
And the
red ribbed led - ges drip with the silent horror of blood,
And E-cho there, what - ever is ask'd her, answers
"Death."

II.

A voice by the cedar tree.



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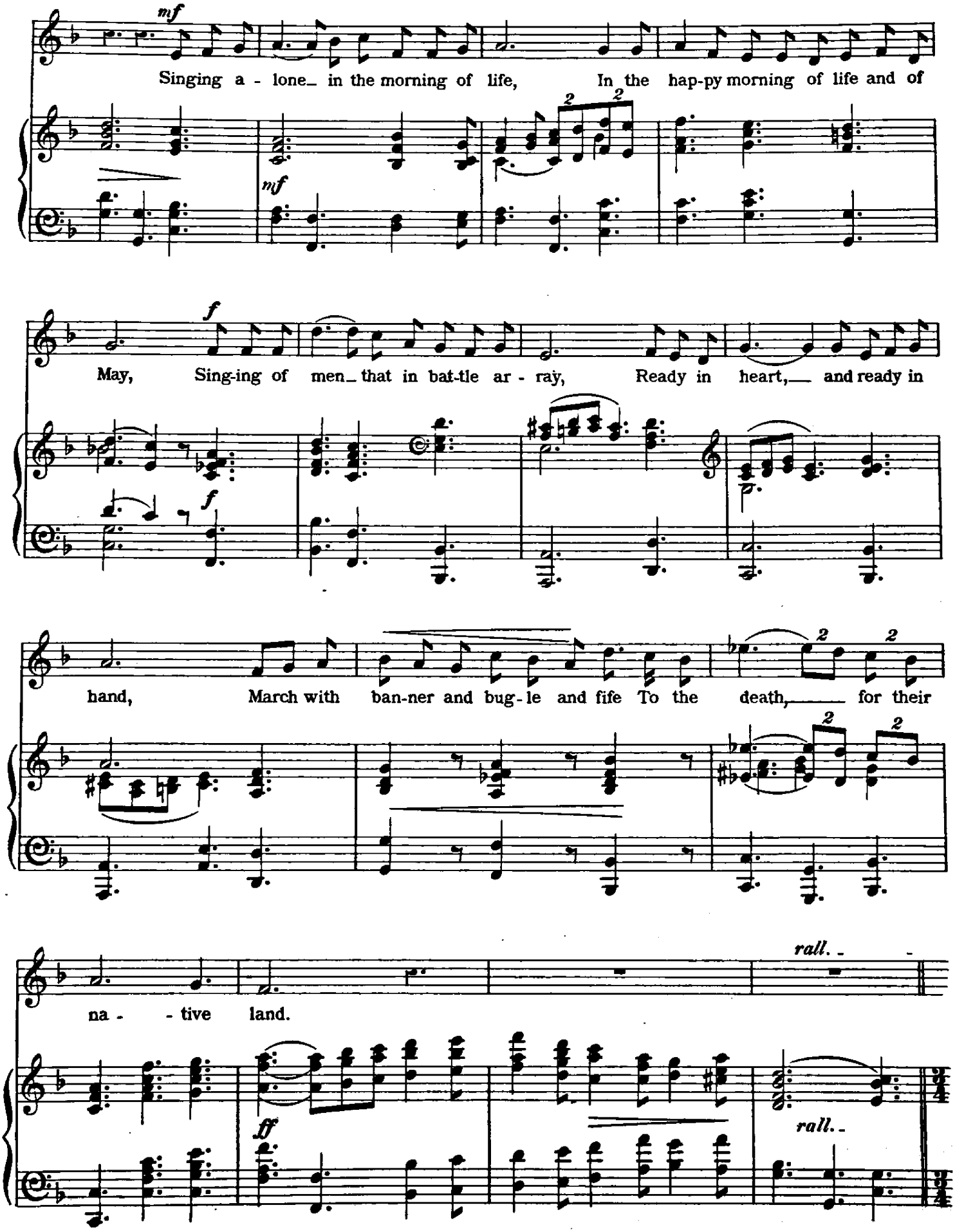
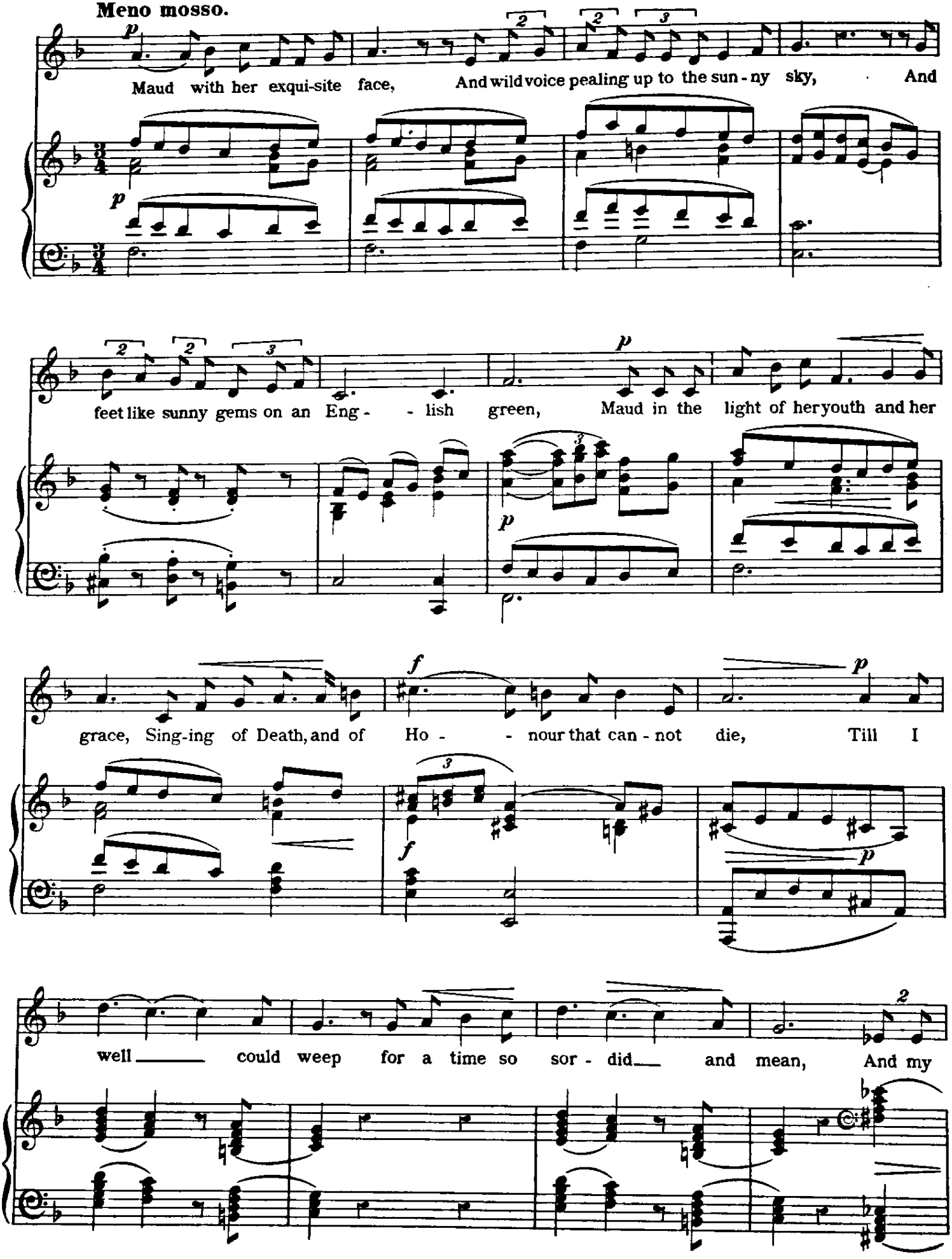
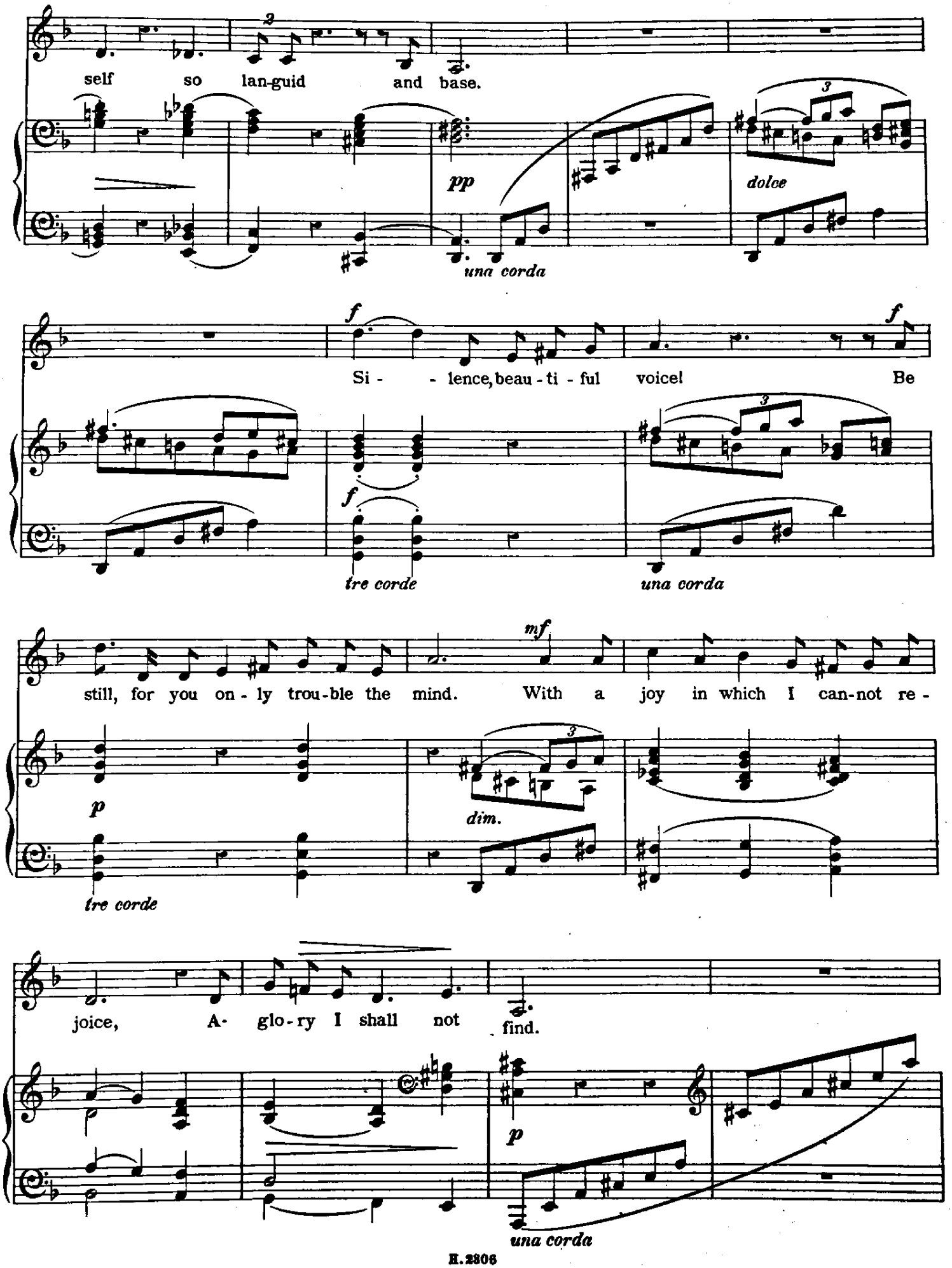
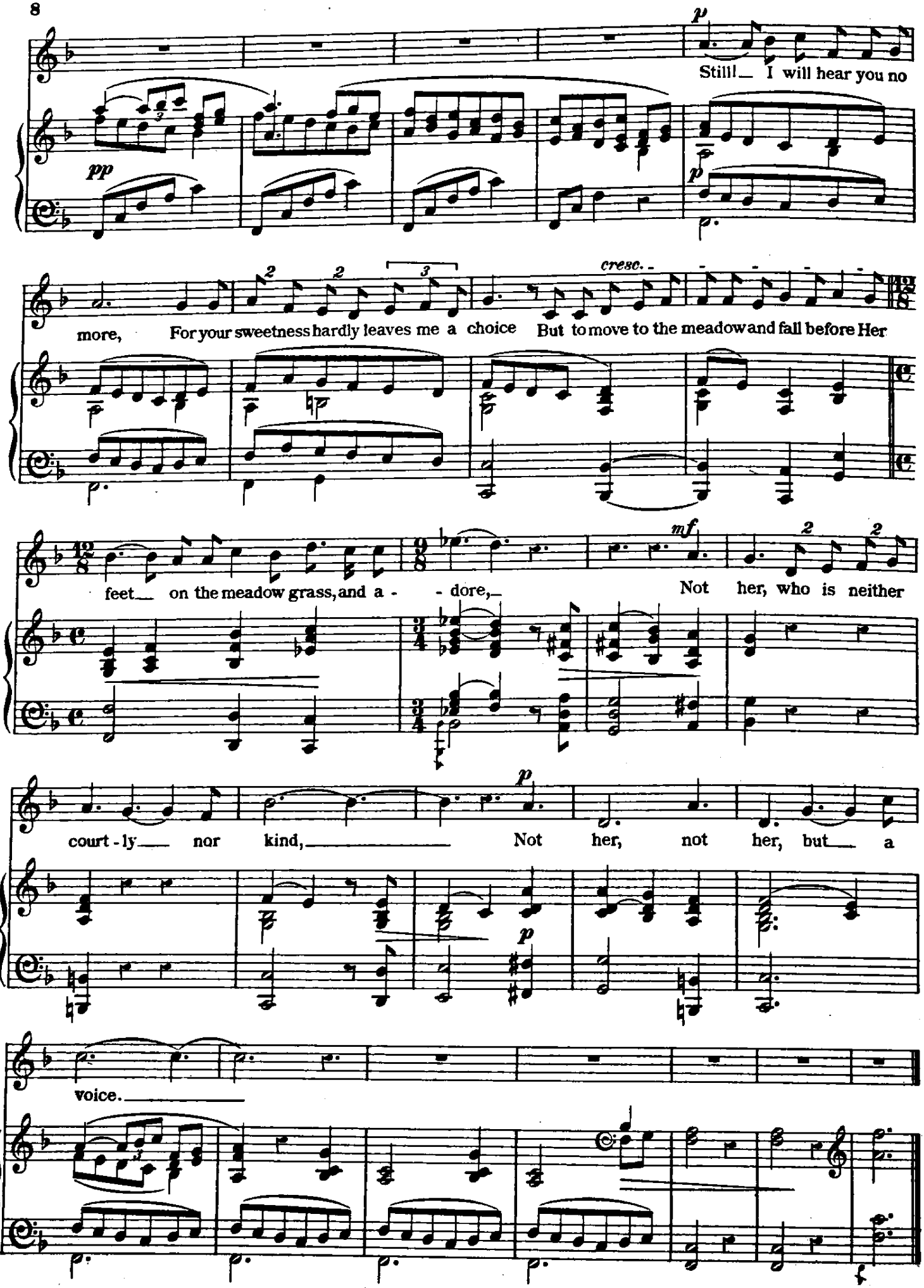

mf
Singing a - lone_ in the morning of life, In the hap-py morning of life and of
mf
f
May, Sing-ing of men_ that in bat-tle ar - ray, Ready in heart,__ and ready in
f
hand, March with ban-ner and bug - le and fife To the death,____ for their
na - - tive land.
rall.
ff
rall.

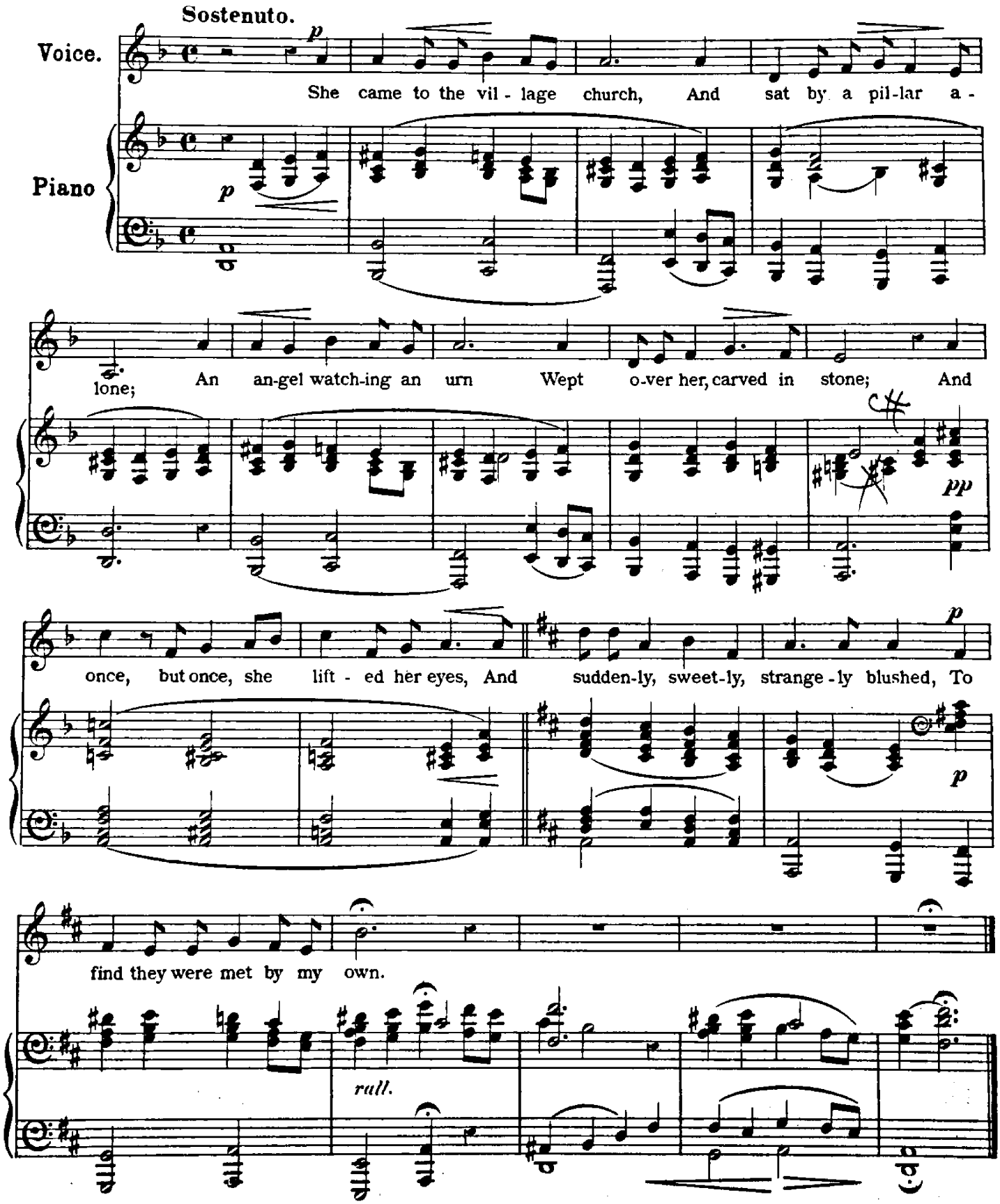

Meno mosso.
Maud with her exqui-site face, And wild voice pealing up to the sun-ny sky, And
feet like sunny gems on an Eng- - lish green, Maud in the light of her youth and her
grace, Sing-ing of Death, and of Ho- - nour that can-not die, Till I
well could weep for a time so sor-did and mean, And my


self so lan-guid and base.
pp
una corda
dolce
Si - - lence, beau - ti - ful voice! Be
f
f
f
tre corde
una corda
still, for you on - ly trou-ble the mind. With a joy in which I can-not re -
mf
p
dim.
tre corde
joice, A- glo-ry I shall not find.
p
una corda


p
Still! I will hear you no
pp
p
more, For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice But to move to the meadow and fall before Her
cresc.
feet on the meadow grass, and a - - dore,
mf
Not her, who is neither
court - ly nor kind, Not her, not her, but a
p
voice.

III.

She came to the village church.



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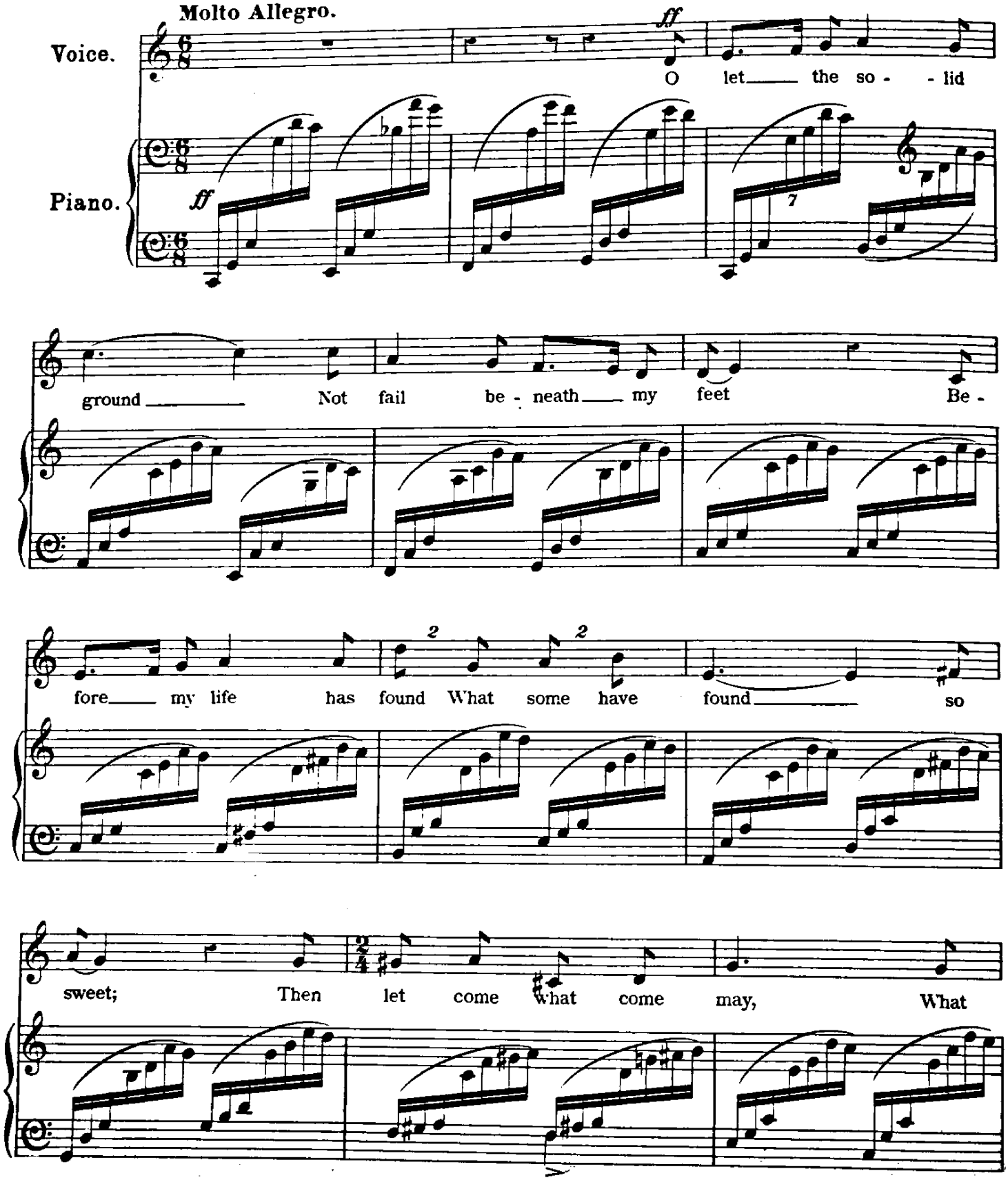
IV.

O let the solid ground.



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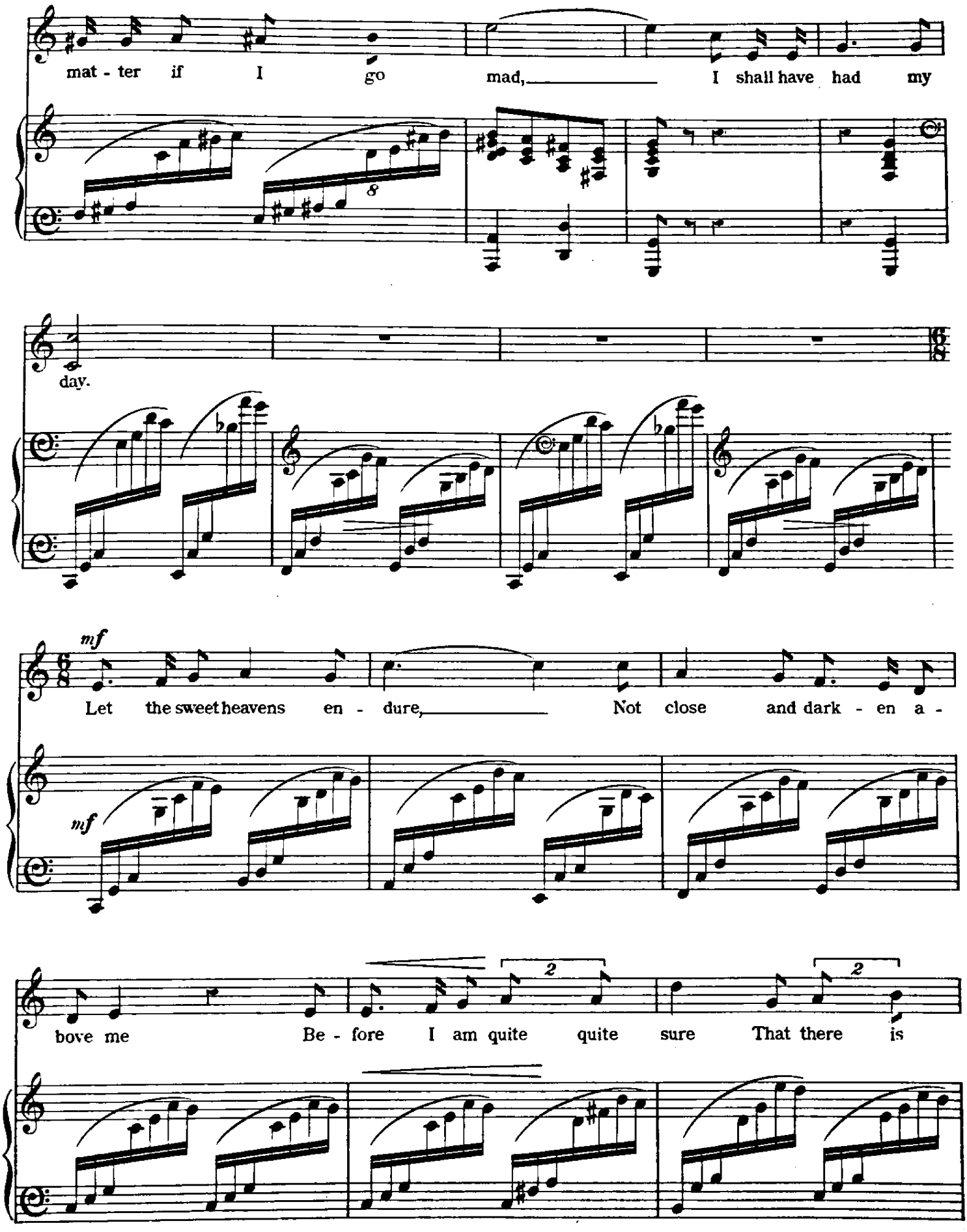
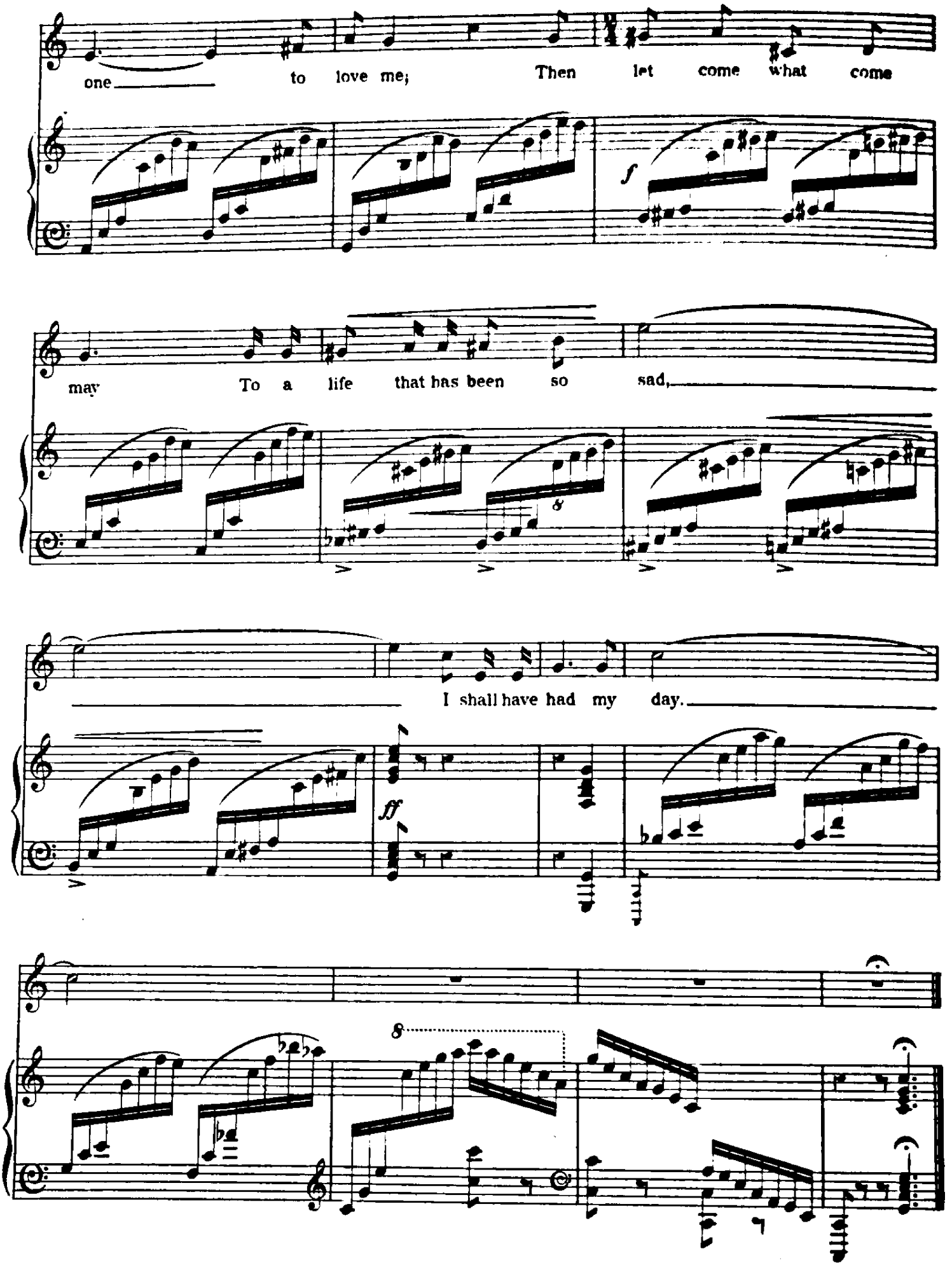
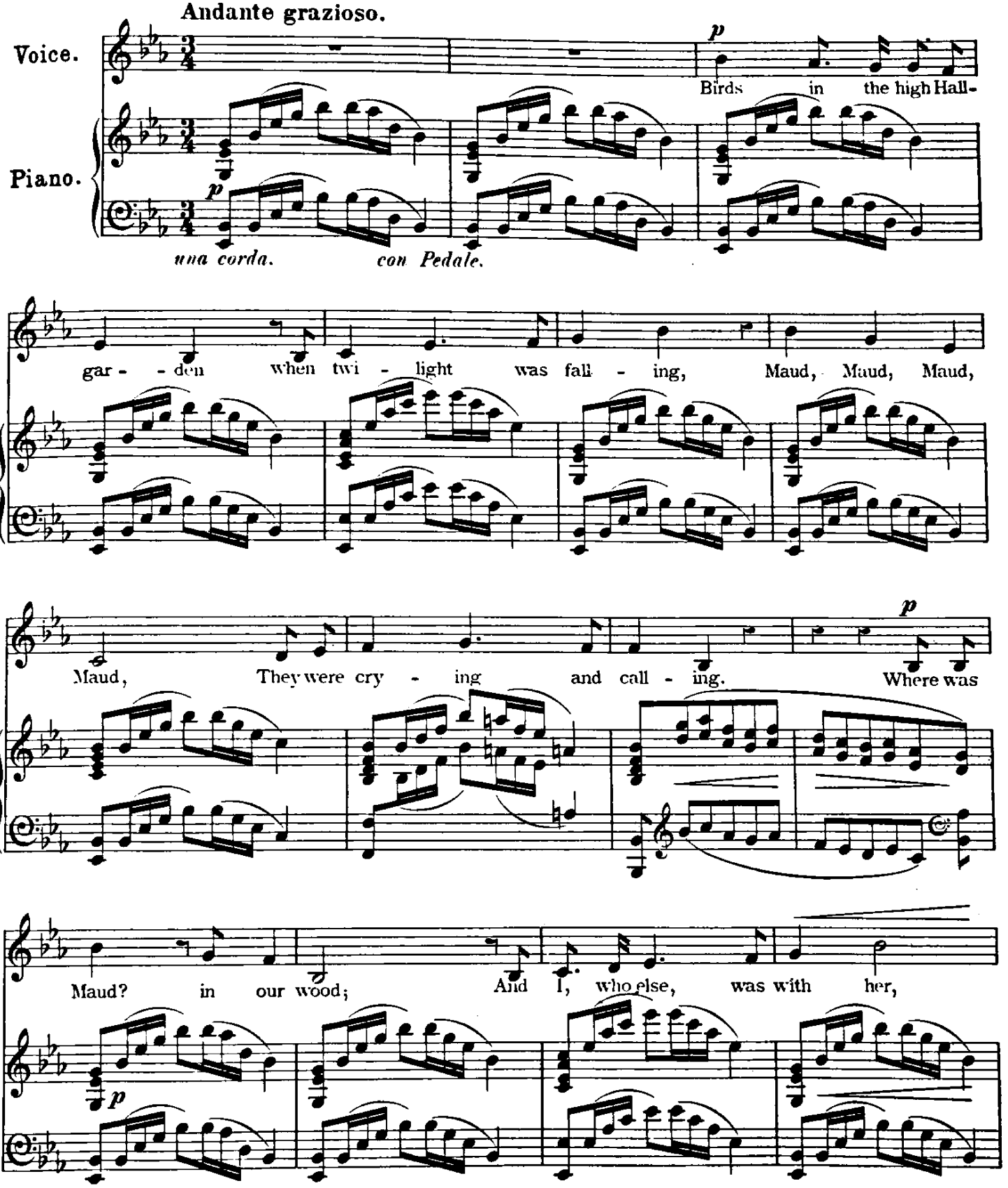

mat - ter if I go mad, I shall have had my
day.
mf
Let the sweet heavens en - dure, Not close and dark - en a -
mf
bove me Be - fore I am quite quite sure That there is


one to love me; Then let come what come
may To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.
f
ff
8

V.

Birds in the high Hall-garden.

Andante grazioso.



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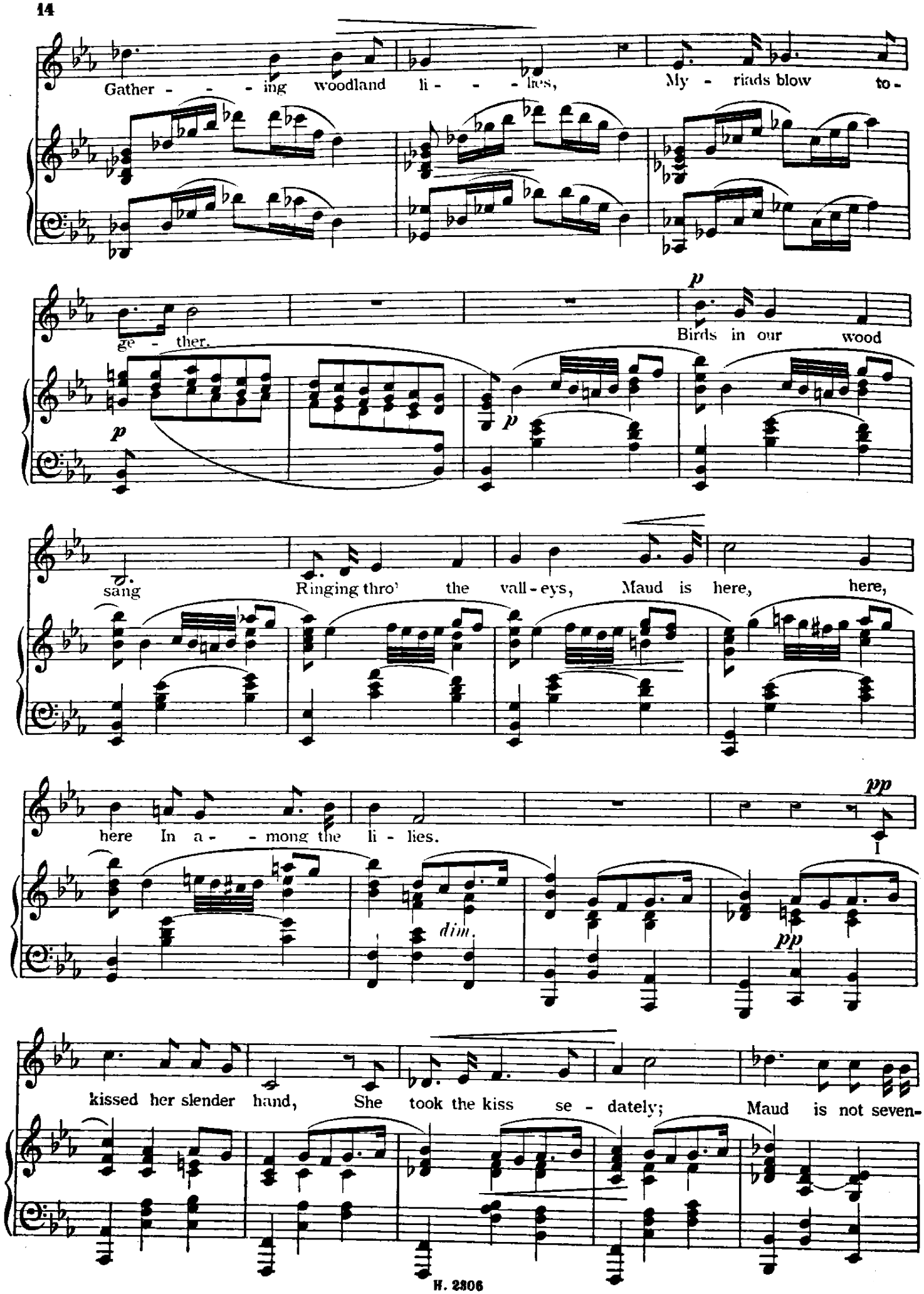
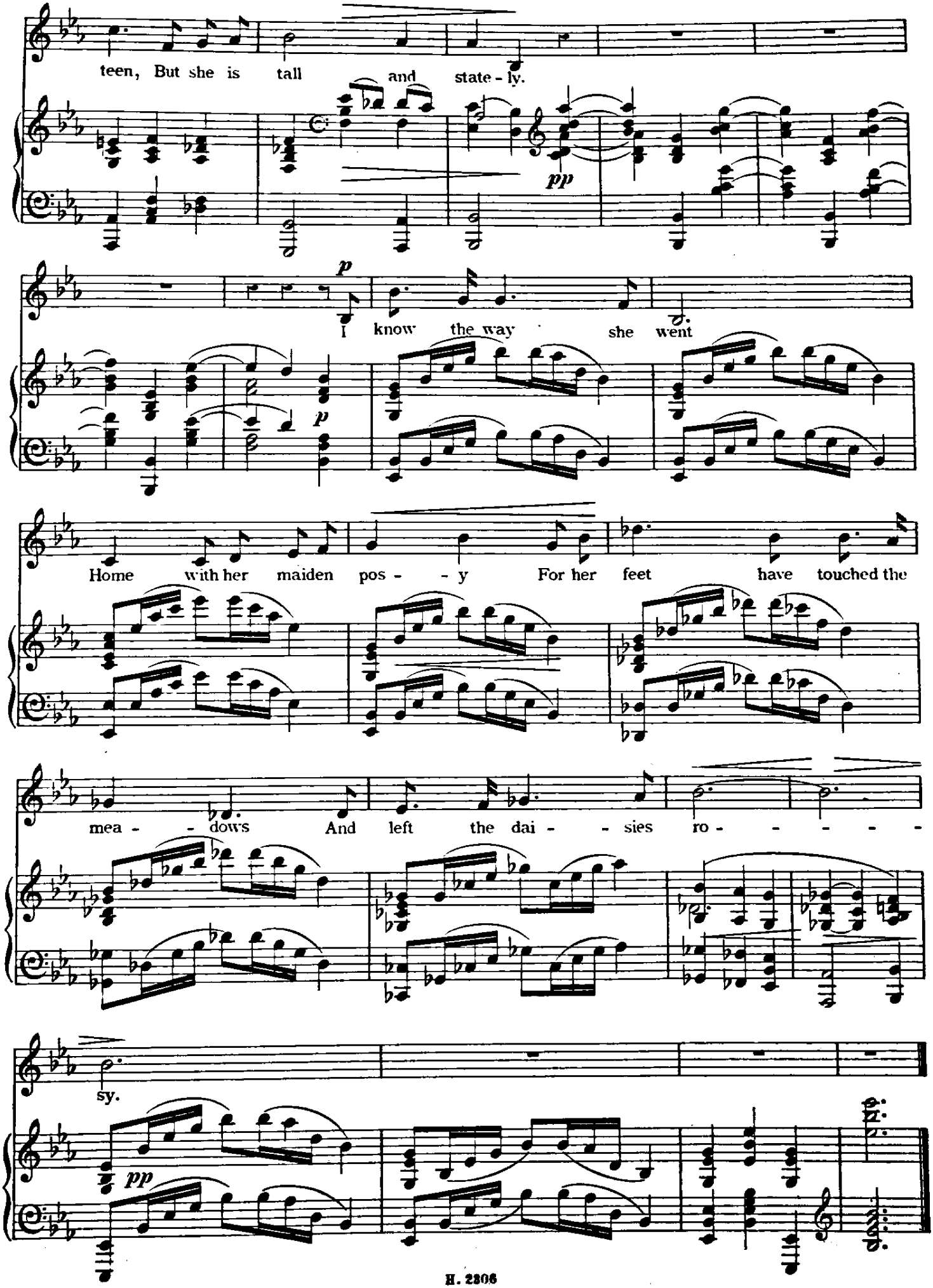
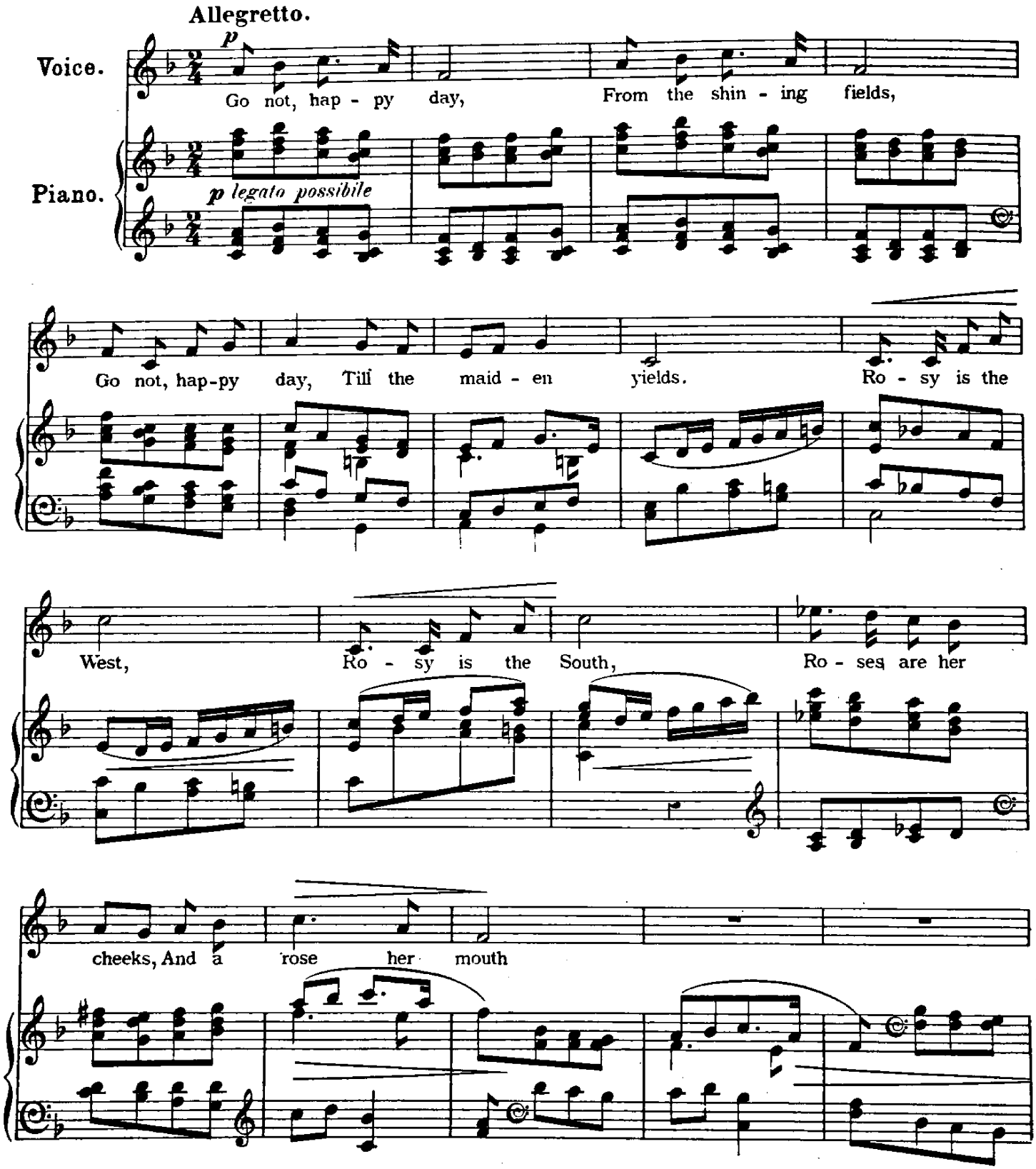

Gather - - - ing woodland li - - - lies, My - riads blow to -
ge - ther.
Birds in our wood
sang
Ringing thro' the vall - eys, Maud is here, here,
here In a - - mong the li - lies.
dim.
kissed her slender hand, She took the kiss se - dately; Maud is not seven-


teen, But she is tall and state - ly.
pp
I know the way she went
Home with her maiden pos - - y For her feet have touched the
mea - - dows And left the dai - - sies ro - - - - -
sy.
pp

VI.

Go not happy day.



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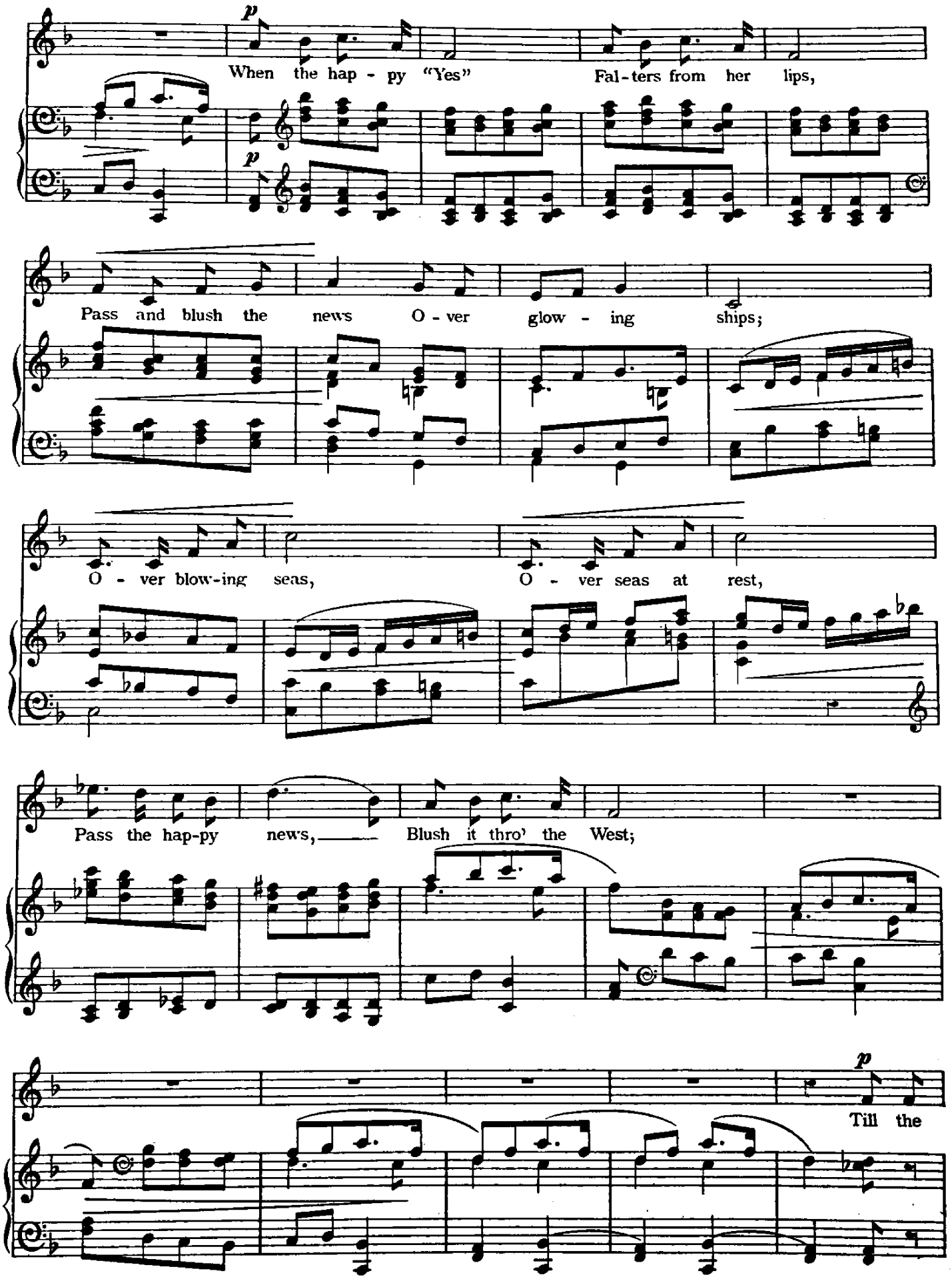
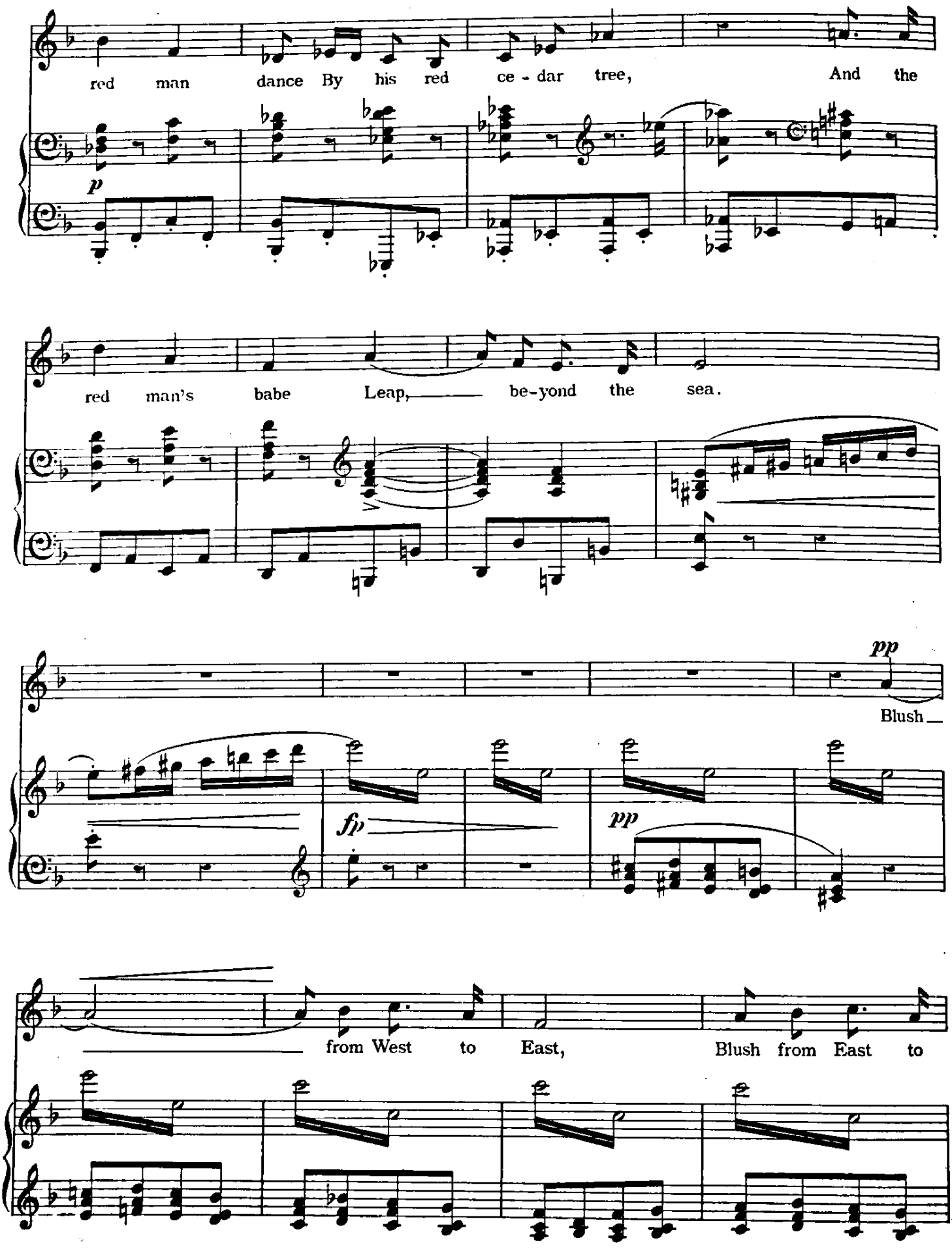
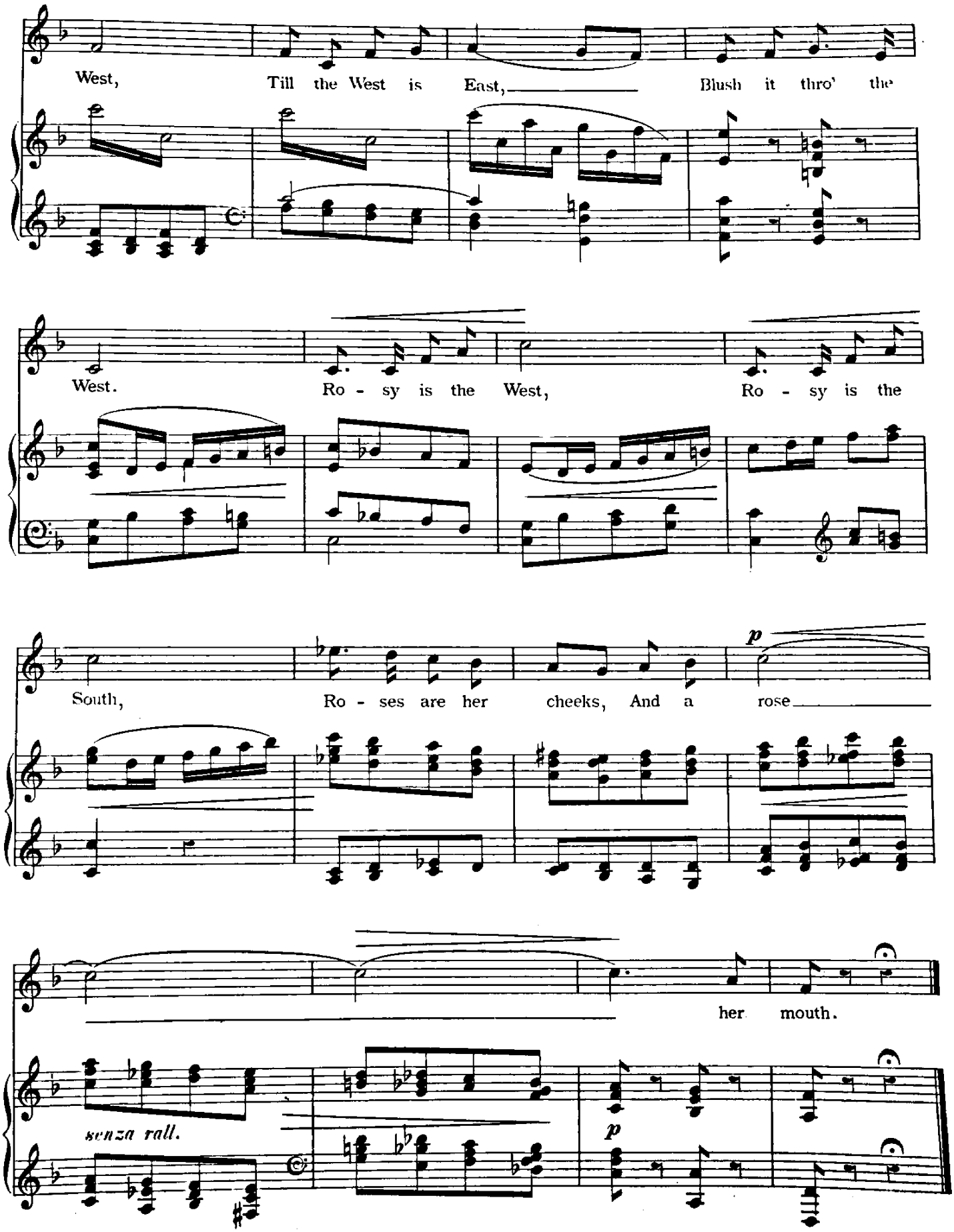
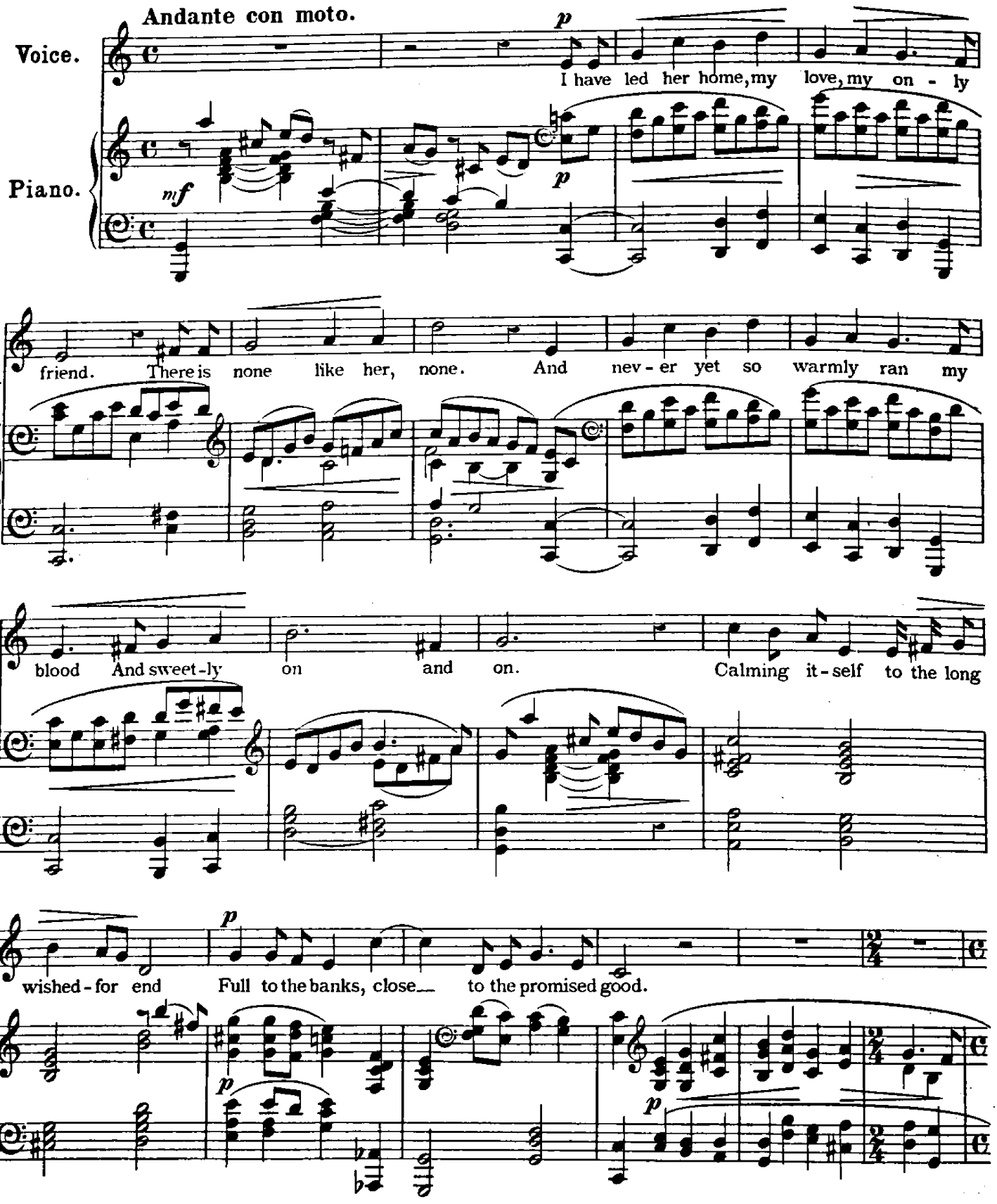

When the hap - py "Yes" Fal - ters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news O - ver glow - ing ships;
O - ver blow-ing seas, O - ver seas at rest,
Pass the hap-py news, Blush it thro' the West;
Till the


red man dance By his red ce - dar tree, And the
p
red man's babe Leap, be-yond the sea.
pp
Blush
fp
pp
from West to East, Blush from East to


West, Till the West is East, Blush it thro' the
West. Ro - sy is the West, Ro - sy is the
South, Ro - ses are her cheeks, And a rose
p
her mouth.
senza rall.
p

VII.

I have led her home.



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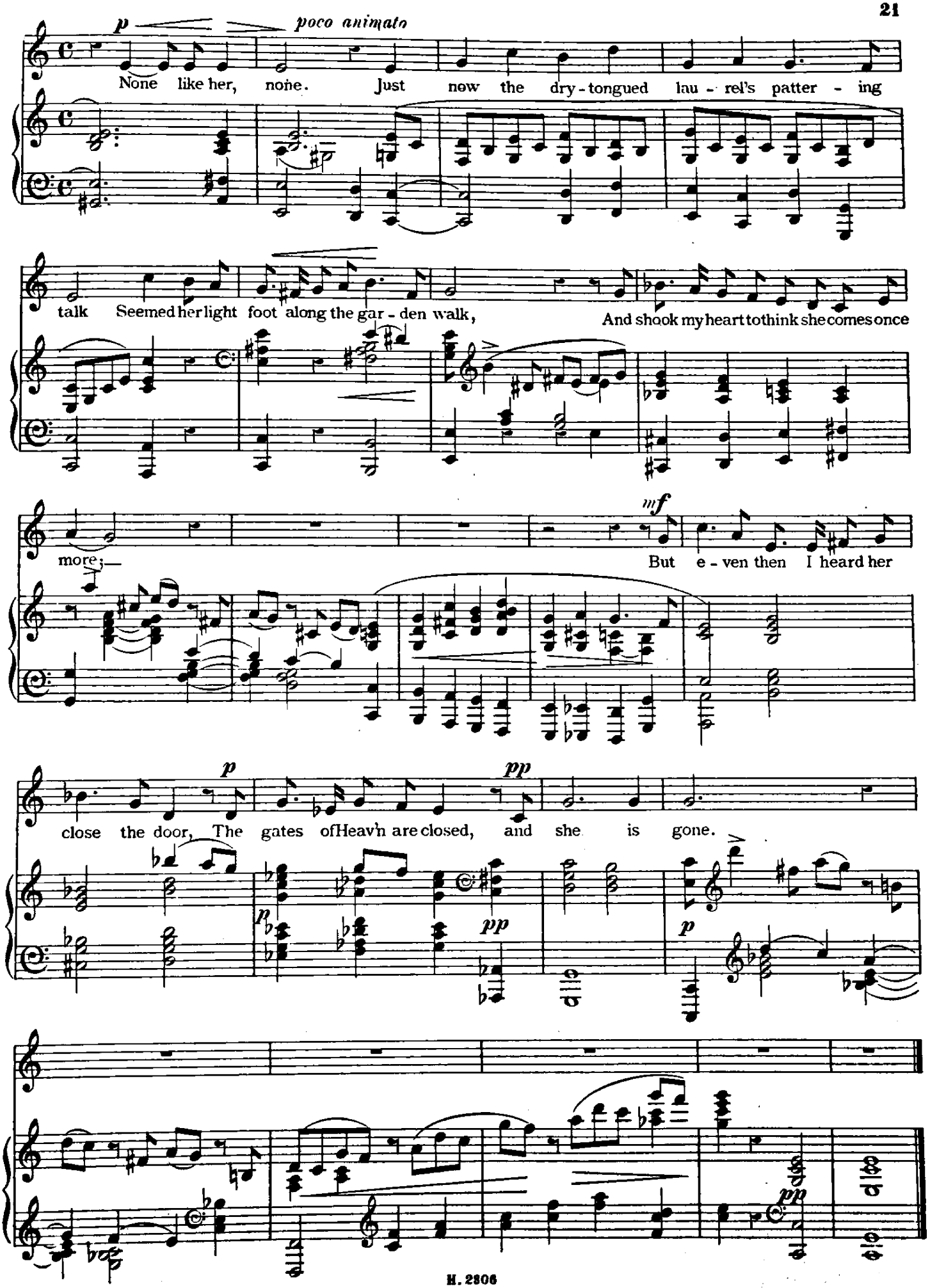
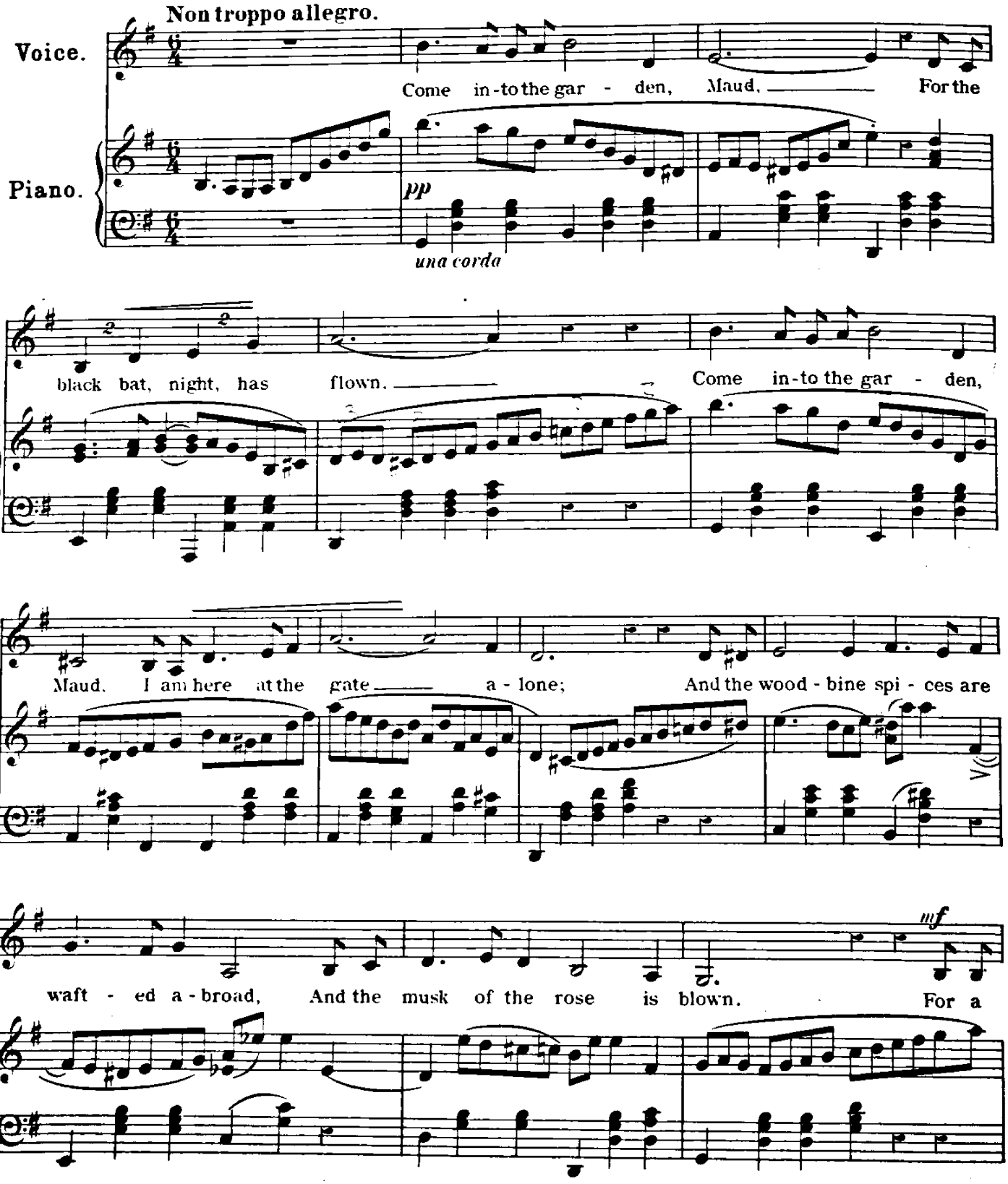

p
poco animato
None like her, none. Just now the dry-tongued lau-rel's patter-ing
talk Seemed her light foot along the gar-den walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once
more;—
mf
But e-ven then I heard her
close the door, The gates of Heav'n are closed, and she is gone.
p
pp
p
pp
p
pp

VIII.

Come into the Garden, Maud.



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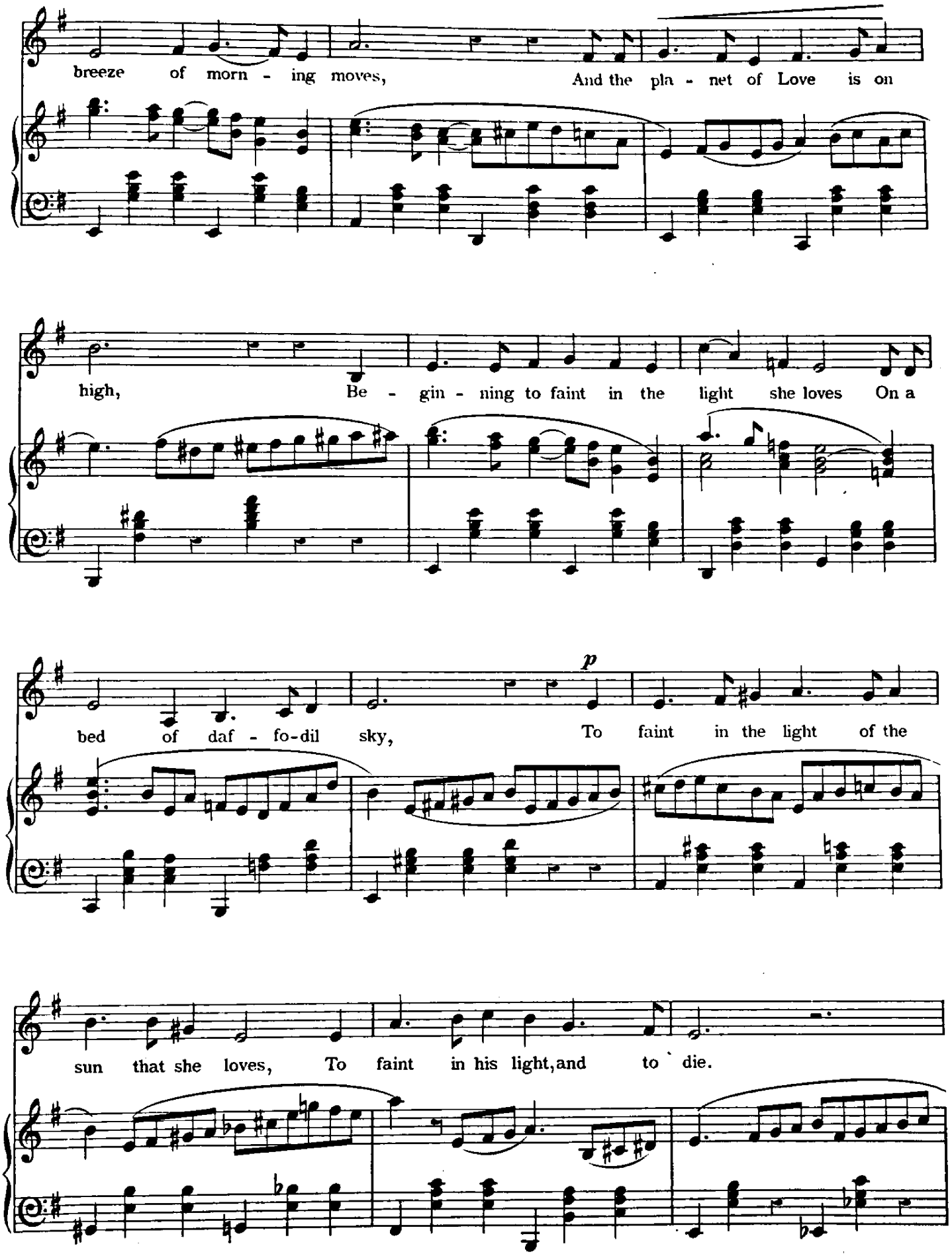
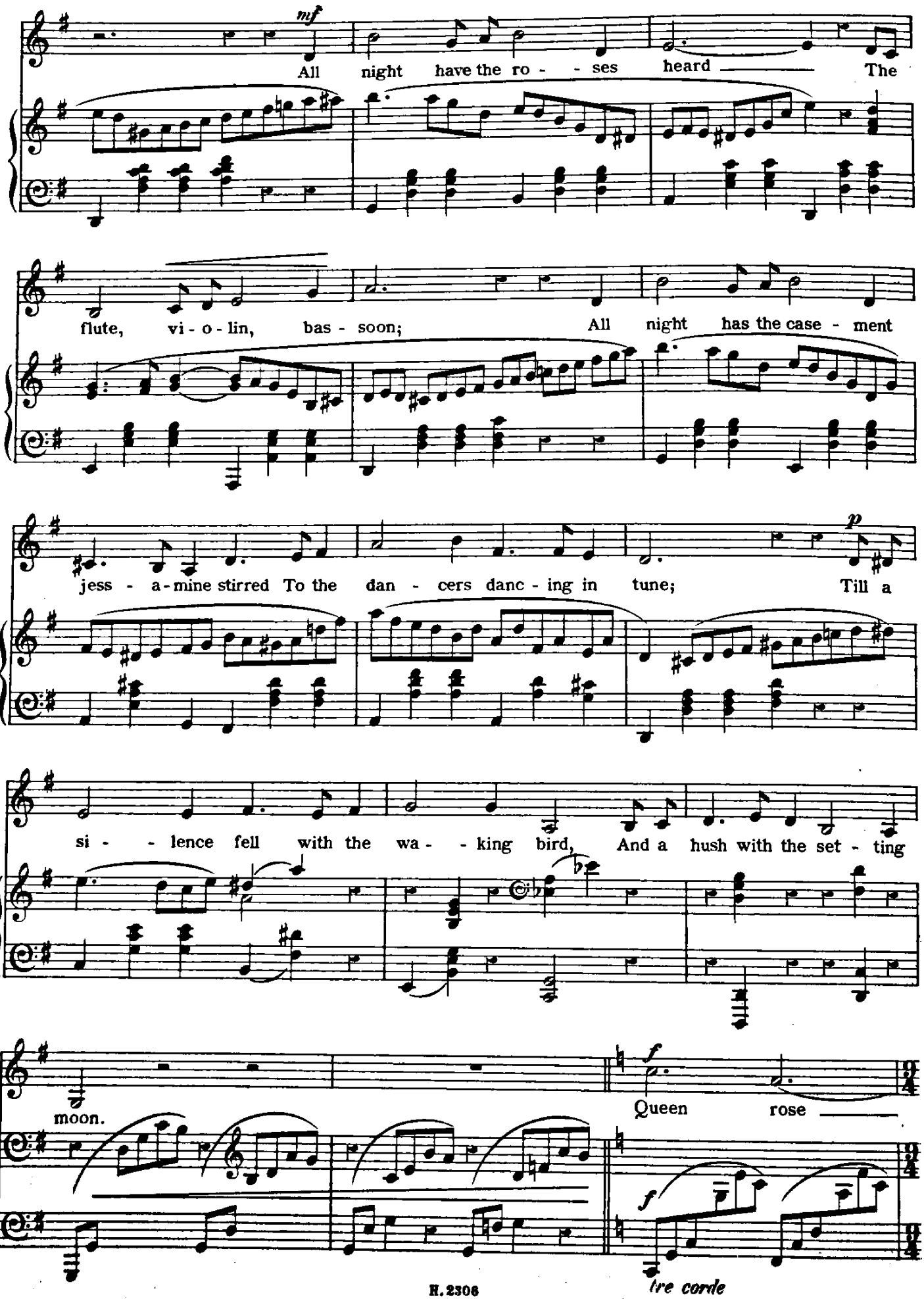

breeze of morn - ing moves, And the pla - net of Love is on
high, Be - gin - ning to faint in the light she loves On a
p
bed of daf - fo-dil sky, To faint in the light of the
sun that she loves, To faint in his light, and to die.


mf
All night have the ro - - ses heard The
flute, vi - o - lin, bas - soon; All night has the case - ment
p
jess - a - mine stirred To the dan - cers danc - ing in tune; Till a
si - - lence fell with the wa - - king bird, And a hush with the set - ting
moon.
f
Queen rose
f
tre corde

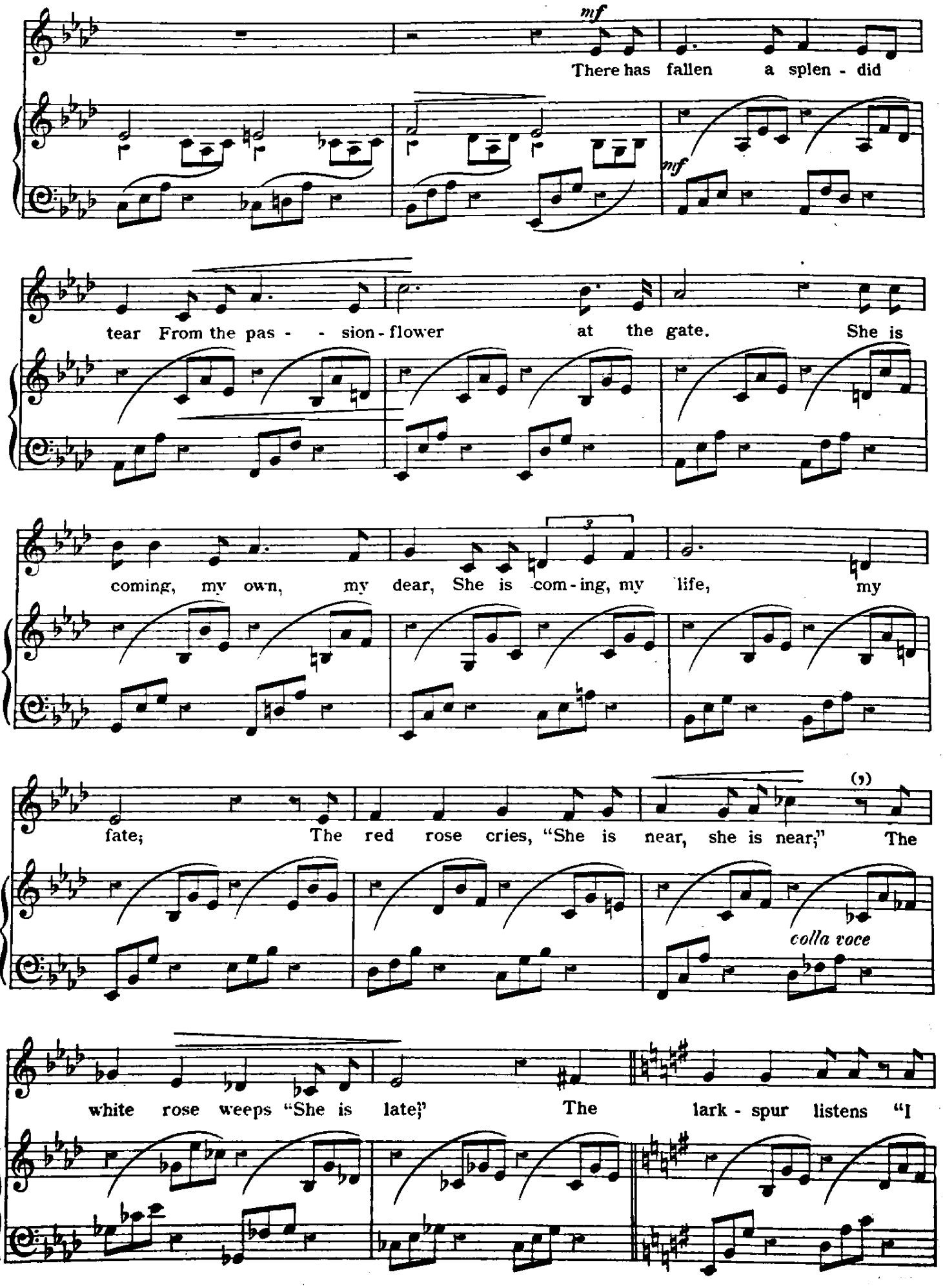
— of the rose - bud gar - den of girls, Come hith - er the dan - ces are

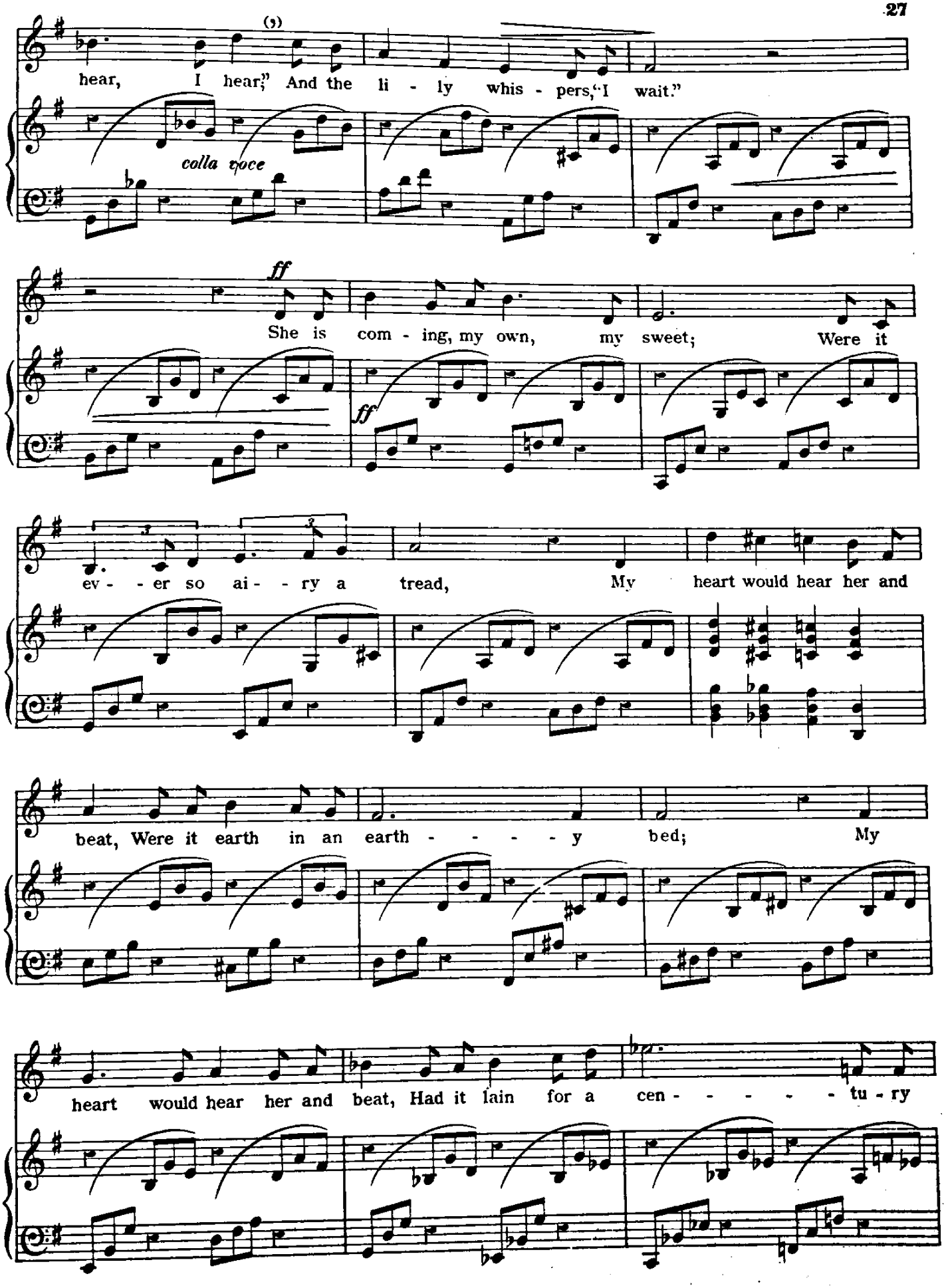
done, In gloss of sa - tin and glim - mer of pearls, Queen

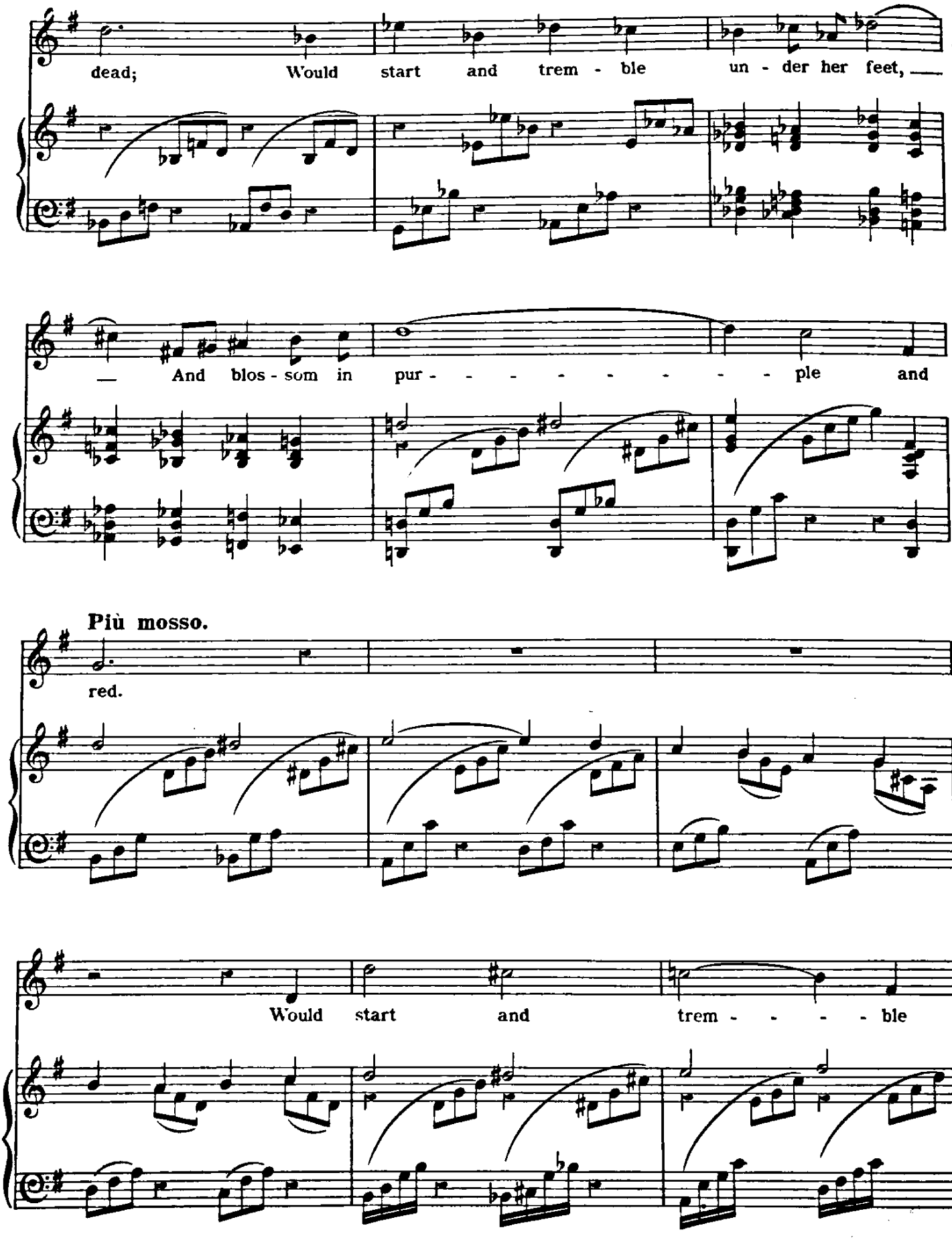
li - ly — and rose in one; Shine out, lit - tle head, sunning

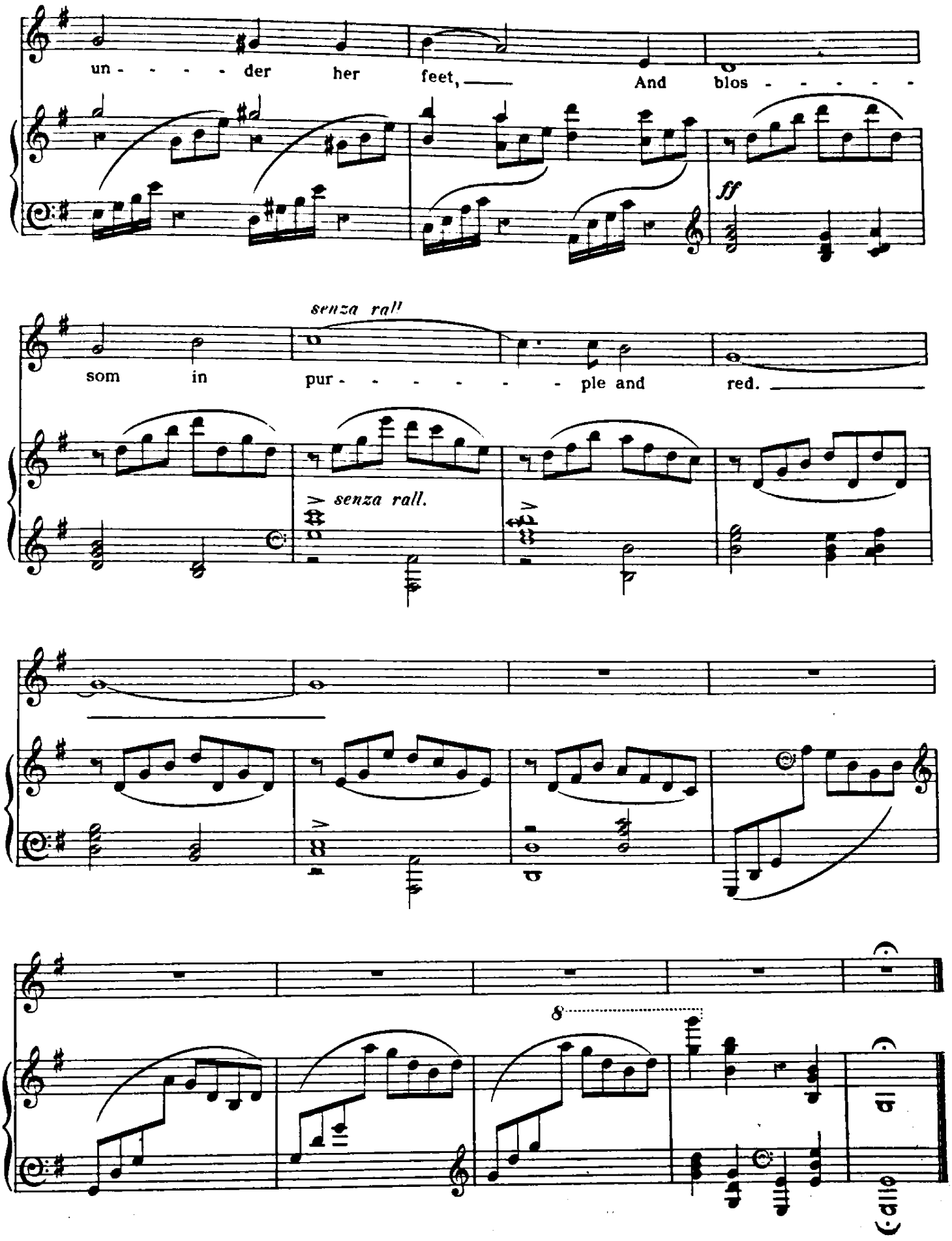
ov - er with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun.

f


mf
There has fallen a splen - did
mf
tear From the pas - - sion - flower at the gate. She is
coming, my own, my dear, She is com - ing, my life, my
fate; The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;" The
colla voce
white rose weeps "She is late;" The lark - spur listens "I

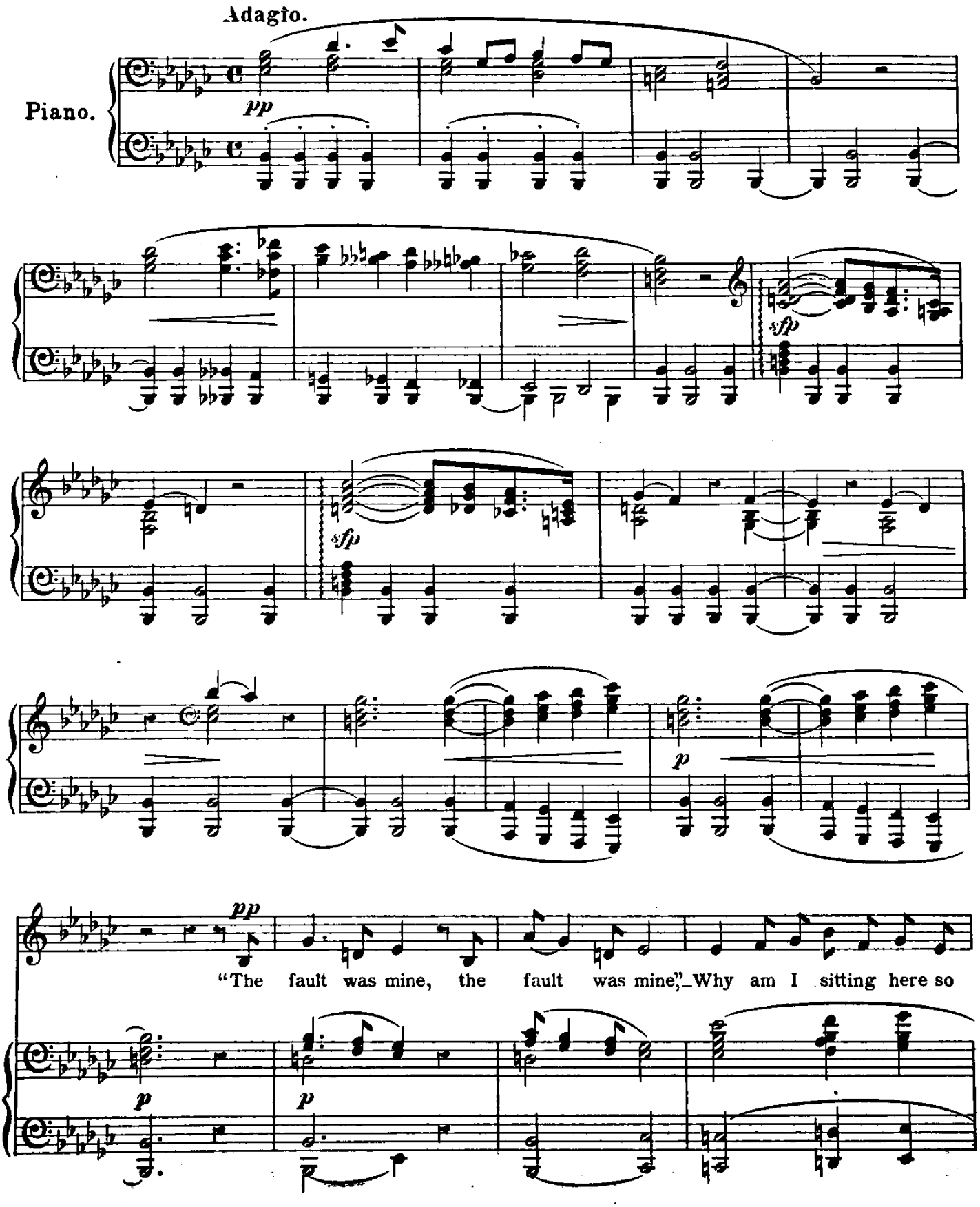

hear, I hear;" And the li - ly whis - pers, "I wait."
colla voce
ff
She is com - ing, my own, my sweet; Were it
ff
ev - - er so ai - - ry a tread, My heart would hear her and
beat, Were it earth in an earth - - - - y bed; My
heart would hear her and beat, Had it lain for a cen - - - - - tu - ry


dead; Would start and trem - ble un - der her feet,
And blos - som in pur - - - - - - - - ple and
Più mosso.
red.
Would start and trem - - - - ble


un - - - - - der her feet, And blos - - - - -
ff
senza rall
som in pur - - - - - - - ple and red.
senza rall.
8
dim.

IX.

The fault was mine.



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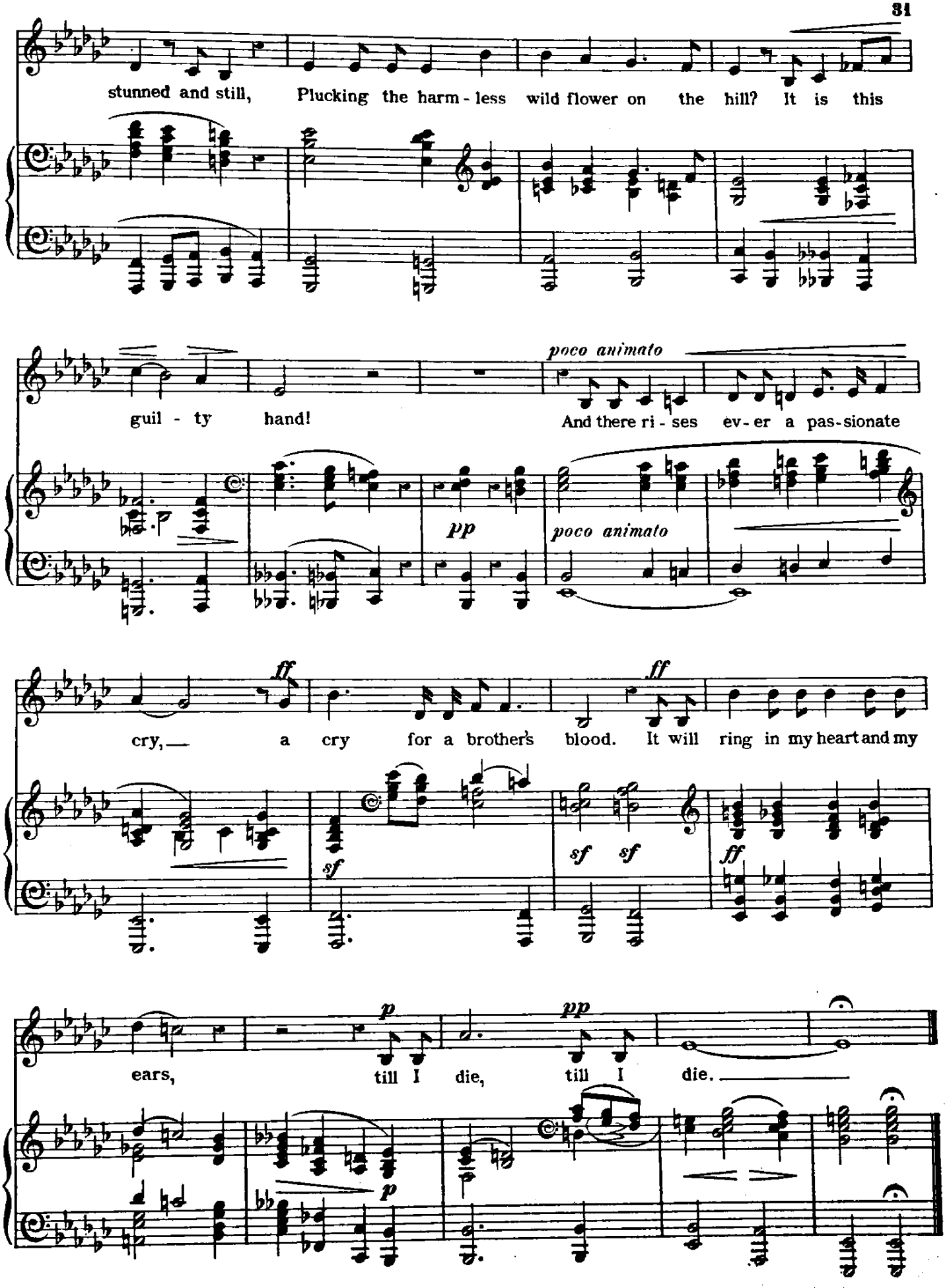
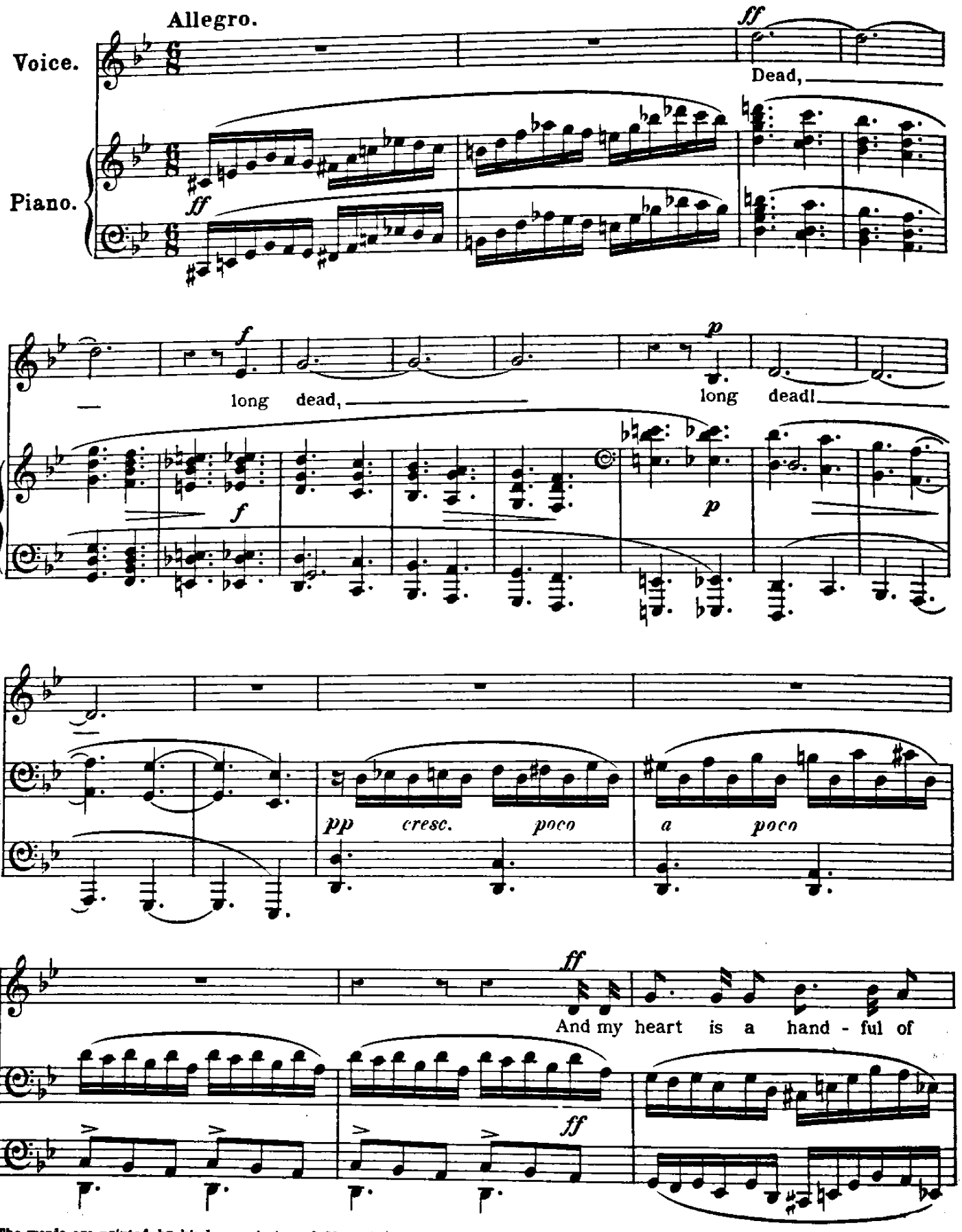

stunned and still, Plucking the harm - less wild flower on the hill? It is this
poco animato
guil - ty hand! And there ri - ses ev - er a pas - sionate
pp
poco animato
ff
ff
cry, a cry for a brother's blood. It will ring in my heart and my
sf
sf sf
ff
p
pp
ears, till I die, till I die.
p

X.

Dead, long dead.



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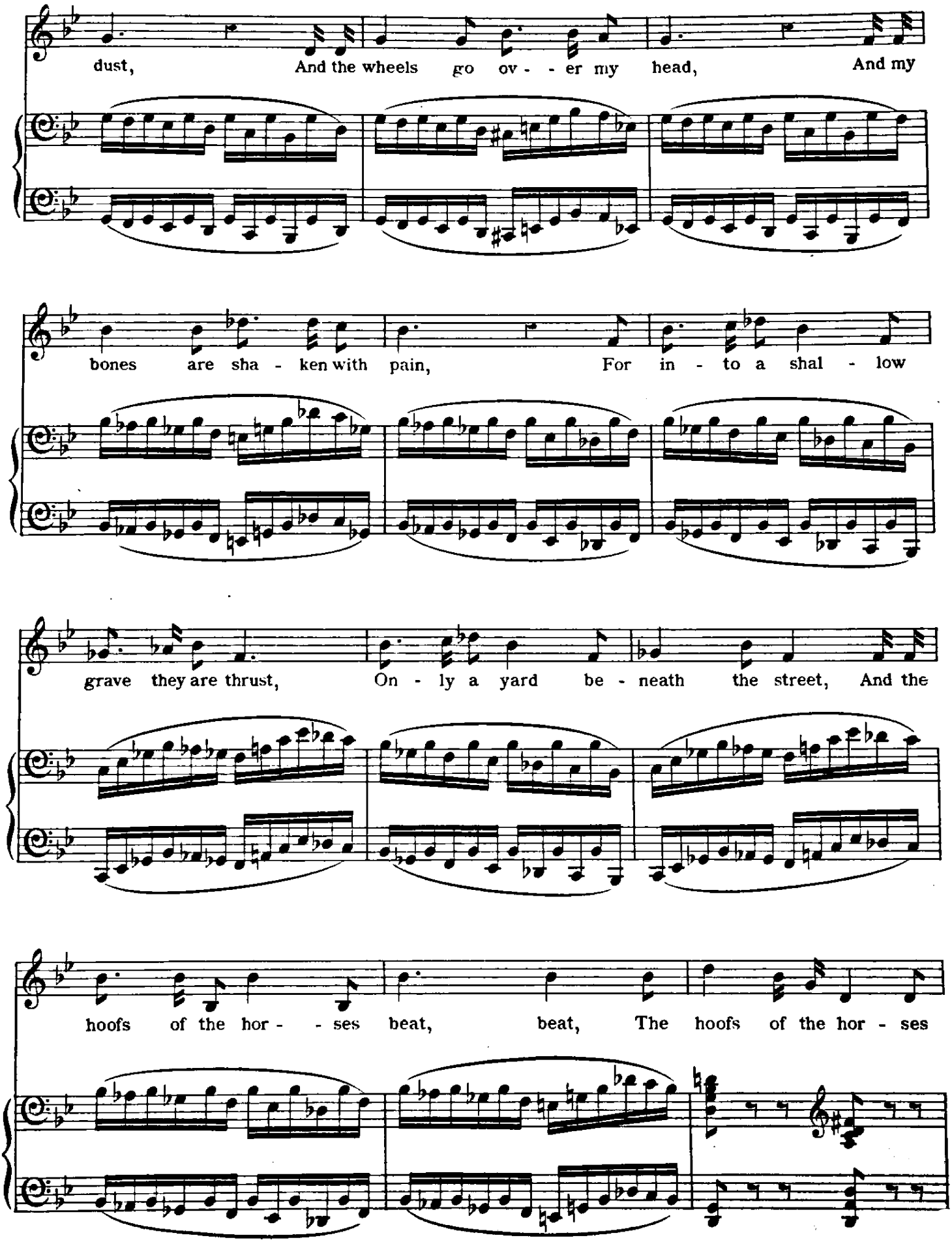
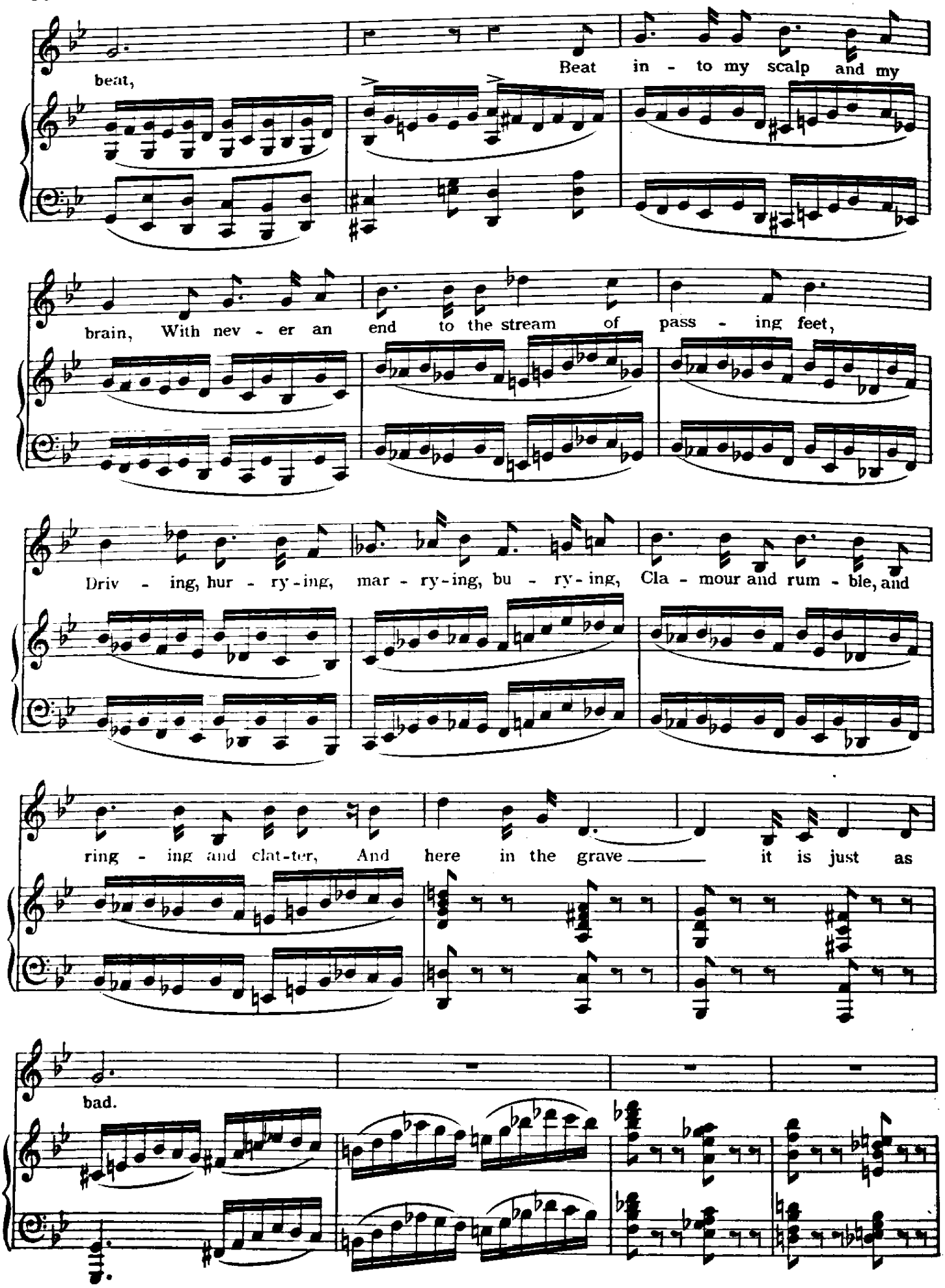
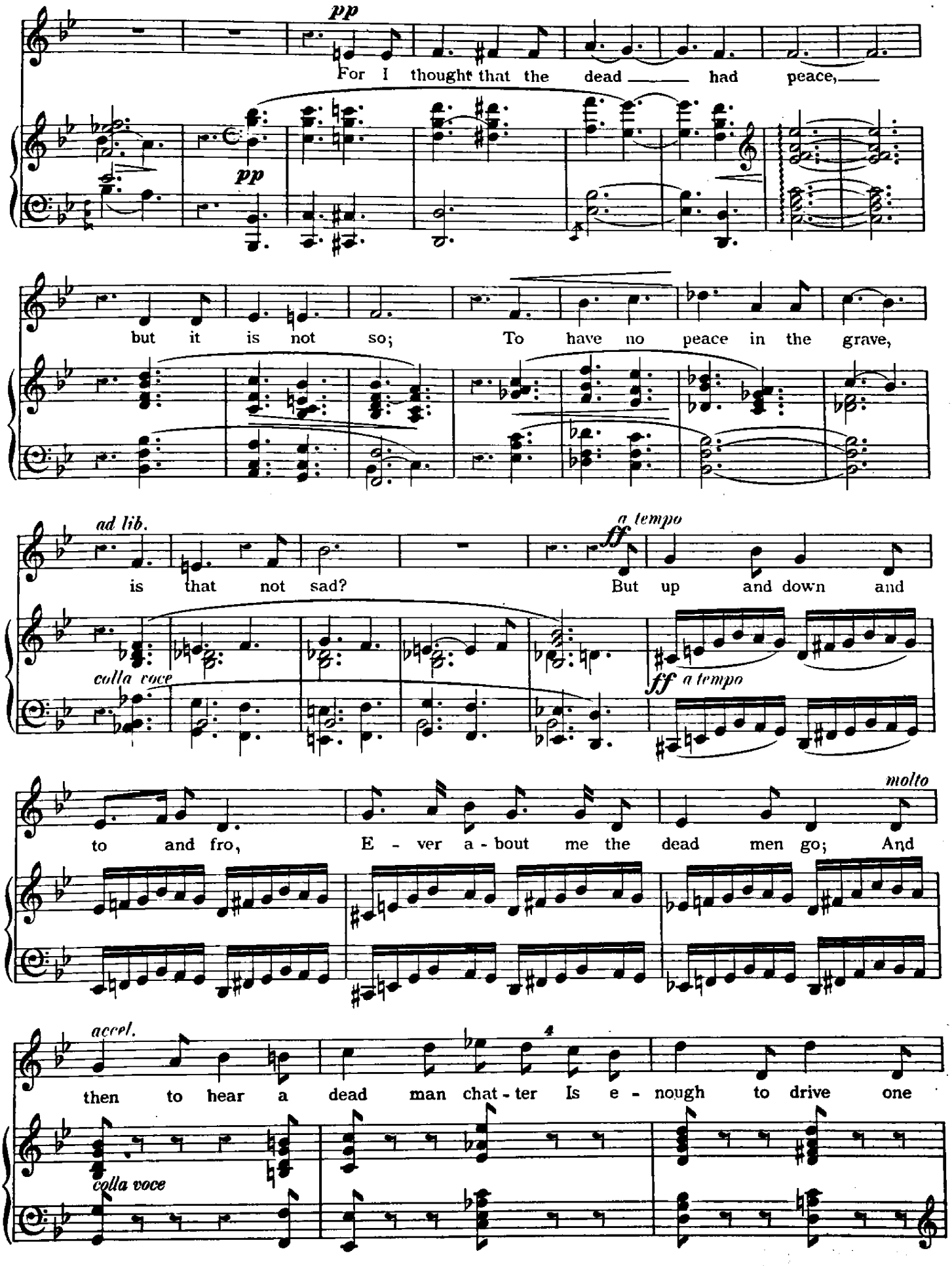
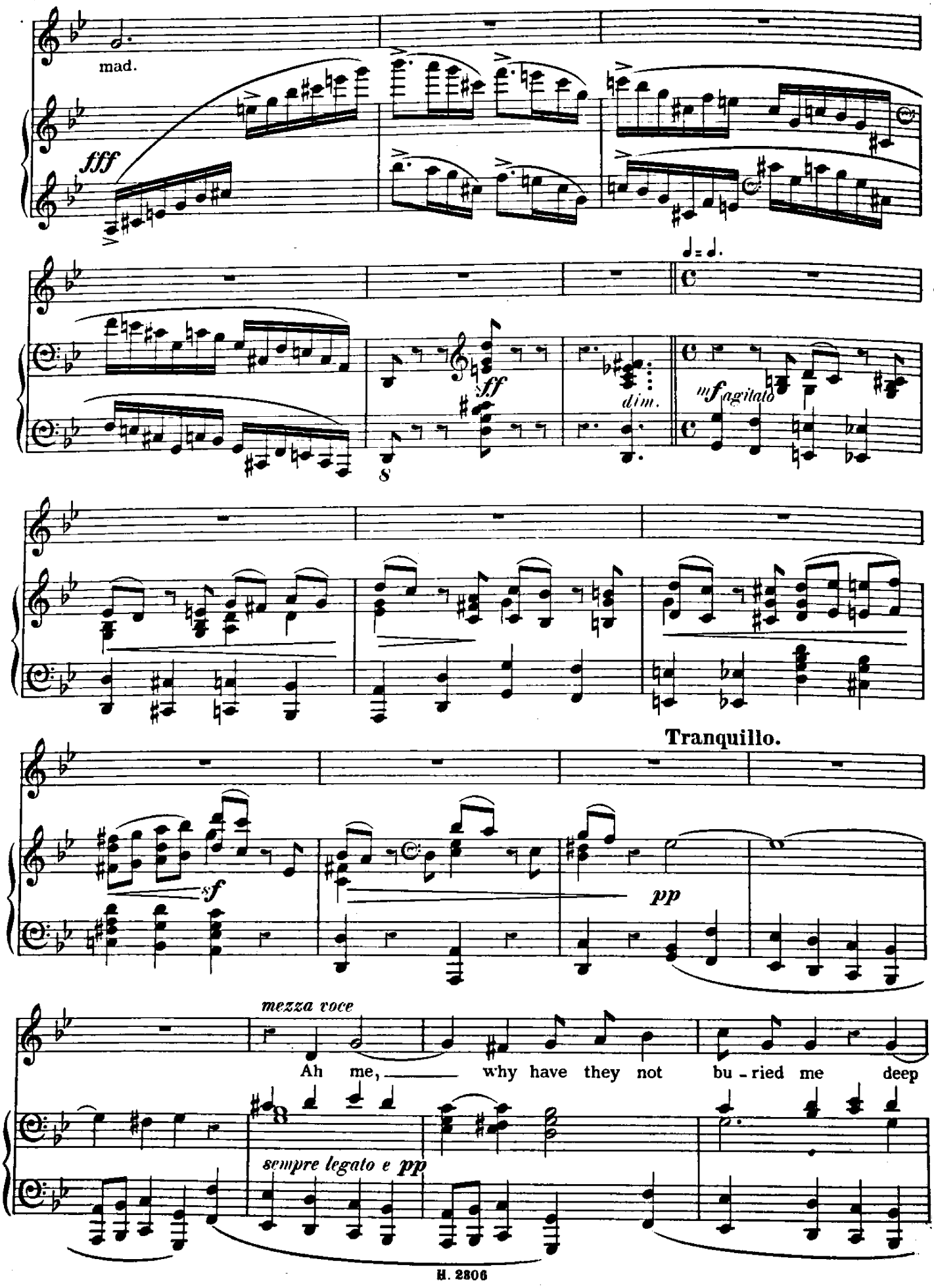
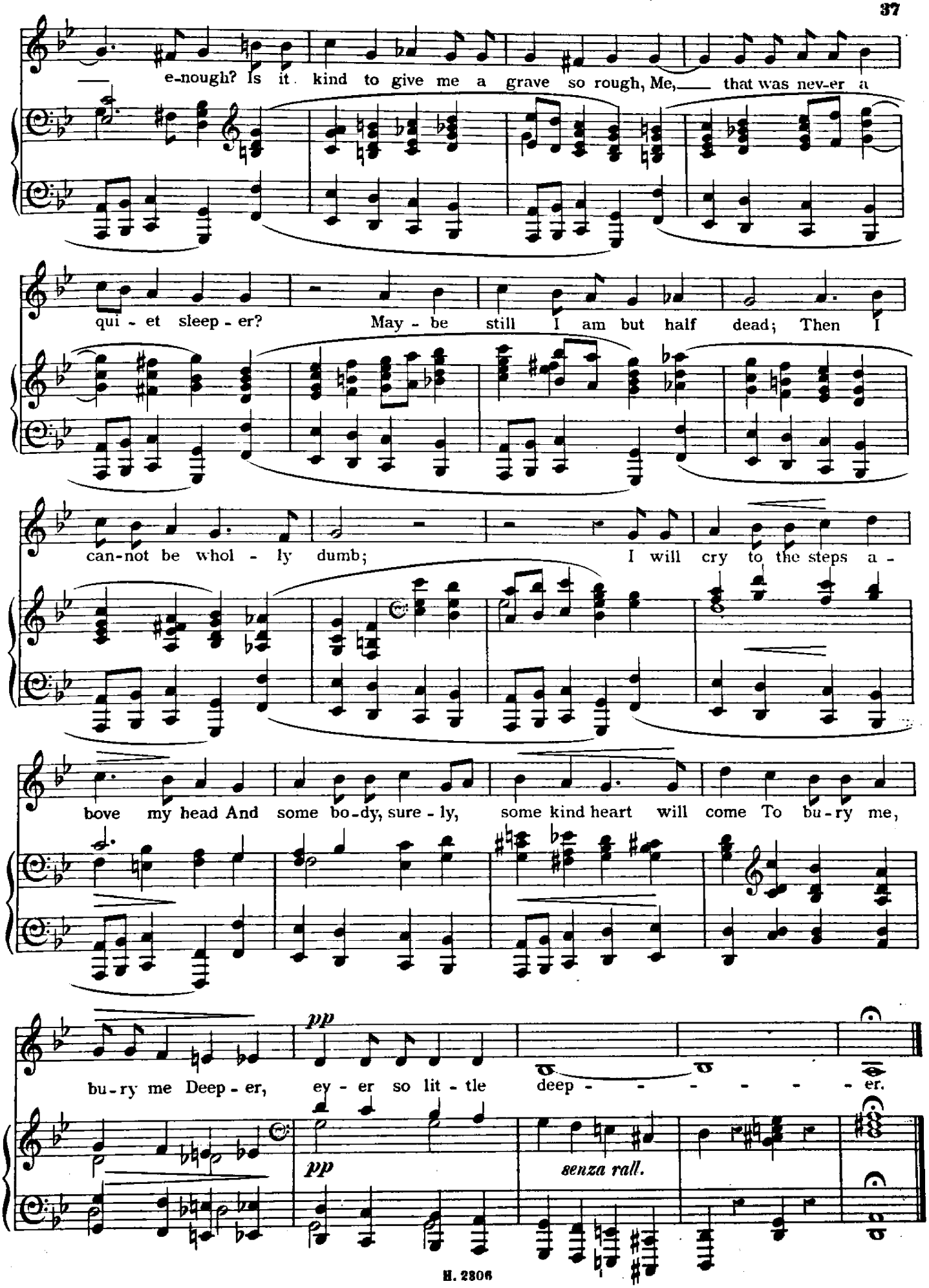

dust, And the wheels go ov - - er my head, And my
bones are sha - ken with pain, For in - to a shal - low
grave they are thrust, On - ly a yard be - neath the street, And the
hoofs of the hor - - ses beat, beat, The hoofs of the hor - ses


beat,
Beat in - to my scalp and my
brain, With nev - er an end to the stream of pass - ing feet,
Driv - ing, hur - ry - ing, mar - ry - ing, bu - ry - ing, Cla - mour and rum - ble, and
ring - ing and clat - ter, And here in the grave ___ it is just as
bad.

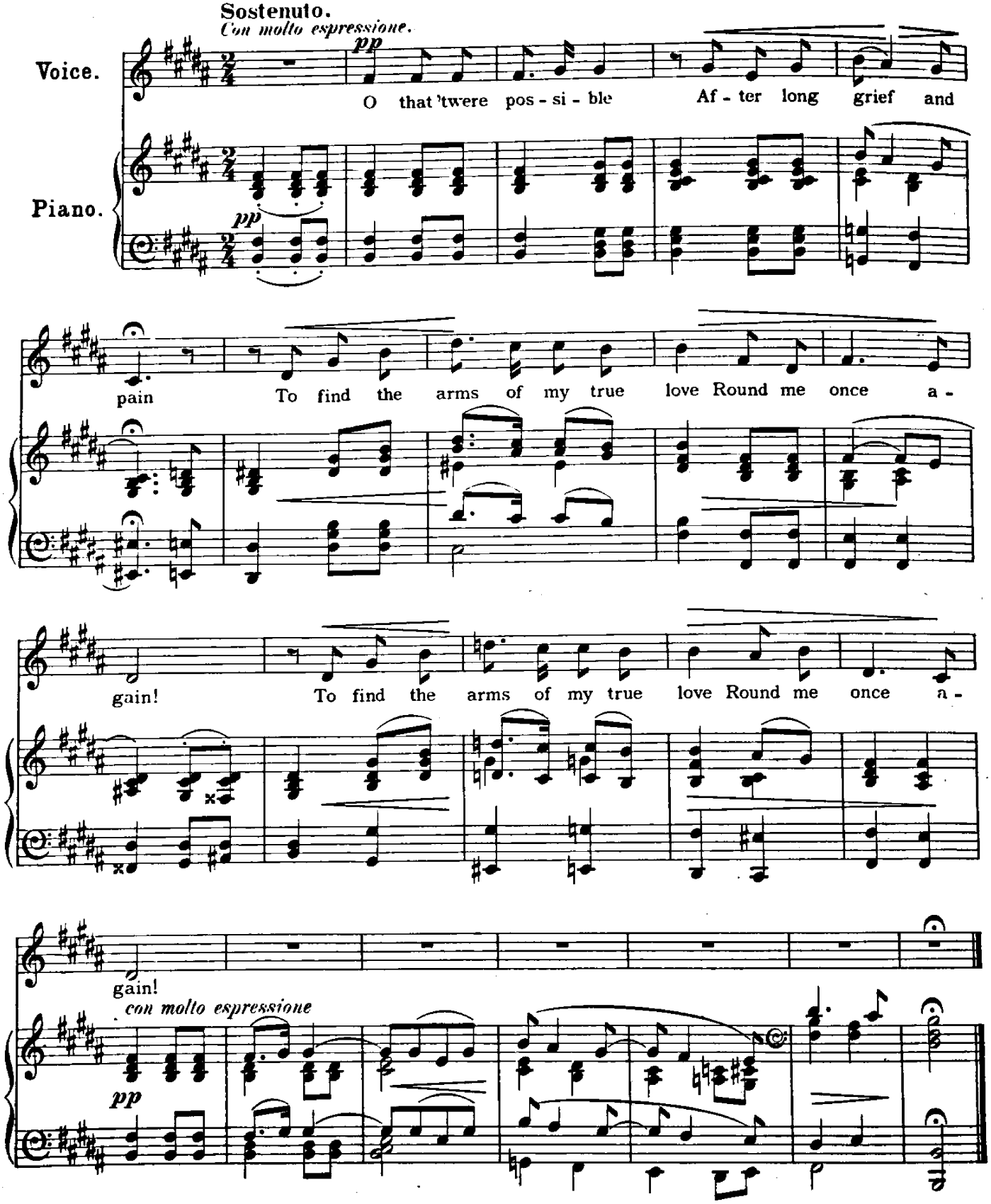

pp
For I thought that the dead had peace,
pp
but it is not so; To have no peace in the grave,
ad lib.
is that not sad?
a tempo
ff
But up and down and
colla voce
ff a tempo
molto
to and fro, E - ver a - bout me the dead men go; And
accel.
then to hear a dead man chat - ter Is e - nough to drive one
colla voce


mad.
fff
sff
dim.
mf agitato
Tranquillo.
sf
pp
mezza voce
Ah me, why have they not bu - ried me deep
sempre legato e pp


e-nough? Is it kind to give me a grave so rough, Me, that was nev-er a
qui - et sleep - er? May - be still I am but half dead; Then I
can-not be whol - ly dumb; I will cry to the steps a -
bove my head And some bo-dy, sure - ly, some kind heart will come To bu-ry me,
pp
bu-ry me Deep - er, ey - er so lit - tle deep - - - - - - - er.
pp
senza rall.

XI.

O that 'twere possible.



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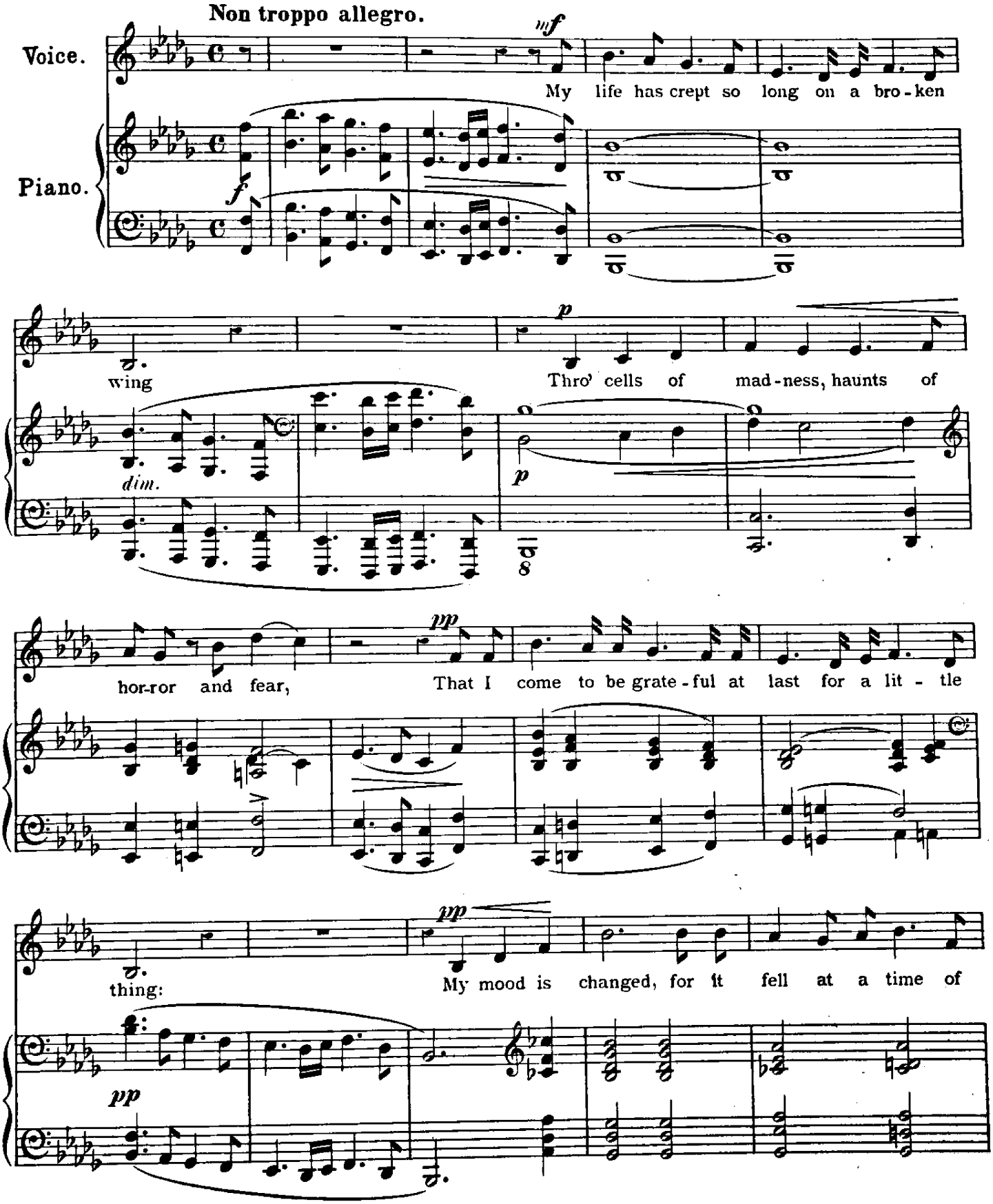
XII.

My life has crept so long.



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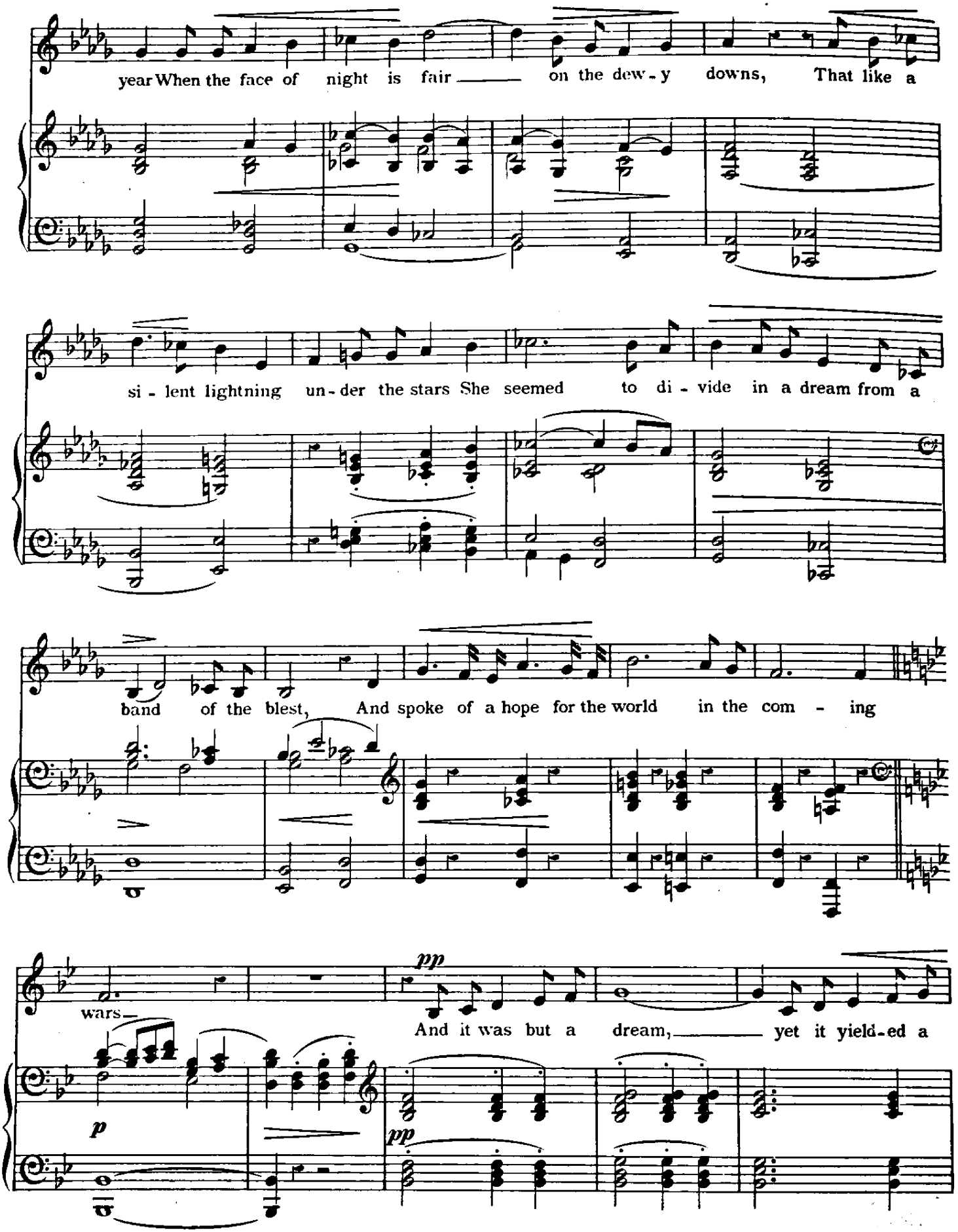
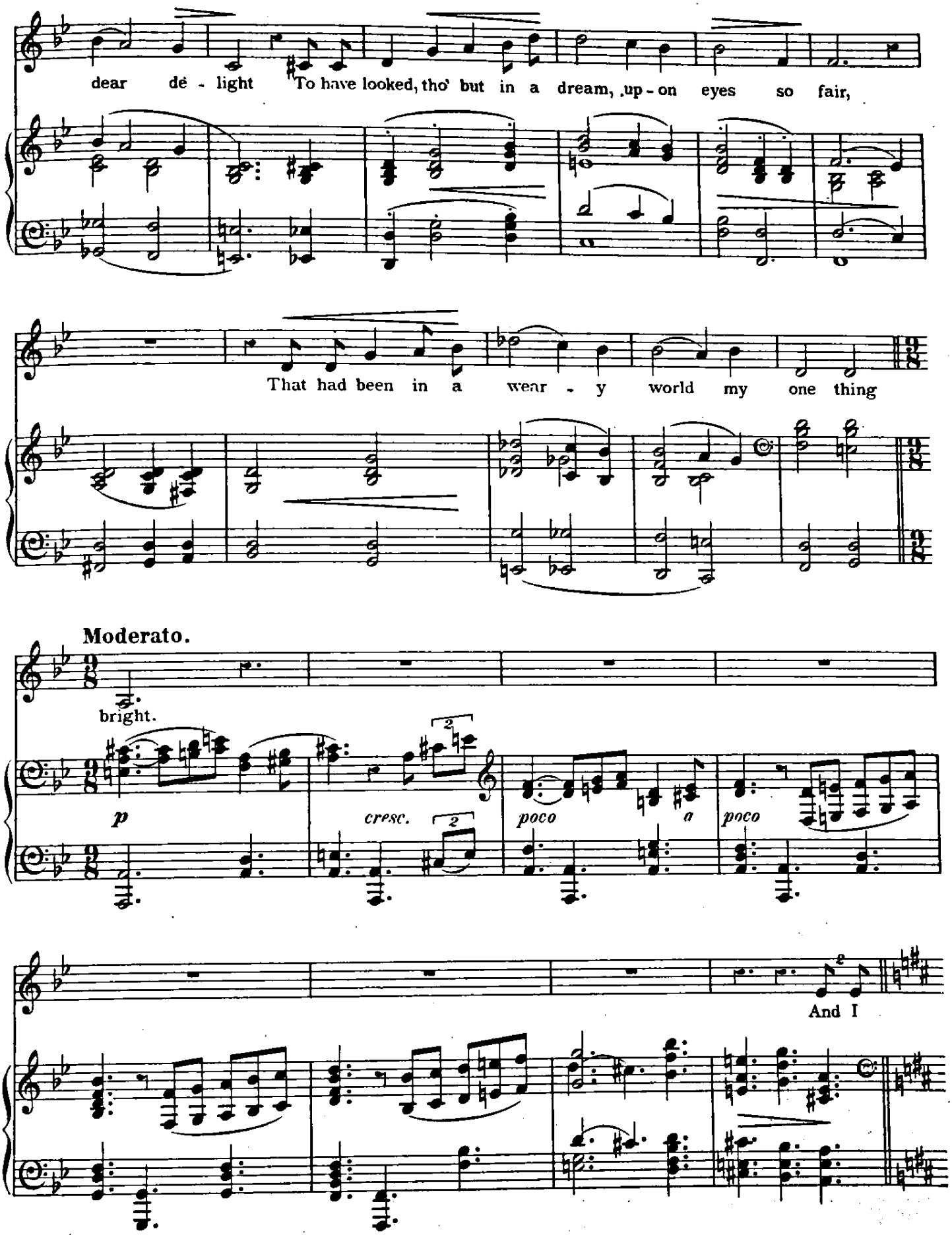
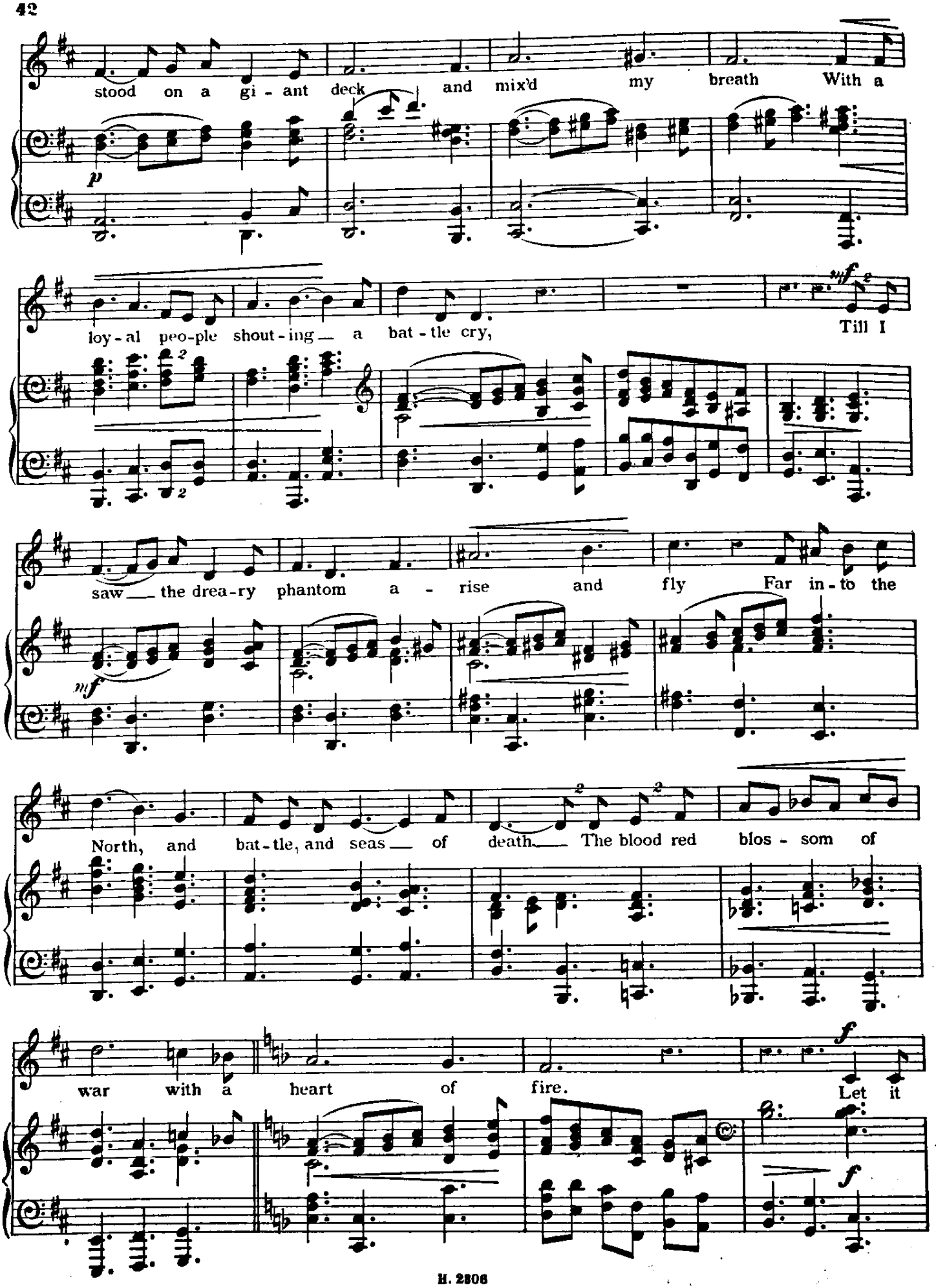

year When the face of night is fair on the dew - y downs, That like a
si - lent lightning un - der the stars She seemed to di - vide in a dream from a
band of the blest, And spoke of a hope for the world in the com - ing
wars—
pp
And it was but a dream, yet it yield-ed a
p
pp


dear dé - light To have looked, tho' but in a dream, up - on eyes so fair,
That had been in a wear - y world my one thing
Moderato.
bright.
p
cresc.
poco
a
poco
And I


stood on a gi - ant deck and mix'd my breath With a
p
loy - al peo-ple shout - ing a bat - tle cry,
Till I
saw the drea - ry phantom a - rise and fly Far in - to the
mf
North, and bat - tle, and seas of death. The blood red blos - som of
war with a heart of fire. Let it
f
f

flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind, We have

proved we have hearts in a cause, we are no - ble still, I have

felt with my na-tive land, I am one with my kind, I embrace the

pur - pose of God, and the doom as-signed.