

# Thy Delightful Shade



*nicar*

1. Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee (5.14)  
*After the poem by Emily Jane Brontë*  
*Photograph: Brontë Bridge, Haworth, United Kingdom*
2. The Deserted House (4.43)  
*After the poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson*  
*Photograph: Leidsche Rijn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*
3. Ode To Pity (8.54)  
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*Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*

*Front cover photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands*

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## **Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee**

*Poem by Emily Jane Brontë (1818-1848)*

Shall earth no more inspire thee,  
Thou lonely dreamer now?  
Since passion may not fire thee,  
Shall nature cease to bow?

Thy mind is ever moving,  
In regions dark to thee;  
Recall its useless roving,  
Come back, and dwell with me.

I know my mountain breezes  
Enchant and soothe thee still,  
I know my sunshine pleases,  
Despite thy wayward will.

When day with evening blending,  
Sinks from the summer sky,  
I've seen thy spirit bending  
In fond idolatry.

I've watched thee every hour;  
I know my mighty sway:  
I know my magic power  
To drive thy griefs away.

Few hearts to mortals given,  
On earth so wildly pine;  
Yet few would ask a heaven  
More like this earth than thine.

Then let my winds caress thee  
Thy comrade let me be:  
Since nought beside can bless thee,  
Return--and dwell with me.

# Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee?

*vocals*  
Ah...

*choir*  
Aah... aah... aah... aah... Ha ha ha ha

*synth choir 1*

*synth choir 2*

*piano*  
Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*vocals*  
Aah... Aah... Aah... Shall earth no more in - spire thee, Thou lone - ly drea - mer now?

*choir*  
aah... ha ha ha ha aah...

*synth choir 1*

*synth choir 2*

*piano*  
Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled "Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee?". The score is arranged for a vocal soloist, a choir, two synth choirs, and a piano. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a vocal line of "Ah..." and a choir of "Aah... aah... aah... aah...". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with several measures marked "Ped." (pedal) and "\* Ped." (pedal). The vocal soloist then sings "Aah... Aah... Aah..." followed by the lyrics "Shall earth no more in - spire thee, Thou lone - ly drea - mer now?". The choir responds with "aah... ha ha ha ha aah...". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with several measures marked "Ped." and "\* Ped.".

vocals  
Since pas - sion may not fire thee, Shall na - ture cease to bow? Thy mind is e - ver mo - ving, In re - gions dark to thee;

choir  
Aah... aah...

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

vocals  
Re - call its use - less ro - ving, Come back, and dwell with me. I know my moun - tain bree - zes En - chant and soothe thee still, I

choir  
aah... aah...

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

vocals  
know my sun-shine plea - ses, Des - pite thy way - ward will.

choir  
will...

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

choir

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

choir

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

Aah... Aah... Aah... Aah...

8va

8vb

\* P \*

vocals

choir

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

When day with e - vening blend - ing, Sinks from the sum - mer sky, I've seen thy spi - rit bend - ing In fond i - do - la - try.

aah... aah... aah... aah...

\* P \*



vocals  
I've watched thee e - very ho - <sup>3</sup>ur; I know my migh - ty sway: I know my ma - gic po - wer To drive thy griefs a - way. Few

*Aha...* *Aha...*

choir  
aah... aah... aah... aah...

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

Detailed description: This system contains the first part of the musical score. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and melodic notation, a choir line with 'aah...' vocalizations, two synth choir lines (1 and 2), and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. There are performance markings like 'D' and '\*' below the piano staff.

vocals  
hearts to mor - tals gi - ven, On earth so wild - ly pine; Yet few would ask a hea - ven More like this earth than thine.

*thine...*

choir

synth choir 1

synth choir 2

piano

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a choir line with 'thine...' vocalization, two synth choir lines, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment and bass line. Performance markings like 'D' and '\*' are present at the bottom of the piano staff.

*vocals*

Then let my winds ca - ress thee Thy

*choir*

Aah... aah... aah... aah...

*synth choir 1*

*synth choir 2*

*piano*

\* *f* *rit.* \* *f* *rit.* \* *f* *rit.* \*

*vocals*

com - rade let me be: Since nought be - side can bless thee, Re - turn and dwell with me.

*choir*

aah... aah... aah...

*synth choir 1*

*synth choir 2*

*piano*

\* *f* *rit.* \* *f* *rit.* \* *f* *rit.* \*



## **The Deserted House**

*Poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)*

Life and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide.  
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:  
In the windows is no light;  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door; the shutters close;  
Or through the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth  
Is here or merry-making sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell;  
But in a city glorious -  
A great and distant city -have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.  
Would they could have stayed with us!

# The Deserted House

vocal




Life and Thought have gone a - way

piano




8

vocal



Side by side, Lea - ving door and win - dows wide. Care - less te - nants they! All with - in is dark as night:

piano



8

vocal




In the win - dows is no light; And no mur - mur at the door, So fre - quent on its hinge be - fore.

piano




8

vocal



Close the door; the shut - ters close;

piano



8

vocal

Or through the win - dows we shall see The na - ked - ness and va - can - cy Of the

piano

Ped \* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

dark de - ser - ted house.

piano

Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

piano

Ped \* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

piano

Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

Come a - way: no more of mirth Is here or mer - ry - ma - king sound.

piano

vocal

The house was build - ed of the earth, And shall fall a - gain to ground.

piano

vocal

Come a - way: for Life and Thought Here no long - er dwell; But in a ci - ty glo - ri - ous

piano

vocal

A great and dis - tant ci - ty have bought A man - sion in - cor - rup - ti - ble. Would they could have stayed with us!

piano





## Ode To Pity

*Poem by William Collins (1721-1759)*

O Thou, the Friend of Man assign'd,  
With balmy Hands his Wounds to bind,  
And charm his frantic Woe:  
When first Distress with Dagger keen  
Broke forth to waste his destin'd Scene,  
His wild unsated Foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic Name,  
By all the Griefs his Thoughts could frame,  
Receive my humble Rite:  
Long, Pity, let the Nations view  
Thy sky-worn Robes of tend'rest Blue,  
And Eyes of dewy Light!

But wherefore need I wander wide  
To old Ilissus' distant Side,  
Deserted Stream, and mute?  
Wild Arun too has heard thy Strains,  
And Echo, 'midst my native Plains,  
Been sooth'd by Pity's Lute.

There first the Wren thy Myrtles shed  
On gentlest Otway's infant Head,  
To Him thy Cell was shown;  
And while He sung the Female heart,  
With Youth's soft Notes unspoil'd by Art,  
Thy Turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's Aid,  
Ev'n now my Thoughts, relenting Maid,  
Thy Temple's Pride design:  
Its Southern Site, its Truth compleat  
Shall raise a wild Enthusiast Heat,  
In all who view the Shrine.

There Picture's Toils shall well relate,  
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,  
O'er mortal Bliss prevail:  
The Buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,  
And sighing prompt her tender Hand,  
With each disastrous Tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by Day,  
In Dreams of Pasion melt away,  
Allow'd with Thee to dwell:  
There waste the mournful Lamp of Night,  
Till, Virgin, Thou again delight  
To hear a British shell!

# Ode To Pity

*vocal*  
O Thou, the Friend of Man as-sign'd, With bal-my Hands his Wounds to bind, And charm his fran-tic Woe: When

*bazantar*

*piano*

*vocal*  
first Dist-ress with Dag-ger keen Broke forth to waste his des-tin'd Scene, His wild un-sa-ted Foe! By Pel-la's Bard,

*bazantar*

*piano*

*vocal*  
a ma-gic Name, By all the Griefs his Thoughts could frame, Re-ceive my hum-ble Rite: Long, Pi-ty, let the Na-tions view

*bazantar*

*piano*

The score is arranged in four systems. Each system contains three staves: vocal (treble clef), bazantar (treble and bass clefs), and piano (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line includes lyrics. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chordal accompaniment in the right hand. The bazantar part is mostly silent, with some melodic lines in the second system. Performance markings like 'Led' and '\*' are placed below the piano and bazantar staves.

vocal

Thy sky-worn Robes of ten-drest Blue, And Eyes of de-wy Light! But where-fore need I wan-der wide

bazantar

piano

vocal

To old Il-is - sus' dis - tant Side, De - ser - ted Stream, and mute? Wild A-run too has heard thy Strains, And E-cho, 'midst my na - tive Plains, Been

bazantar

piano

vocal

sooth'd by Pi-ty's Lute. There first the Wren thy Myr - tles shed On gent-lest Ot - way's in - fant Head, To

bazantar

piano

vocal

Him thy Cell was shown; And while He sung the Fe-male heart, With Youth's soft Notes un-spoil'd by Art, Thy Tur-tles mix'd their own.

bazantar

piano

vocal

Come, Pi-ty, come, by Fan-cy's Aid, Ev'n now my Thoughts, re-len-ting Maid, Thy Tem-ple's Pride de-sign:

bazantar

piano

vocal

Its South-ern Site, its Truth com-pleat Shall raise a wild En-thu-siast Heat, In all who view the Shrine.

bazantar

piano

vocal

There Pic-ture's Toils shall well re-late, How Chance, or hard in-vol - ving Fate, O'er mor-tal Bliss pre - vai: The Bus-kin'd Muse shall near her

bazantur

piano

\* ♪

vocal

stand, And sigh-ing prompt her ten - der Hand, With each dis - as - trous Tale. There let me oft, re - tir'd by Day, In

bazantur

piano

♪ \* ♪ \* ♪ \* ♪ \*

vocal

Dreams of Pa - sion melt a-way, Al - low'd with Thee to dwell: There waste the mourn - ful Lamp of Night, Till, Vir - gin, Thou a - gain de-light

bazantur

piano

♪ \* ♪ \* ♪ \* ♪ \*

vocal

To hear a Bri - tish shell!

vocalizing

bazantar

piano

\* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

bazantar

piano

\* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

bazantar

piano

\* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal

bazantar

piano

This system contains the first three staves of the score. The vocal staff (top) begins with a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5) and continues with a melodic line. The bazantar staff (middle) provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The piano staff (bottom) features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. There are four asterisks with a clef-like symbol below the piano staff, marking specific points in the music.

vocal

bazantar

piano

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal staff continues its melodic line. The bazantar staff is mostly empty, indicating rests for the instrument. The piano staff continues its accompaniment. There are four asterisks with a clef-like symbol below the piano staff, marking specific points in the music.





## **To Autumn**

*Poem by John Keats (1795-1821)*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

# To Autumn

*vocal*

Sea-son of mists and mel-low fruit-ful-ness, Close bo-som-friend of the ma-tu-ring-sun; Con-spi-ring with him how to load and-bless

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*pizzicato (throughout)*

*piano*

*vocal*

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-e-ves run; To bend with ap-ples the moss'd cot-tage-trees, And fill all fruit with ripe-ness to the-core;

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*piano*

Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \*

Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \* Rea \*

vocal

To swell the gourd, and plump the ha-zel - shells With a sweet ker - nel; to set bud-ding more, And still more, la-ter flow - ers for the bees,

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \*

vocal

Un - til they think warm days will ne - - ver - cease, For Sum - mer has o'er-brimm'd their clam - my cells. Who hath not seen thee oft a - mid thy store?

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \* Reo \*

*vocal*

Some-times who-e - ver seeks a - broad may - find      Thee sit-ting care - less on a gra - na - ry floor,      Thy hair soft-lift - ed by the win - no - wing wind;

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*piano*

℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

*vocal*

Or on a half - reap'd fur - row sound a-sleep,      Drows'd with the fume of pop-pies, while thy - hook      Spares the next swath and all its twi - ned - flowers:

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*piano*

℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

\* ℞

vocal

And some-times like a glea-ner thou dost - keep Stea - dy thy la-den head a-cross a brook; Or by a cy - der-press, with pa - - tient - look, Thou

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Rehearsal marks: \* 1, \* 2, \* 3, \* 4, \* 5, \* 6, \* 7, \* 8, \* 9, \*

vocal

watch - est the last oo - zings hours by hours.

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Rehearsal marks: \* 1, \* 2, \* 3, \* 4, \* 5, \* 6, \* 7, \* 8, \* 9, \*

*vocal*

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy mu-sic - too, While bar-red clouds bloom the soft-

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*piano*

ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \*

*vocal*

dy - ing day, And touch the stub - ble plains with ro - sy - hue; Then in a wail - ful choir the small gnats mourn A - mong the ri - ver sal-lows,

*french horns*

*trombones*

*tubas*

*strings*

*piano*

ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \* ℳ ℳ \*

vocal  
borne a - loft Or sink-ing as the light wind lives or - dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hil - ly - bourn; Hedge - crick - ets sing; and now with tre - ble

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Rehearsal marks: 1, \* 2, \* 3, \* 4, \* 5, \* 6, \* 7, \* 8, \*

vocal  
soft The red-breast whist - les from a gar - - den - croft; And gath - ering swal-lows twit - ter in the skies.

french horns

trombones

tubas

strings

piano

Rehearsal marks: 1, \* 2, \* 3, \* 4, \* 5, \* 6, \* 7, \* 8, \*





## **The Tree**

*Poem by Anne Finch (1661-1720)*

Fair tree! for thy delightful shade  
'Tis just that some return be made;  
Sure some return is due from me  
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.  
When thou to birds dost shelter give,  
Thou music dost from them receive;  
If travellers beneath thee stay  
Till storms have worn themselves away,  
That time in praising thee they spend  
And thy protecting pow'r commend.  
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,  
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed;  
Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, bestows  
Her flow'ry chaplets on thy boughs.  
Shall I then only silent be,  
And no return be made by me,

No; let this wish upon thee wait,  
And still to flourish be thy fate.  
To future ages may'st thou stand  
Untouch'd by the rash workman's hand,  
Till that large stock of sap is spent,  
Which gives thy summer's ornament;  
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive  
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,  
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,  
Prevent the axe, and grace thy end;  
Their scatter'd strength together call  
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall;  
Who then their ev'ning dews may spare  
When thou no longer art their care,  
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn,  
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

# The Tree

vocal

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

Fair tree! for thy de - light - ful shade 'Tis just that some re - turn be

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and a full orchestra. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a rest for the first three measures, then enters in the fourth measure with the lyrics "Fair tree!". The vocal melody is simple and lyrical, with a final note in the eighth measure. The piano accompaniment starts in the fourth measure with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass clef and chords in the treble clef. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*, and articulation marks like asterisks and accents. The orchestral parts for woodwinds, brass, and strings are currently silent, indicated by whole rests.

vocal

made; Sure some re - turn is due from me To thy cool sha - dows, and to thee.

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

vocal

When thou to birds dost shel-ter give, Thou mu-sic dost from them re-ceive; If tra-vel-lers be-neath thee stay Till

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

*pizzicato (throughout)*

piano

timpani

percussion

vocal

stormshave worn them-selves a - way, That time in prais-ing thee they spend And thy pro-tec-ting pow'r com-mend. The .shep-herd here, from scorch-ing freed, Tunes to thy dan - cing

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

cymbal (cresc)(hit)

bass drum

vocal  
leaves his reed; Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, be - stows

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

This musical score is for a vocal piece with instrumental accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/8. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "leaves his reed;" and "Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, be - stows". The instrumental parts include French oboe, English horn, bassoon, French horn, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, timpani, and percussion. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The percussion part has asterisks indicating specific rhythmic events.

vocal

Her flow - 'ry chap-lets on thy boughs. Shall I then on-ly si - lent be, And no re - turn be

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

vocal  
made by me?

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

This musical score is for a vocal piece and an orchestral accompaniment. The vocal line is in the key of D major and 3/4 time, with the lyrics "made by me?". The instruments include French oboe, English horn, bassoon, French horn, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, timpani, and percussion. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand, marked with a '3' and a '3', and a series of asterisks. The strings play a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The woodwinds and brass instruments have various melodic and harmonic parts, including a prominent French horn melody and a tuba part with sustained notes.



vocal

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

No; let this wish u - pon thee wait, And still to flou - rish be thy fate. To fu - ture a - ges may'st thou stand Un - touch'd by the rash work - man's hand,

8<sup>va</sup>.....

3

vocal

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

Till that large stock of sap is spent, Which gives thy sum - mer's or - na - ment; Till the fierce winds, that vain - ly

This musical score is for a vocal line and a full orchestra. The vocal line is in the key of D major and 3/8 time. The lyrics are: "Till that large stock of sap is spent, Which gives thy summer's ornament; Till the fierce winds, that vainly". The instruments include French oboe, English horn, Bassoon, French horn, Trombone, Tuba, Strings, Piano, Timpani, and Percussion. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth notes and rests, and includes dynamic markings like *ff* and *mf*. The strings play a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The woodwinds and brass have various melodic and harmonic parts, including some triplets and sustained notes.

vocal  
strive To shock thy great - ness whilst a - live, Shall on thy life-less hour at-tend, Pre - vent the axe, and grace thy end; Their scat - ter'd strength to - ge - ther call And

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

vocal

to the clouds pro - claim thy fall;

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

This musical score is for a vocal and instrumental ensemble. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are "to the clouds pro - claim thy fall;". The instrumental parts include French oboe, English horn, bassoon, French horn, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, timpani, and percussion. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with triplets and sixteenth notes. The timpani part has a series of asterisks indicating specific drum strokes. The percussion part is mostly silent.

vocal

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

The musical score is written for a symphony orchestra and a vocal soloist. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of 10 measures. The vocal line is mostly silent. The french oboe and english horn play melodic lines, with the english horn featuring a triplet in measure 7. The french horn plays a rhythmic accompaniment. The trombone and tuba play sustained notes. The strings play a rhythmic pattern with accents. The piano has a complex accompaniment with many chords and moving lines. The timpani and percussion are silent.

vocal

Who then their ev'-ning dews may spare When thou no long-er

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

This musical score is for a vocal piece with a full orchestra. The vocal line is in the top staff, with lyrics: "Who then their ev'-ning dews may spare When thou no long-er". The instruments include french oboe, english horn, bassoon, french horn, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, timpani, and percussion. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/8. The score is written in a single system with ten staves. The vocal line has a melodic line with lyrics. The french oboe, english horn, and bassoon have melodic lines. The french horn, trombone, and tuba have harmonic lines. The strings have a rhythmic pattern. The piano has a complex accompaniment with many notes. The timpani and percussion are mostly silent.

vocal

art their care, But shalt, like an-cient he - roes, burn, And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

french oboe

english horn

bassoon

french horn

trombone

tuba

strings

piano

timpani

percussion

*vocal*

*french oboe*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*strings*

*piano*

*timpani*

*percussion*

The image shows a page of a musical score for a symphony orchestra and a vocal soloist. The score is written in a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The instruments listed on the left are: vocal, french oboe, english horn, bassoon, french horn, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, timpani, and percussion. The vocal line starts with a whole note G4. The woodwind and brass sections are mostly silent, indicated by dashes. The string section is also silent. The piano part is the most active, featuring a complex rhythmic pattern of beamed eighth notes and rests. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'p' and 'f'. The timpani and percussion parts are also silent, indicated by dashes.





## **The Redbreast**

*Poem by Susan Evance (±1780)*

Autumn's charms are fading fast--  
Mark how every ruthless blast  
Scatters, as it sweeps around,  
Showers of leaves upon the ground.  
Ah! no hand its force can stay;  
All will soon be torn away.

'Midst the ruins of the year,  
See the cheerful bird appear,  
Who, of all the warbling train,  
Hails alone sad Winter's reign;  
And throughout each dreary day,  
Sings the lonely hours away.

Sweet Bird! a summer bright as thine  
Within this bosom once did shine;  
But now the wintry hour draws near,--  
Fast, fast my comforts disappear;  
And sinking from my clouded heart,  
I feel the Sun of bliss depart.

But shall thy admonition be  
Unheeded, gentle Bird! by me?  
Or shall its influence fail to move  
A wish of emulative love!  
No! I will view thy patient form,  
And learn to bear the beating storm.

Back to the past I'll turn my eyes;  
How many blessings there arise!  
Blessings so undeserv'd, that still  
My heart must feel the grateful thrill.  
Sweet monitor! I'll learn to be  
All cheerfully resign'd--like thee.

# The Redbreast

*vocals*

*choir*

*piano*

*redbreast singing (ad libitum)*

Au - tumn's charms are fa - ding fast Mark how e - very ruth - less blast Scat - ters, as it sweeps a - round, Showers of leaves up -

on the ground. Ah! no hand its force can stay; All will soon be torn a - way. All will soon be torn a - way, torn a - way. 'Midst the

The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems, each with vocal, choir, and piano parts. The piano part includes a '4' in the first measure of each system, indicating a four-measure rest. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines, with some words in italics. The piano part features a repeating rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, with some measures marked with a 'Ped' symbol and an asterisk.

vocals

ru - ins of the year, See the cheer - ful bird ap - pear, Who, of all the war - bling train, Hails a - lone sad Win - ter's reign; And through-out each' drea - ry day,

choir

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

Sings the lone - ly hours a - way. *Sings the lone - ly hours a - way,* hours a - way. Sweet Bird! a sum - mer bright as thine

choir

vocalizing (throughout)

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

With - in this bo - som once did shine; But now the win - try hour draws near, Fast, fast my com - forts dis - ap -

choir

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
 pear; And sink - ing from my clou - ded heart, I feel the Sun of bliss de - part. But shall thy ad - mo - ni - tion

choir

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
 be Un - hee - ded, gen - tle Bird! by me? Or shall its in - fluence fail to move A wish of e - mu - la - tive love! No! I will view thy pa - tient form, And learn to bear the bea - ting

choir

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
 storm. Learn to bear the bea - ting storm, bea - ting storm. Back to the past I'll turn my eyes; How ma - ny bles - sings

choir

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
8  
there a - rise! Bles - sings so un - de - serv'd, that still My heart must feel the grate - ful thrill. Sweet mo - ni - tor I'll

choir

piano  
Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
8  
learn to be All cheer - ful - ly re - sign'd like thee.

choir

piano  
Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

choir

piano  
Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

8

2 2

redbreast singing (ad libitum)

8



## **The Hermit**

*Poem by James Beattie (1735-1803)*

At the close of day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.  
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah, why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,  
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall  
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;  
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away  
Full quickly they pass - but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The Moon, half-extinguish'd, her crescent displays:  
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.  
But Man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, with glittering dew,  
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.  
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!  
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,  
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;  
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,  
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!  
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:  
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
see Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."



# The Hermit

*vocal*  
At the close of - day, when the ham-let is still, And mor-tals the sweets of for - get-ful-ness prove, When nought but the tor - rent is heard on the hill, And

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \* ℳℳ \*

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for the piece 'The Hermit'. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics and a piano accompaniment at the bottom. The score is in 4/4 time and the key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line contains several triplet markings. The piano part includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The woodwind and brass sections are currently silent, indicated by dashes on their staves. At the bottom of the page, there are performance markings: 'ℳℳ' followed by an asterisk and 'ℳℳ' repeated seven times.

vocal

nought but the night-gale's song in the grove. 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung symphonic, a Hermit began No

piccolo

flute

oboe d'amore

english horn

bassoon

trumpet

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

*vocal* *piccolo* *flute* *oboe d'amore* *english horn* *bassoon* *trumpet* *french horn* *trombone* *tuba* *piano*

more with him-self or with na-ture at war, He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man. "Ah, why, all a-ban - don'd to dark-ness and wo, Why, lone Phi-lo-

The score is written for a vocal soloist and a full orchestra. The vocal line is in the top staff, with lyrics underneath. The orchestral parts are arranged in staves below. The key signature is three flats (E-flat major/C minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The score features a key change from three flats to one flat (B-flat major/F minor) in the final section. The piano part includes a complex accompaniment with triplets and dynamic markings.

8 8 8

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

*vocal*

me-la, that lan-guish-ing fall? For Spring shall re-turn, and a lo-ver be-stow, And so-rraw no lon-ger thy bos-om en-thrall But, if

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \*

*vocal*  
pi - ty in - spire thee, re - new the sad lay, Mourn, sweet - est com - plai - ner, man calls thee to mourn; O soothe him, whose plea - sures like thine pass a - way Full

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*  
8

*french horn*  
8

*trombone*  
8

*tuba*

*piano*

Ped \* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \* Ped \*

vocal quick-ly they pass but they ne-ver re - turn.

piccolo

flute

oboe d'amore

english horn

bassoon

trumpet

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

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vocal

"Now gli - ding re - mote, on the verge of the sky, The Moon, half - ex - tin - guish'd, her cres - cent dis - plays: But la - tely I mark'd when ma - jes - tic on high She

piccolo

flute

oboe d'amore

english horn

bassoon

trumpet

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Rec \* Rec \* Rec \* Rec \* Rec \* Rec \*

vocal  
shone, and the pla - nets were lost in her blaze. Roll on, thou fair orb, and with glad - ness pur - sue The path that con - ducts thee to splen - dour a - gain. But

piccolo

flute

oboe d'amore

english horn

bassoon

trumpet

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Ed \* Ed \* Ed \* Ed \* Ed \*



*vocal* Man's fa-ded glo - ry what change shall re-new! Ah fool! to ex-ult in a glo-ry so vain! 'Tis night, and the land - scape is love-ly no more; I mourn, but, ye wood-lands, I mourn not for

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

*vocal*  
you;

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

*p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

\* \* \* \* \*

*vocal*

For morn is ap-proa-ching, your charms to re-store, Per-fumed with fresh fra-grance, with glit-te-ring dew, Nor

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

*vocal*

yet for the ra - vage of win - ter I mourn; Kind Na - ture the em - bry - blos - som will save. But when shall Spring vi - sit the moul - de - ring urn! O

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

\* no \* no \* no \* no \* no \* no \*

*vocal*  
when shall it dawn on the night of the grave! 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Sci-ence be-tray'd, That leads, to be-wil-der; and dazz-les, to blind; My

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

∩ ∩ \* ∩ ∩ \* ∩ ∩ \* ∩ ∩ \* ∩ ∩ \* ∩ ∩ \*

*vocal* thoughts wont to roam, from shade on-ward to shade, Des - truction be - fore me, and sor-row be - hind. 'O pi - ty, great Fa - ther of light, then I cried, 'Thy

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

ped \* ped \* ped \* ped \* ped \* ped \*

*vocal*  
crea-ture who fain would not wan-der from Thee! Lo, hum-bled in dust, I re-lin-quish my pride: From doubt and from dark-ness thou on-ly canst free.

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*

ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \*

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score. The vocal line is at the top, with lyrics: "crea-ture who fain would not wan-der from Thee! Lo, hum-bled in dust, I re-lin-quish my pride: From doubt and from dark-ness thou on-ly canst free." The lyrics are written under the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes. The vocal line features triplet markings (three '3's) under the first six measures. Below the vocal line are staves for piccolo, flute, oboe d'amore, english horn, bassoon, trumpet, french horn, trombone, and tuba. The piano part is at the bottom, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piano part includes a repeating rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. At the bottom of the piano part, there are markings: ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \* ℳ \*. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/8.





vocal

"And dark-ness and doubt are now fly-ing a-way, No long-er I roam in con-jec-ture for-lorn. So breaks on the tra-vel-ler, faint, and a-

piccolo

flute

oboe d'amore

english horn

bassoon

trumpet

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

*And* \* *And* \* *And* \* *And* \* *And* \* *And* \* *And* \*

vocal  
piccolo  
flute  
oboe d'amore  
english horn  
bassoon  
trumpet  
french horn  
trombone  
tuba  
piano

stray, The bright and the bal - my ef - ful - gence of morn. see Truth, Love, and Mer - cy, in tri - umph des - cen - ding, And Na - ture all glo - wing

⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \* ⌘ \*

*vocal*

in E - den's first bloom! On the cold cheek of Death smiles and ro - ses are blen-ding, And Beau - ty Im - mor - tal a - wakes from the tomb.

*piccolo*

*flute*

*oboe d'amore*

*english horn*

*bassoon*

*trumpet*

*french horn*

*trombone*

*tuba*

*piano*



**Come, Come - What Do I Here?**

*Poem by Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)*

Come, come!  
What do I here?  
Since he is gone  
Each day is grown a dozen year  
And each hour, one;

Come, come!  
Cut off the sum:  
By these soil'd tears!  
Which only Thou  
Know'st to be true,  
Days are my fears.

There's not a wind can stir,  
Or beam pass by,  
But straight I think, though far,  
Thy hand is nigh.

Come, come!  
Strike these lips dumb:  
This restless breath,  
That soils Thy name,  
Will ne'er be tame  
Until in death.

Perhaps some think a tomb  
No house of store,  
But a dark and seal'd up womb,  
Which ne'er breeds more.

Come, come!  
Such thoughts benumb:  
But I would be  
With him I weep  
Abed, and sleep,  
To wake in Thee.

# Come, Come - What Do I Here?

vocals

Come, come! what do I here? Since he is gone

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

This system of the musical score includes staves for vocals, french horn, trombone, tuba, and piano. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Come, come! what do I here? Since he is gone". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more complex upper line with some melodic movement. There are nine asterisks below the piano staff, likely indicating rehearsal marks.

vocals

Each day is grown a do - zen year And each hour, one; Come, come!

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

This system of the musical score includes staves for vocals, french horn, trombone, tuba, and piano. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Each day is grown a do - zen year And each hour, one; Come, come!". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture to the first system. There are ten asterisks below the piano staff, likely indicating rehearsal marks.

vocals

Cut off the sum: By these soil'd tears! Which on - ly Thou Know'st to be true,

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals

Days are my fears. There's not a wind can stir, Or beam pass by, But straight I think, though far, Thy

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
hand is nigh. Come, come! Strike these lips dumb: This rest-less breath, That soils Thy name,

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo

Detailed description: This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a B-flat major key signature and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "hand is nigh. Come, come! Strike these lips dumb: This rest-less breath, That soils Thy name,". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more complex treble line with chords and melodic fragments. There are nine measures in this system, with a double bar line at the end.

vocals  
Will ne'er be tame Un-til in death.

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

\*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*Reo \*

Detailed description: This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Will ne'er be tame Un-til in death." The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including a steady bass line and a more complex treble line. There are nine measures in this system, with a double bar line at the end.



vocals

Per - haps some think a tomb No house of store, But a dark seal'd up womb,

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead

vocals

Which ne'er breeds more. Come, come! Such thoughts be - numb: But I would be With him I

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \* Lead \*

vocals  
weep A - bed, and sleep, To wake in Thee.

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \*

Detailed description: This system contains the first vocal line and the beginning of the instrumental accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano clef with lyrics: "weep A - bed, and sleep, To wake in Thee." The instrumental parts include french horn, trombone, tuba, and piano. The piano part features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Reed marks are placed below the piano part.

vocals

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \* Reed \*

Detailed description: This system continues the vocal line and instrumental accompaniment. The vocal line is silent. The instrumental parts continue from the first system. The piano part includes a triplet in the right hand. Reed marks are placed below the piano part.



## **Times Go By Turns**

*Poem by Saint Sir Robert Southwell (1561-1595)*

The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;  
Times go by turns and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;  
Her tides hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,  
No endless night yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crost,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

# Times Go By Turns

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system includes vocal, choir, french horn, trombone, tuba, piano, and bass drum. The second system includes vocal, choir, french horn, trombone, tuba, piano, and bass drum. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line in the first system has lyrics: "The lop-ped tree in time may grow a - gain, Most na-ked plants re-new both fruit and flower;". The vocal line in the second system has lyrics: "The so-rest wight may find re-lease of pain, The dri-est soil suck in some moist-ning shower; Times go by turns and chan-ces change by course, From". The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The bass drum part consists of a series of eighth notes with asterisks and a 'Ped.' marking.

vocal

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

The lop-ped tree in time may grow a - gain, Most na-ked plants re-new both fruit and flower;

The so-rest wight may find re-lease of pain, The dri-est soil suck in some moist-ning shower; Times go by turns and chan-ces change by course, From

Times go by turns and chan-ces change by

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

vocal

8 foul to fair, from bet - ter hap to worse.

choir

8 course, From foul to fair, from bet-ter hap to worse.

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

vocal

8 The sea of For - tune doth not e-ver flow, She draws her fa - vours to the low-est ebb;

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

*vocal*  Her tides hath e - qual times to come and go, Her loom doth weave the fine and coars-est web; No joy so great but run - neth to an end, No

*choir*  No joy so great but run - neth to an

*french horn* 

*trombone* 

*tuba* 

*piano* 

*bass drum*   $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*

*vocal*  hap so hard but may in fine a - mend.

*choir*  end, No hap so hard but may in fine a - mend.

*french horn* 

*trombone* 

*tuba* 

*piano* 

*bass drum*   $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*  $\text{Ped}$  \*

vocal

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

vocal

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum



vocal

8

Not al-ways fall of leaf nor e-ver spring, No end-less night yet not e-ter-nal day;

choir

8

french horn

8

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

Detailed description: This system contains the first eight measures of the score. The vocal line begins with a rest for the first four measures, then enters with the lyrics 'Not al-ways fall of leaf nor e-ver spring, No end-less night yet not e-ter-nal day;'. The choir part is entirely silent. The french horn, trombone, and tuba parts are also silent. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and triplets. The bass drum part consists of a series of eighth notes with asterisks, indicating specific drum sounds.

vocal

8

The sad-dest birds a sea-son find to sing, The rough-est storm a calm may soon al-lay: Thus with suc-ceed-ing turns God tem-pereth all, That

choir

8

Thus with suc-ceed-ing turns God tem-pereth

french horn

8

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

Detailed description: This system contains the next eight measures of the score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'The sad-dest birds a sea-son find to sing, The rough-est storm a calm may soon al-lay: Thus with suc-ceed-ing turns God tem-pereth all, That'. The choir part remains silent. The french horn part has a melodic line starting in the fifth measure. The trombone and tuba parts have a few notes in the fifth measure. The piano part continues with its rhythmic accompaniment. The bass drum part continues with its eighth-note pattern and asterisks.

vocal  
8  
man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

choir  
8  
all, That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

french horn  
8

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum  
\* \* \* \* \*

vocal

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum  
\* \* \* \* \*

vocal

8

choir

8

french horn

8

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

A chance may win that by mis-chance was lost; The net that holds no great, takes lit-tle fish;

vocal

8

choir

8

french horn

8

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

In some things all, in all things none are crost, Few all they need, but none have all they wish; Un - medd - led joys here to no man be - fall: Who

Un - medd - led joys here to no man be -

vocal

least, hath some; who most, hath ne - ver all.

choir

fall: Who least, hath some; who most, hath ne-ver all.

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

Detailed description of the first system: This system contains the first seven staves of the score. The vocal and choir parts have lyrics. The french horn, trombone, and tuba parts feature sustained notes and melodic lines. The piano part is highly active with intricate patterns in both hands. The bass drum part shows a rhythmic pattern with asterisks marking specific beats.

vocal

choir

french horn

trombone

tuba

piano

bass drum

Detailed description of the second system: This system contains the next seven staves of the score. The vocal and choir parts are silent, indicated by dashes. The french horn, trombone, and tuba parts continue with their respective parts. The piano part continues with its complex texture. The bass drum part continues with its rhythmic pattern, including asterisks.



## **Cradle Song**

*Poem by William Blake (1757-1827)*

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful light shall break.

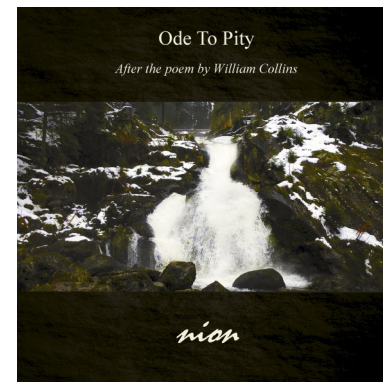
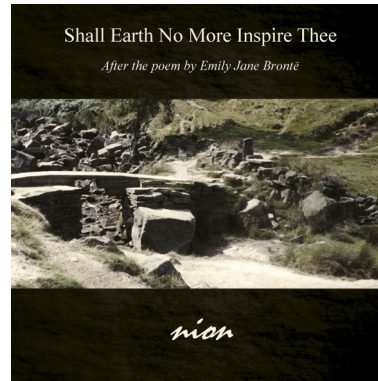
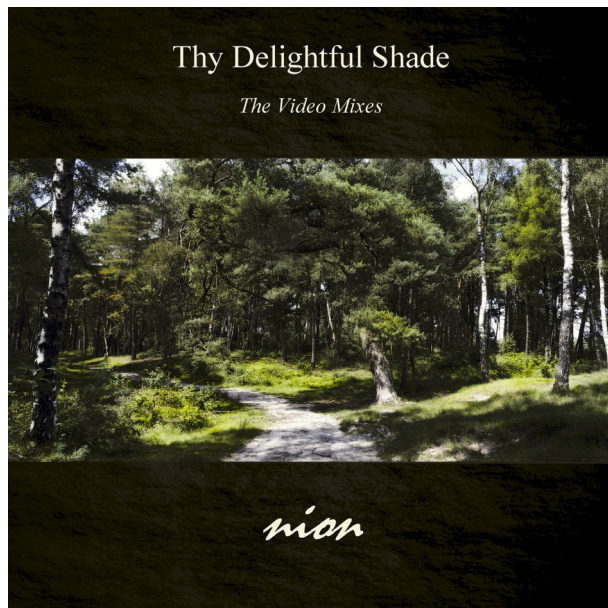








The album and the singles are available from CD Baby, iTunes, Amazon and Google Play. 'The Video Mixes' is available from Bandcamp.



1. Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee (5.14)  
*After the poem by Emily Jane Brontë*  
*Photograph: Brontë Bridge, Haworth, United Kingdom*
2. The Deserted House (4.43)  
*After the poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson*  
*Photograph: Leidsche Rijn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*
3. Ode To Pity (8.54)  
*After the poem by William Collins*  
*Photograph: Triberg Waterfalls, Triberg, Germany*
4. To Autumn (4.57)  
*After the poem by John Keats*  
*Photograph: Vallée de la Petrusse, Luxemburg, Luxemburg*
5. The Tree (9.41)  
*After the poem by Anne Finch*  
*Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*
6. The Redbreast (6.47)  
*After the poem by Susan Evance*  
*Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*
7. The Hermit (9.03)  
*After the poem by James Beattie*  
*Photograph: Sand quarry, Maarn, The Netherlands*
8. Come, Come - What Do I Here? (3.30)  
*After the poem by Henry Vaughan*  
*Photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands*
9. Times Go By Turns (9.16)  
*After the poem by Saint Sir Robert Southwell*  
*Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*
10. Cradle Song (3.32)  
*After the poem by William Blake*  
*Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands*

*Front cover photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands*

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