THE LAND
OF
LOST CONTENT

SIX SONGS
WITH
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

JOHN IRELAND

The POEMS by
A. E. HOUSMAN

4/- Net

LOW VOICE

HIGH VOICE

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**THE LENT LILY**

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The billy brakes around.
For under thorn and bumble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

A. E. HOUSMAN

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(1947)
THE LENT LILY

Andantino con moto \( \text{\( \hat{d} \text{= 68 - 72} \)} \)

'Tis spring; come out to ramble The hill y brakes a round. For

under thorn and bramble About the hollow ground. The primroses are

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And there's the windflower,

chilly With all the winds at play,

And there's the Lenten lily That has not long to

stay And dies— on Easter day.

And since till girls go may—ing You find the primrose still,
find the windflower playing with every wind at will, but not the daffodil,

Bring baskets now, and sally up on the spring's array, and bear from hill and valley the daffodil away that dies on Easter day.
LADSLOVE.*

Look not in my eyes, for fear
   They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
   And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
   Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
   Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
   One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well,
   And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
   Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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The poem by A.E. Housman

Poco sostenuto ($= 80-84$)

VOICE

Look not in my eyes, for fear They mirror true the sight I see, And there you find your face too clear And love it and be lost—like me.

PIANO

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One the long nights through must lie,
Spent in star-de-feat-ed sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Per-ish? gaze not in my eyes.

Greekian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well, And never looked away again.

There, when the turf in spring-time flow'rs, With downward eye and gazes sad, Stands amid the glancing show'rs A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.
GOAL AND WICKET

Twice a week the winter thorough
Here stood I to keep the goal:
Football then was fighting sorrow
For the young man's soul.

Now in Maytime to the wicket
Out I march with bat and pad:
See the son of grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

Try I will; no harm in trying:
Wonder 'tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of man from lying
On the bed of earth.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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III

GOAL AND WICKET

The poem by
A.E. Housman

Vivace \( (d = 98 \text{--} 100) \)

John Ireland

Twice a week the winter

thorough here stood I to keep the goal:

Football then was fighting sorrow For the young man's

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soul.

Now in May-time to the wick- et Out I march with bat and pad:

See the son of grief at crick- et Try-

poco ten.-

ing to be glad.
Try I will; no harm in trying: Wonder
'tis how little mirth Keeps the bones of man from
lying On the bed of earth.
THE VAIN DESIRE *

If truth in hearts that perish
Could move the powers on high,
I think the love I bear you
Should make you not to die.

Sure, sure, if stedfast meaning,
If single thought could save,
The world might end to-morrow,
You should not see the grave.

This long and sure-set liking,
This boundless will to please,
—Oh, you should live for ever
If there were help in these.

But now, since all is idle,
To this lost heart be kind,
Ere to a town you journey
Where friends are ill to find.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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IV
THE VAIN DESIRE

The poem by
A. E. Housman *

John Ireland

In tempo moderato ($q = 54–60$)

VOICE

If truth in hearts that perish

move the pow'rs on high. I think the love I bear you

Sure, sure, if steadfast

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meaning, If single thought could save, The world might

end to mor row, You should not see the

g rave. This long and sure set

liking, This bound less will to please. Oh,
you should live for ever If there were help in

(Tempo I)

these. But now, since all is idle, To

this lost heart be kind. Ere to a town you journey Where

friends are ill to find.
THE ENCOUNTER\* 

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread, 
And out we troop to see: 
A single redcoat turns his head, 
He turns and looks at me. 

My man, from sky to sky's so far, 
We never crossed before; 
Such leagues apart the world's ends are, 
We're like to meet no more; 

What thoughts at heart have you and I 
We cannot stop to tell; 
But dead or living, drunk or dry, 
Soldier, I wish you well. 

A. E. HOUSMAN. 

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V

THE ENCOUNTER

The poem by
A. E. Housman*

Allegro alla marcia (d = 7a-80)

John Ireland

VOICE

PIANO

street sounds to the soldiers' tread. And out we troop to

see: A single red-coat turns his head. He turns and

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My man, from sky to sky's so far, We never crossed before; Such leagues apart the world's ends are, We're like to meet no more; What thoughts at heart have

mf poco a poco cresc.
you and I We can-not stop to tell; But

dead or liv-ing, drunk or dry, Sol-dier, I wish you well.

poco a poco dim.
EPILOGUE*

You smile upon your friend to-day,
To-day his ills are over;
You hearken to the lover’s say,
And happy is the lover.

'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,
But better late than never:
I shall have lived a little while
Before I die for ever.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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VI

EPILOGUE

The poem by
A. E. Housman

Allegretto con moto (\( \text{d} = 96 - 100 \))

VOICE

PIANO

col Ped.

smile up on your friend to-day, To-day his ills are o-ver; You heark-en to the lover's say, And happy is the lover. 'Tis late to

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heark-en, late to smile, But bet-ter late than
ne-ver: I shall have lived a lit-tle while Be-fore I
die- for e-ver.
FRANK BRIDGE

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