THE

SWAN & THE SKYLARK

CANTATA

A. GORING THOMAS.

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THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK
CANTATA

THE WORDS BY
HEMANS, KEATS, AND SHELLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR GORING THOMAS

(posthumous work)

ORCHESTRATED FROM THE PIANOFORTE SCORE OF THE COMPOSER BY
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

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DEDICATED TO

THE COMPOSER'S FRIEND

PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA

BY HIS FRIENDS

THE EDITOR (C. V. S.) AND THE PUBLISHERS.
THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

A Grecian poet I, but born too late:
For me no nymph sings from the upland wood
Her antique song; nor in bright hurrying brook
Is seen and lost her sweet illusive smile.

Gone is the shell that Phaethus, long ago,
Strung for the music that should never die;
Gone is the shell whereto sedately, slow,
The comely Aphrodite floated by;

And gone the maids who ran the ordered race,
Or stopped to bathe them by Actaeon’s rill,
Narcissus brooding o’er his own fair face,
And Echo laughing from the distant hill.

Only o’er sullen world of stock and stone
The ball of fire sends down his daily light,
And, when the measured hours are come and gone,
Lake, field, and sky are lost in gloomy night.—J. S.

*Midst the long reeds that o’er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet’s thought
This was their language:—

"Summer! I depart—
O light and laughing summer! fare thee well:
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

"And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth’s fresh hours.

"And ye, bright fountains! that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters! I must die.

"Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

"No! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
Waves, joyous waves! flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com’st thou thus, o’ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?
THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

"Only to wake the sighs
   Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
   O life and love! farewell."

Thus flowed the death-chant on; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond: and all the air was filled
With that one sighing sound—Farewell! Farewell!

"Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
   Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
   In the next valley-glades."—KEATS.

Filled with that sound? High in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quivered with song: such free, triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below; and thus that strain
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly:—

"The summer is come; she hath said Rejoice!
The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high:
   Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

"There is joy in the mountains! The bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
   Let the heavens ring with song!"

"Higher still and higher
   From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
   The blue deep thou wingest."—SHELLEY.

"There is joy in the forests! The bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But mine is the glory to sunshine given—
   Sing, sing through the echoing heaven!

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born:
Only young rapture can mount so high—
   Sing, sing through the echoing sky!"

So those two voices met; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents; and, amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
"Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious nature! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival:
But in one heart, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones,
To startle and to pierce!—the dying swan's,
And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair."—MRS. HEMANS.
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1 fff

Bass Solo.

A Spartan

poet, I... but born too late,

but born too late...
For me no nymph sings from the upland wood
Her antique song;
nor in bright hurrying brook Is seen and lost
her sweet illusive smile.
Gone is the shell
that Phoebus long ago Strung for the music that never died:
Gone is the shell whereon so date ly, slow, The state ly A phrodite floated
by j.

And

gone...

the maids who ran the race,

a tempo,

Or stop'd to bathe them by Acteon's rill,

3 Moderate.

Narcissus brooding, brooding o'er his own fair face, And

Echo laughing, laughing, laughing from the distant
hill;  

only o'er sullen world of stock and stone,

The ball of fire sends down his sally light.

And when the measured hours are come and gone,  
Lake, field, and sky are

lost in gloomy night.

A Grecian poet, I,  
but born too late,
L'utesso tempo,
Soprano.

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd me-

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd no-

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd me-

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd me-

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd me-

Mid the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream Un-to the faint wind sigh'd me-

L'utesso tempo.

poco cres.

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

lo-dious-ly, And where the sculpture of a broken shrine Sent out thro' shadowy

poco cres.

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

grass and thick wild-flow'r's. Dim a-la-bas-ter gleams. a lone-

dim.

dolce.
Listening to that strange music, as it shook The li-lies on the wave;
and made the pines And all the lau-rels of the haunt-ed shore
Thrill, thrill to its pas-sion.

po-et stood listen-ing, listen-ing to that strange mu-sic,
and made the pines And all the lau-rels of the haunt-ed shore
Thrill, thrill to its pas-sion, Sea...........

Thrill, thrill to its pas-sion.
Oh, the tones were sweet, sweet, Even

Oh, the tones were sweet, Even

Sea

The tones were sweet, Even

Painfully, as with the sweetness wrung From parting

Painfully, as with the sweetness wrung From parting

the tones were sweet, as with the sweetness wrung From parting

9

love; Oh, the tones were sweet, sweet, Even

love; Oh, the tones were

love; Oh, the tones were sweet, Even

love; 9
Oh, the tones were sweet, painfully.

And to the poet's thought, painfully.

This was their language.
"Summer! Summer! I depart..."

 Allegretto con moto.

O light and laughing Summer! fare thee well: Allegretto con moto.
Summer! Summer! I depart.

O light and laughing Summer! fare thee well:

No song the less thro' thy woods will swell.

For

rit.

a tempo.

One, one broken heart.

And

col legno.

a tempo.

fare ye well, young flower!Ye will not mourn!
ye will shed o - dour still, And wave in glo - ry,

wave . . . in glo - ry, col - ouring ev - ry rill, ev - ry

rill Known . . . to my youth's fresh hours.

to my youth's fresh hours.

And ye, bright foun - ts! . . . that lie Far . . . in the whis - p'ring for - ents,

Poco più mosso.

Poco più mosso.

lone and deep, My wing no
more shall stir. your shadowy sleep—Sweet waters! I must die,

No more my wing shall stir your shadowy sleep—Sweet waters! I must die.

Revert.

Will ye not send one tone Of sorrow thro' the pines—A tempo. one murmur
Shall not the green leaves from your
cold be gone:

Voices:

Seas?

That I, your child, am gone?

No! ever glad and

Vigorous:

free, Ye have no sounds, a tale of death to tell:

cold be gone:
Waves, joyous waves! flow on, flow on, and face ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me,
Ye will not mourn for me,


But thou,

Temps lasso, Moderate.

sweet boon! too late. Perused upon my part - ing
breath, 

rain gift of song!

Sea

Why com'st thou thus, o'er-mas'tring.

Why com'st thou thus, o'er-mas'tring, rich and strong, In the dark hour of

poco meno mosso.

fate? Only to wake the sighs Of e-cho-voi-ces from their

poco meno mosso.
spar-ry cell;

On-ly to say

sun-shine, O. blue skies! O. life and love! fare-

well, O. sun-shine, blue skies! O. life and

love! fare-well, O.

Fare-well, O. life and

Cohues.
life and love! fare well, O sunshine, O blue

love! fare well, O life...

Sax...

skies! O life, O life and love! fare well!

And love, fare well!

And love, fare well!
Ah, the tones were sweet.
Ah, the tones were sweet.
Ah, the tones were sweet.
Ah, the tones were sweet.
Ah, the tones were sweet.

fare-well, fare-well,
sweet,
sweet,
sweet,
sweet,

As with sweetness
As with sweetness
As with sweetness
As with sweetness
As with sweetness
As of parting love;

wring. From parting love;

wring. From parting love;

wring. From parting love;

Fare well, fare well,

Fare well, fare well,

Fare well, fare well,

Fare well, fare well,
life and love! farew - ell, coda.

As with the
tones were sweet,
tones were sweet,
tones were

sweet - ness, the sweet - ness wrung From
sweet,

sweet,

sweet,

sweet,

sweet,

sweet,
life... and love!... O... sunshine.

parting, parting love;

parting, parting love;

parting, parting love;

parting, parting love;

parting, parting love;

accel.

O blue skies! O life and love! fare well, fare well, fare well, fare well.

colla voce. a tempo.

colla voce. a tempo.

colla voce. a tempo.

colla voce. a tempo.
on; while mournfully

Thus flow'd the death chant on;

Thus flow'd the death chant on;

Thus flow'd the death chant on;

Thus flow'd the death chant on;

Low winds and waves made answer,
mournfully,
mournfully,
mournfully,
mournfully,
and the tones. Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
mournfully.

Rocks and dim caverns of old.

Prophecy—Woke to respond:
and all the

The tones woke to respond:
The tones woke to respond:
The tones woke to respond:
The tones woke to respond:

air was fill'd, fill'd With that one

all the air was fill'd,
all the air was fill'd,
all the air was fill'd,
all the air was fill'd,
sighing sound—

that sighing sound—

Fare—

well, farewell, well,
Farewell, farewell, farewell.
Farewell... farewell... farewell... farewell...
cres.
cres.
cres.
cres.
cres.
cres.

Ah!... all the air was well!... the air was well!... the air was well!... the air was well!... the air was
19  *Andante tranquillo. Alto Solo.*

*Andante tranquillo. A-dieu! a-dieu!*  They plaintive anthems

*Fades Past the meadows,*  *Over the still stream,*  *Up the hillside;*  *And now 'tis buried deep*  *In the next valley glades.*
Chorus.
Buried deep in the next valley-glades.

Oh!... the tones were sweet,
As with the sweetness wrung from parting love;

The tones were
The tones were
The tones were
The tones were
Oh! the tones were sweet. As with the sweetness.

sweet, the tones were sweet.
sweet, the tones were sweet.
sweet, the tones were sweet.
sweet, the tones were sweet.

cres. dim. p

wrong from parting love; And all.

divisi.

All the air was fill'd.
Farewell, the air was fill'd With that.

The air was fill'd With that poco cres. mp

A-dieu, a-dieu! thy plaintive anthem fades Past the near

one sighing, sighing sound.

was fill'd. With that one sighing sound.

one sighing, sighing sound.
meadows, o'er the still stream, Up the hillside;

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,

and now 'tis buried deep In the next valley glade.
All the air was fill'd
fare well,
fare well, fare well,
fare well, fare well, Ah!
fare well, fare well,

With that one sigh ing, sigh ing sound,
fare well, fare well, fare well,
fare well, fare well, fare well,
All the air was still With that one sighing sound—

Fare—well, fare—well, fare—well, }

fare—well, fare—well, fare—well,
sound,

poco $f$

E'gh in the calm blue heav'n  Even then

divisi.

Or

a sky - lark hung; . . . .

a sky - lark hung; . . .
Soft... soft... summer clouds... Were float.

Sopranos:
All trans-pier'd with light, all trans-pier'd...
light, with light...

And 'mid that pearly...
radiaze his dark wings Quiver'd with song.

Soft, soft

Quiver'd, quiver'd with song;

Summer clouds. Were floating round.

Cres.

Bim, all trans-pierced with light. With all trans-pierced with.

Cres.
And... light, transformed with light...

Mid... that... pearly... radiance his dark...

Wings... quiver'd with song, quiver'd, quiver'd...

His dark wings...

Poco cres. - er'd with song, his dark...

Quiver'd with song,
wings... quiv-er'd, quiv-er'd with song:

poco cres.

his dark... wings quiv-er'd, quiv-er'd with

such free, triumphant song:

song: such free, triumphant song, such free, tri-

cres... cres...

dó.

such free, triumphant song,

such free, triumphant song.

Such free, triumphant song.
As if tears were not, as if breaking hearts. Had not a place below.

Soprano. Such free, triumphant song, As.

 Alto. Such free, triumphant song, As if

Tenor. Such free, triumphant song, As.

Bass. Such free, triumphant song, As if
If tears were not, as if breaking hearts;

Had not a place, not a place below;

Soft summer clouds were floating

Leggiero.
Soft summer clouds were floating round him, And mid that

pearly radiance his dark wings, Quiv er'd with such free, triumphant

er'd with song: such free, tri

27
song.

And 'mid that
free, triumphant song,
triumphant song.
And 'mid that pearl

pearly riancace his dark wings
And 'mid that pearly rianance his dark wings

Quivered with song:
Quivered with song:
Quivered with song:
Quivered with song:
free, triumphant. As if tears were not, as if.
As if tears were not, as if.
Screaming as if.
Breaking hearts Had not a place, not a place.
Breaking hearts Had not a place, not a place.
Breaking hearts Had not a place, not a place.
if breaking hearts had not a place below;
and thus that strain Spoke to the poet's ear.
ultimately, exultingly, exultingly:
ultimately, exultingly, exultingly:
ultimately, exultingly, exultingly:
ultimately, exultingly, exultingly:

Ah! ah! ah!
Recit.

Summer is come,

The summer, the summer is come;

The summer is come;

The summer, the summer is come;

The summer is come.

Allegro.

f col. voc. p
The summer is come; she hath said rejoice!

The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice; Her sweet breath is wan'dring a-round, on high: Sing, sing, tho' the echoing sky! Her sweet breath is wan'dring a-round, on high: Ah, sing, sing, sing tho' the echoing
sky! Chorus.

There is joy in the mountains!

The summer is come;

The bright waves leap like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;

Mirthfully, wildly, they dash a-
long—Let the heavens ring with song!

The summer is come, the summer is come, ah! the summer is come, the summer is come, ah! the summer is come, the summer is come, ah! the summer is come, the summer is come, ah! the summer is come, the summer is come, ah! the summer is come, the summer is come, ah!

The summer is come; she hath said Re-
-voice! ... The wild-woods thrill to her mer—ry voice; Her
sweet breath is wan—d'ring a—round, on high: Sing...

sing' th' rech'ing sky! ... The wild
-woods thrill to her mer—ry voice; ...
summer is come; she hath said Rejoice, rejoice!

Più animato.
Higher still and higher From the earth thou
Higher still and higher From the earth,
Higher still and higher From the earth thou

Sono...

Highest, Like a cloud of fire The

... from earth thou highest, Like a cloud of fire
From the earth thou highest, Like a cloud, a cloud of

highest, Like a cloud of fire The
Higher still and higher, higher still and higher,
still and higher, higher still and higher.

Higher still from earth, from earth, thou springest,
higher still from earth, from earth, thou springest,
higher still from earth, from earth, thou springest.

Like a cloud of fire, The
Higher still from
cloud of fire, a cloud of fire,
Like a cloud of fire.
1st Soprano,

blue thou wing-est,  
Like a cloud of fire...

2nd Soprano,

blue thou wing-est,  
Like a cloud, a cloud...

earth thou spring-est,  
Like a...

like a cloud of fire, a cloud of fire...

... The blue thou wing-est, like...

36

... thou spring-est.

of fire, thou spring-est.

cloud of fire thou spring-est.

cloud of fire thou spring-est.

36

... thou spring-est.

cloud of fire thou spring-est.

36

... thou spring-est.
There is joy in the mountains, there is joy in the heavens, in the mountains, in the forests!

there is joy, there is joy

there is joy, there is joy

there is joy, there is joy

there is joy, there is joy
there is joy in the forests!

in the forests!

in the forests!

in the forests!

The bird of night Hath made the leaves
trem ble, trem ble with deep de
The summer is come, the summer is come;
The summer is come, the summer is come;
The summer is come, the summer is come;

mine, mine is the glory to sunshine

Sing, sing, singing through the echoing heaven!
Ah, sing, sing, sing, sing, Rejoice!

Ah, sing, sing, sing, sing, Rejoice!

Ah, sing, sing, Rejoice, sing, Rejoice!

Ah, sing, sing, Rejoice, sing, Rejoice!

Mine... are the

For the summer is come.

For the summer is come.

For the summer is come.

For the summer is come.

Moderato.

Soprano Solo

sings of the soaring morn, Mine... the fresh

colla voce. a tempo.
gales . . . with day-spring born:

On ly young

rapture can mount so high—

Ah,

Sing thro' the echoing sky.

The summer is

The summer is

The summer is

The summer is

 Allegro.

*Sez.*

Come, ah, the summer, the summer is come;

Come, ah, the summer, the summer is come;

Come, ah, the summer, the summer is come;

Come, ah, the summer, the summer is come;
The wild wood thrill to her merry voice,
The woods thrill to her merry voice;
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice;
The wood's thrill to her merry voice.
She hath said... Rejoice, rejoice!

The summer is come... Rejoice, rejoice!

For the summer, The wild-woods thrill to her voice,

The wild-woods thrill to her merry, merry voice,

For she is come... the wild-woods thrill to her voice,

they thrill to her merry voice, her merry

voice, her merry

voice.
The summer is come, the summer is come;

fare-well, fare-well, fare-well,

rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

voice, the wild-woods thrill to her

merry, voice, Rejoice, rejoice, she hath said. Rejoice,

voice, the summer is come, Rejoice, rejoice!

rejoice, rejoice!

come, Rejoice!

fare-well...

Tenor Solo. Andante.
Tenor Solo.  

*Andante.*

well!... O... sun-shine, O blue skies! O

Ah!...

Ah!...

Ah!...

Ah!...

Ah!...

*Andante.*

Allegro.

life... and love! fare... well, O... sunshine,

The summer is come;

The summer is come;

The summer is come;

The summer is come;

Allegro.
O blue skies!... O life... and love! fare-

---

Allegro.

well.

she hath said Re-joice, re-joice, for the she hath said Re-joice, re-joice, for the she hath said Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice,

---

Allegro.

41
Tempo I.leg.
Soprano Solo.

The summer is come;
Tenor Solo.

Fare

summer, the summer is come: the wild woods
summer, the summer is come: the wild woods
for the summer, the summer is come: the wild woods
for the summer, the summer is come: the wild woods

Tempo I.leg.

she hath said Re-joice! The wild woods thrill to her mer-
well, fare well! Summer!

thrill to her voice, her
thrill to her voice, her
thrill to her voice, her
thrill to her voice, her

F
Her sweet breath is wan-d'ring a-round on high.

I de-part—Fare-well!

Mine are the wings of the echoing sky!

Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!

Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!

Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!

Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!

Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!
Soaring morn, Mine the fresh gales with day-spring
Summer, Summer! I depart—Fare-

born: Only young rapture can mount so high—
well, fare-well!

Ah! Rejoice!

Ah! Rejoice!
Sing, ah, sing thro' the echoing sky!
The summer is come, the summer is come; the summer is come...

The summer is come, the summer is come...

From * to * on p. 81 could, if desired, be omitted, in which case the Chorus should substitute the syllable "sky" for "john" at the end of the cut. C.V.S.
dim.
come, . . . the sum - mer, the sum - mer is
come, . . . is come, . . . the sum - mer is
dim.
summer is come; The wild - woods thrill to her mer - ry voice, the
summer is come; The wild - woods thrill to her mer - ry voice, the
dim.
summer is come; The wild - woods thrill to her mer - ry voice, the
summer is come; The wild - woods thrill to her mer - ry voice, the
dim.
come, . . . the sum - mer is
come, . . . is come, . . . the sum - mer is
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
Re - joice, . . . re - joice,
ah, rejoicing rejoicing the summer is come; she hath said Rejoice, rejoicing, the summer is come; she hath said Rejoice, rejoicing. The summer is come, she hath
the summer is come,

she hath said. Rejoice,

the summer is come;

said Rejoice,

ah,

the summer is come;

said Rejoice,

the summer is come;

said Rejoice,

the summer is come;

said Rejoice,
Moderato.

Ah, rejoice!

Farewell, farewell!

Ah, rejoice, the summer is come;

Ah, rejoice, the summer is come;

Ah, rejoice, the summer is come;

Ah, rejoice, the summer is come;

Ah, rejoice!

She hath said Rejoice!

She hath said Rejoice!

She hath said Rejoice!

She hath said Rejoice!
Andante.

So those two voices met:

So those two voices met;

So those two voices met;

So those two voices met;

A tempo.

a tempo.

a tempo.

a tempo.

so Joy and Death Mingled their accents;

so Joy and Death Mingled their accents;

so Joy and Death Mingled their accents;

so Joy and Death Mingled their accents;

and, 'mid the

and, 'mid the

and, 'mid the

and, 'mid the

rush of many thoughts, 'mid the rush of many thoughts, the list'ning

rush of many thoughts, 'mid the rush of many thoughts, the list'ning

rush of many thoughts, 'mid the rush of many thoughts, the list'ning

rush of many thoughts, 'mid the rush of many thoughts, the list'ning

poco accel.

poco accel.

poco accel.

poco accel.

poco accelerando.

poco accelerando.

poco accelerando.

poco accelerando.

poco piu c Schroeder
Baritone Solo.

46 Moderato con moto.

"Oh! thou art mighty,
poet cried,
poet cried,
poet cried,
poet cried,
46 Moderato con moto.

oh! thou art wonderful, mysterious nature!

Not. in thy free range of woods and wilds a loss, thou blend est

thus The dirge, note and the song of festival; But in one

crea.
heart, one changeful human heart— Aye, and within one

hour of that strange world— Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones,

doe. testar-tle and to piecex

the dying swan's.

and the glad sky— lack's— triumph, tri—
Oh, thou art mighty... oh, thou art wondrous nature!
Not... in thy free range Of woods and wilds a-lone,
thou blend' est thus The dirge-note and the song of festi-

Not in wilds alone, thou blend' est dirge-note and song of festi-

Blend' est thus The dirge-note and the song of festi-

-lons, thou blend' est thus The dirge-note and the song of festi-

Farewell, ah, farewell; The dying swan's

Farewell; The dying swan's

Farewell; The dying swan's

Farewell; The dying swan's
Soprano Solo.

The summer is come; she hath said Re-

well!

And the glad sky-lark's—

The glad sky-lark's—

The glad sky-lark's—

Aria: triumph, triumph and despair!

Aria: triumph, triumph and despair!

Aria: triumph, triumph, triumph and despair!

Aria: triumph, triumph and despair!
thou art wonder-ful

thou art wonder-ful,

thou art wonder-ful,

thou art wonder-ful,

poco cres.

myste-rious na-ture, thou art mighty, thou art won-der-ful.

rit. e dim.

myste-rious na-ture, thou art mighty, thou art won-der-ful.

rit. e dim.

myste-rious na-ture, thou art mighty, thou art won-der-ful.

rit. e dim.

thou art might-y, thou art won-der-ful.