Part II – Life

Nº 4 INTO THE NOON OF LABOR

Bass Solo

Moderato e maestoso

Piano

I to the noon of la-bor I go

forth that I may reap my des-ti-ny... Sor-row is my

but, and la-bor my a-chieve-ment, The beau-ty of God’s hand-i-work my
cos·pas·sa·tion.  Some·thing with·in me
rush·es like a foun·tain and urges me to joy.

Sor·row is as beau·ty, and la·bor as re·ward.

Thou art be·come a great·er

7432-114
God, O God, be-cause of mine en-deav-er!

Listen thro' mine ears. Thou of my sing-ing sanc-ta-ry,

Listen thro' mine ears, that I hear Thy si-lent mu-sic;

Look thro' mine eyes, that I vis-ion the un-seen.
Speak thro' my lips, that I utter words of gladness. Walk Thou with me, work Thou thro' me, That! I may make mani fest in all my ways.

I will praise Thee, God, praise Thee with the la br of my
I know my fires consume too fast
I know that soon they will have pass'd,
But oh, the joy of mounting flame, The gift of those who

came.

Burn, my spirit, burned.

Burn, my spirit, burned.
burn in the blast!

These bones to ash must turn at last,

in the blast!

These bones to ash must turn at last,

in the blast!

These bones to ash must turn at last,

These bones to ash must turn at last,

So light the world in beauty's

These bones to ash must turn at last,

So light the world in beauty's

These bones to ash must turn at last,

So light the world in beauty's

These bones to ash must turn at last,

So light the world in beauty's

These bones to ash must turn at last,
climb thy heights; Joy, I have seen thy face; Work, I have proved thy rights;
climb thy heights; Joy, I have seen thy face; Work, I have proved thy rights;
climb thy heights; Joy, I have seen thy face; Work, I have proved thy rights;
climb thy heights; Joy, I have seen thy face; Work, I have proved thy rights;

Grief, I have

Cello Solo
Love, I have run thy race; Youth, I have flown thy kites; Age, I have

Each is a friend to me, True without
end to me, Each doth extend to me Knowledge and grace...

end to me, Each doth extend to me Knowledge and grace...

end to me, Each doth extend to me Knowledge and grace...

end to me, Each doth extend to me Knowledge and grace.

I know my fires consume too fast, I know that soon they will have passed,

I know my fires consume too fast, I know that soon they will have passed,

I know my fires consume too fast, I know that soon they will have passed,

I know my fires consume too fast, I know that soon they will have passed,
Part III – Death

No. 6. INTO THE VALLEY-LAND

Chorus with Soprano Solo

Andantino

PIANO

Horn Solo

Violin da gamba

Cello da gamba

Bassoon

E-flat Horn

Horn I

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SOLO-CHOIR

In to the valley land my feet descend, and man may not go with me. But Thou, O God, com-

not, may not go with me. But Thou, O God, com-

not. go with me. But Thou, O God, com-

Horn
PANION ME in love that I be un-a-fraid.

PANION ME in love that I be un-a-fraid.

PANION ME in love that I be un-a-fraid.

PANION ME in love that I be un-a-fraid.

The dream of death has flower'd in my

The dream of death has flower'd in my

The dream of death has flower'd in my

The dream of death has flower'd in my
and sounds of earth fall dimly on mine ears.

soul, and sounds of earth fall dimly on mine ears.

Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and she

and the

Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and the
As the waters of a river sweep the wonders

of creation thro' my being.

As the waters of a river sweep the wonders

of creation thro' my being.

As the waters of a river sweep the wonders

of creation thro' my being.
And birth and death are so separate, I know not.
Shadows descend and blur the crimson hills. A wind flung from a
womb of ice Blows from the shores of
womb of ice Blows from the shores of
wind flung from a womb of ice Blows from the shores of

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hosts of darkness.
hosts of darkness.
hosts of darkness.
hosts of darkness.

CHORUS II

The winds sing a song of
The winds sing a song of
The winds sing a song of
The winds sing a song of
Choruses I

The winds arise and shout their fury,
The winds arise and shout their fury,
The winds arise and shout their fury,
The winds arise and
passion down the world,

passion down the world,

shout their passion down the world,

The winds arise and shout their

The winds arise and shout their

The winds arise and shout their

The winds arise and shout their
Tow'ns of cy-pr ess touch the heights,
battlement of gloom,
battlement of gloom,
battlement of gloom,
battlement of gloom,

Yes, in a battlement of gloom.

heights:
heights:

Yes, in a battlement of gloom.
tow'rs of cypress o'v'erwhelm the heav'n.
Lone - by the  hulk - of  a  bro - ken  moon  Lifts its  blood - y sail.

Why hast Thou hid - den Thy self, O God?

And - nate

Why hast Thou turn'd Thy face a-side  And bur - den'd me with
Allegro moderato

Where is my dream of death, And where its sanctuary?

The heat of hell assails me, I am consumed in bitterness and pain. Reveal Thyself, O unforgetting
Spirit! Un-fold Thy-self that I may be enshrined in the beauty of Thy presence. In the beauty of Thy presence.

Drive forth this mocking counterfeit of death. For it is Thou who art my Death, O living God. It is Thou who art my Death, and only Thou!
Mono mosso molto tranquillo  \*pp\*  

My fear-ing passes from me—  

As a heavy mantle falling from tired shoulders—  

Sorrow slips away. 

Then hast heard my cry, O great God.  

Thou hast heard my cry. 

Thou hast lifted me up. 

Thou hast delivered me!
Candles are set at my feet
that I be not lost for ever.

The Night of darkness is resolved into
even-tide, into

tran
quill even-tide.

Larghetto e tranquillo

pp a tempo
Harp
Horns
Now does the bush of night lie purple on the

hills, The moon walks softly in a trance of sleep; Her
white-ness cools the passion of the skien.

I hang my quiet late upon her curve.
And let the night winds chant my requiem.

And let the night winds chant my requiem.

And let the night winds chant my requiem.
drift me down the spaciousness of silence and of song!

God lights His solemn watch fires

God
God lights, His solemn

His solemn watch fires,

overhead, His solemn

lights His solemn watch.

watch fires overhead to keep the

watch fires overhead to keep the

watch fires overhead to keep the

fires overhead to keep the
sleep, Lean low, Thou Shep-herd of my

sleep, Lean low, Thou Shep-herd of my

sleep, Lean low, Thou Shep-herd of my

sleep, Lean low, Thou Shep-herd of my

poco lento

poco lento

poco lento

poco lento

dreams; lean how to meet me as I lift on

dreams; lean how to meet me as I lift on

dreams; lean how to meet me as I lift on

dreams; lean how to meet me as I lift on

leaves