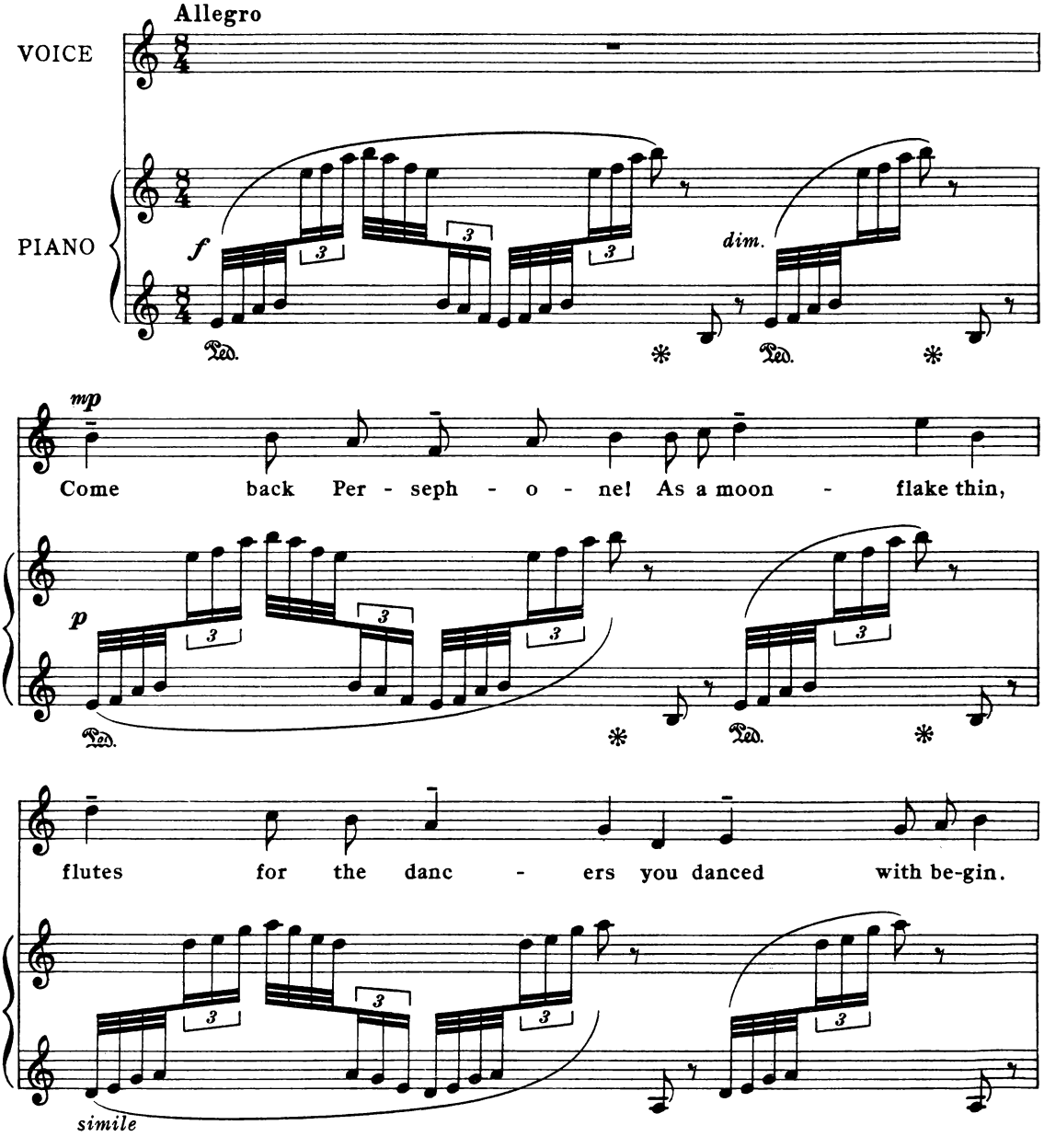
PERSEPHONE

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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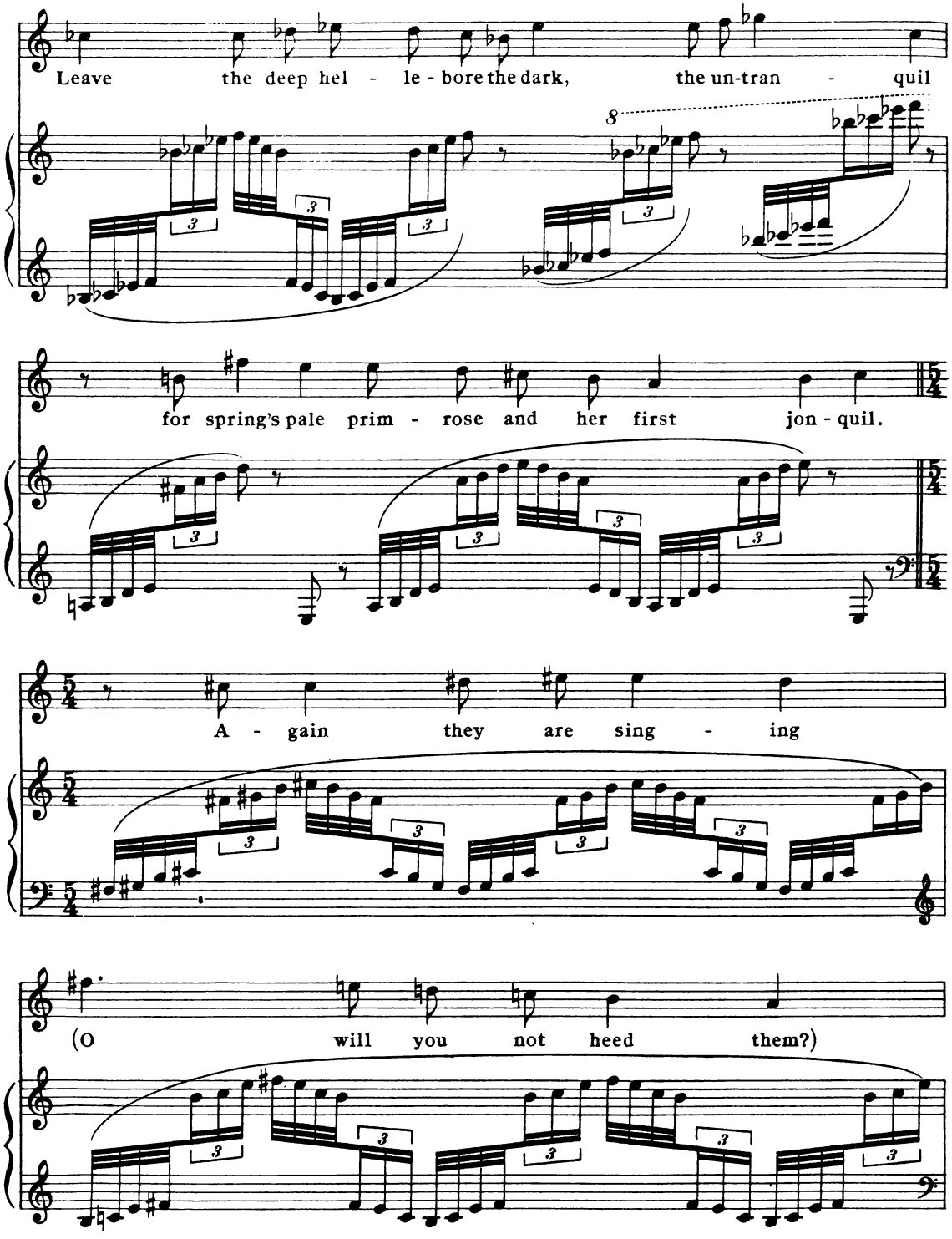
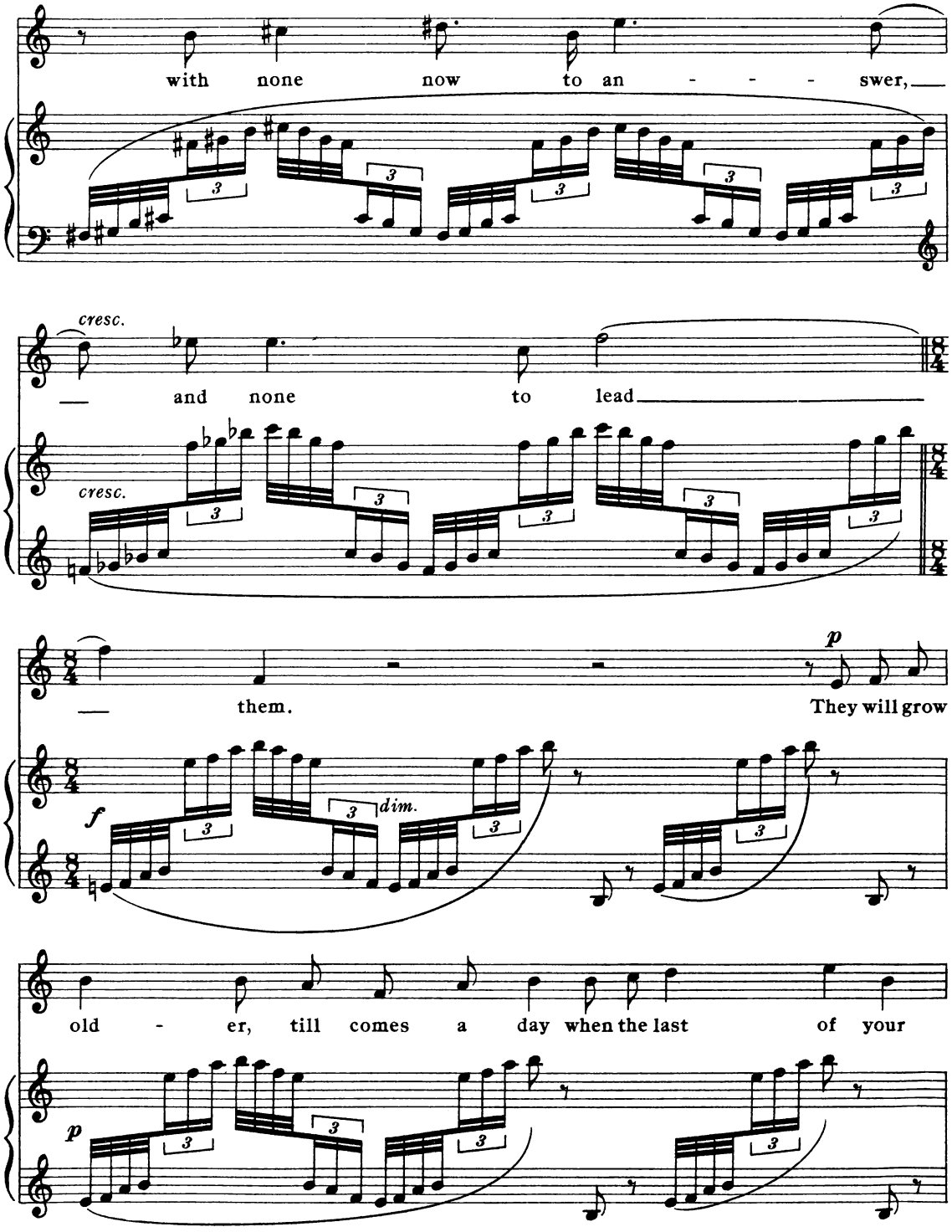
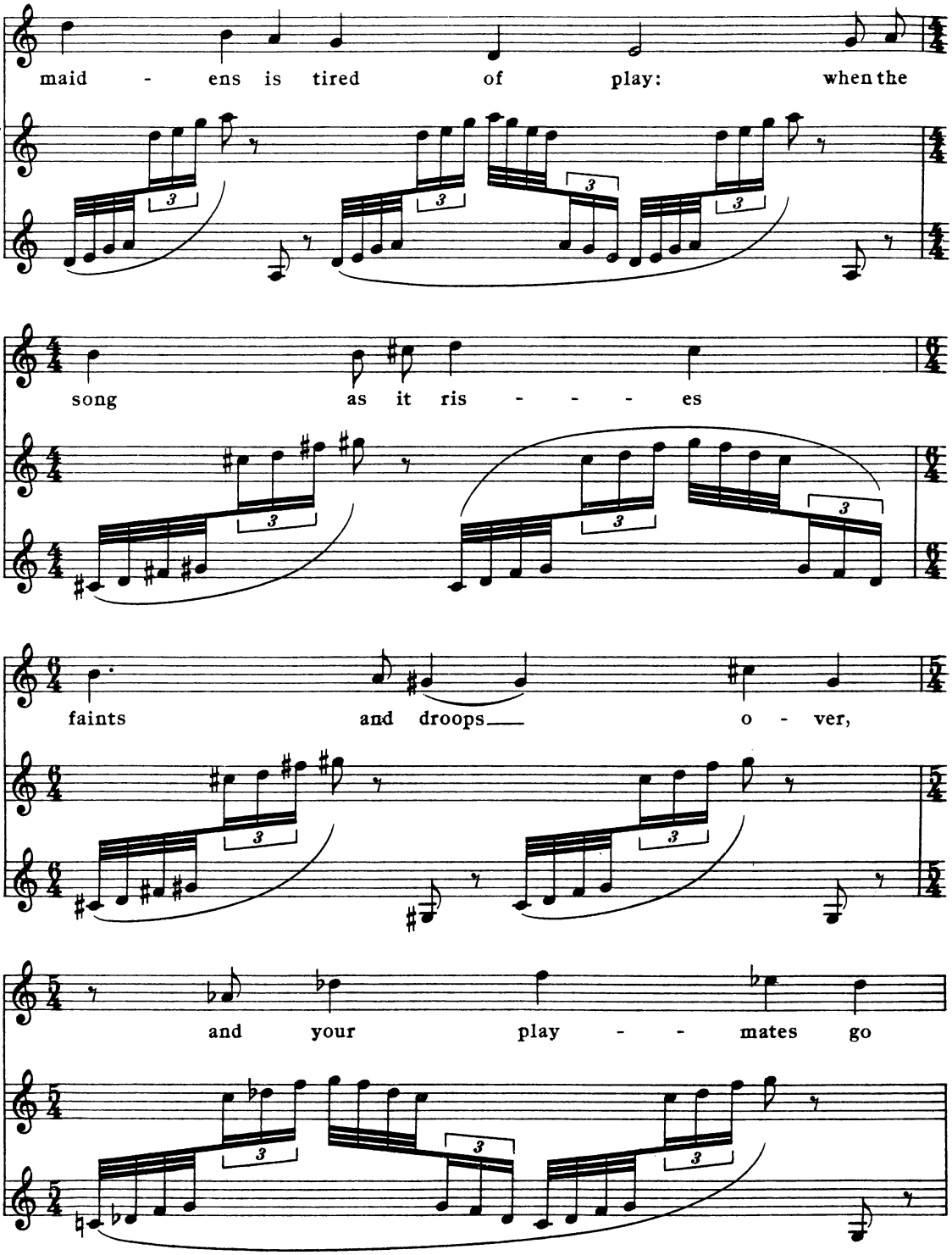
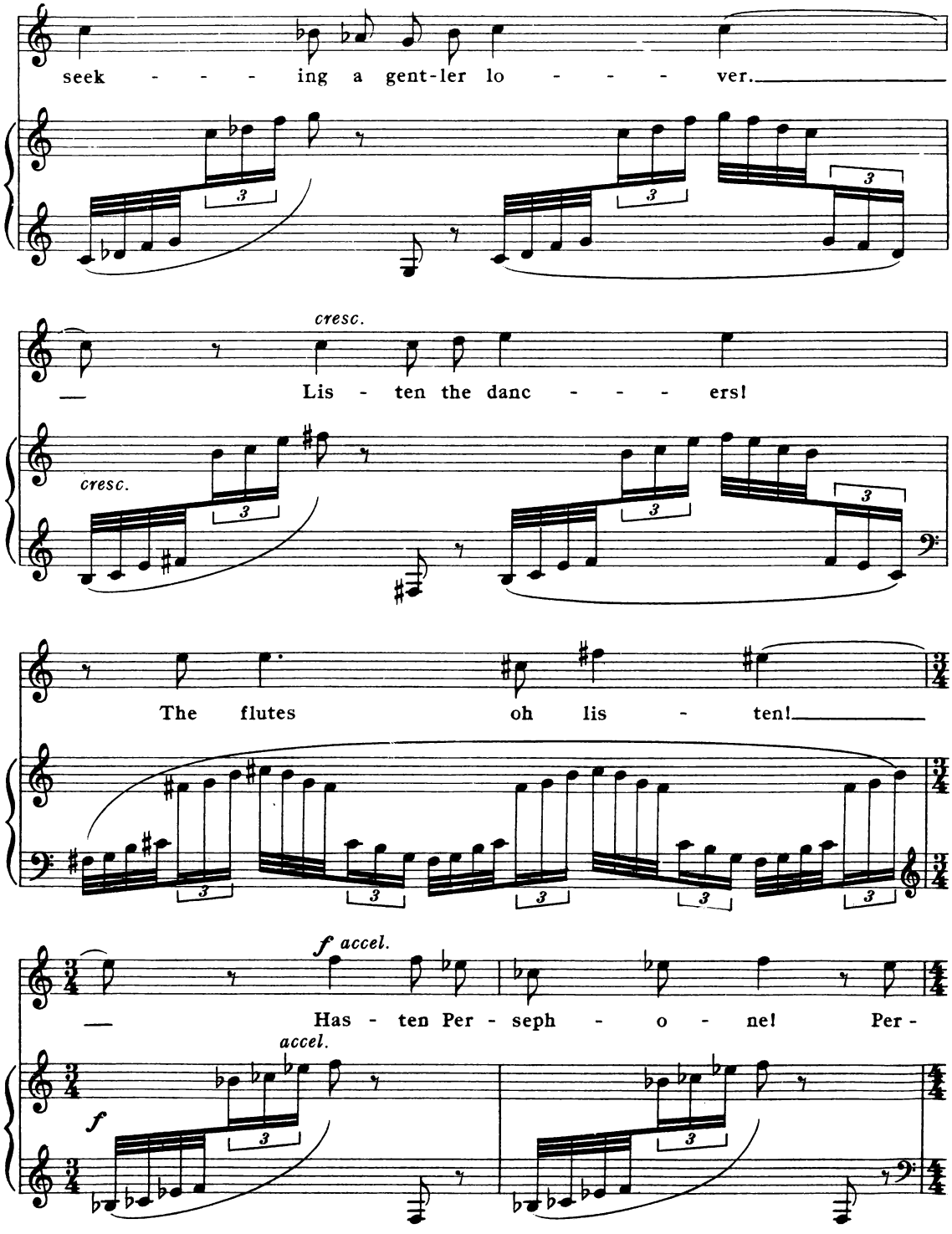
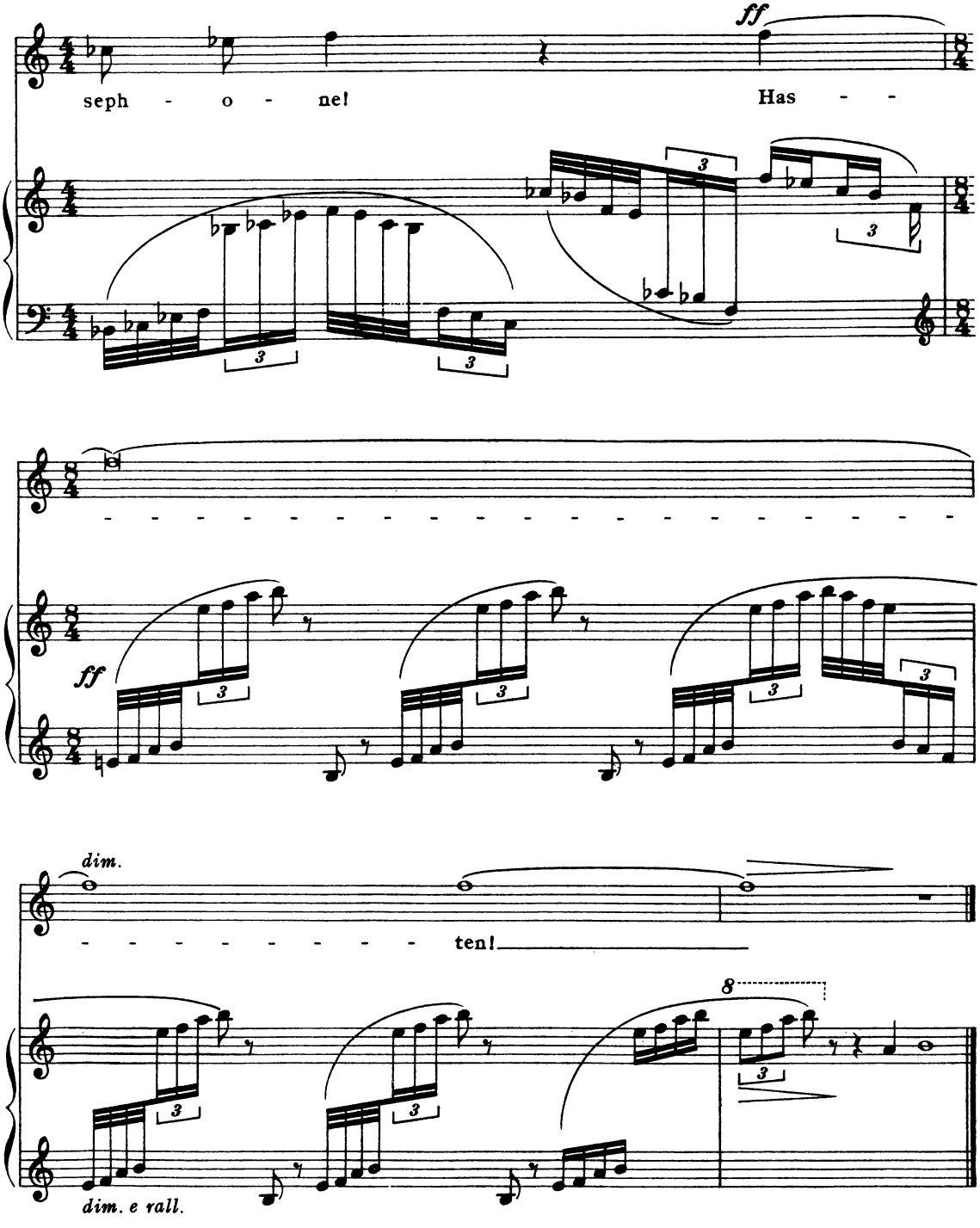

Leave the deep hel - le - bore the dark, the un-tran - quil
for spring's pale prim - rose and her first jon - quil.
A - gain they are sing - ing
(O will you not heed them?)


with none now to an - - - swer,
cresc.
and none to lead
cresc.
them.
p
They will grow
f
dim.
old - er, till comes a day when the last of your
p


maid - ens is tired of play: when the
song as it ris - - - es
faints and droops o - ver,
and your play - - mates go


seek - - - ing a gent-ler lo - - - - ver.
cresc.
Lis - ten the danc - - - - ers!
cresc.
The flutes oh lis - ten!
f accel.
Has - ten Per - seph - o - ne! Per -
accel.
f


ff
seph - o - ne!
Has - -
ff
dim.
ten!
8
dim. e rall.

THINGS LOVELIER

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Andante (Tempo Rubato)

VOICE

PIANO

You can-not dream things love-li-er than the first love I had of her.

Nor air is an-y as mag-ic sha-ken as her breath in the first kiss ta-ken

And who, in dream-ing, un-der-stands her hands stretched like a blind man's hands?

O-pen, tremb-ling, wise they were—You can-not dream things love-li-er.

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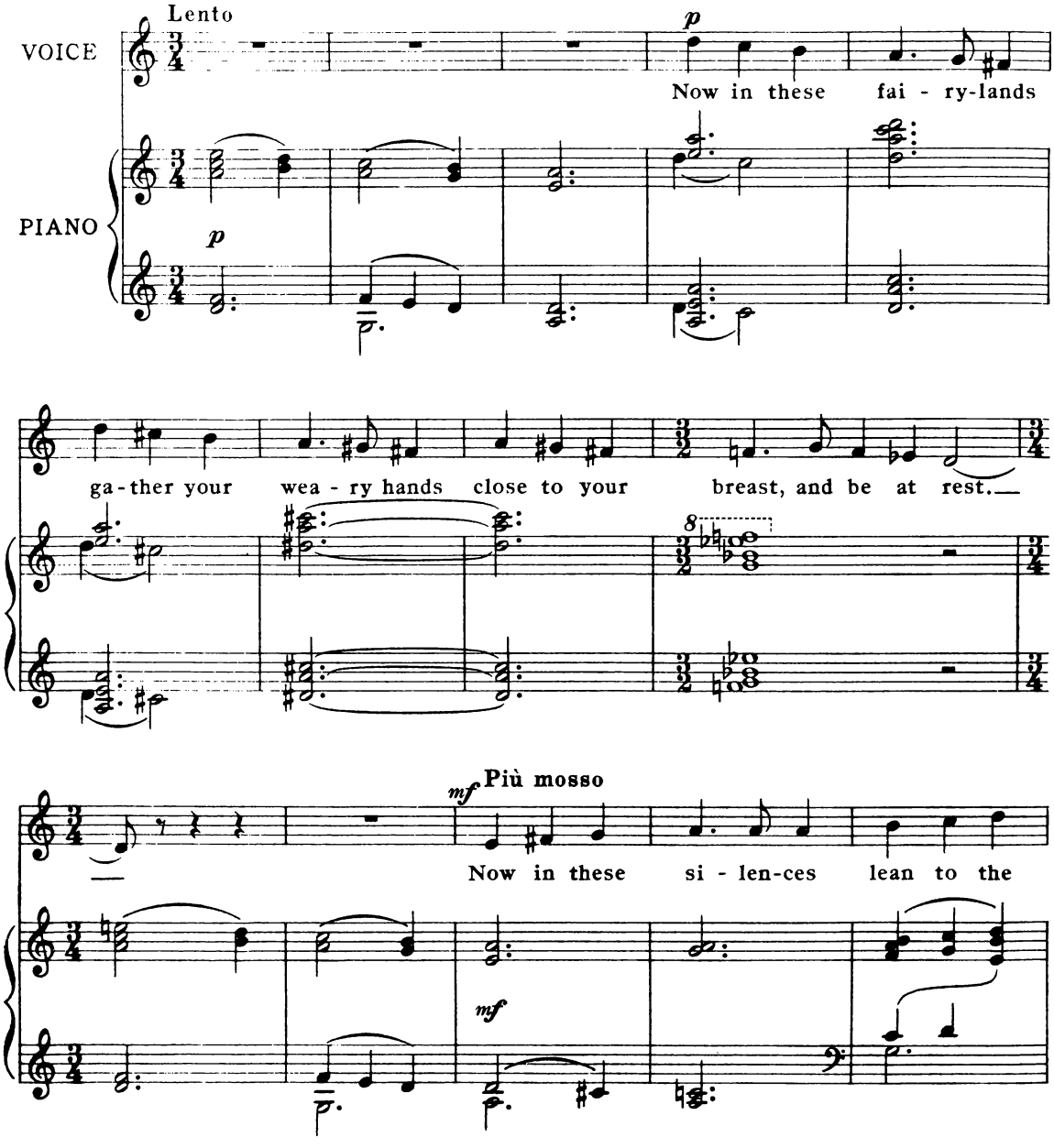
NOW IN THESE FAIRYLANDS

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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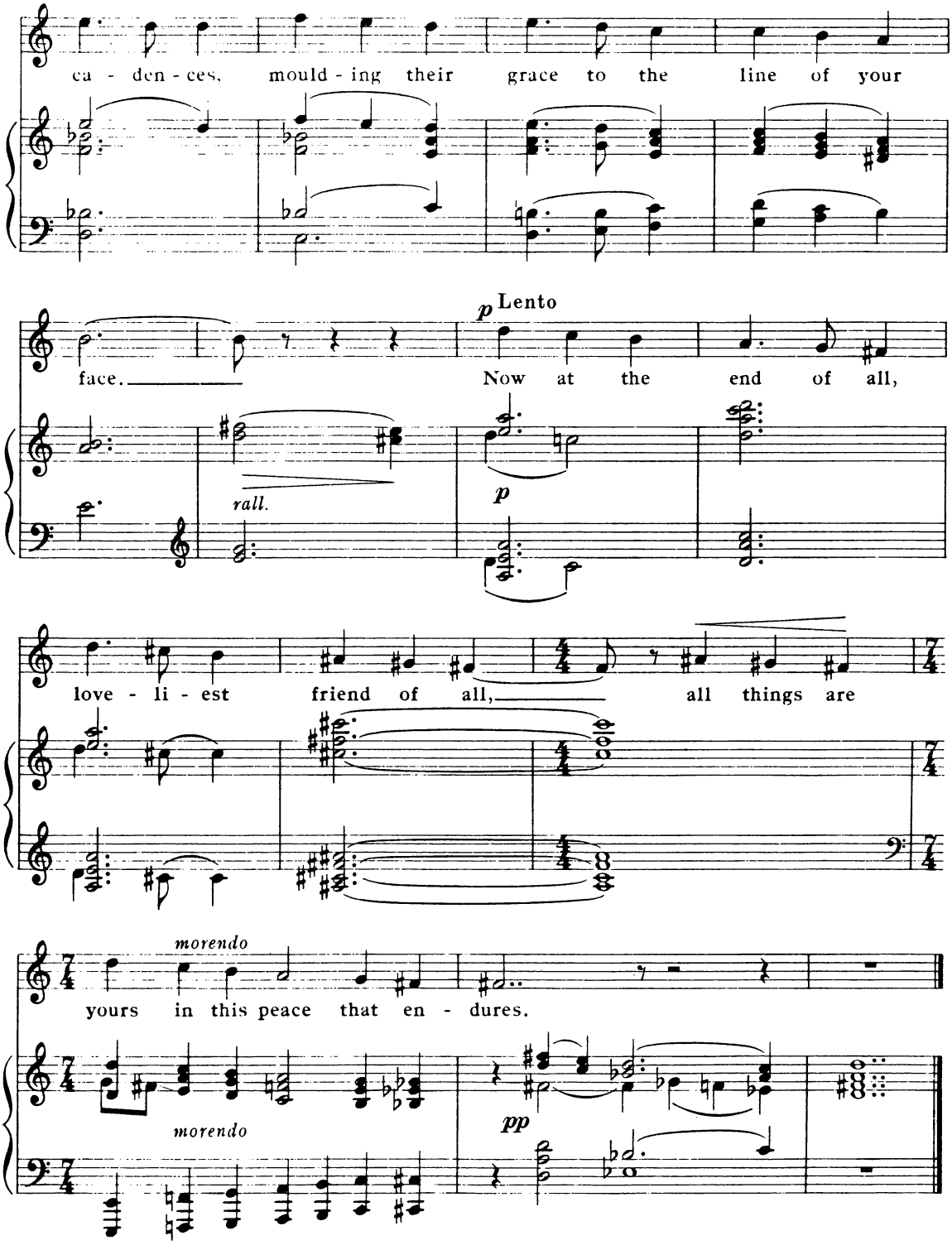
ca - den - ces, mould - ing their grace to the line of your
face.
p Lento
Now at the end of all,
rall.
p
love - li - est friend of all, all things are
morendo
yours in this peace that en - dures.
morendo
pp

A LITTLE MUSIC

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

p leggiero

p sempre legato

Since it is eve-ning,

let us in - vent love's un - dis - cov - ered con - tin - ent.

What shall we steer by, hav - ing no chart but the de - lib - er - ate

fraud of the heart? How shall we find it?

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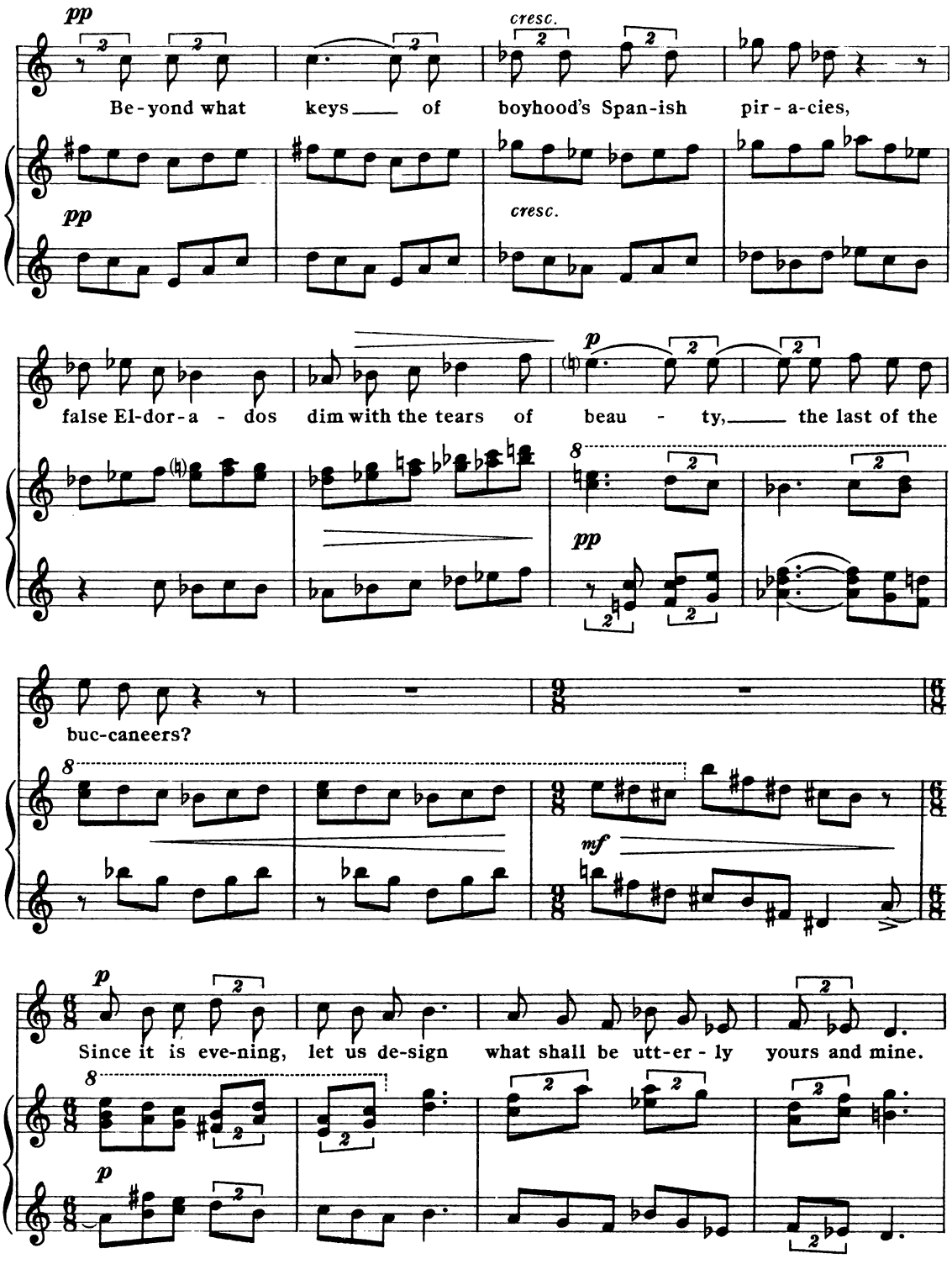
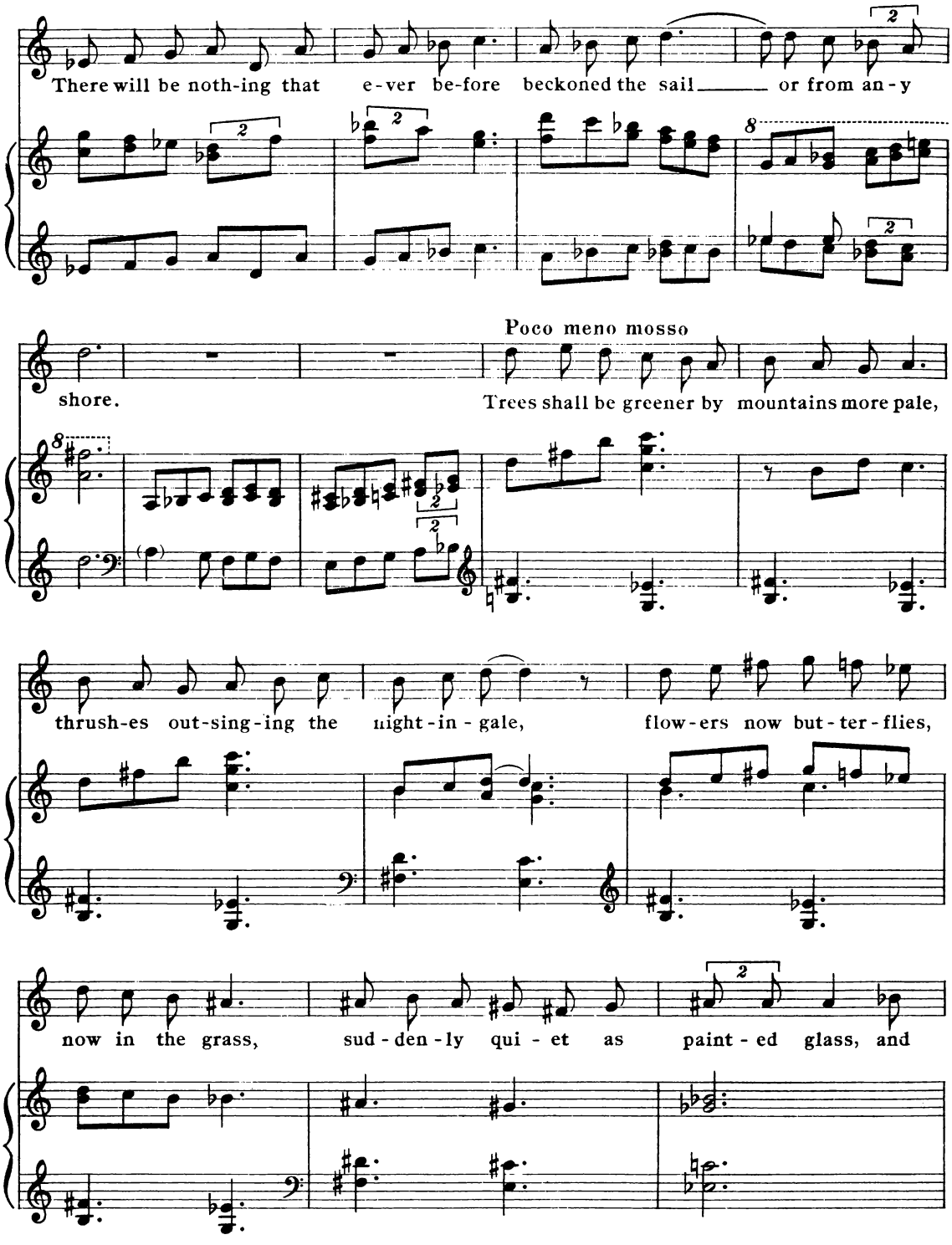
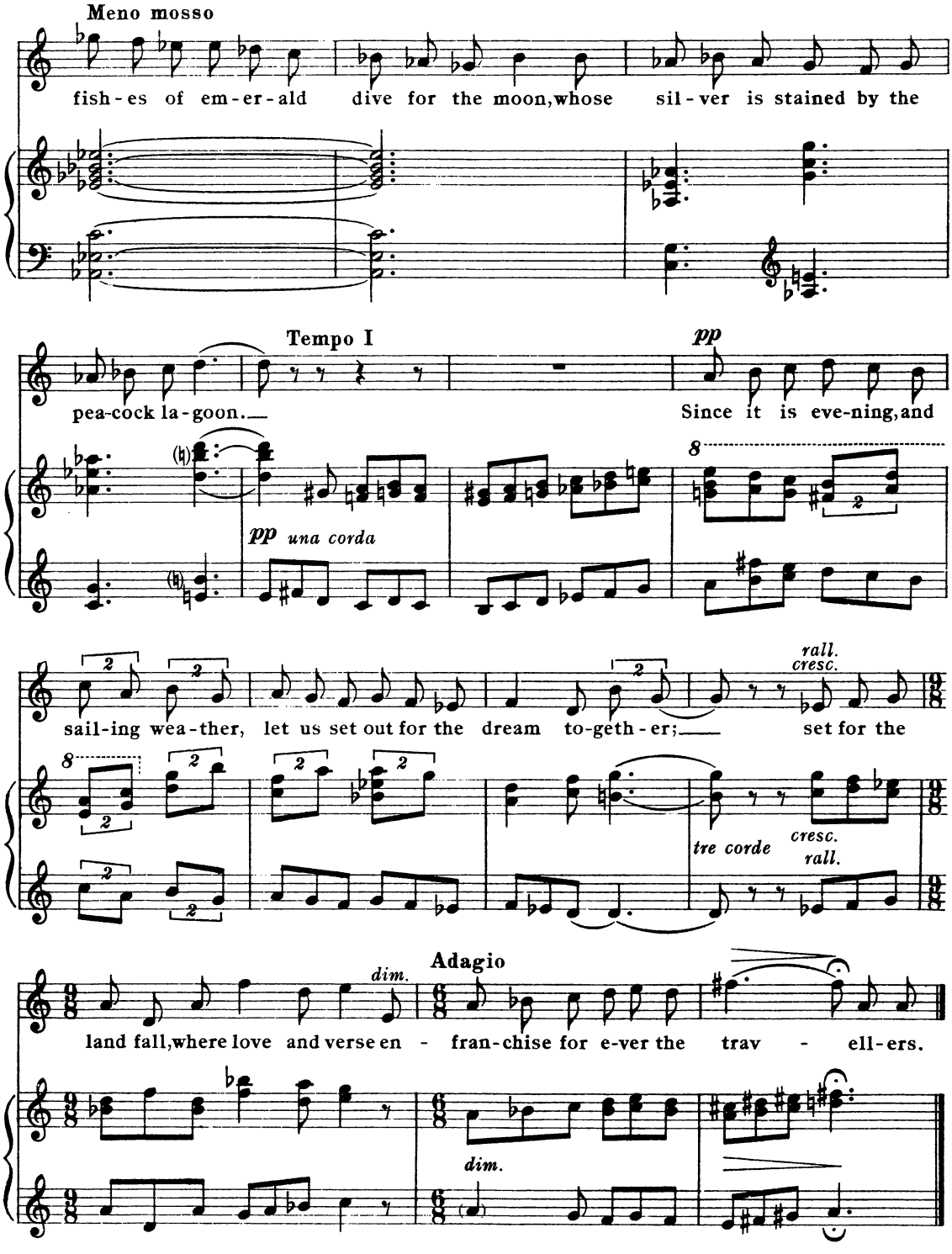

pp
cresc.
Be - yond what keys of boyhood's Span-ish pir - a-cies,
pp
cresc.
p
false El-dor-a - dos dim with the tears of beau - ty, the last of the
pp
buc-caneers?
mf
p
Since it is eve-ning, let us de-sign what shall be utt-er - ly yours and mine.
p

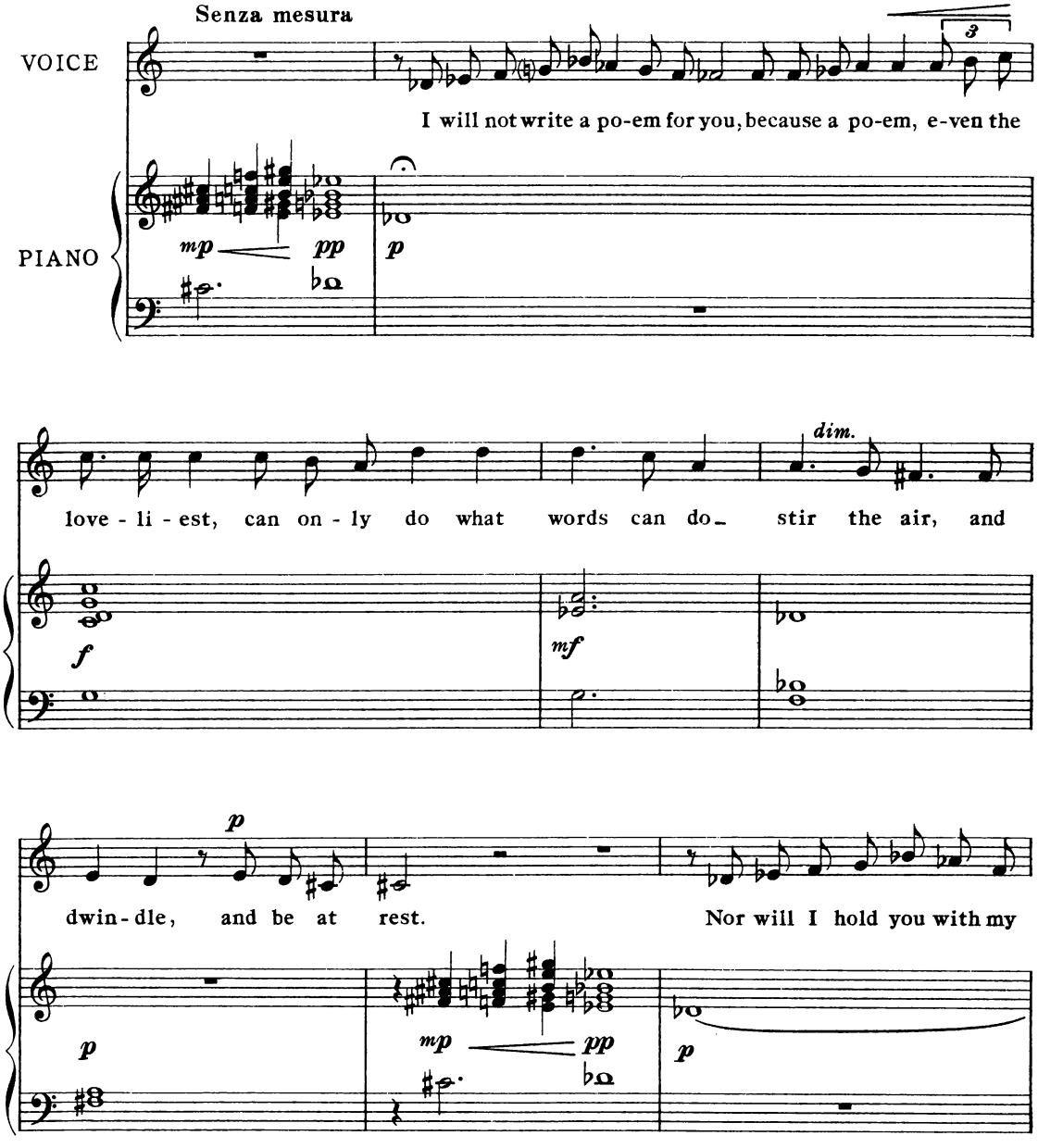

There will be noth-ing that e-ver be-fore beckoned the sail or from an-y
shore.
Poco meno mosso
Trees shall be greener by mountains more pale,
thrush-es out-sing-ing the night-in-gale,
flow-ers now but-ter-flies,
now in the grass,
sud-den-ly qui-et as
paint-ed glass, and


Meno mosso
fish-es of em-er-ald dive for the moon, whose sil-ver is stained by the
Tempo I
pea-cock la-goon.
pp
Since it is eve-ning, and
pp una corda
sail-ing wea-ther, let us set out for the dream to-geth-er;
rall.
cresc.
set for the
tre corde
cresc.
rall.
dim.
Adagio
land fall, where love and verse en - fran-chise for e-ver the trav - ell-ers.
dim.

THE THOUGHT

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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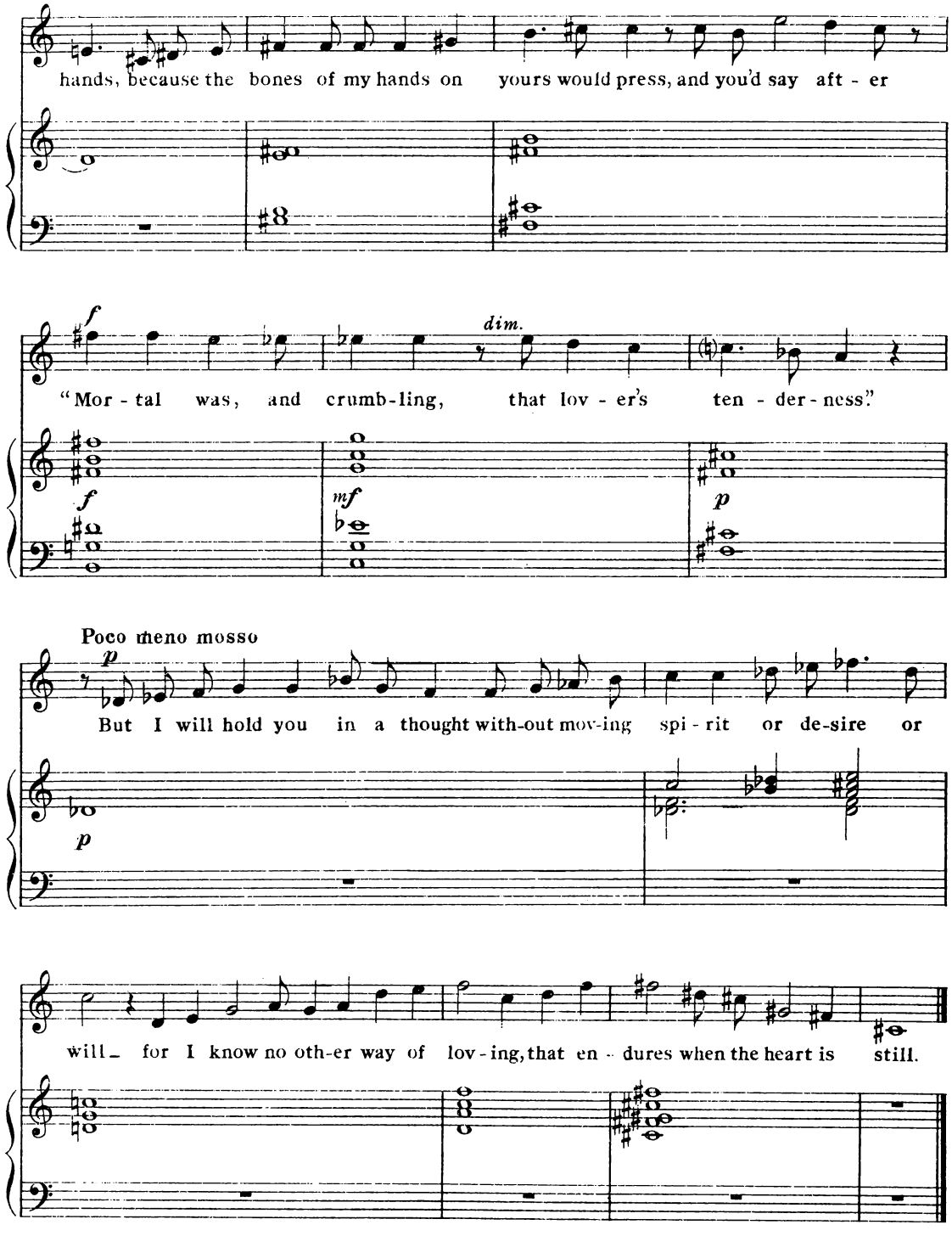
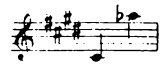

hands, because the bones of my hands on yours would press, and you'd say aft - er
f
dim.
"Mor - tal was, and crumb-ling, that lov - er's ten - der - ness."
f
mf
p
Poco meno mosso
p
But I will hold you in a thought with-out mov-ing spi - rit or de-sire or
p
will_ for I know no oth-er way of lov - ing, that en - dures when the heart is still.

THE FLORAL BANDIT



Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Vivace

p leggiero

VOICE

PIANO

pp

Be-yond the town_ oh

far! be-yond it she walks_ that la-dy_ have you seen her? that

thief of spring, that flor-al ban-dit who leaves the grass she

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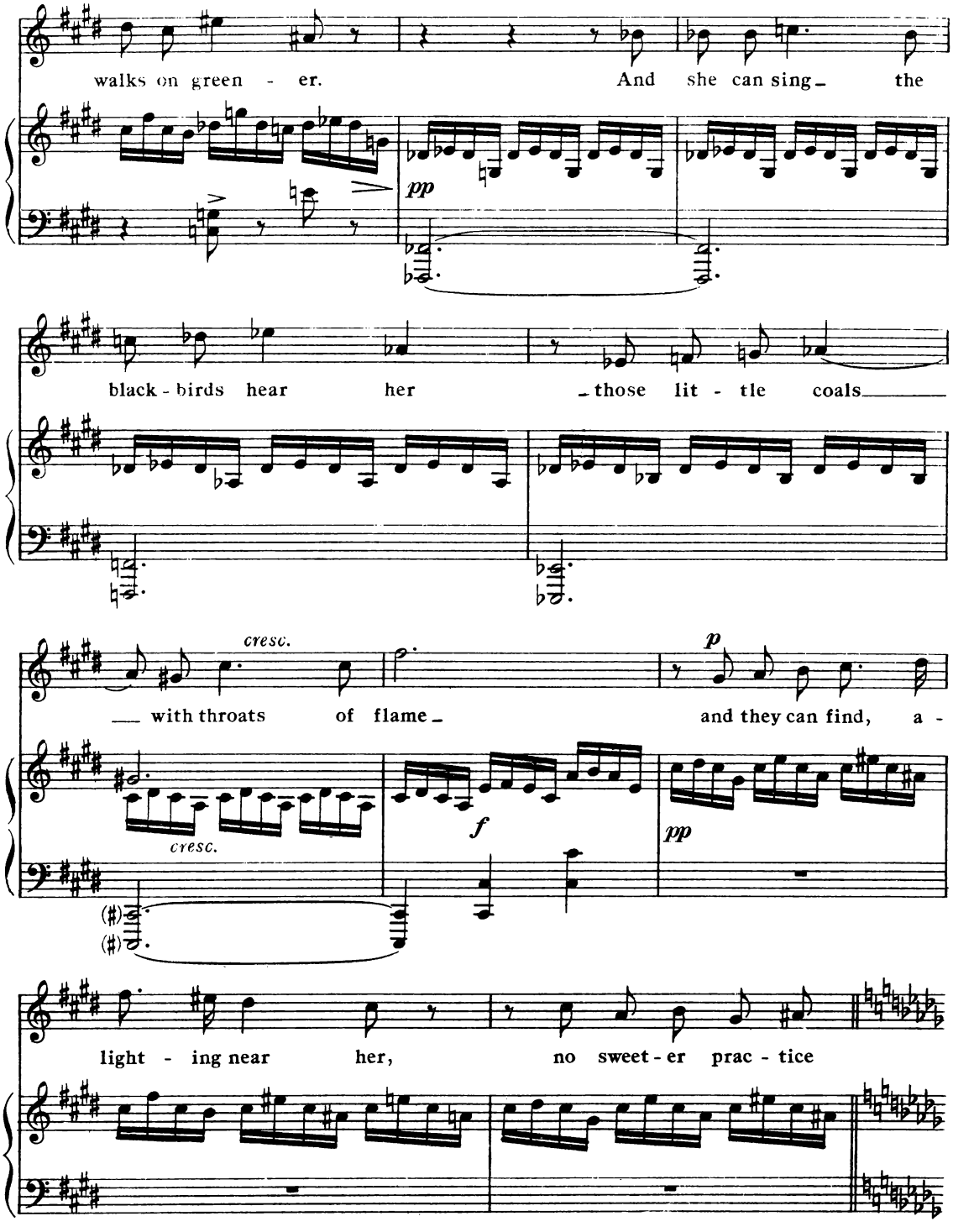
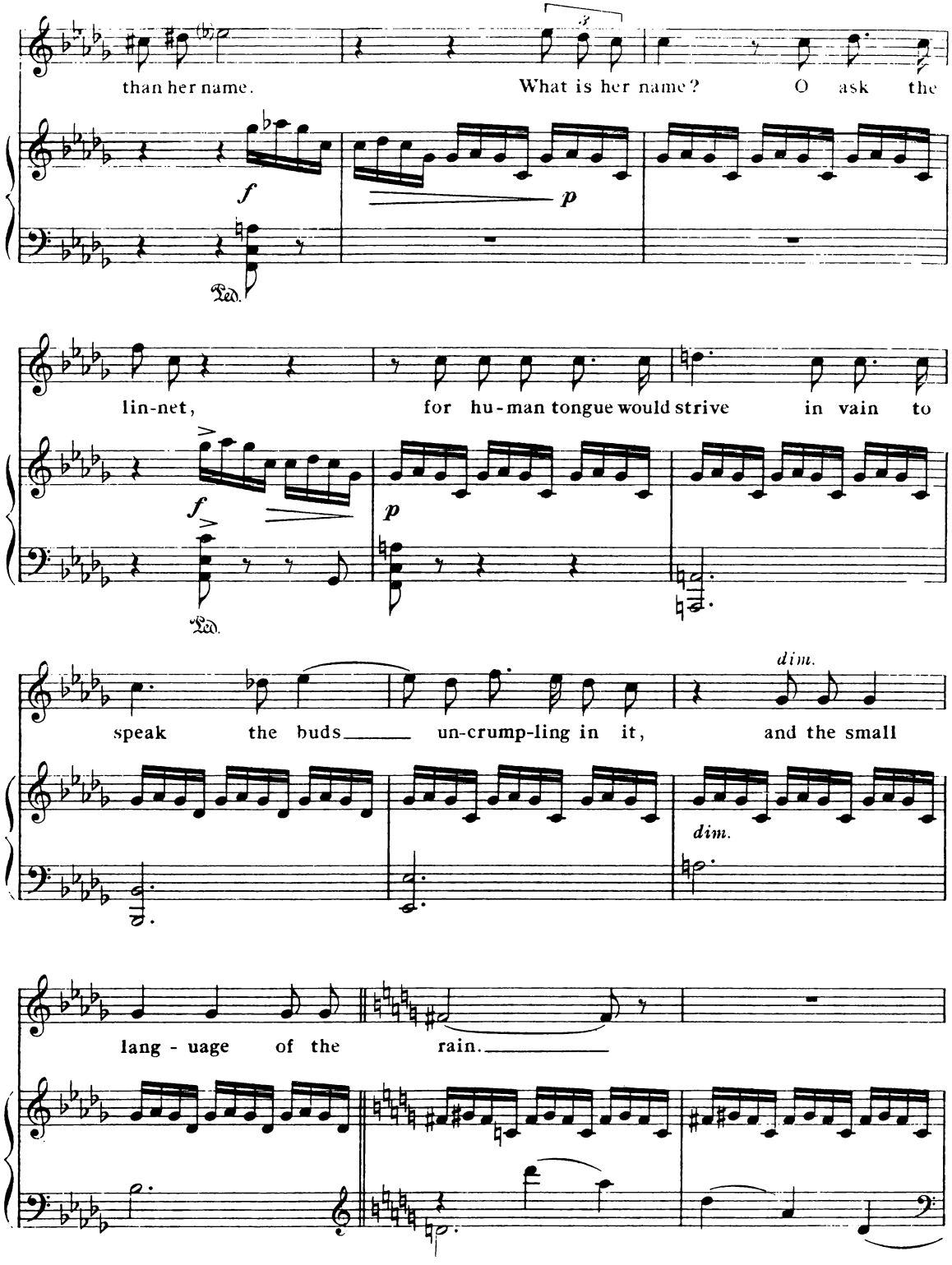
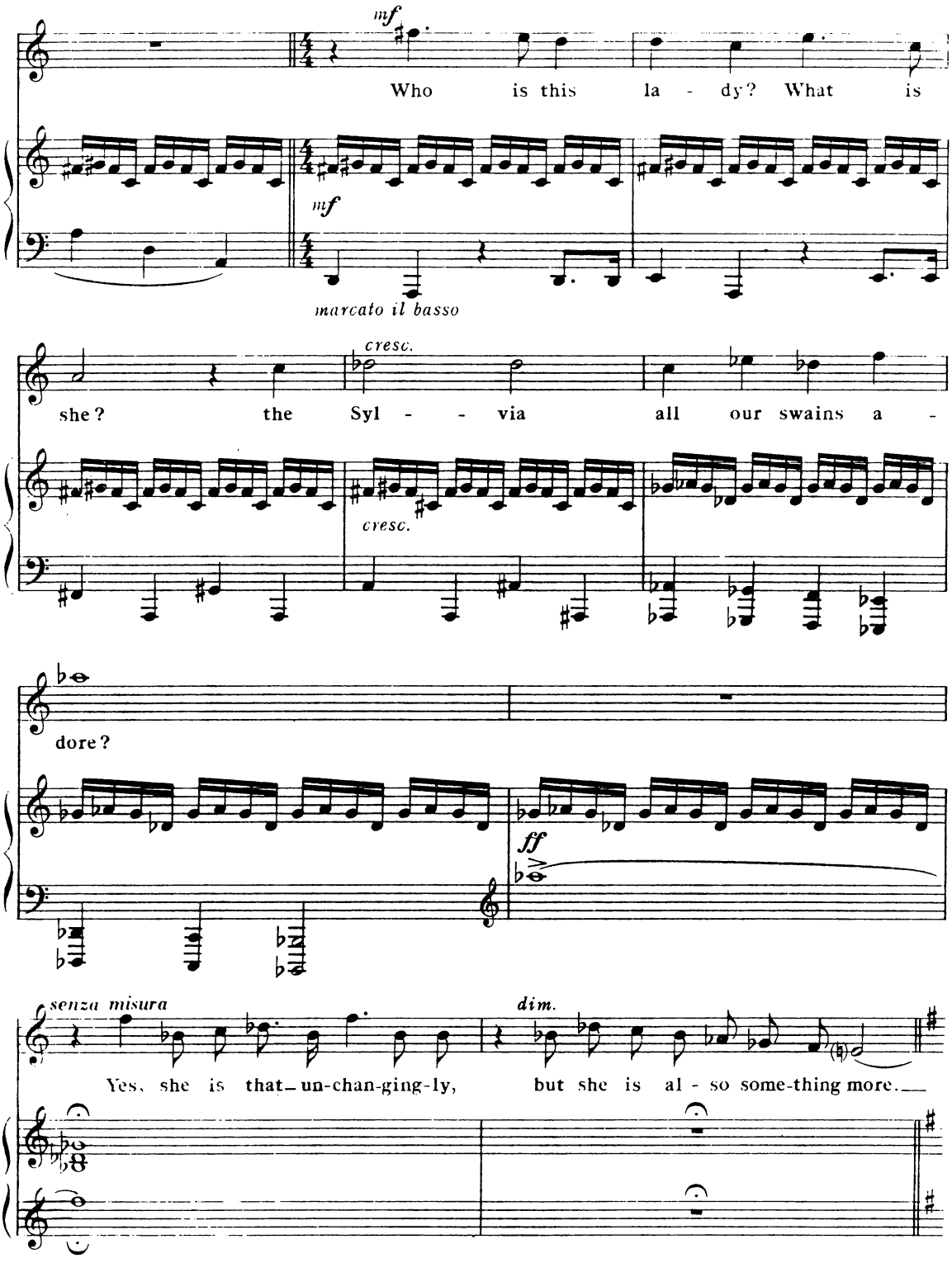
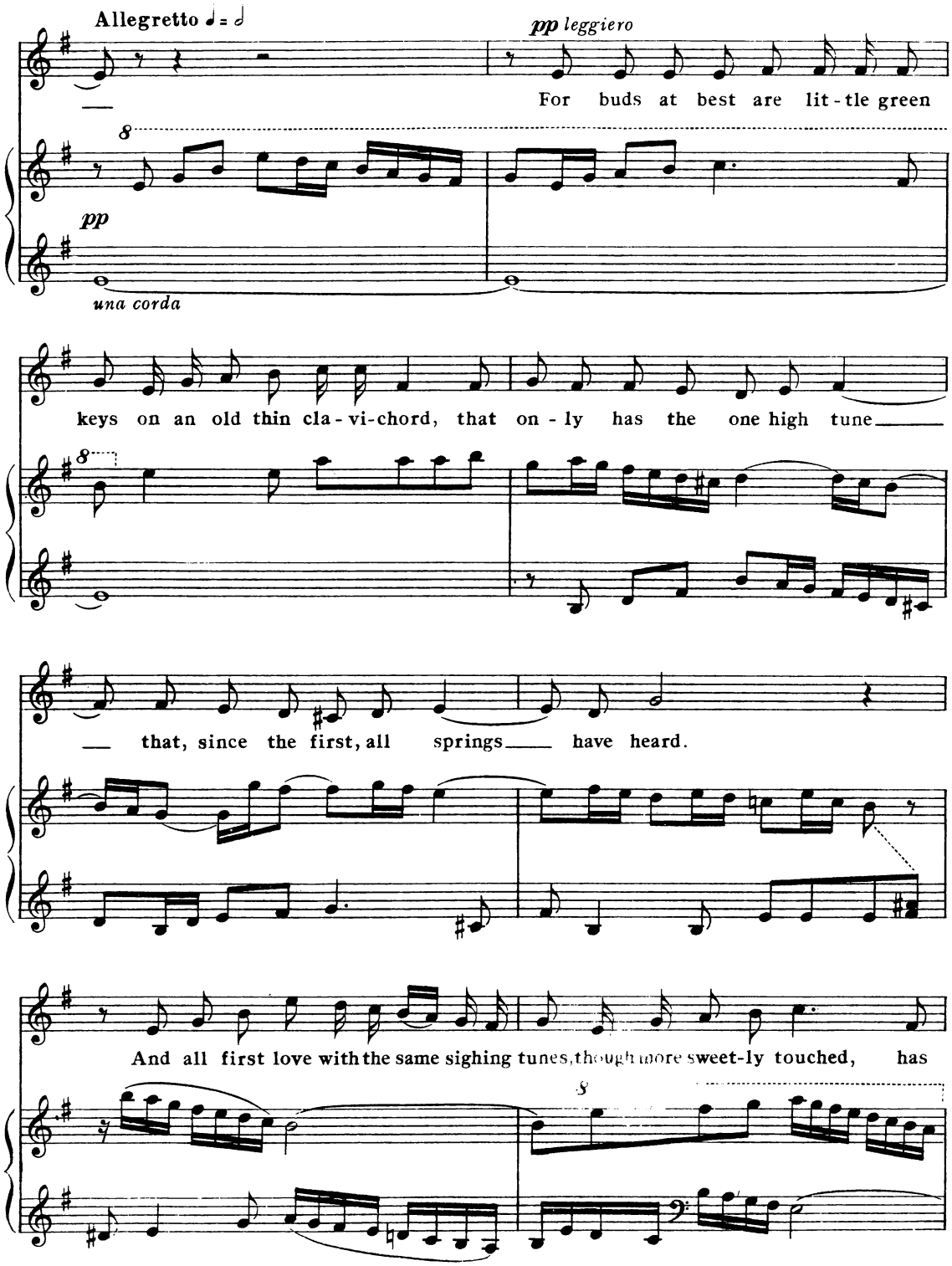
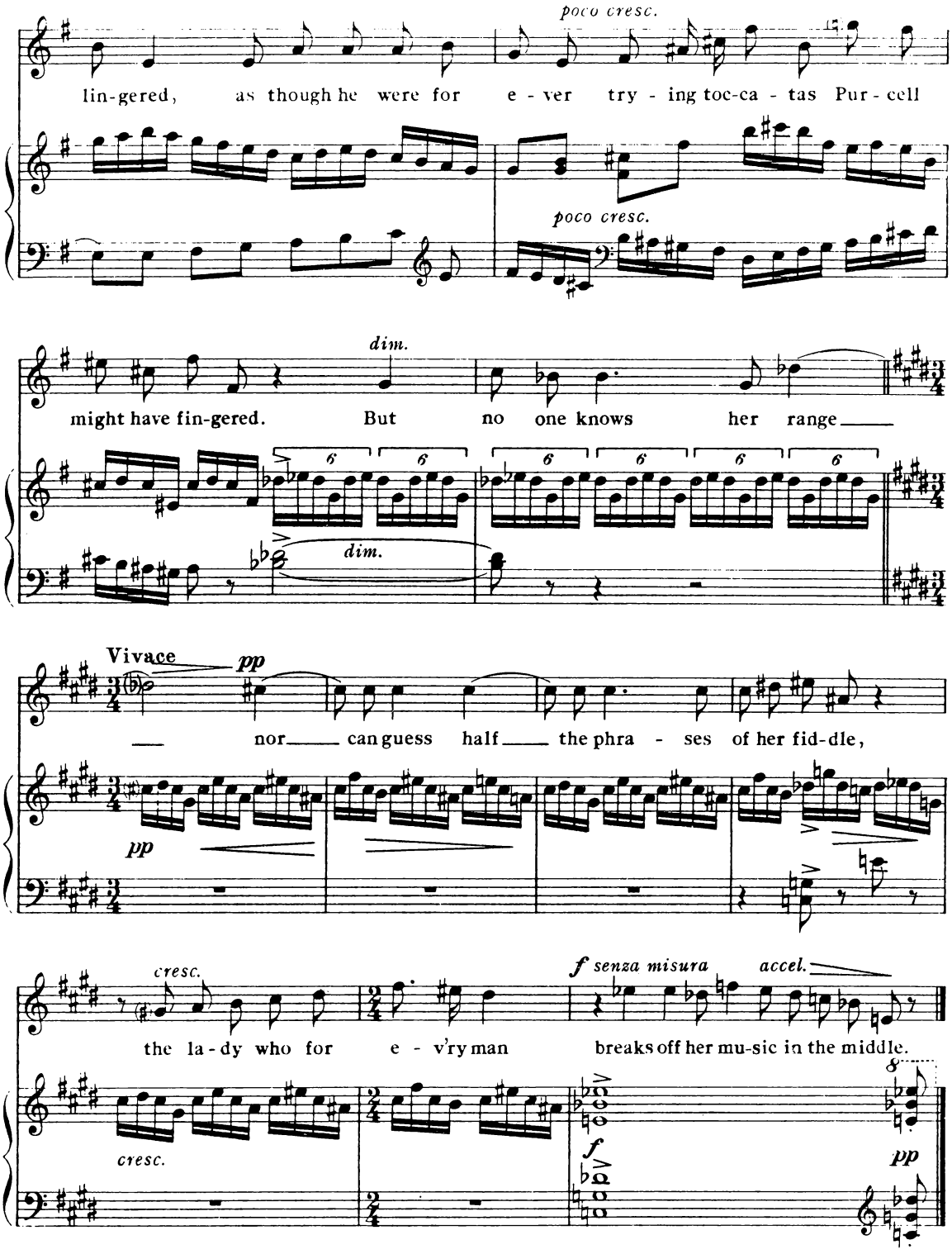

walks on green - er.
And she can sing_ the
pp
black - birds hear her
those lit - tle coals
cresc.
_ with throats of flame_
p
and they can find, a -
cresc.
f
pp
light - ing near her,
no sweet - er prac - tice


than her name.
What is her name?
O ask the
lin-net,
for hu-man tongue would strive
in vain to
speak the buds
un-crump-ling in it,
and the small
lang - uage of the
rain.
f
p
dim.
Ped.


mf
Who is this la - dy? What is
mf
marcato il basso
cresc.
she? the Syl - - via all our swains a -
cresc.
dore?
ff
senza misura
dim.
Yes, she is that- un-chan-ging-ly, but she is al - so some-thing more.

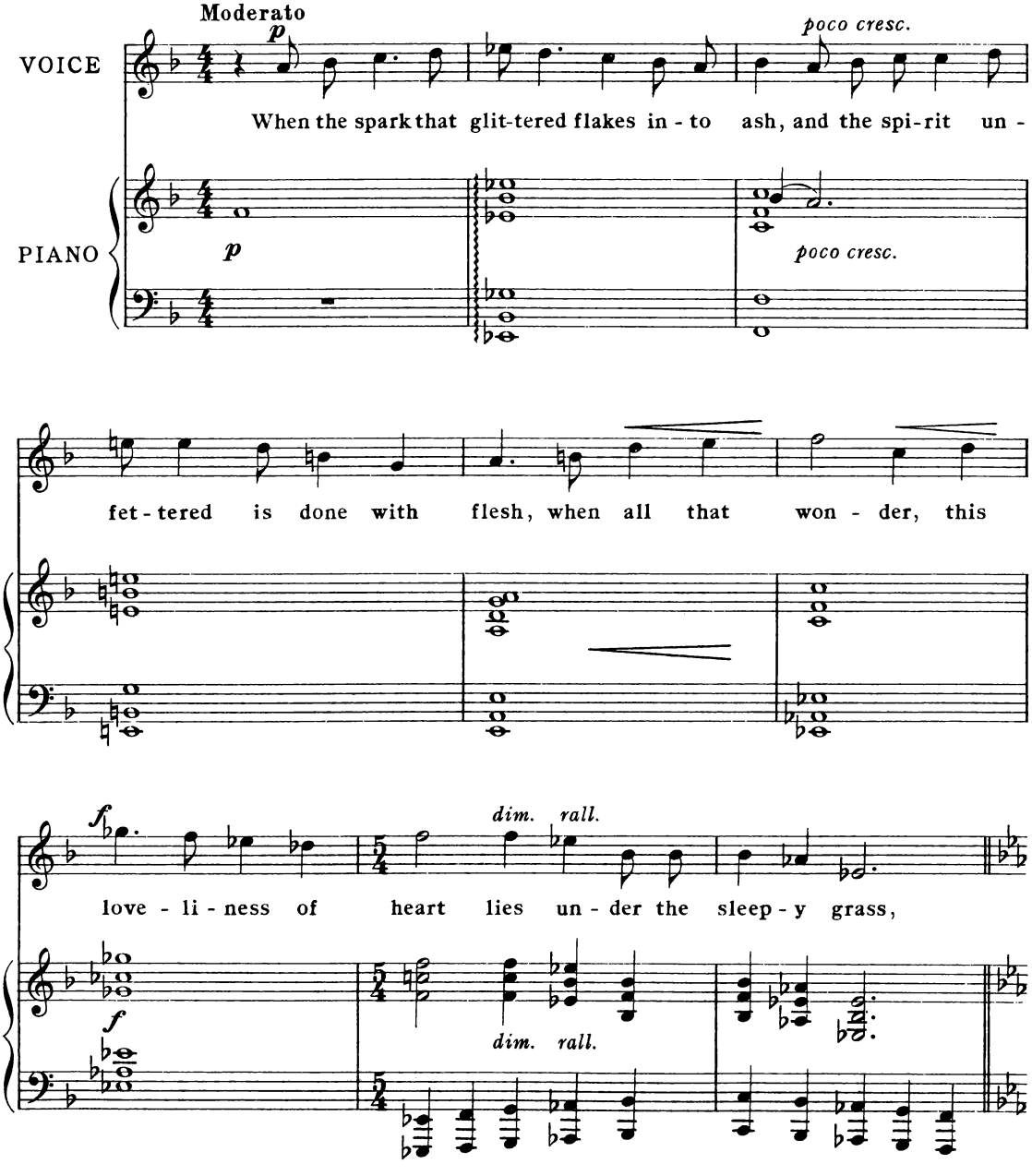

Allegretto ♩ = 𝅗𝅥
pp leggiero
For buds at best are lit - tle green
pp
una corda
keys on an old thin cla - vi-chord, that on - ly has the one high tune
that, since the first, all springs have heard.
And all first love with the same sighing tunes, though more sweet-ly touched, has


poco cresc.
lin-gered, as though he were for e - ver try - ing toc-ca - tas Pur - cell
poco cresc.
dim.
might have fin-gered. But no one knows her range
dim.
Vivace
pp
nor can guess half the phra - ses of her fid-dle,
pp
cresc.
the la - dy who for e - v'ry man
f senza misura
accel.
breaks off her mu-sic in the middle.
cresc.
f
pp

ENVOI

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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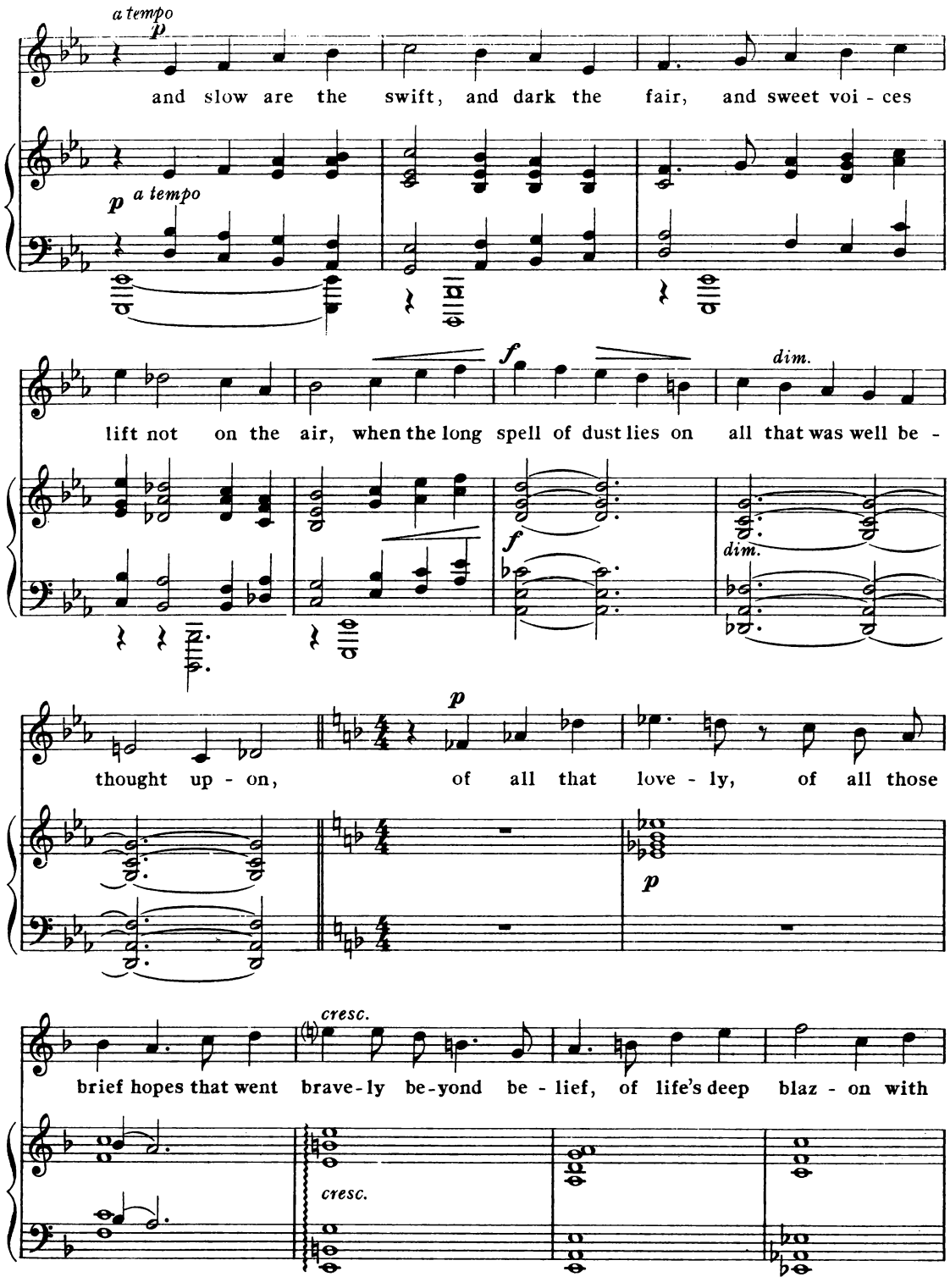
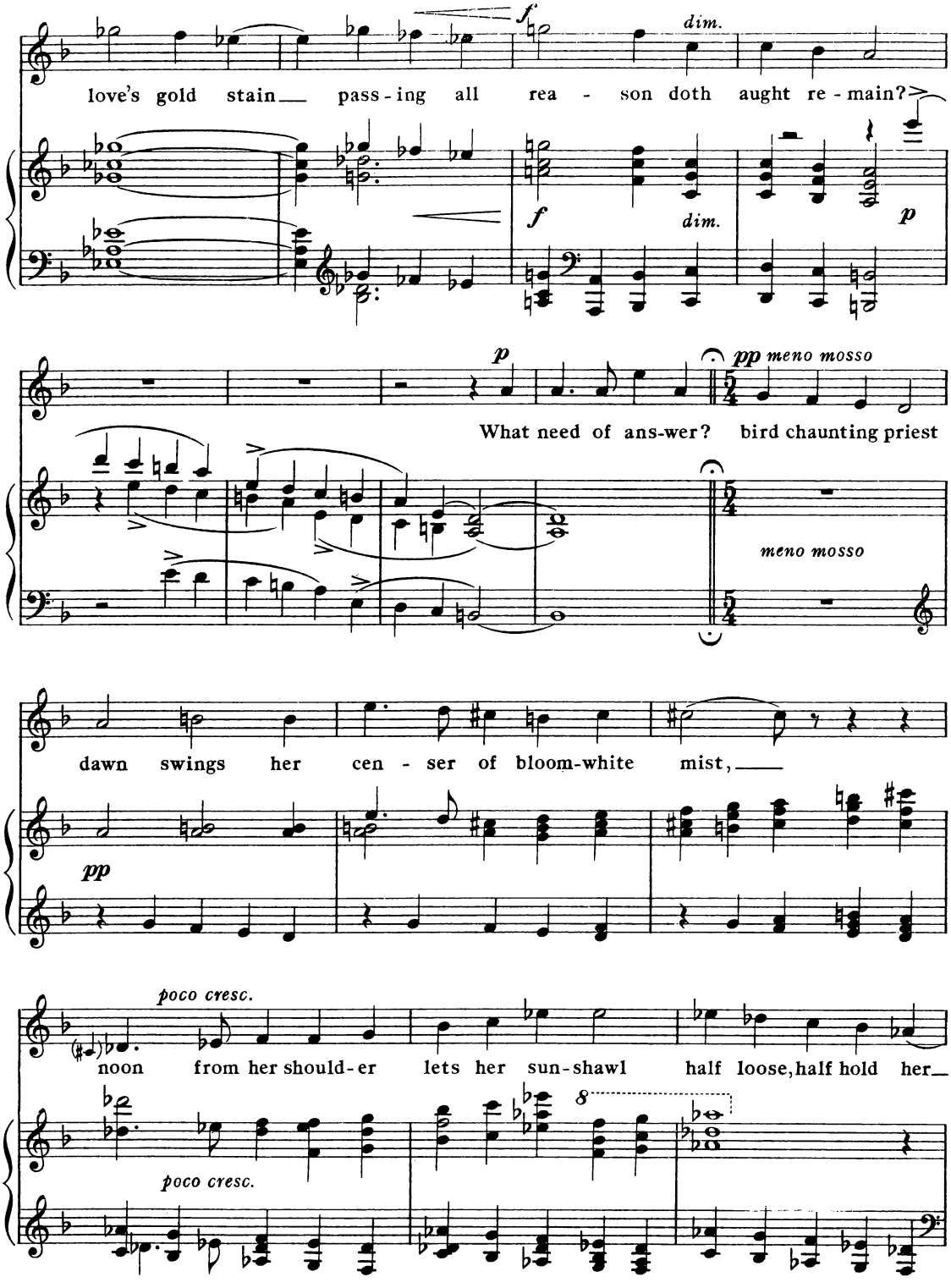
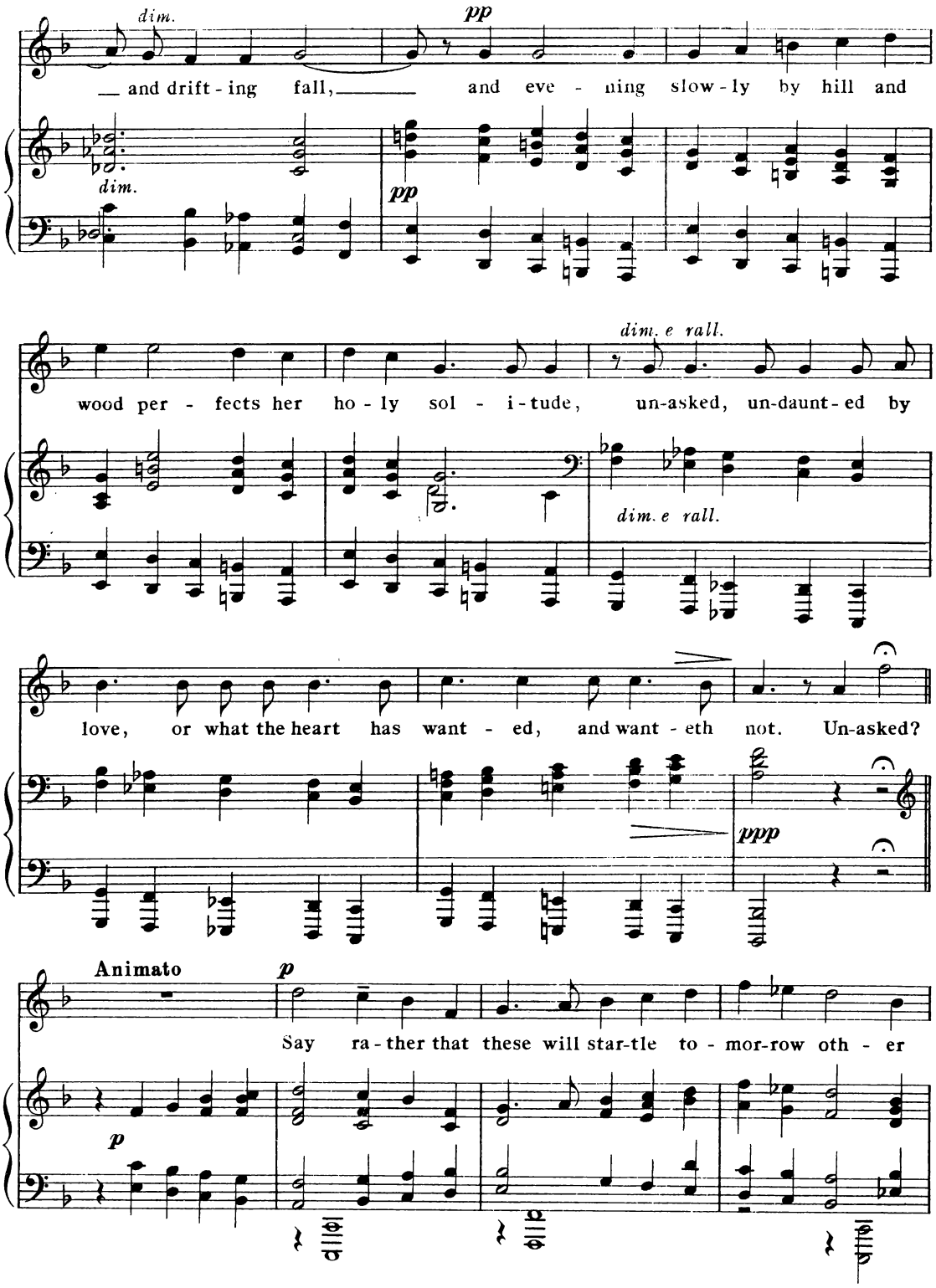
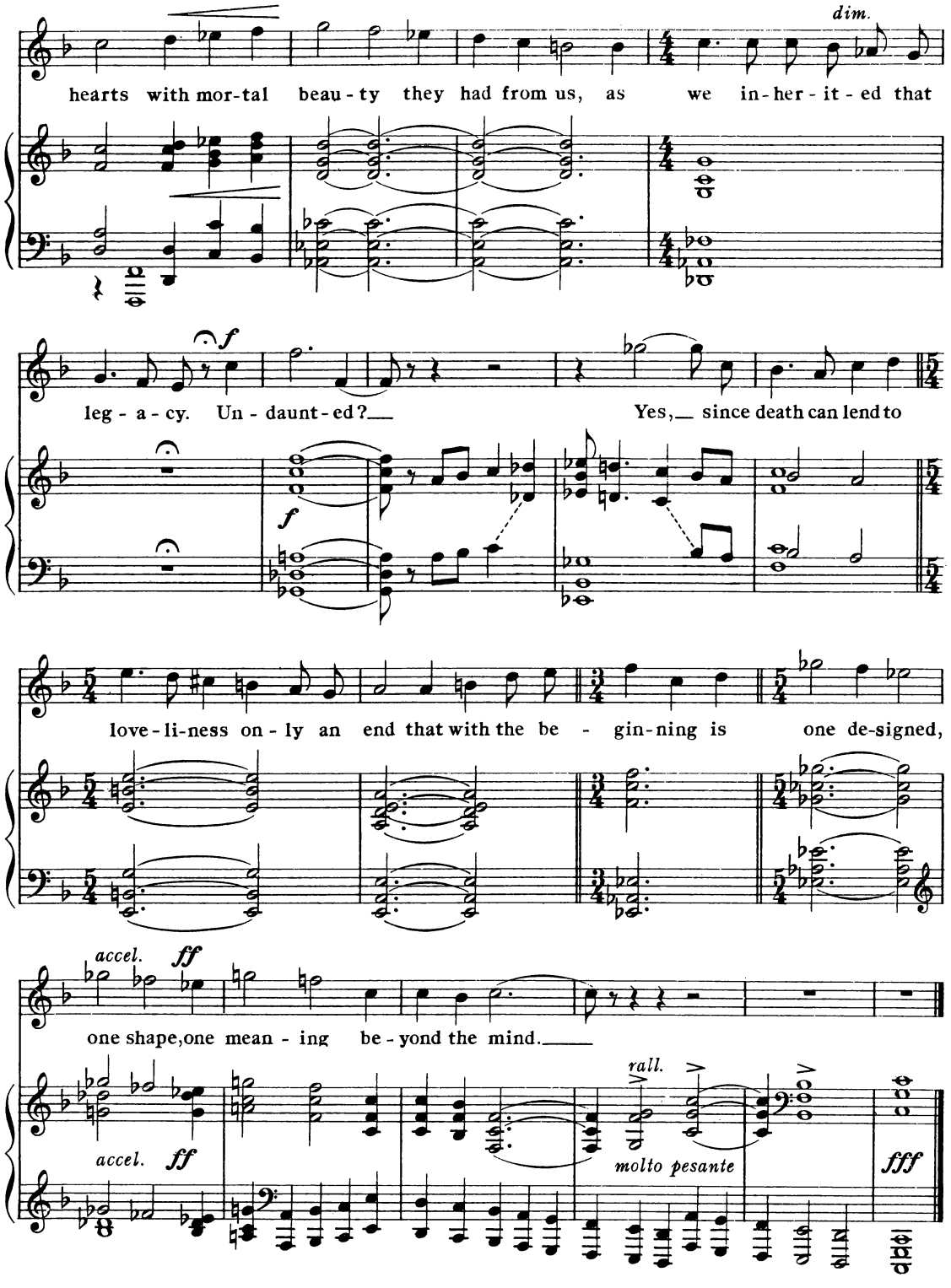

a tempo
p
and slow are the swift, and dark the fair, and sweet voi - ces
p a tempo
f
dim.
lift not on the air, when the long spell of dust lies on all that was well be -
f
dim.
p
thought up - on, of all that love - ly, of all those
p
cresc.
brief hopes that went brave - ly be - yond be - lief, of life's deep blaz - on with
cresc.


f
dim.
love's gold stain pass-ing all rea - son doth aught re-main?
f
dim.
p
p
pp meno mosso
What need of ans-wer? bird chaunting priest
meno mosso
dawn swings her cen - ser of bloom-white mist,
pp
poco cresc.
noon from her should-er lets her sun-shawl half loose, half hold her
poco cresc.
8

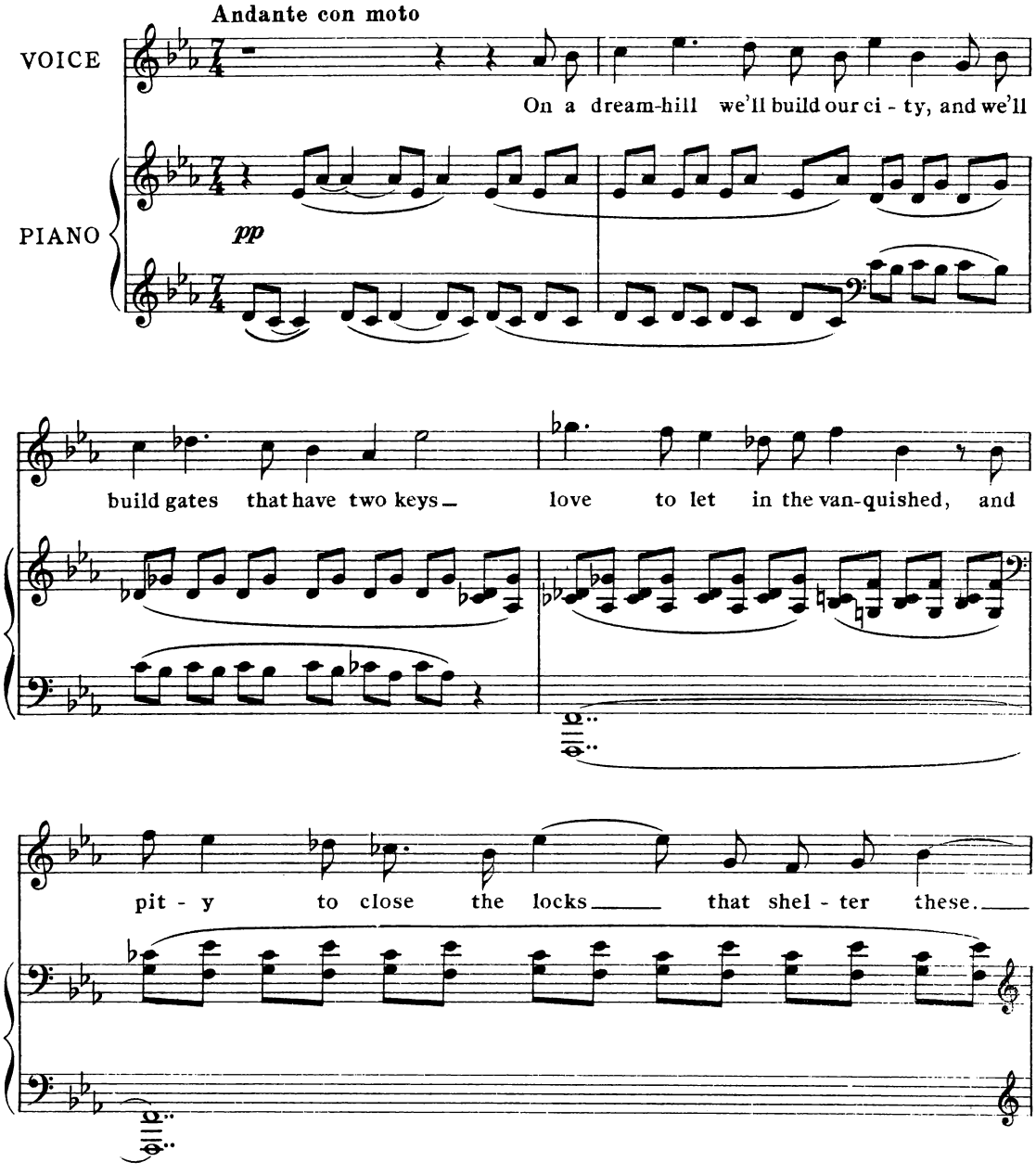

dim.
pp
and drift - ing fall, and eve - ning slow - ly by hill and
dim.
pp
dim. e rall.
wood per - fects her ho - ly sol - i - tude, un-asked, un-daunt - ed by
dim. e rall.
love, or what the heart has want - ed, and want - eth not. Un-asked?
ppp
Animato
p
Say ra - ther that these will star-tle to - mor-row oth - er
p


dim.
hearts with mor-tal beau-ty they had from us, as we in-her-it-ed that
f
leg-a-cy. Un-daunt-ed?
Yes, since death can lend to
love-li-ness on-ly an end that with the be-gin-ning is one de-signed,
accel.
ff
one shape, one mean-ing be-yond the mind.
accel.
ff
rall.
molto pesante
fff

THE DREAM-CITY

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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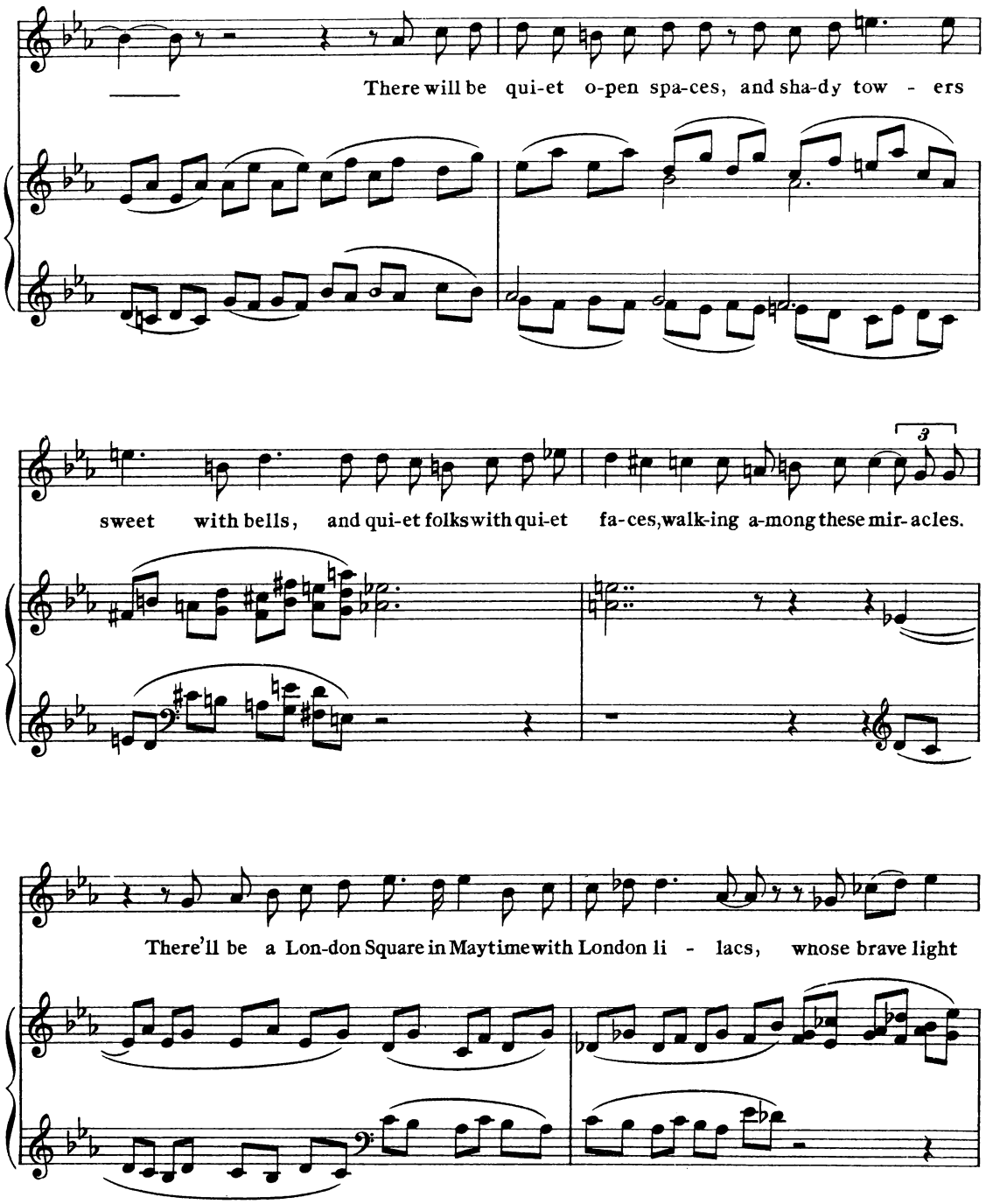
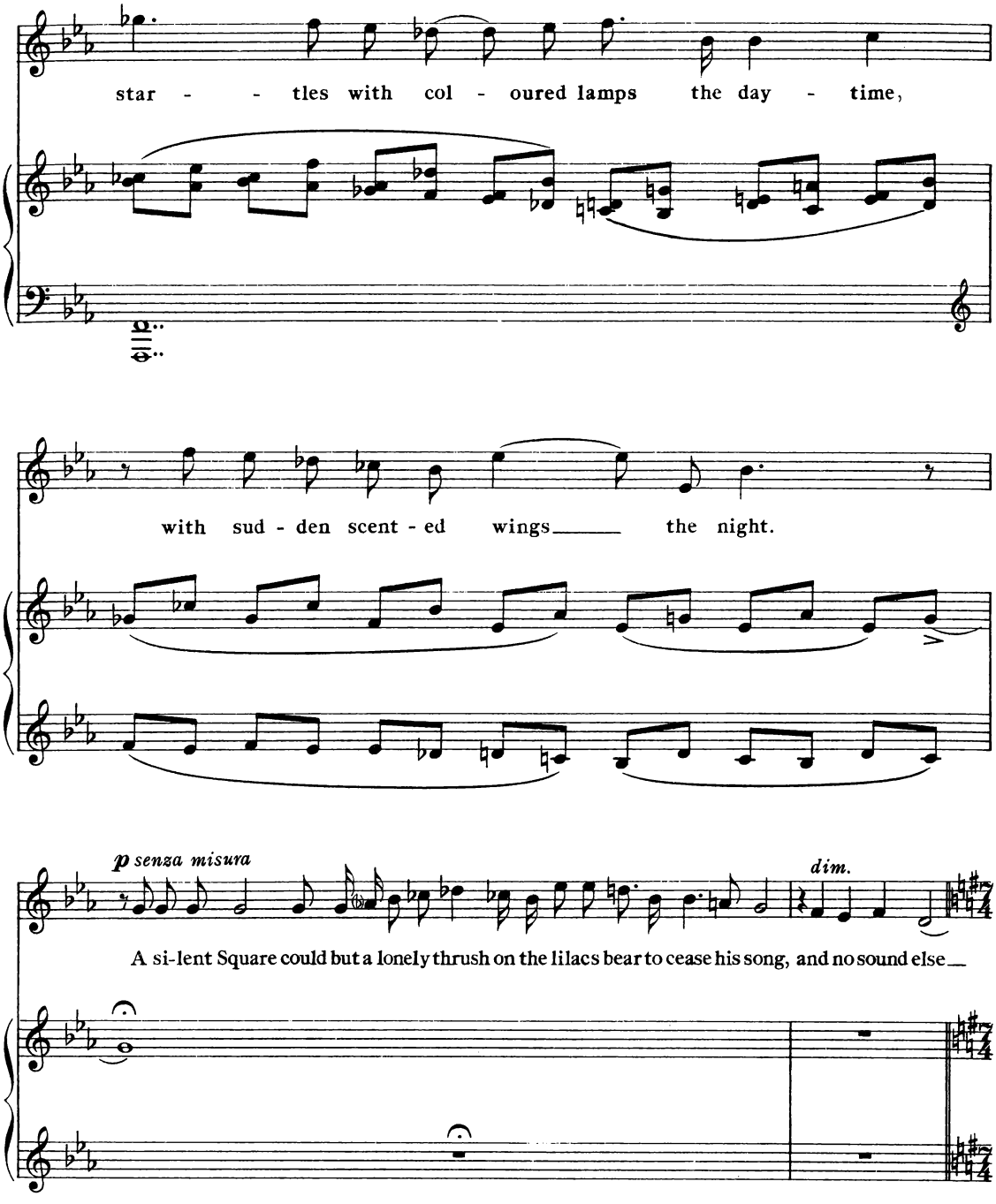
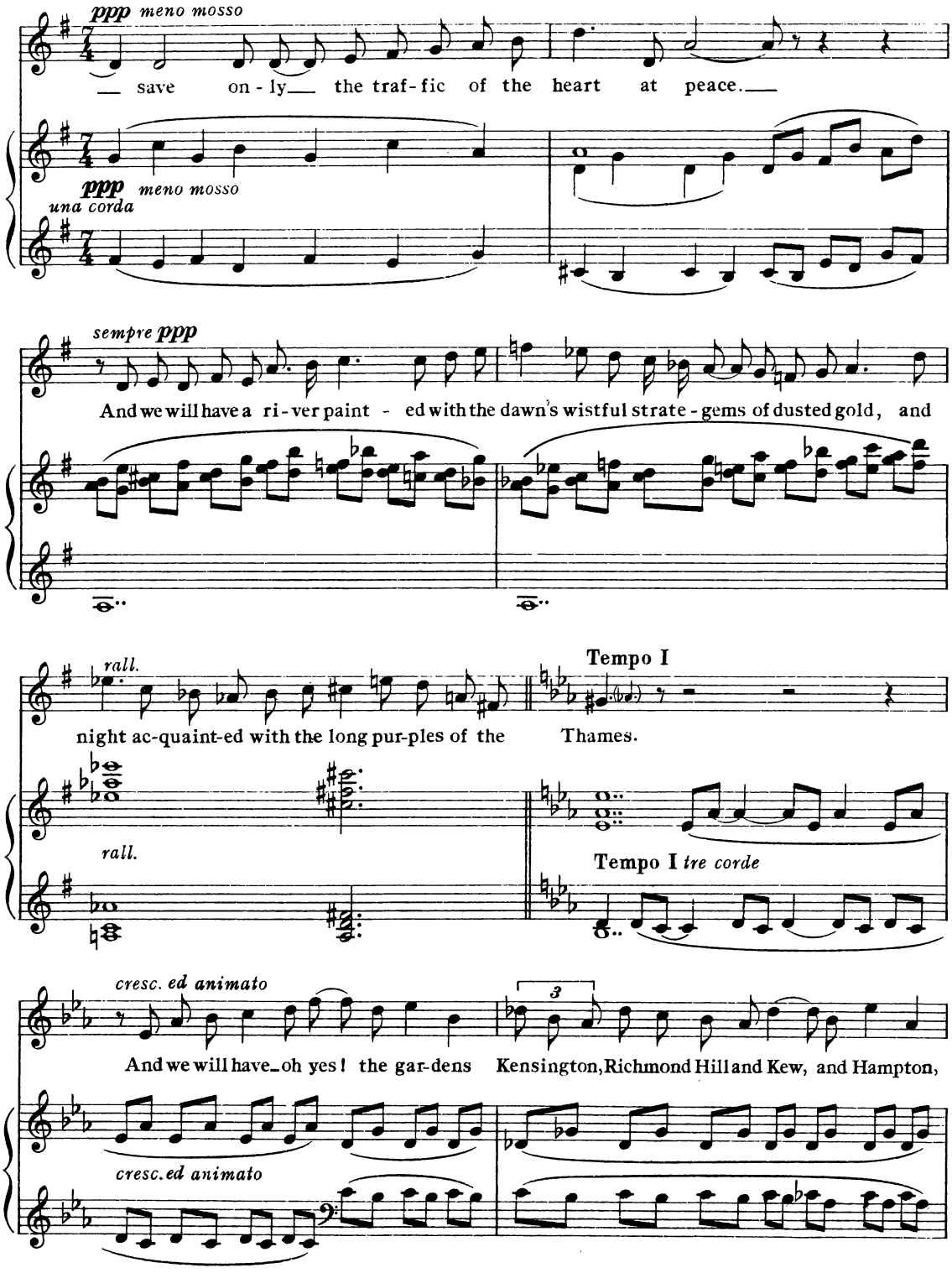
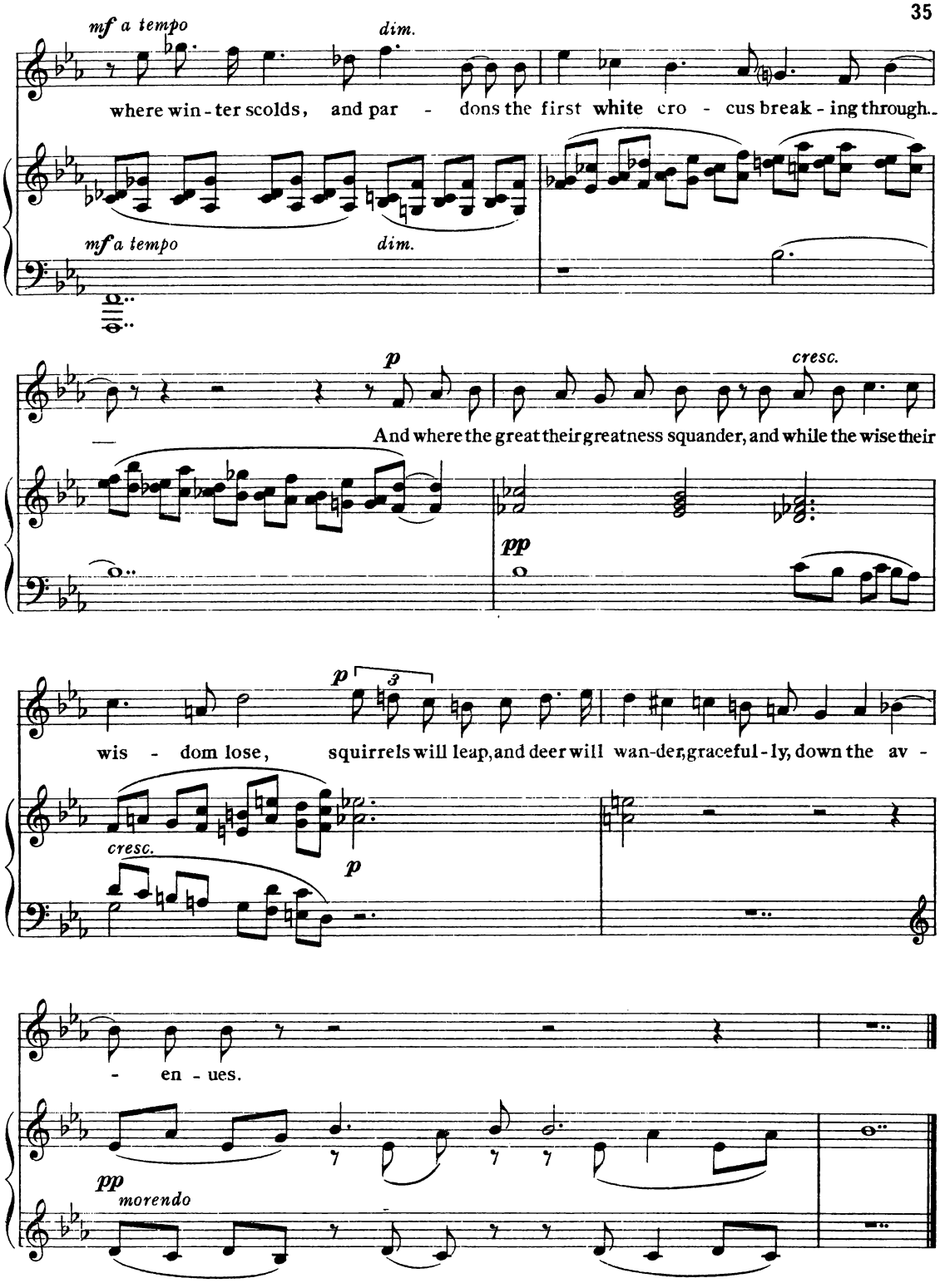

There will be qui-et o-pen spa-ces, and sha-dy tow - ers
sweet with bells, and qui-et folks with qui-et fa-ces, walk-ing a-mong these mir-a-cles.
3
There'll be a Lon-don Square in May time with London li - lacs, whose brave light


star - - tles with col - oured lamps the day - time,
with sud - den scent - ed wings the night.
p senza misura
dim.
A si-lent Square could but a lonely thrush on the lilacs bear to cease his song, and no sound else


ppp meno mosso
— save on - ly— the traf - fic of the heart at peace.—
ppp meno mosso
una corda
sempre ppp
And we will have a ri - ver paint - ed with the dawn's wistful strate - gems of dusted gold, and
rall.
night ac-quaint-ed with the long pur-ples of the
Tempo I
Thames.
rall.
Tempo I tre corde
cresc. ed animato
3
And we will have_oh yes! the gar-dens Kensington, Richmond Hill and Kew, and Hampton,
cresc. ed animato


mf a tempo
dim.
where win - ter scolds, and par - dons the first white cro - cus break - ing through..
mf a tempo
dim.
p
cresc.
And where the great their greatness squander, and while the wise their
pp
p
3
wis - dom lose, squirrels will leap, and deer will wan-der, graceful - ly, down the av -
cresc.
p
- en - ues.
pp
morendo

JOURNEY'S END

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Molto Adagio

VOICE

PIANO

mp

What will they give me, when jour - ney's done? Your

pp

own room to be qui - et in, Son! Who

mp

shares it with me? There is none shares that cool

pp

dor - mi - tor - y, Son!

mp

Who turns the sheets?

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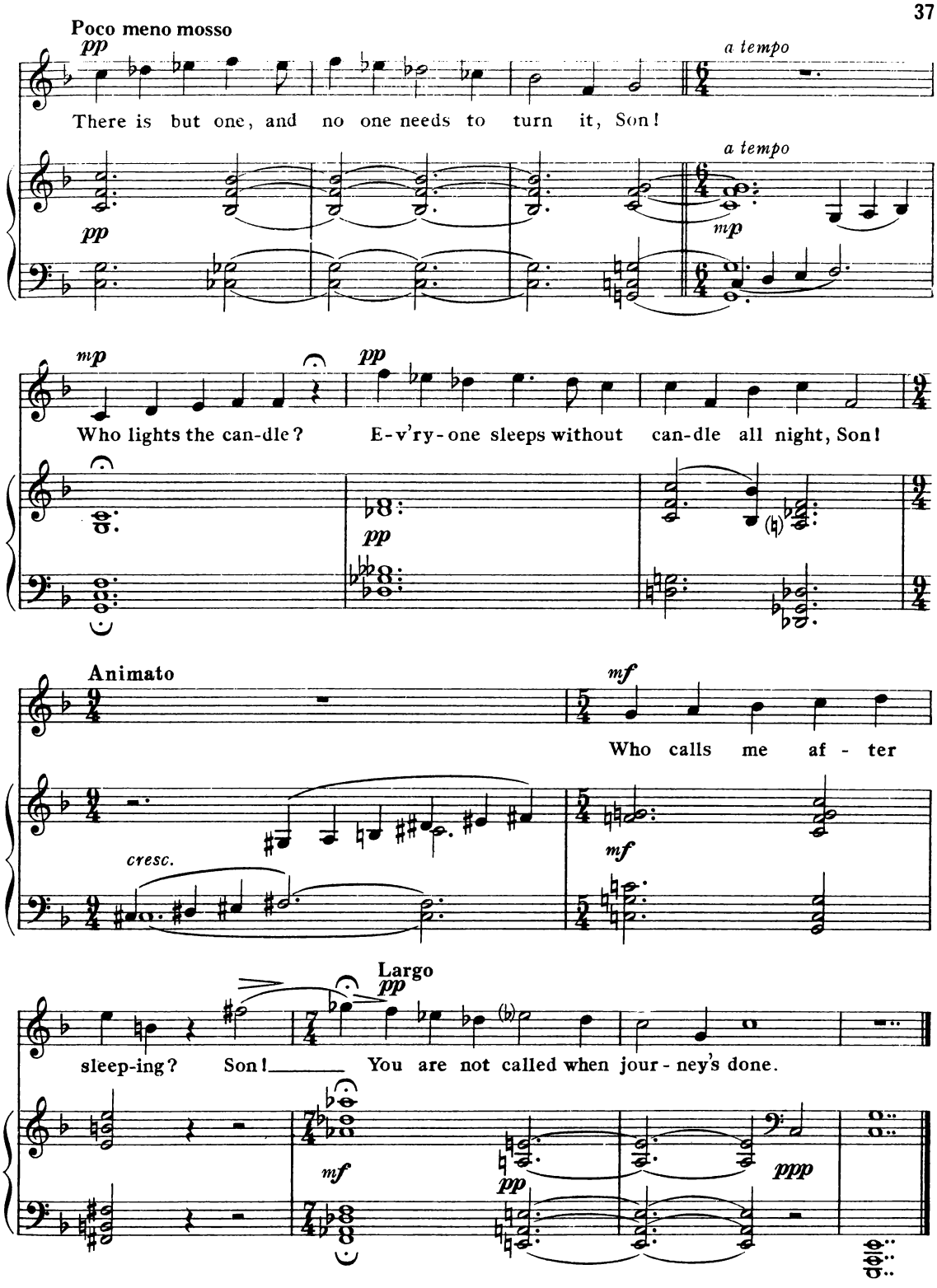
Poco meno mosso
pp
a tempo
There is but one, and no one needs to turn it, Son!
a tempo
pp
mp
mp
Who lights the can-dle?
pp
E-v'ry-one sleeps without can-dle all night, Son!
pp
Animato
mf
Who calls me af - ter
cresc.
mf
Largo
pp
sleep-ing? Son! You are not called when jour-ney's done.
mf
pp
ppp

IN THE STREET OF LOST TIME

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

Rest and have ease; Here are no more voy - a - ges;

fold, fold your nar - row pale hands; and un - der the veil of night

lie, as I have seen you lie in your deep hair; but pa - tient - ly

now that new loves, new days, have gone their ways.

morendo

Ped.

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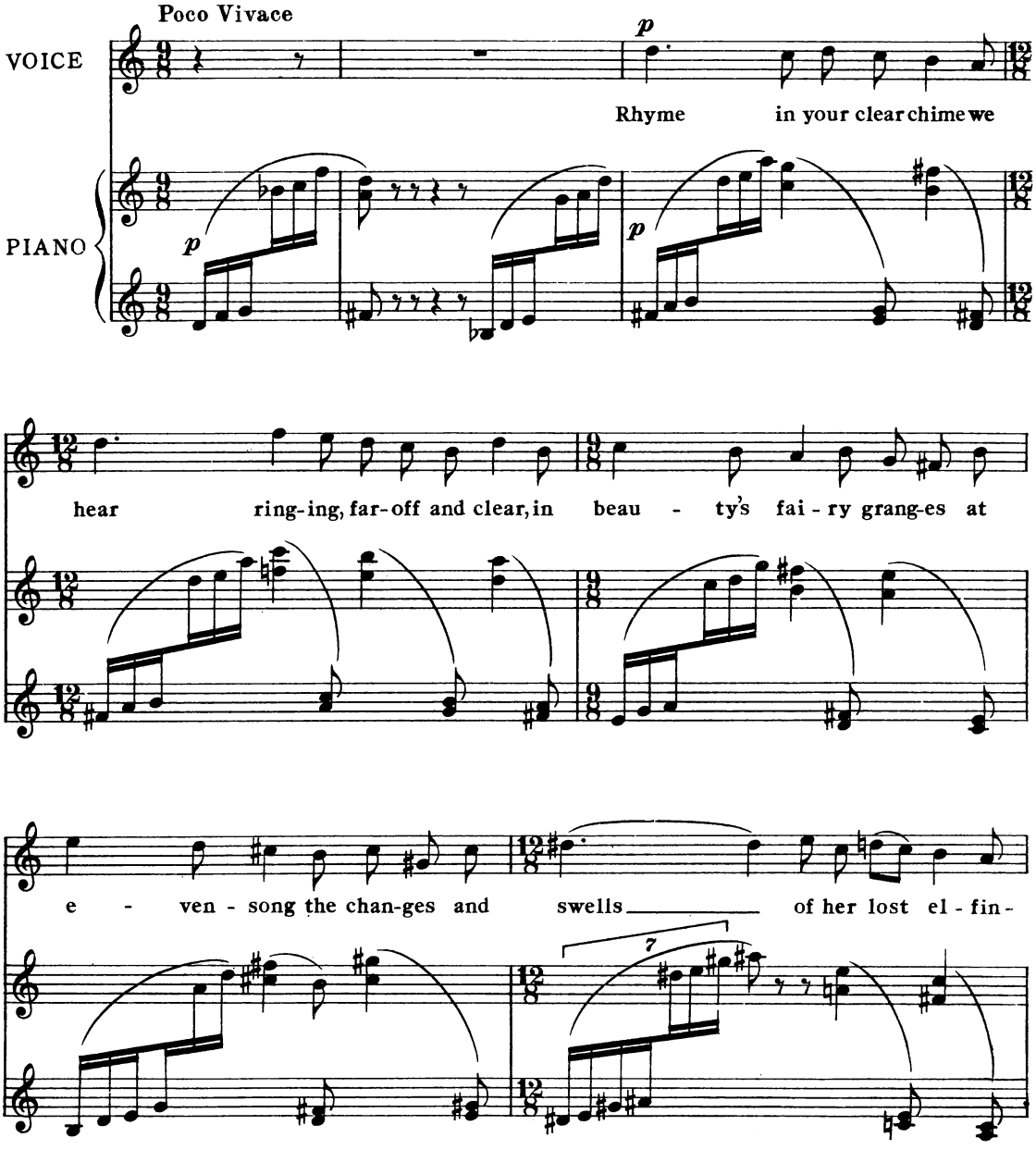
RHYME

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst



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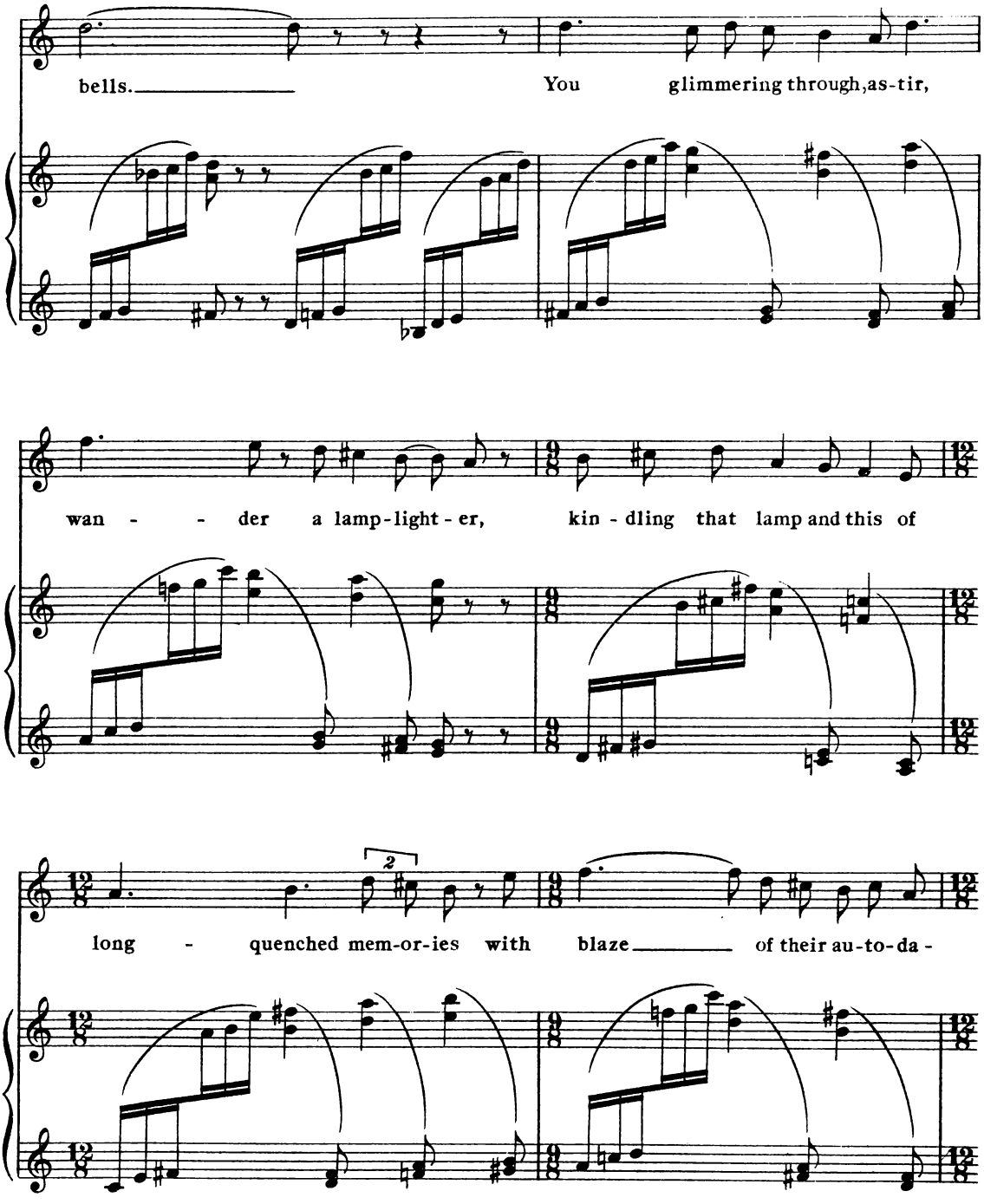
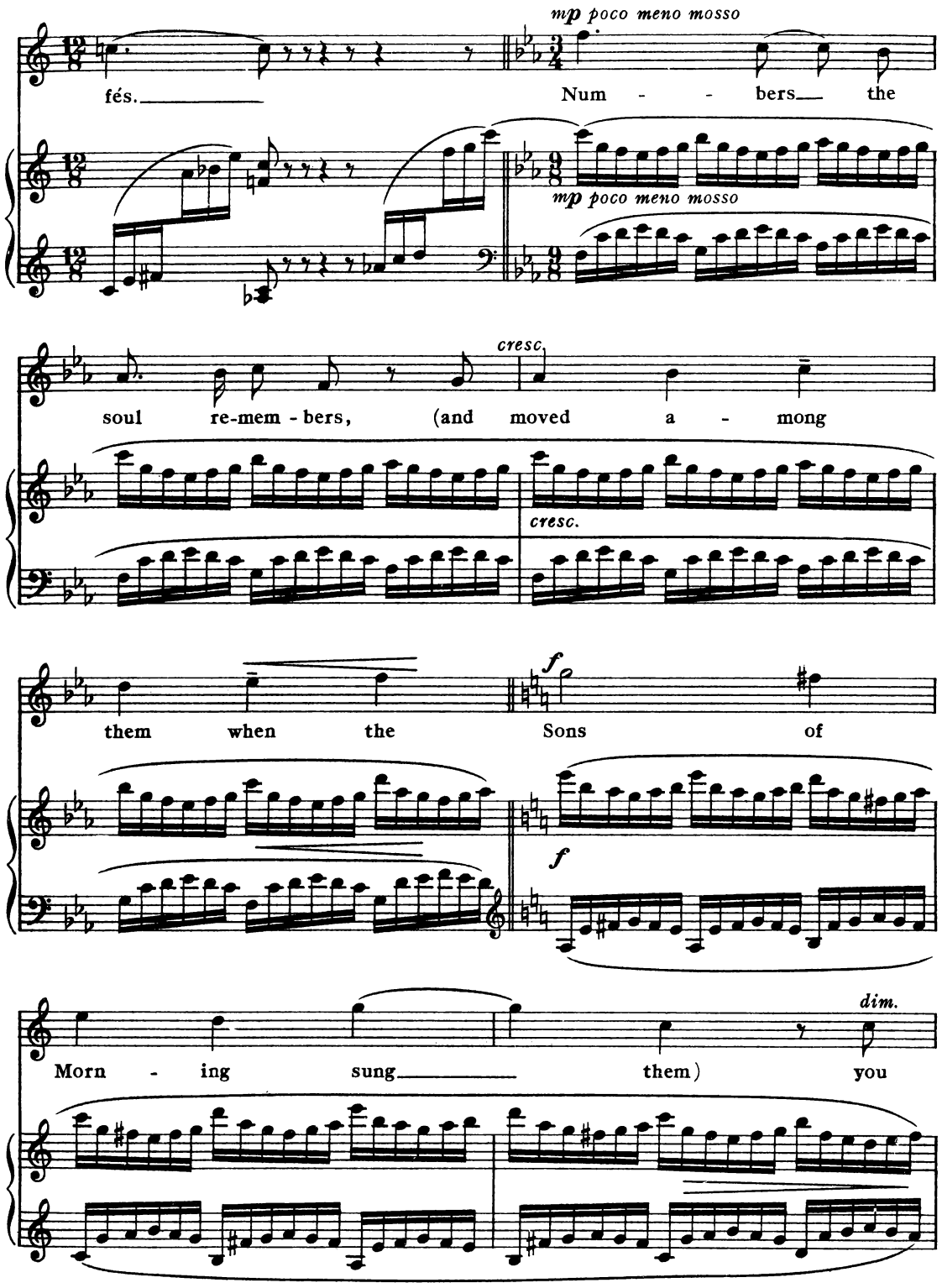
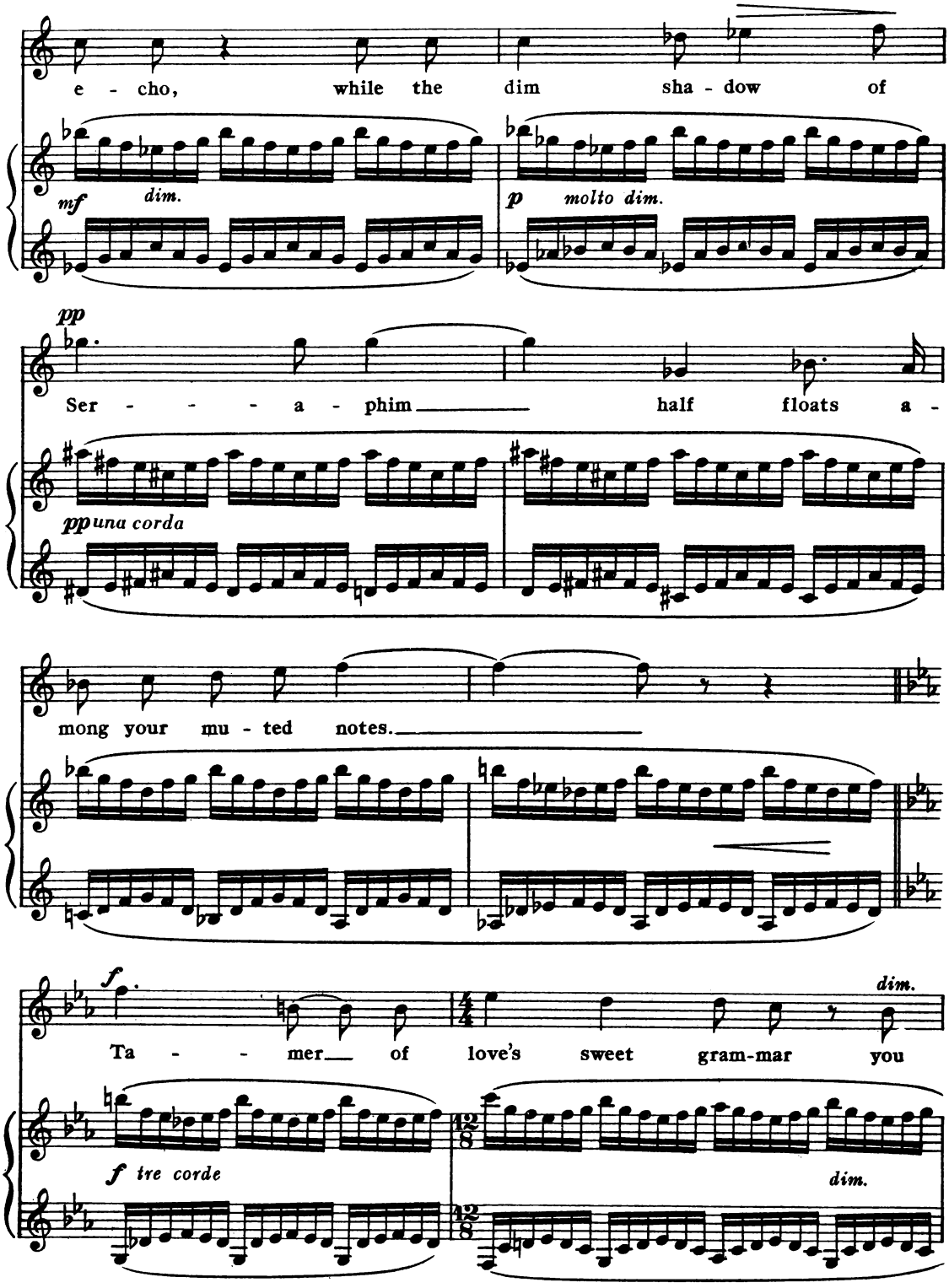
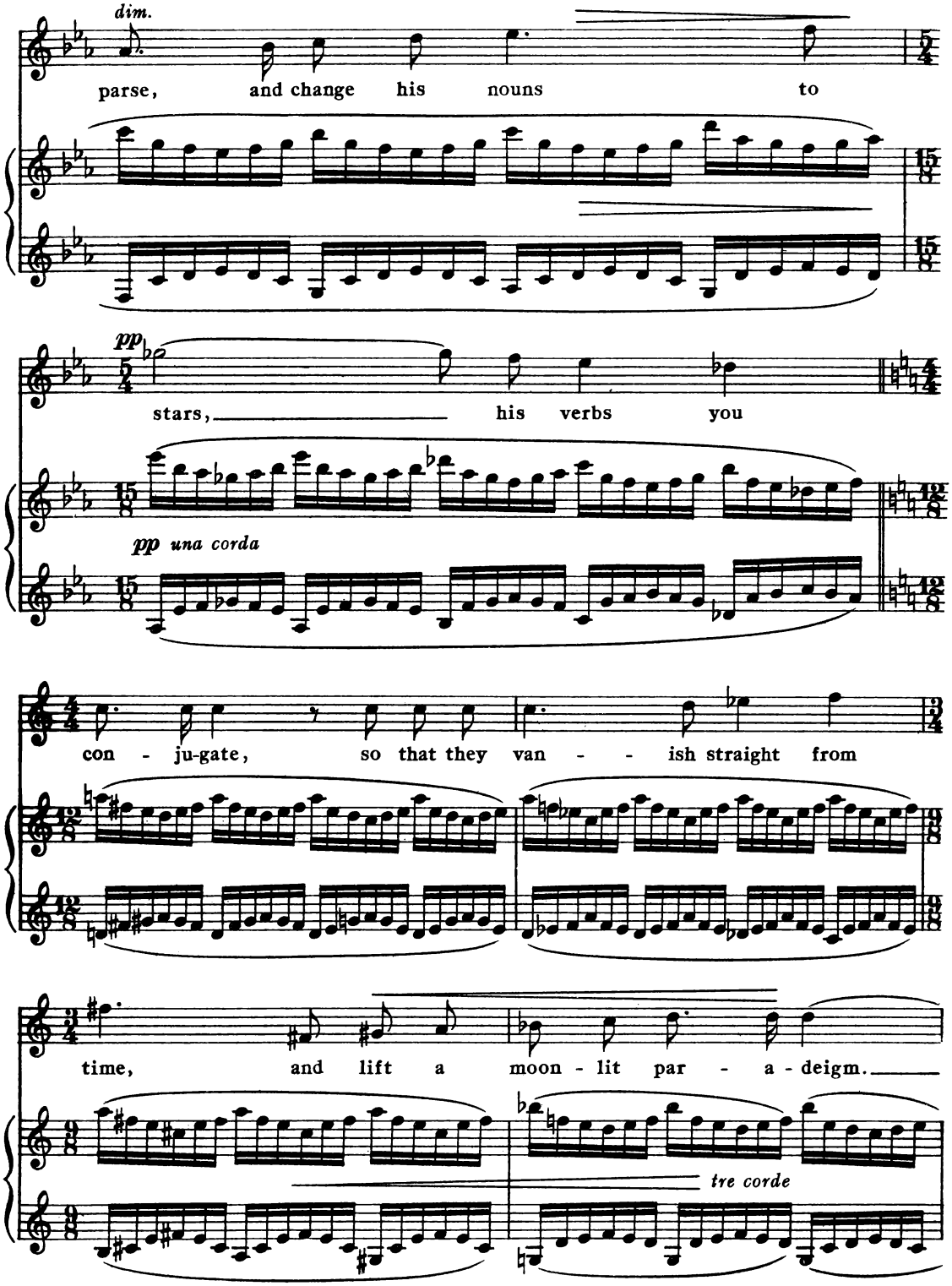
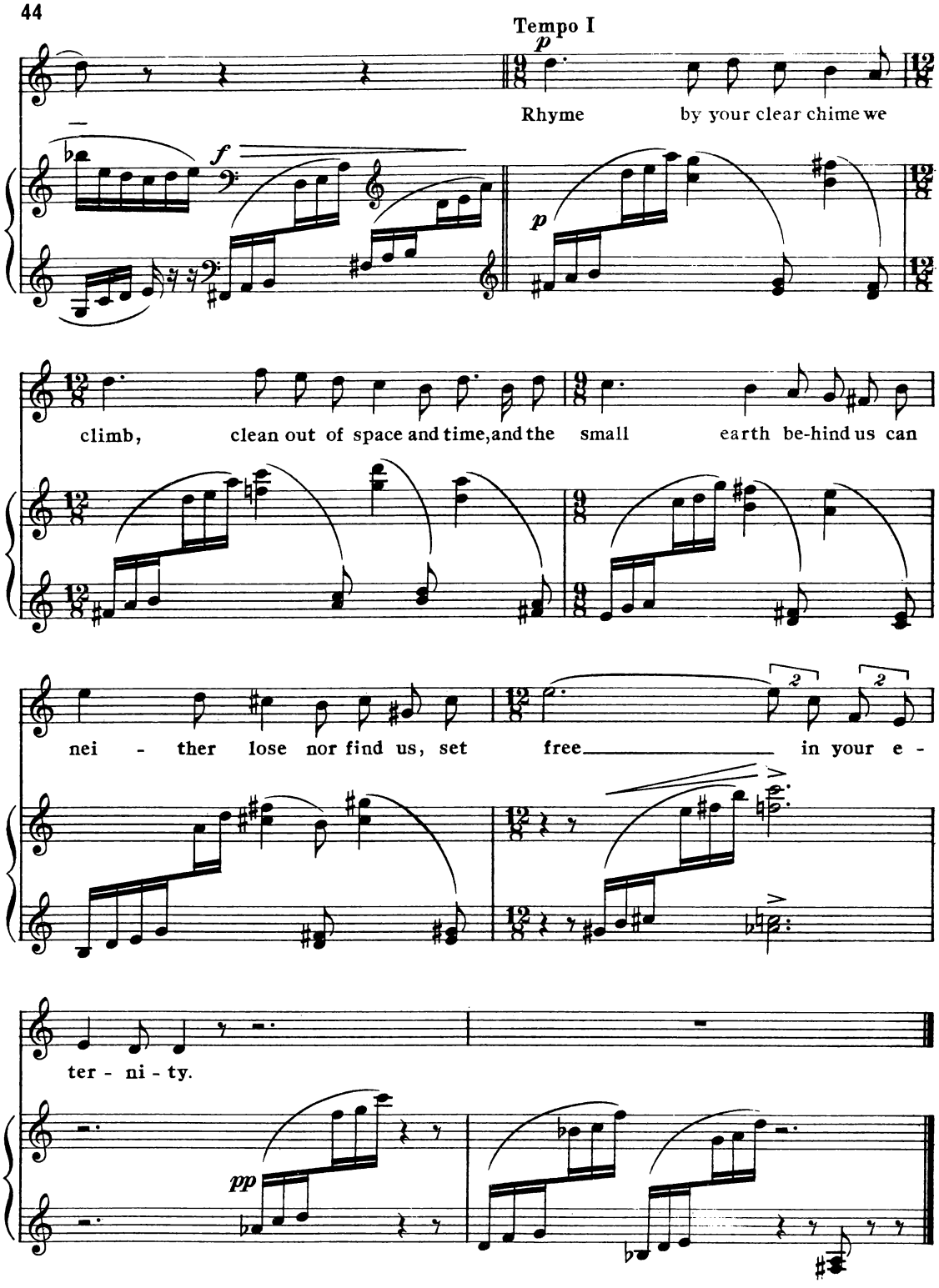

bells.
You glimmering through, as-tir,
wan - - der a lamp-light - er,
kin - dling that lamp and this of
long - quenched mem-or-ies with blaze
of their au-to-da -


mp poco meno mosso
fés.
Num - - bers the
mp poco meno mosso
cresc.
soul re-mem - bers, (and moved a - mong
cresc.
them when the
f
Sons of
f
dim.
Morn - ing sung them) you


e - cho, while the dim sha - dow of
mf dim.
p molto dim.
pp
Ser - - - - a - phim half floats a -
pp una corda
mong your mu - ted notes.
f
Ta - - mer of love's sweet gram-mar you
dim.
f tre corde
dim.


dim.
parse, and change his nouns to
pp
stars, his verbs you
pp una corda
con - ju-gate, so that they van - - ish straight from
time, and lift a moon - lit par - a - deigm.
tre corde


Tempo I
p
Rhyme by your clear chime we
f
p
climb, clean out of space and time, and the small earth be-hind us can
nei - ther lose nor find us, set free in your e -
ter - ni - ty.
pp

BETELGEUSE*

Words by
Humbert Wolfe

Gustav Holst

Poco Lento

VOICE

PIANO

una corda

On Be-tel-geuse_ — the gold leaves hang in gold - en aisles for twice a hun-dred mil-lion miles, and twice a hun-dred mil-lion years they

* Pronounced "Bay-tel (hard g) euse (as in hers)".

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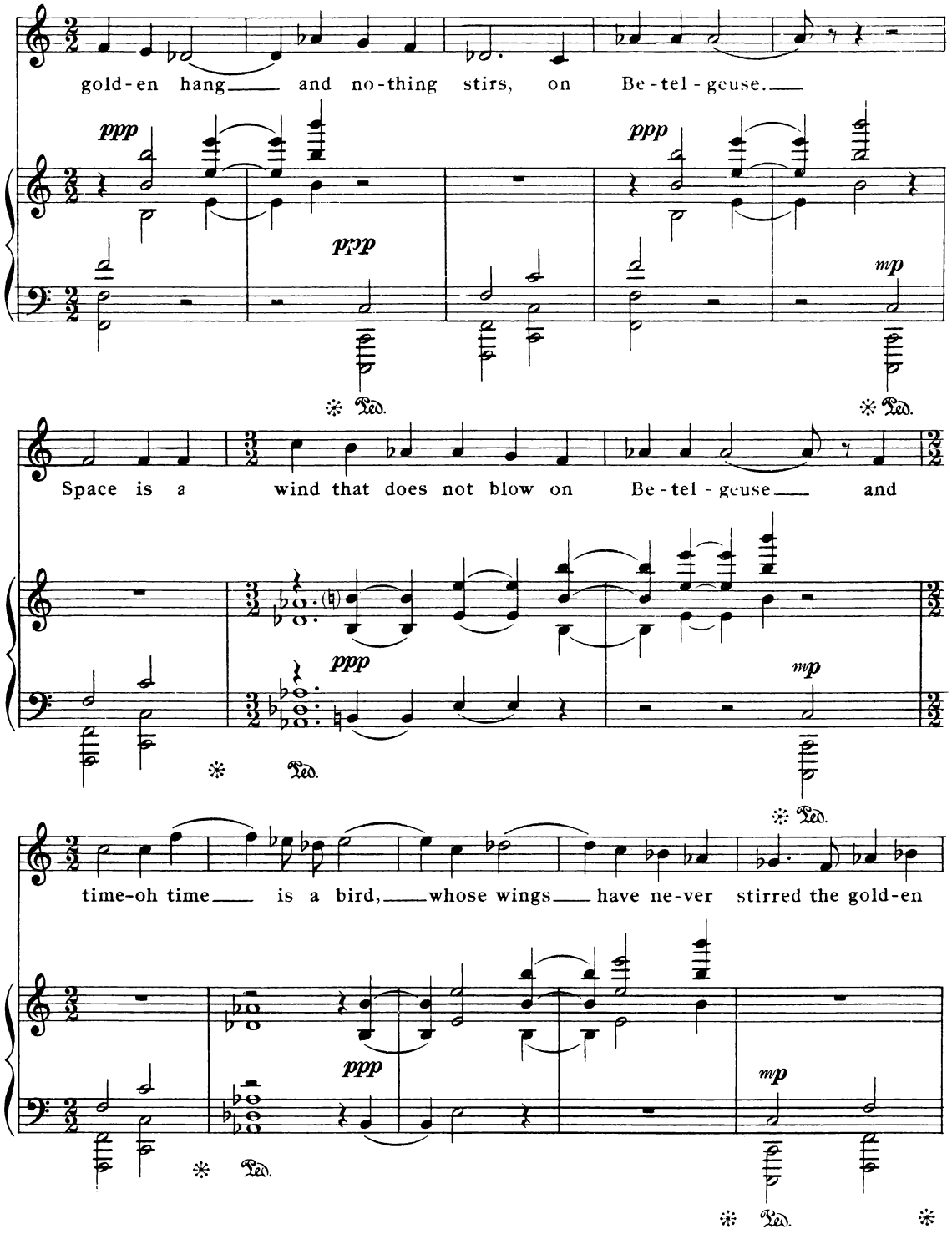
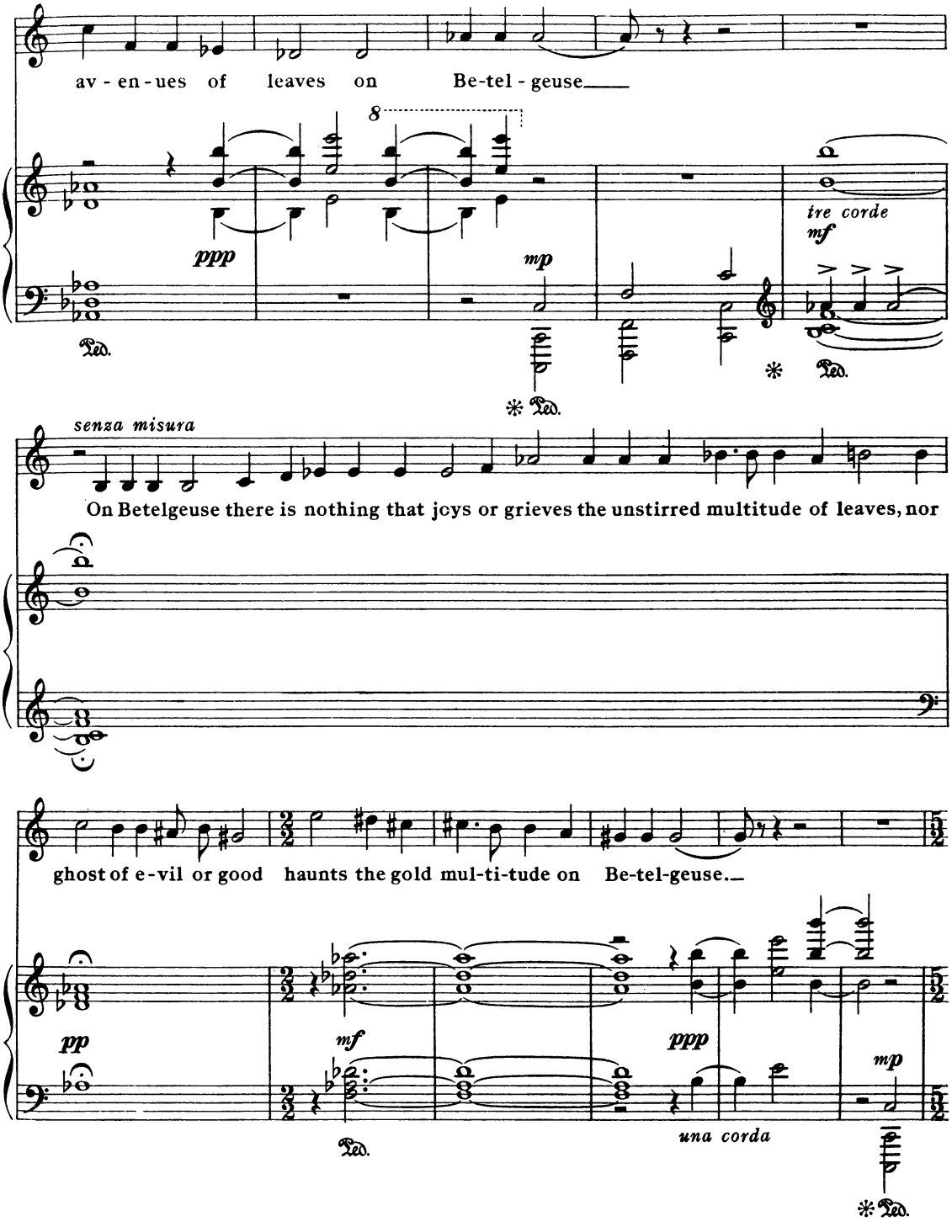
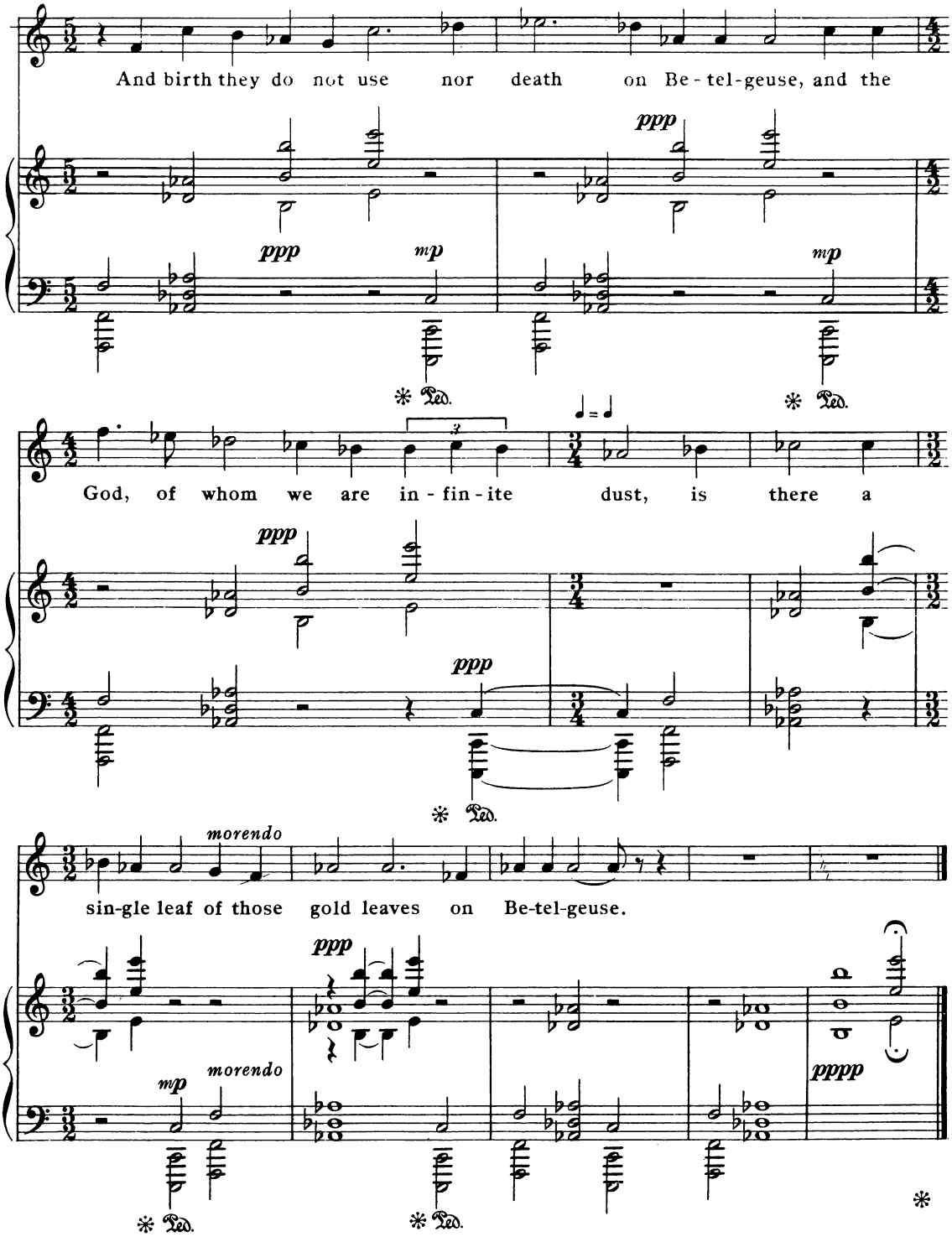

gold-en hang and no-thing stirs, on Be-tel-geuse.
ppp
ppp
ppp
mp
Ped.
Space is a wind that does not blow on Be-tel-geuse and
ppp
mp
Ped.
time-oh time is a bird, whose wings have ne-ver stirred the gold-en
ppp
mp
Ped.


av - en - ues of leaves on Be-tel - geuse
8
ppp
mp
tre corde
mf
Ped.
senza misura
On Betelgeuse there is nothing that joys or grieves the unstirred multitude of leaves, nor
ghost of e-vil or good haunts the gold mul-ti-tude on Be-tel-geuse.
pp
mf
ppp
mp
una corda
Ped.



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