

Four Songs for Voice and Violin.

I.

Gustav Holst, Op. 35.

Andante.

Voice. *p*
Je - su Sweet, now will I sing To Thee a song of love long-ing;

Violin. *f* *p*

Do in my heart a quick well spring Thee to love a-bove all thing.

f *mf*

p
Je - su Sweet, my dim heart's gleam Brighter than the sun - - nè-beam!

pp

cresc.
As thou wert born in Beth - le-hem Make in me thy lov - è - dream.

V *V*

p
Je - su Sweet, my dark heart's light Thou art day without - en

p

night; *mf*
Give me strength and ek - e might For to lov - en Thee a -

right. *pp dolce*
 Je - su Sweet, well - may he be

— That in Thy bliss Thy - self — shall see: With lov - - è cords then draw Thou

morendo
 me That I may come and dwell with Thee.

sempre pp

II.

Voice. *mf*
 My soul has nought but fire and ice And my bo - dy earth and wood:

Violin. *f*

f
 Pray — we all the Most High King Who is the Lord — of our last doom,

— That He should give us just one thing — That we may do His will.

p

III.

Allegretto.

Voice. *mf*

I sing of a mai-den That match-less is: King of all Kings Was her

Violin.

Andante.

pp

Son i - wis. He came all so still Where His mo - ther was As dew in A - pril that

fall - eth on grass: He came all so still To His mo - ther's bower As

pp

dew in A - pril That fall - eth on flower: He came all so still Where His

mo - ther lay As dew in A - pril That form - eth on spray. Mo - ther and

f

dim. rall.

mai - den Was ne'er none but she: Well may such a la - dy God's mo - ther be.

dim. rall.

f

IV.

Allegretto.

Voice. *p*

My Leman is so true Of love and full

Violin. *p*

stead-fast Yet seem-eth e - ver new. His love is on us cast.

cresc.

I would that all Him knew And loved Him firm and fast, They

cresc. *p*

nev - er would it rue But hap - py be at last.

p

He lov - ing - ly a - bides Al - though I stay full long;

p

mf

He will me ne - ver chide Al - though I choose the wrong. He says 'Behold My

mf

side And why on Rood I hung; For my love leave thy pride And

p

p

pp poco animato

I thee *un - der - fong. I'll dwell with Thee be - lieve, Le - man, un - der Thy

poco animato

pp

tree. May no pain e'er me grieve Nor make me from Thee flee. I will

a tempo

a tempo

cresc.

in at Thy sleeve All in Thine heart to be; Mine heart shall burst and cleave Ere

cresc.

rall. mf

rall.

mf

dim.

dim.

un - true Thou me see.

dim.

pp

* underfong : take back