

I. WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE

(‘Last Poems’ Prologue)

Moderato (♩=64)

Voice

Well_ to the woods no more, The lau-rels all are cut, The bowers are bare of

Violin

(senza misura)

pp < > *pp*

bay That on the Mu - ses wore; _____ The year draws in the day _____

— And soon will eve-ning shut: _____ The lau-rels all are

cut, — Well to the woods no more. Oh well no more, no more — To the leaf - y woods a -

way, To the high wild woods of lau-rel _____ And the bowers of bay no more.

p *3* *3* *3* *3* *f* *p* *pp* niente

II. ALONG THE FIELD

(‘Shropshire Lad’ No. XXVI)

Allegretto (♩=92) *mf*

Voice *mf*
A - long the field as_ we came by A year a - go, my

Violin *p*

love and I, The as-pen o - ver stile and stone Was talking to it - self a - lone. *sul tasto*

pp

(♩=♩) *ppp* sotto voce
‘Oh who are these that kiss and pass? A coun-try lov-er and his lass;

Two lov-ers look-ing to be wed; And time shall put them both_ to bed, But she shall lie with earth

— a - bove, And he beside an - o - ther love? *mf* And

ppp

sure e-nough be - neath the tree There walks an - o - ther love with me, And

o - ver-head the as-pen heaves Its rain-y-sound-ing sil - ver leaves; And

parlando
ppp

ppp

ad lib. a tempo

I spell nothing in their stir, But now per-haps they speak to her, And plain for her

cantabile
pp

to un - der - stand They talk a - bout a time at hand When I

poco accel. a tempo

shall sleep with clo - ver clad, And she be-side an -

poco accel. a tempo

dim. *ppp*

-o - ther lad.

ppp

f

pppp

III. THE HALF-MOON WESTERS LOW

(‘Last Poems’ No. XXVI)

Andante sostenuto (♩=64) *p*

Voice

The half - moon wes - ters low, my love, —

Violin

pp molto sostenuto

— And the wind brings up the rain; — And wide a - part lie we, —

— my love, And seas between the twain. — *mf* I know not if it

rains, my love, In the land where you do lie; — *mf*

poco string.

a tempo
pp

And oh, so sound you sleep, my love, — You know no more than I. — *ppp*

IV. IN THE MORNING

(‘Last Poems’ No. XXIII)

Allegro moderato (♩=86) semplice *p*

Voice In the

Violin *p* appass. *pp*

morn-ing, in the morn-ing, In the hap-py field of hay, Oh they looked at one an-o-ther By the

light of day. — In the blue and sil-ver morn-ing On the

hay-cock as they lay, Oh they looked at one an-o-ther — And they

looked a-way. —

f appass. rit. e dim. *p* *pp* *ppp*

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for a piece titled 'IV. IN THE MORNING' from 'Last Poems' No. XXIII. It is in 3/2 time, marked 'Allegro moderato' with a tempo of 86 beats per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a voice line and a violin line. The voice line starts with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, In the hap-py field of hay, Oh they looked at one an-o-ther By the'. The violin line features a melodic line with triplets and dynamics from *p* to *pp*. The piano accompaniment begins in the second system with the lyrics 'light of day. — In the blue and sil-ver morn-ing On the'. The piano part has a complex accompaniment with triplets and dynamics from *pp* to *f*. The lyrics continue: 'hay-cock as they lay, Oh they looked at one an-o-ther — And they looked a-way. —'. The score concludes with a final melodic line in the piano part, marked with dynamics from *f* to *ppp*.

V. THE SIGH THAT HEAVES THE GRASSES

(‘Last Poems’ No. XXVII)

Andante sostenuto (♩=60)

Voice

sempre *pp* sul tasto

sempre *pp* e senza espress.

The sigh that heaves the grass-es Whence

thou wilt nev - er rise Is of the air that pass - es And

sempre *pp*

knows not if it sighs. The di - a-mond

tears a - dorn - ing Thy low mound on the lea, Those are the

rit. senza sempre a tempo

tears of morn-ing, That weeps, but not for thee.

VI. GOOD-BYE

(‘Shropshire Lad’ No.V)

Allegretto grazioso e molto moderato (♩.=72)

Voice

Violin

Oh see— how thick the gold - cup flowers Are ly-ing in field and
lane, — With dan - de - li - ons to tell- the hours That nev - er are told a -

-gain. Oh may I squire you round the meads And pick you po - sies

gay? 'Twill do no harm to take my arm. 'You

may, young man, you may.' Ah,

spring was sent for lass and lad, 'Tis now the blood runs gold, And

man and maid had best be glad Be - fore the world is old. What

flowers to-day may flower to-mor-row, But nev-er as good as new. -Sup-

-pose_ I wound my arm right round— 'Tis true, young man, 'tis

true?— Some lads there are, 'tis

shame to say, That on - ly court to thieve, — And once they bear the

bloom a-way 'Tis lit-tle e-nough they leave. — Then keep your heart for

men like me And safe from trust-less chaps. My

love_ is true and all_ for you. — *poco rit.* *a tempo* 'Per - haps, young man, per-

-haps? Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you

doubt? -Why, 'tis a mile from town. How green the grass is

all a-bout! We might as well sit down. -Ah, life, what

is it but a flower? Why must true lovers sigh? Be

kind, have pi-ty, my own, my pret-ty,-

'Good - bye, young man, good - bye.'

fetched my flute and played.

Ours were i - dle plea-sures, Yet

oh, con-tent we were, The young to wind the mea-sures, The old_ to heed the

air; — And I to lift with play - ing — From tree and tow-er and steep —

The light de - lay - ing, And flute — the sun to

sleep. — The

scherzando

youth to-ward his fan - cy Would turn his brow of tan, And Tom would pair with

Nan-cy And Dick step off with Fan;— The girl would lift her

glan-ces To his, and both be mute:— Well went the dan-ces At

eve-ning to the flute.— Wen - lock

Edge was um - bered, And bright was Ab - don Burf, And

warm between them slumbered The smooth green miles of turf; Un - til from

grass and clov-er The up-shot beam would fade, And Eng - land

o - ver Ad-vanced the lof - ty shade The lof - ty shade ad-

-van-ces, I fetch my flute and play: Come, lads, and learn the dan-ces And

f scherzando *f* scherzando

praise the tune to - day. To - mor-row, more's the pi-ty, A-

f scherzando *p* *p*

-way we both must hie, To air the dit-ty, And to earth

I. *pp* sul tasto niente

VIII. WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

(‘Shropshire Lad’ No. LIV)

Lento ma non troppo (♩=68)

Voice

Violin

p *pp*

With rue my heart is la - den For
gold - en friends I had, For many a rose - lipt maid - en And
many a light foot lad. By brooks too broad for
leap - ing The light foot boys are laid; The rose - lipt girls are
sleep - ing In fields where ro - ses fade. *pp* *rit.* *ppp*