The Tree

After the poem by Anne Finch



nion

Fair tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give,
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend
And thy protecting pow'r commend.
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed;
Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, bestows
Her flow'ry chaplets on thy boughs.
Shall I then only silent be,
And no return be made by me,
No; let this wish upon thee wait,
And still to flourish be thy fate.
To future ages may'st thou stand
Untouch'd by the rash workman's hand,
Till that large stock of sap is spent,
Which gives thy summer's ornament;
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,
Prevent the axe, and grace thy end;
Their scatter'd strength together call
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall;
Who then their ev'ning dews may spare
When thou no longer art their care,
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn,
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

Written, performed and produced by *nion*

Dedicated to my father, for his love of nature

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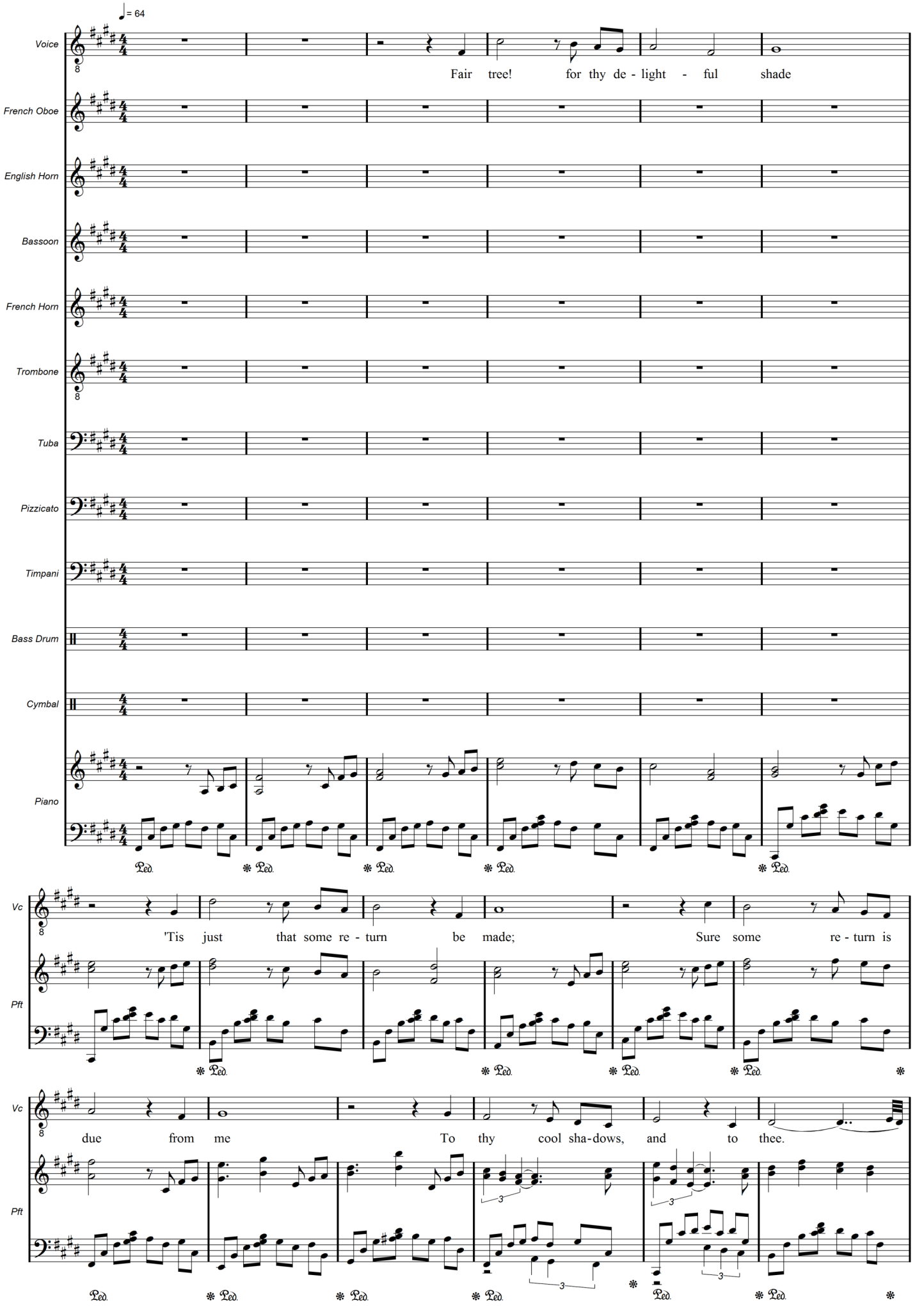
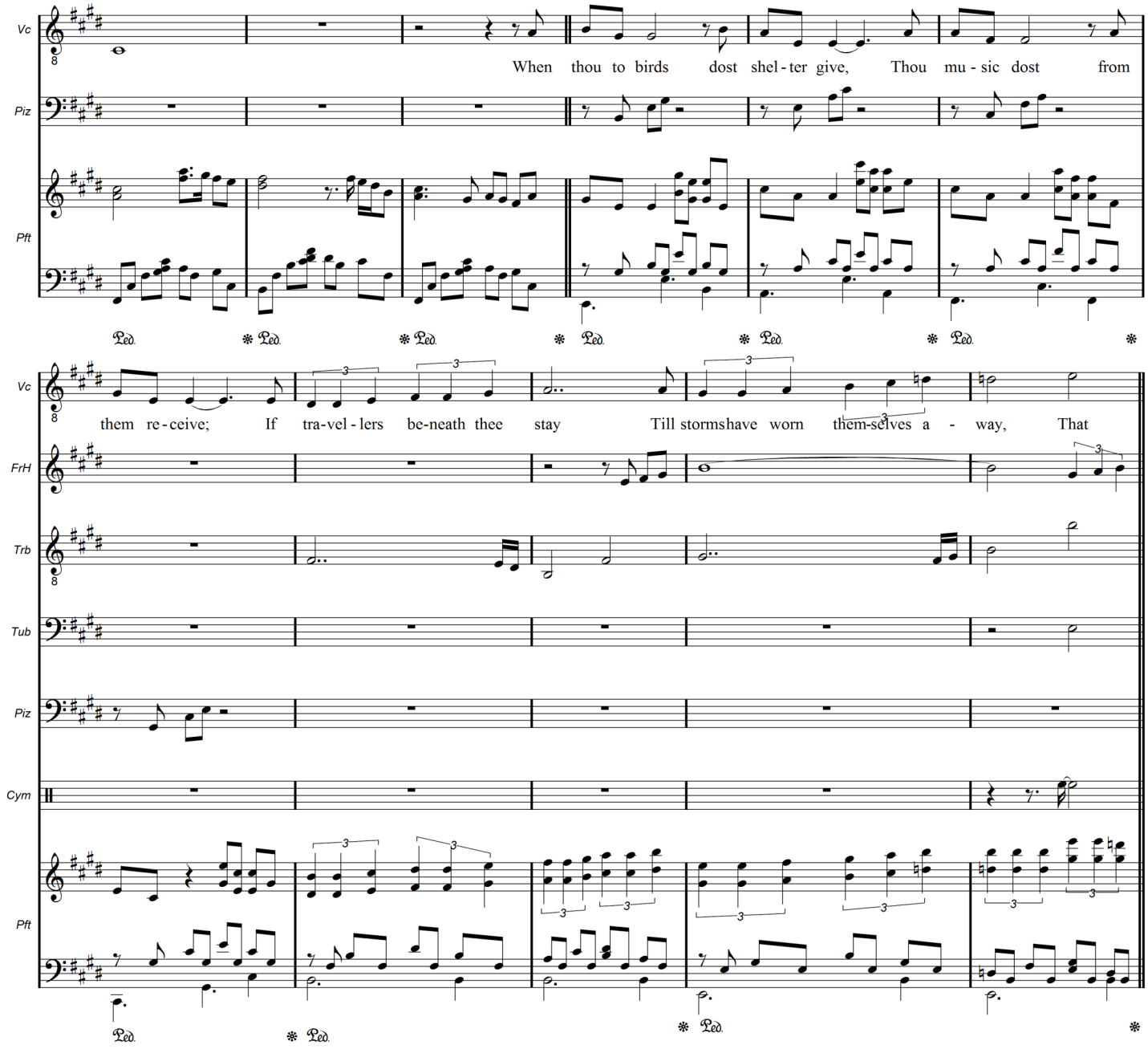
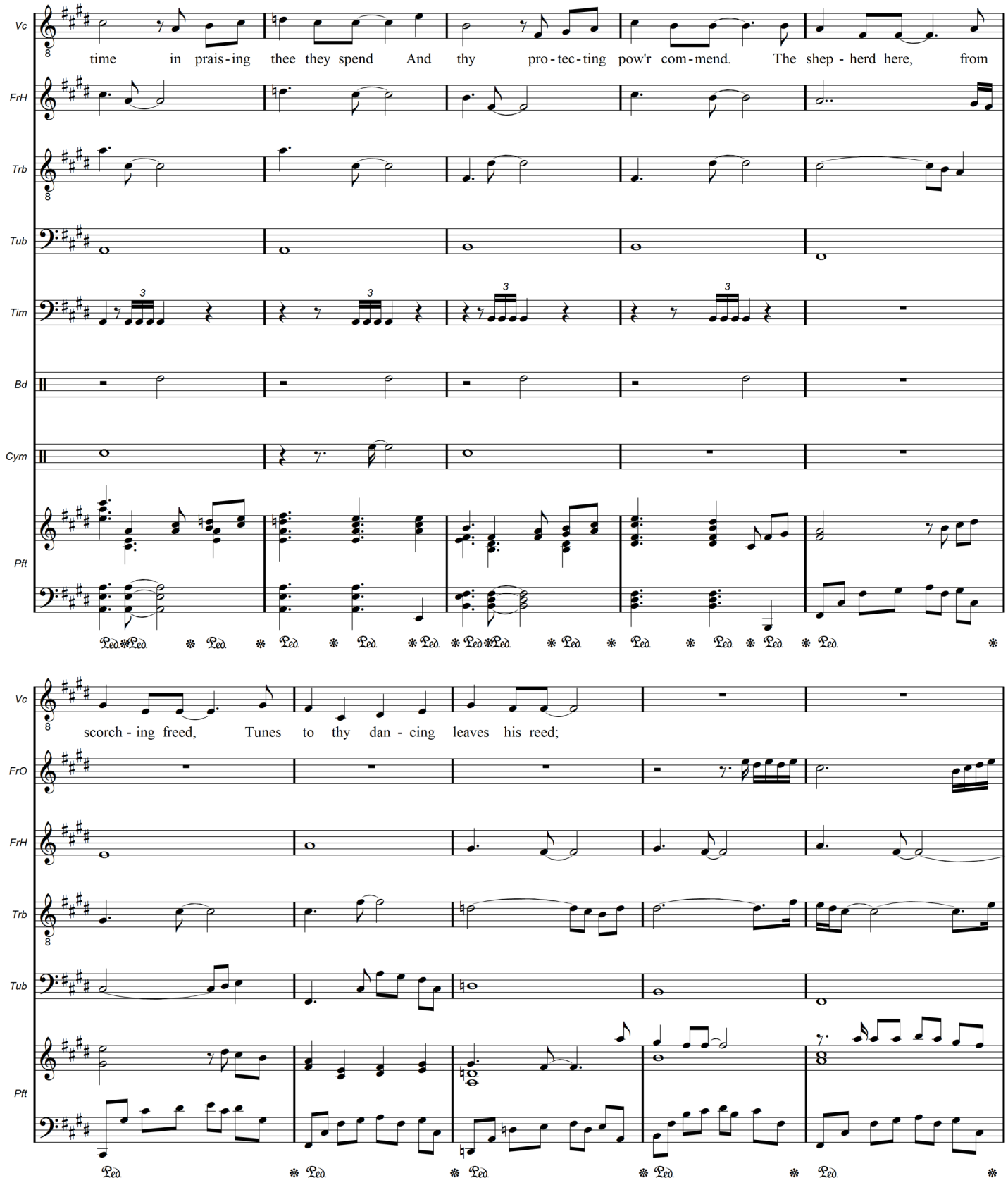
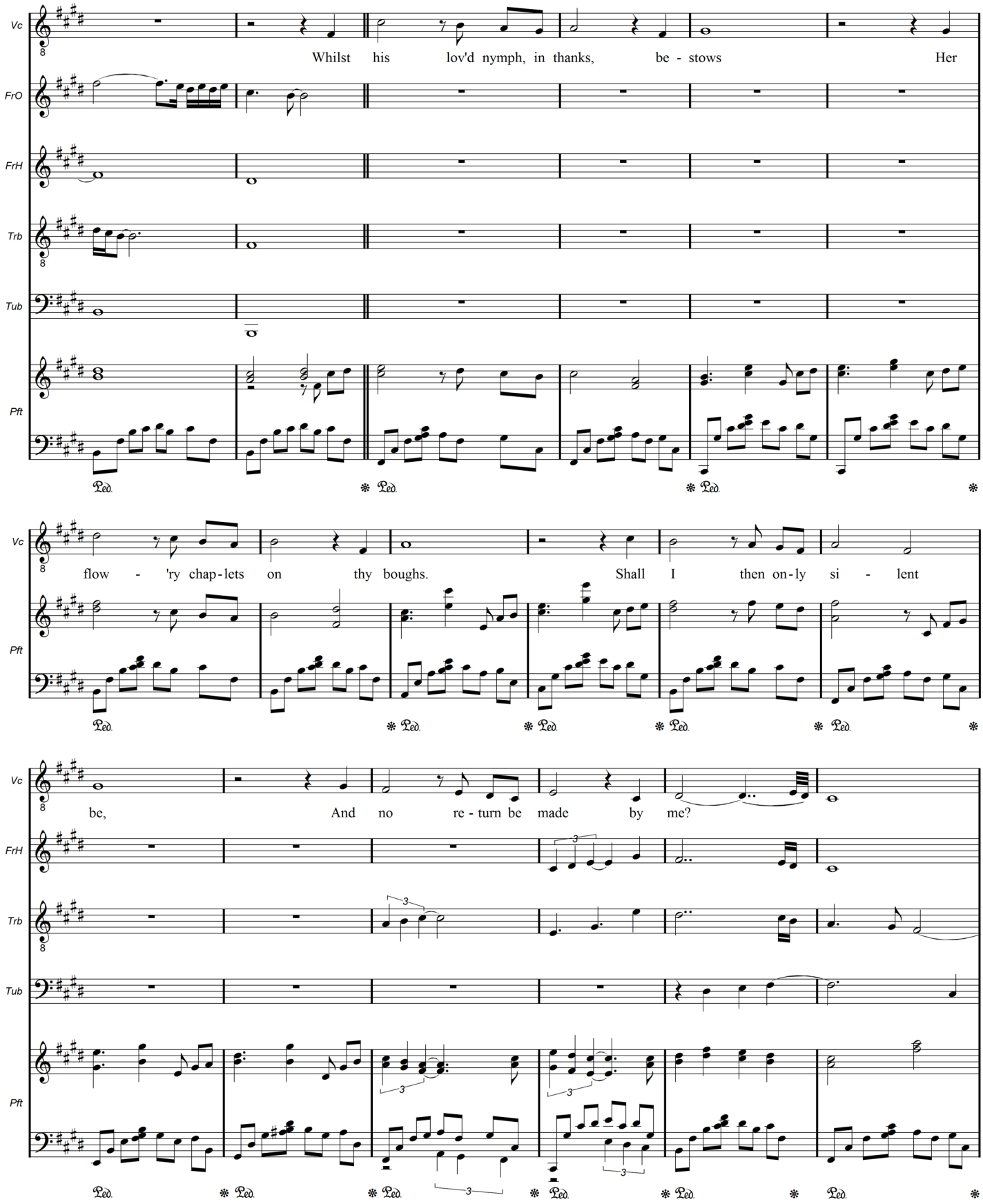
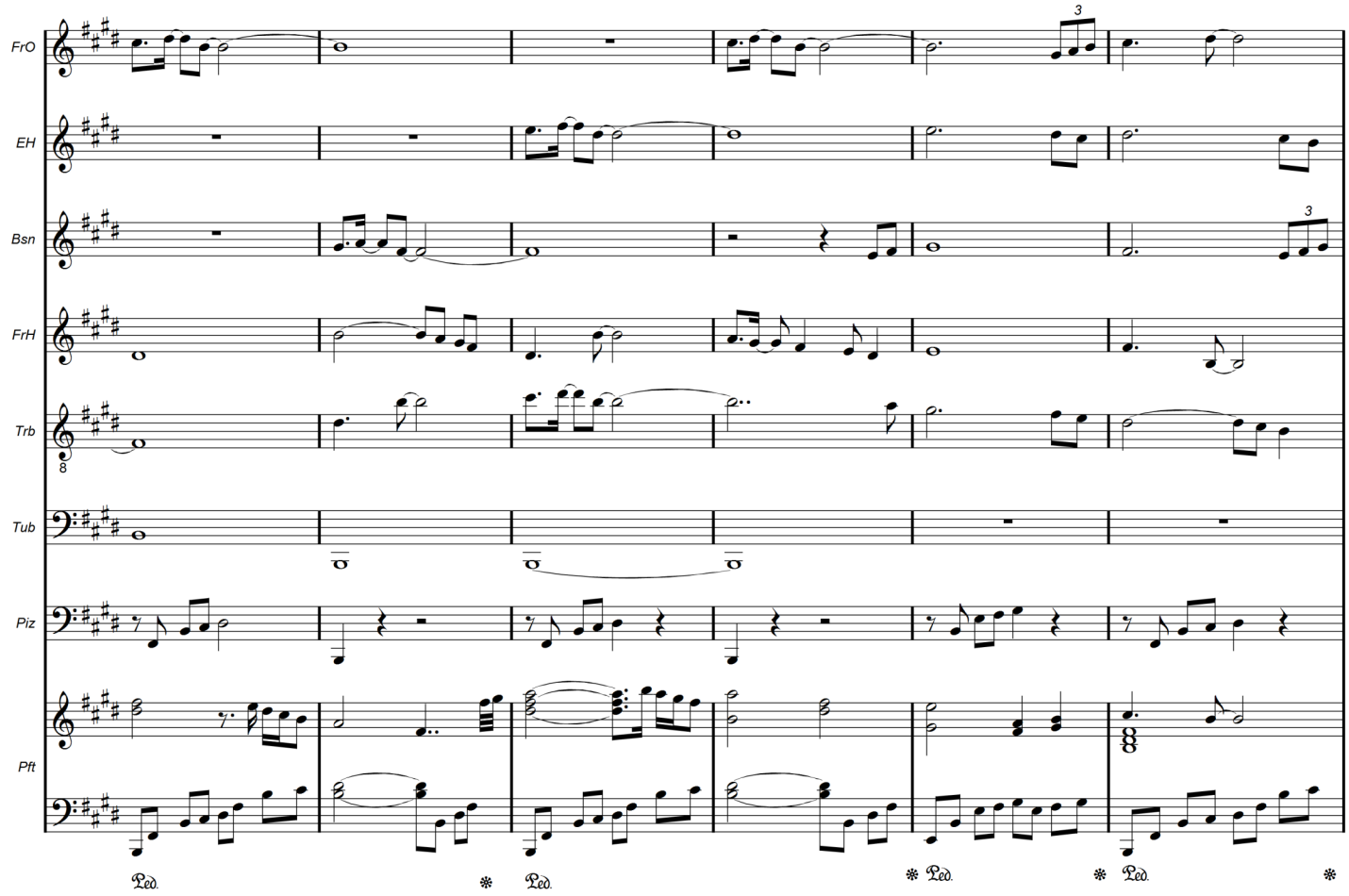
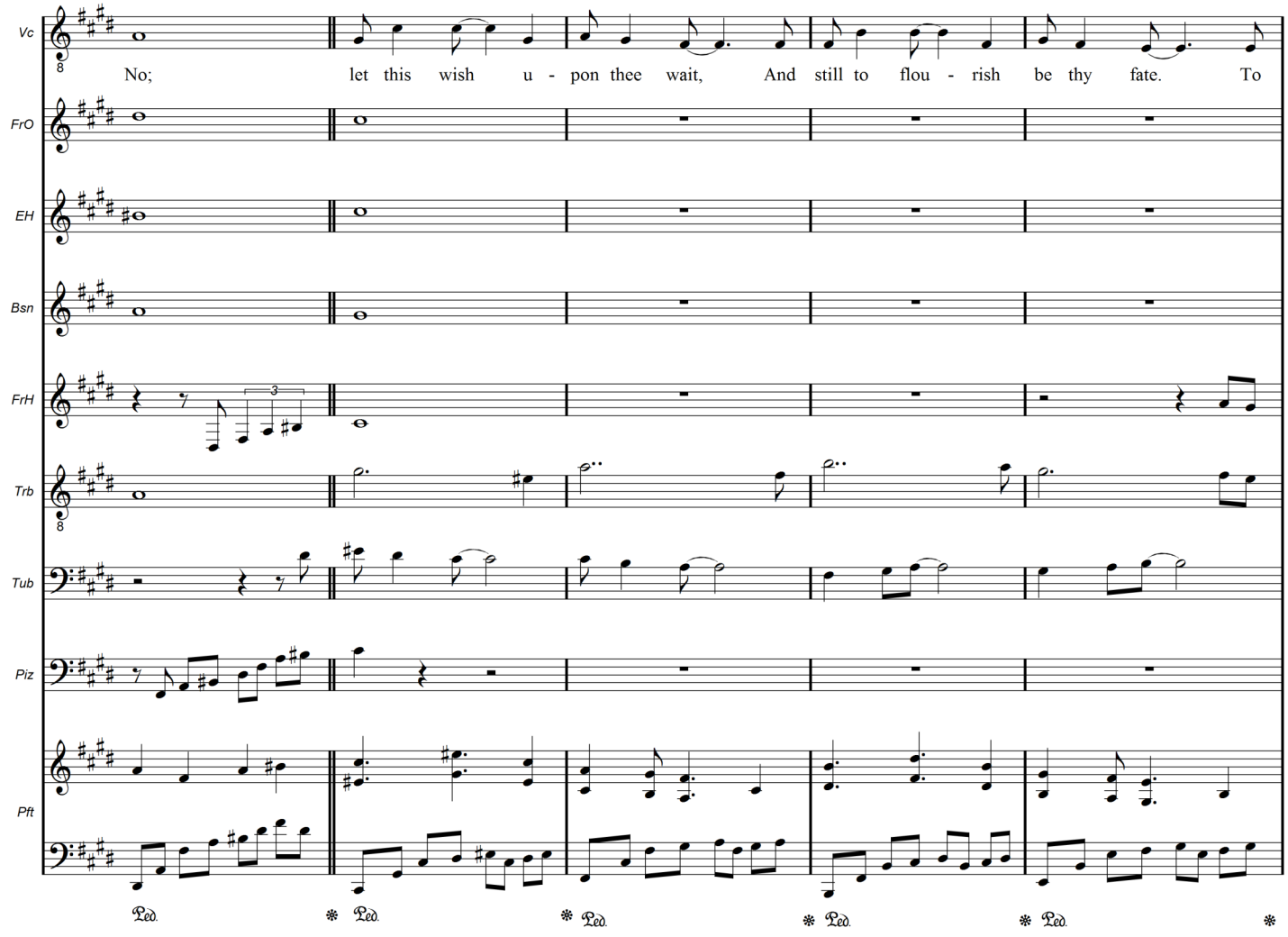

♩= 64
Voice
Fair tree! for thy de - light - ful shade
French Oboe
English Horn
Bassoon
French Horn
Trombone
Tuba
Pizzicato
Timpani
Bass Drum
Cymbal
Piano
Ped.
Vc
'Tis just that some re - turn be made; Sure some re - turn is
Pft
Vc
due from me To thy cool sha-dows, and to thee.
Pft

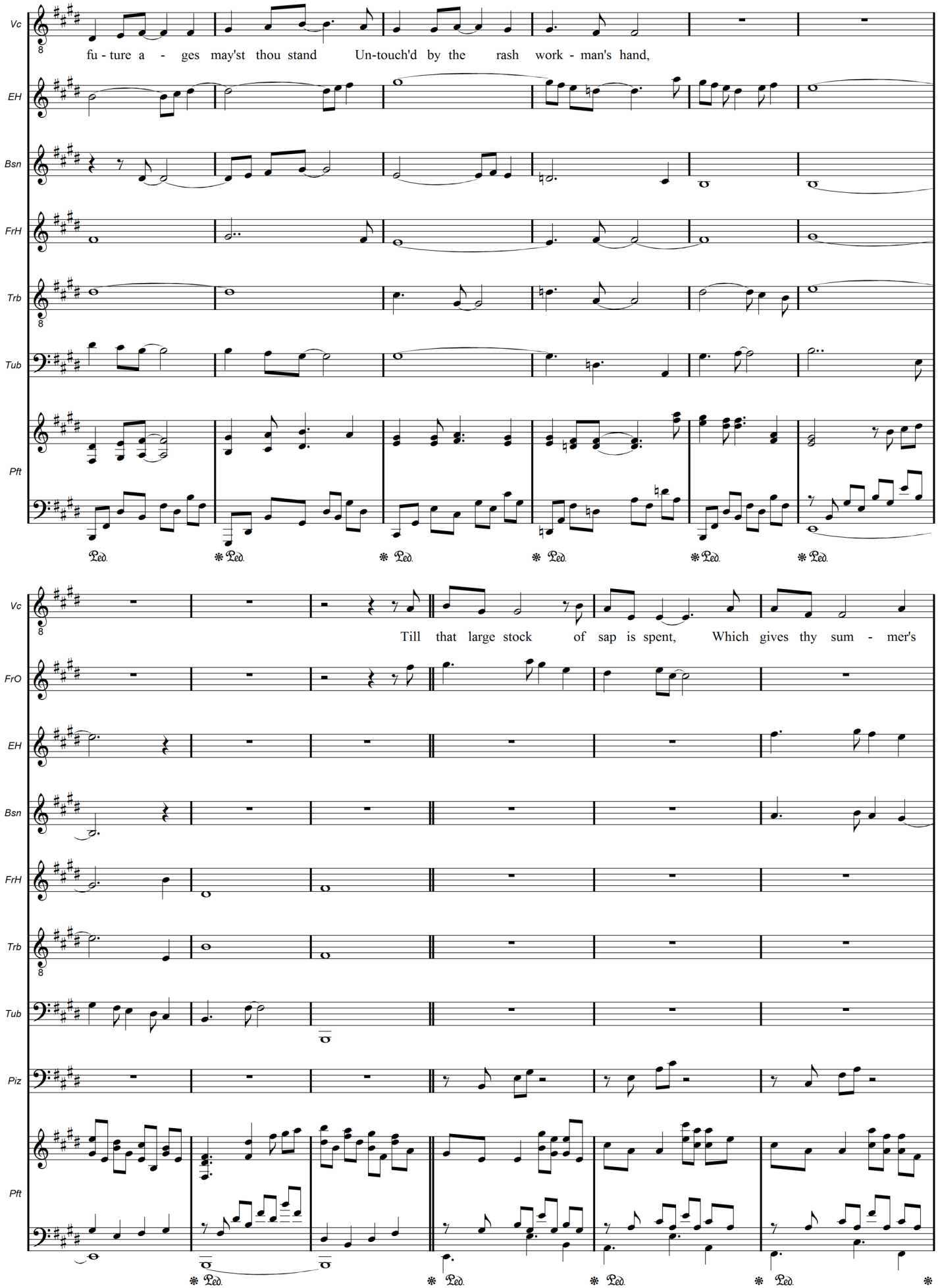

Vc
Piz
Pft
When thou to birds dost shel - ter give, Thou mu - sic dost from
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Vc
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Cym
Pft
them re - ceive; If tra-vel - lers be-neath thee stay Till storms have worn them-selves a - way, That
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

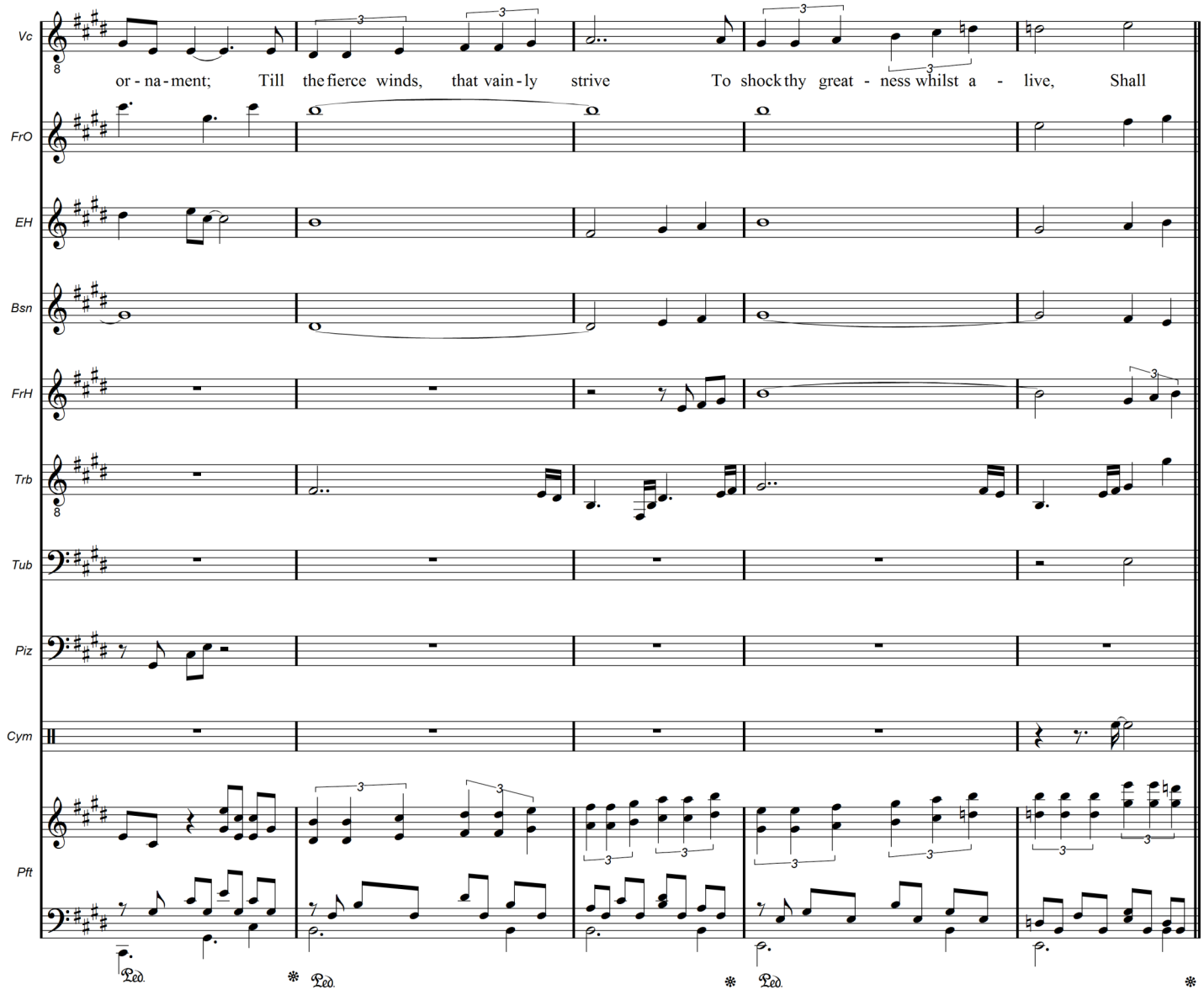

Vc
time in prais-ing thee they spend And thy pro-tec-ting pow'r com-mend. The shep-herd here, from
FrH
Trb
Tub
Tim
Bd
Cym
Pft
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Vc
scorch-ing freed, Tunes to thy dan-cing leaves his reed;
FrO
FrH
Trb
Tub
Pft
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

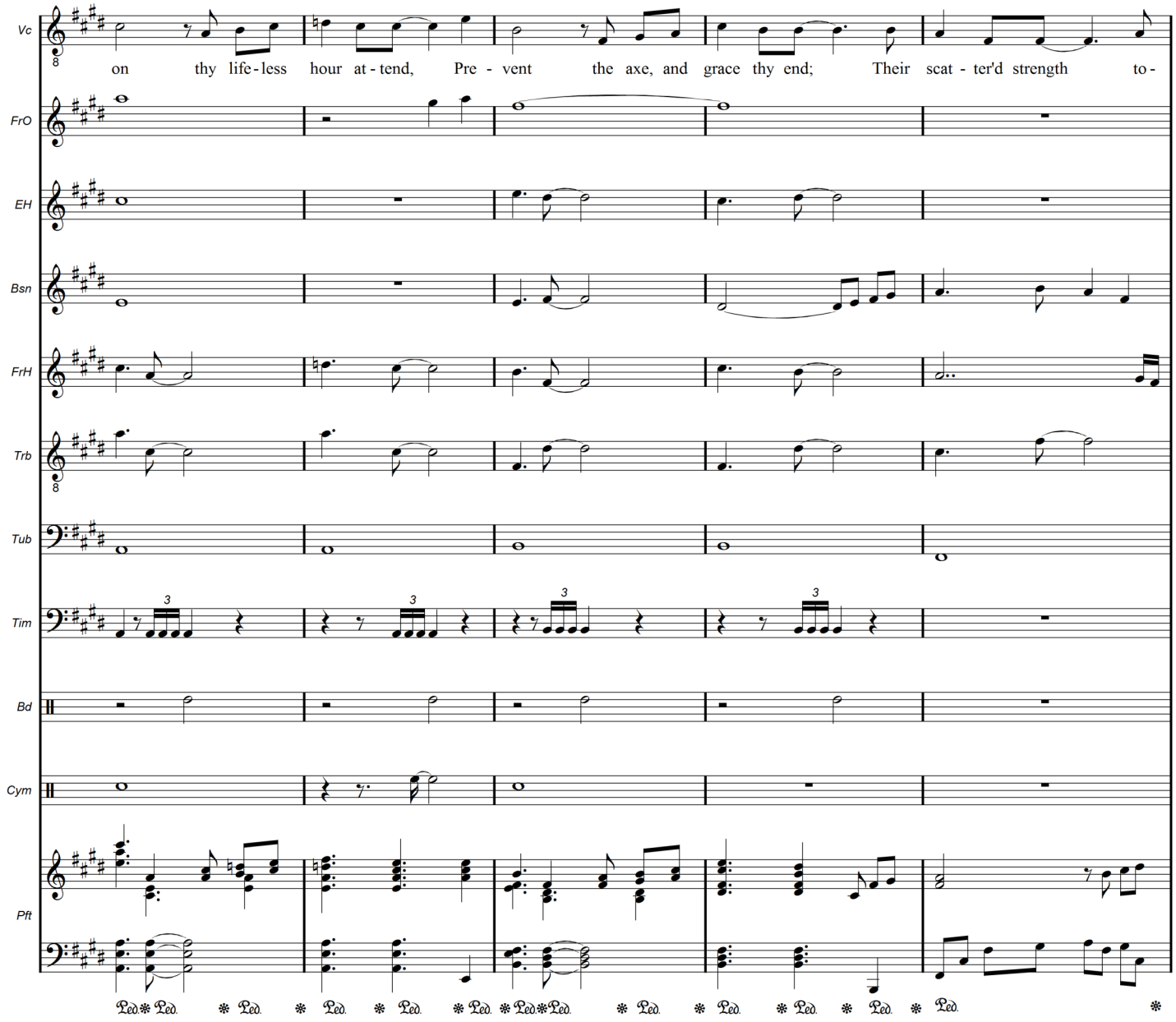

Vc
FrO
FrH
Trb
Tub
Pft
Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, be - stows Her
Ped.
flow - 'ry chap-lets on thy boughs. Shall I then on-ly si - lent
be, And no re - turn be made by me?

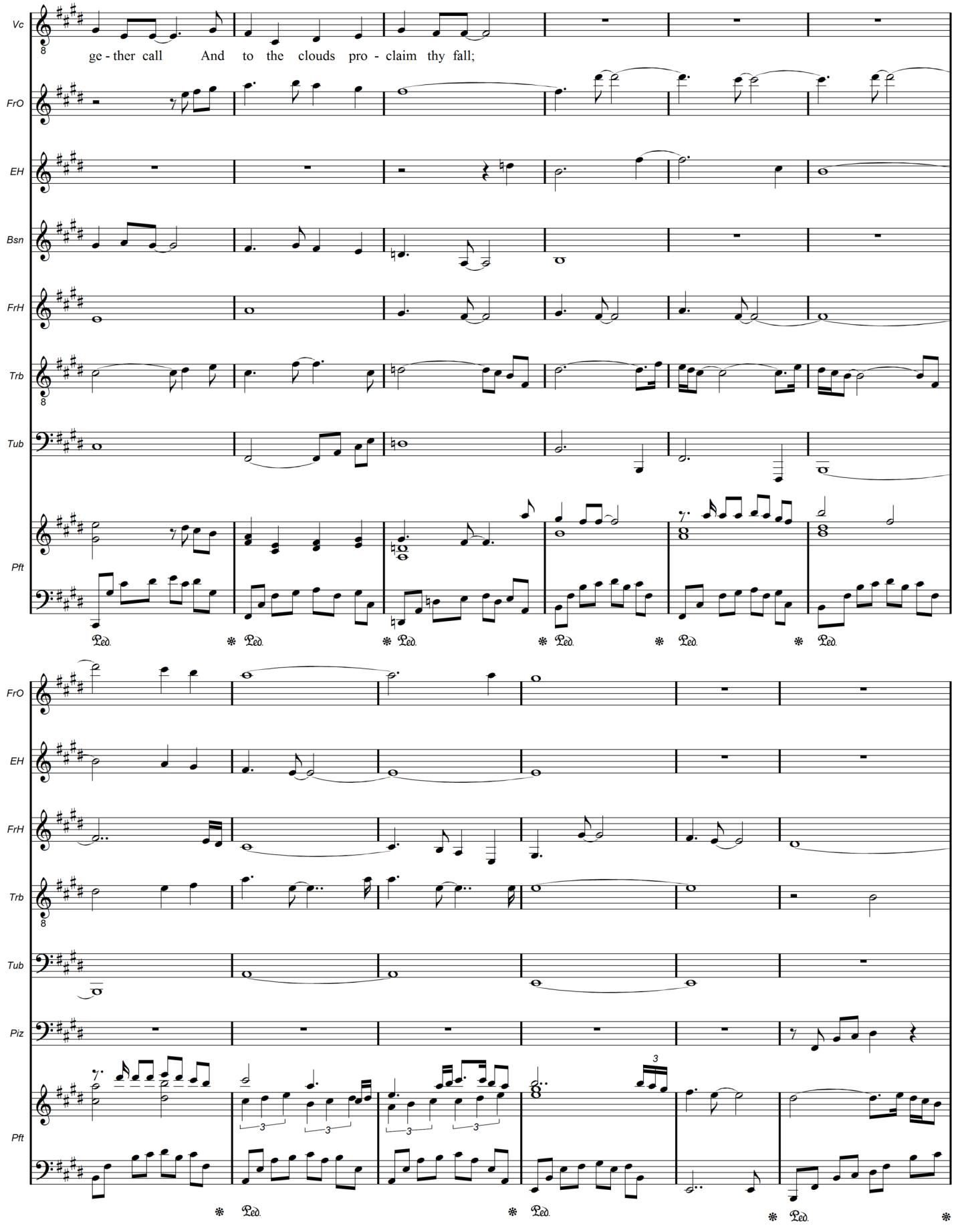

FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Pft
3
3
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

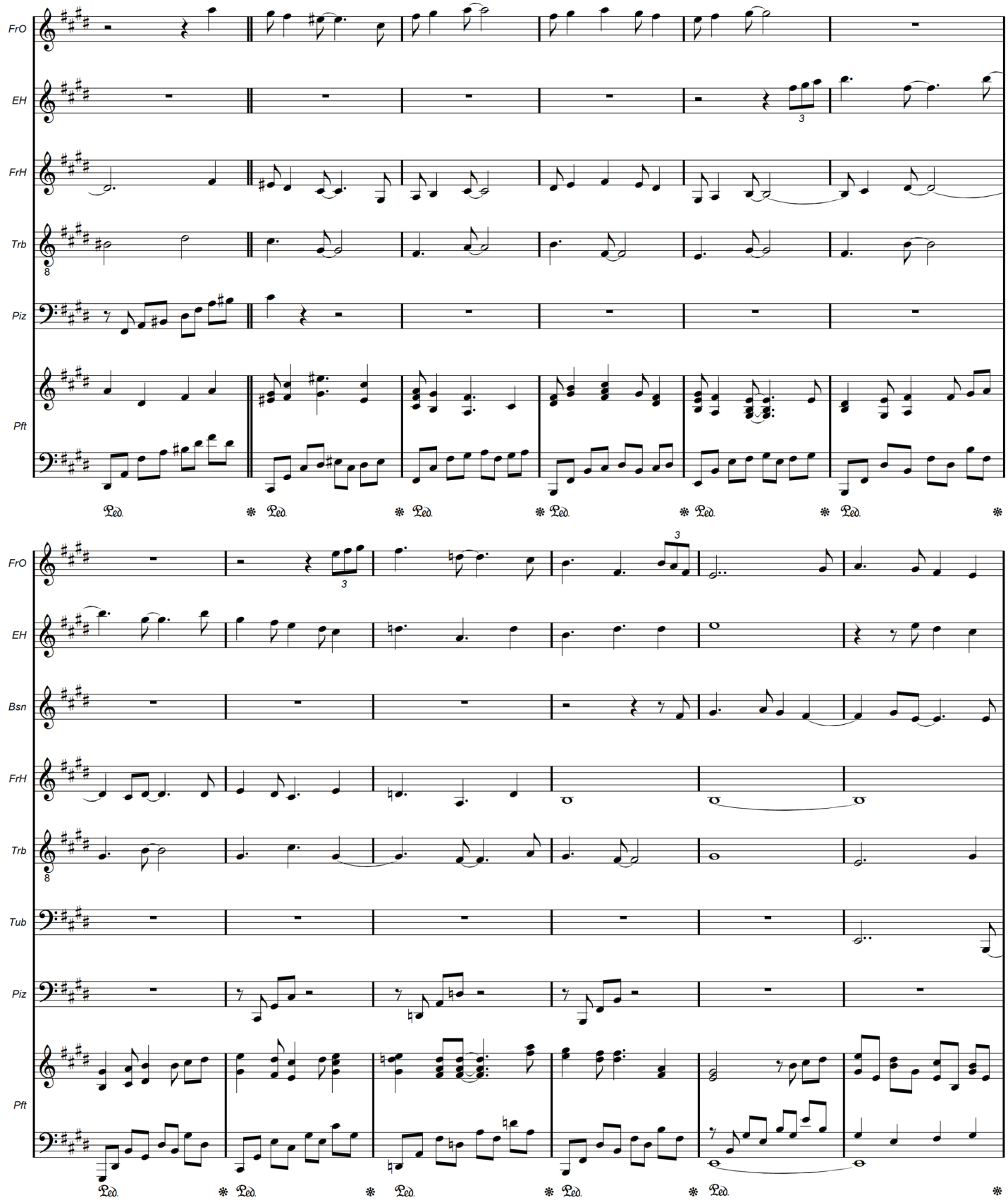

Vc
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Pft
No; let this wish u - pon thee wait, And still to flou - rish be thy fate. To
3
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

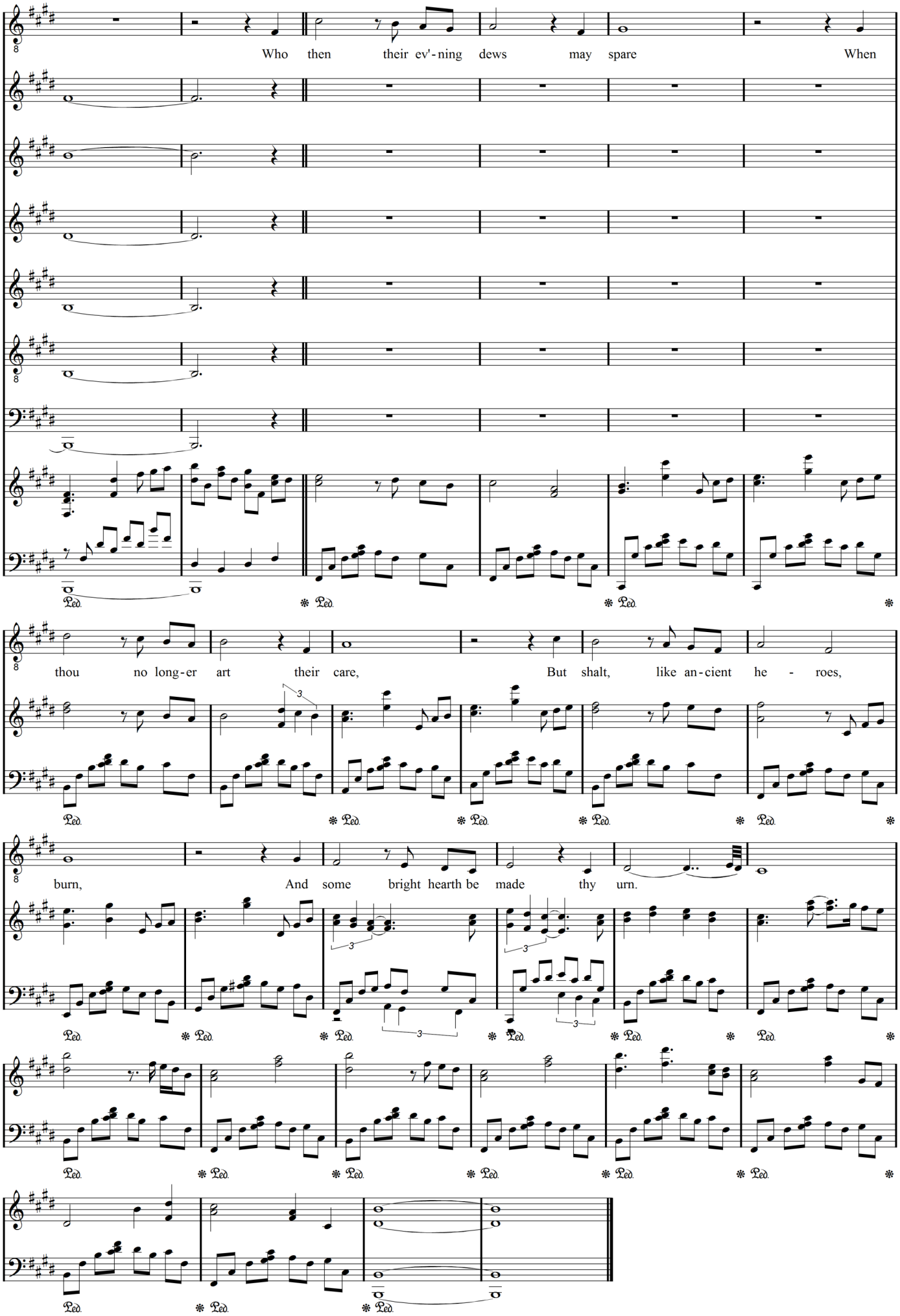

Vc
fu - ture a - ges may'st thou stand Un-touch'd by the rash work - man's hand,
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Pft
Ped.
Vc
Till that large stock of sap is spent, Which gives thy sum - mer's
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Pft
Ped.


Vc
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Cym
Pft
or - na - ment; Till the fierce winds, that vain - ly strive To shock thy great - ness whilst a - live, Shall
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Vc
on thy life - less hour at - tend, Pre - vent the axe, and grace thy end; Their scat - ter'd strength to -
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Tim
Bd
Cym
Pft


Vc
ge - ther call And to the clouds pro - claim thy fall;
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Pft
Ped.
FrO
EH
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Pft
3
Ped.


FrO
EH
FrH
Trb
Piz
Pft
Ped.
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Piz
Pft
Ped.


Vc
FrO
EH
Bsn
FrH
Trb
Tub
Pft
Who then their ev'-ning dews may spare When
thou no long-er art their care, But shalt, like an-cient he - roes,
burn, And some bright hearth be made thy urn.
Ped.