Thy Delightful Shade



zion

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    After the poem by William Blake
    Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

Front cover photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands

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Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee

Poem by Emily Jane Brontë (1818-1848)

Shall earth no more inspire thee,
Thou lonely dreamer now?
Since passion may not fire thee,
Shall nature cease to bow?

Thy mind is ever moving,
In regions dark to thee;
Recall its useless roving,
Come back, and dwell with me.

I know my mountain breezes
Enchant and soothe thee still,
I know my sunshine pleases,
Despite thy wayward will.

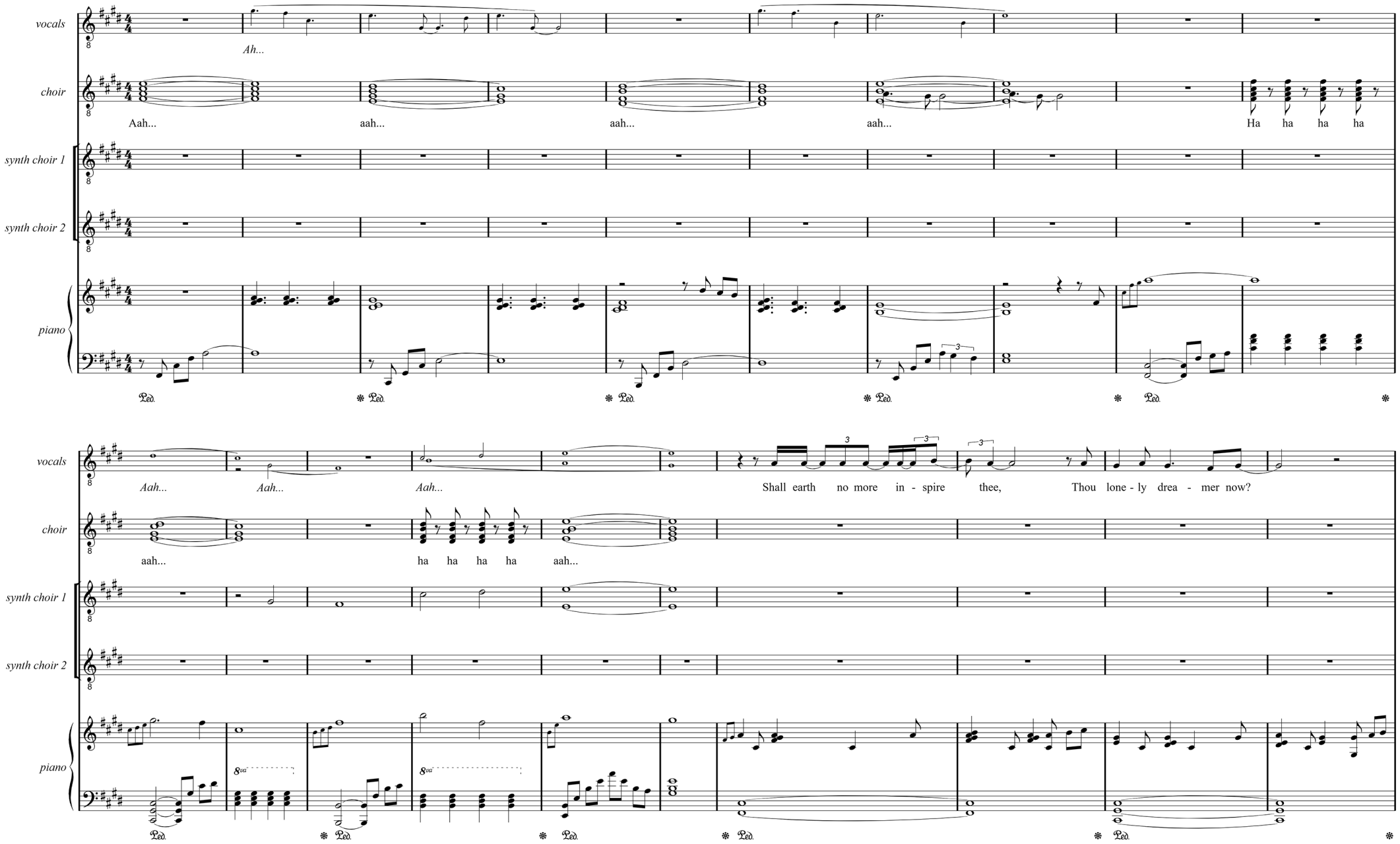
When day with evening blending,
Sinks from the summer sky,
I've seen thy spirit bending
In fond idolatry.

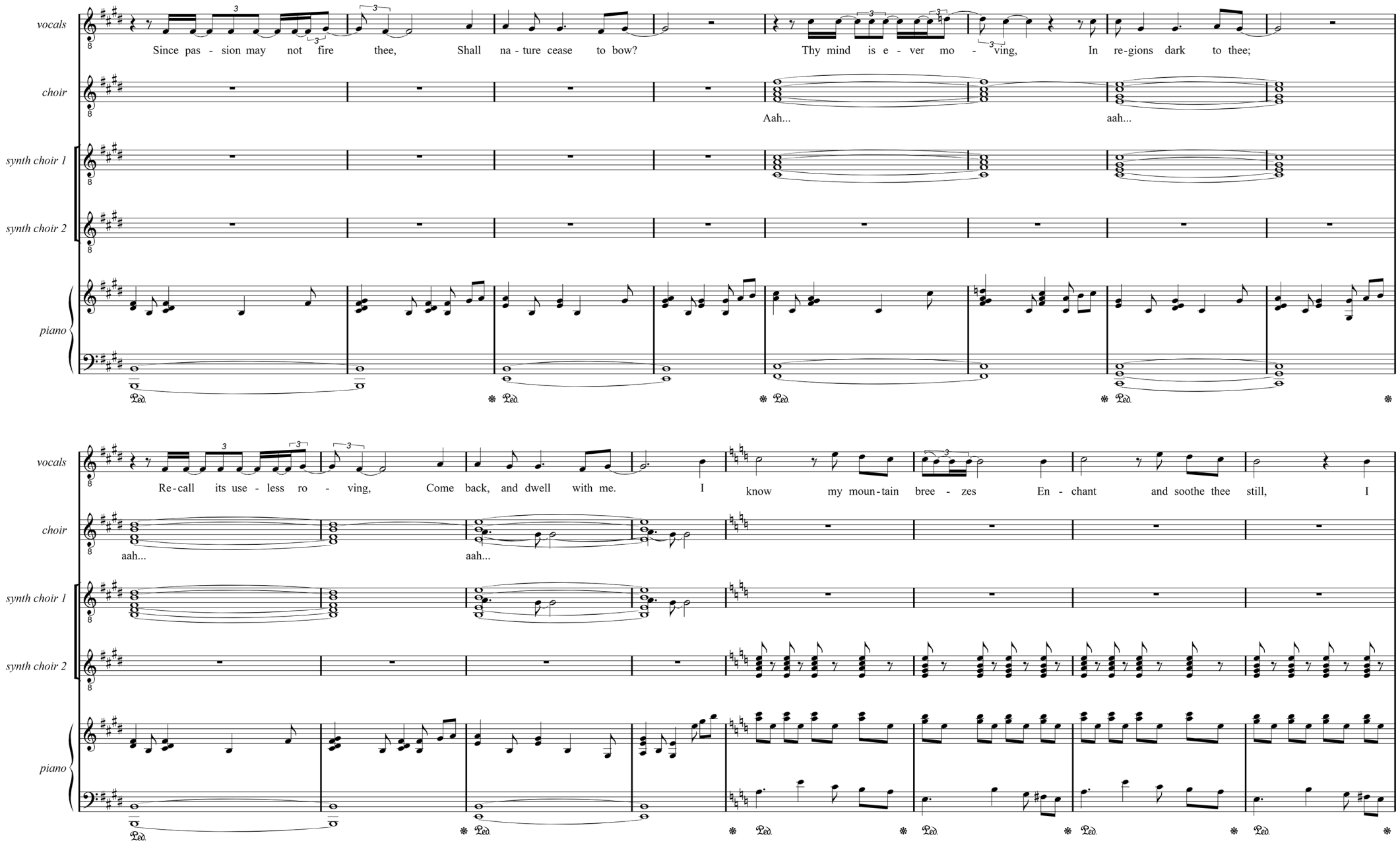
I've watched thee every hour;
I know my mighty sway:
I know my magic power
To drive thy griefs away.

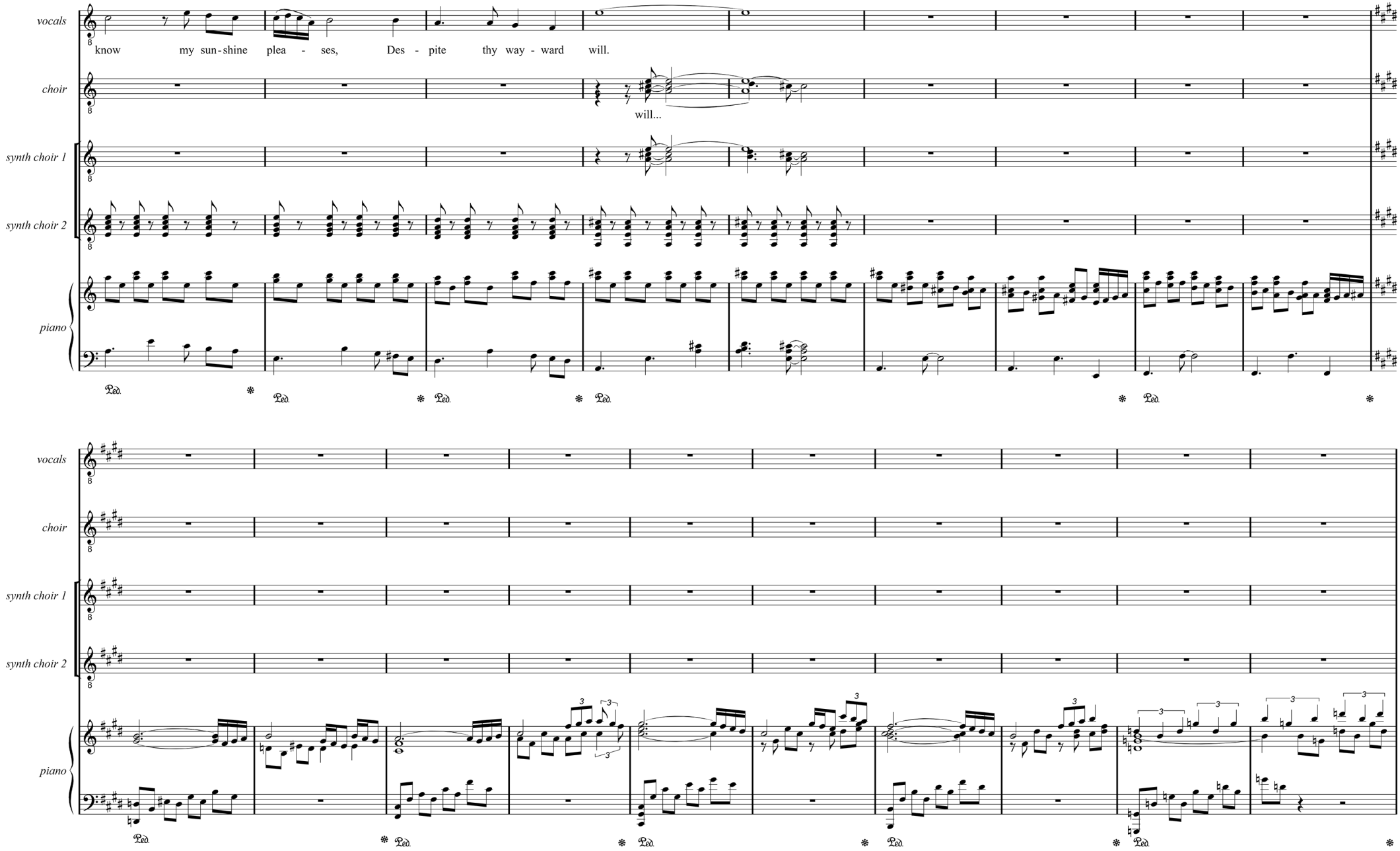
Few hearts to mortals given,
On earth so wildly pine;
Yet few would ask a heaven
More like this earth than thine.

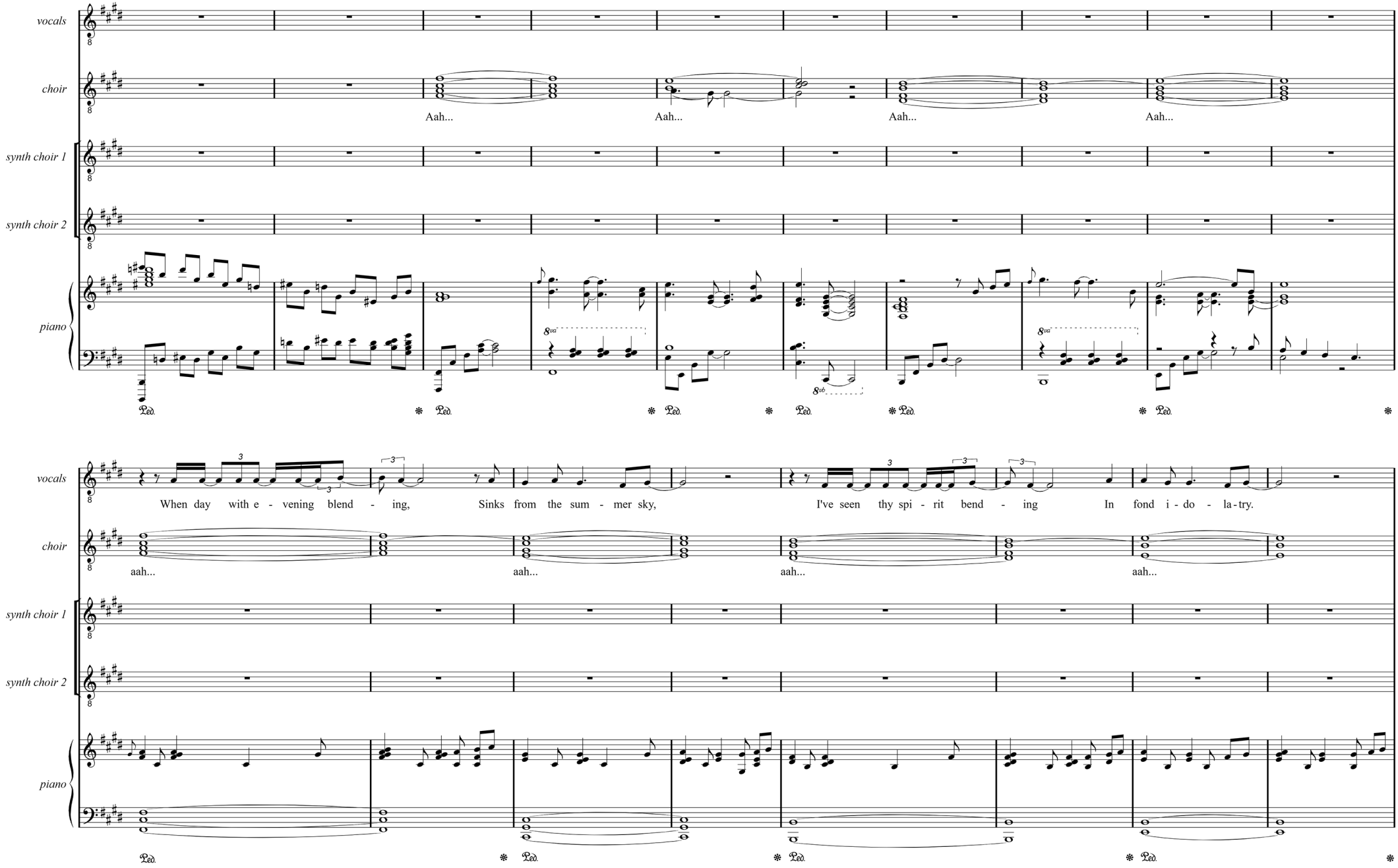
Then let my winds caress thee
Thy comrade let me be:
Since nought beside can bless thee,
Return--and dwell with me.

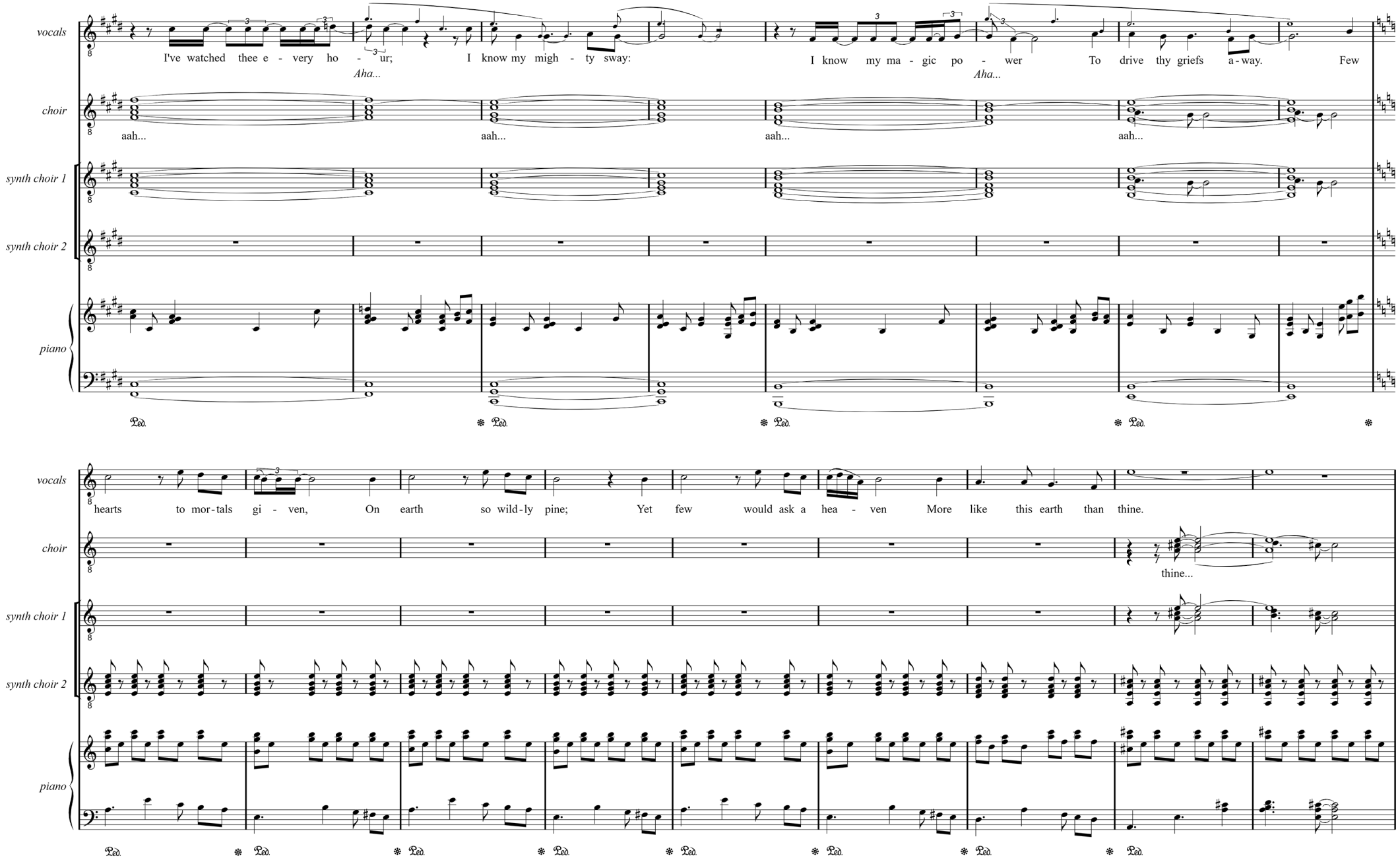
Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee?

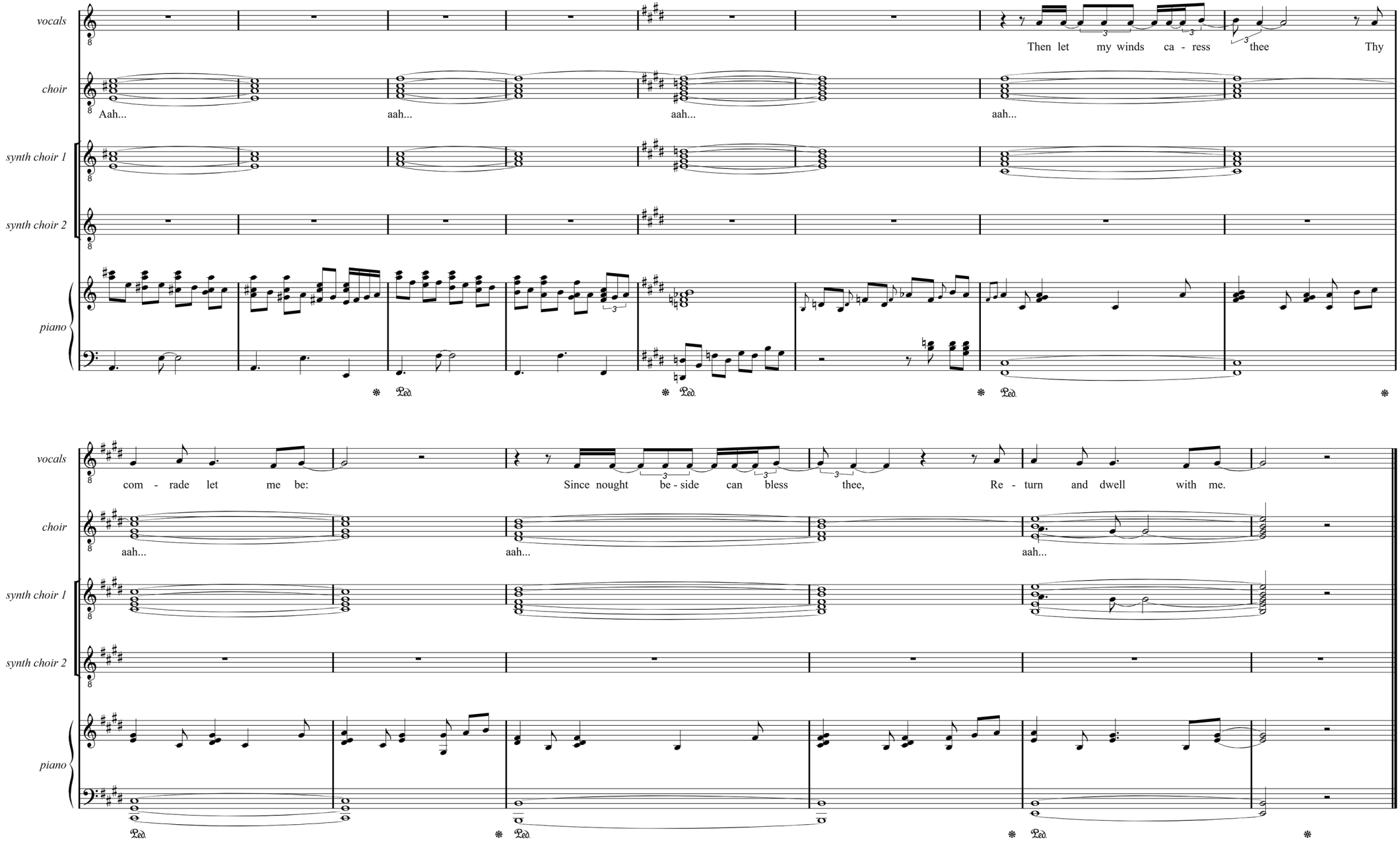



vocals
choir
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Since pas - sion may not fire thee, Shall na - ture cease to bow? Thy mind is e - ver mo - ving, In re-gions dark to thee;
Aah...
aah...
Re-call its use - less ro - ving, Come back, and dwell with me. I know my moun-tain bree - zes En - chant and soothe thee still, I
aah...
aah...
Ped.


vocals
know my sun-shine plea - ses, Des - pite thy way - ward will.
choir
will...
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Ped.
vocals
choir
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Ped.


vocals
choir
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Aah...
Aah...
Aah...
Aah...
Ped.
When day with e - vening blend - ing,
Sinks from the sum - mer sky,
I've seen thy spi - rit bend - ing
In fond i - do - la - try.
aah...
aah...
aah...
aah...


vocals
I've watched thee e - very ho - ur;
Aha...
I know my migh - ty sway:
I know my ma - gic po - wer
Aha...
To drive thy griefs a - way.
Few
choir
aah...
aah...
aah...
aah...
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Ped.
vocals
hearts to mor - tals gi - ven,
On earth so wild - ly pine;
Yet few would ask a hea - ven
More like this earth than thine.
choir
thine...
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Ped.


vocals
choir
synth choir 1
synth choir 2
piano
Then let my winds ca - ress thee Thy
Aah... aah... aah... aah...
com - rade let me be: Since nought be - side can bless thee, Re - turn and dwell with me.
aah... aah... aah...
Ped.



The Deserted House
Poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide.
Careless tenants they!

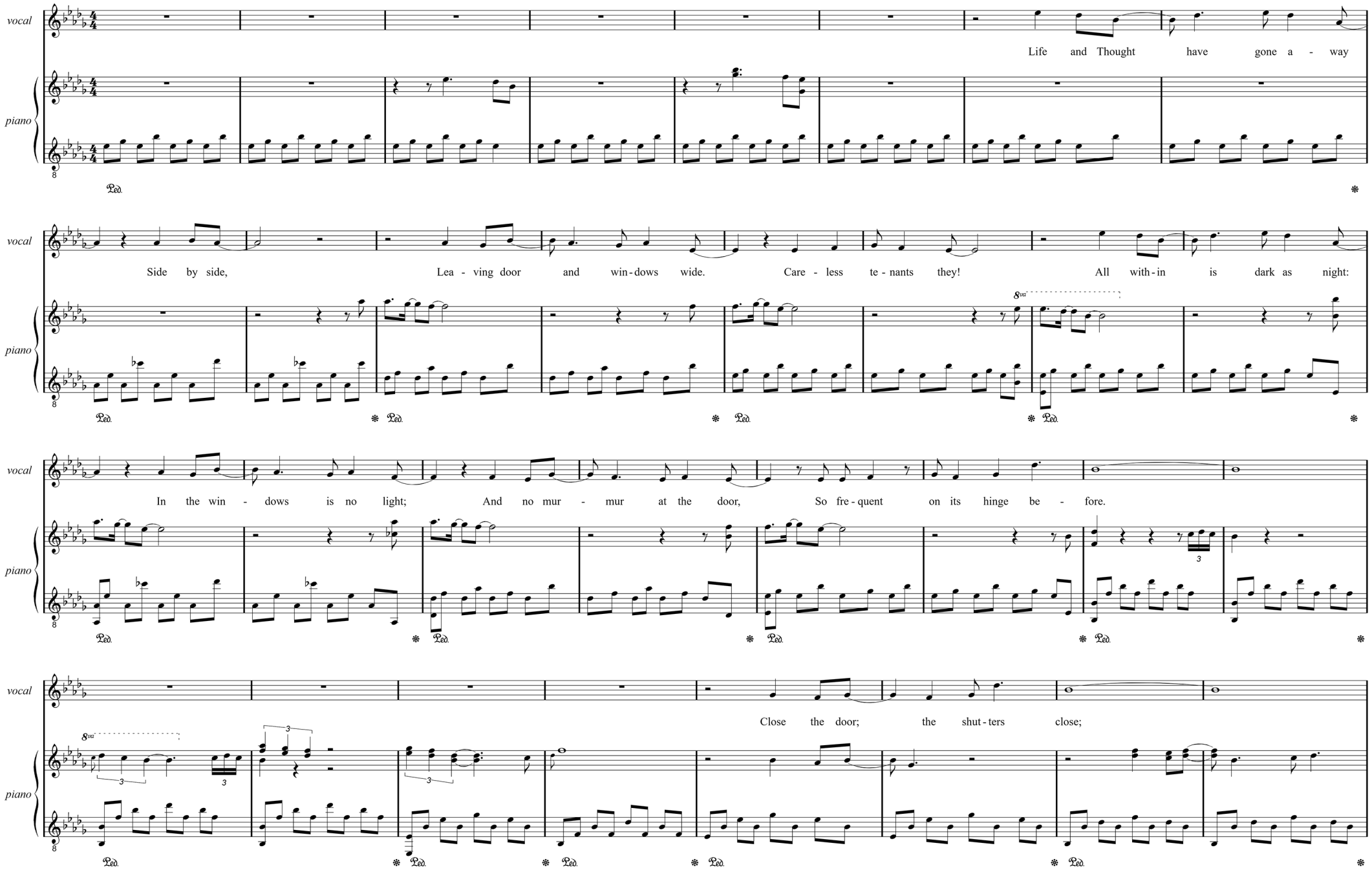
All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

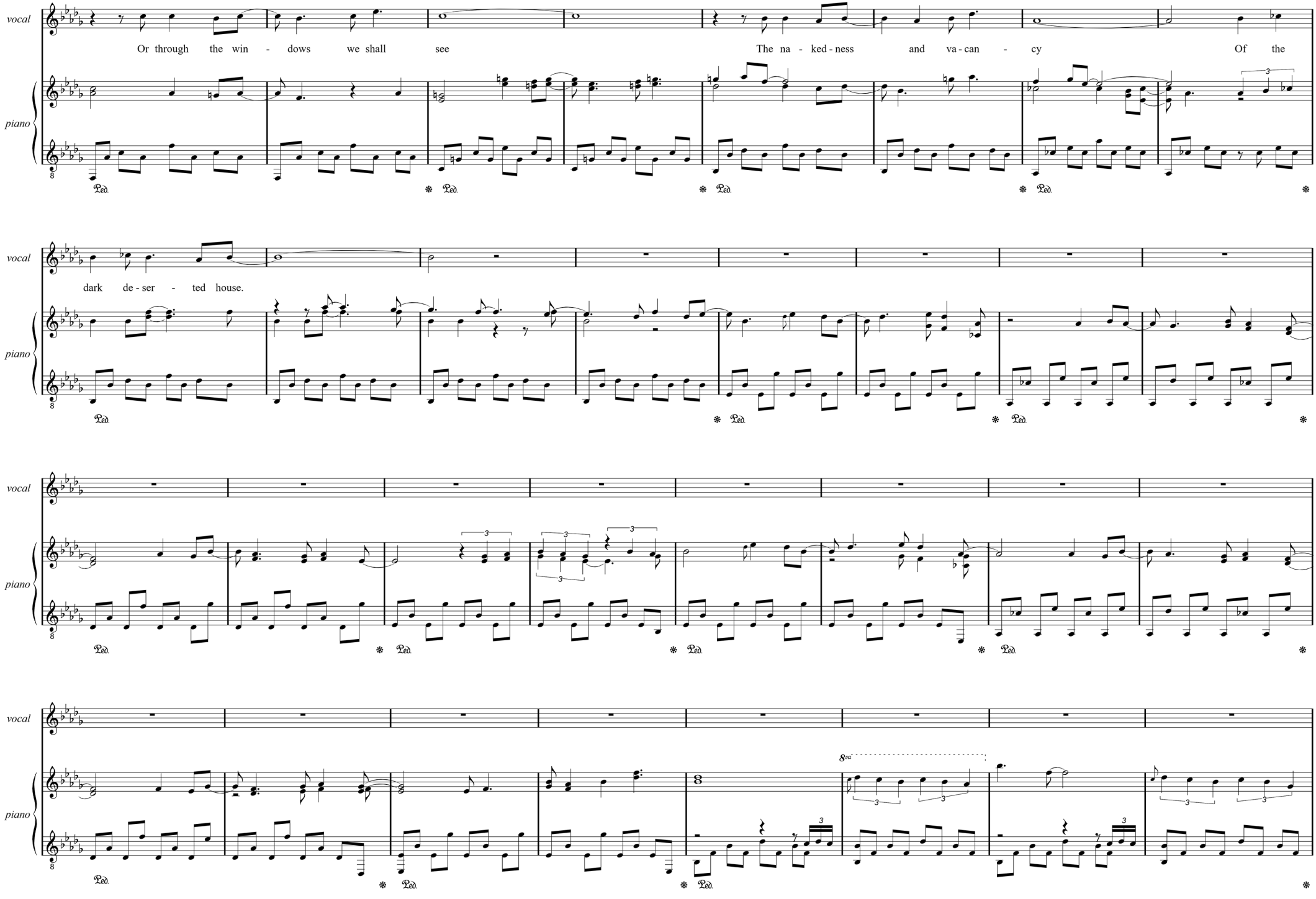
Close the door; the shutters close;
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

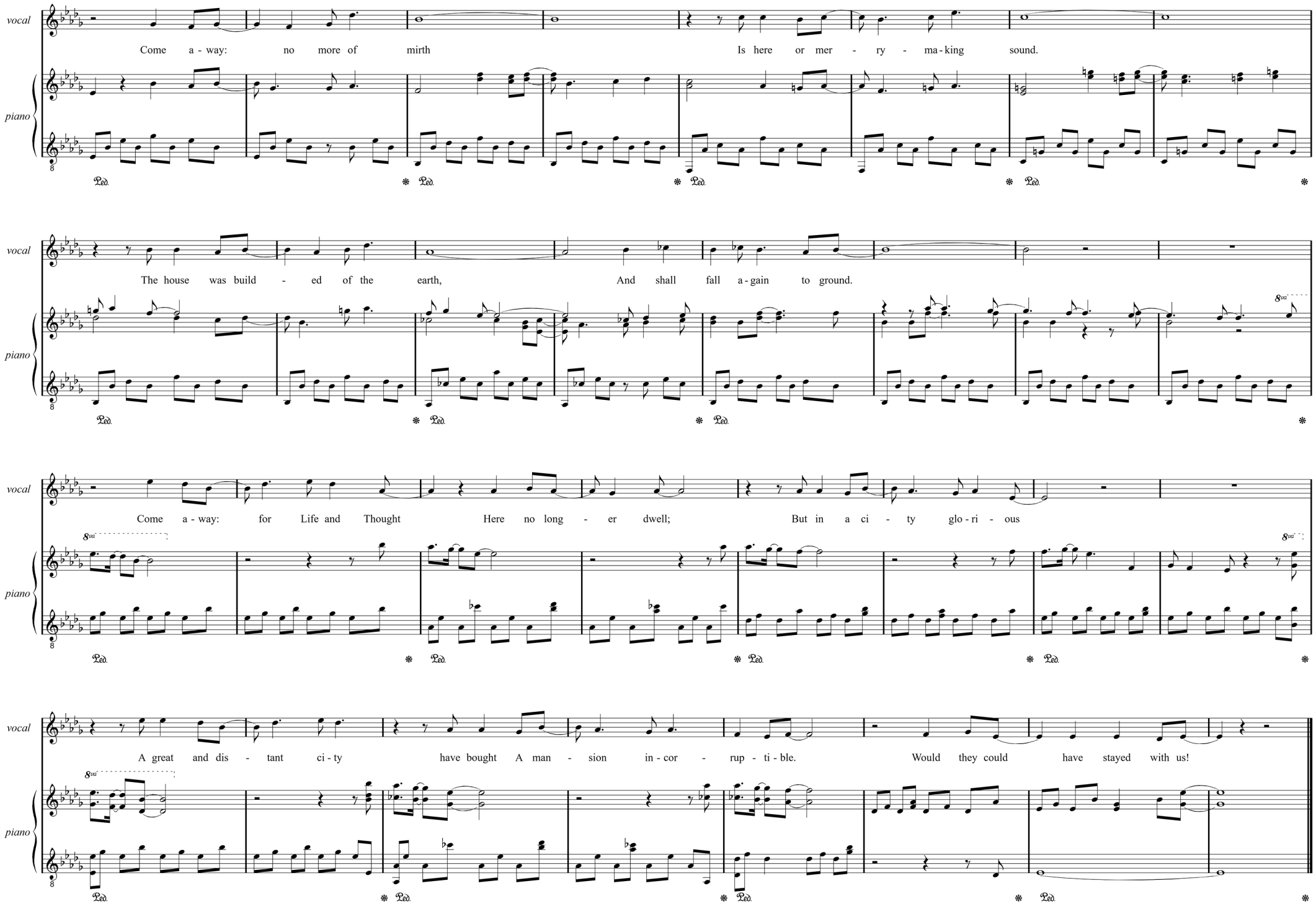
Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious -
A great and distant city -have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

The Deserted House




vocal
piano
Or through the win - dows we shall see
The na - ked - ness and va - can - cy
Of the
dark de - ser - ted house.
Ped.
8va


vocal
piano
Come a - way: no more of mirth Is here or mer - ry - ma - king sound.
The house was build - ed of the earth, And shall fall a - gain to ground.
Come a - way: for Life and Thought Here no long - er dwell; But in a ci - ty glo - ri - ous
A great and dis - tant ci - ty have bought A man - sion in - cor - rup - ti - ble. Would they could have stayed with us!
8va
Ped.



Ode To Pity
Poem by William Collins (1721-1759)

O Thou, the Friend of Man assign'd,
With balmy Hands his Wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic Woe:
When first Distress with Dagger keen
Broke forth to waste his destin'd Scene,
His wild unsated Foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic Name,
By all the Griefs his Thoughts could frame,
Receive my humble Rite:
Long, Pity, let the Nations view
Thy sky-worn Robes of tend'rest Blue,
And Eyes of dewy Light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant Side,
Deserted Stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy Strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native Plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's Lute.

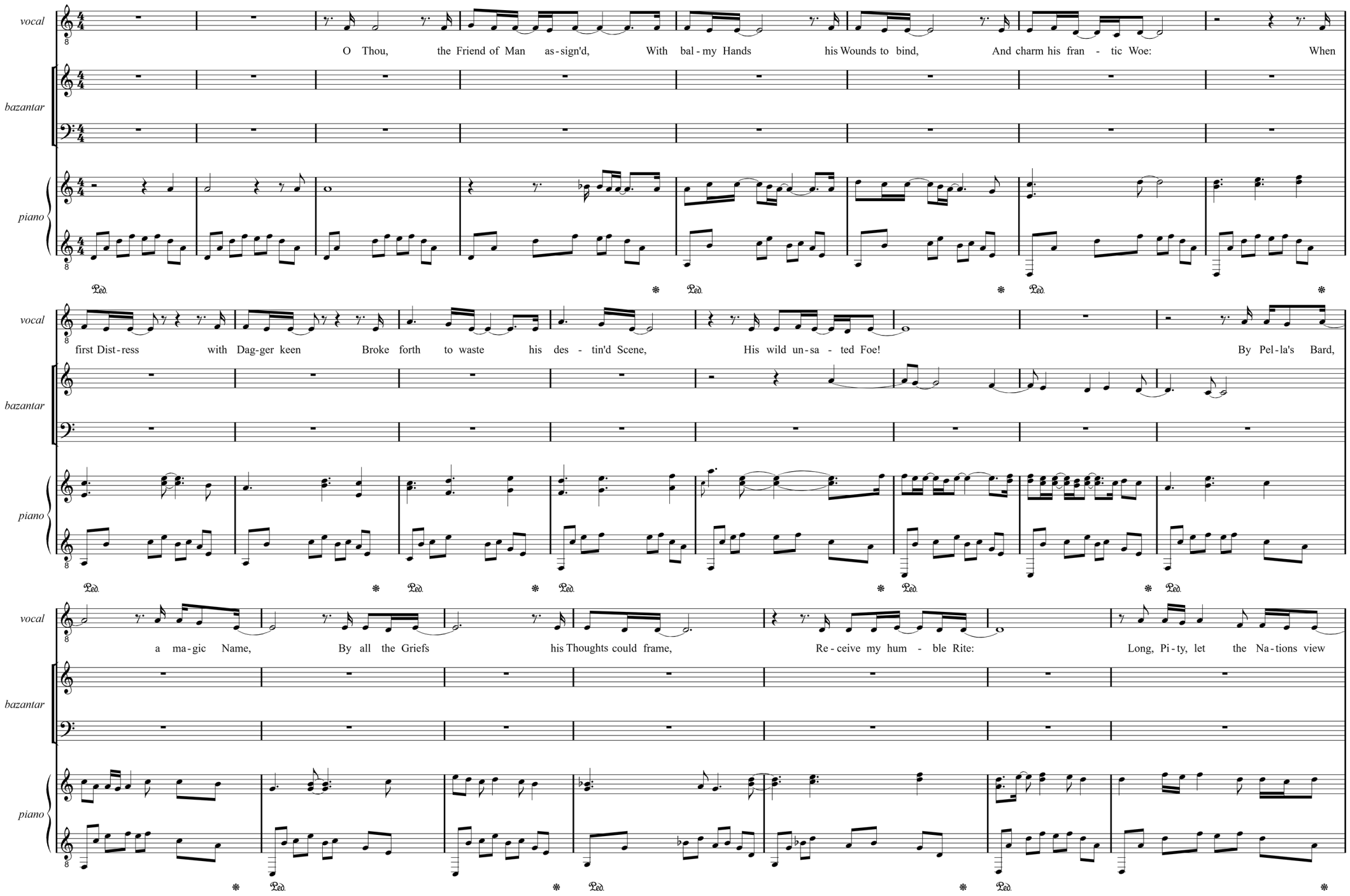
There first the Wren thy Myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant Head,
To Him thy Cell was shown;
And while He sung the Female heart,
With Youth's soft Notes unspoil'd by Art,
Thy Turtles mix'd their own.

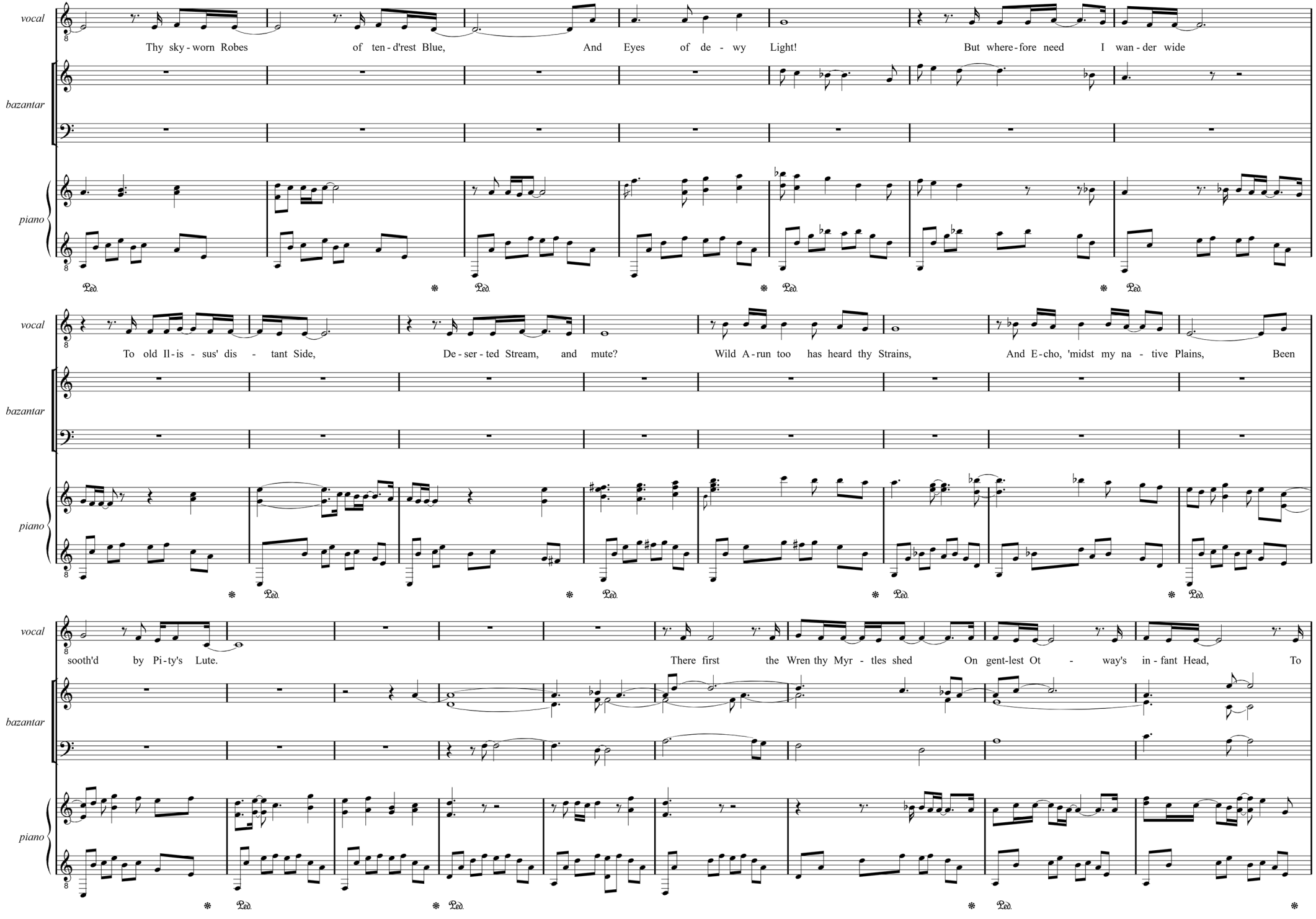
Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's Aid,
Ev'n now my Thoughts, relenting Maid,
Thy Temple's Pride design:
Its Southern Site, its Truth compleat
Shall raise a wild Enthusiast Heat,
In all who view the Shrine.

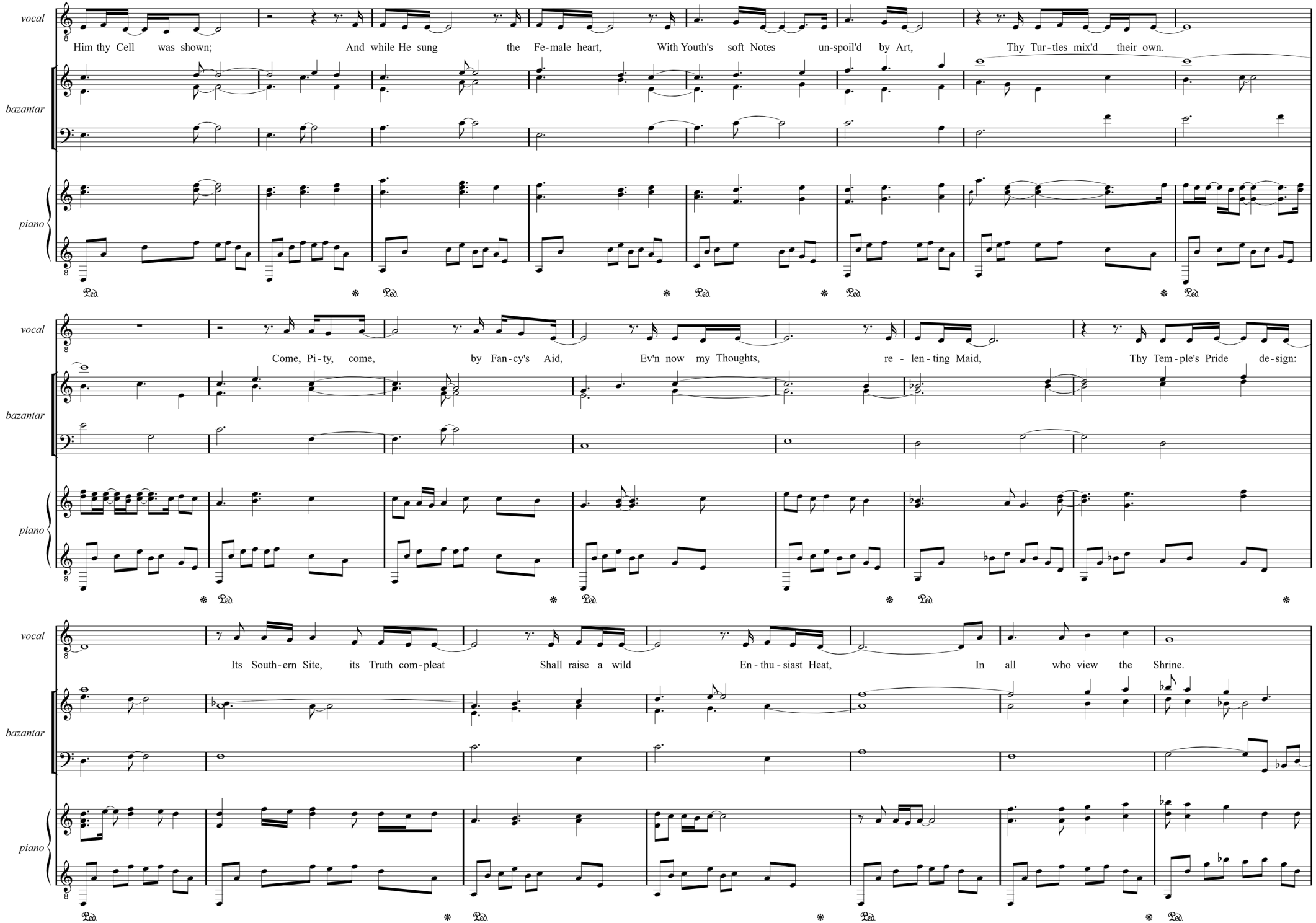
There Picture's Toils shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal Bliss prevail:
The Buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender Hand,
With each disastrous Tale.

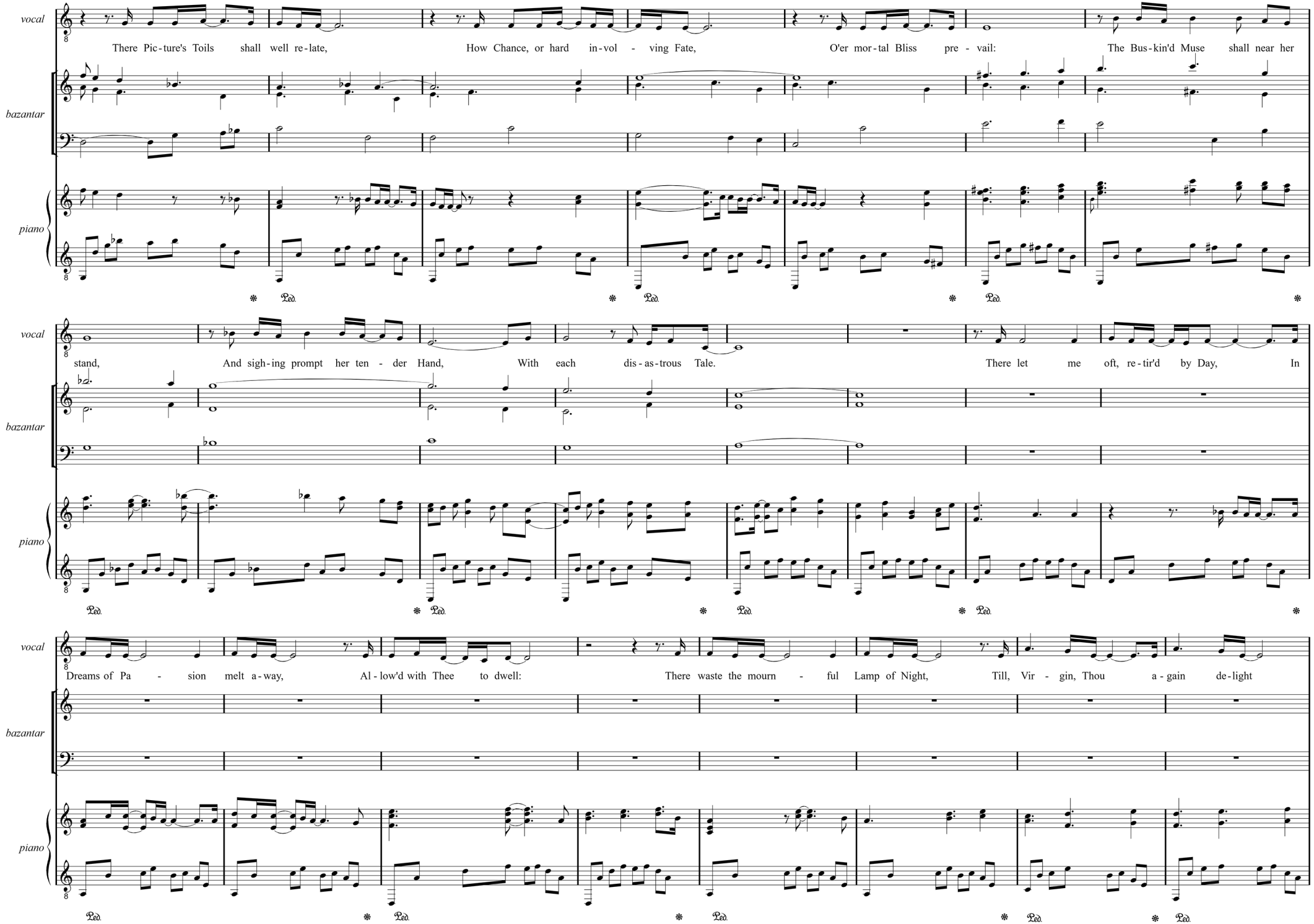
There let me oft, retir'd by Day,
In Dreams of Pasion melt away,
Allow'd with Thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful Lamp of Night,
Till, Virgin, Thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

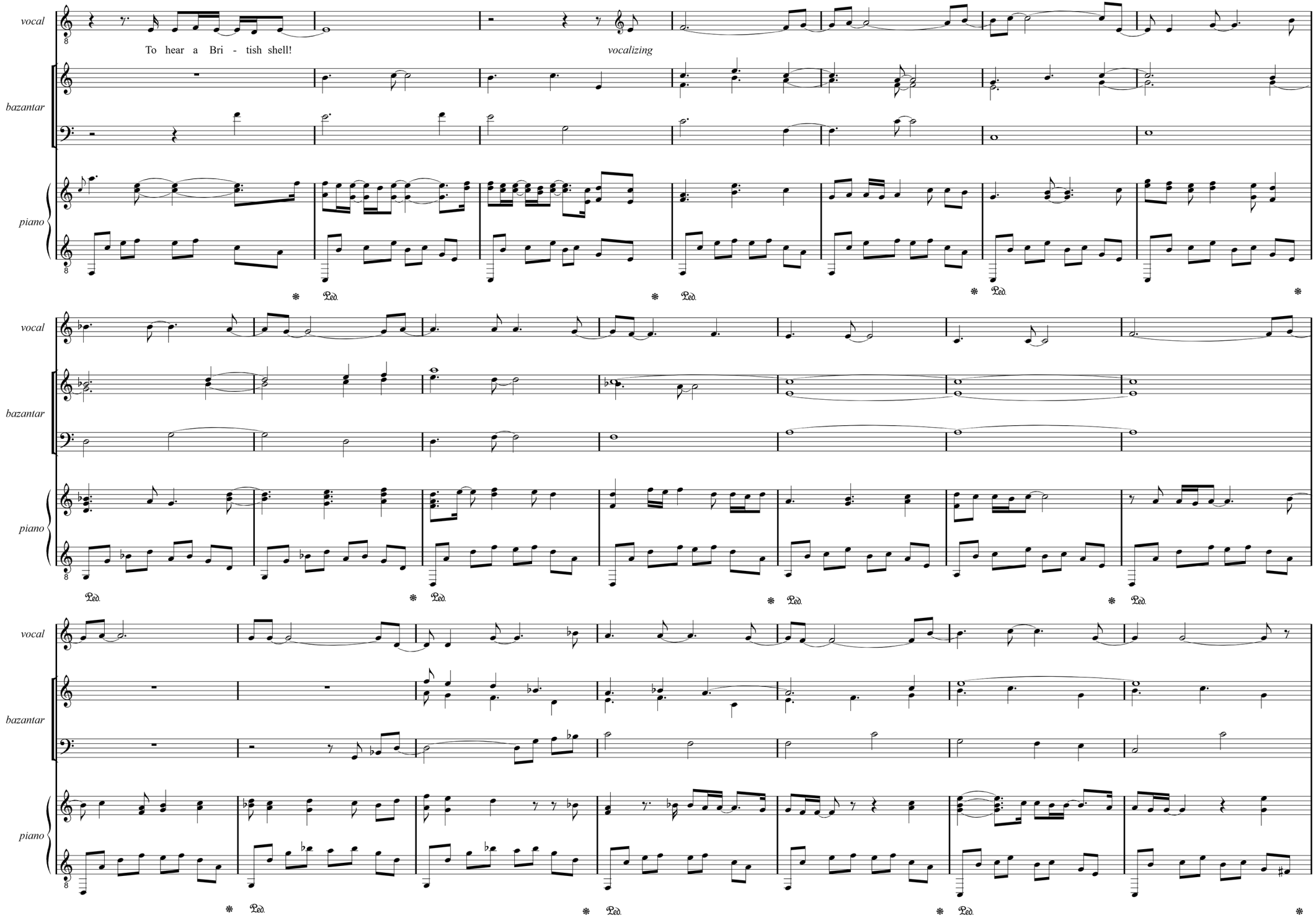
Ode To Pity

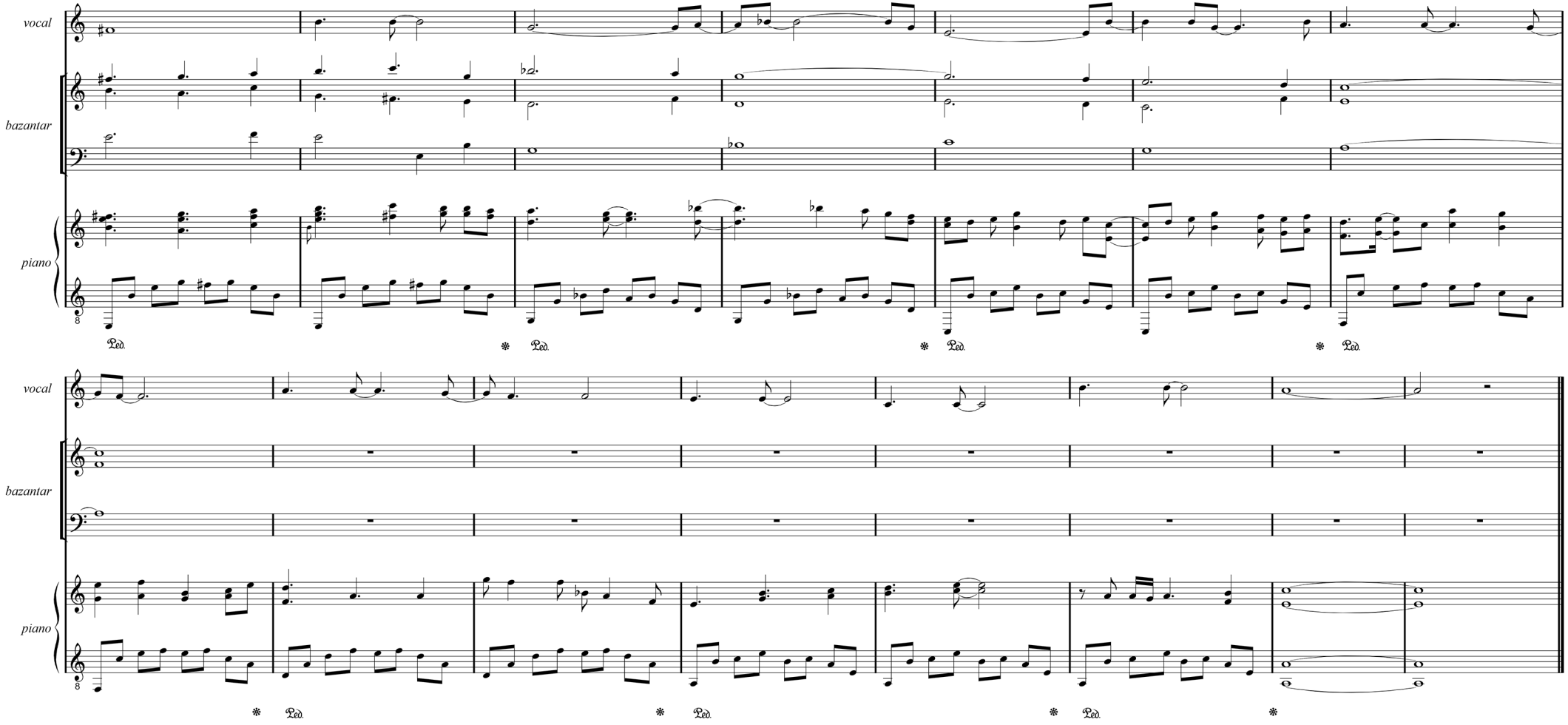

vocal
bazantar
piano
O Thou, the Friend of Man as-sign'd, With bal-my Hands his Wounds to bind, And charm his fran - tic Woe: When
first Dist-ress with Dag-ger keen Broke forth to waste his des - tin'd Scene, His wild un-sa - ted Foe! By Pel-la's Bard,
a ma-gic Name, By all the Griefs his Thoughts could frame, Re-ceive my hum - ble Rite: Long, Pi-ty, let the Na-tions view
Ped.


vocal
Thy sky - worn Robes of ten - d'rest Blue, And Eyes of de - wy Light! But where - fore need I wan - der wide
bazantar
piano
Ped.
vocal
To old Il - is - sus' dis - tant Side, De - ser - ted Stream, and mute? Wild A - run too has heard thy Strains, And E - cho, 'midst my na - tive Plains, Been
bazantar
piano
Ped.
vocal
sooth'd by Pi - ty's Lute. There first the Wren thy Myr - tles shed On gent - lest Ot - way's in - fant Head, To
bazantar
piano
Ped.


vocal
bazantar
piano
Him thy Cell was shown; And while He sung the Fe-male heart, With Youth's soft Notes un-spoil'd by Art, Thy Tur-tles mix'd their own.
Come, Pi-ty, come, by Fan-cy's Aid, Ev'n now my Thoughts, re - len-ting Maid, Thy Tem-ple's Pride de-sign:
Its South-ern Site, its Truth com-pleat Shall raise a wild En-thu-siast Heat, In all who view the Shrine.
Ped.


vocal
There Pic-ture's Toils shall well re-late, How Chance, or hard in-vol - ving Fate, O'er mor-tal Bliss pre - vail: The Bus-kin'd Muse shall near her
bazantar
piano
Ped.
vocal
stand, And sigh-ing prompt her ten - der Hand, With each dis-as-trous Tale. There let me oft, re-tir'd by Day, In
bazantar
piano
Ped.
vocal
Dreams of Pa - sion melt a-way, Al-low'd with Thee to dwell: There waste the mourn - ful Lamp of Night, Till, Vir - gin, Thou a-gain de-light
bazantar
piano
Ped.


vocal
bazantar
piano
To hear a Bri - tish shell!
vocalizing
Ped.


vocal
bazantar
piano
vocal
bazantar
piano



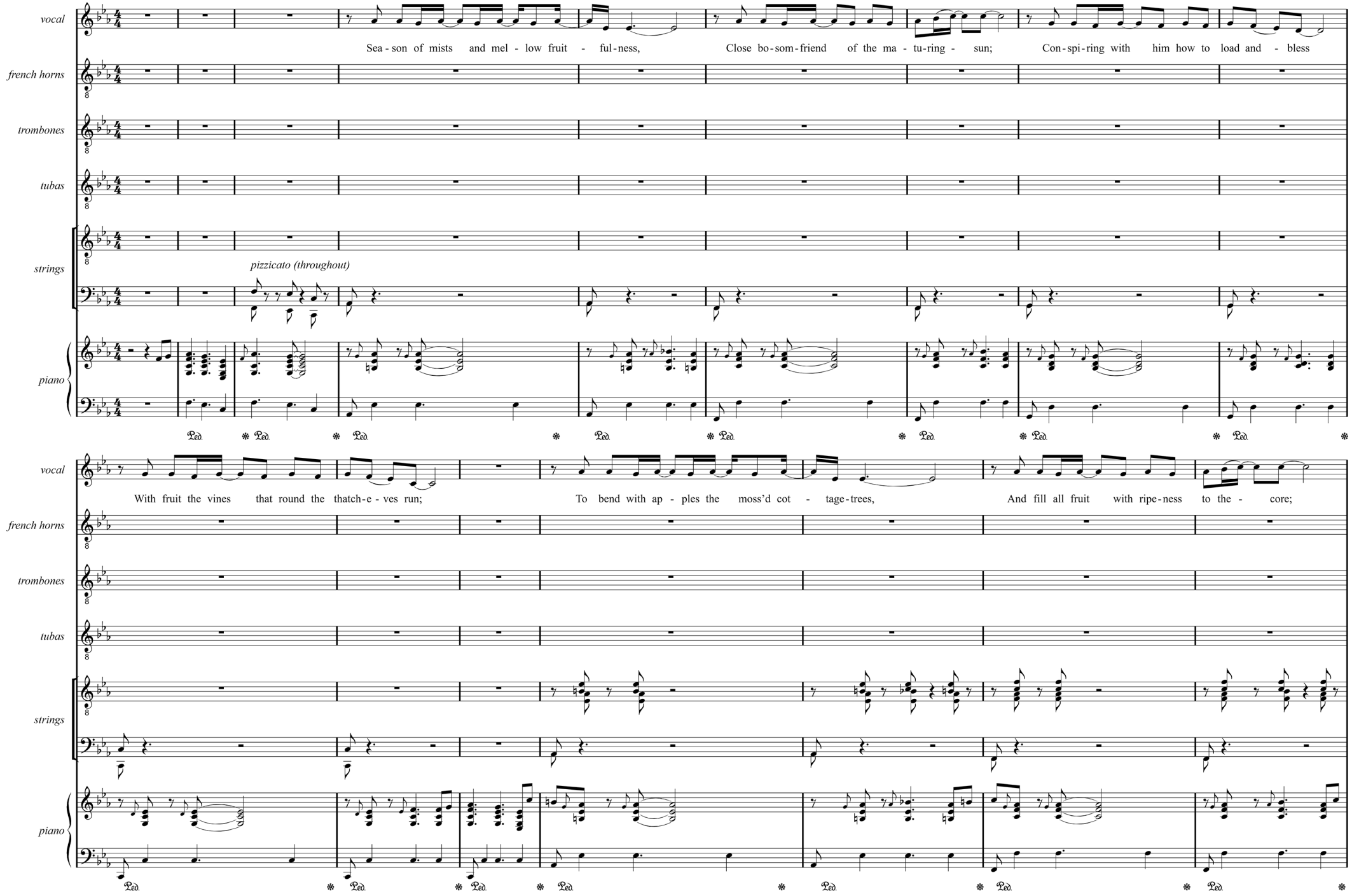
To Autumn
Poem by John Keats (1795-1821)

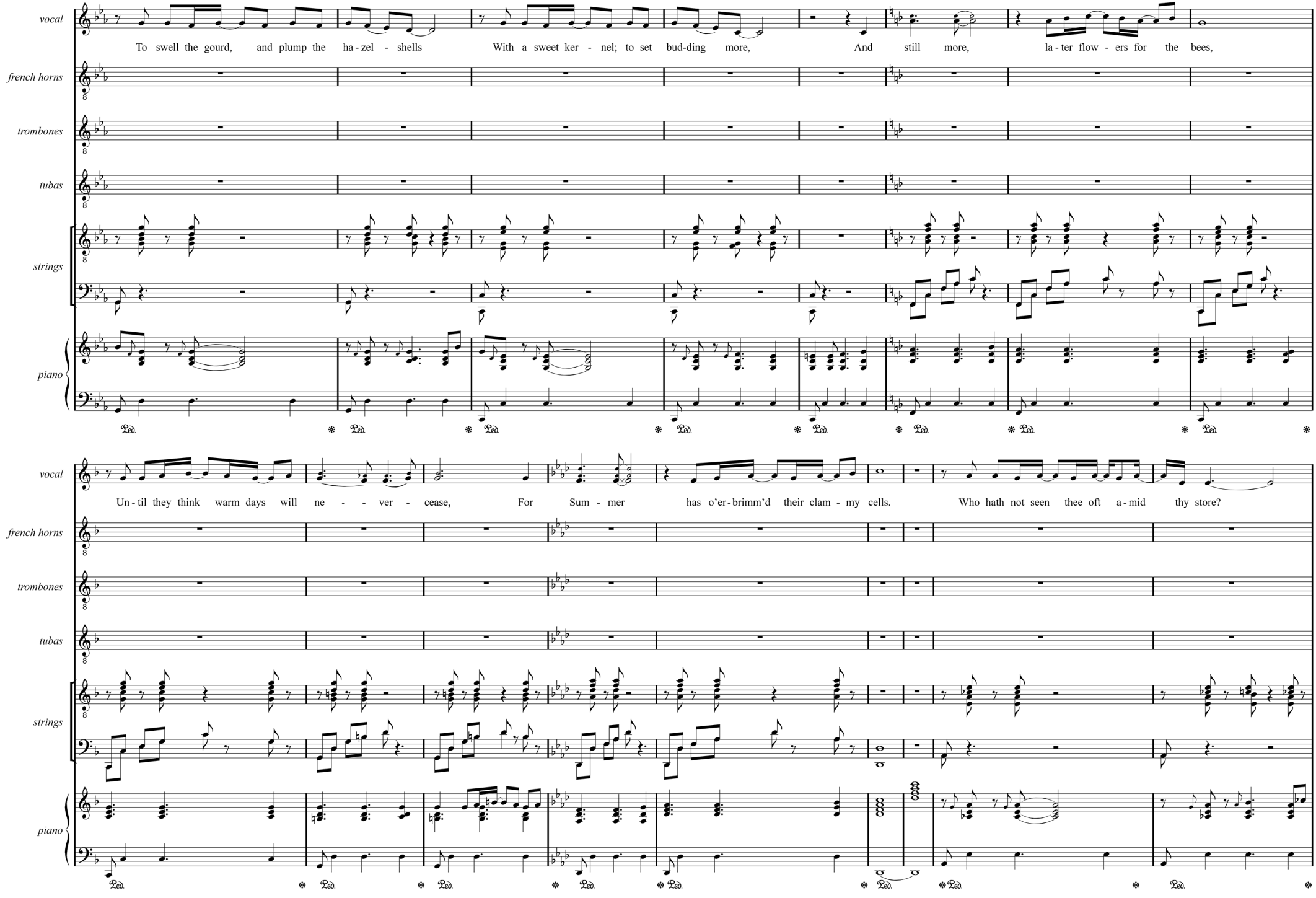
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

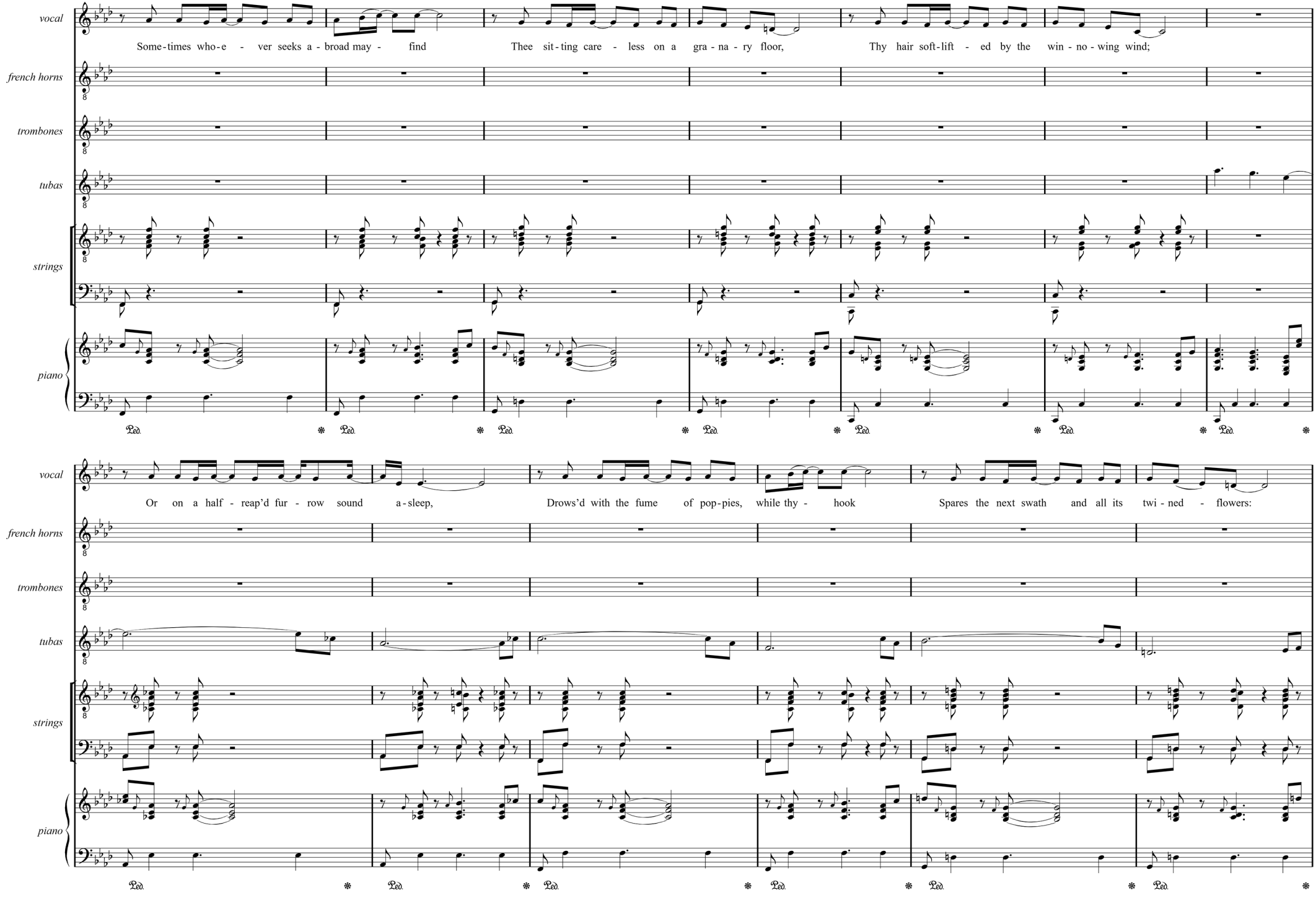
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

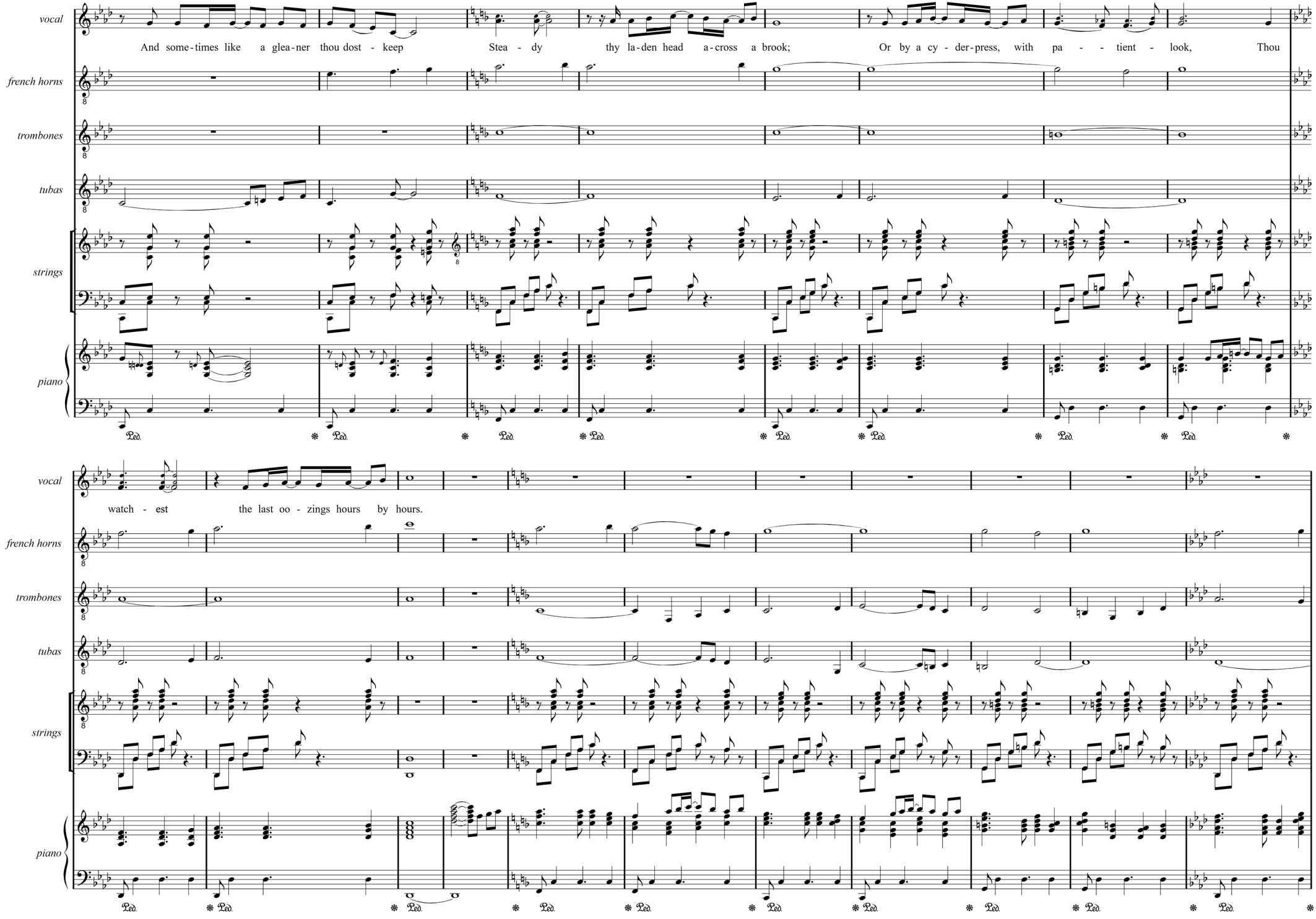
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

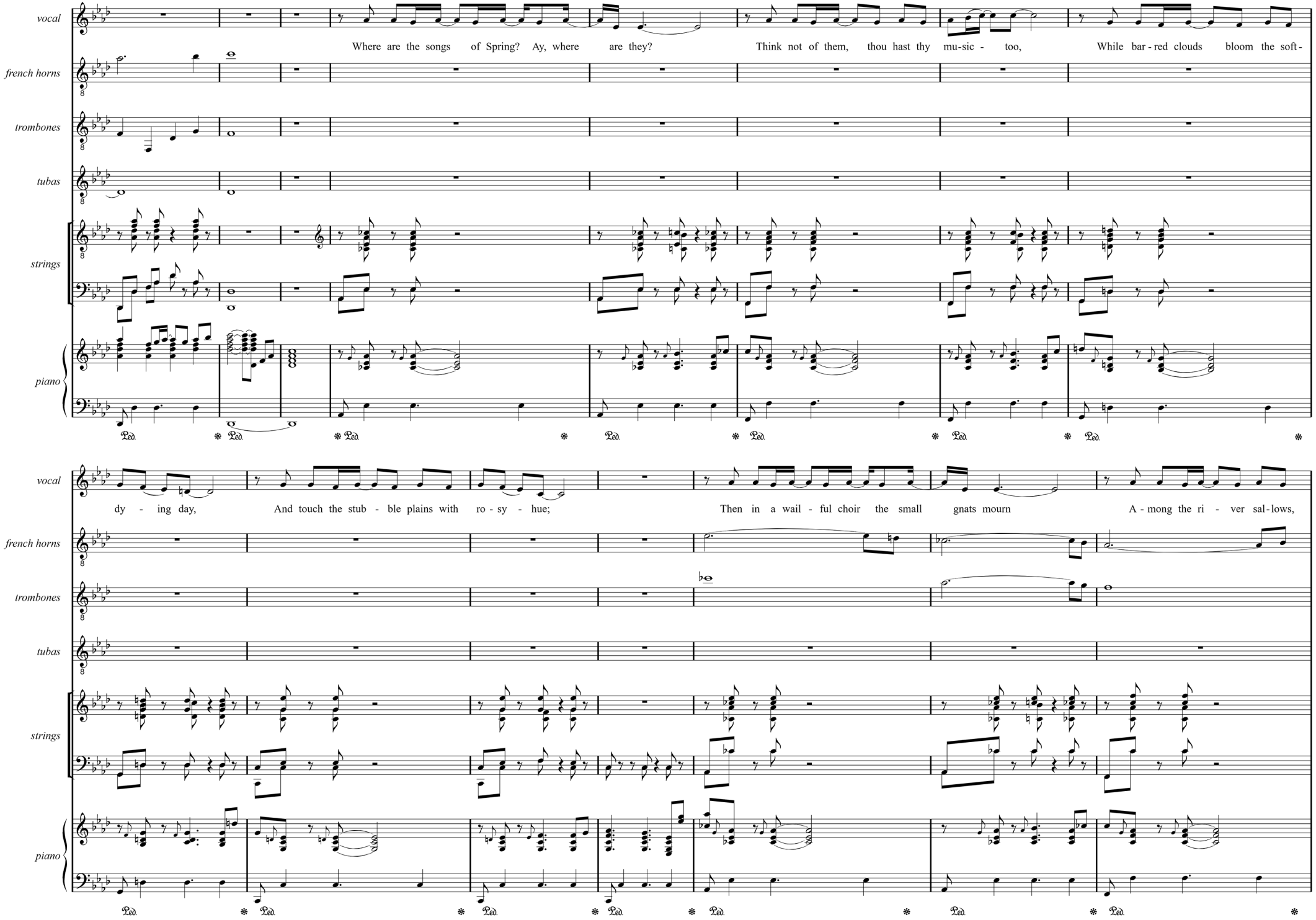
To Autumn

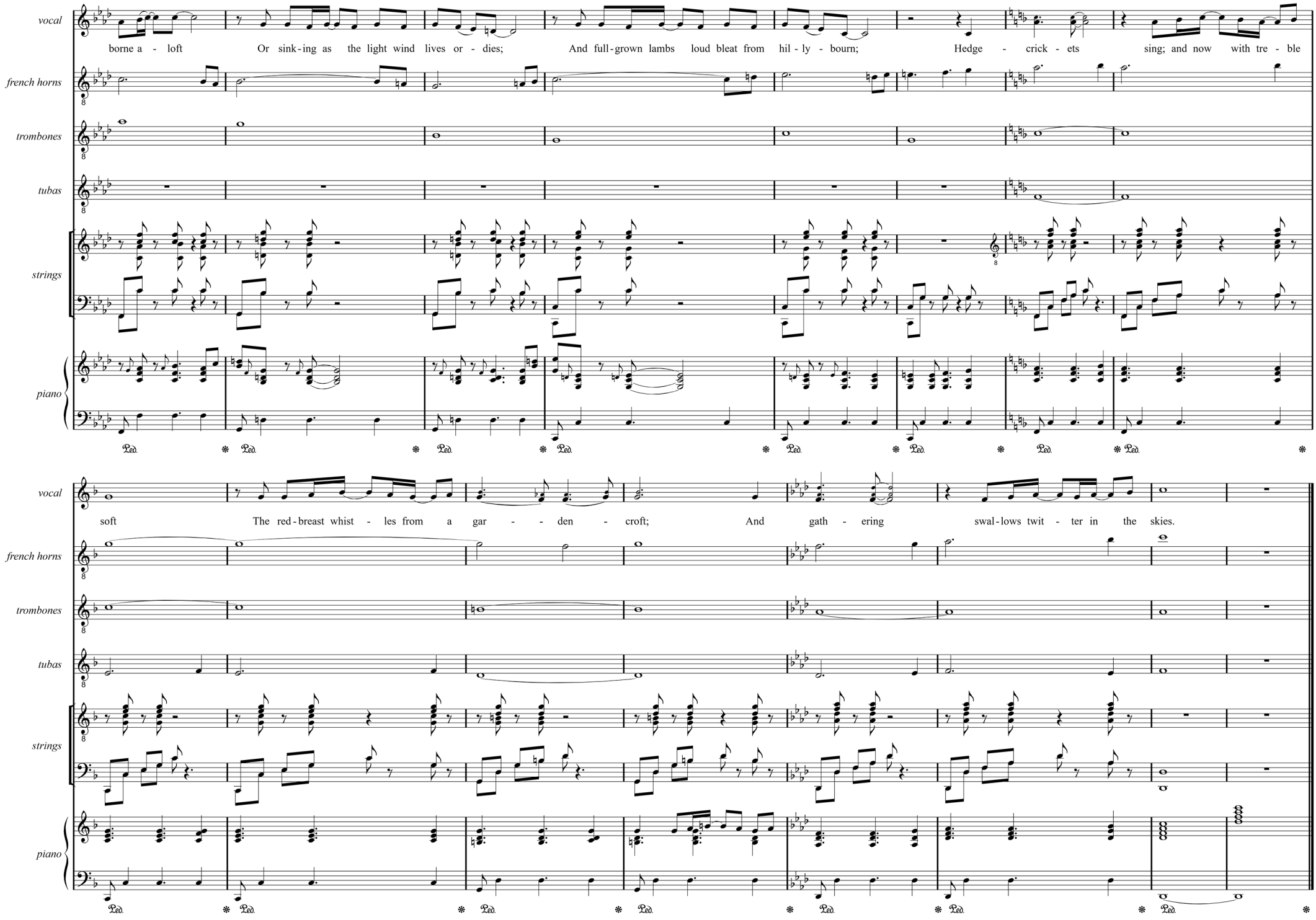

vocal
Sea - son of mists and mel - low fruit - ful-ness,
Close bo-som-friend of the ma - tu-ring - sun;
Con-spi-ring with him how to load and - bless
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
pizzicato (throughout)
piano
Ped.
vocal
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-e - ves run;
To bend with ap - ples the moss'd cot - tage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripe-ness to the - core;
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.


vocal
To swell the gourd, and plump the ha - zel - shells With a sweet ker - nel; to set bud-ding more, And still more, la - ter flow - ers for the bees,
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.
vocal
Un - til they think warm days will ne - - - ver - cease, For Sum - mer has o'er-brimm'd their clam - my cells. Who hath not seen thee oft a - mid thy store?
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.


vocal
Some-times who-e - ver seeks a-broad may- find
Thee sit-ting care - less on a gra-na-ry floor,
Thy hair soft-lift - ed by the win-no-wing wind;
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.
vocal
Or on a half - reap'd fur - row sound a-sleep,
Drows'd with the fume of pop-pies, while thy - hook
Spares the next swath and all its twi-ned - flowers:
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.


vocal
And some-times like a glea-ner thou dost - keep Stea - dy thy la-den head a-cross a brook; Or by a cy - der-press, with pa - - tient - look, Thou
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.
vocal
watch - est the last oo - zings hours by hours.
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.


vocal
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy mu-sic - too, While bar - red clouds bloom the soft -
dy - ing day, And touch the stub - ble plains with ro - sy - hue; Then in a wail - ful choir the small gnats mourn A - mong the ri - ver sal - lows,
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.


vocal
borne a - loft
Or sink-ing as the light wind lives or - dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hil - ly - bourn;
Hedge - crick - ets
sing; and now with tre - ble
soft
The red-breast whist - les from a gar - - den - croft;
And gath - ering
swal-lows twit - ter in the
skies.
french horns
trombones
tubas
strings
piano
Ped.

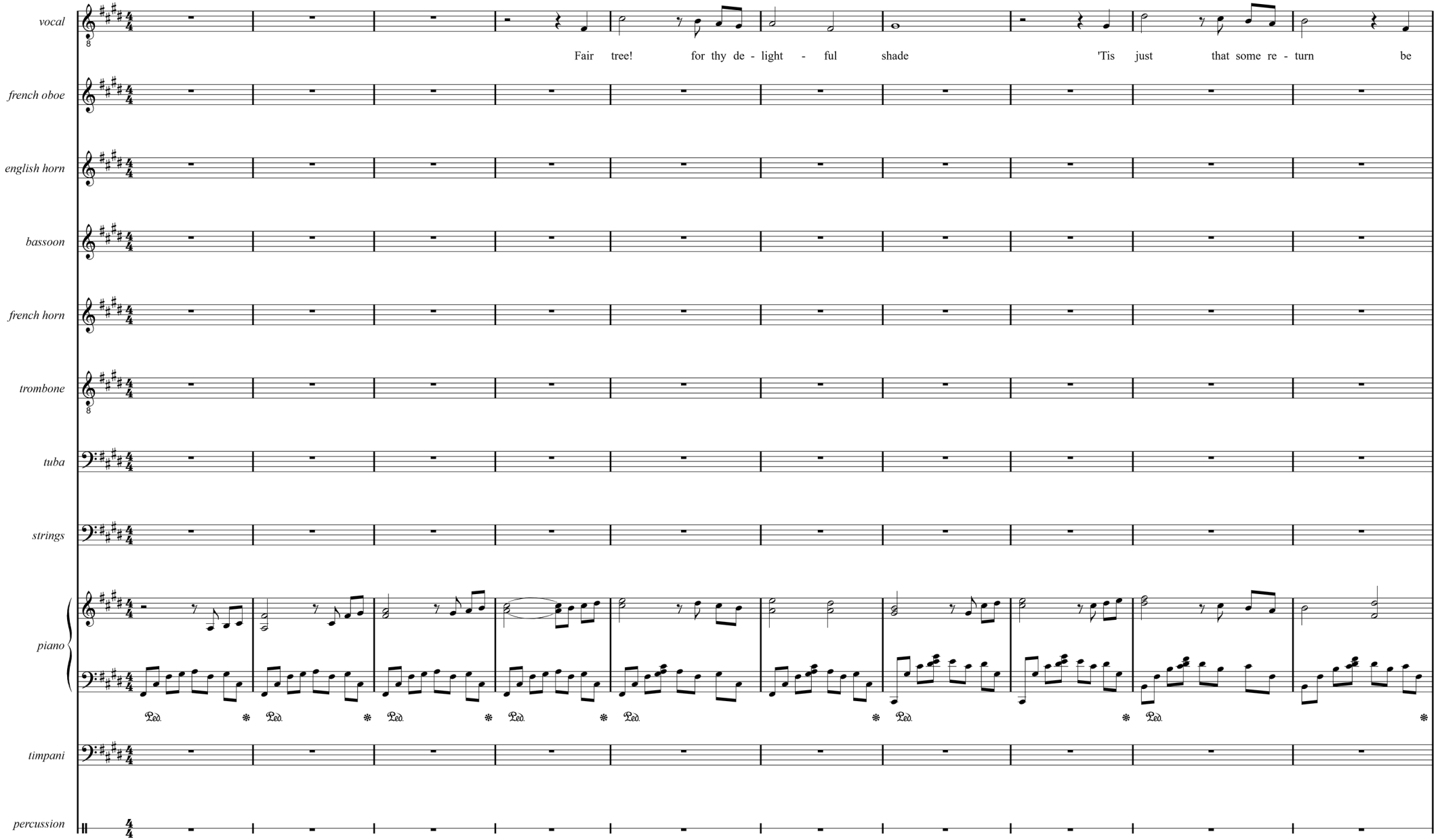


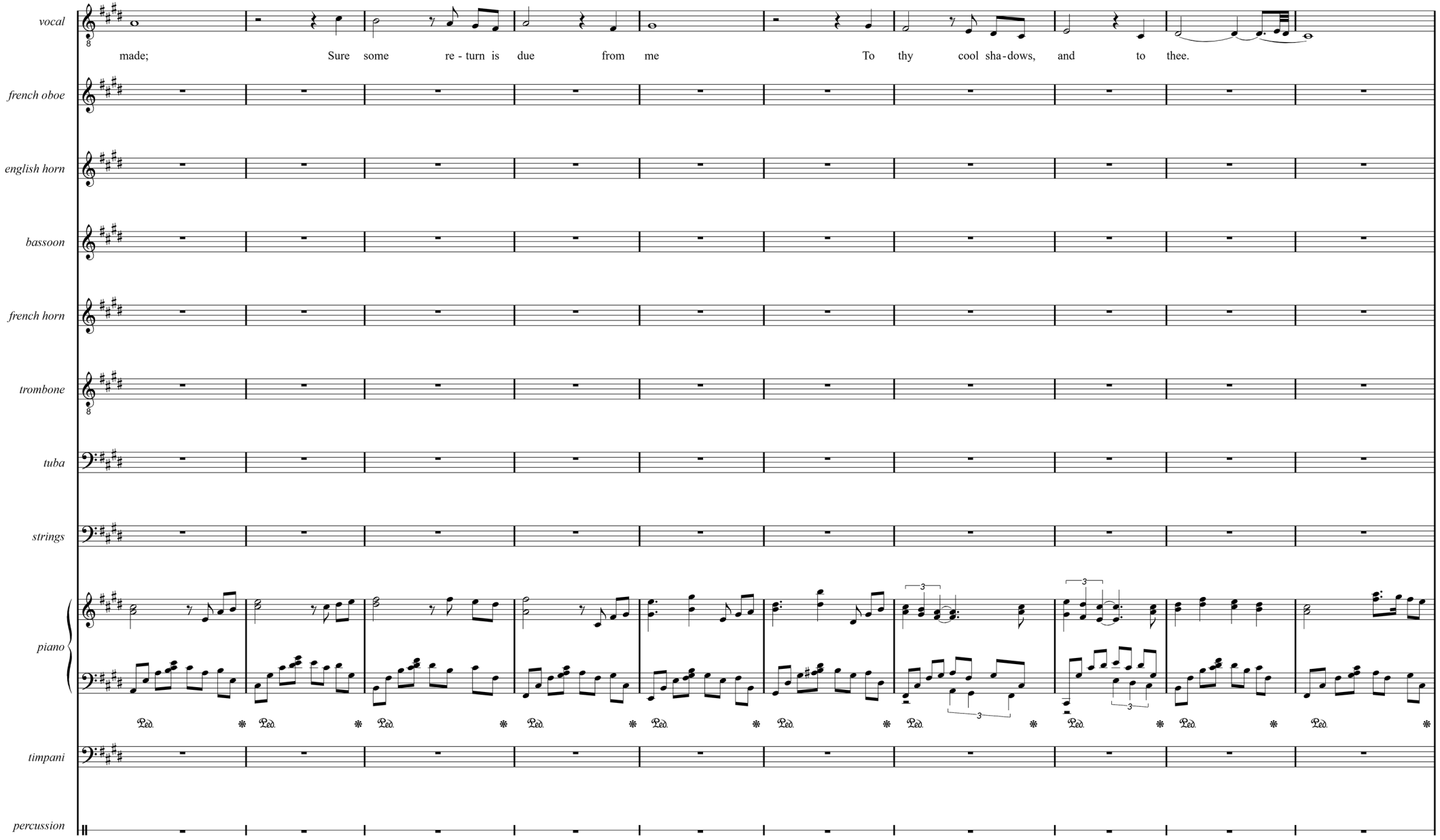
The Tree
Poem by Anne Finch (1661-1720)

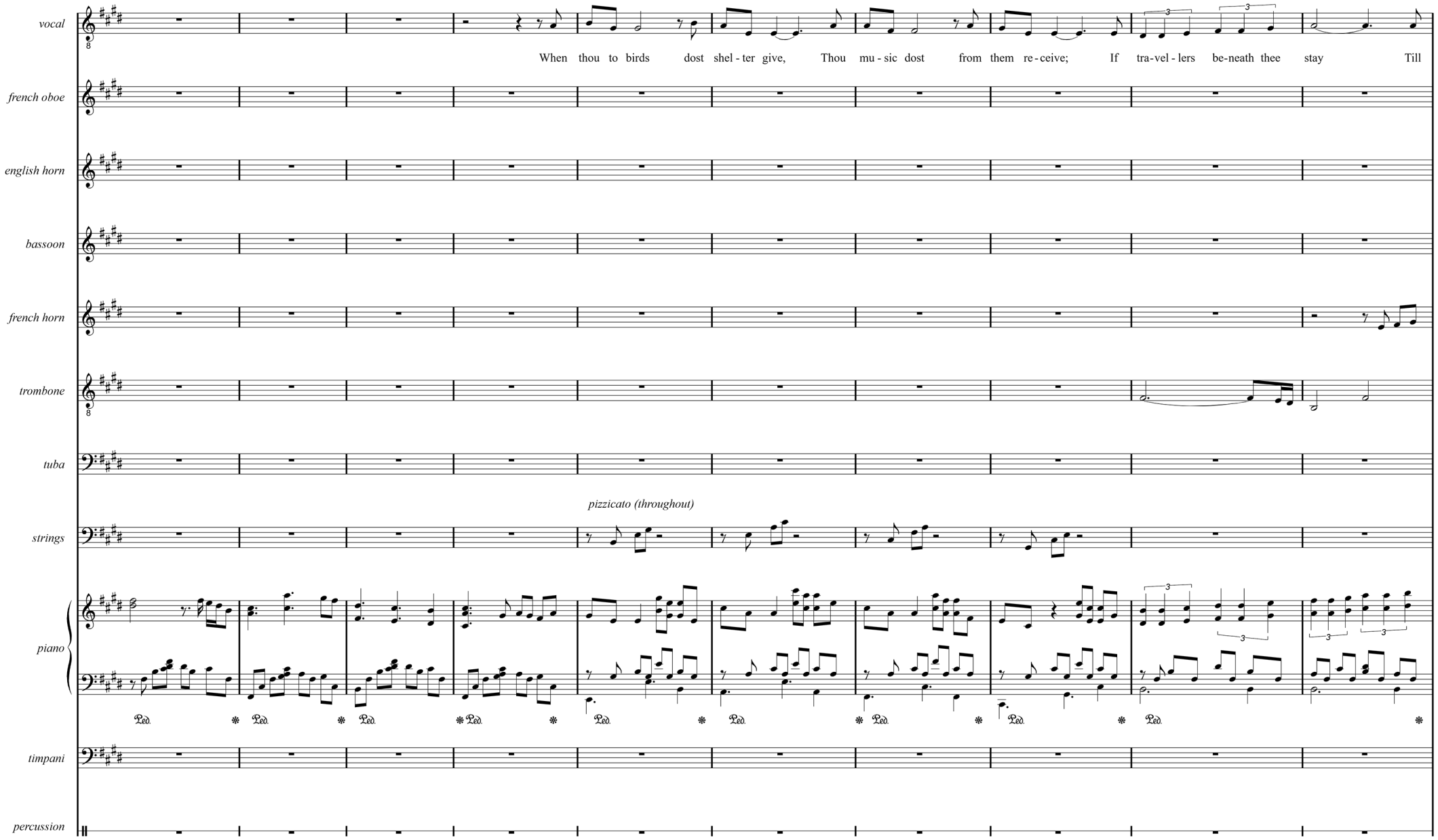
Fair tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give,
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising 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,

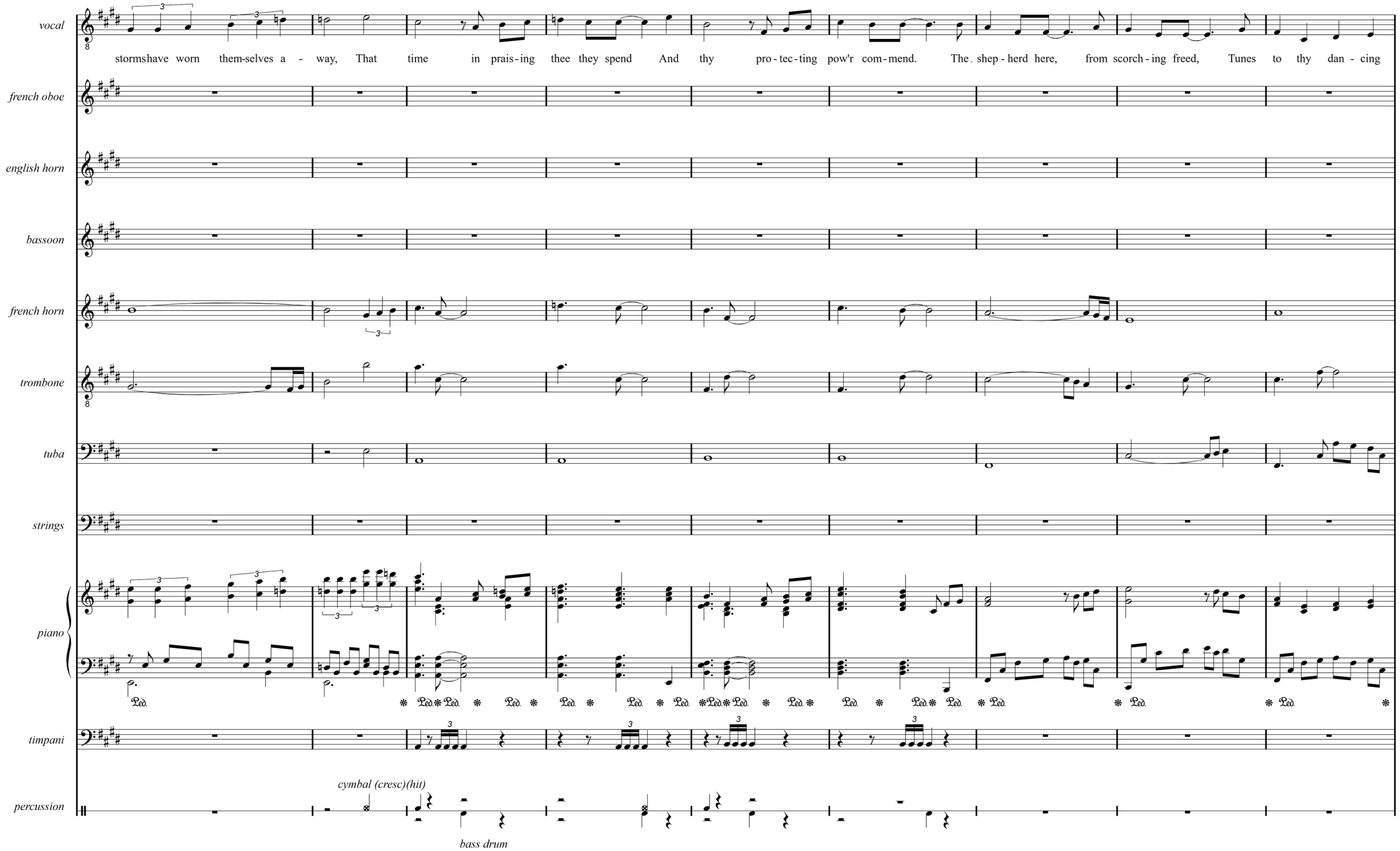
No; let this wish upon thee wait,
And still to flourish be thy fate.
To future ages may'st thou stand
Untouch'd by the rash workman's hand,
Till that large stock of sap is spent,
Which gives thy summer's ornament;
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,
Shall on 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.

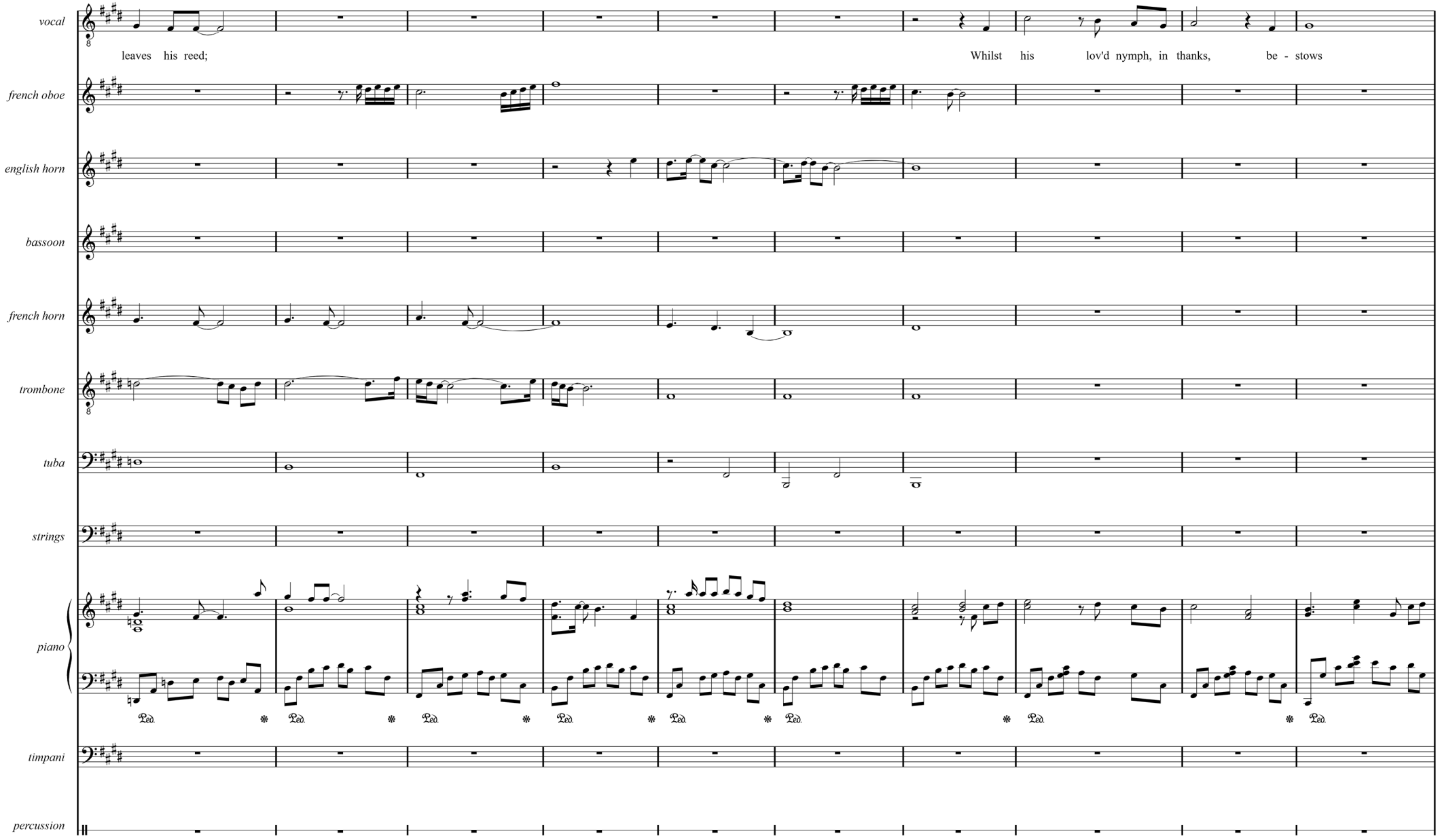
The Tree

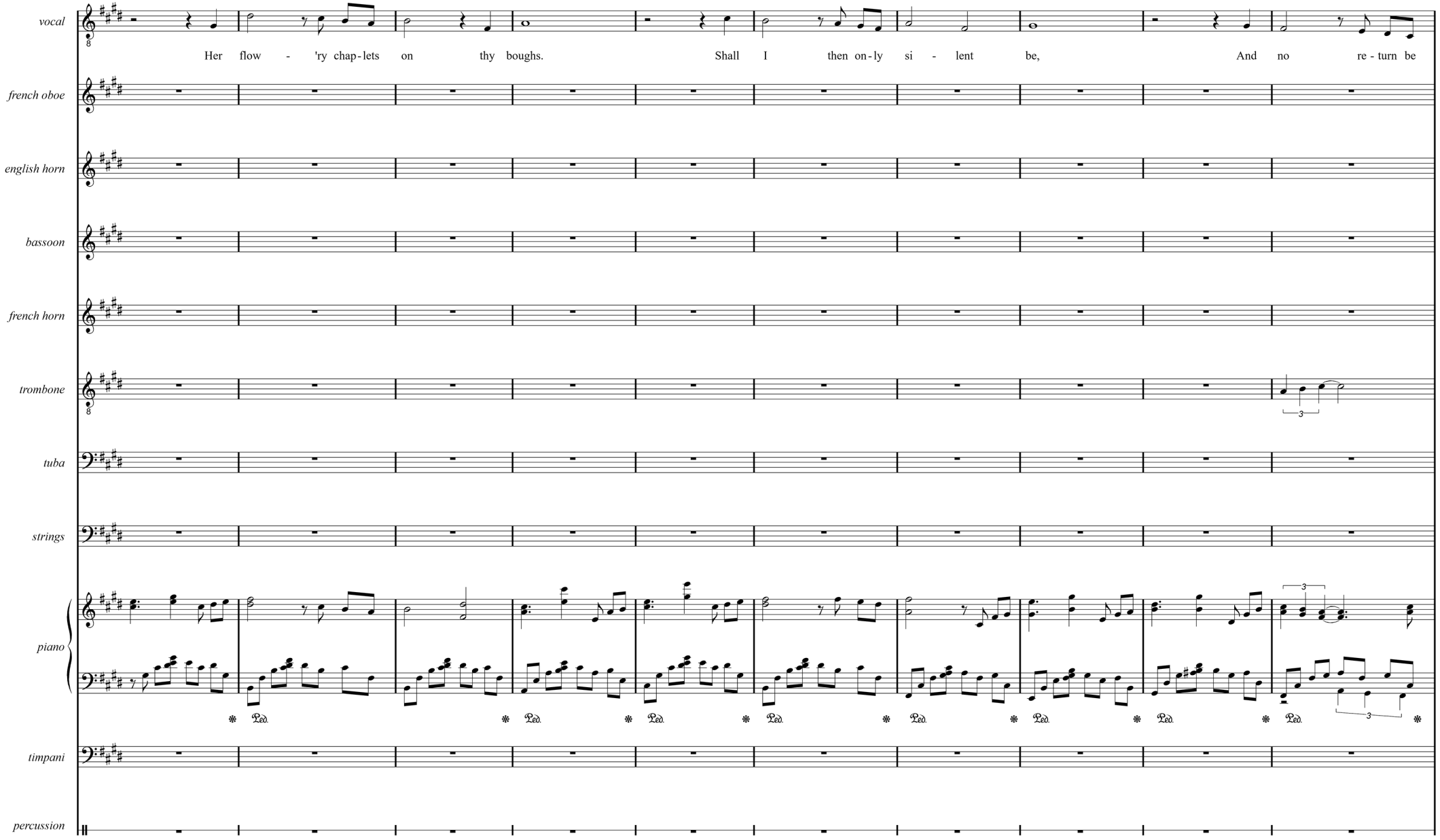

vocal
Fair tree! for thy de - light - ful shade 'Tis just that some re - turn be
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
Ped.
timpani
percussion

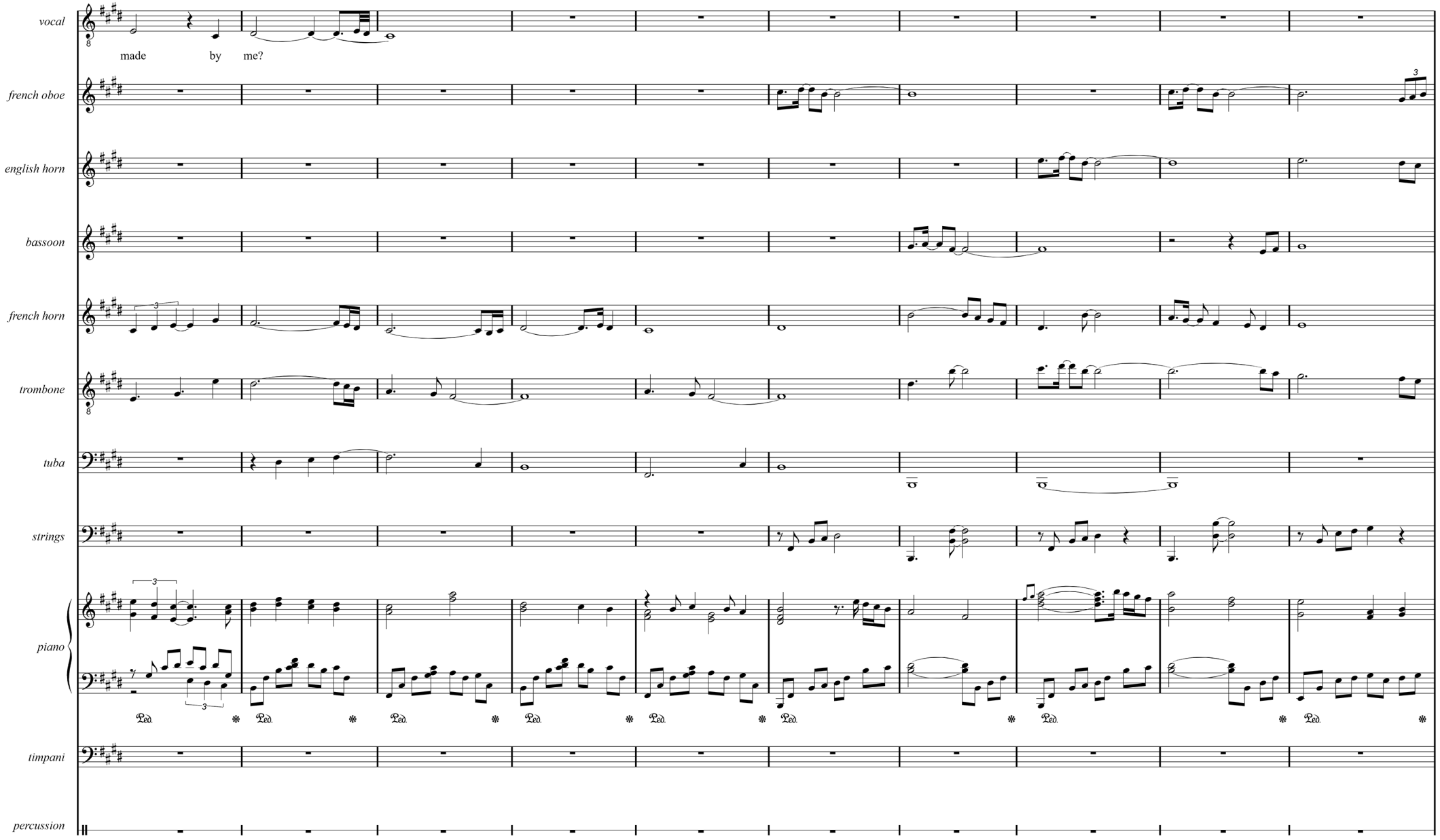

vocal
made; Sure some re - turn is due from me To thy cool sha - dows, and to thee.
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

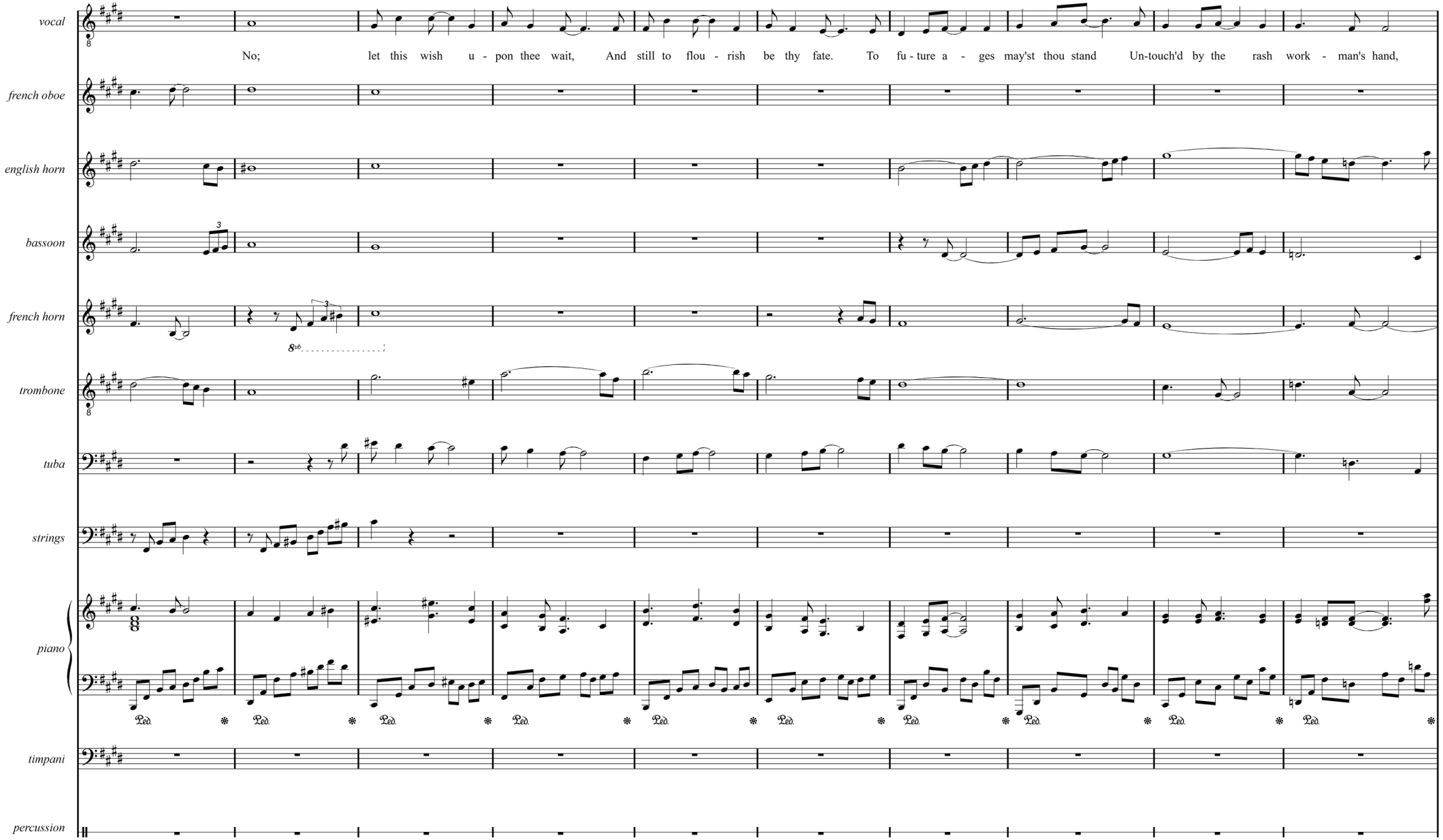

vocal
When thou to birds dost shel - ter give, Thou mu - sic dost from them re - ceive; If tra-vel - lers be-neath thee stay Till
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
pizzicato (throughout)
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

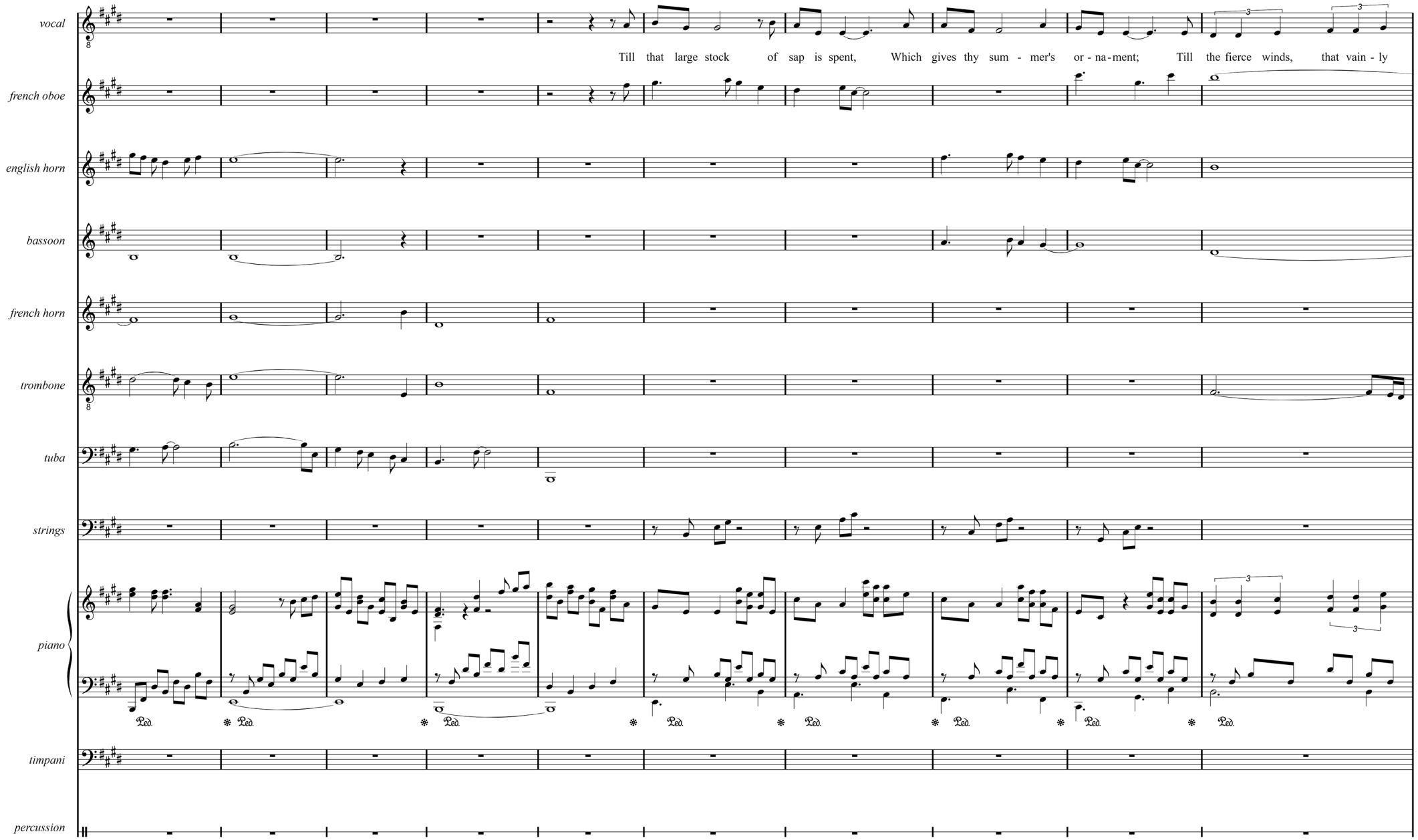

vocal
stormshave worn them-selves a - way, That time in prais-ing thee they spend And thy pro-tec-ting pow'r com-mend. The. shep-herd here, from scorch-ing freed, Tunes to thy dan-cing
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion
cymbal (cresc)(hit)
bass drum

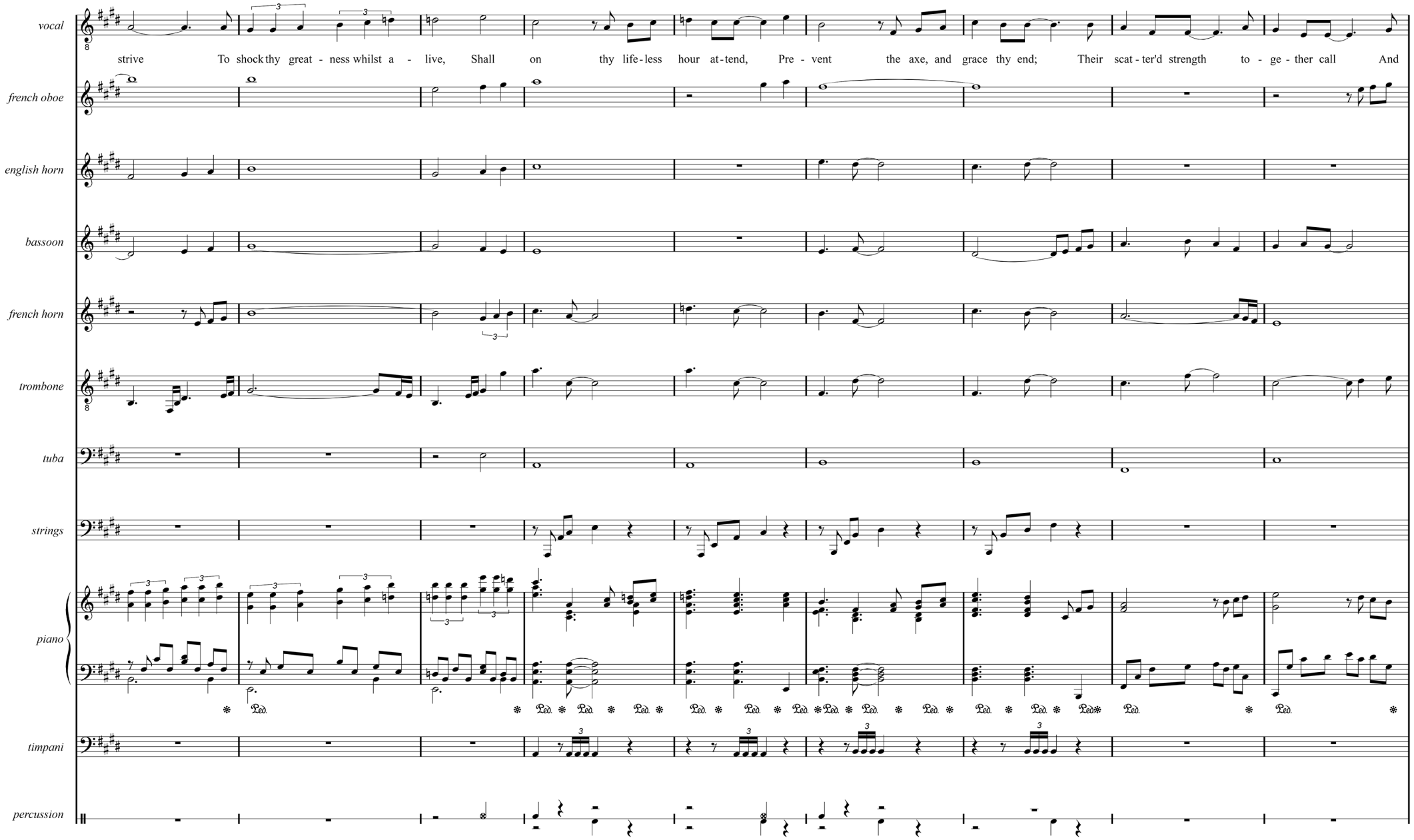

vocal
leaves his reed;
Whilst his lov'd nymph, in thanks, be - stows
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

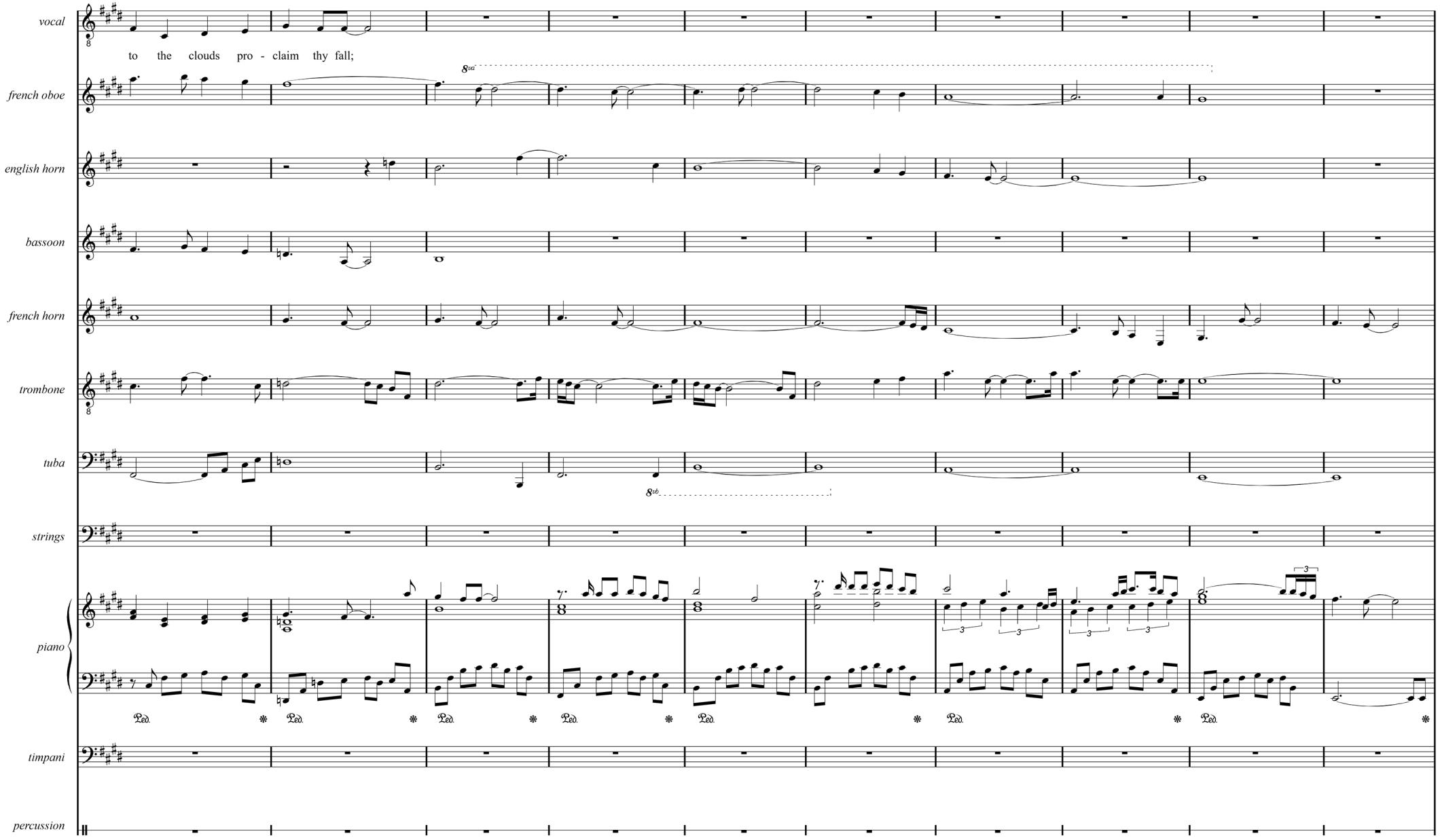

vocal
Her flow - 'ry chap-lets on thy boughs. Shall I then on-ly si - lent be, And no re - turn be
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

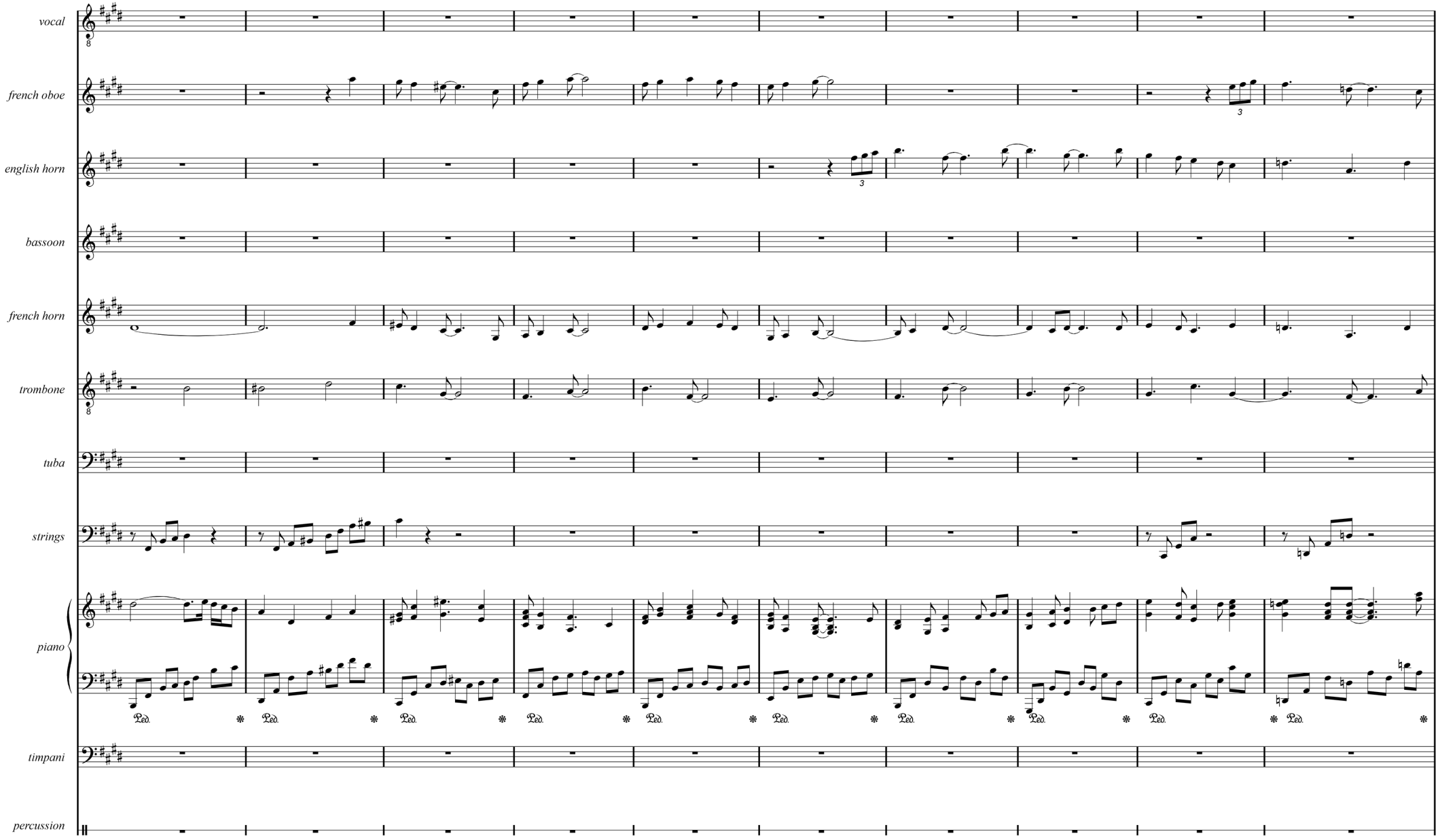

vocal
made by me?
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

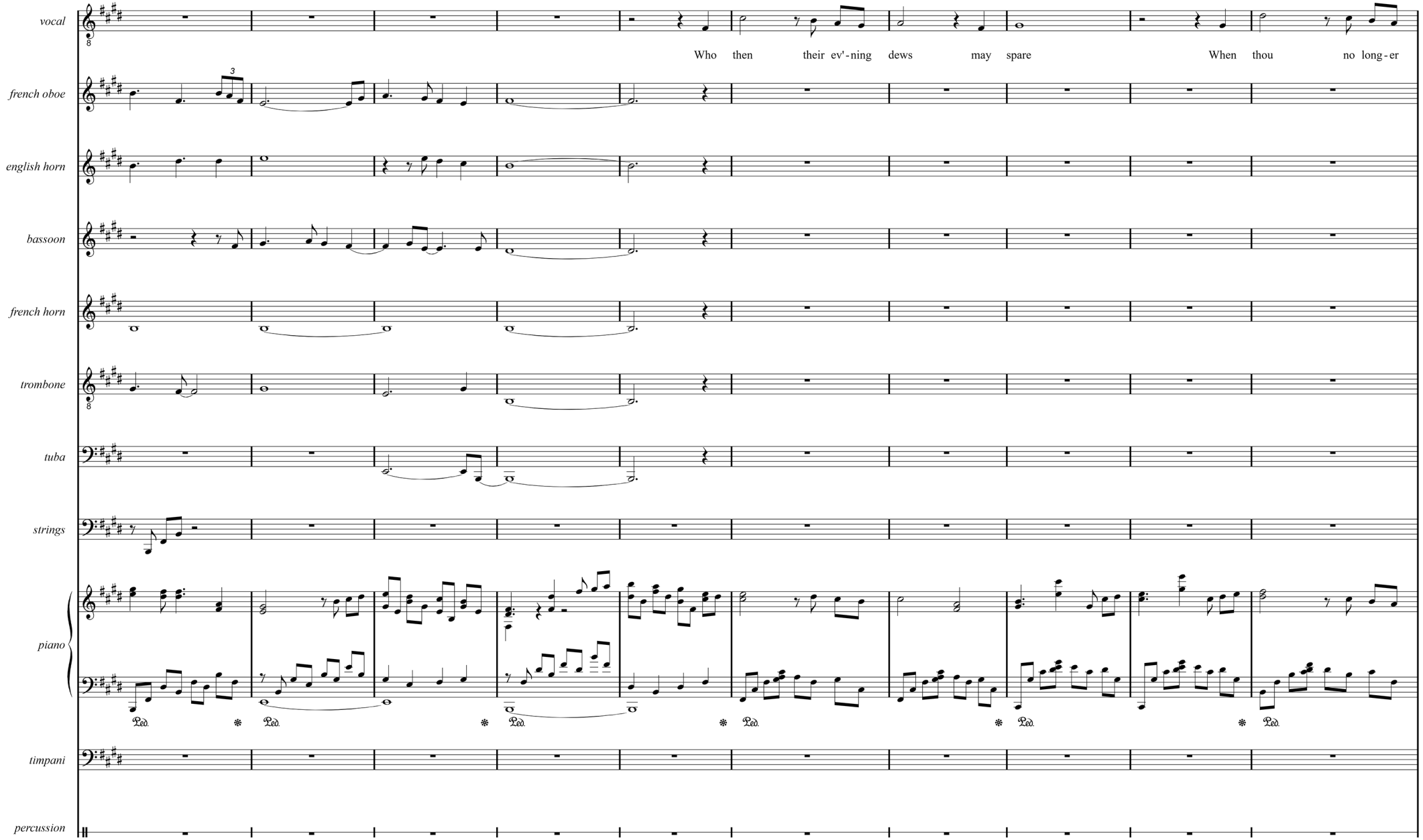

vocal
No; let this wish u - pon thee wait, And still to flou - rish be thy fate. To fu - ture a - ges may'st thou stand Un-touch'd by the rash work - man's hand,
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

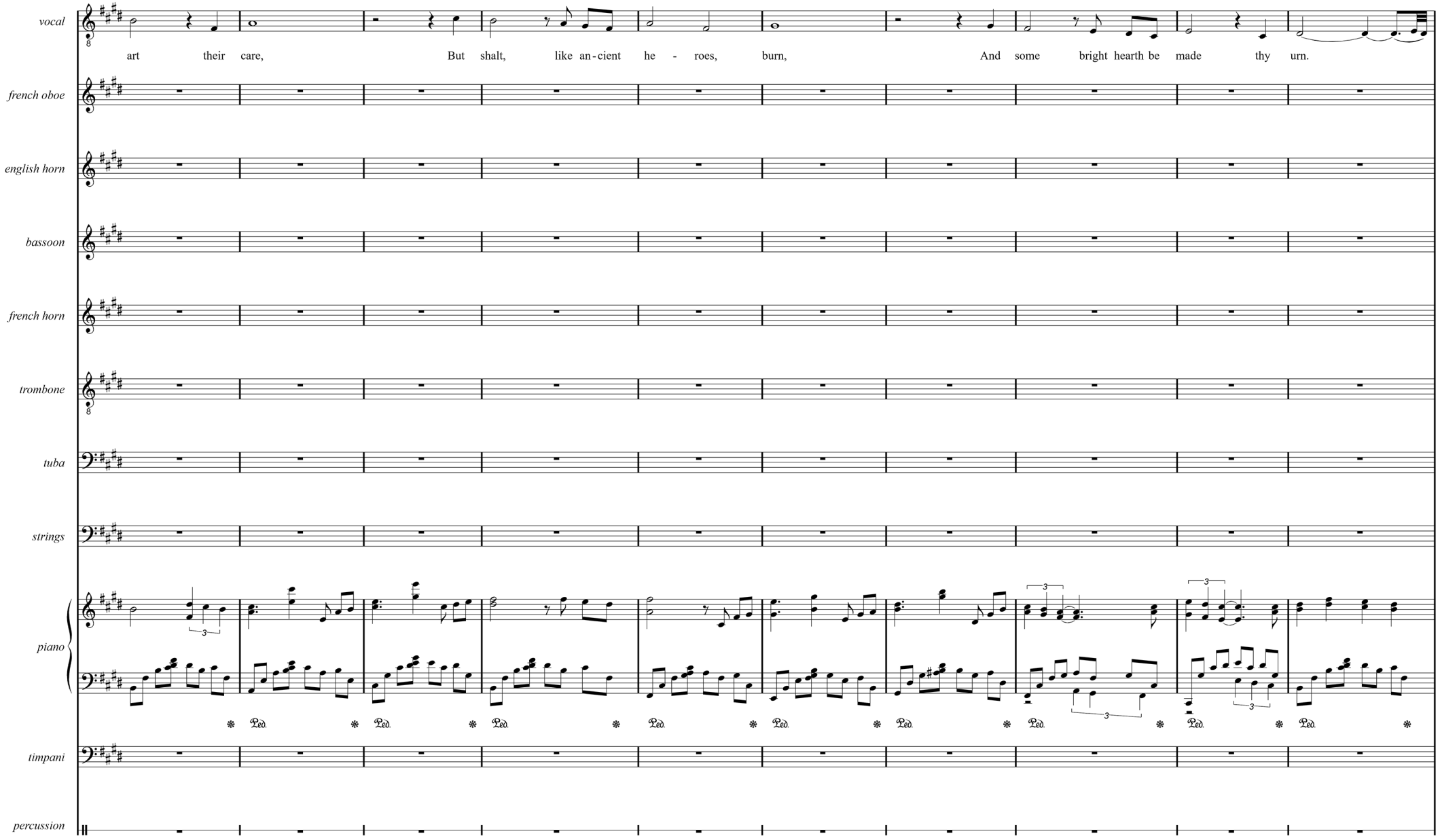

vocal
Till that large stock of sap is spent, Which gives thy sum - mer's or - na - ment; Till the fierce winds, that vain - ly
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion

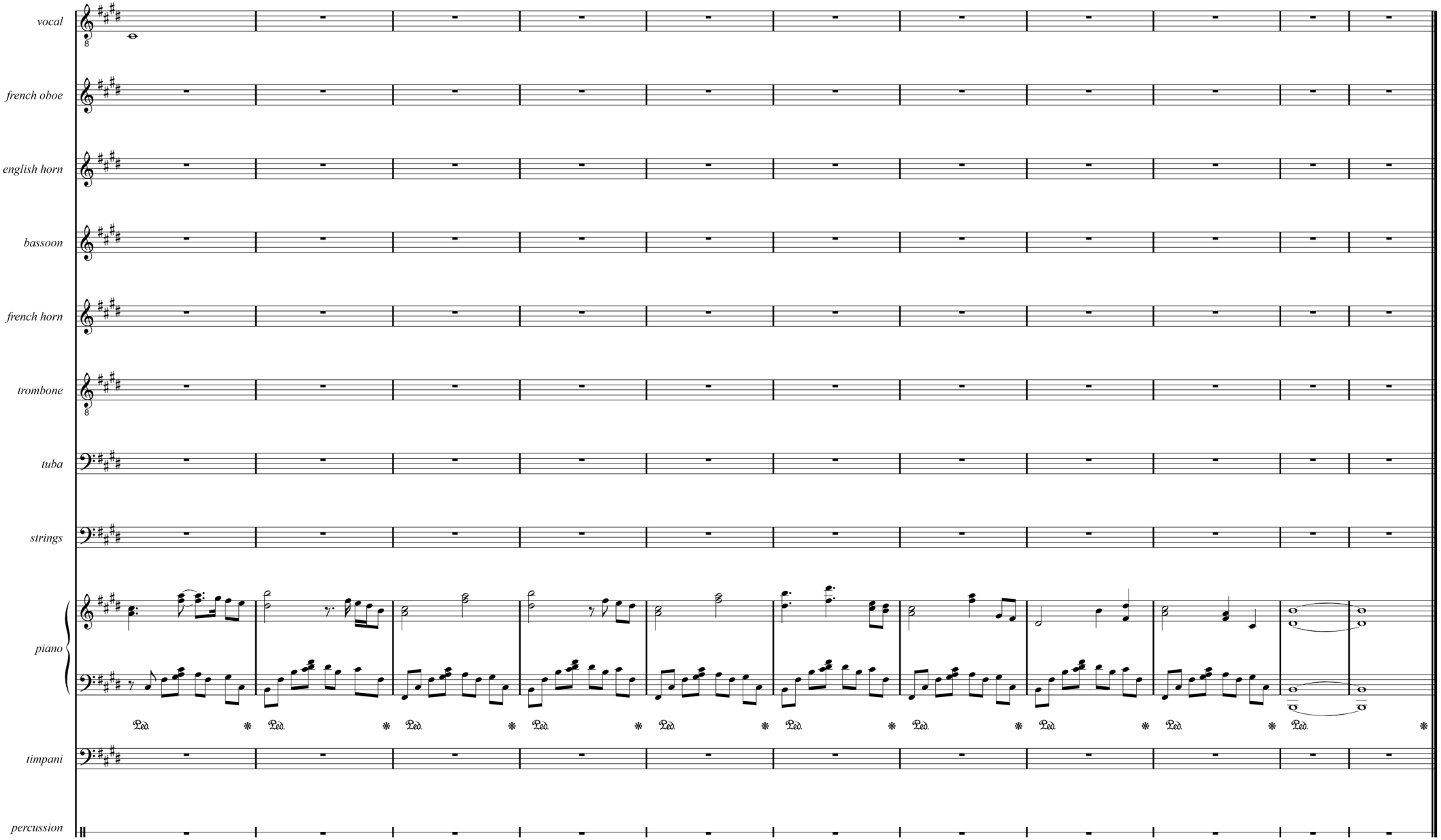

vocal
strive To shock thy great - ness whilst a - live, Shall on thy life-less hour at-tend, Pre - vent the axe, and grace thy end; Their scat - ter'd strength to - ge - ther call And
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion


vocal
to the clouds pro - claim thy fall;
8va
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
8vb
strings
piano
Ped.
timpani
percussion


vocal
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion


vocal
Who then their ev'-ning dews may spare When thou no long-er
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion


vocal
art their care, But shalt, like an-cient he - roes, burn, And some bright hearth be made thy urn.
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion


vocal
french oboe
english horn
bassoon
french horn
trombone
tuba
strings
piano
timpani
percussion



The Redbreast
Poem by Susan Evance (±1780)

Autumn's charms are fading fast--
Mark how every ruthless blast
Scatters, as it sweeps around,
Showers of leaves upon the ground.
Ah! no hand its force can stay;
All will soon be torn away.

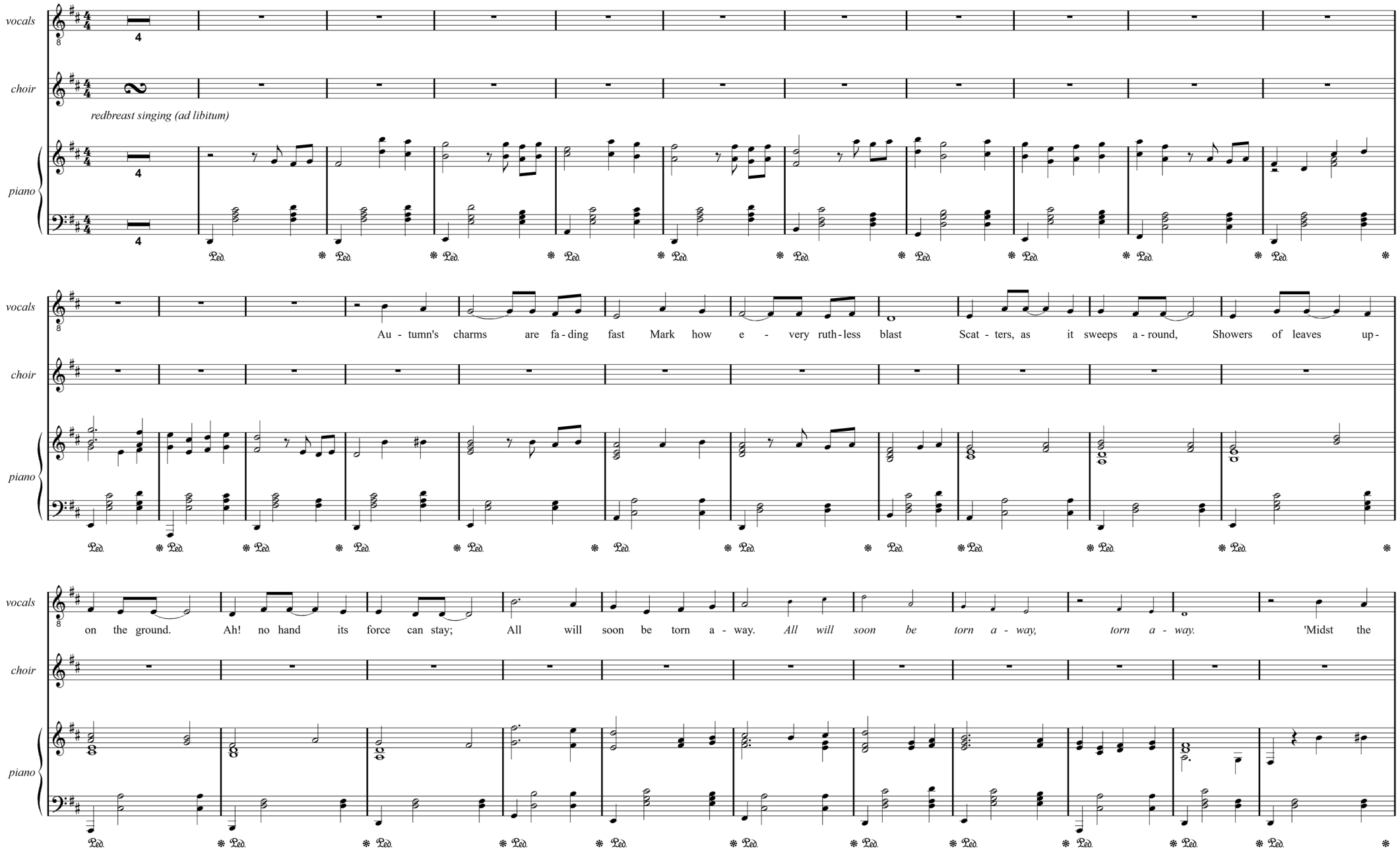
'Midst the ruins of the year,
See the cheerful bird appear,
Who, of all the warbling train,
Hails alone sad Winter's reign;
And throughout each' dreary day,
Sings the lonely hours away.

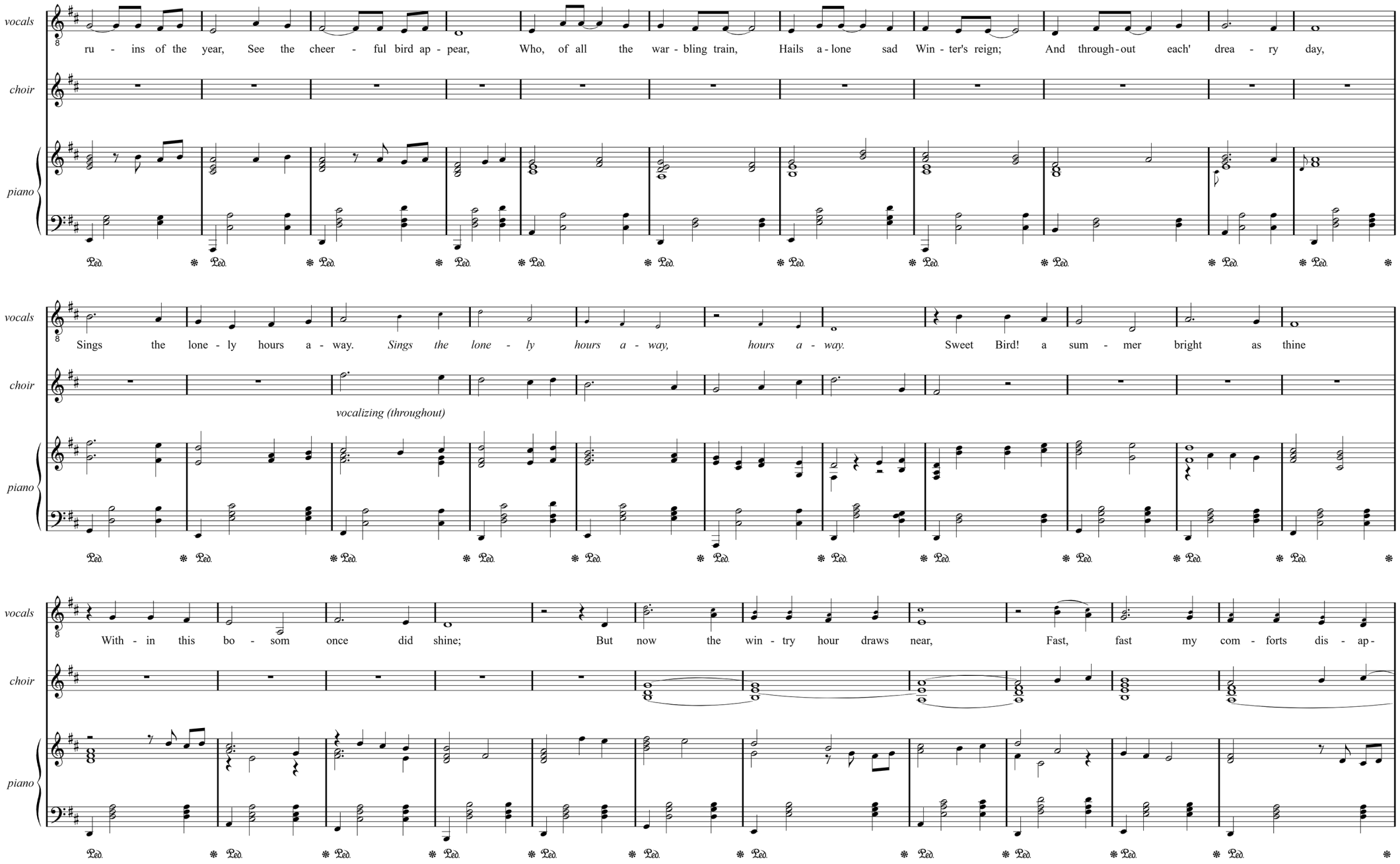
Sweet Bird! a summer bright as thine
Within this bosom once did shine;
But now the wintry hour draws near,--
Fast, fast my comforts disappear;
And sinking from my clouded heart,
I feel the Sun of bliss depart.

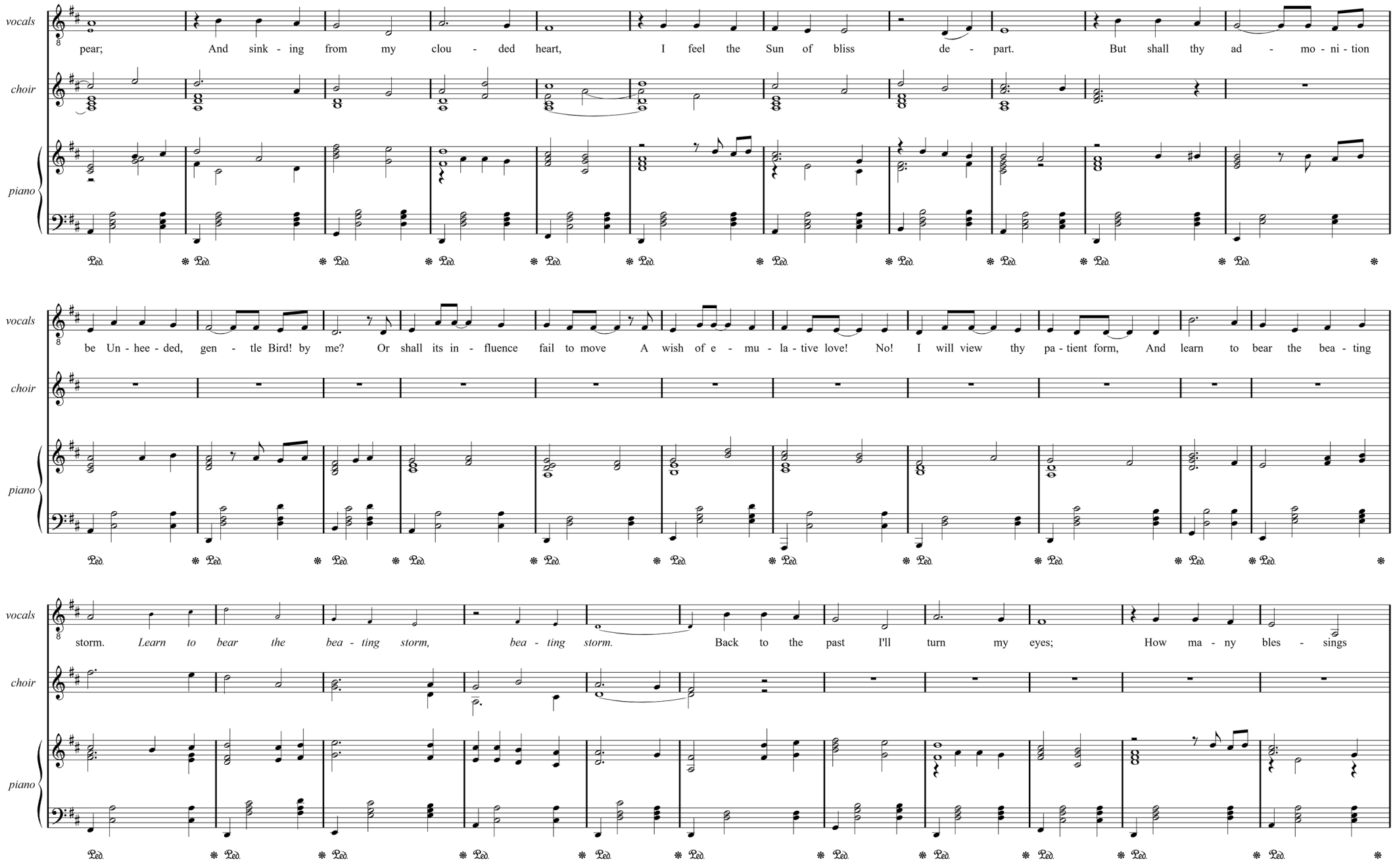
But shall thy admonition be
Unheeded, gentle Bird! by me?
Or shall its influence fail to move
A wish of emulative love!
No! I will view thy patient form,
And learn to bear the beating storm.

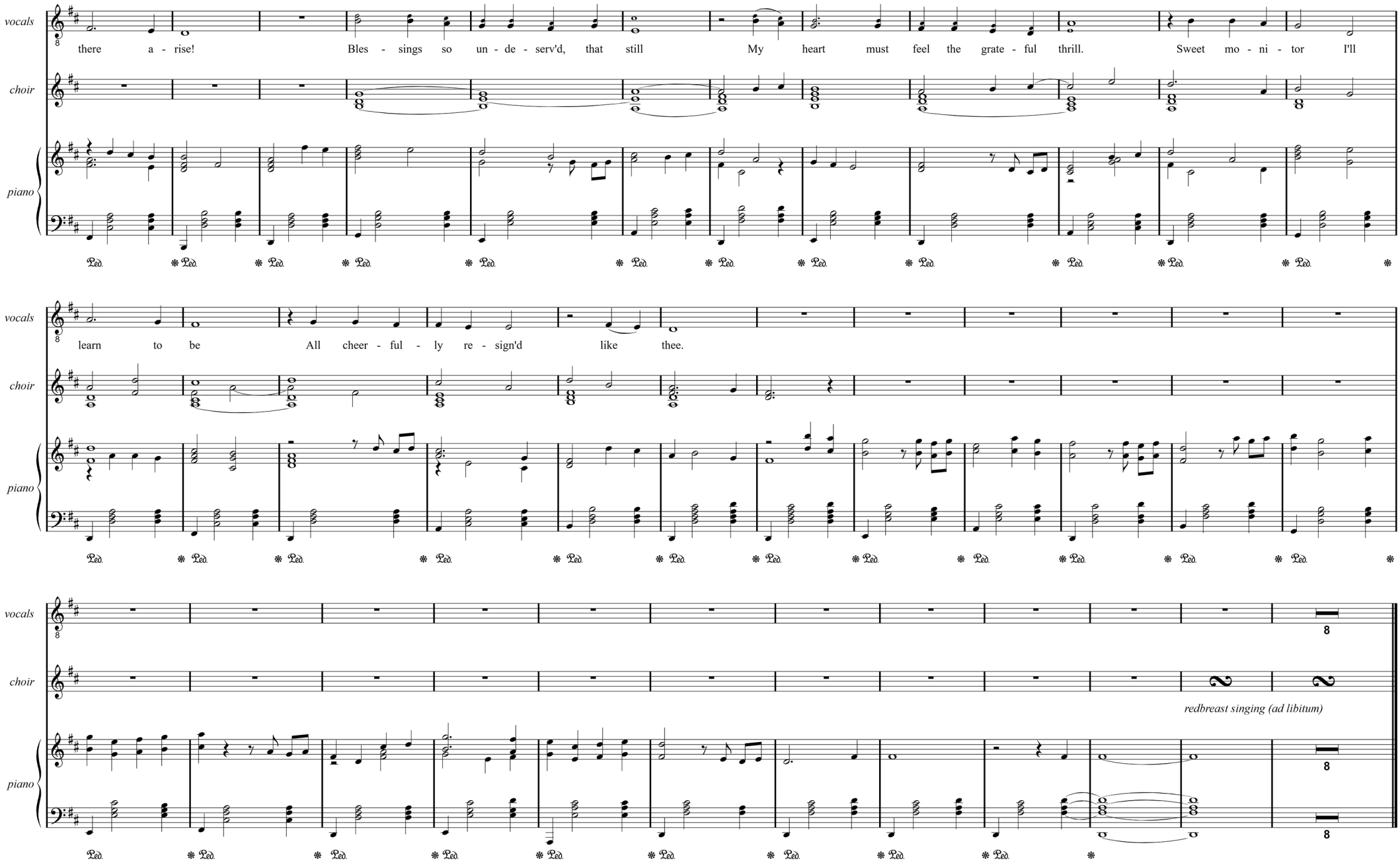
Back to the past I'll turn my eyes;
How many blessings there arise!
Blessings so undeserv'd, that still
My heart must feel the grateful thrill.
Sweet monitor! I'll learn to be
All cheerfully resign'd--like thee.

The Redbreast




vocals
choir
piano
ru - ins of the year, See the cheer - ful bird ap - pear, Who, of all the war - bling train, Hails a - lone sad Win - ter's reign; And through - out each' drea - ry day,
Sings the lone - ly hours a - way. Sings the lone - ly hours a - way, hours a - way. Sweet Bird! a sum - mer bright as thine
vocalizing (throughout)
With - in this bo - som once did shine; But now the win - try hour draws near, Fast, fast my com - forts dis - ap -
Ped.


vocals
choir
piano
pear; And sink - ing from my clou - ded heart, I feel the Sun of bliss de - part. But shall thy ad - mo - ni - tion
be Un - hee - ded, gen - tle Bird! by me? Or shall its in - fluence fail to move A wish of e - mu - la - tive love! No! I will view thy pa - tient form, And learn to bear the bea - ting
storm. Learn to bear the bea - ting storm, bea - ting storm. Back to the past I'll turn my eyes; How ma - ny bles - sings
Ped.


vocals
choir
piano
there a - rise! Bles - sings so un - de - serv'd, that still My heart must feel the grate - ful thrill. Sweet mo - ni - tor I'll
learn to be All cheer - ful - ly re - sign'd like thee.
redbreast singing (ad libitum)



The Hermit
Poem by James Beattie (1735-1803)

At the close of day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah, why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away
Full quickly they pass - but they never return.

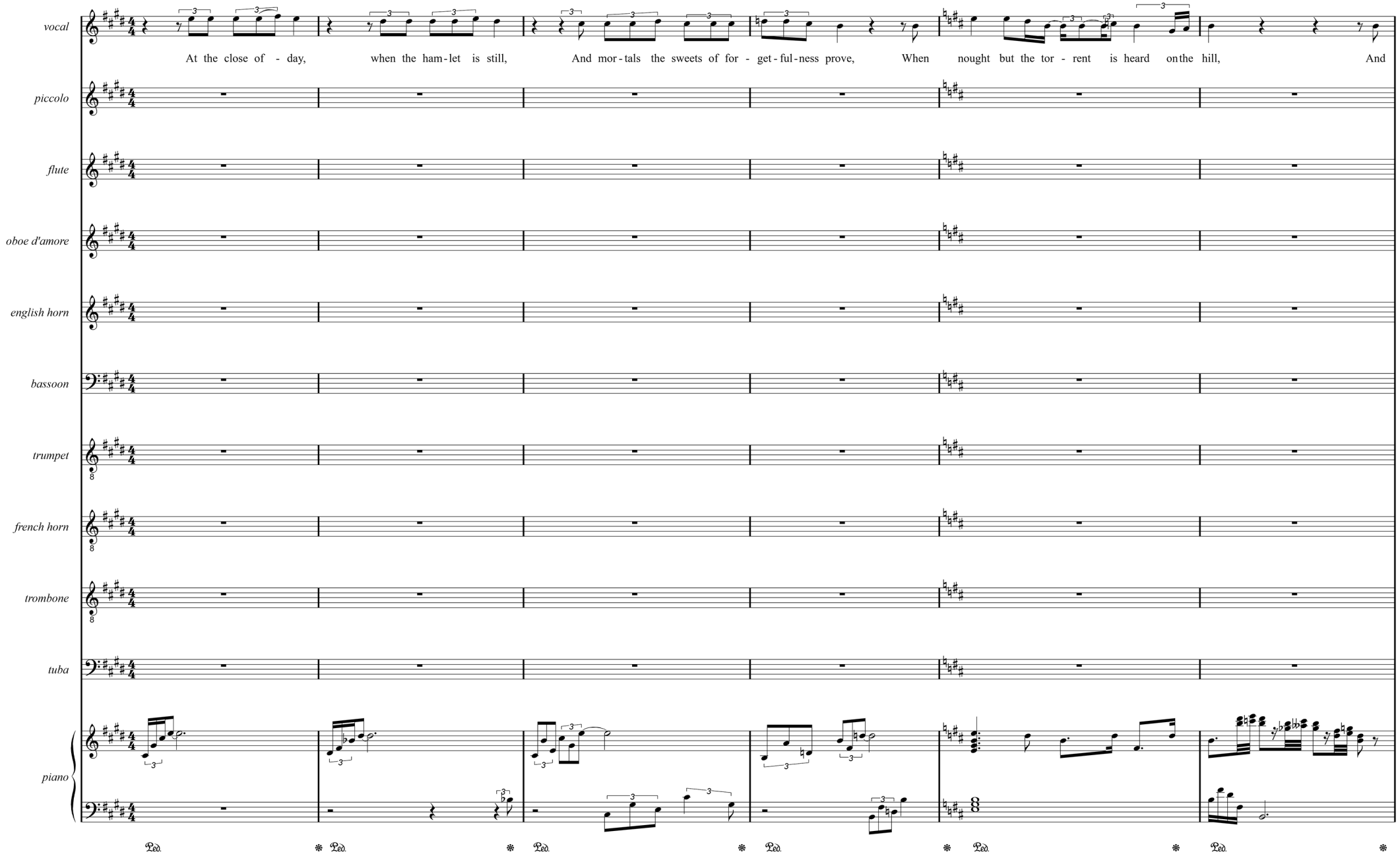
"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon, half-extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But Man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

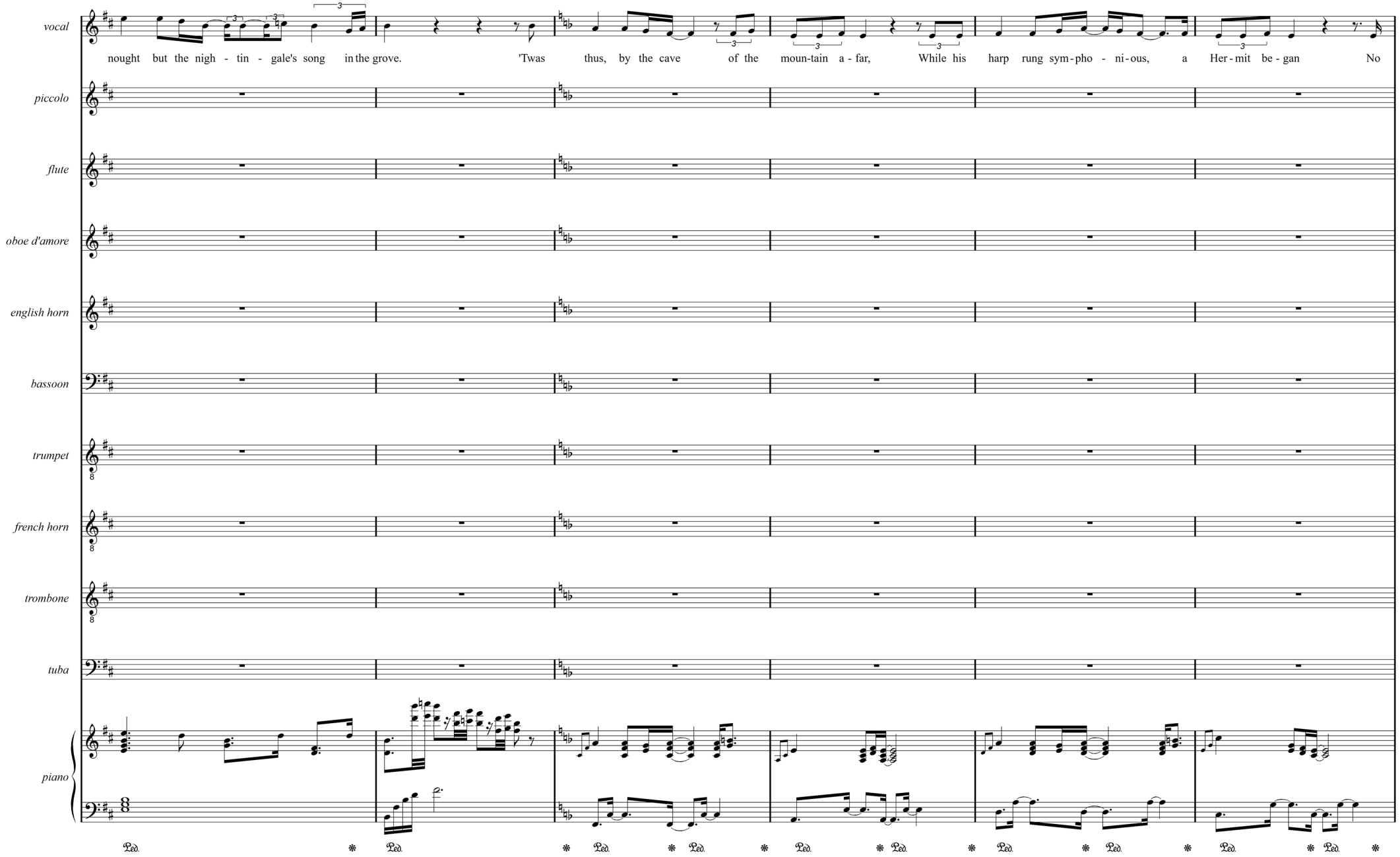
"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, with glittering dew,
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

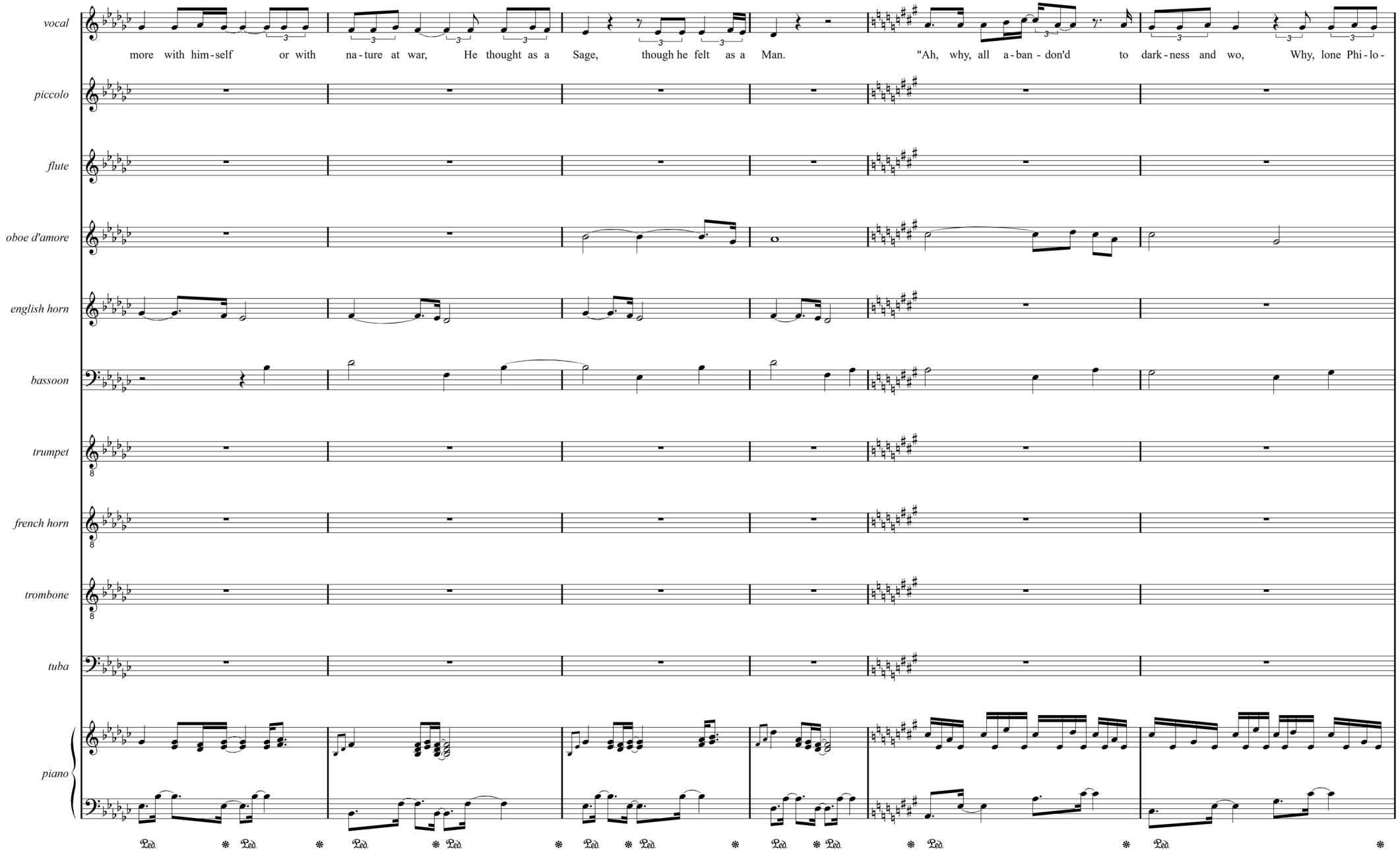
"'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

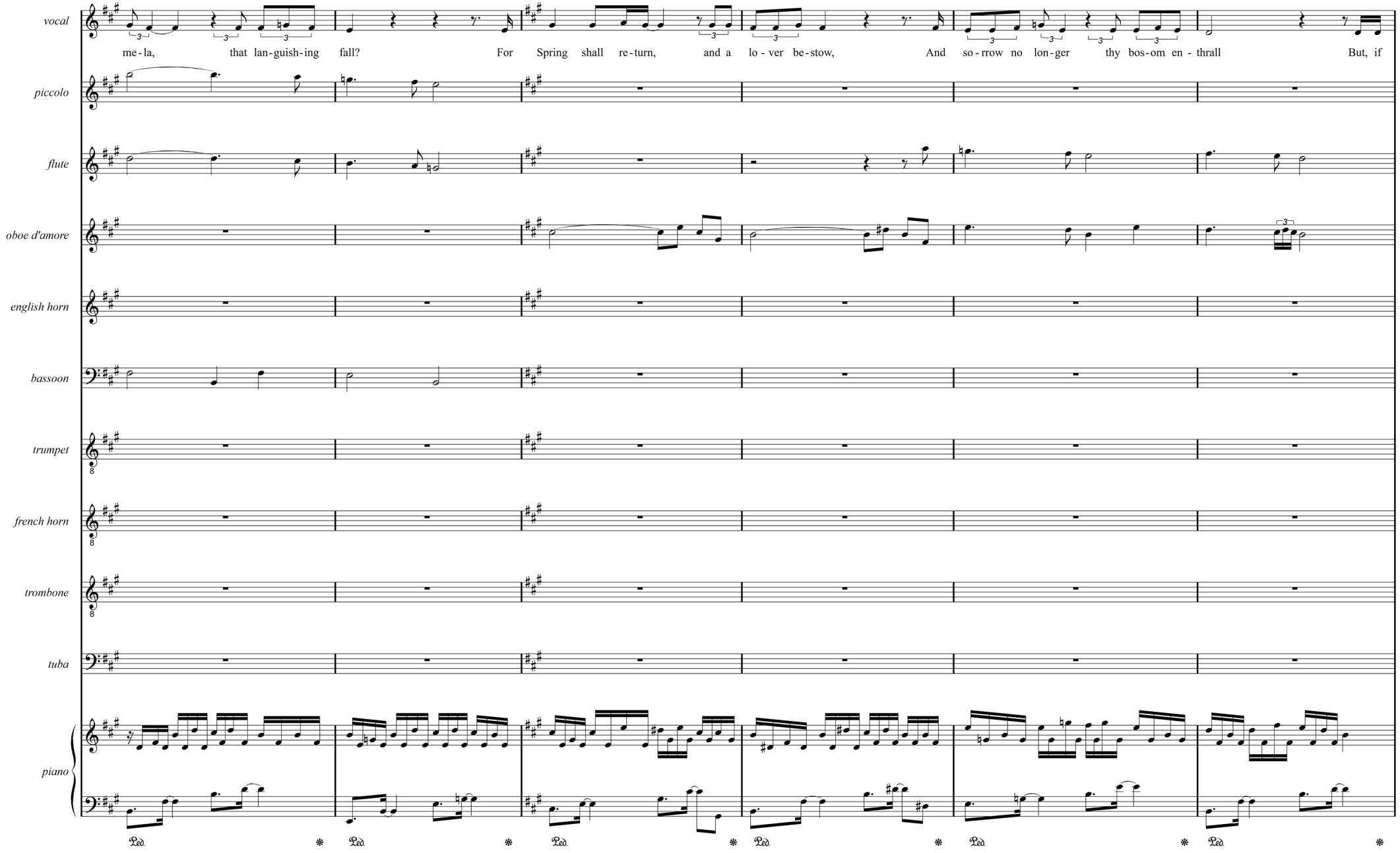
"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
see Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

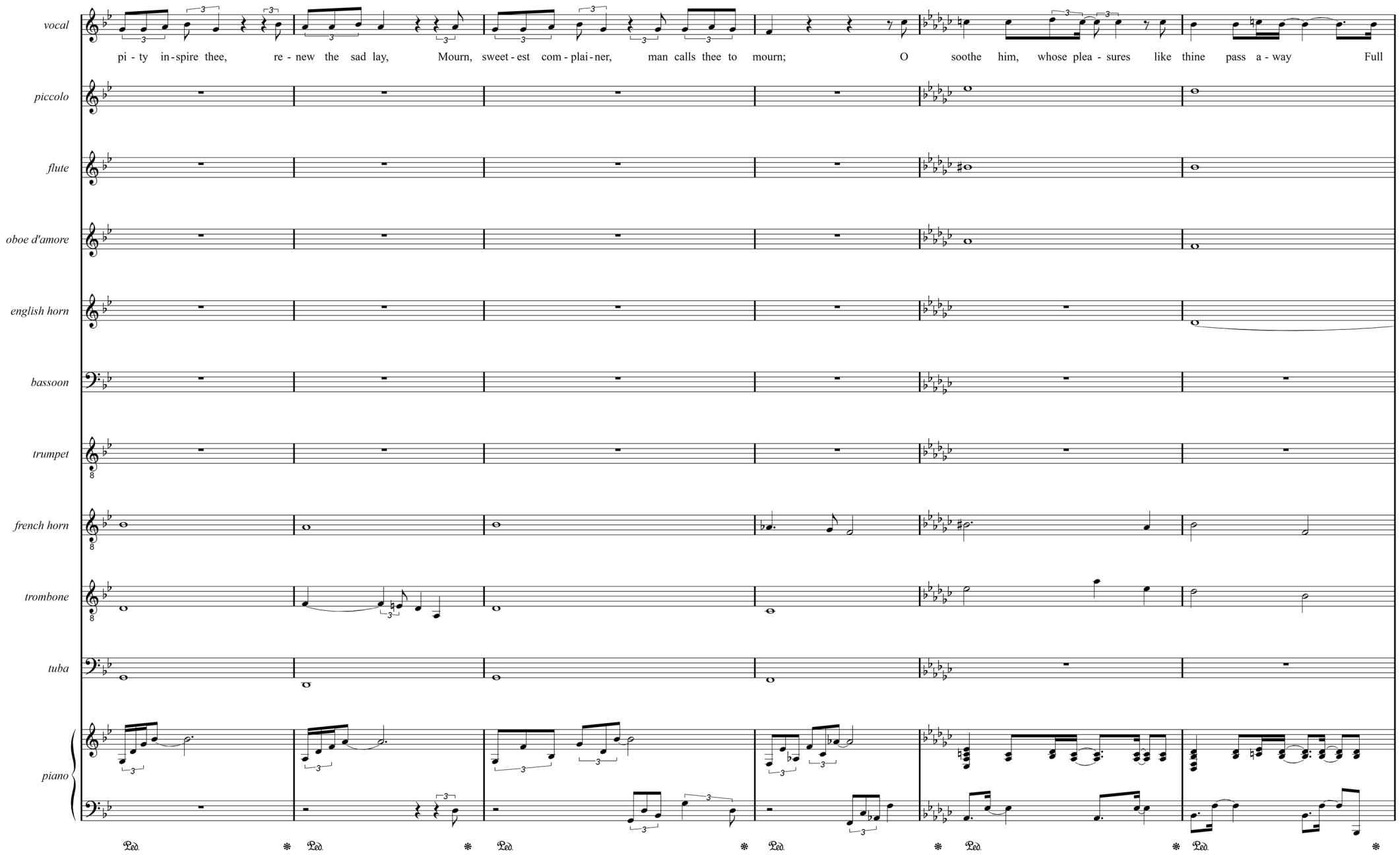
The Hermit

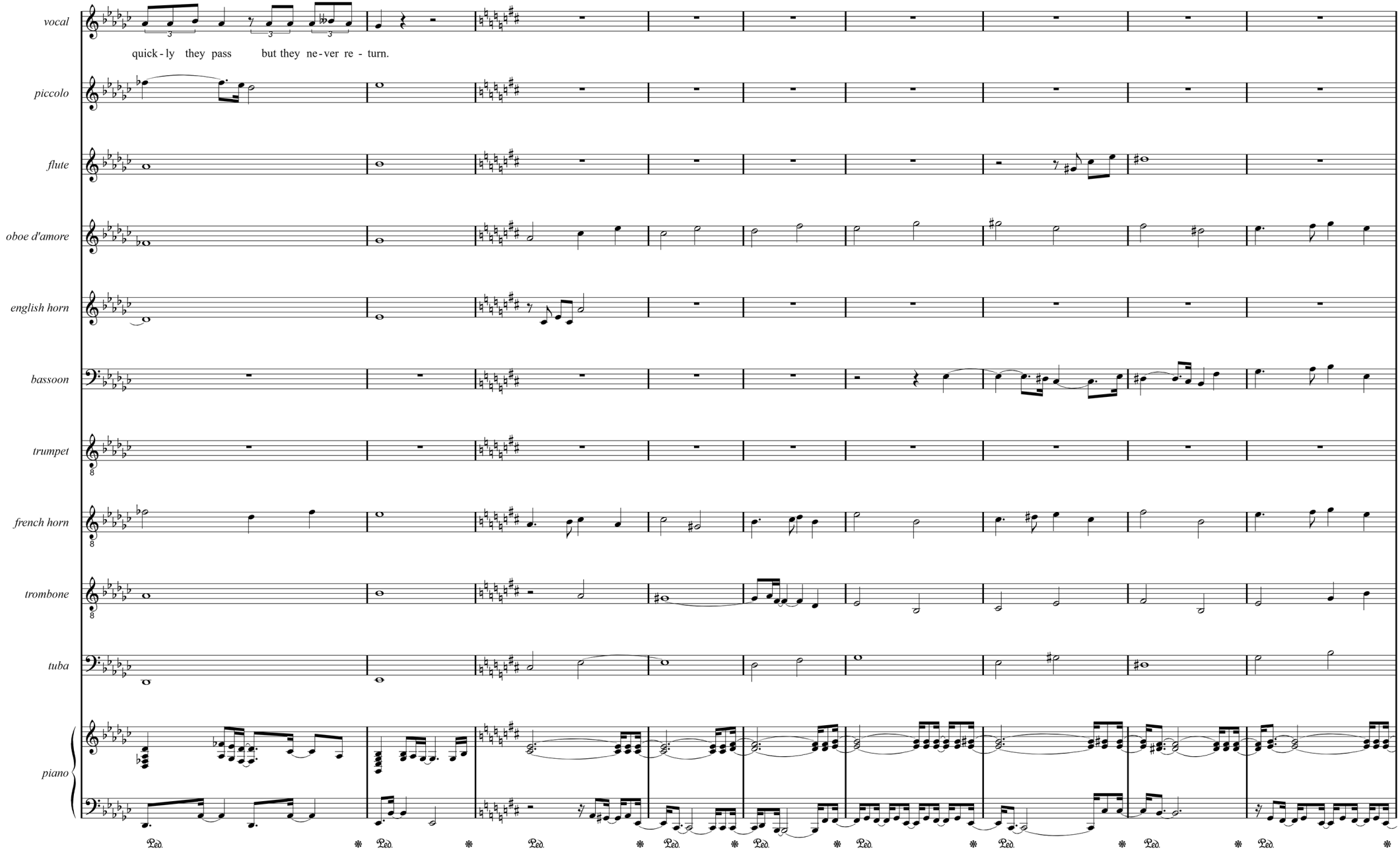

vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
At the close of - day, when the ham-let is still, And mor-tals the sweets of for - get-ful-ness prove, When nought but the tor - rent is heard on the hill, And
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

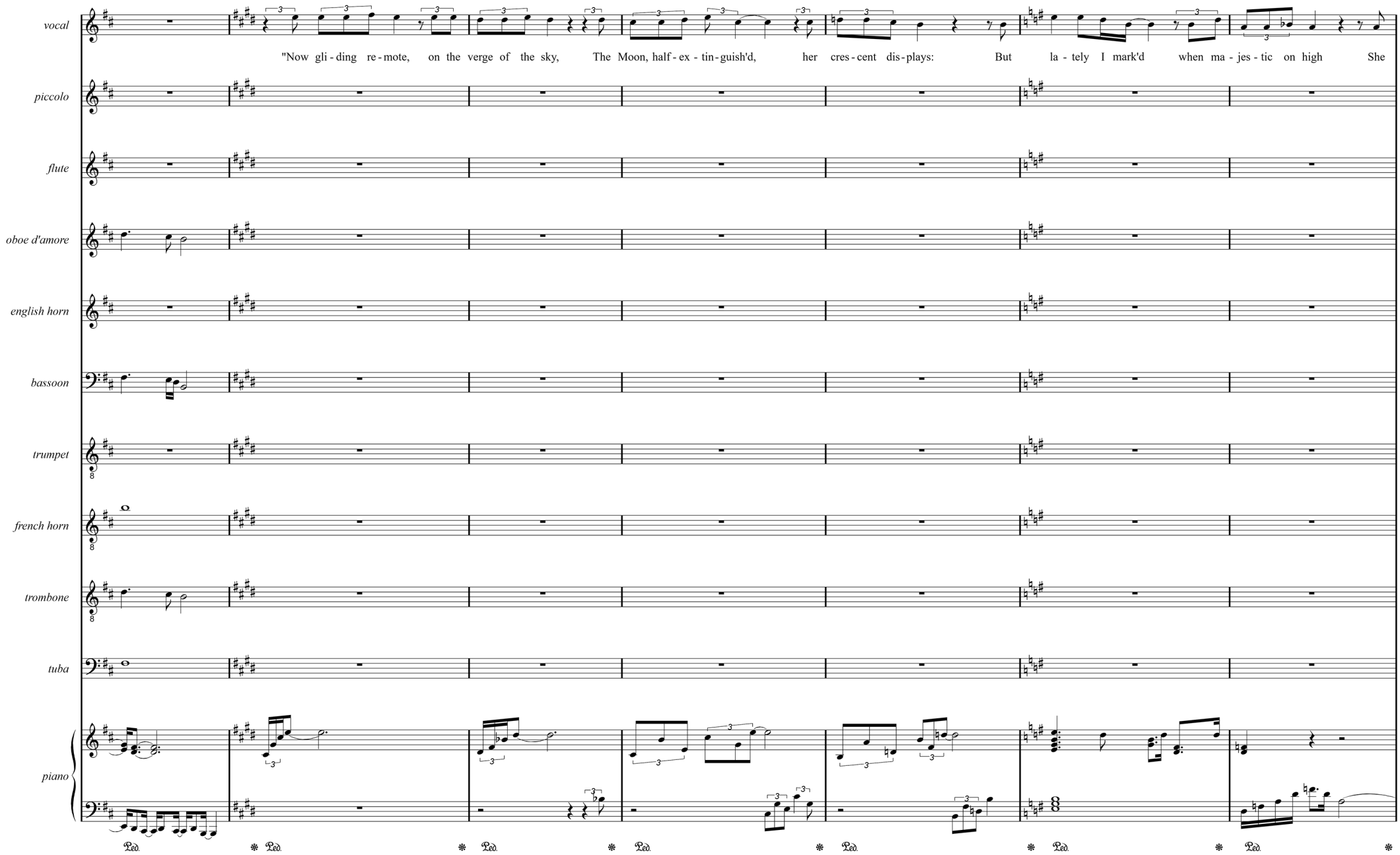

vocal
nought but the nigh - tin - gale's song in the grove. 'Twas thus, by the cave of the moun-tain a - far, While his harp rung sym-pho - ni-ous, a Her-mit be-gan No
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

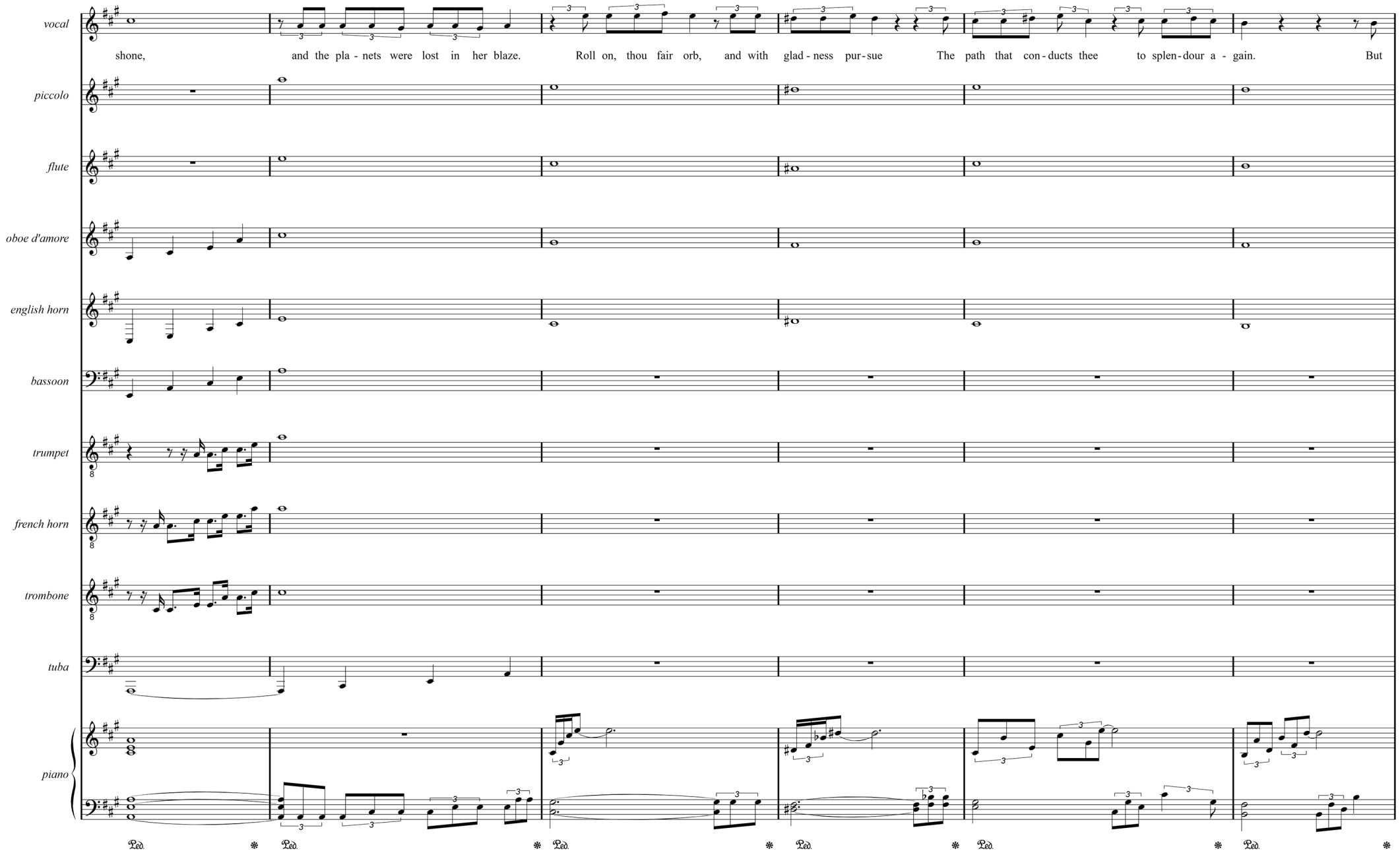

vocal
more with him-self or with na-ture at war, He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man. "Ah, why, all a-ban-don'd to dark-ness and wo, Why, lone Phi-lo-
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

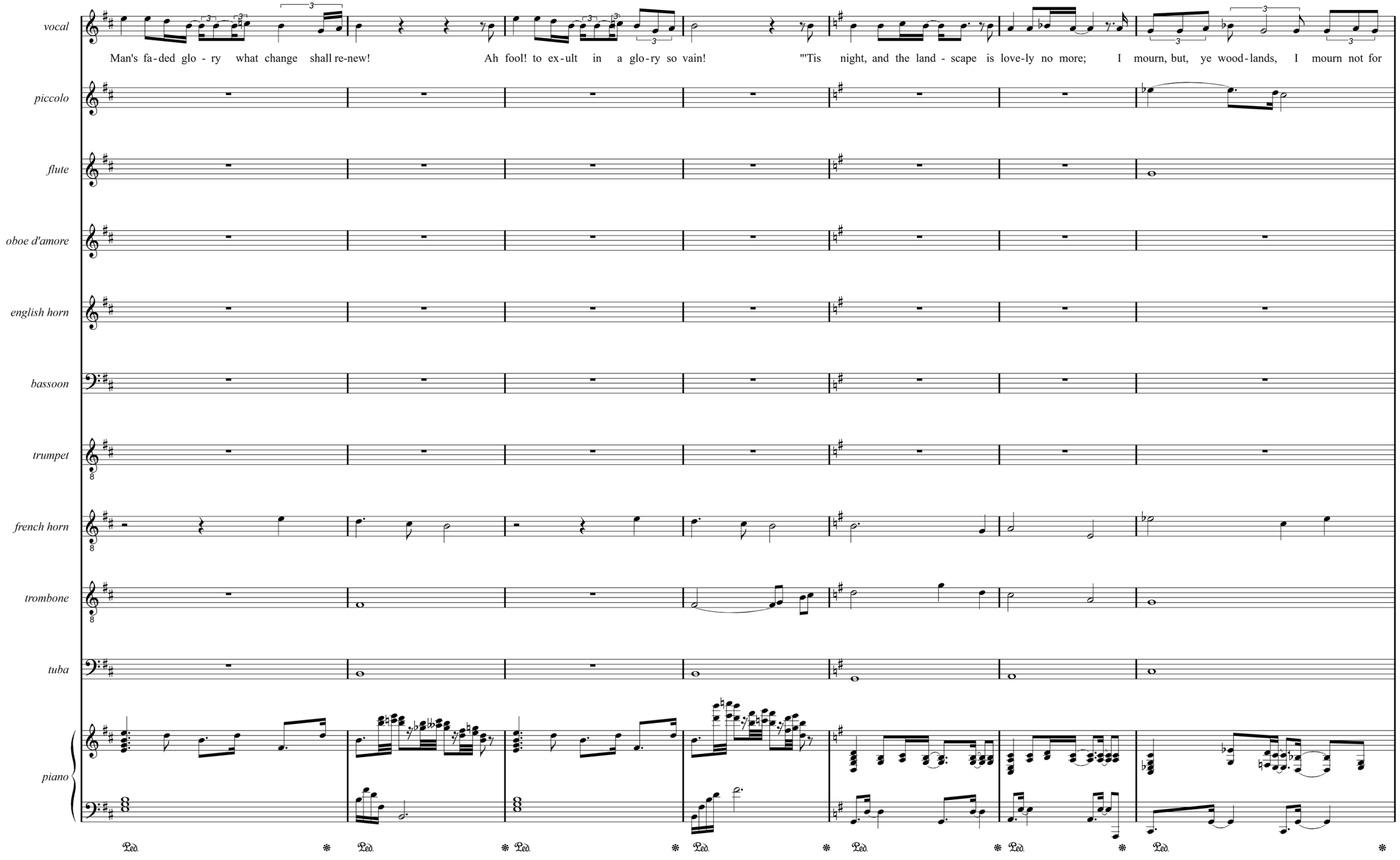

vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
me-la, that lan-guish-ing fall? For Spring shall re-turn, and a lo-ver be-stow, And so-rrow no lon-ger thy bos-om en-thrall But, if
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

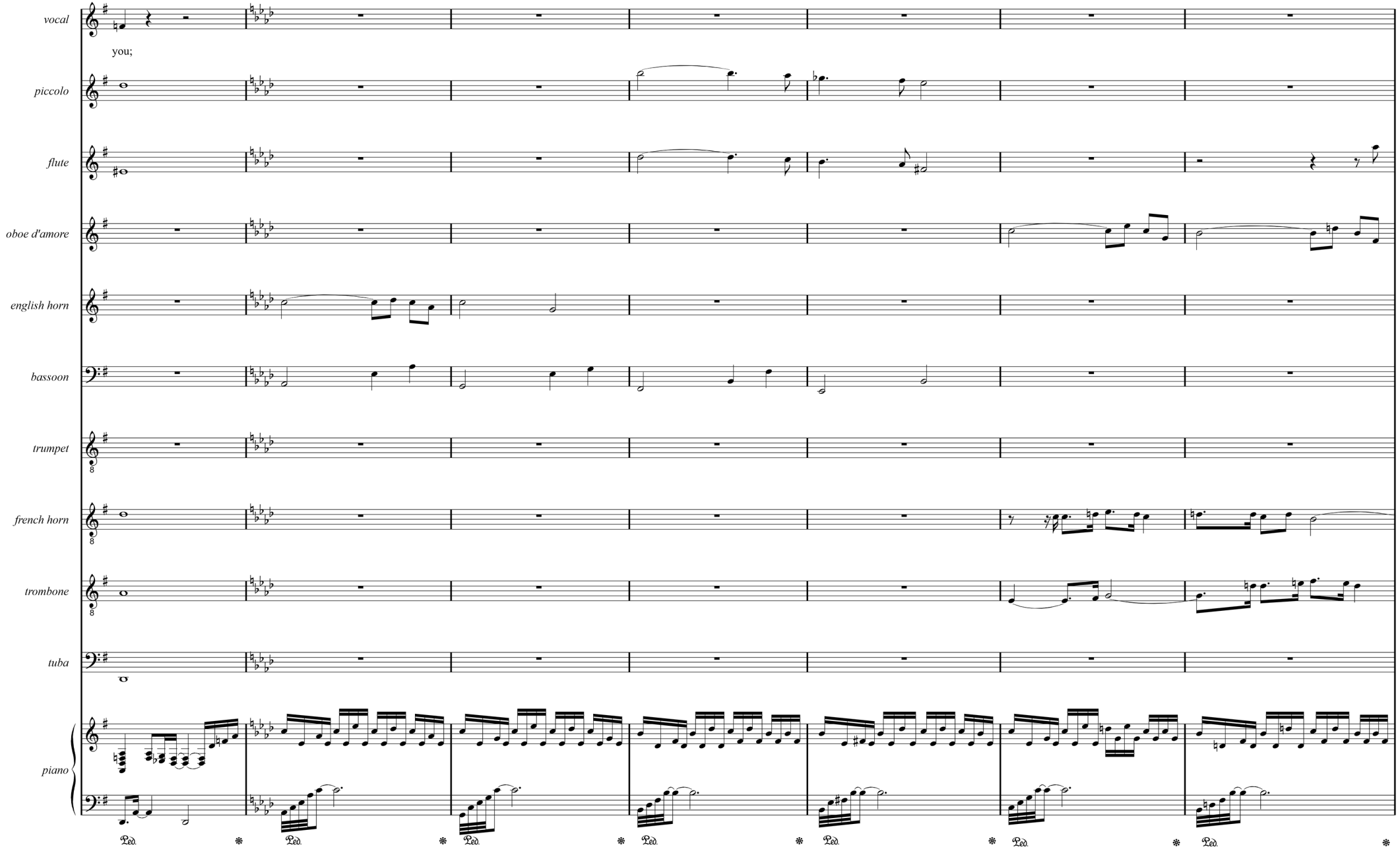

vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
pi - ty in - spire thee, re - new the sad lay, Mourn, sweet - est com - plai - ner, man calls thee to mourn; O soothe him, whose plea - sures like thine pass a - way Full
Ped.

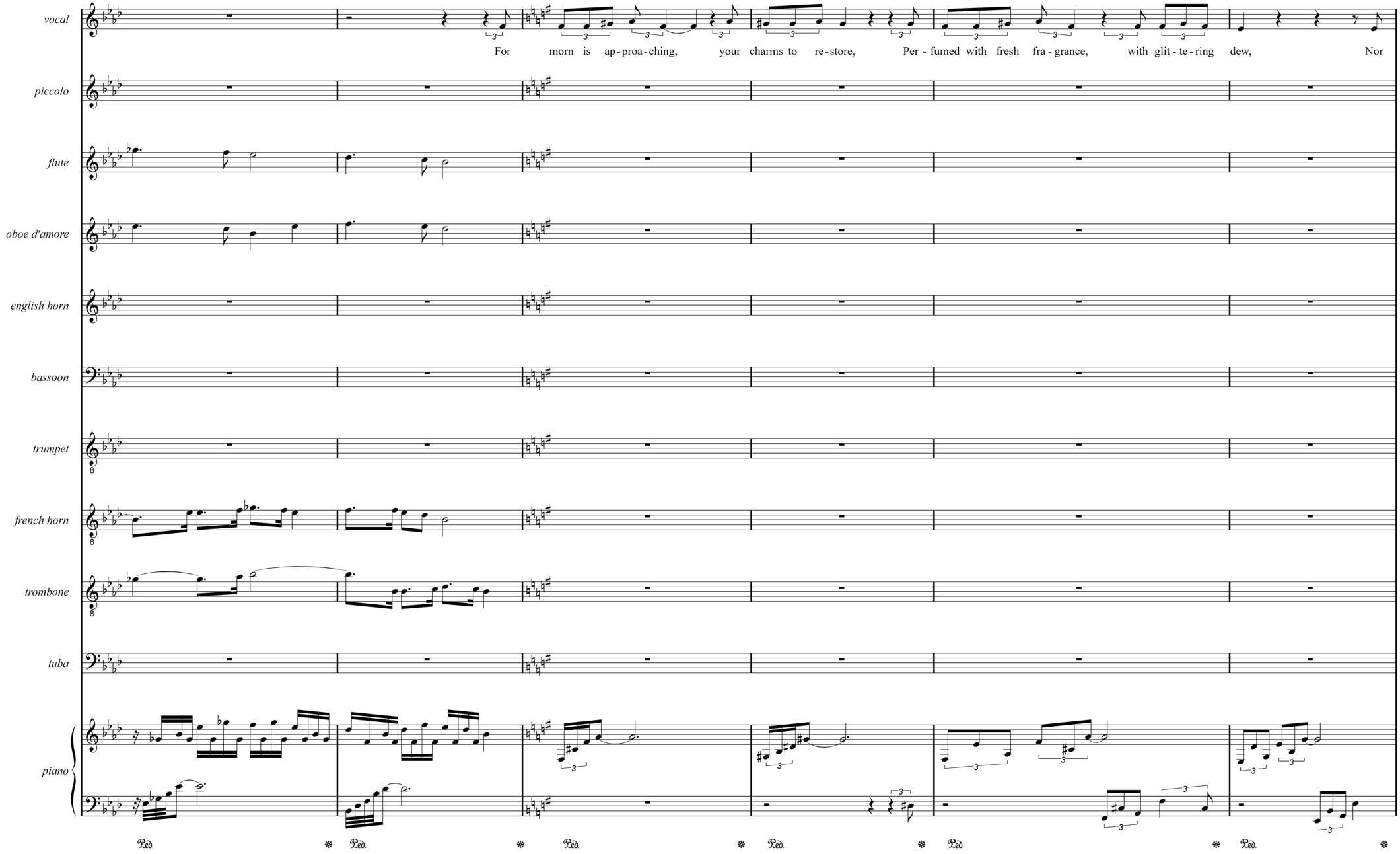

vocal
quick - ly they pass but they ne - ver re - turn.
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

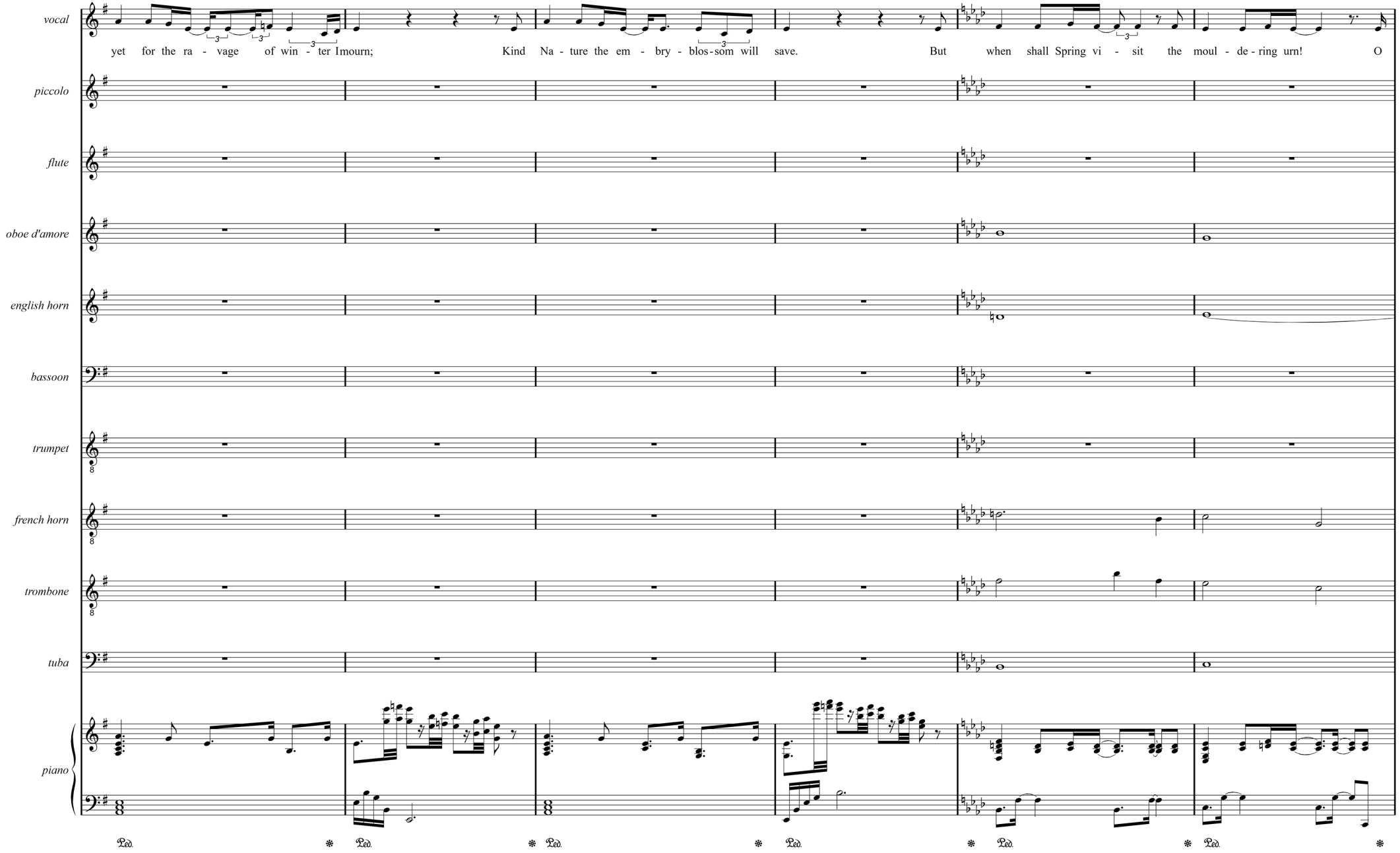

vocal
"Now gli - ding re - mote, on the verge of the sky, The Moon, half - ex - tin - guish'd, her cres - cent dis - plays: But la - tely I mark'd when ma - jes - tic on high She
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

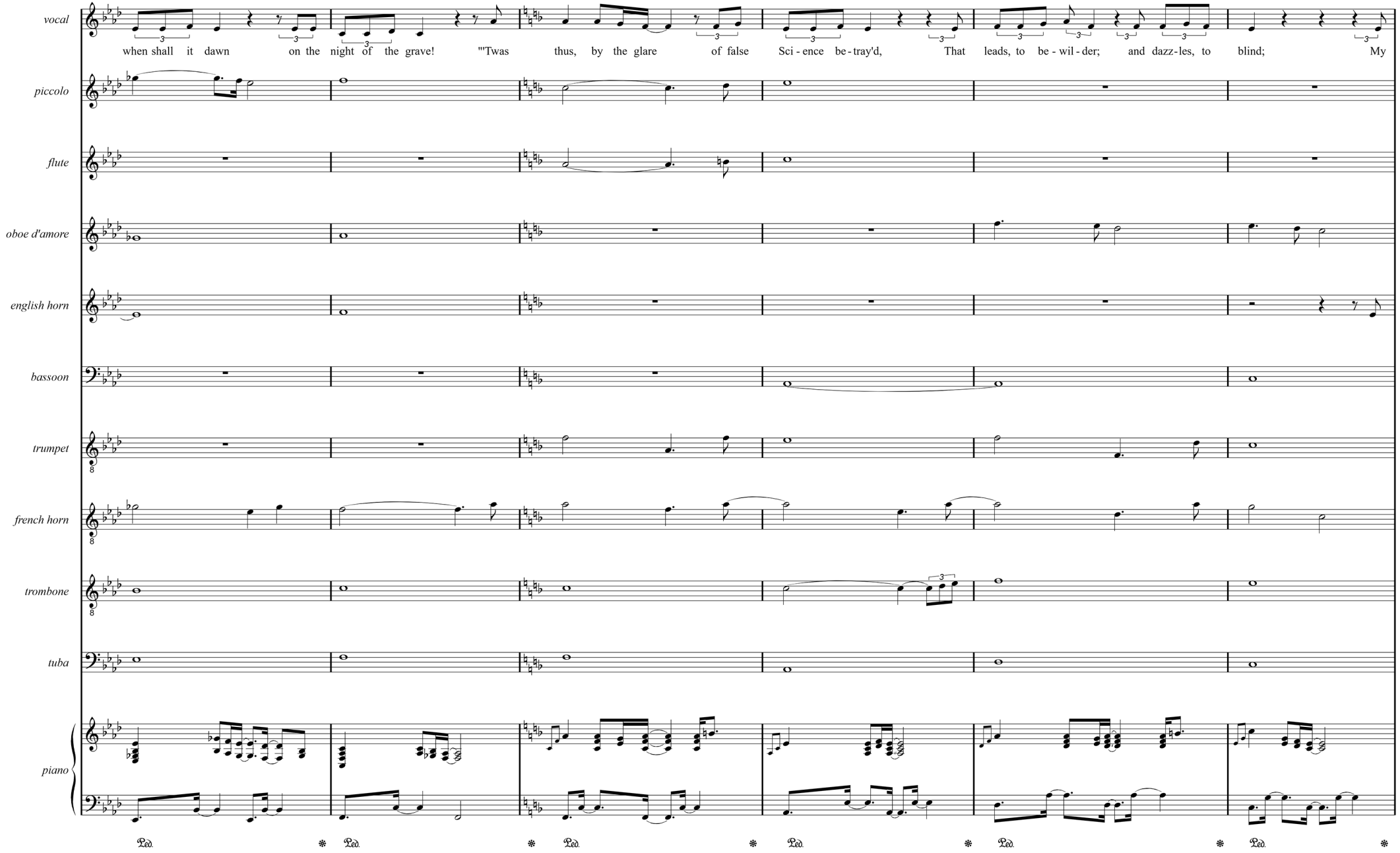

vocal
shone, and the pla - nets were lost in her blaze. Roll on, thou fair orb, and with glad - ness pur - sue The path that con - ducts thee to splen - dour a - gain. But
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

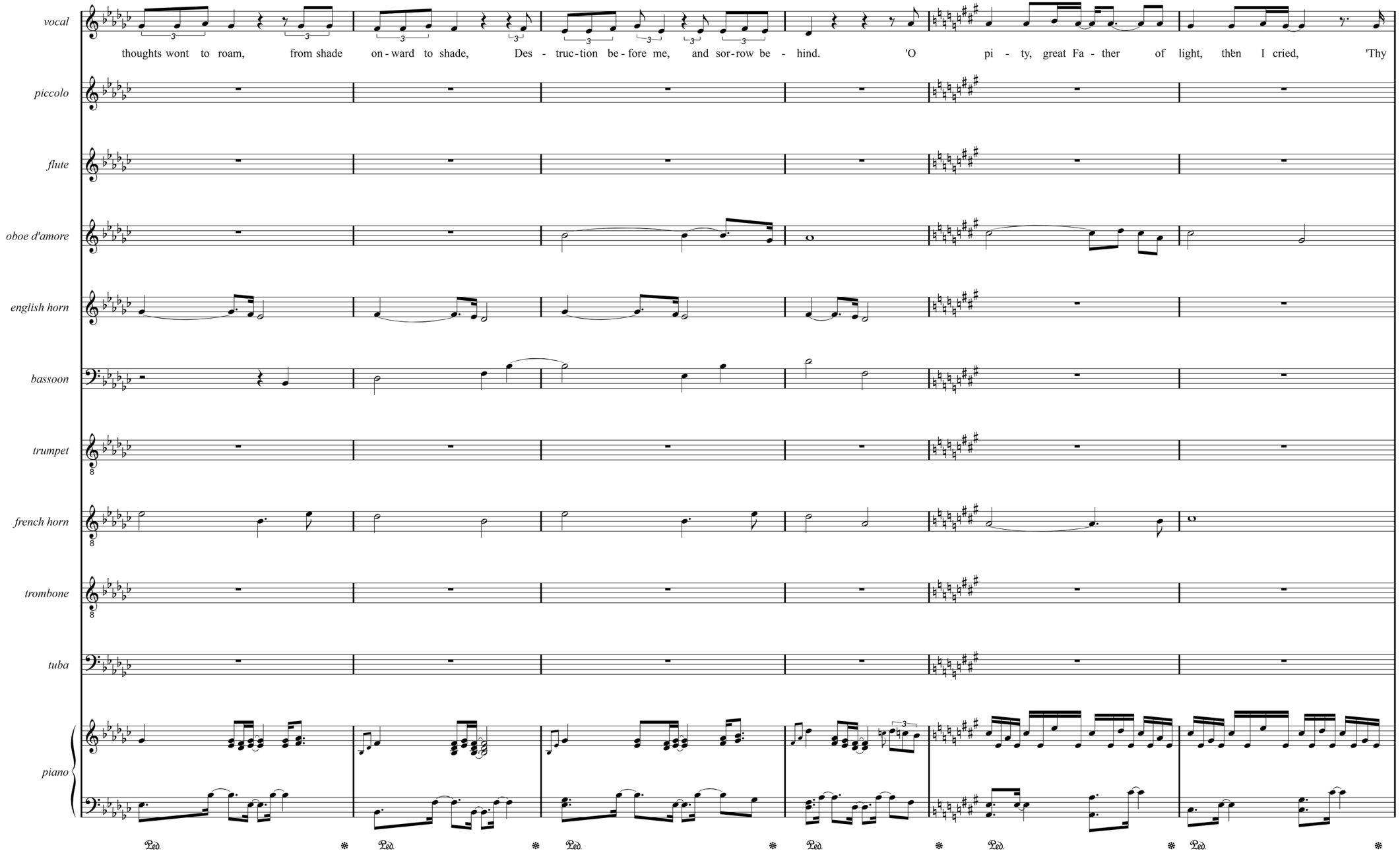

vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Man's fa-ded glo - ry what change shall re-new!
Ah fool! to ex-ult in a glo-ry so vain!
"'Tis night, and the land - scape is love-ly no more; I mourn, but, ye wood-lands, I mourn not for
Ped.
*

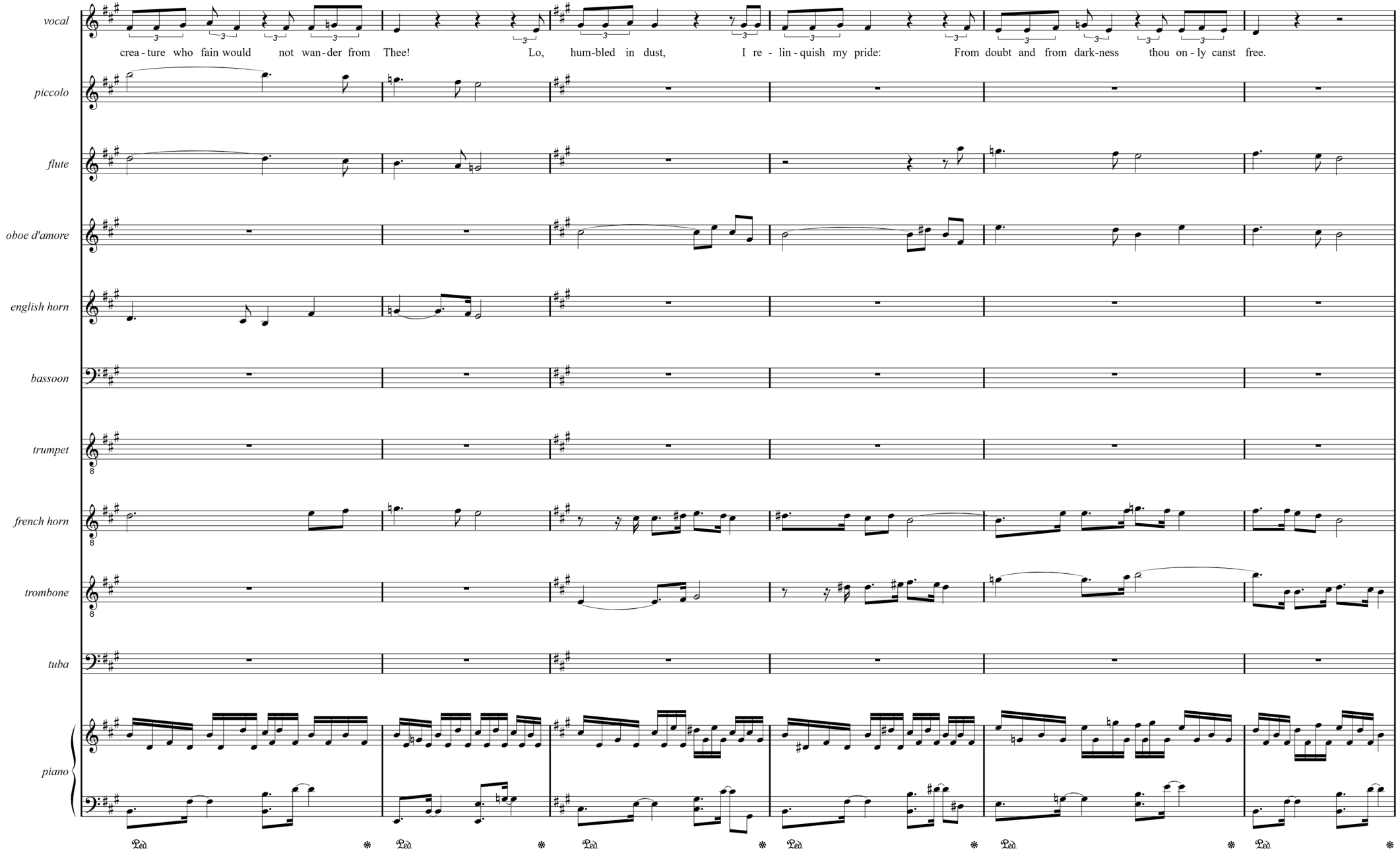

vocal
you;
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

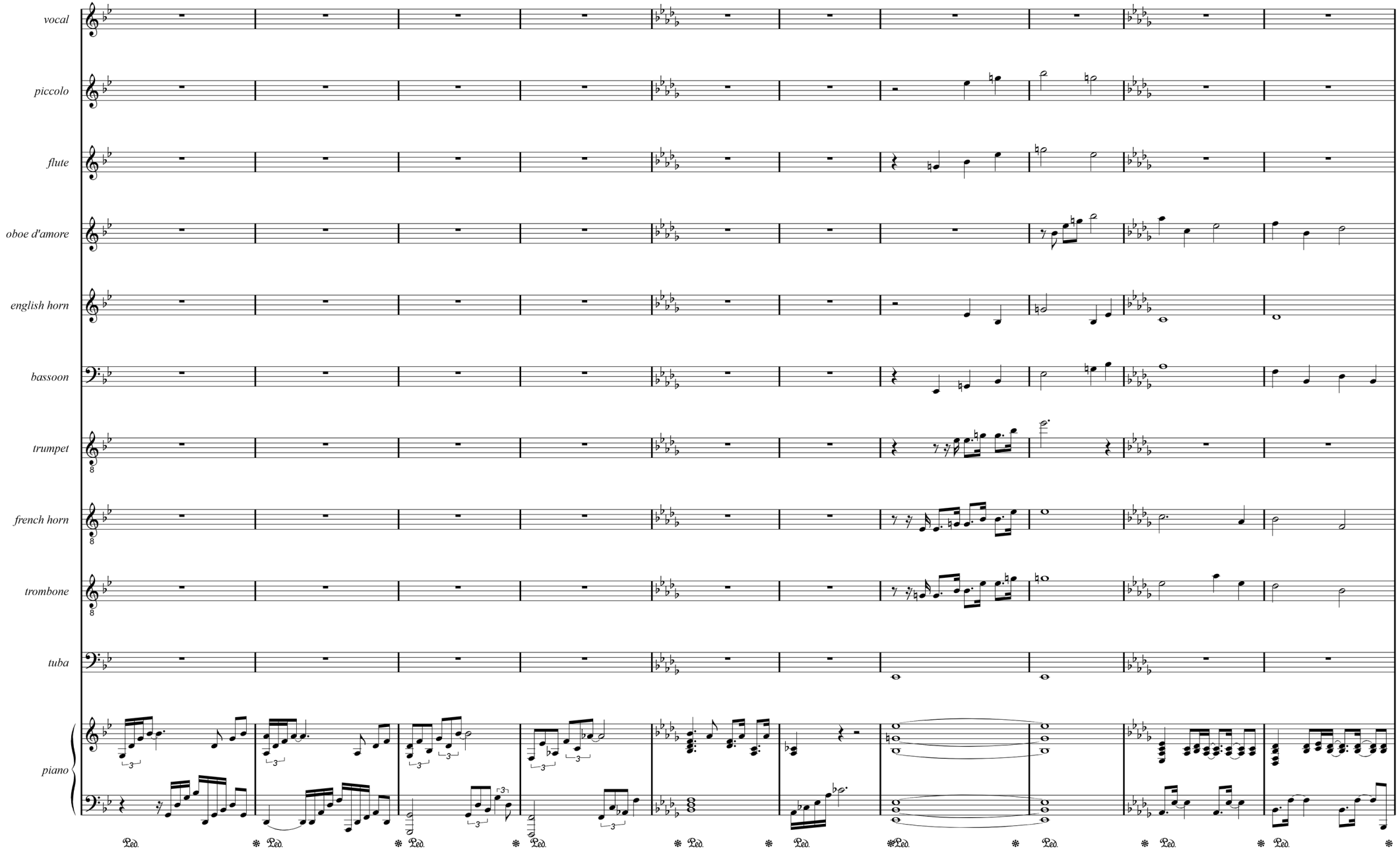

vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
For morn is ap-proa-ching, your charms to re-store, Per-fumed with fresh fra-grance, with glit-te-ring dew, Nor
Ped.

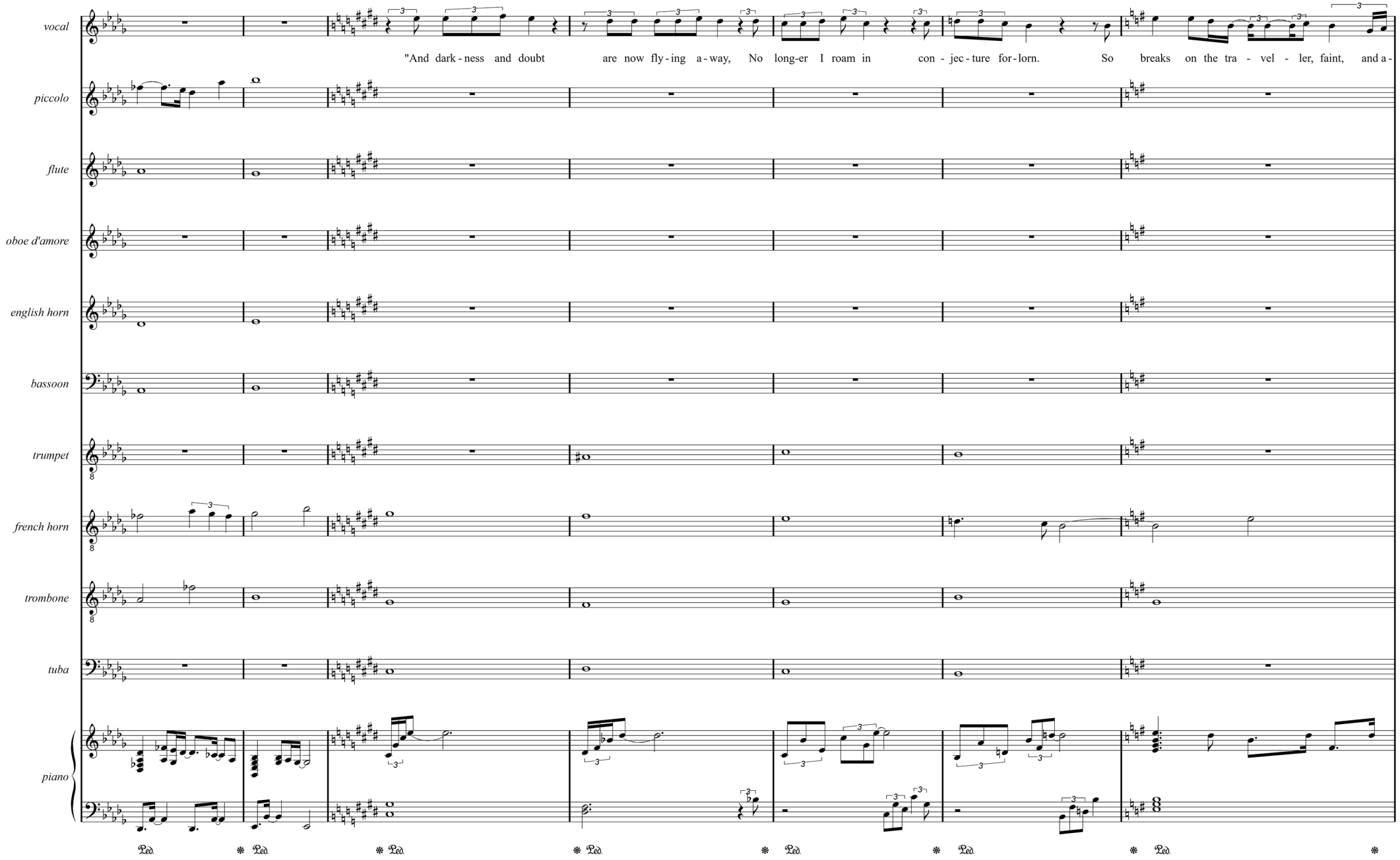

vocal
yet for the ra - vage of win - ter Imourn;
Kind Na - ture the em - bry - blos-som will save.
But when shall Spring vi - sit the moul - de - ring urn!
O
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.

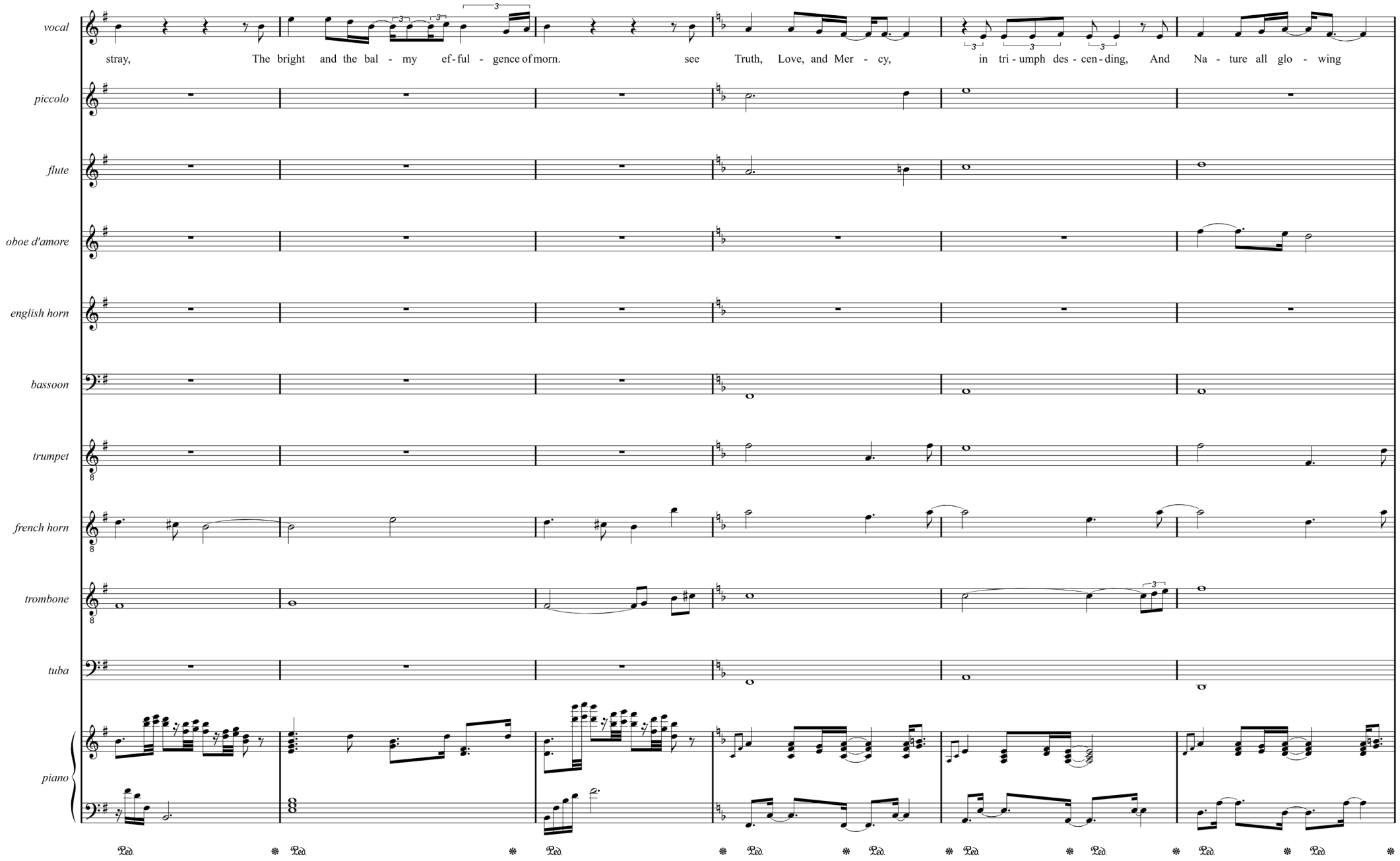

vocal
when shall it dawn on the night of the grave! "'Twas thus, by the glare of false Sci - ence be - tray'd, That leads, to be - wil - der; and dazz - les, to blind; My
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

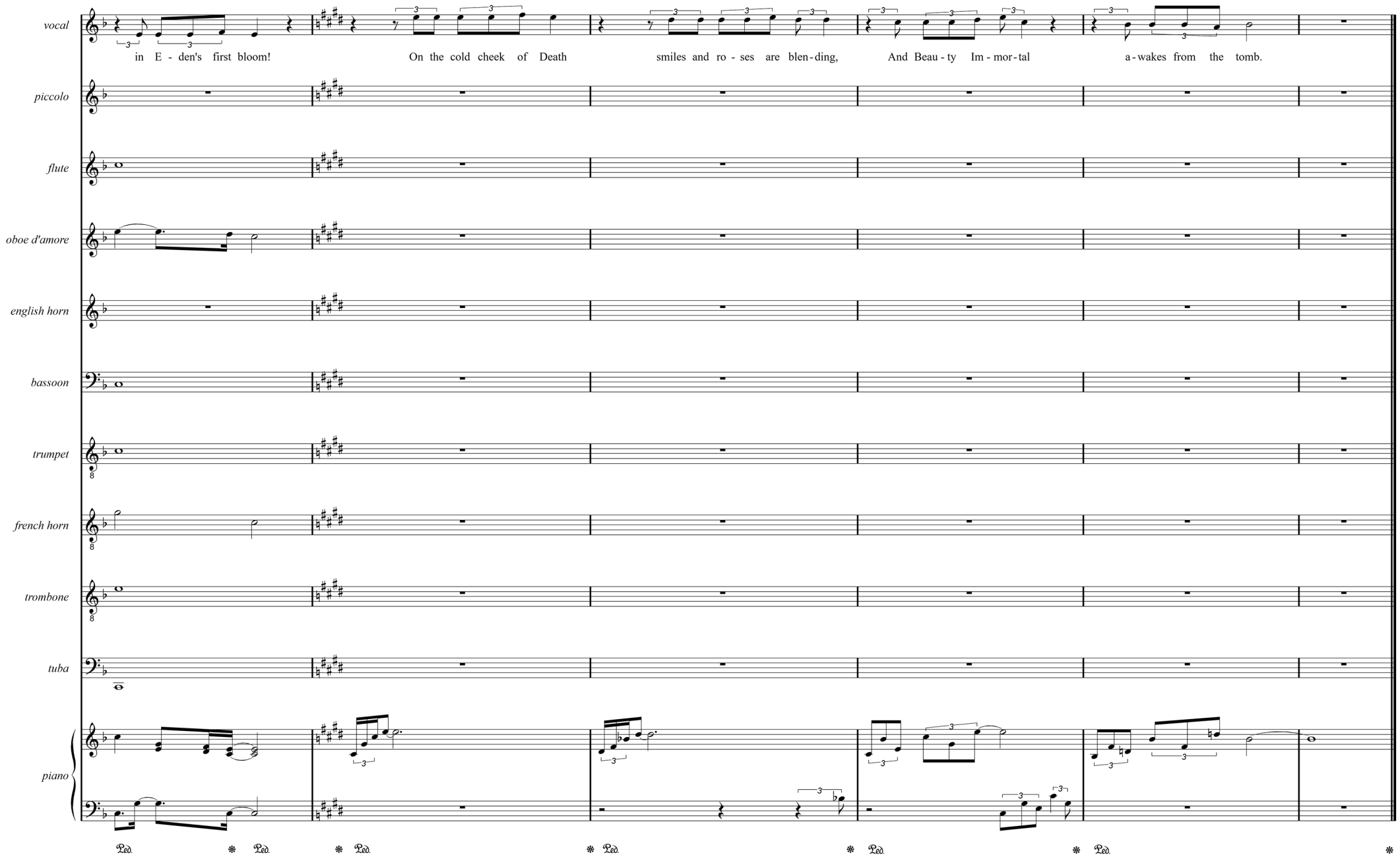

vocal
thoughts wont to roam, from shade on - ward to shade, Des - truc - tion be - fore me, and sor - row be - hind. 'O pi - ty, great Fa - ther of light, then I cried, 'Thy
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


vocal
crea - ture who fain would not wan - der from Thee! Lo, hum-bled in dust, I re - lin - quish my pride: From doubt and from dark-ness thou on - ly canst free.
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.


vocal
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.


vocal
"And dark - ness and doubt are now fly - ing a - way, No long-er I roam in con - jec - ture for - lorn. So breaks on the tra - vel - ler, faint, and a -
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.


vocal
stray, The bright and the bal - my ef - ful - gence of morn. see Truth, Love, and Mer - cy, in tri - umph des - cen - ding, And Na - ture all glo - wing
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


vocal
in E - den's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death
smiles and ro - ses are blen - ding,
And Beau - ty Im - mor - tal
a - wakes from the tomb.
piccolo
flute
oboe d'amore
english horn
bassoon
trumpet
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.



Come, Come - What Do I Here?
Poem by Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)

Come, come!
What do I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year
And each hour, one;

Come, come!
Cut off the sum:
By these soil'd tears!
Which only Thou
Know'st to be true,
Days are my fears.

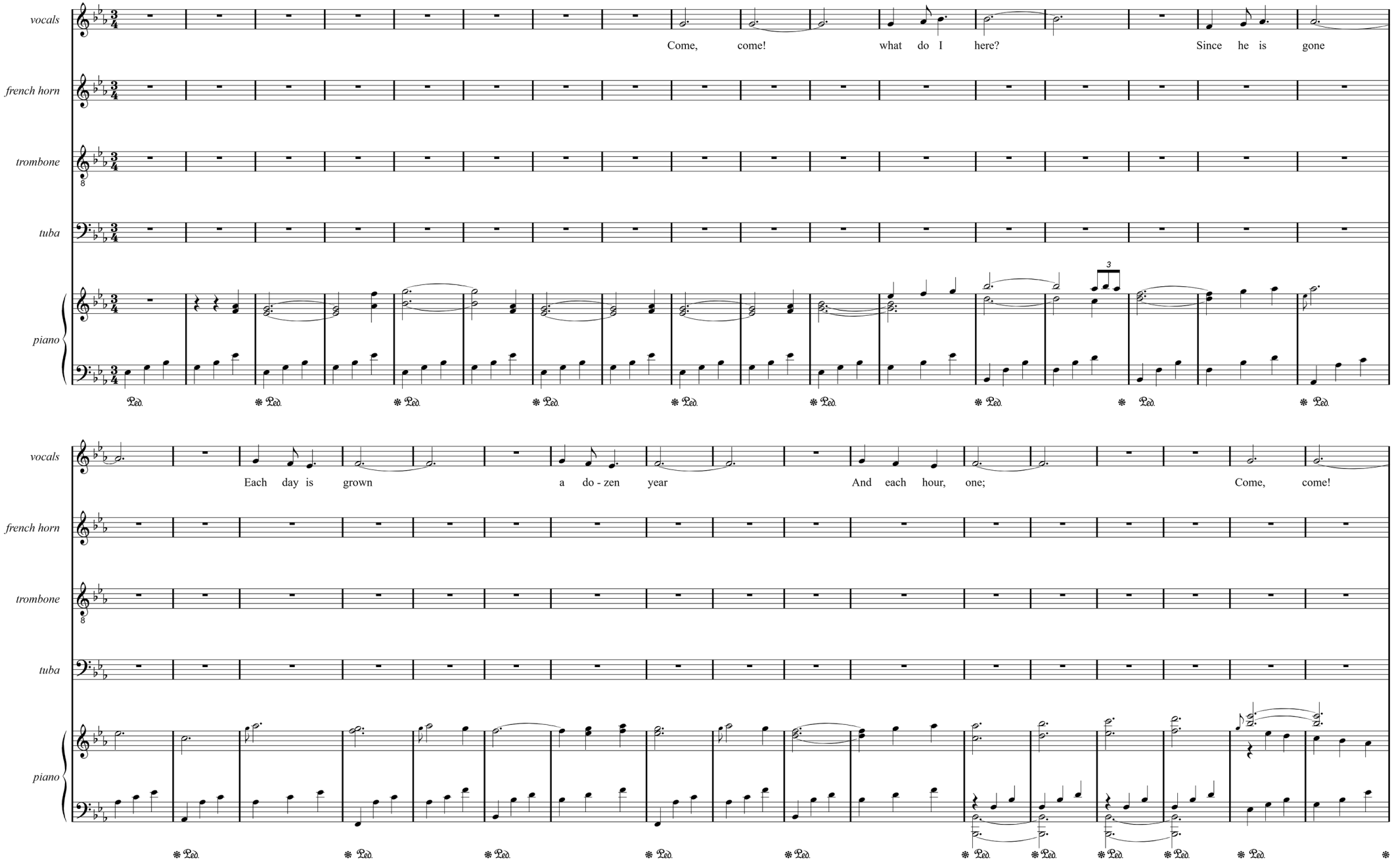
There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
But straight I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.

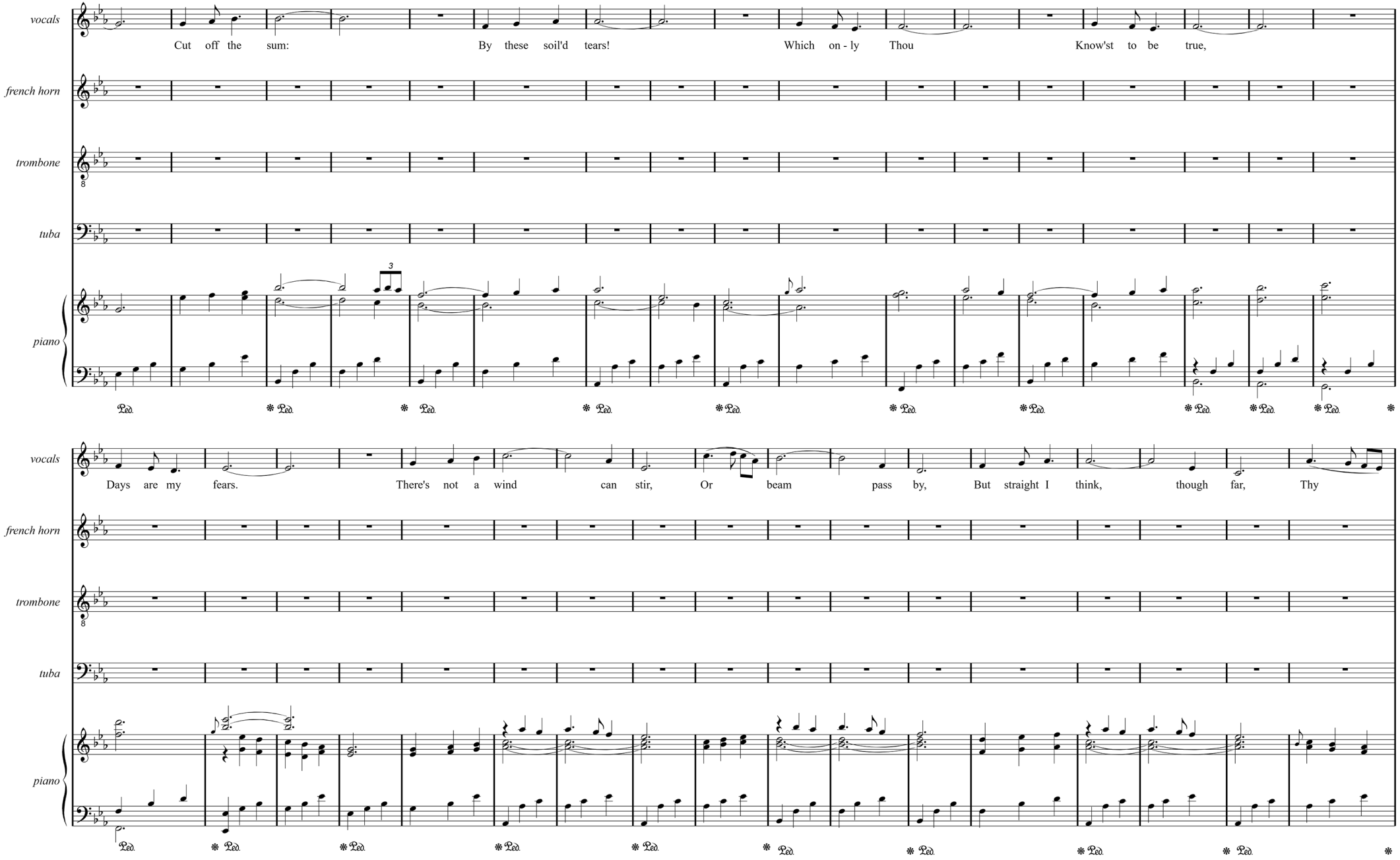
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath,
That soils Thy name,
Will ne'er be tame
Until in death.

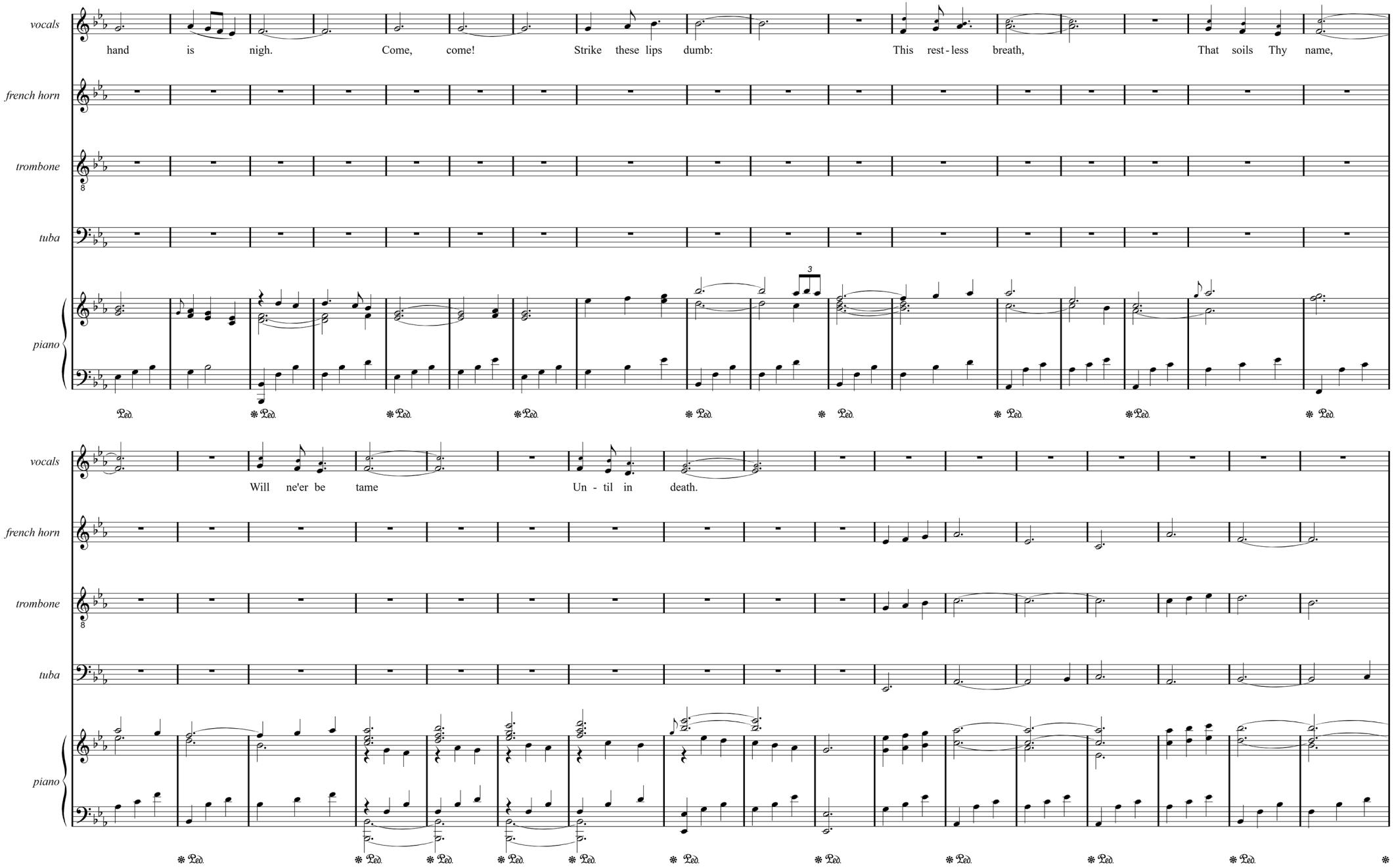
Perhaps some think a tomb
No house of store,
But a dark and seal'd up womb,
Which ne'er breeds more.

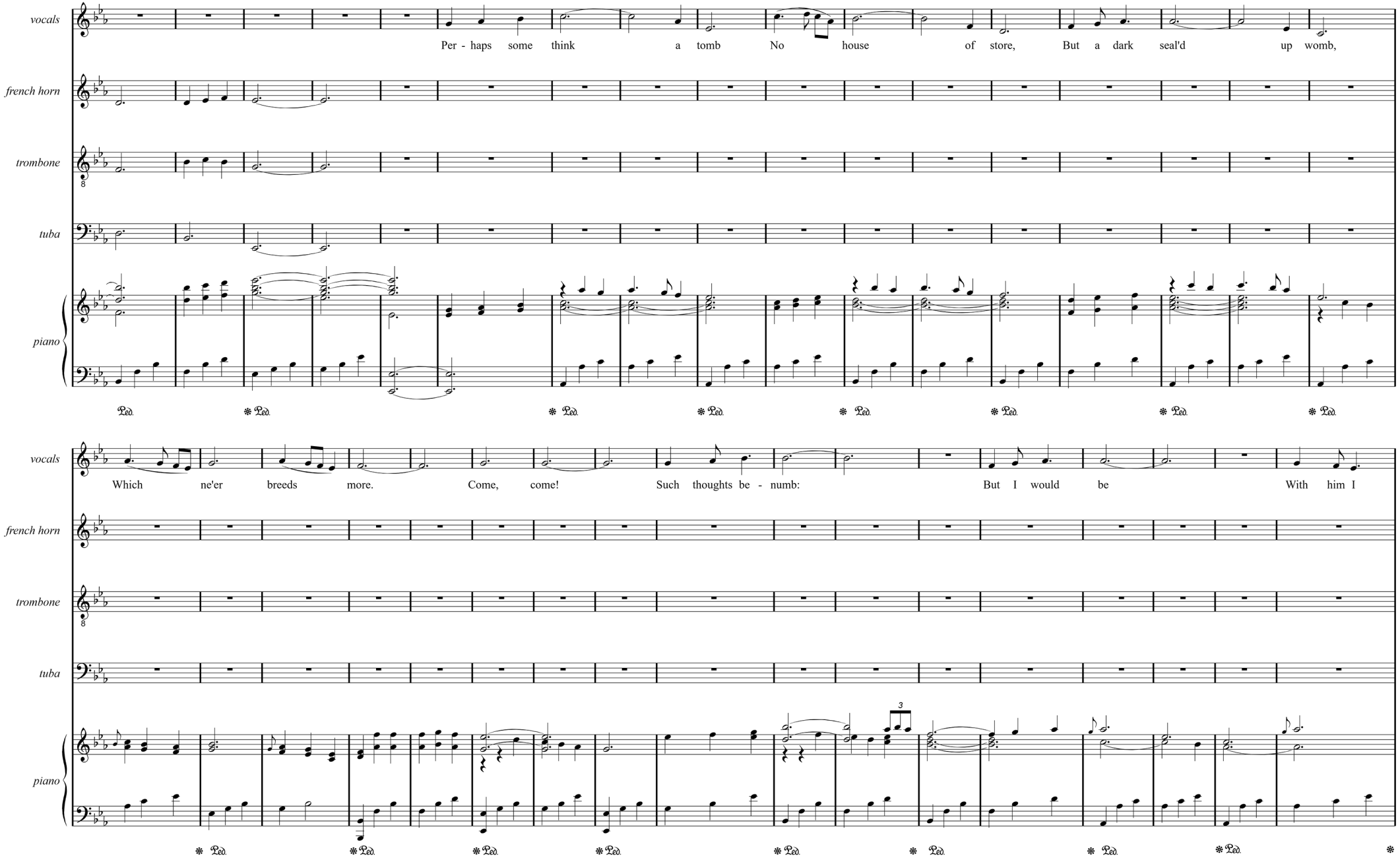
Come, come!
Such thoughts benumb:
But I would be
With him I weep
Abed, and sleep,
To wake in Thee.

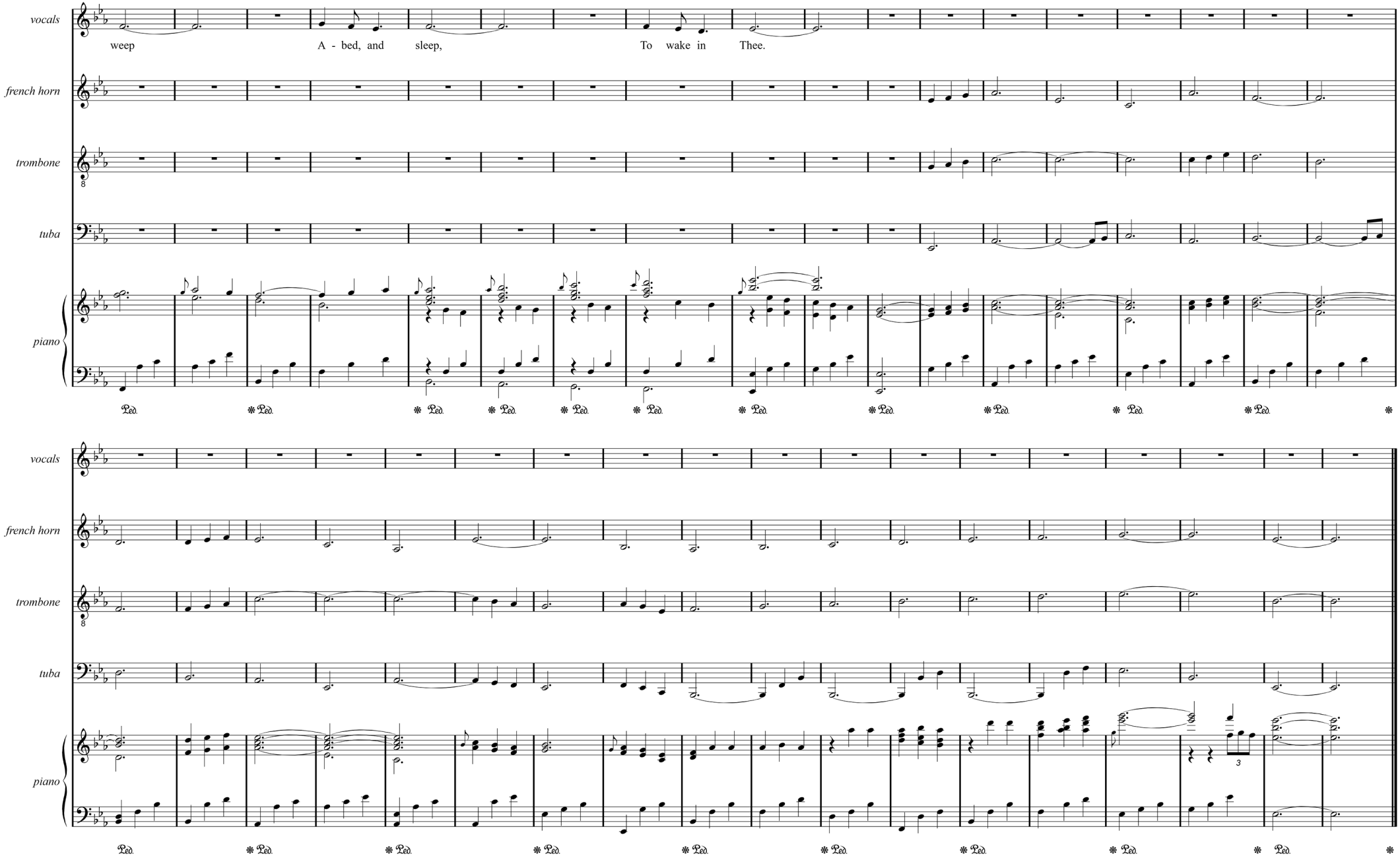
Come, Come - What Do I Here?




vocals
Cut off the sum: By these soil'd tears! Which on - ly Thou Know'st to be true,
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
vocals
Days are my fears. There's not a wind can stir, Or beam pass by, But straight I think, though far, Thy
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.


vocals
hand is nigh. Come, come! Strike these lips dumb: This rest - less breath, That soils Thy name,
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
vocals
Will ne'er be tame Un - til in death.
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.


vocals
Per - haps some think a tomb No house of store, But a dark seal'd up womb,
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
vocals
Which ne'er breeds more. Come, come! Such thoughts be - numb: But I would be With him I
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
3
Ped.


vocals
weep
A - bed, and
sleep,
To wake in
Thee.
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
vocals
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.



Times Go By Turns
Poem by Saint Sir Robert Southwell (1561-1595)

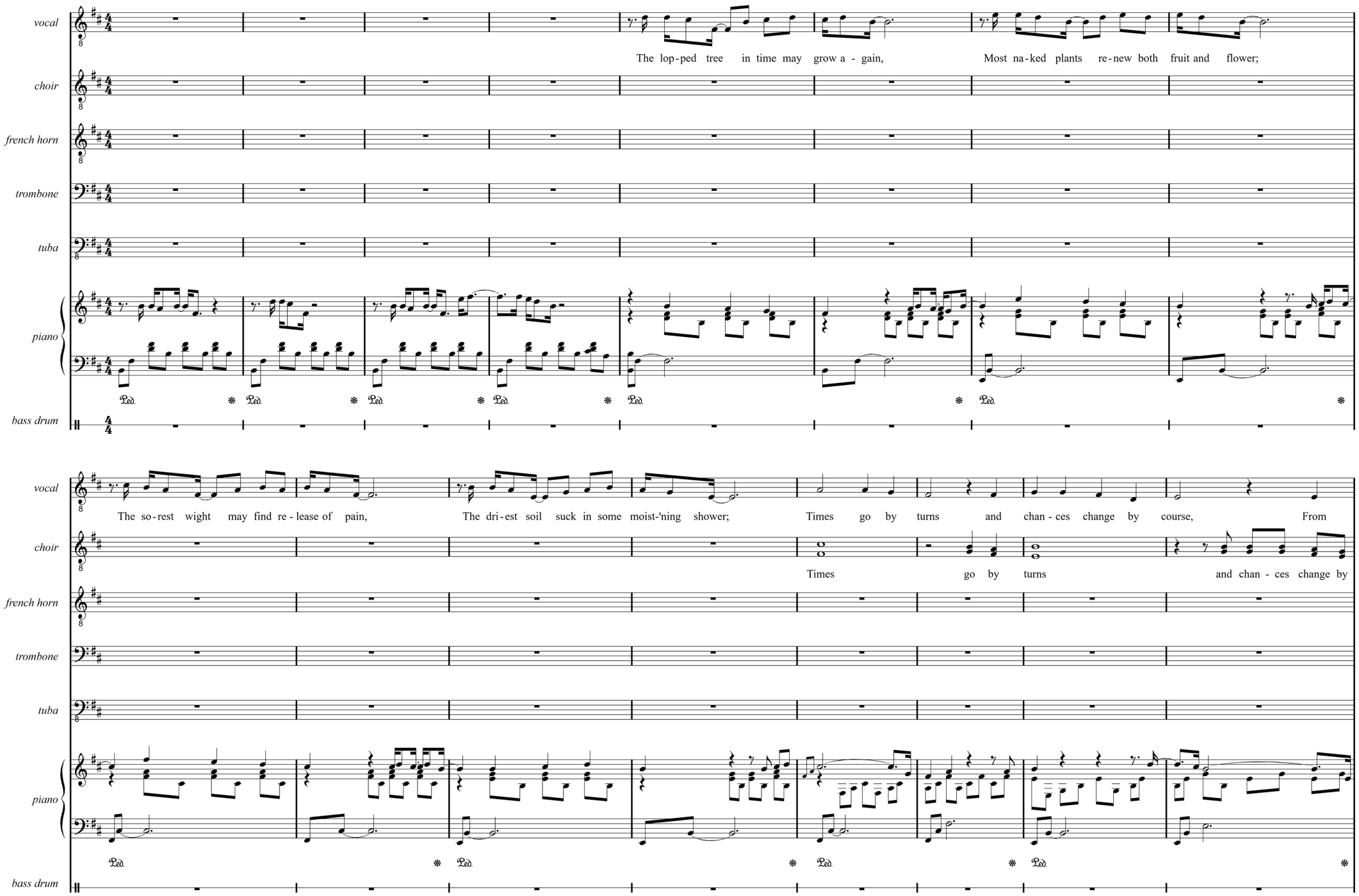
The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

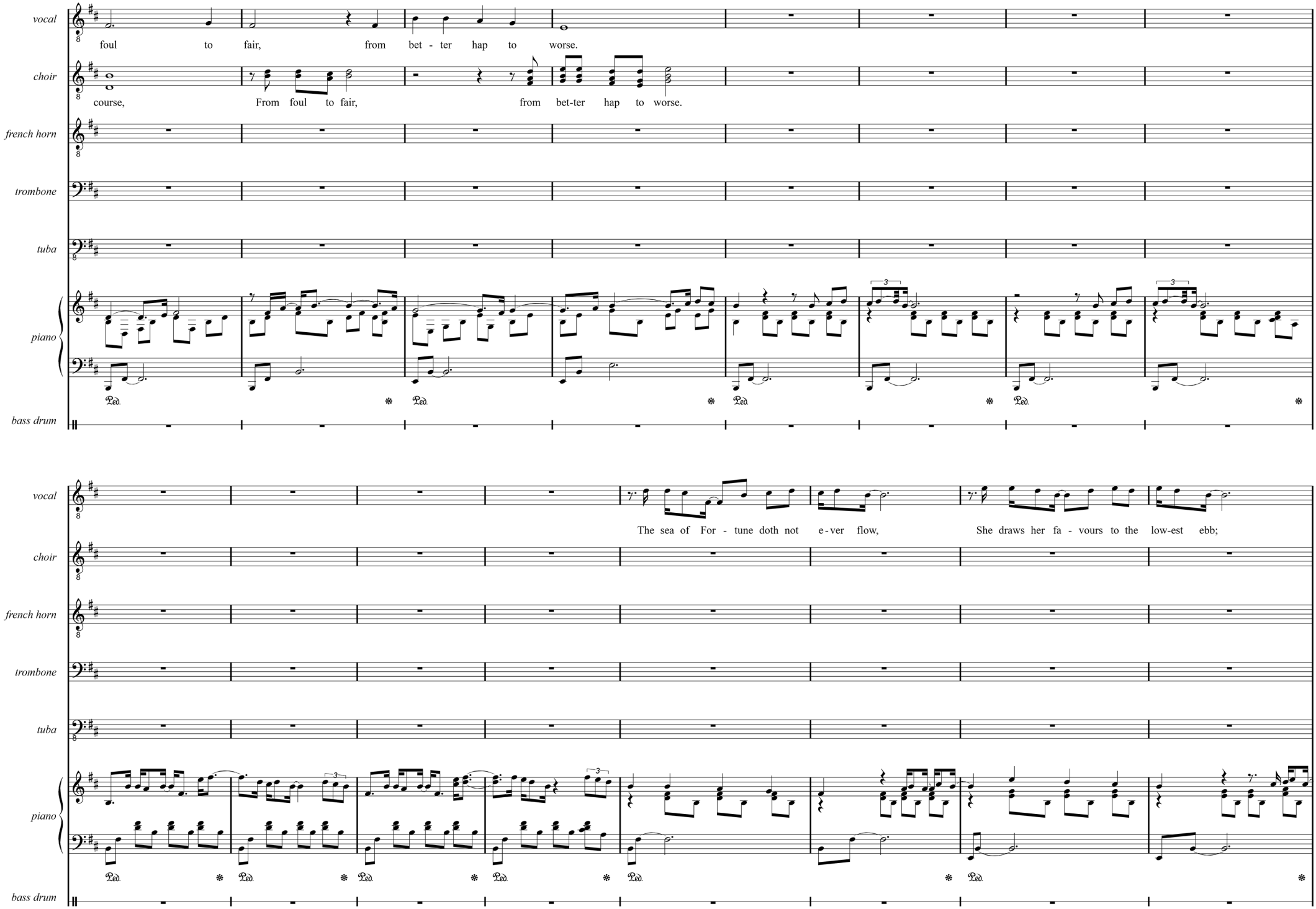
The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

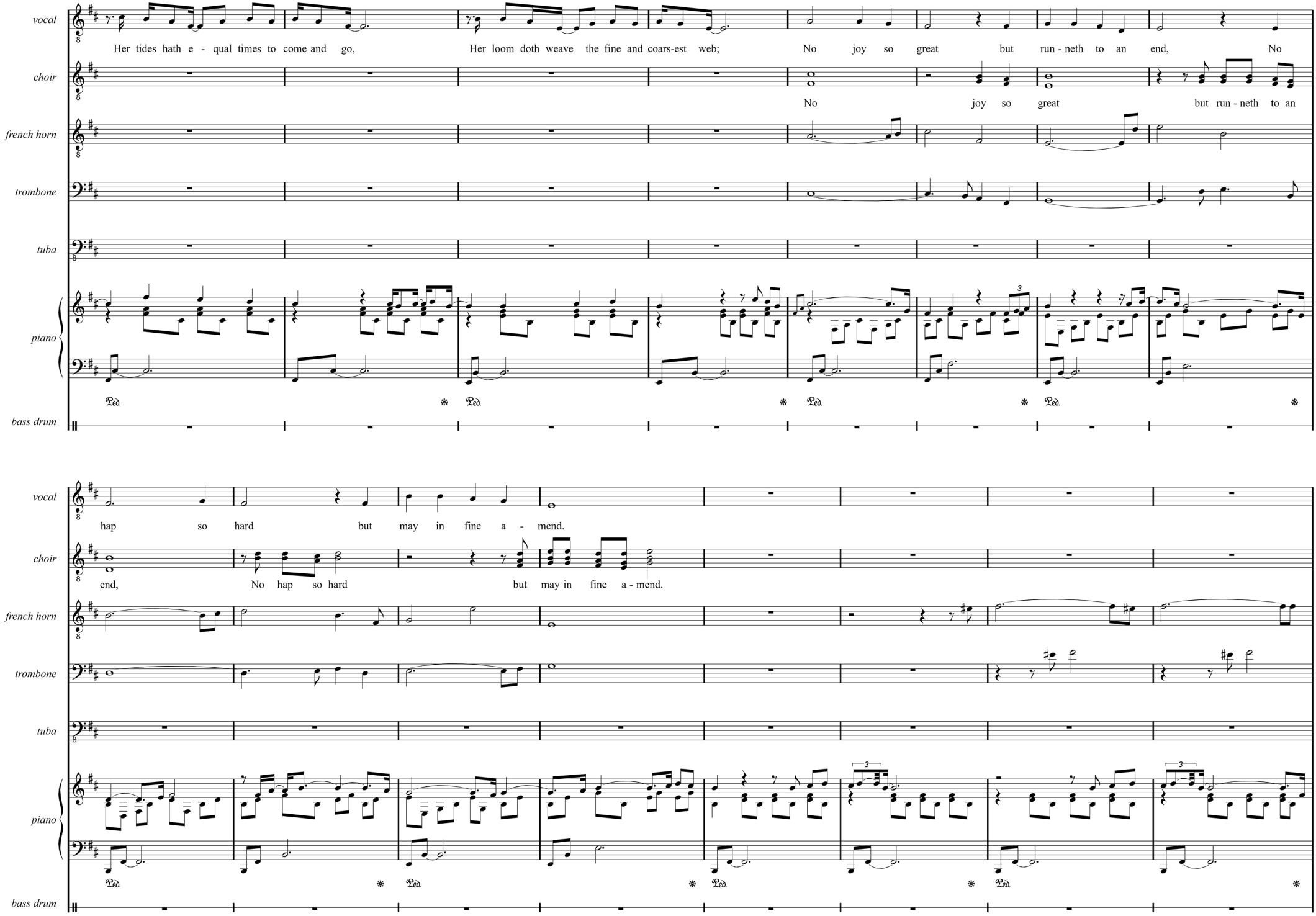
Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

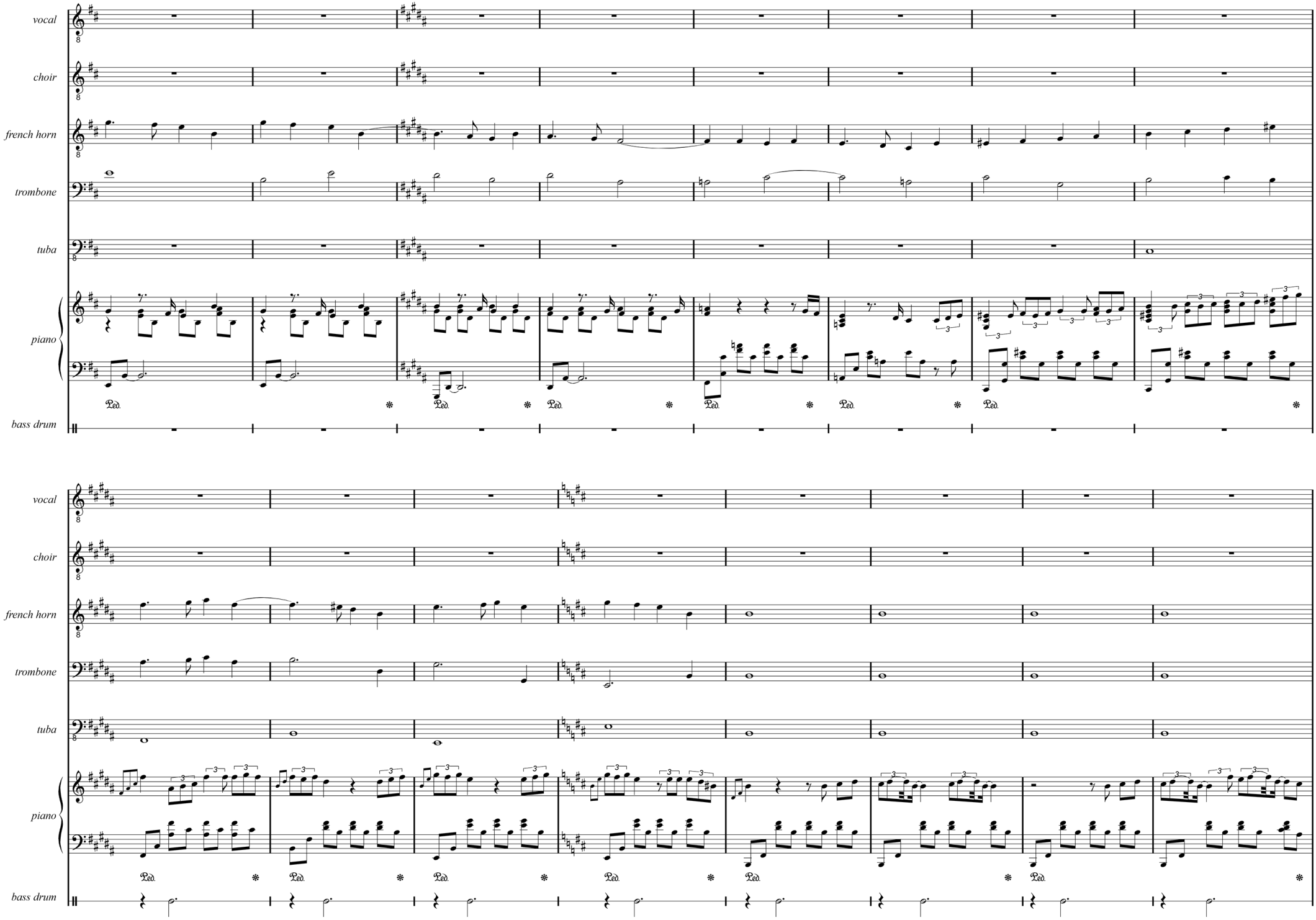
A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

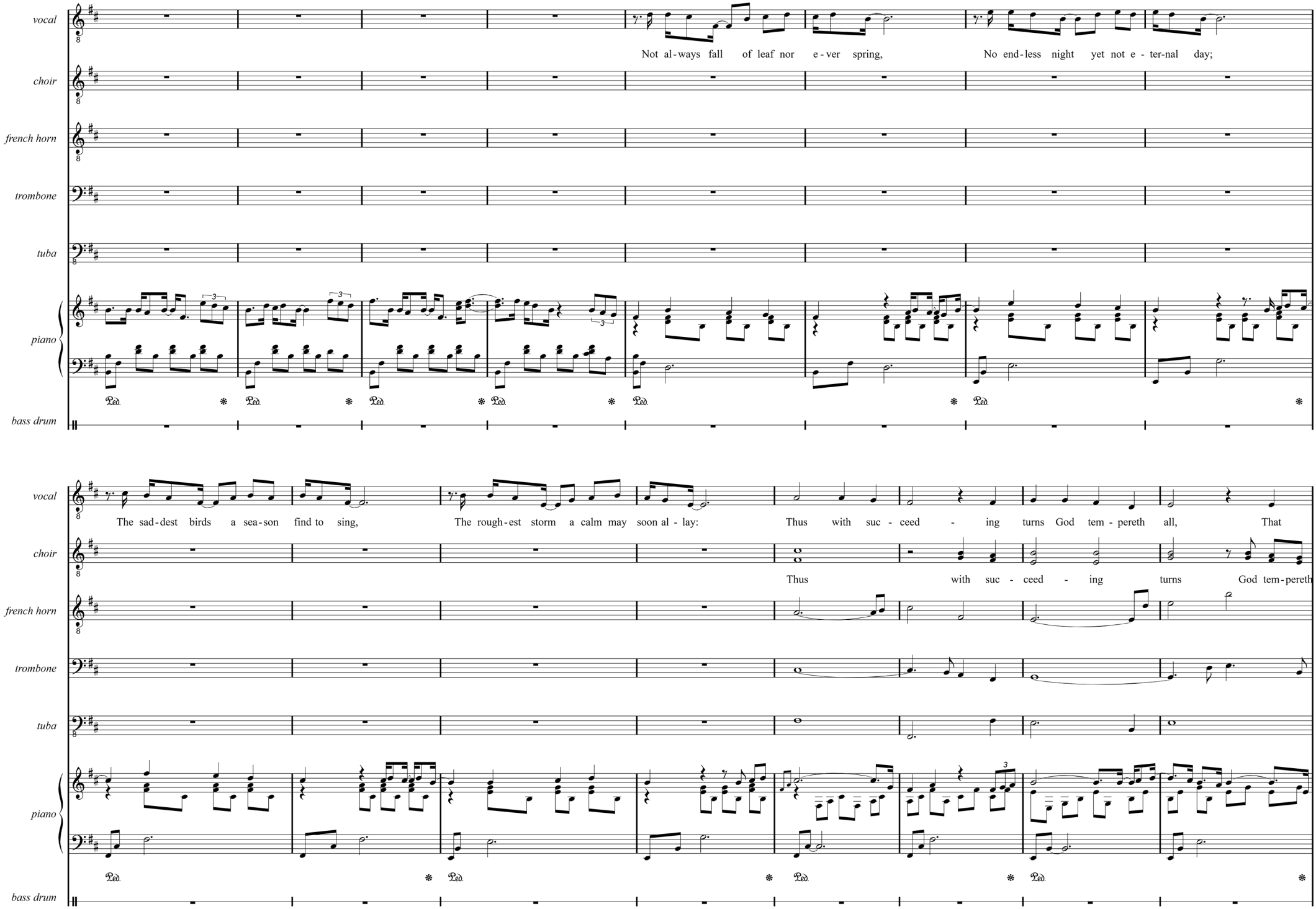
Times Go By Turns

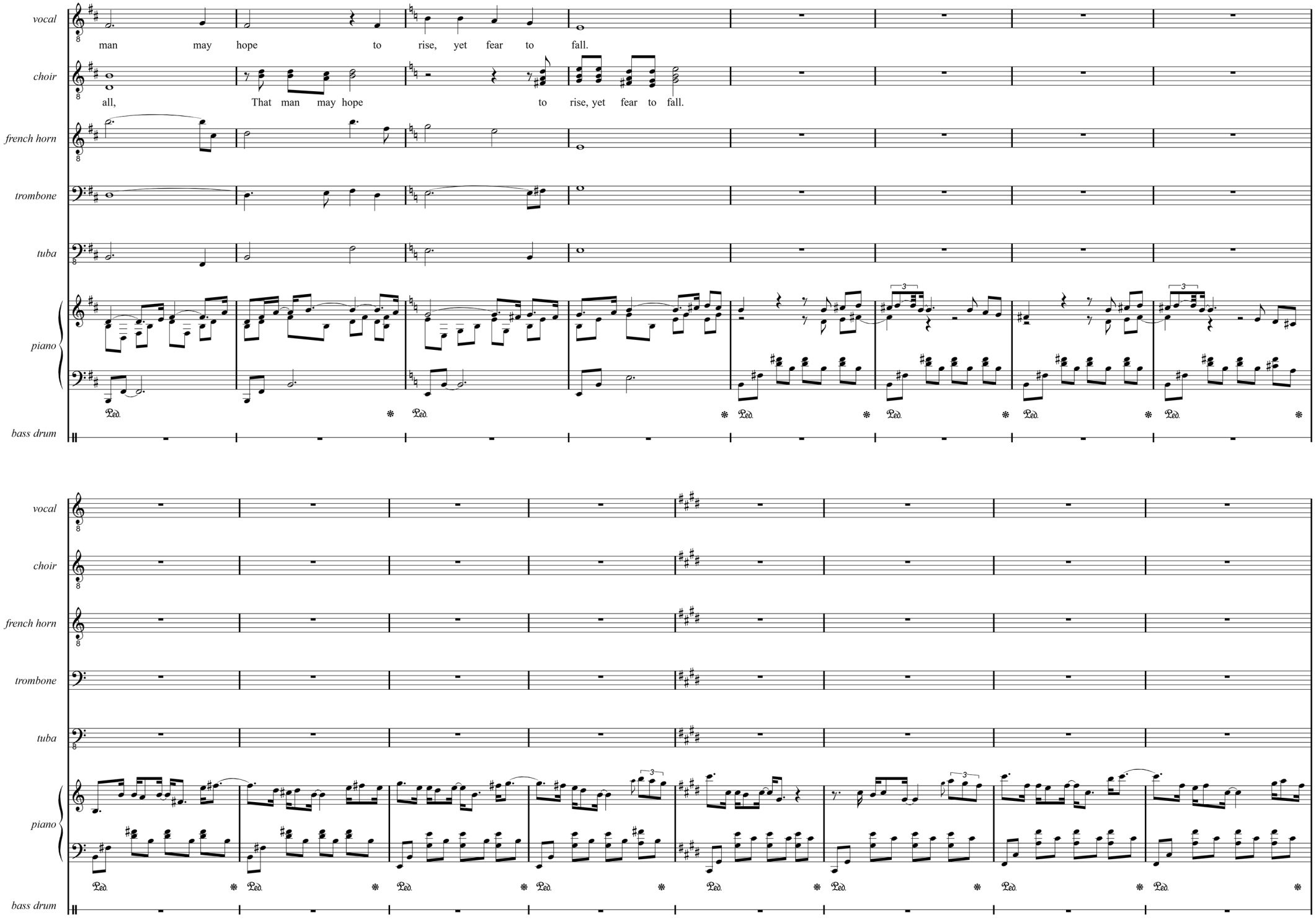


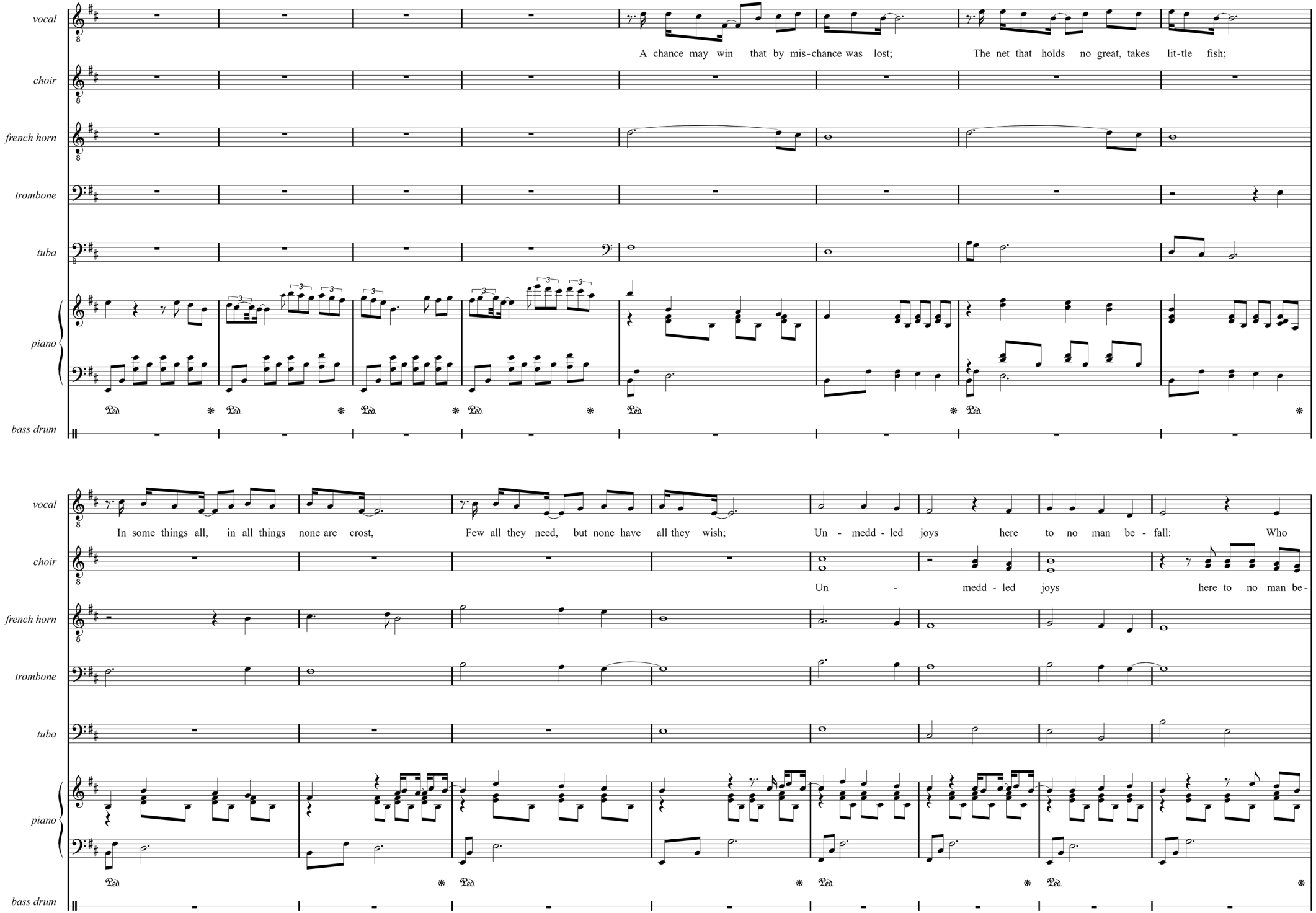

vocal
foul to fair, from bet - ter hap to worse.
choir
course, From foul to fair, from bet-ter hap to worse.
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
bass drum
vocal
The sea of For - tune doth not e-ver flow, She draws her fa - vours to the low-est ebb;
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
bass drum

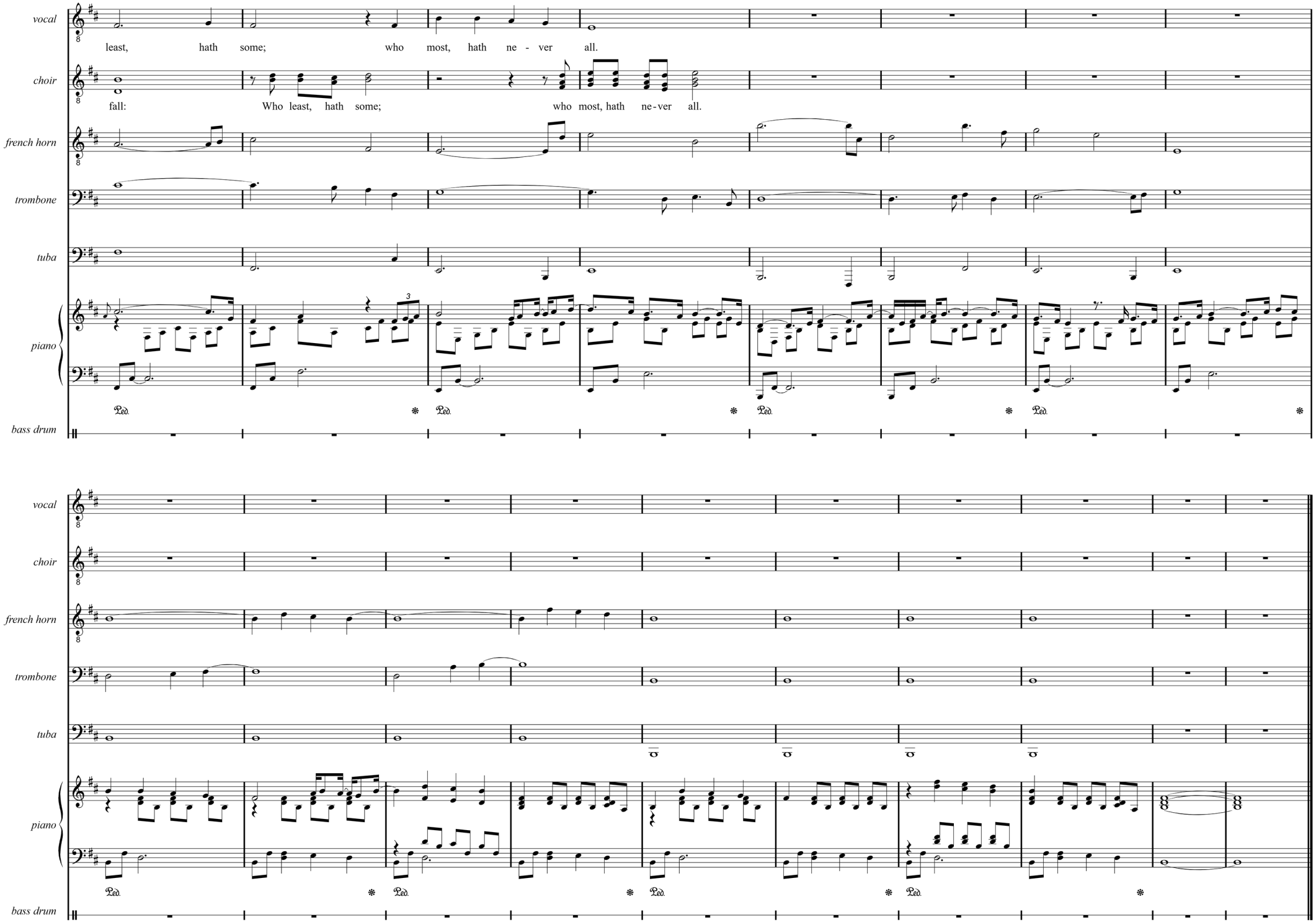

vocal
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
bass drum
Her tides hath e - qual times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coars-est web;
No joy so great but run - neth to an end,
No joy so great but run - neth to an
hap so hard but may in fine a - mend.
end,
No hap so hard but may in fine a - mend.
Ped.


vocal
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
bass drum
Ped.


vocal
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
bass drum
Not al-ways fall of leaf nor e-ver spring,
No end-less night yet not e-ter-nal day;
The sad-dest birds a sea-son find to sing,
The rough-est storm a calm may soon al-lay:
Thus with suc-ceed-ing turns God tem-pereth all,
That
Thus with suc-ceed-ing turns God tem-pereth
Ped.


vocal
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
bass drum
man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
all, That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
Ped.
3


vocal
choir
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
bass drum
A chance may win that by mis-chance was lost; The net that holds no great, takes lit-tle fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost, Few all they need, but none have all they wish; Un - medd - led joys here to no man be - fall: Who
Un - medd - led joys here to no man be-
Ped.


vocal
least, hath some; who most, hath ne - ver all.
choir
fall: Who least, hath some; who most, hath ne-ver all.
french horn
trombone
tuba
piano
Ped.
bass drum



Cradle Song
Poem by William Blake (1757-1827)

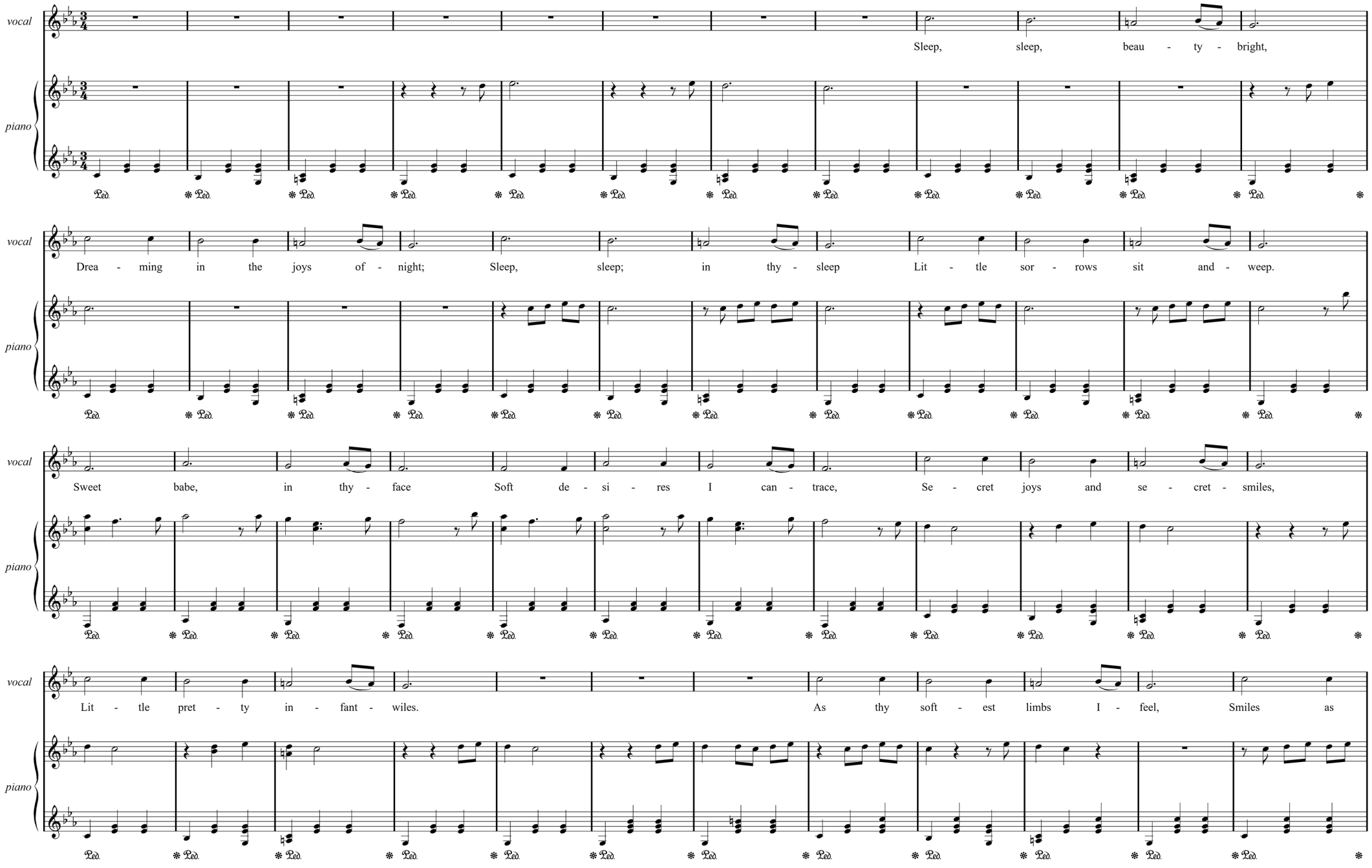
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

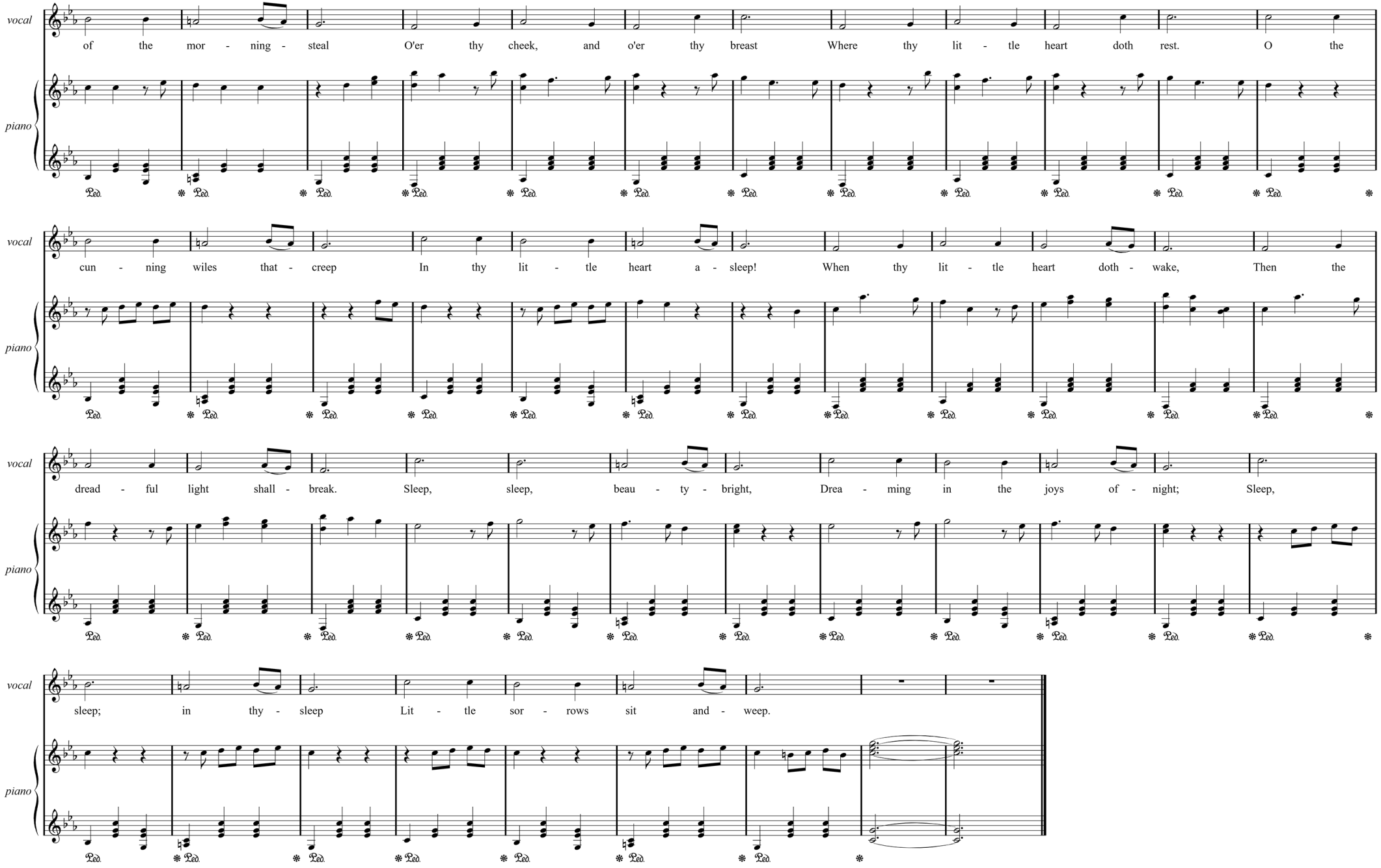
Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

Cradle Song


vocal
piano
Sleep, sleep, beau - ty - bright,
Drea - ming in the joys of - night; Sleep, sleep; in thy - sleep Lit - tle sor - rows sit and - weep.
Sweet babe, in thy - face Soft de - si - res I can - trace, Se - cret joys and se - cret - smiles,
Lit - tle pret - ty in - fant - wiles. As thy soft - est limbs I - feel, Smiles as

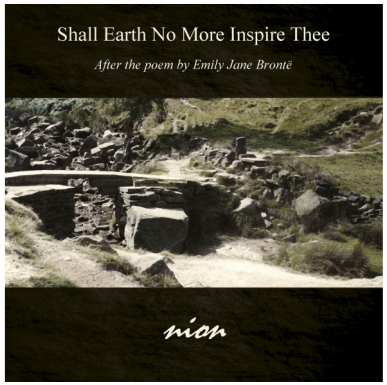

vocal
of the mor - ning - steal O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast Where thy lit - tle heart doth rest. O the
piano
vocal
cun - ning wiles that - creep In thy lit - tle heart a - sleep! When thy lit - tle heart doth - wake, Then the
piano
vocal
dread - ful light shall - break. Sleep, sleep, beau - ty - bright, Drea - ming in the joys of - night; Sleep,
piano
vocal
sleep; in thy - sleep Lit - tle sor - rows sit and - weep.
piano



The album and the singles are available from CD Baby, iTunes, Amazon and Google Play. ‘The Video Mixes’ is available from Bandcamp.

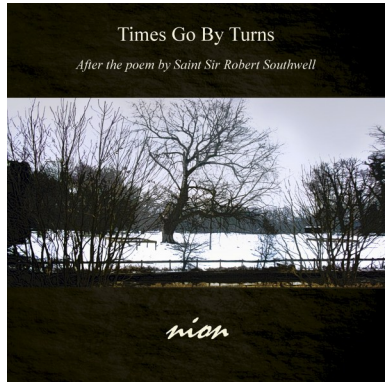














1. Shall Earth No More Inspire Thee (5.14)
   After the poem by Emily Jane Brontë
   Photograph: Brontë Bridge, Haworth, United Kingdom

2. The Deserted House (4.43)
   After the poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson
   Photograph: Leidsche Rijn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

3. Ode To Pity (8.54)
   After the poem by William Collins
   Photograph: Triberg Waterfalls, Triberg, Germany

4. To Autumn (4.57)
   After the poem by John Keats
   Photograph: Vallée de la Petrusse, Luxemburg, Luxemburg

5. The Tree (9.41)
   After the poem by Anne Finch
   Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

6. The Redbreast (6.47)
   After the poem by Susan Evance
   Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

7. The Hermit (9.03)
   After the poem by James Beattie
   Photograph: Sand quarry, Maarn, The Netherlands

8. Come, Come - What Do I Here? (3.30)
   After the poem by Henry Vaughan
   Photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands

9. Times Go By Turns (9.16)
   After the poem by Saint Sir Robert Southwell
   Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

10. Cradle Song (3.32)
    After the poem by William Blake
    Photograph: Park Voorn, Utrecht, The Netherlands

Front cover photograph: Lage Vuursche, The Netherlands

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