SONG CYCLE

FROM

"A SHROPSHIRE LAD"

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN,

(By kind permission of the Author.)

SET TO MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Boosey & Co., Ltd.

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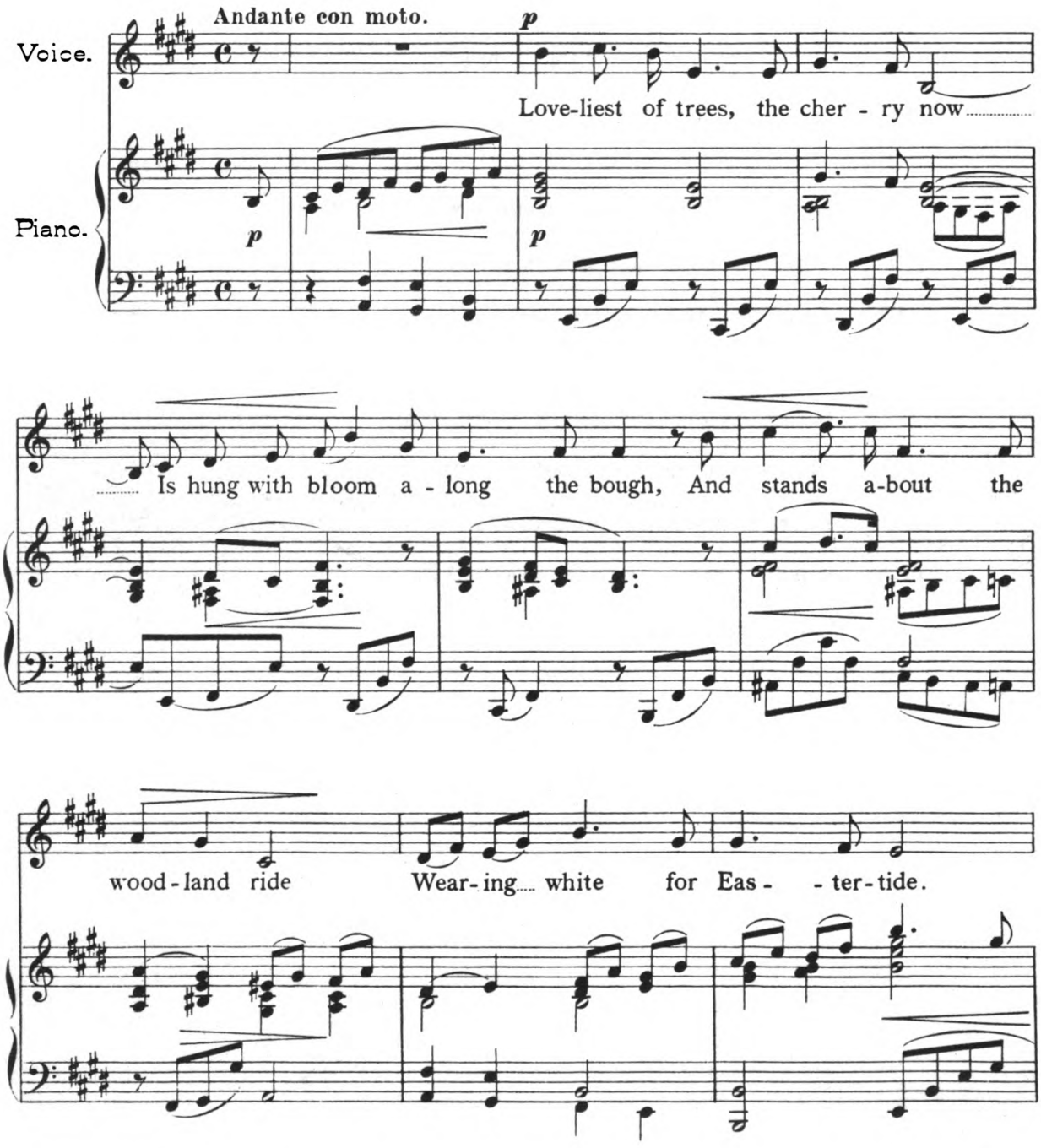
I.

Loveliest of Trees the Cherry now.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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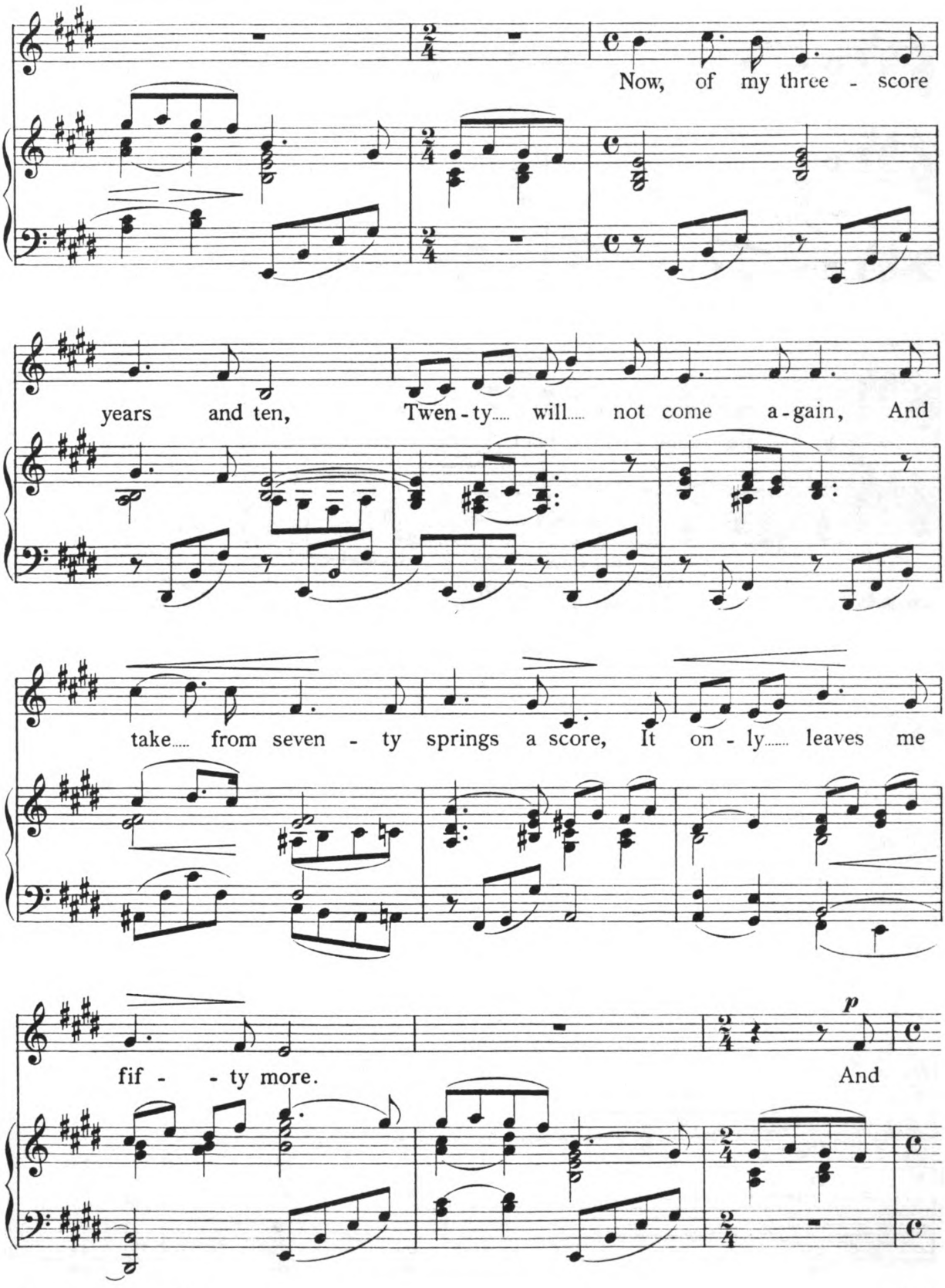

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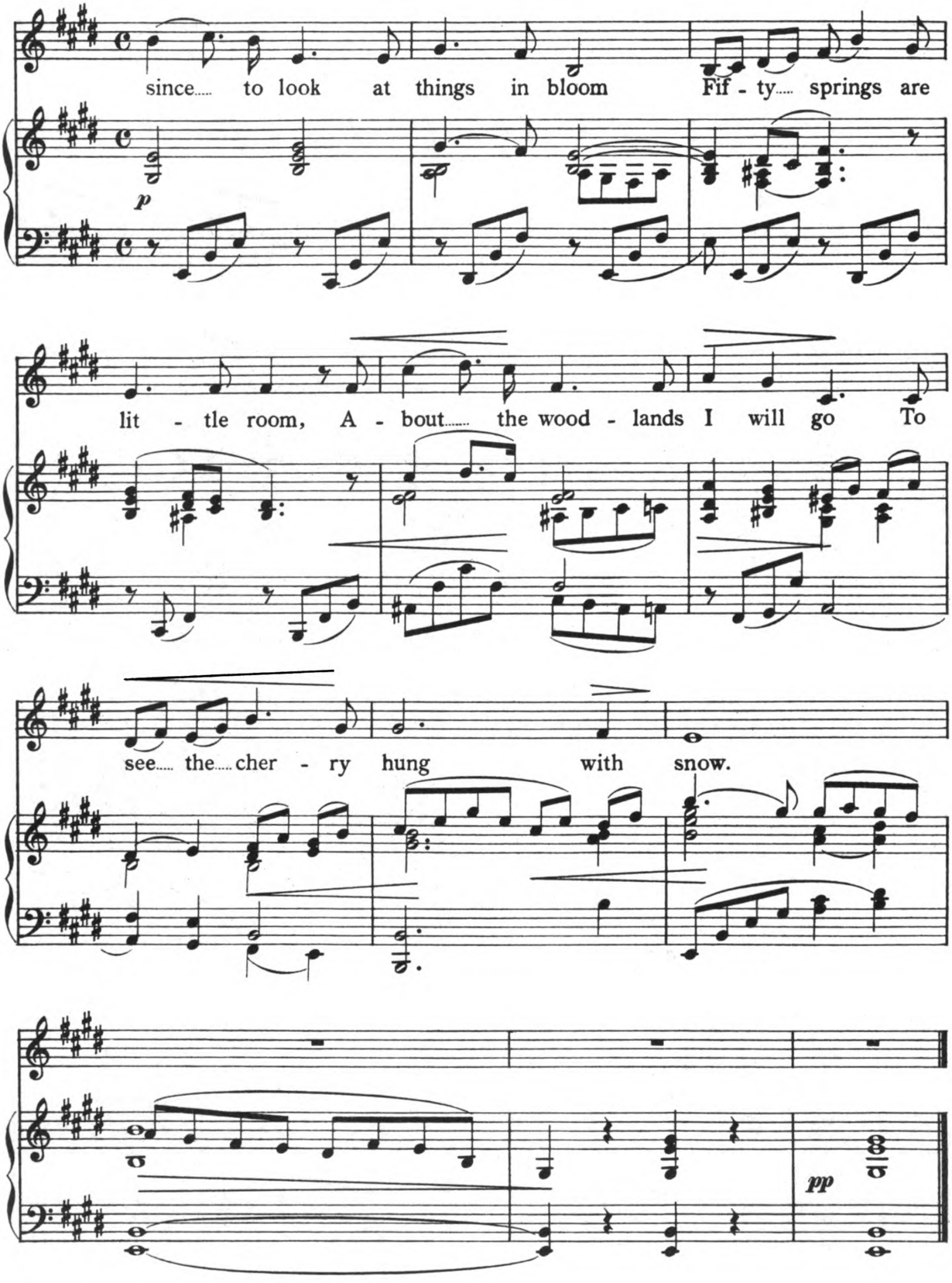
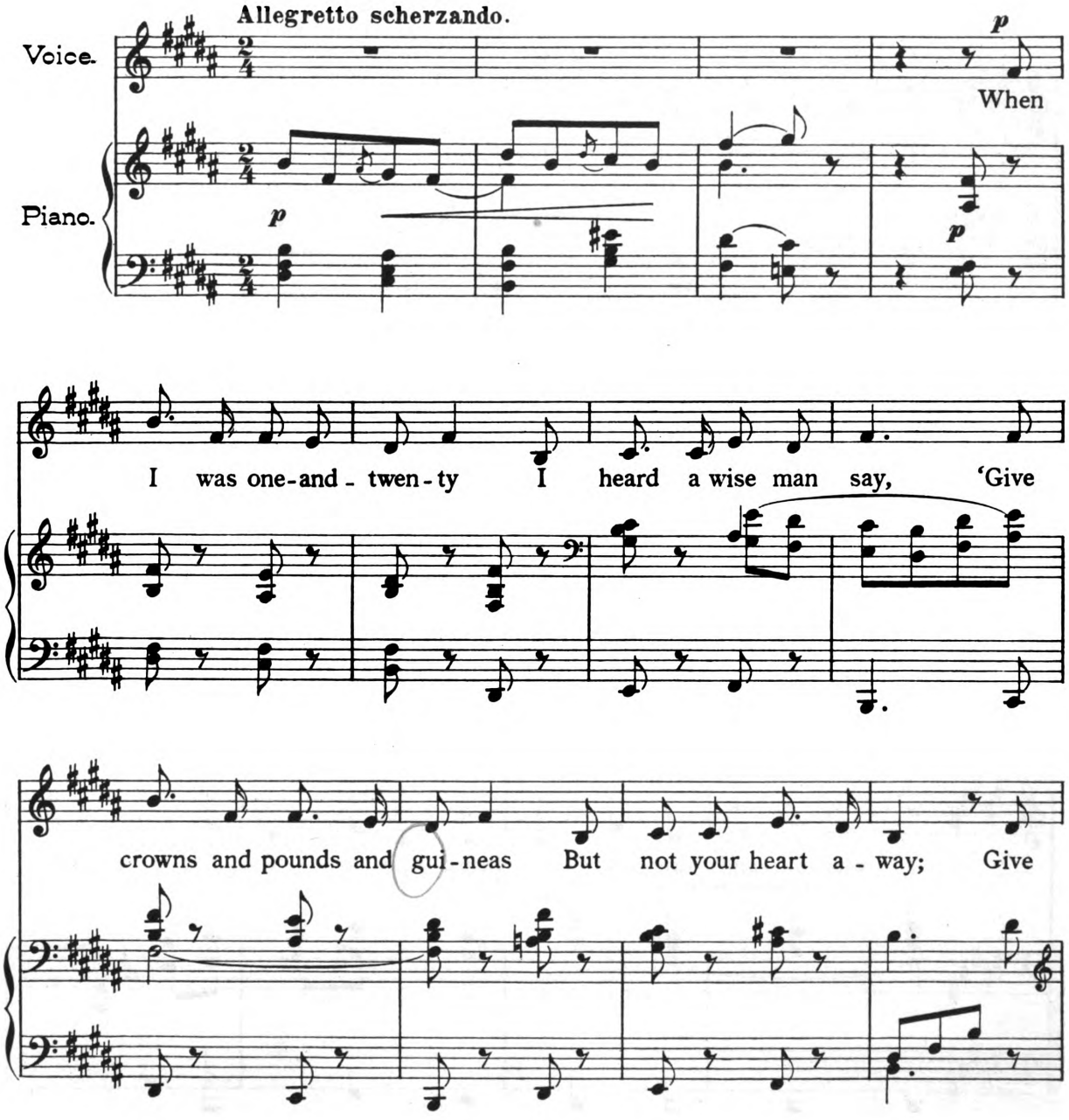

since..... to look at things in bloom Fif - ty..... springs are
p
lit - tle room, A - bout..... the wood - lands I will go To
see..... the..... cher - ry hung with snow.
pp

II.

When I was one-and-twenty.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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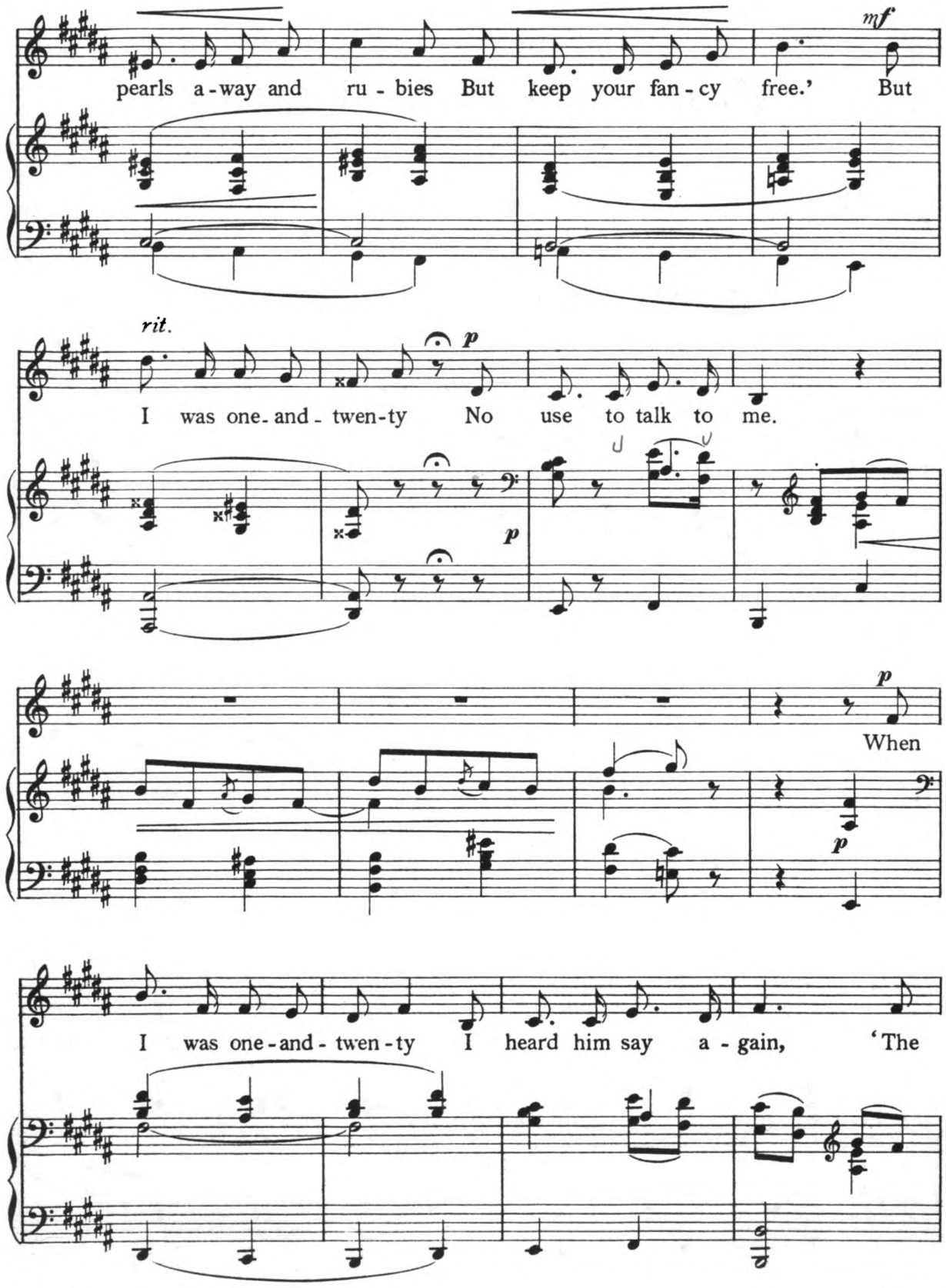
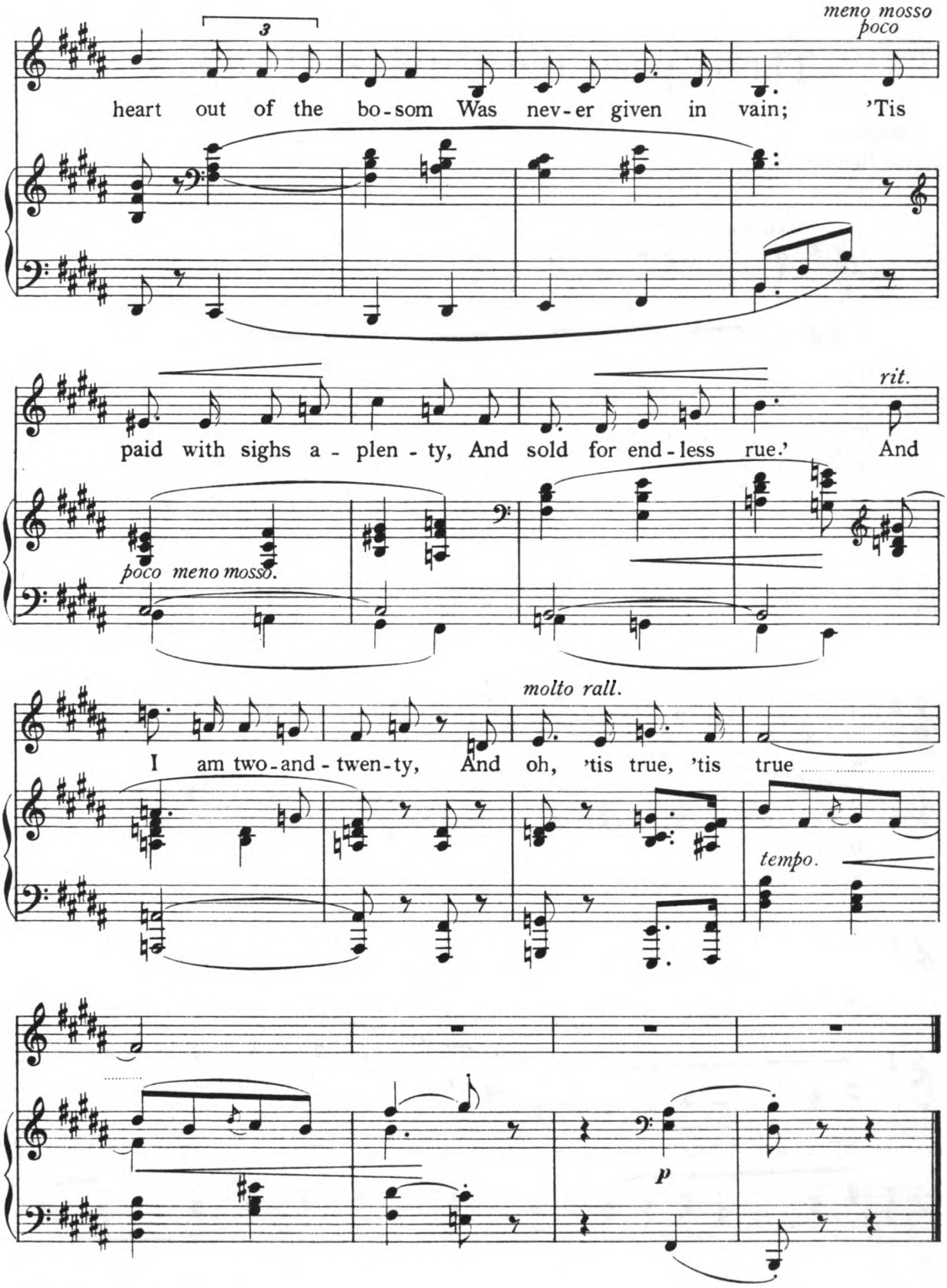

pearls a-way and ru-bies But keep your fan-cy free.' But
mf
rit.
I was one-and-twen-ty No use to talk to me.
p
When
I was one-and-twen-ty I heard him say a-gain, 'The

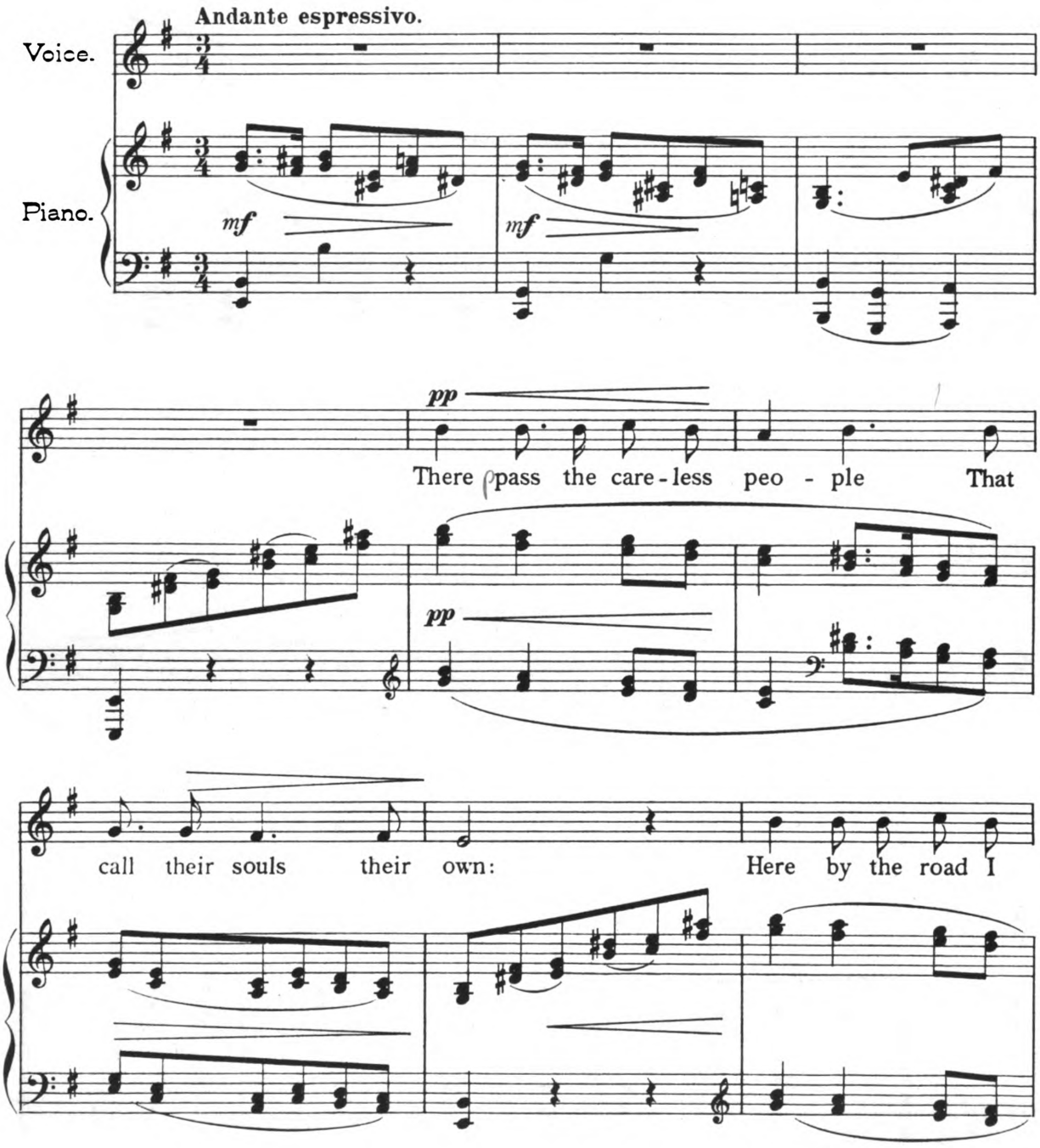

meno mosso
poco
3
heart out of the bo-som Was nev-er given in vain; 'Tis
rit.
paid with sighs a - plen - ty, And sold for end-less rue.' And
poco meno mosso.
molto rall.
I am two-and-twen-ty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true
tempo.
p

III.

There pass the careless People.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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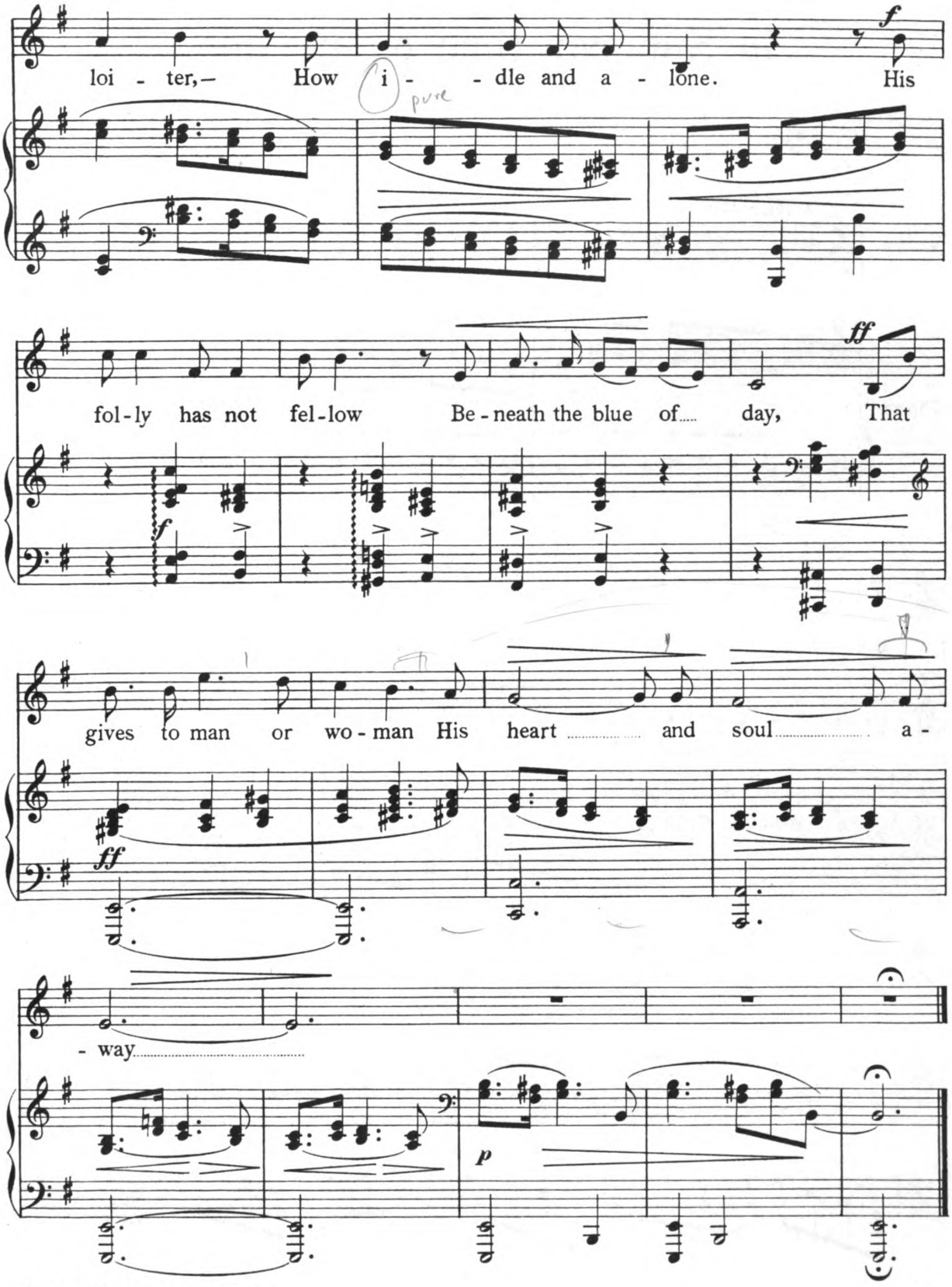
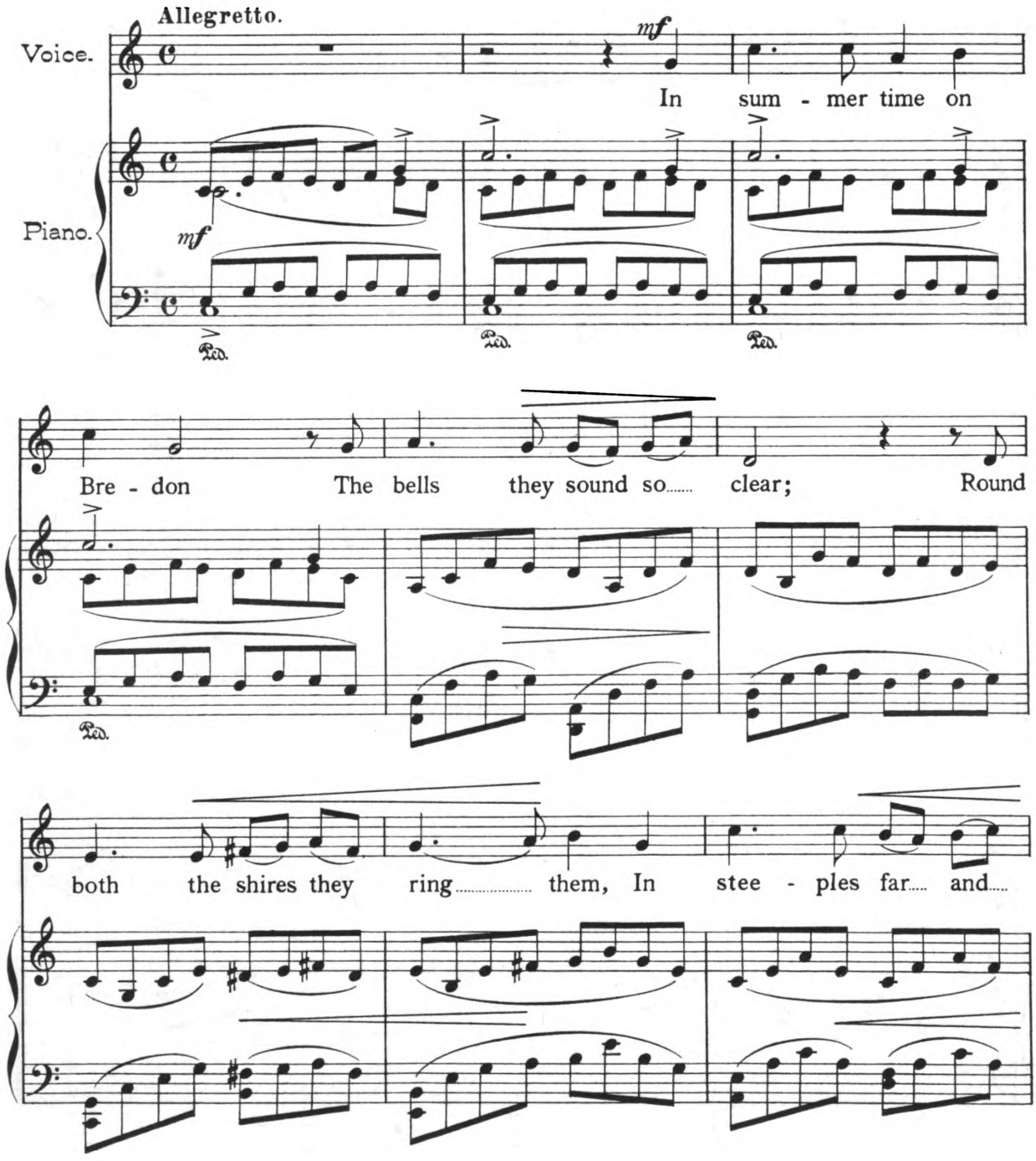

loi - ter,— How i - dle and a - lone. His
pure
f
fol-ly has not fel-low Be-neath the blue of..... day, That
ff
f
gives to man or wo-man His heart ..... and soul ..... a -
ff
- way.....
p

IV.

In Summer-time on Bredon.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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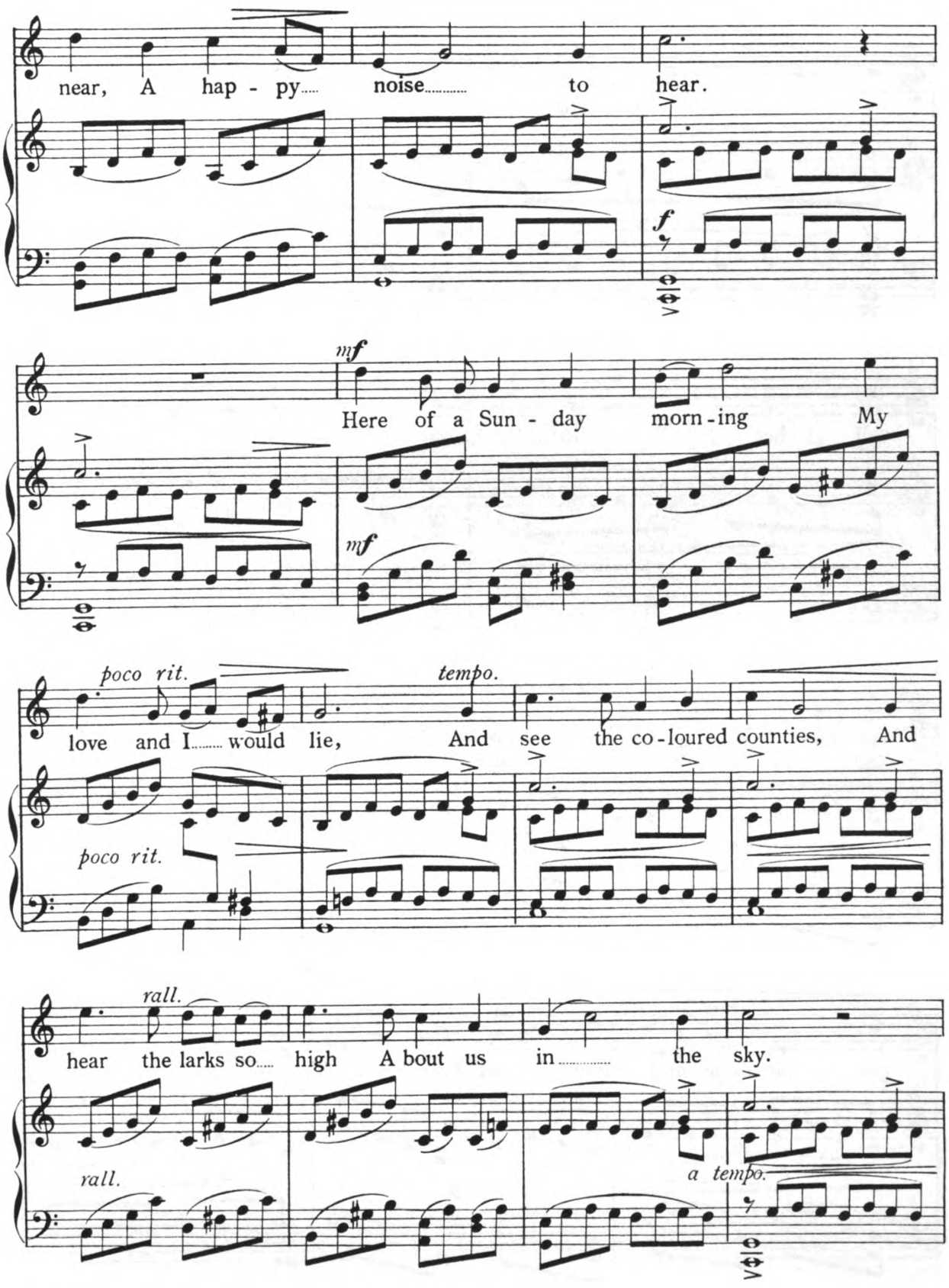
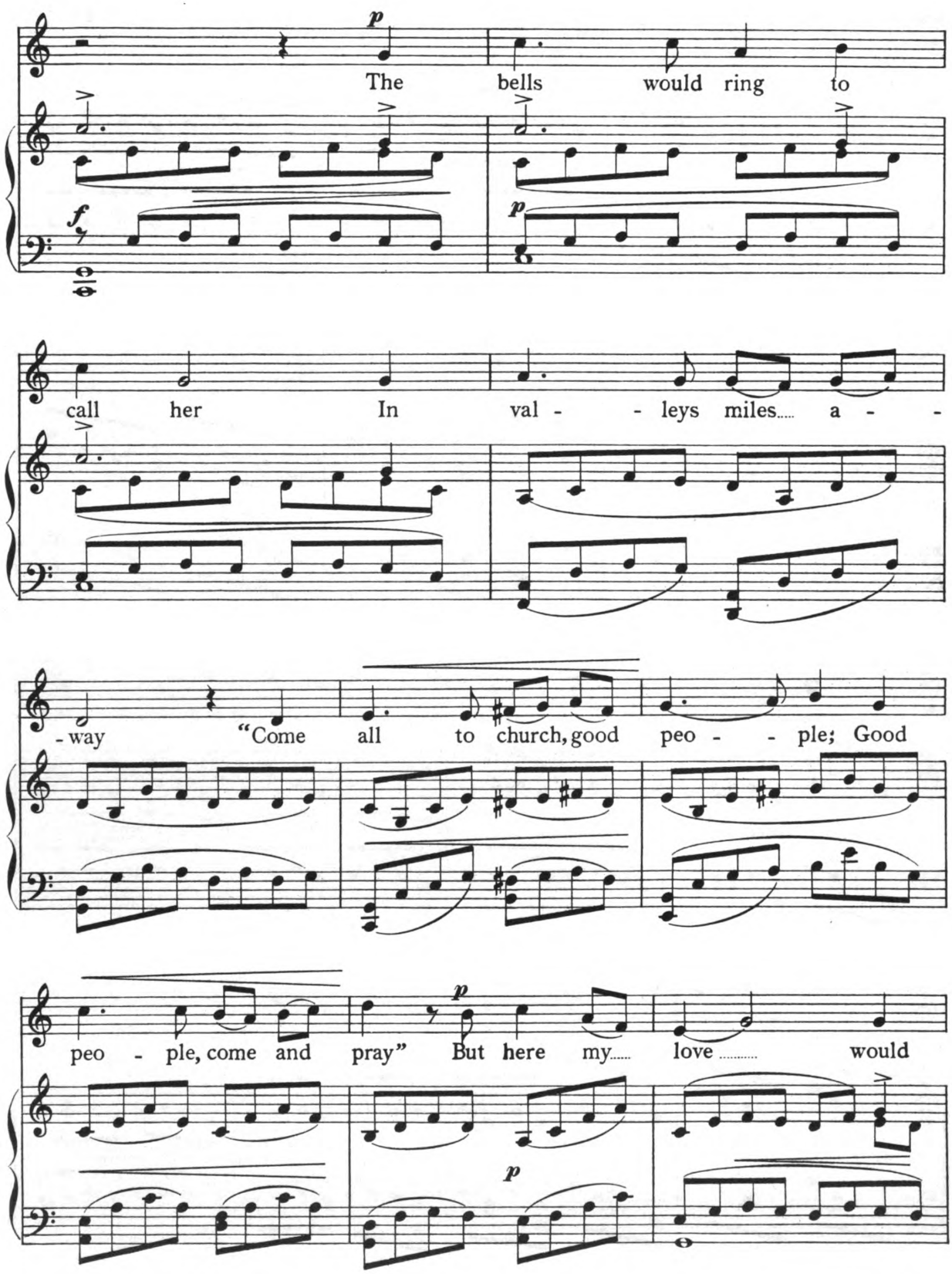
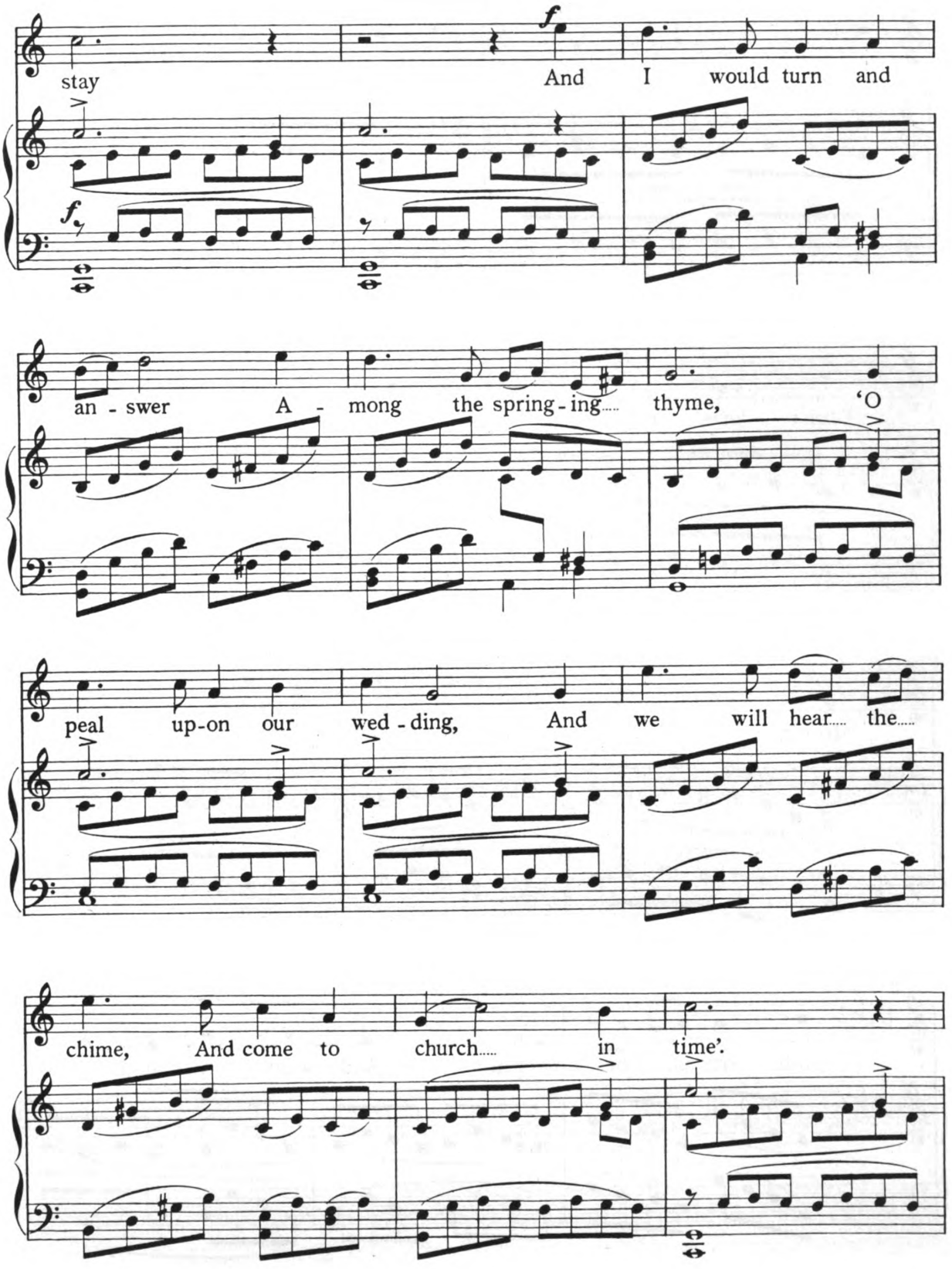
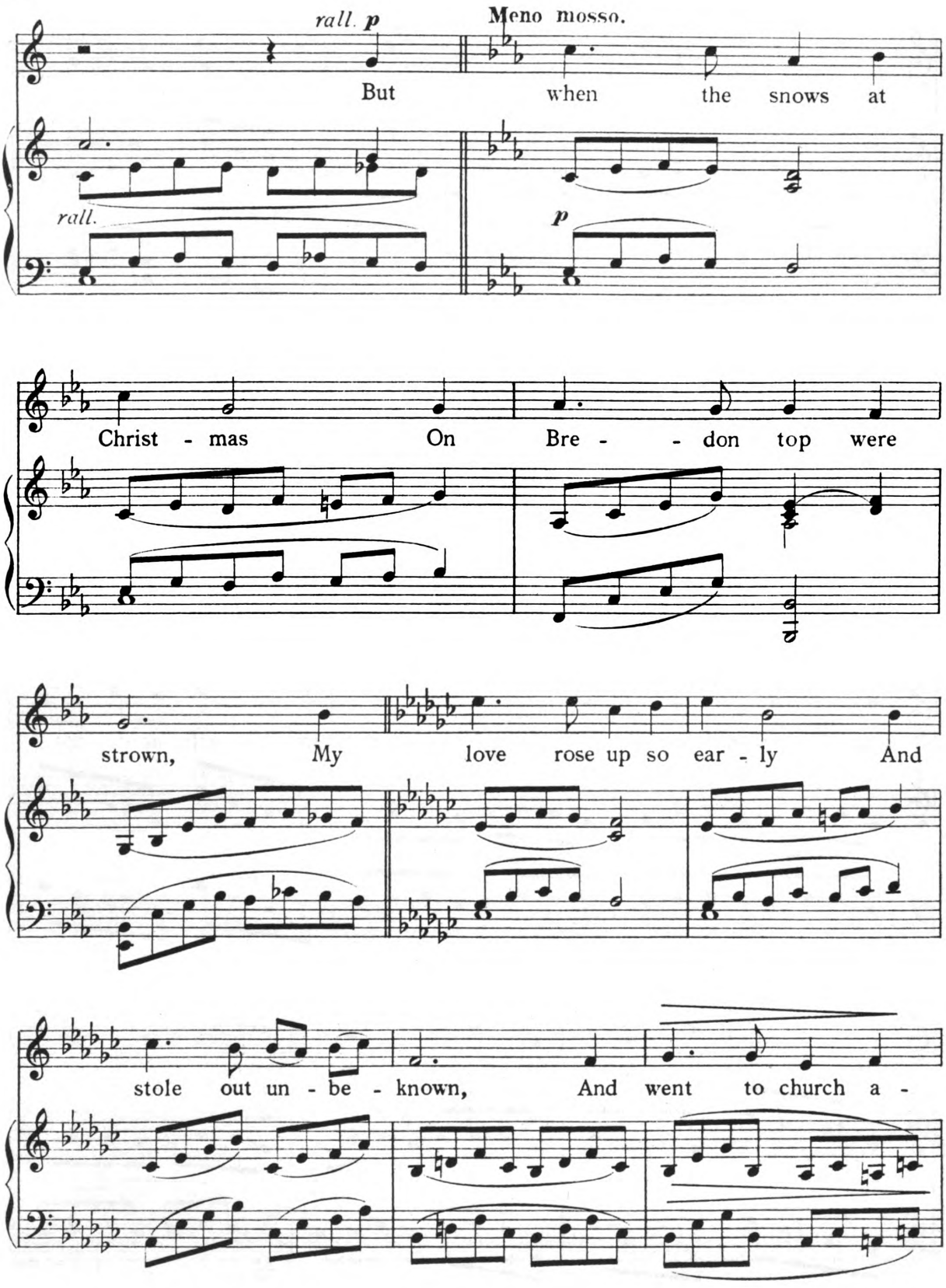
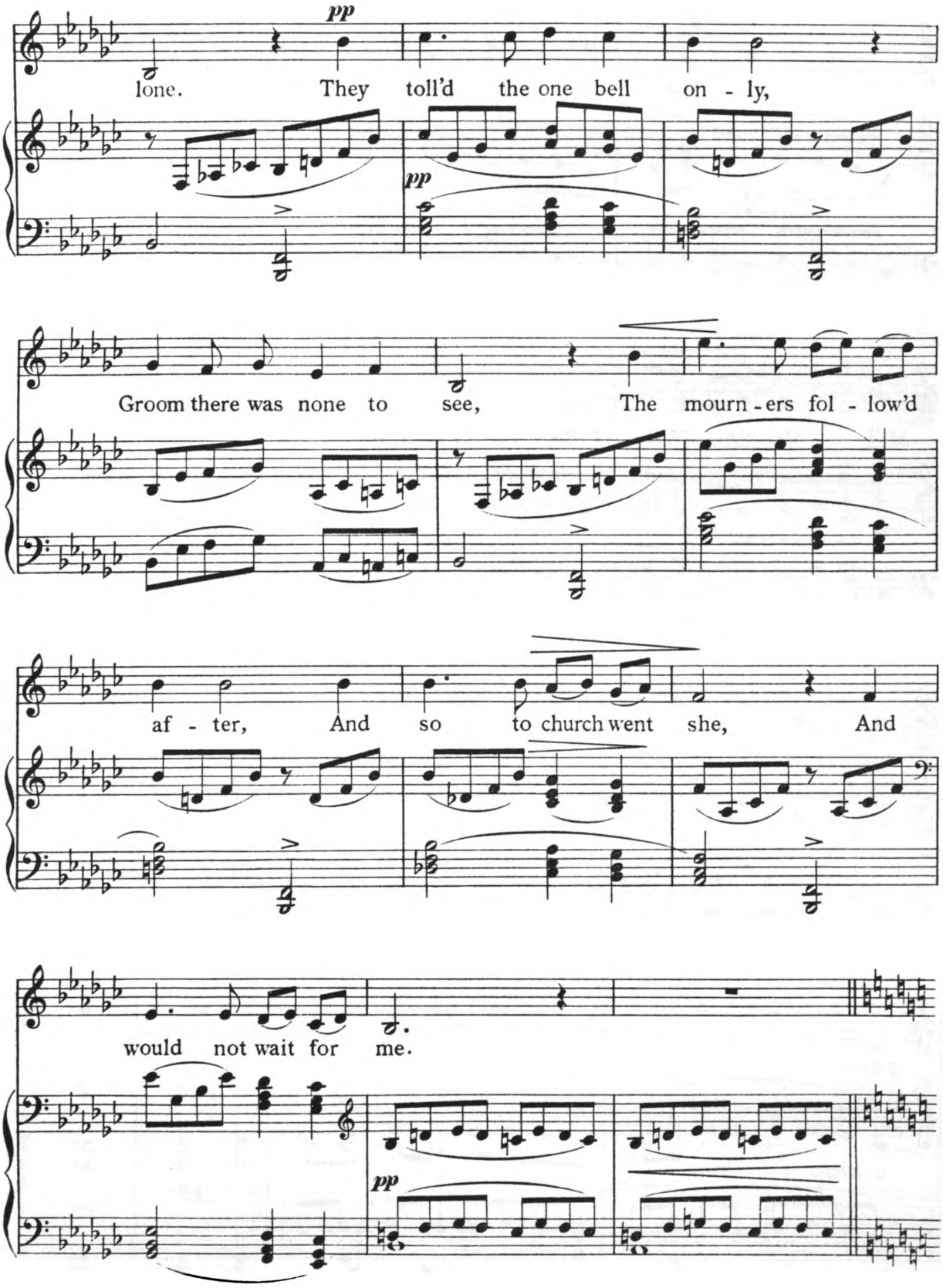
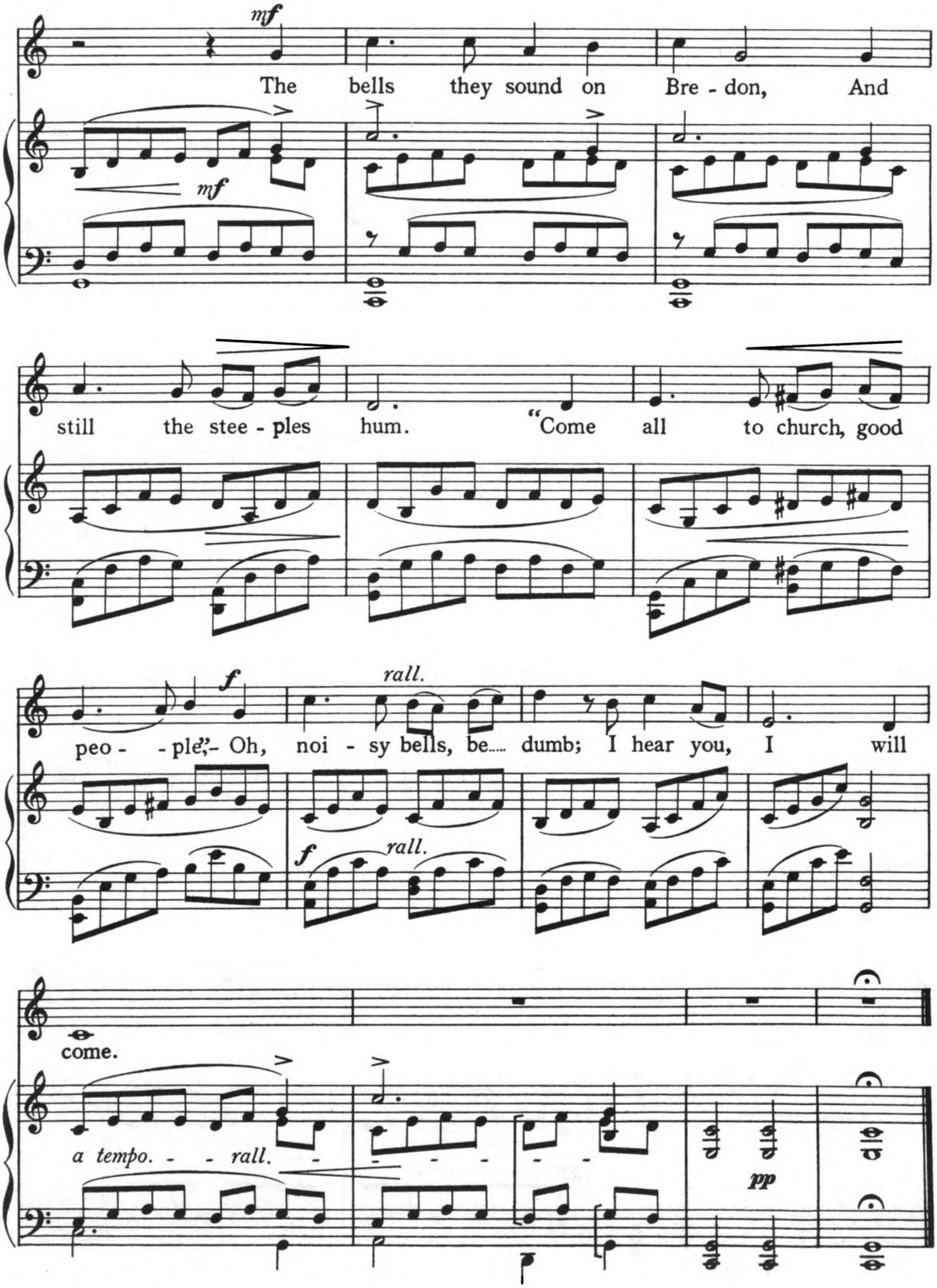

near, A hap - py..... noise..... to hear.
f
mf
Here of a Sun - day morn - ing My
mf
poco rit.
tempo.
love and I..... would lie, And see the co - loured counties, And
poco rit.
rall.
hear the larks so..... high A bout us in..... the sky.
rall.
a tempo.


The bells would ring to
call her In val - - leys miles..... a - -
-way "Come all to church, good peo - - ple; Good
peo - ple, come and pray" But here my..... love ..... would


stay
And I would turn and
an - swer A - mong the spring - ing..... thyme, 'O
peal up-on our wed - ding, And we will hear..... the.....
chime, And come to church..... in time'.


rall. p
Meno mosso.
But when the snows at
rall.
p
Christ - mas On Bre - - don top were
strown, My love rose up so ear - ly And
stole out un - be - known, And went to church a -


pp
lone. They toll'd the one bell on - ly,
pp
Groom there was none to see, The mourn - ers fol - low'd
af - ter, And so to church went she, And
would not wait for me.
pp

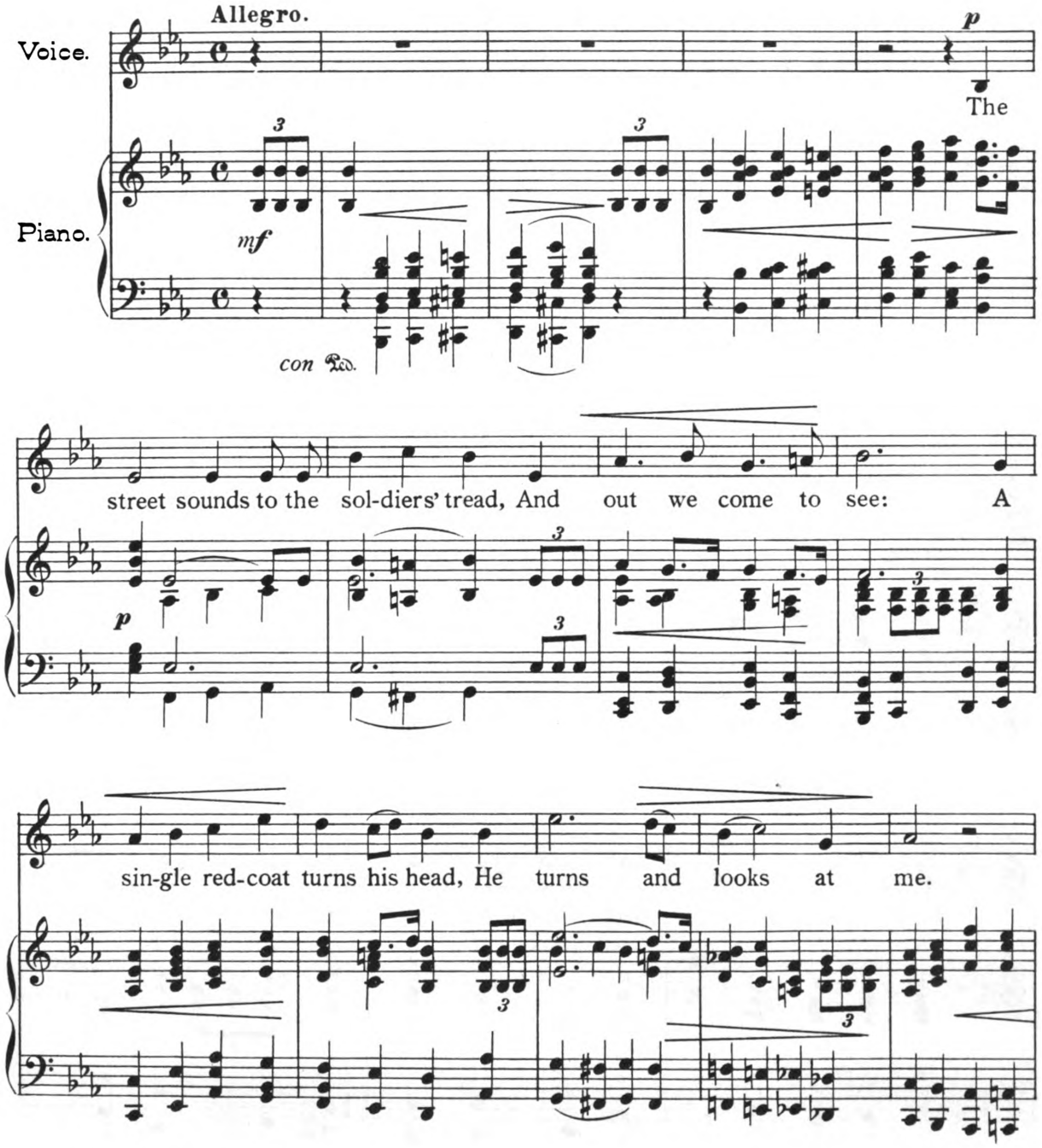

mf
The bells they sound on Bre - don, And
mf
still the stee - ples hum. "Come all to church, good
f
rall.
peo - - ple;"- Oh, noi - sy bells, be..... dumb; I hear you, I will
f
rall.
come.
a tempo. - - rall. -
pp

V.

The Street sounds to the Soldiers' tread.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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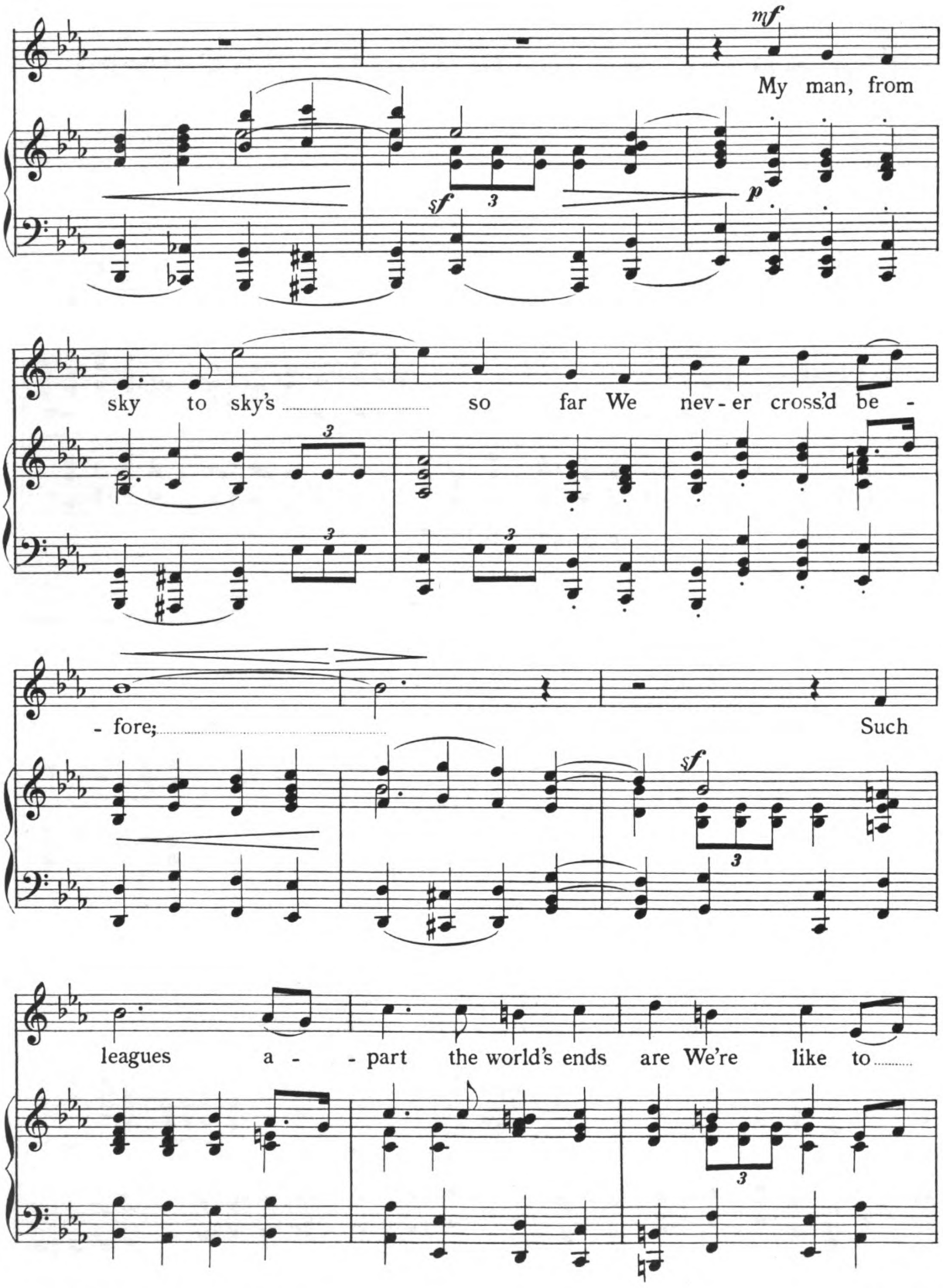
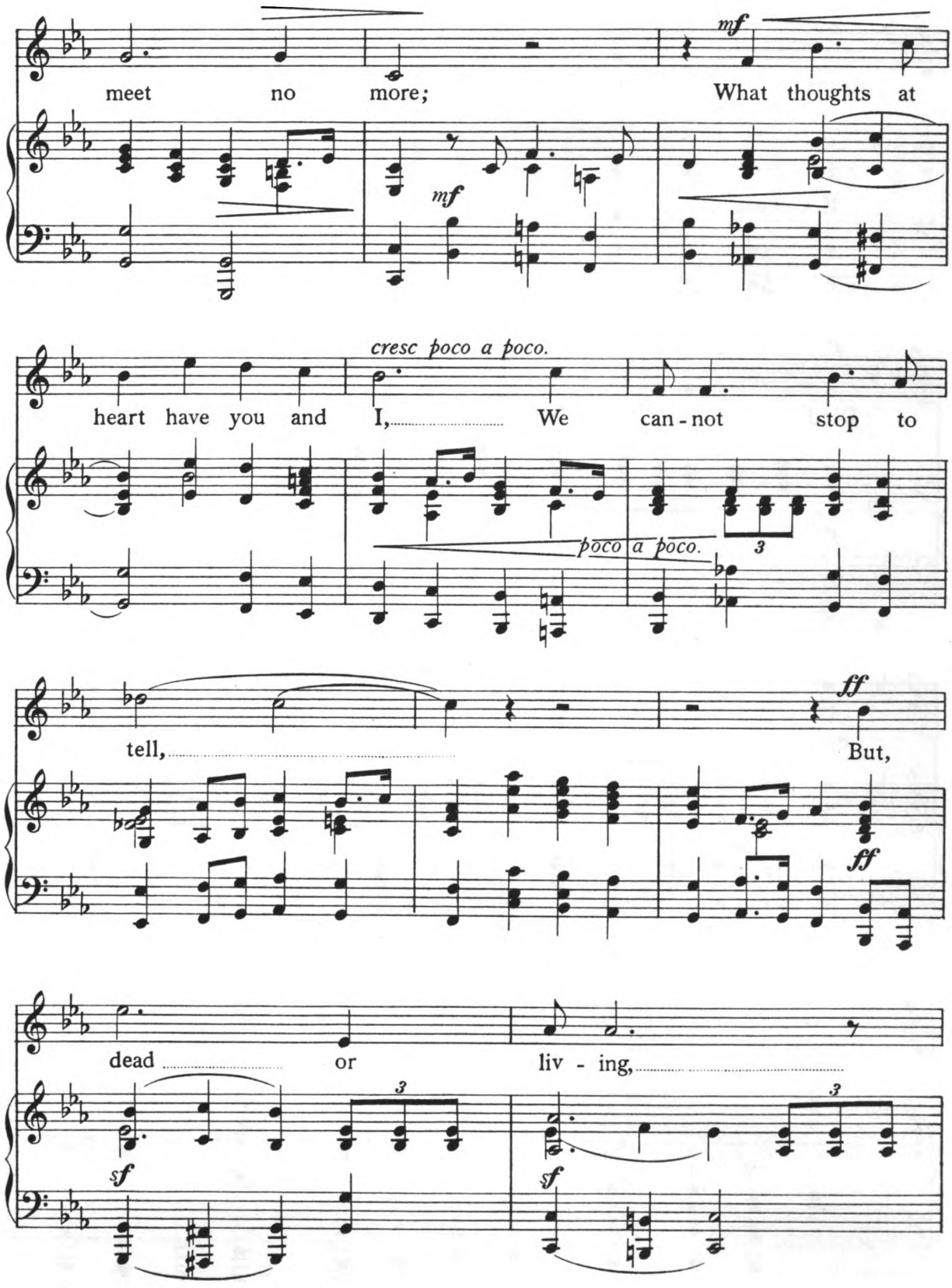
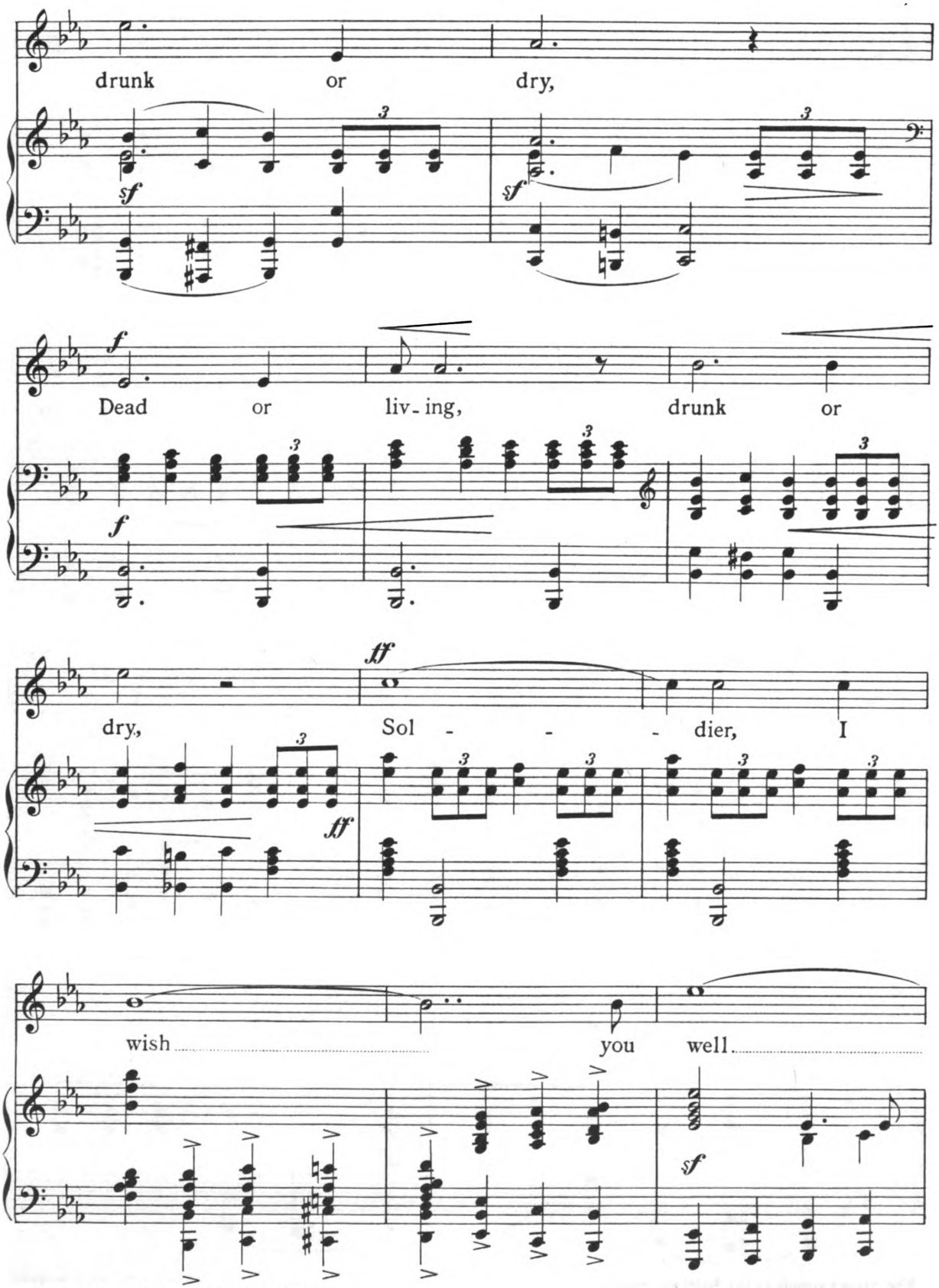
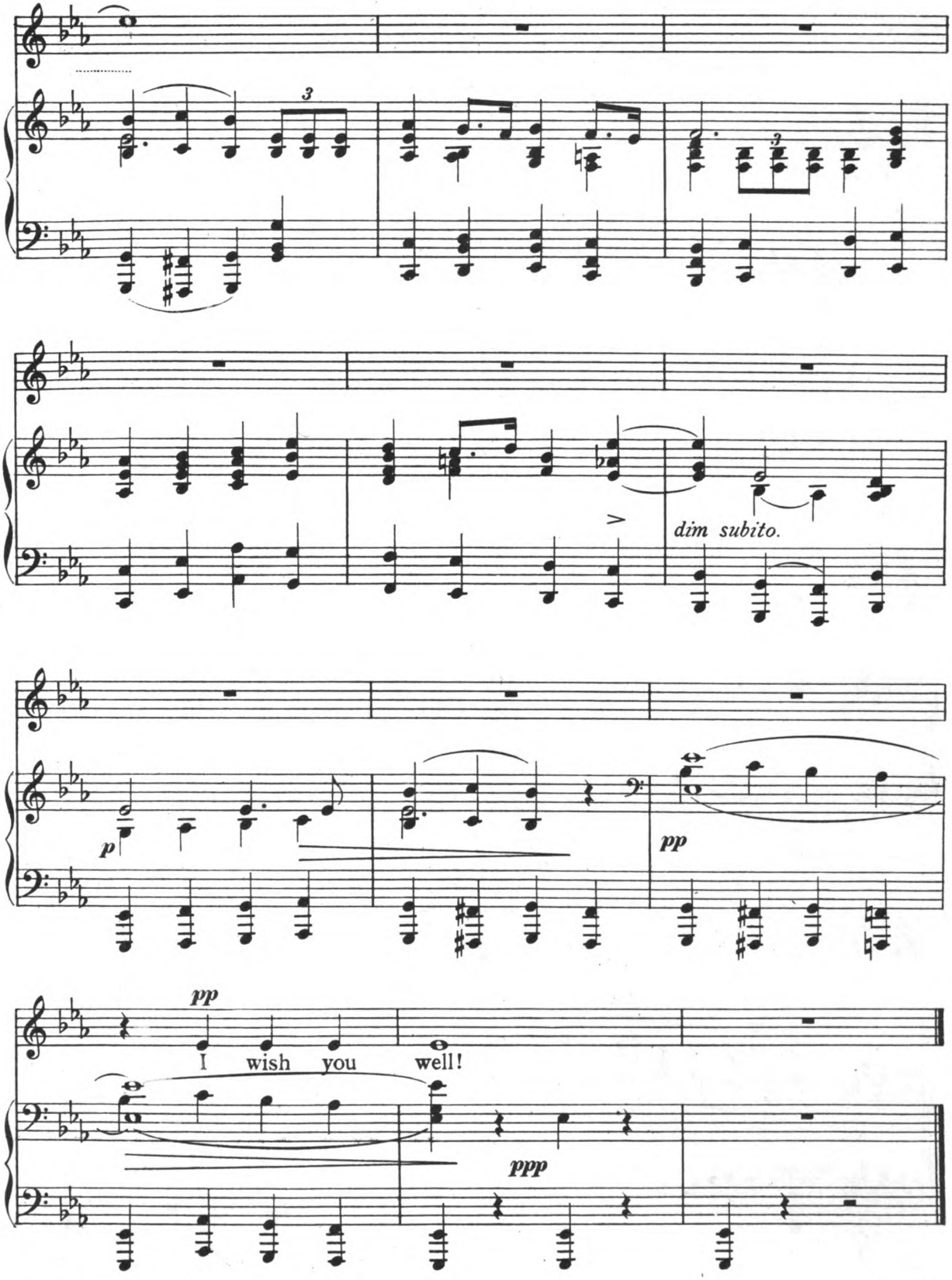


The Street sounds to the Soldiers' tread.



The Street sounds to the Soldiers' tread.


drunk or dry,
sf
sf
f
Dead or liv-ing, drunk or
f
dry, Sol - - - dier, I
ff
ff
wish you well.
sf

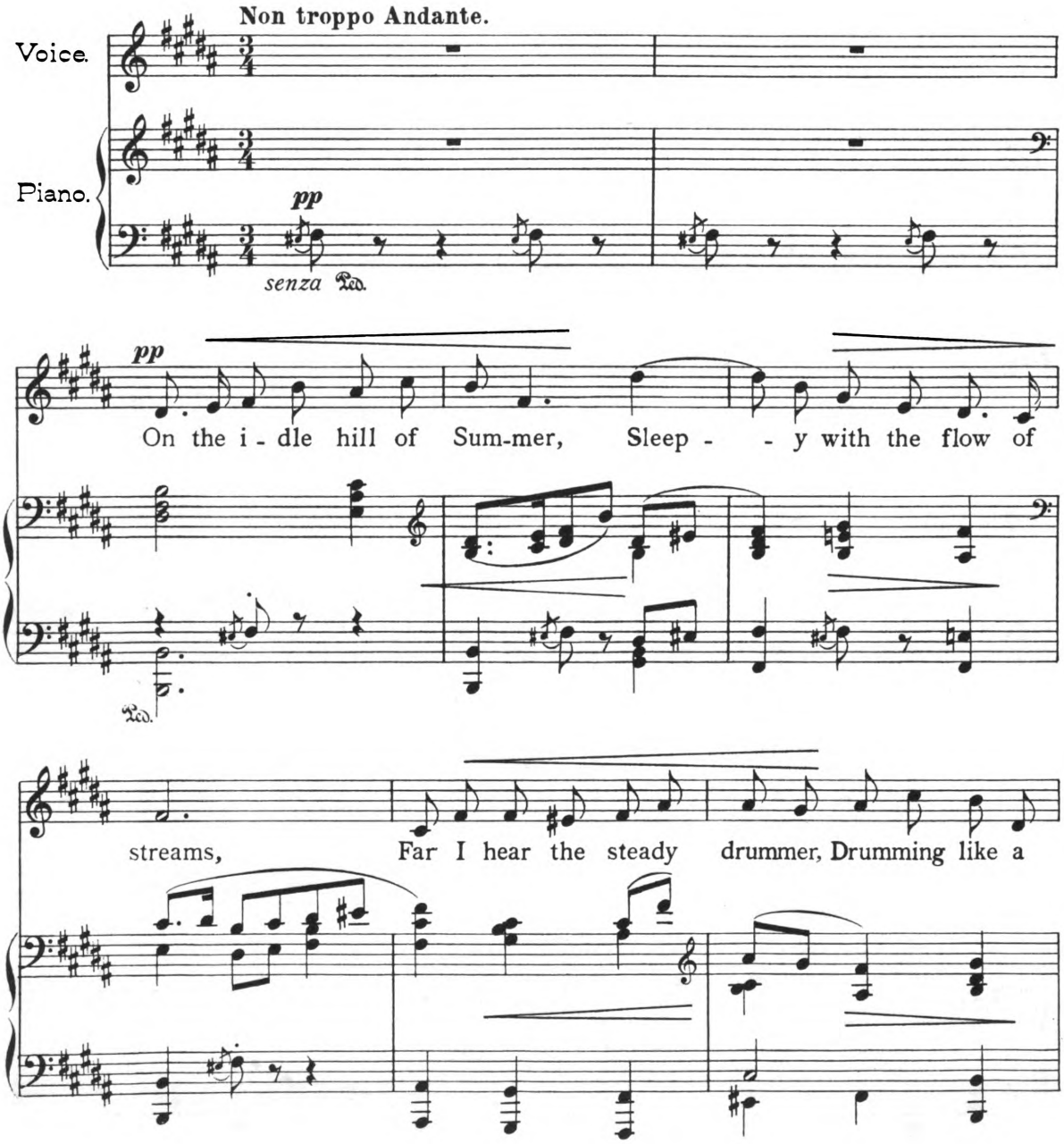

dim subito.
p
pp
pp
I wish you well!
ppp

VI.

On the idle hill of Summer.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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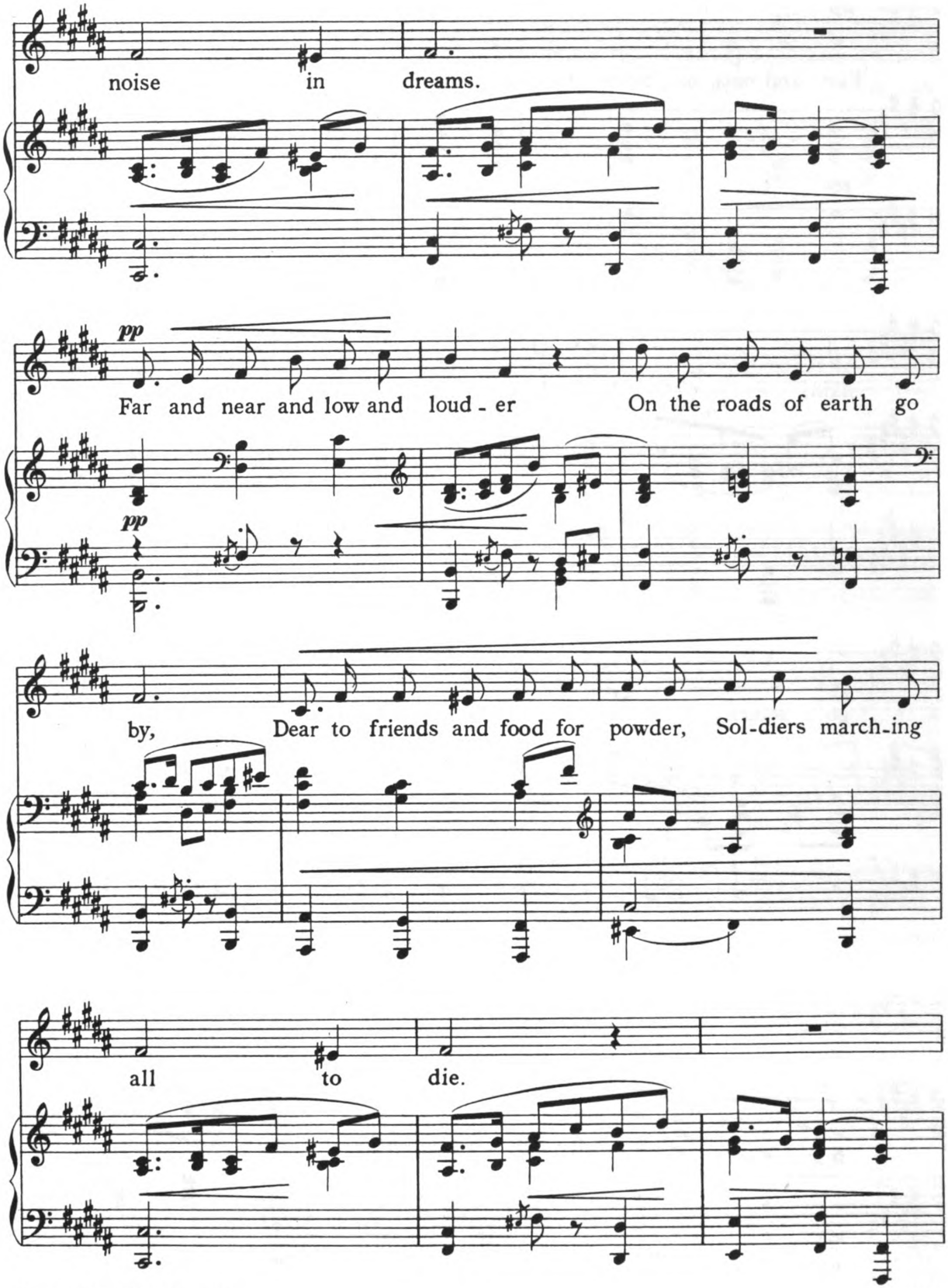
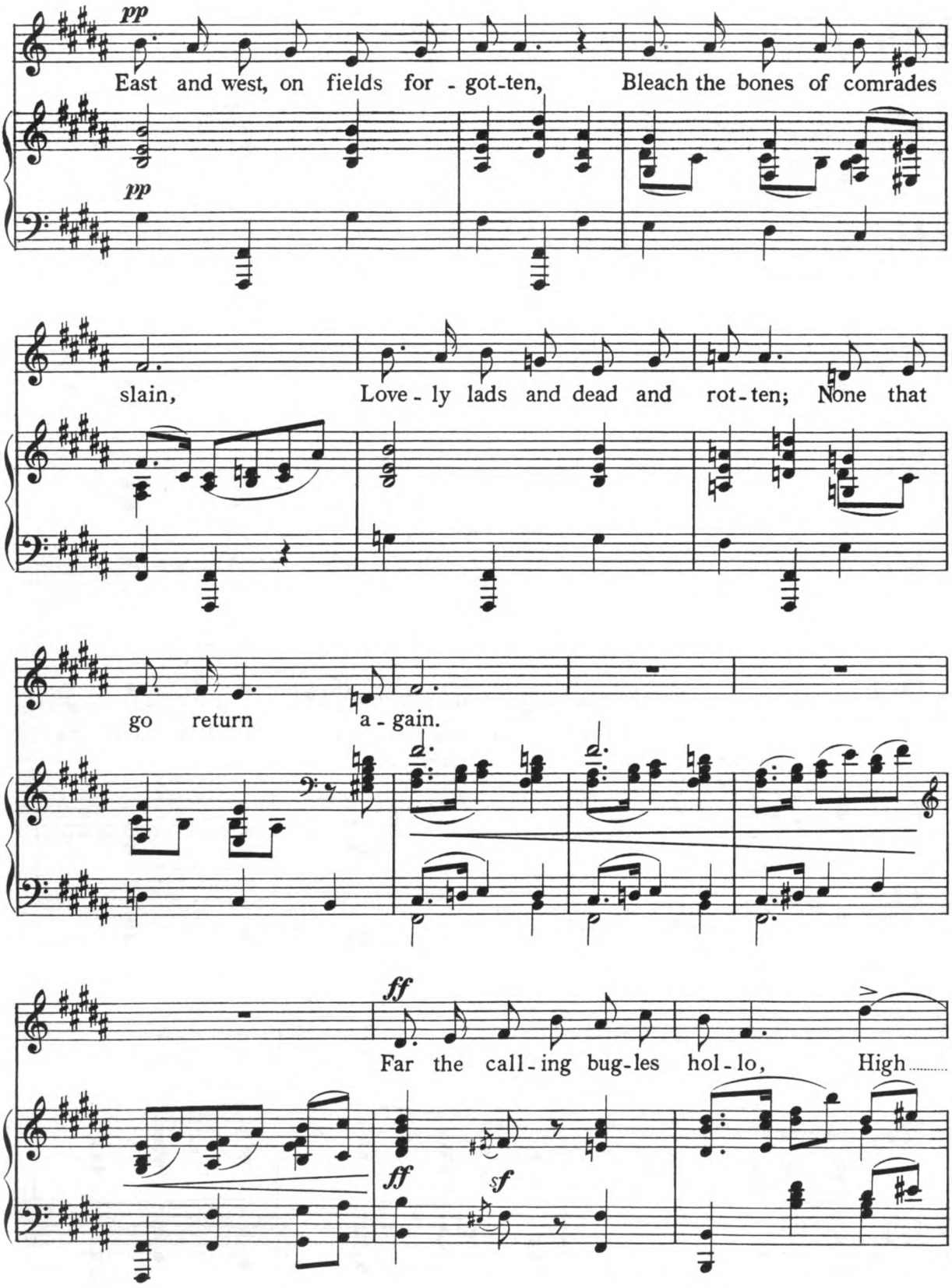
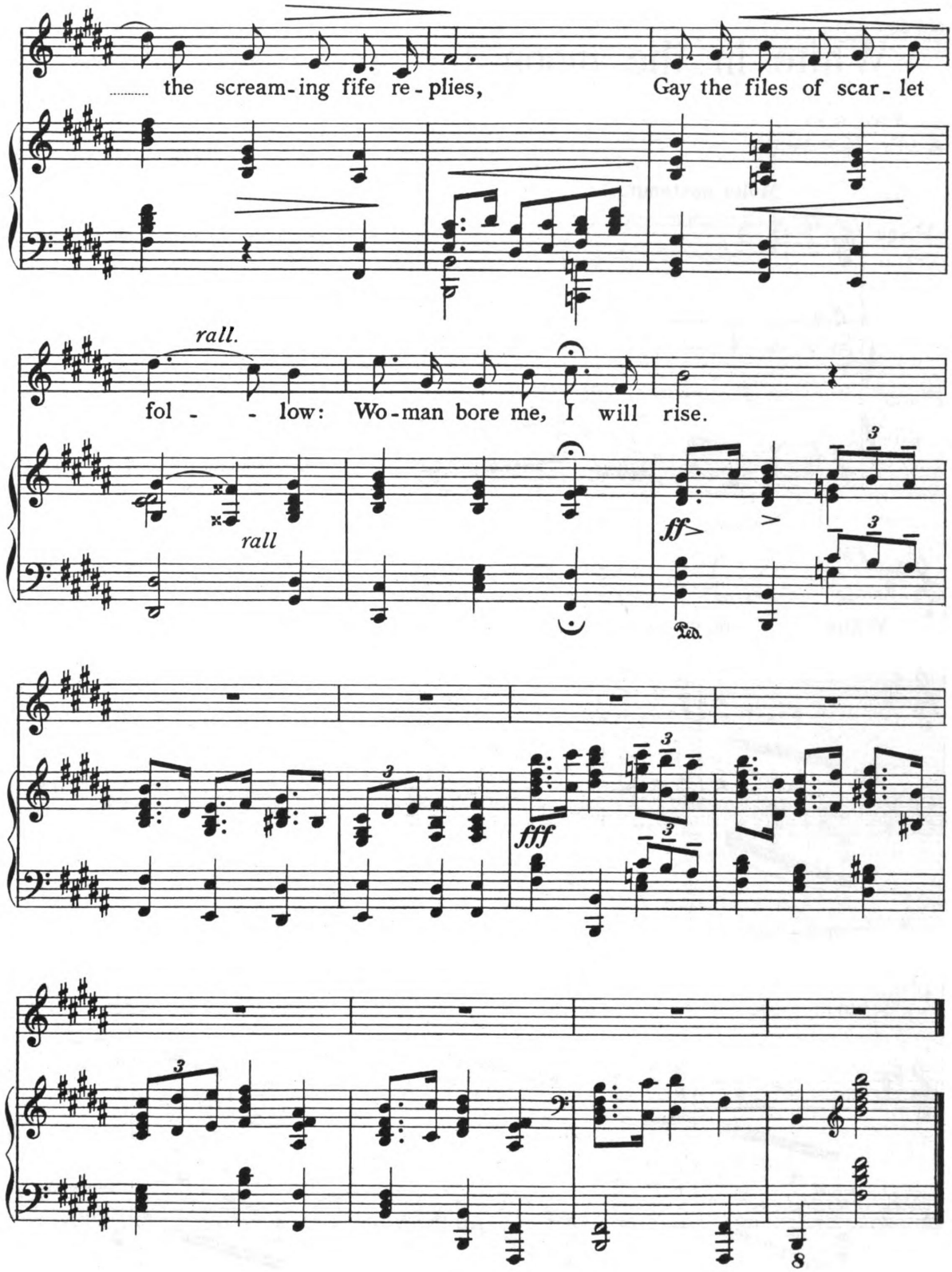

noise in dreams.
pp
Far and near and low and loud - er On the roads of earth go
pp
by, Dear to friends and food for powder, Sol-diers march-ing
all to die.


pp
East and west, on fields for - got-ten, Bleach the bones of comrades
pp
slain, Love - ly lads and dead and rot - ten; None that
go return a - gain.
ff
Far the call - ing bug-les hol - lo, High
ff
sf

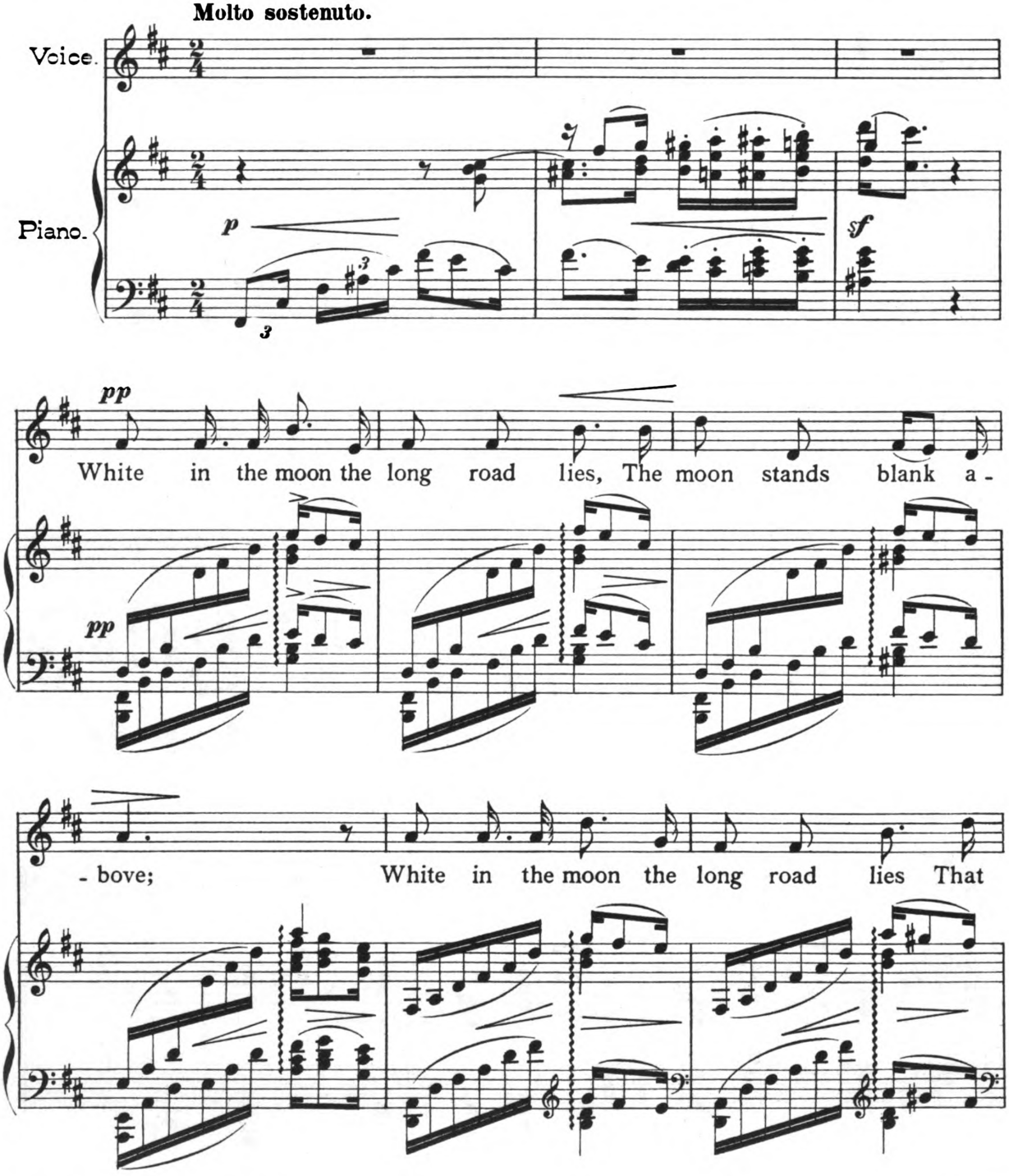

..... the scream-ing fife re-plies, Gay the files of scar-let
rall.
fol - - low: Wo-man bore me, I will rise.
rall
ff
fff
Ped.
8

VII.

White in the moon the long road lies.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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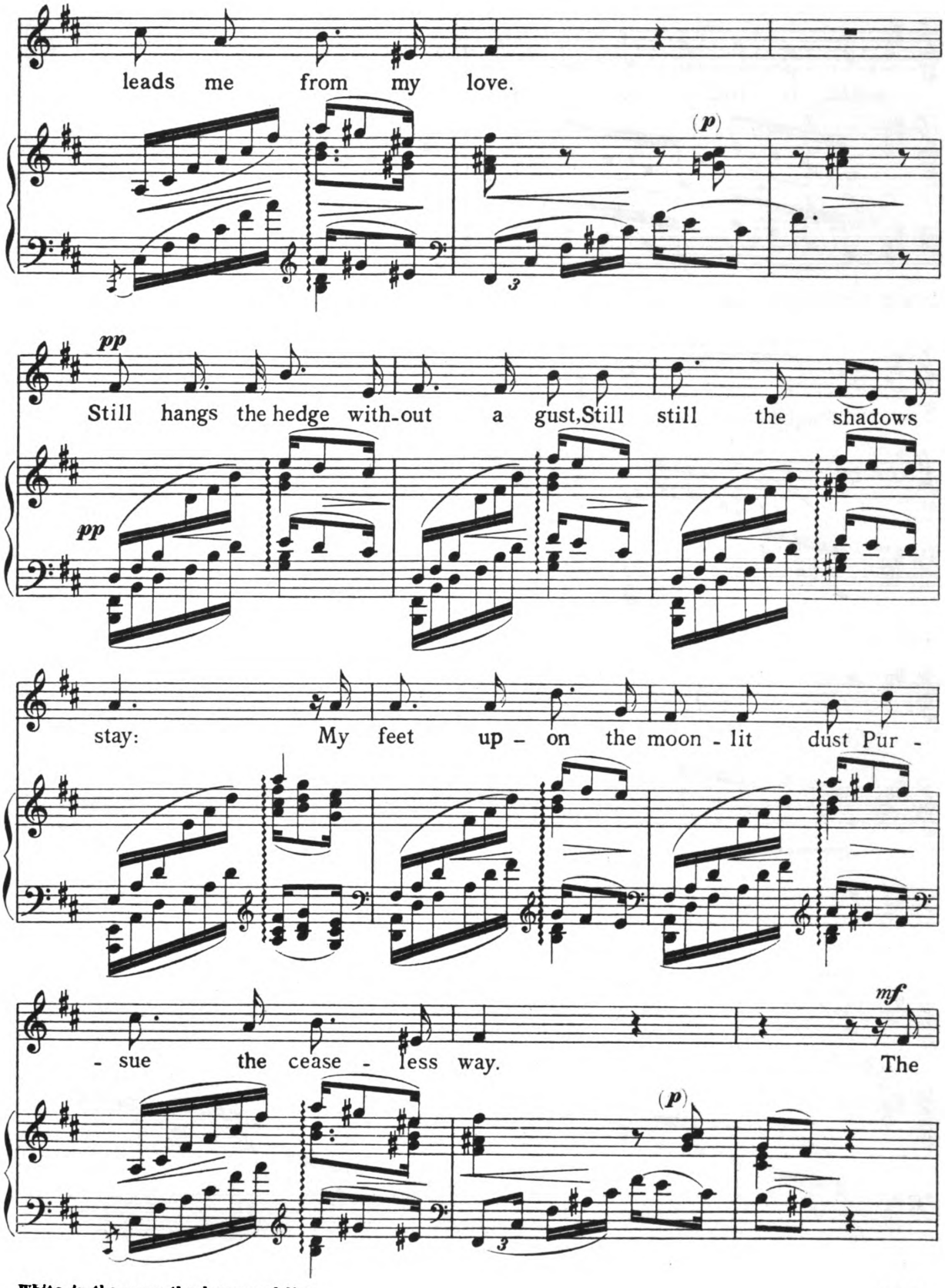
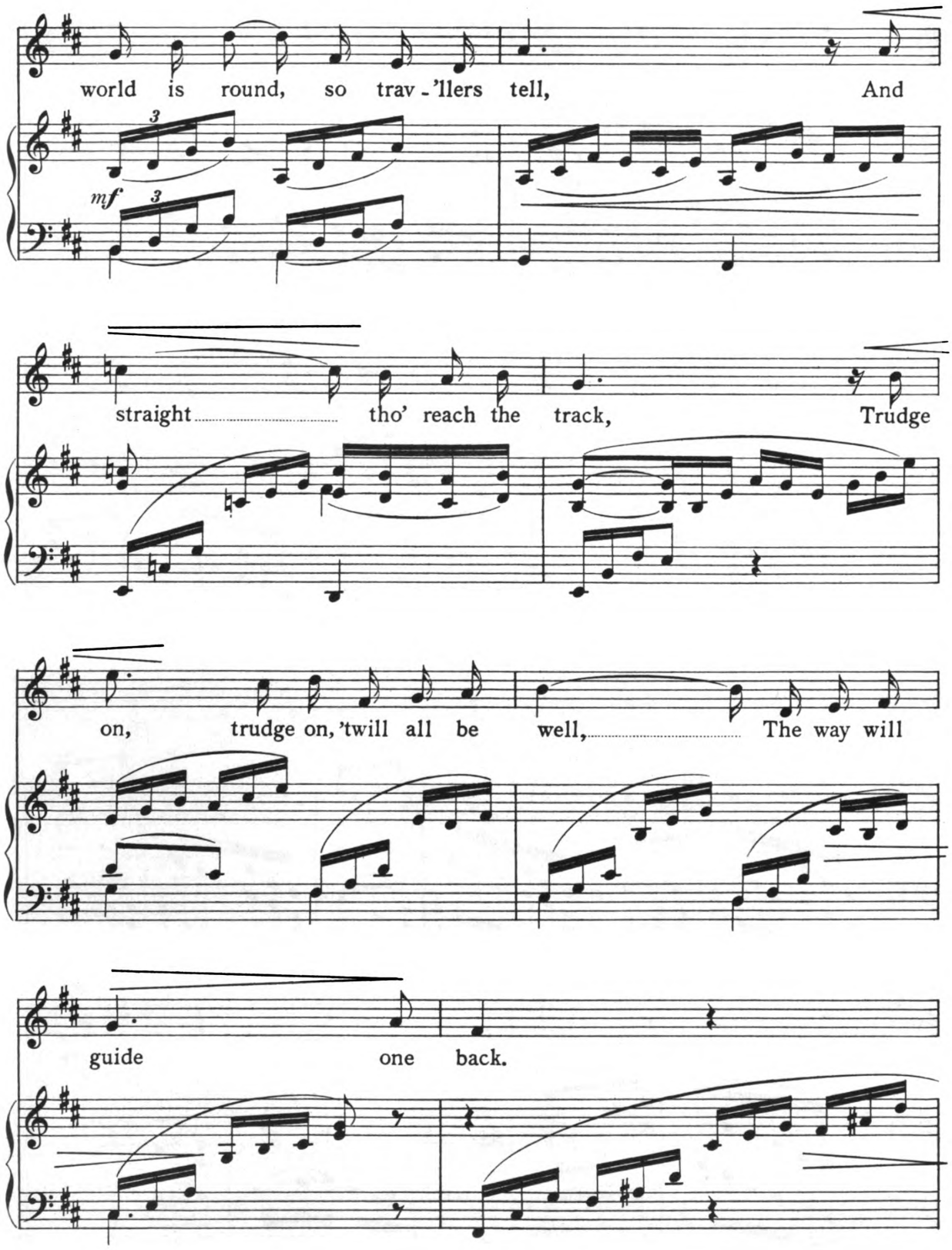
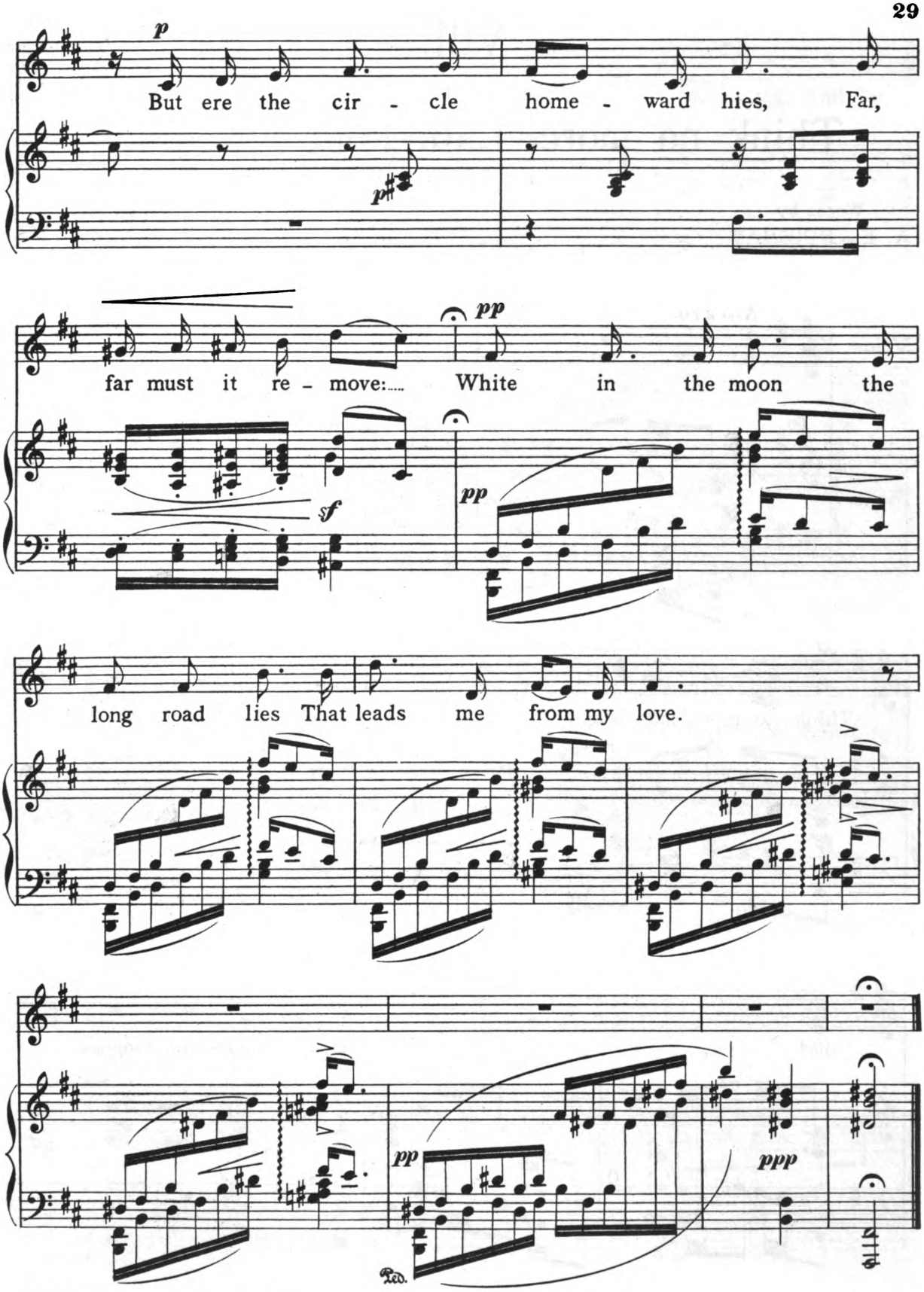


White in the moon the long road lies.


world is round, so trav - 'llers tell, And
mf
straight tho' reach the track, Trudge
on, trudge on, 'twill all be well, The way will
guide one back.

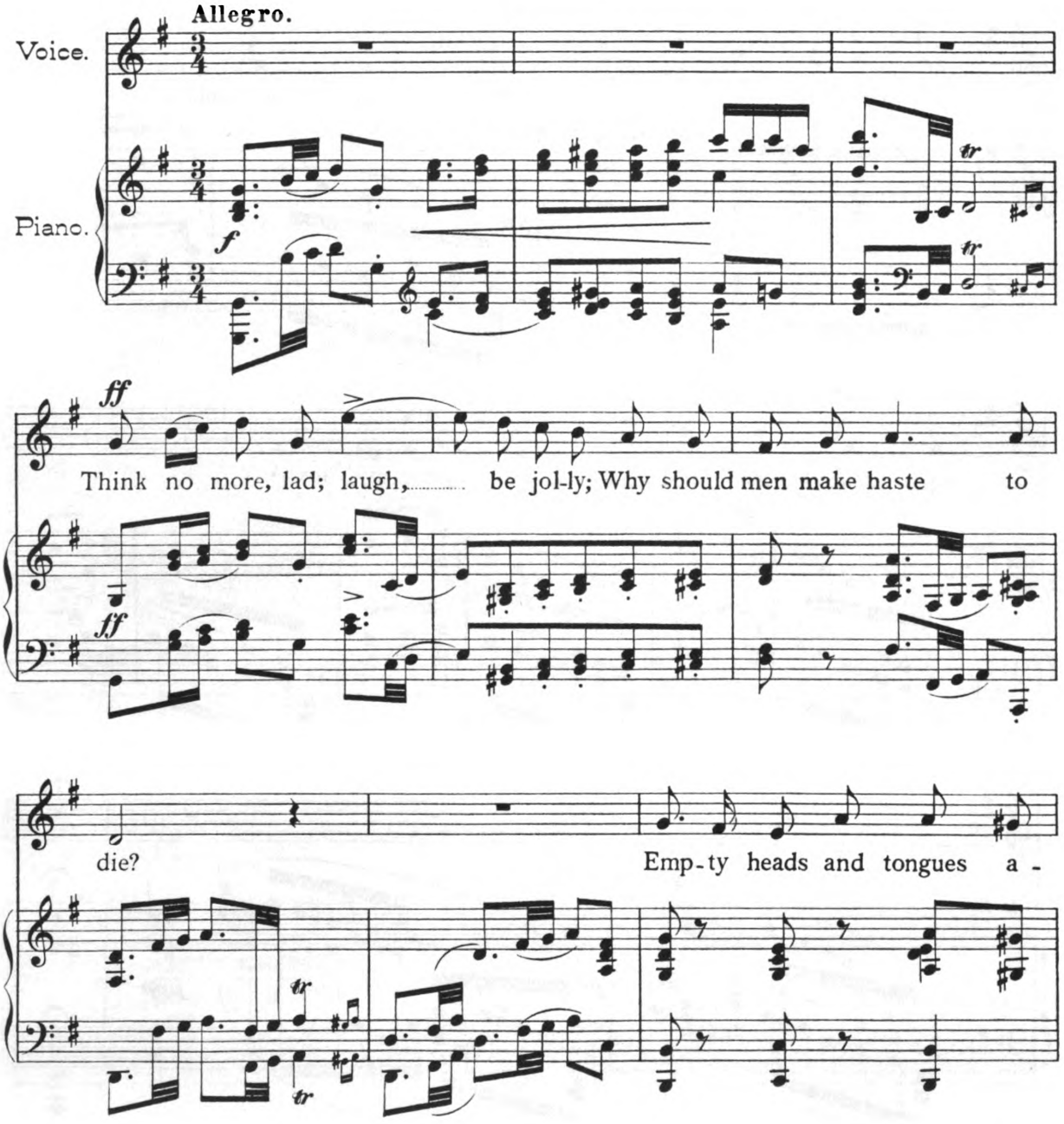

p
But ere the cir - cle home - ward hies, Far,
far must it re - move:.... White in the moon the
pp
sf
pp
long road lies That leads me from my love.
pp
ppp
Ped.
Ped.

VIII.

Think no more, Lad, laugh, be jolly.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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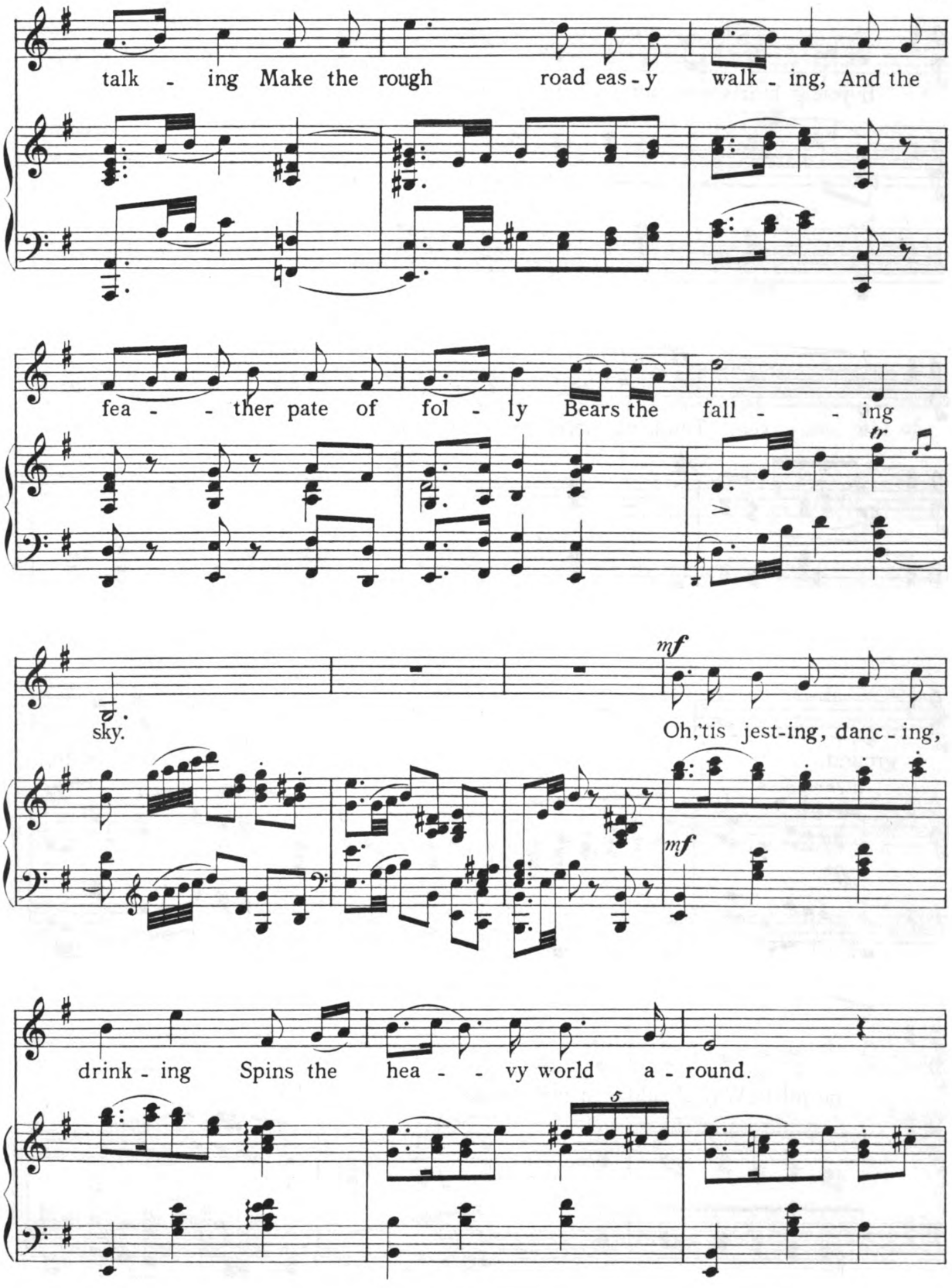
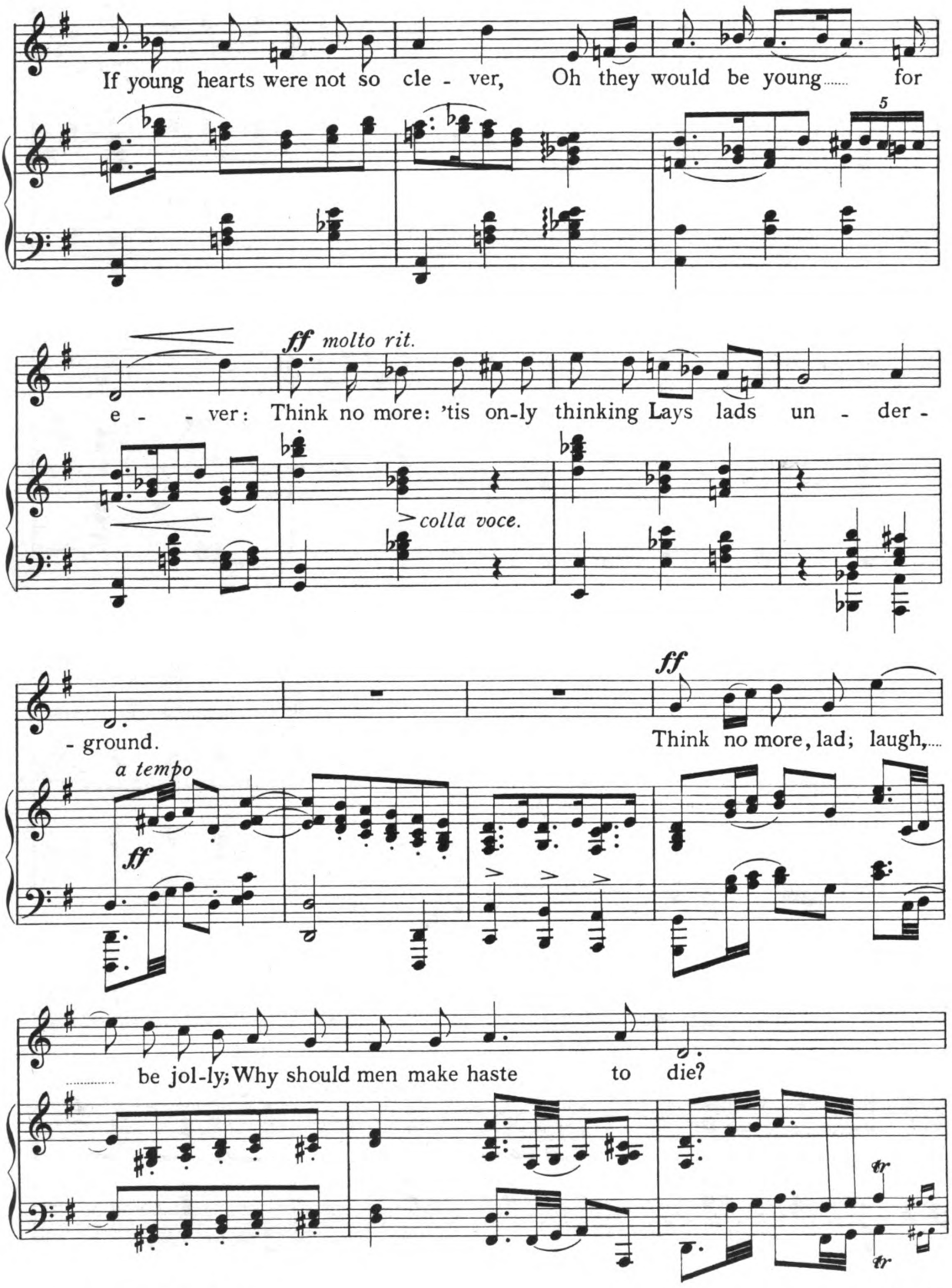
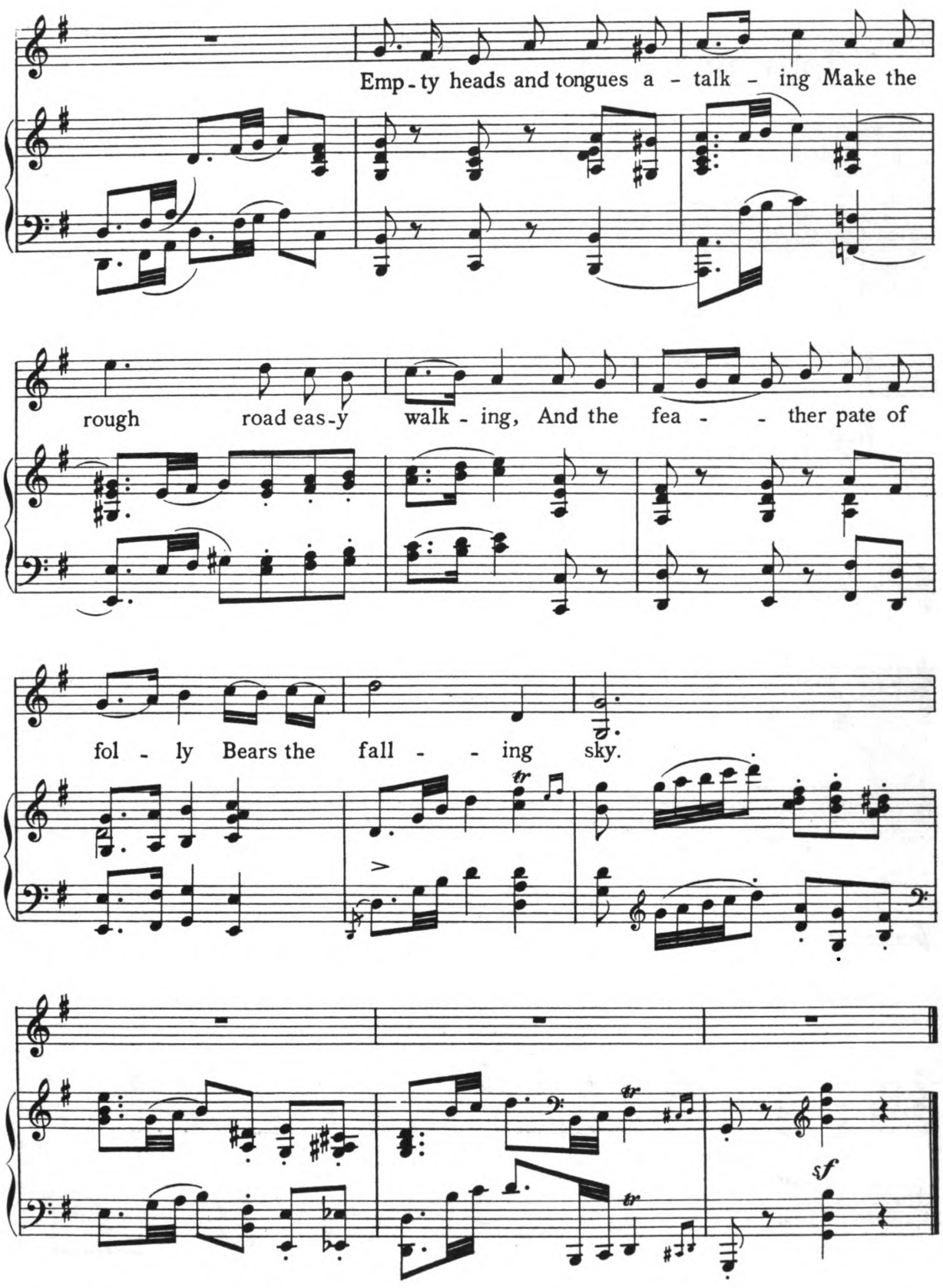

talk - ing Make the rough road eas - y walk - ing, And the
fea - - ther pate of fol - ly Bears the fall - - ing
sky.
mf
Oh, 'tis jest-ing, danc - ing,
mf
drink - ing Spins the hea - - vy world a - round.
5


If young hearts were not so cle - ver, Oh they would be young..... for
5
ff molto rit.
e - - ver: Think no more: 'tis on-ly thinking Lays lads un - der -
colla voce.
- ground.
ff
Think no more, lad; laugh,....
a tempo
ff
be jol-ly; Why should men make haste to die?
tr
tr

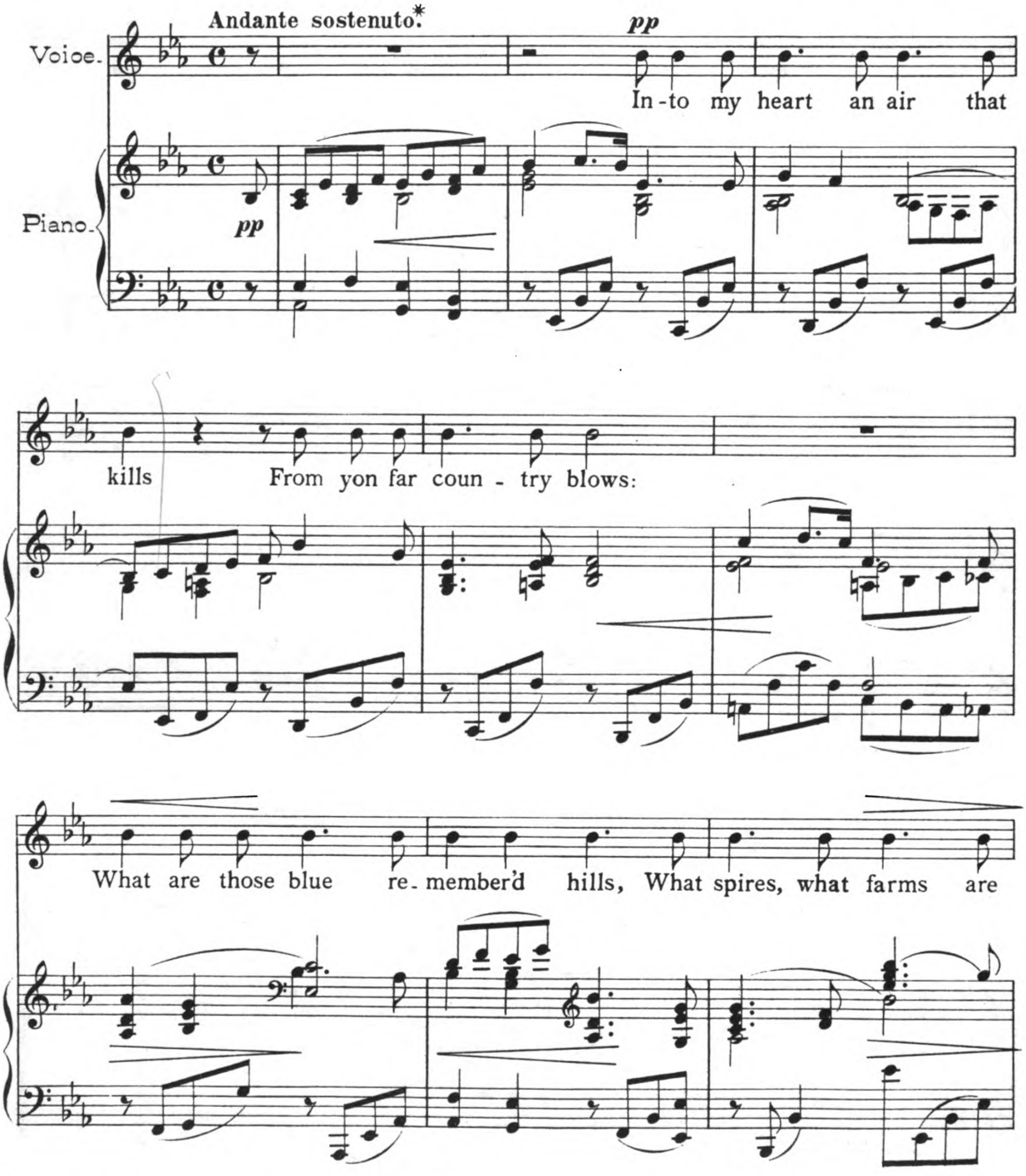

Emp - ty heads and tongues a - talk - ing Make the
rough road eas-y walk - ing, And the fea - - ther pate of
fol - ly Bears the fall - - ing sky.
sf

IX.

Into my Heart an Air that kills.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



*The tempo of this song is much slower than that of No 1.

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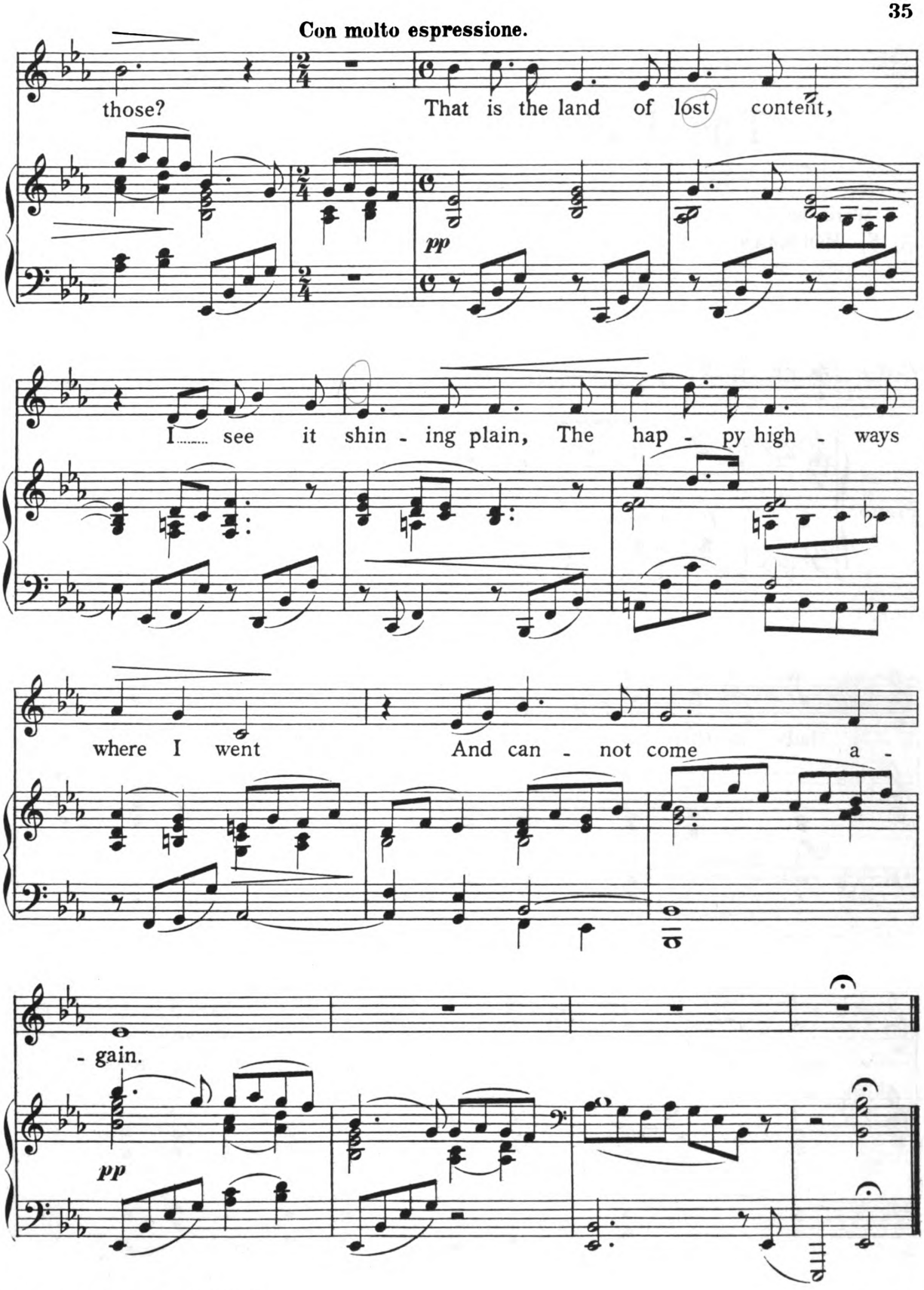
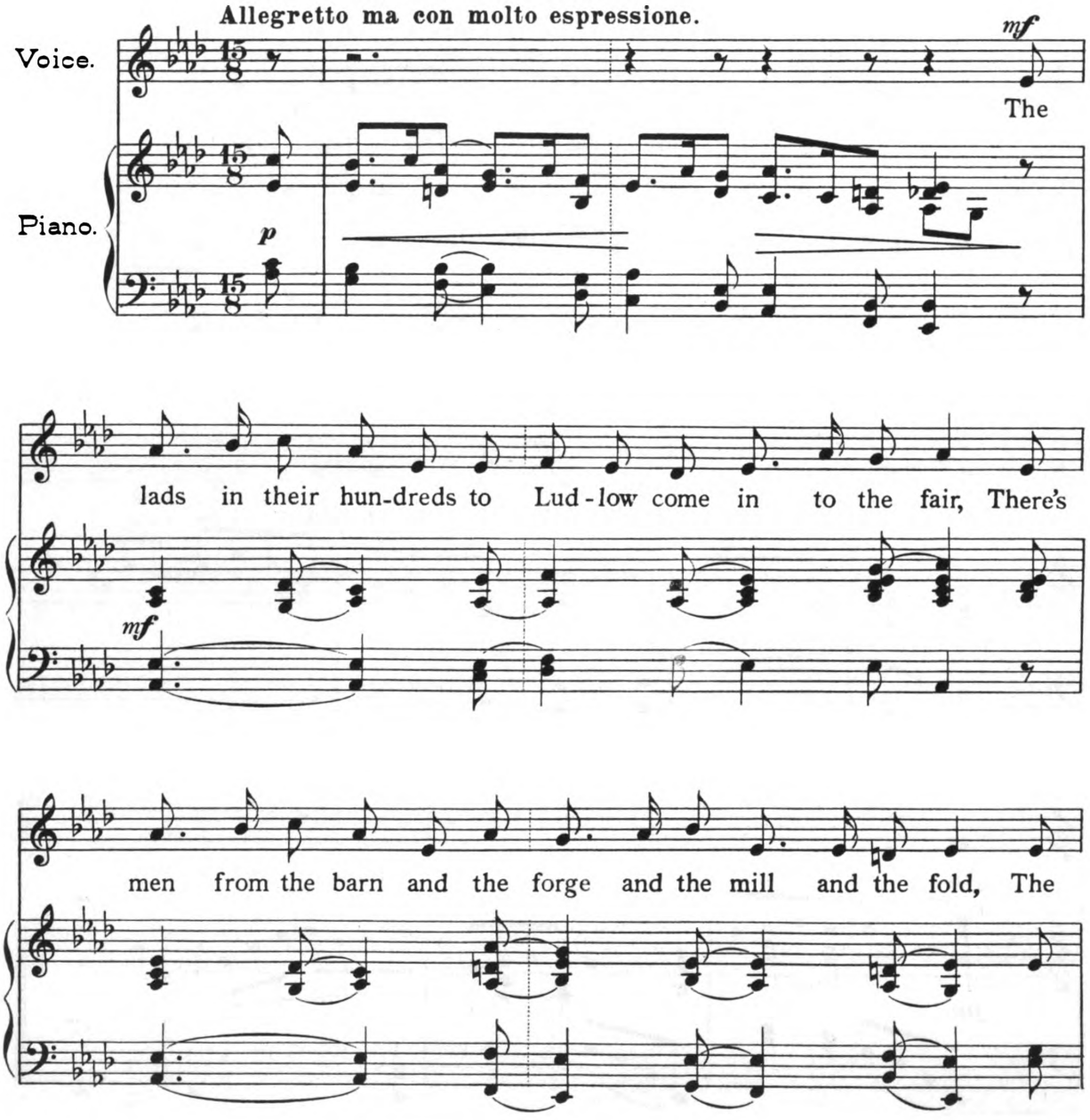

Con molto espressione.
those?
That is the land of lost content,
pp
I..... see it shin - ing plain, The hap - py high - ways
where I went
And can - not come a -
- gain.
pp

X.

The Lads in their hundreds.

Words by
A. E. HOUSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.



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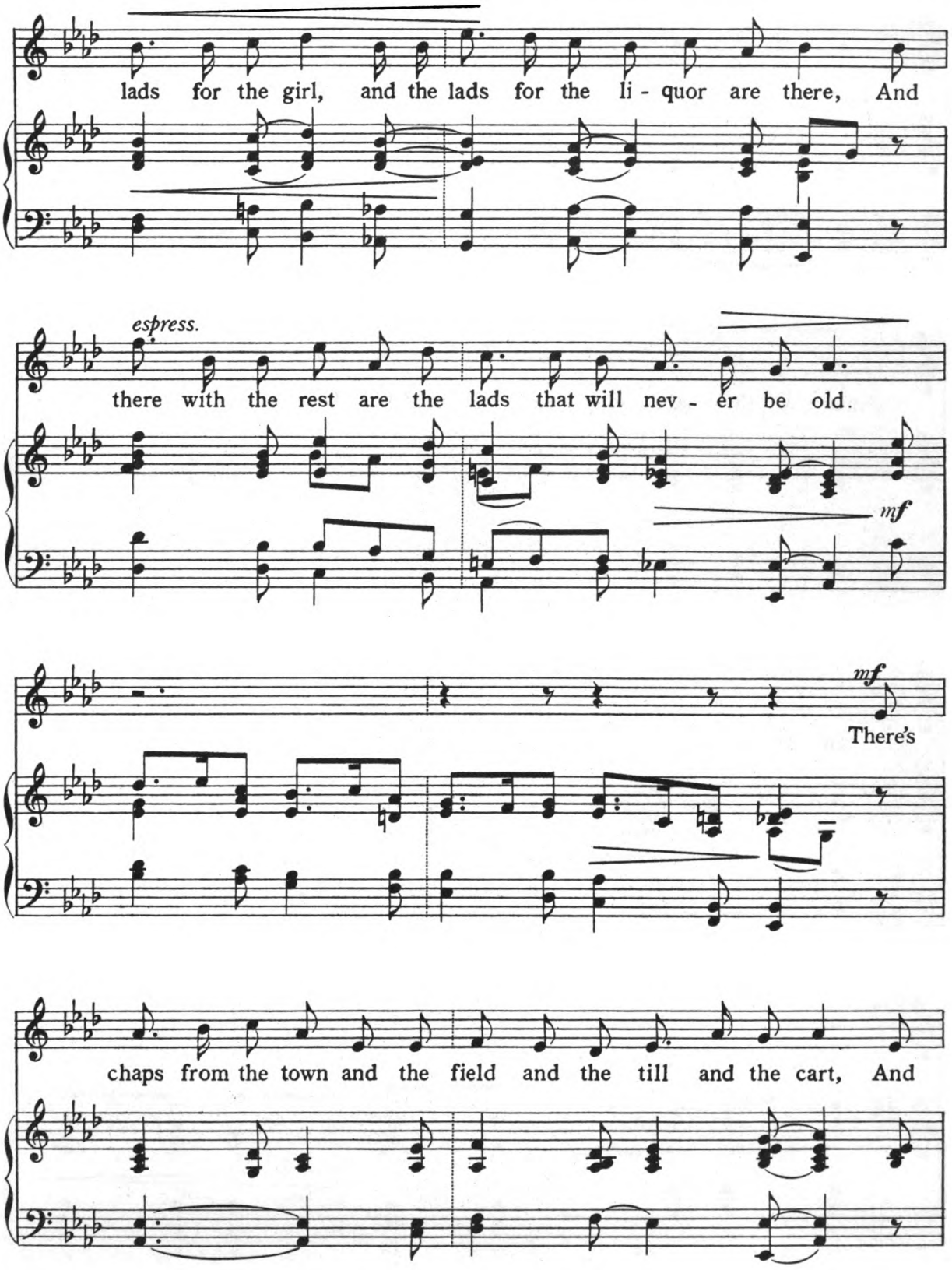
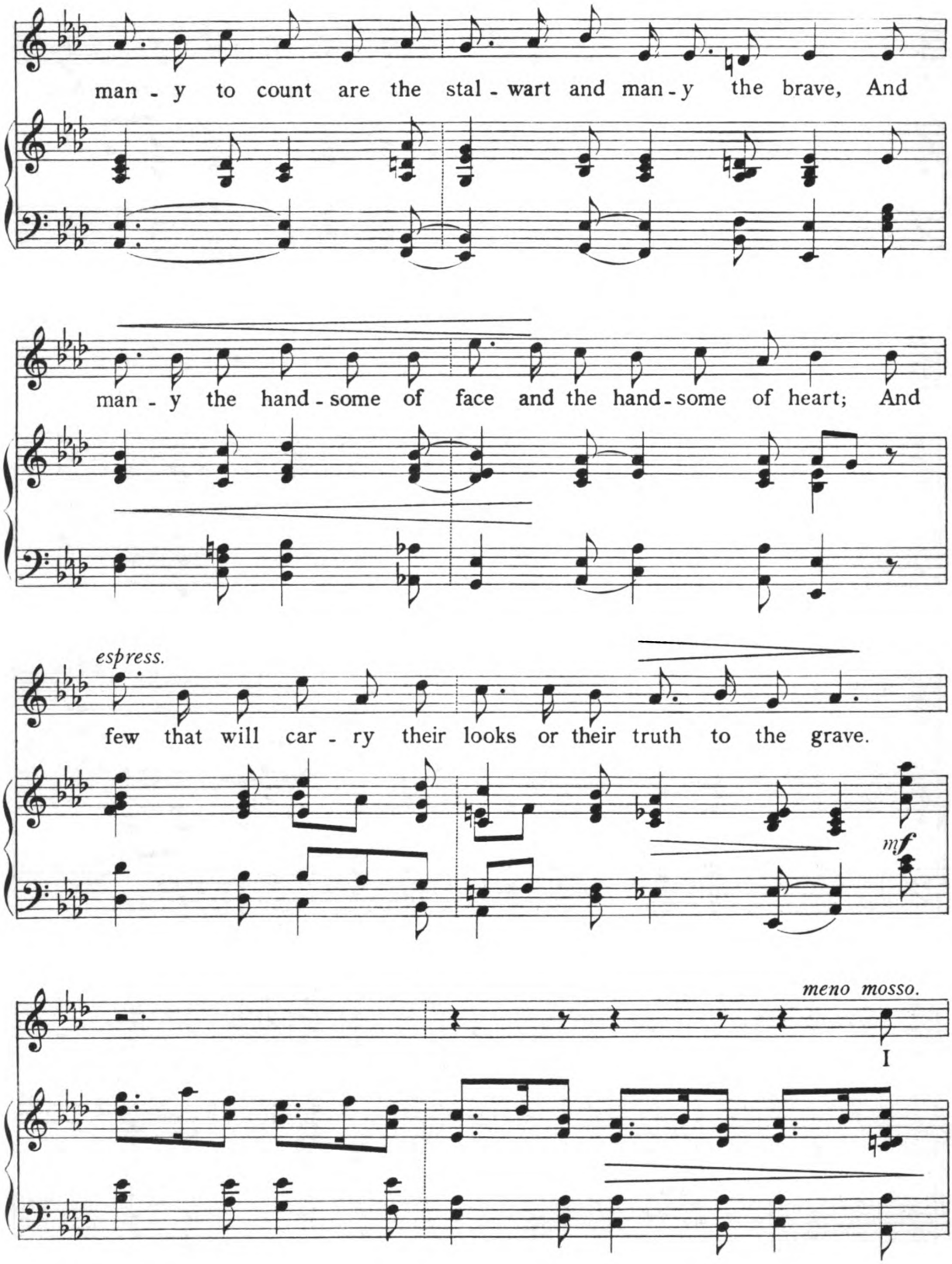
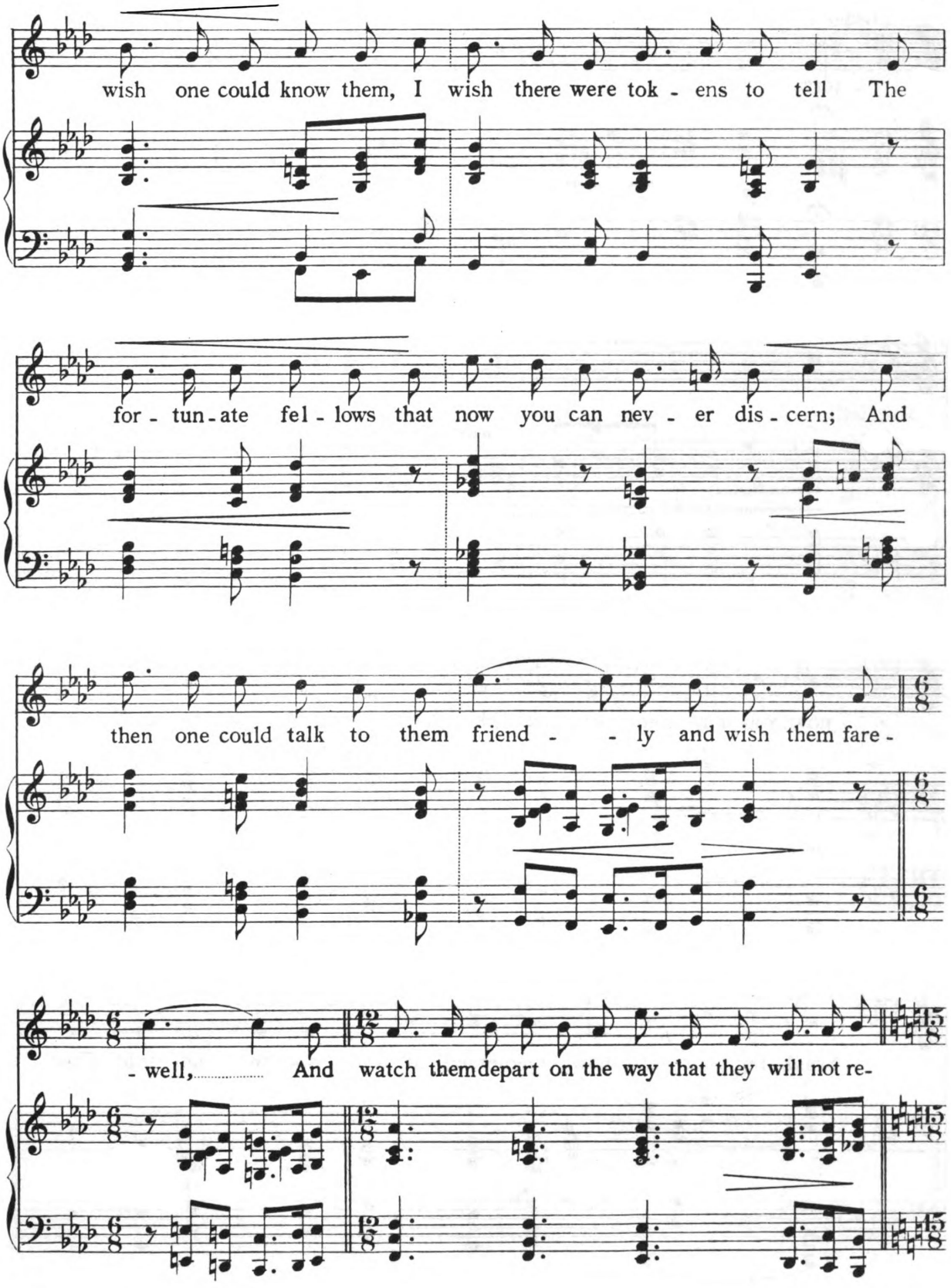
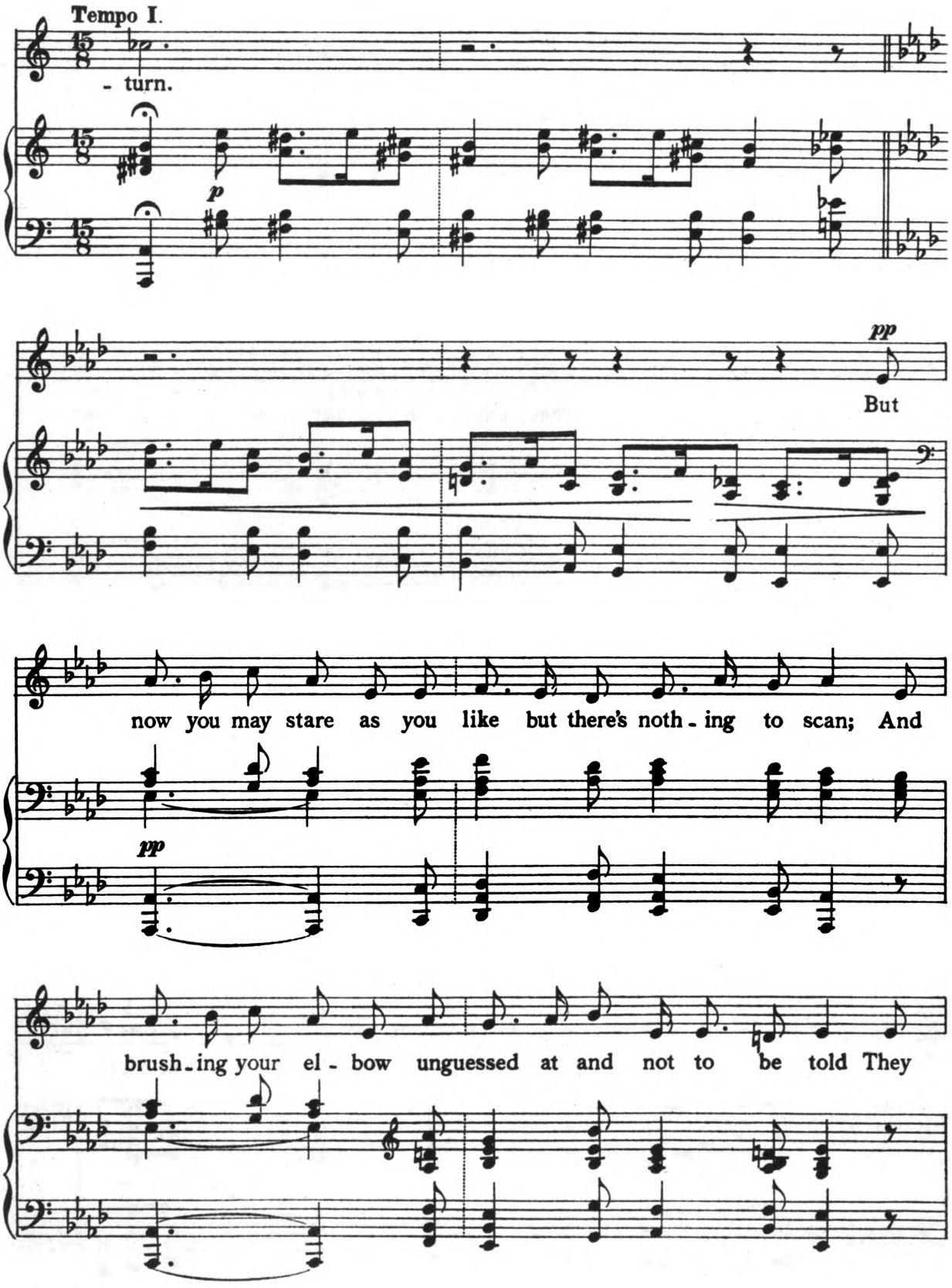
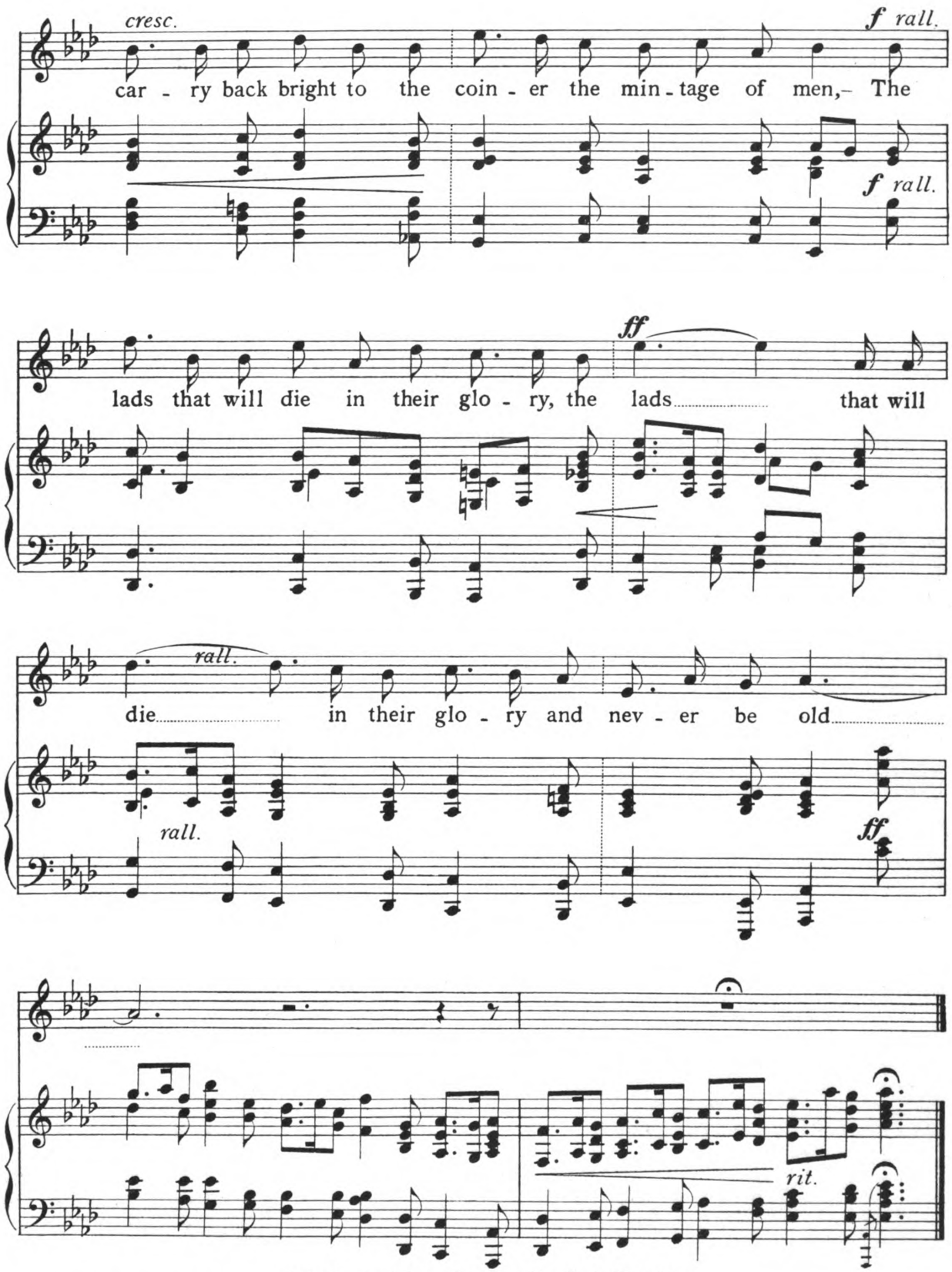

lads for the girl, and the lads for the li - quor are there, And
espress.
there with the rest are the lads that will nev - er be old.
mf
mf
There's
chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart, And


man - y to count are the stal - wart and man - y the brave, And
man - y the hand - some of face and the hand - some of heart; And
espress.
few that will car - ry their looks or their truth to the grave.
mf
meno mosso.
I


wish one could know them, I wish there were tok - ens to tell The
for - tun - ate fel - lows that now you can nev - er dis - cern; And
then one could talk to them friend - - ly and wish them fare -
- well, And watch them depart on the way that they will not re-


Tempo I.
- turn.
p
pp
But
now you may stare as you like but there's noth - ing to scan; And
pp
brush - ing your el - bow unguessed at and not to be told They



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