

Song

for voice & piano

Grace Ma

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Song

By Emily Brontë

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude!

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Unchecked through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue--
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer-streams--
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

Duration: c. 5 minutes

Song

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Larghetto

mp I. *poco recitativo*

The lin - net in the rock - y dells, ——— The moor - lark in the air, The

Piano *mp*
con ped.

6 *mf* bee a - mong the heath - er bells ——— *mp* *poco rit.* That hide my la - dy

Pno. *mf*

10 *a tempo* fair: ——— *mp* II. *cantabile* The

Pno. *mp* *simile*

16 wild deer browse a - bove her breast; ——— The wild — birds raise their —

Pno.

24 *mf*

brood; — *quasi una cadenza*

Pno. *mf* *mp*

30 *mp*

And they, her smiles of love — ca - ressed, Have left her

Pno. *mp*

35

sol - i - tude! —

Pno. *p*

43 *f* *poco recitativo*

I ween, that when the

Pno. *f* *mp* *f*

simile

49

grave's dark wall Did first her form re - tain, They thought their

Pno.

mp

p

52

hearts could ne'er re - call The light of joy a - gain.

Pno.

f

58

f IV. *cantabile*

They thought the tide of grief would flow Un -

Pno.

mp

mp

Red.

63

checked through fu - ture years; But where is

Pno.

p

simile

8vb

68

all their an - guish now, And where are

Pno.

mp

72

all their tears? They thought the

Pno.

f

simile

76

tide of grief would flow Un - checked through fu - ture years;

Pno.

mp

p

82

But where is all their an-guish now, And where are all their tears?

Pno.

pp

f

piu f

p

90 *mp*

And where are all their tears? _____

Pno.

simile

98 *V. cantabile*

Well, let them fight for hon-our's breath, Or pleas-ure's shade pur - sue _____

Pno.

104 *mf*

_____ The dwell-er in the land of death _____ Is changed _____ and care - less too.

Pno.

pp

112 *VI. cantabile* *piu p*

And, if their eyes should watch and weep Till sorrow's source were _____ dry, She would not, in her

Pno.

118 *p*

tran- quil sleep, Re - turn a single - sigh! She would not in her tranquil sleep, Re - turn a single sigh!

Pno. *pp*

125 *2* *quasi una cadenza*

Pno. *mf* *p*

134 VII. *mp* *recitativo*

Blow, west-wind, by the

Pno. *mf* *dolce* *p*

141 lonely mound, — And mur-mur sum-mer - streams

Pno. *mp* *quasi una cadenza*

dolcissimo

149

There's no need of oth - er sound ____ To soothe my la - dy's dreams. ____

149

Pno.

p