

Music

Poem by Walter de la Mare

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face,
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
And from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

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Music

WALTER DE LA MARE (1914)

MARK BROWSE

Moderato ♩=100

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Piano

mf

When mu - sic sounds,

When mu - sic sounds,

mf

con Ped.

5

S.

A.

mp

gone is the earth I know, And all her love - ly things e - ven love - lier

gone is the earth I know, And all her love - ly things e - ven love - lier

mp

10

S. *mp*
grow;

A. *mp*
grow;

T. *mf*
Her flowers in vi-sion flame, her fo-rest trees Lift bur-dened

B. *mf*
Her flowers in vi-sion flame, her fo-rest trees Lift bur-dened

14

S. *mf*
when mu - sic

A. *mp*
when mu - sic

T. *mp* *mp*
bran - ches, stilled with ec-sta-sies, when mu - sic

B. *mp* *mp*
bran - ches, stilled with ec-sta-sies, when mu - sic