JAMES ILIFF

Gone, Gone Again

Song for

Soprano and Violin

(1992)

Words by

Edward Thomas



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Gone, Gone Again

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Gone, gone again, May, June, July, And August gone, Again gone by,

Not memorable Save that I saw them go, As past the empty quays The rivers flow.

And now again, In the harvest rain, The Blenheim oranges Fall grubby from the trees,

As when I was young— And when the lost one was here— And when the war began To turn young men to dung.

Look at the old house, Outmoded, dignified, Dark and untenanted, With grass growing instead

Of the footsteps of life, The friendliness, the strife; In its beds have lain Youth, love, age, and pain:

I am something like that; Only I am not dead, Still breathing and interested In the house that is not dark:—

I am something like that: Not one pane to reflect the sun, For the schoolboys to throw at— They have broken every one.

Duration: ca. 4¹/₂ minutes

GONE, GONE AGAIN

for Soprano and Violin

Edward Thomas

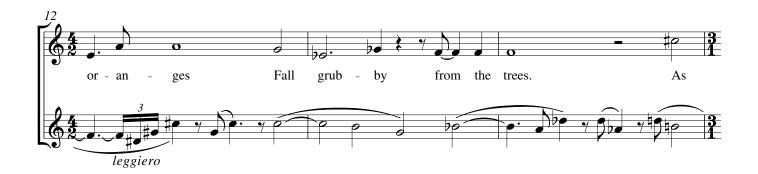
James Iliff 1992

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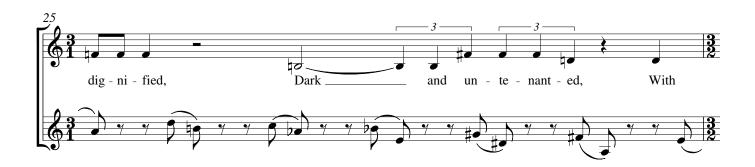


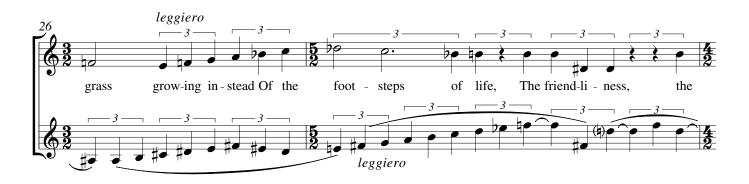


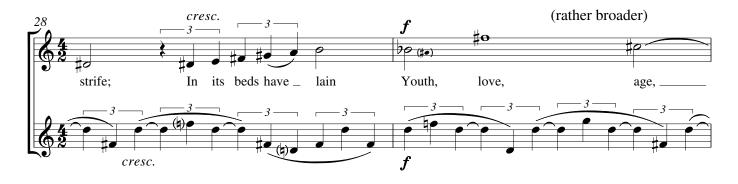


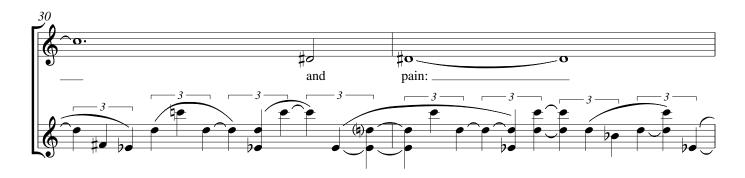


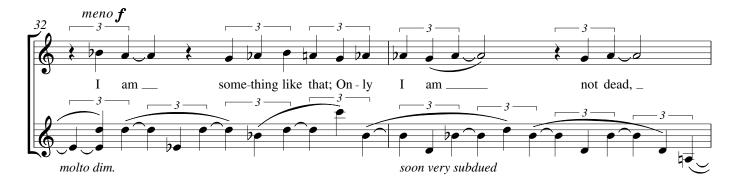


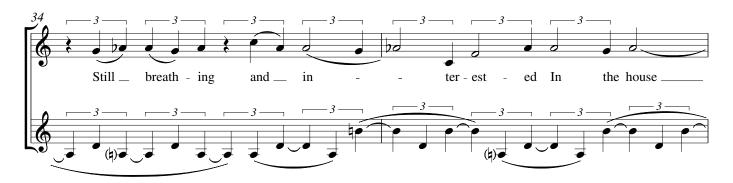


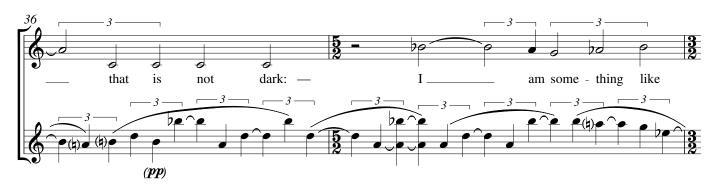


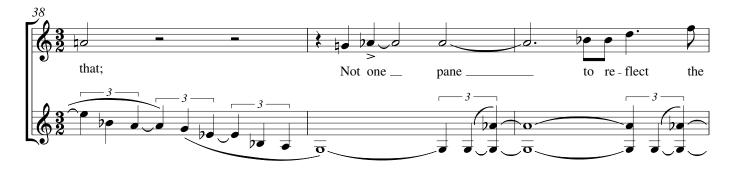


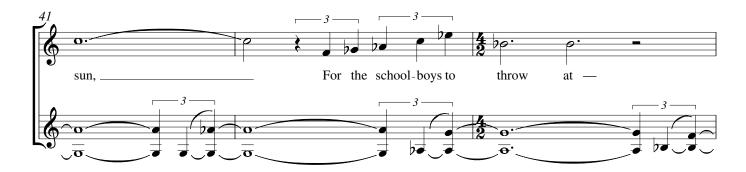














⁽November 1992)

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