

THE BALLAD OF THE HARP WEAVER

from a poem of the same name by Edna St. Vincent Millay

ALISON WILLIS

$\text{♩} = 48$ Liltngly

(S) MOTHER

(S) SON *p* Quasi harp

(A) NARRATOR *p* Quasi harp

Ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,
"Hi" short, "ng" long with vibrato

Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing
"Hi" short, "ng" long with vibrato

M. *f* *pp*

"Son!" ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,

S. *pp* *mf*

ning. Ning ning ning, said my moth - er when I was knee high

N. *pp*

hing Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing

M. *mf*

You've need of clothes to co-ver you and not a rag have I There's

S. *p*

ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,

N. *p*

hing hing hing hing hing hing hing

19

M. no-thing in the house to make a boy's breech-es, nor shears to cut a cloth with nor

S. ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,

N. Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing

25

M. thread to take_ stitch-es, there's noth-ing in the house but a loaf end of rye, and a

S. ning. ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning.

N. hing Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing.

f *mp* *mf* *mf*

31

M. harp with a wom-an's head that no-bod y will buy. Ning ning ning,

S. Mm Hing hing

N. Mm And she be-gan to cry.

pp *mp* *p* *mf*

37

M. Ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, Mm

S. hing hing hing hing Mm

N. That was in the ear-ly fall, when came the late fall....

pp *pp* *mf*

44

M. *f* *mf*
 Son! The sight of you makes your moth-er's blood crawl_____ litt-le skin-ny

S. *p*
 Ning ning ning, Ning ning ning, Ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,

N. *p*
 Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing

50

M. *f*
 shoul-der blades stick-ing through your clothes_____ and where you'll get a jack et from

S. *mf*
 ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning,

N. *mf*
 hing hing hing hing Hing hing hing hing

56

M. *mf*
 God ab ove knows. It's luck-y_____ for me, lad, your Dad-dy's in the ground and

S. *mf*
 ning. ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning.

N. *mf*
 hing. Hing hing hing hing hing hing hing

62

M. *p*
 can't see the way I let his son go__ a - round! Ooo_____

S. *mp* *mf* *mp*
 Mm. That was in the

N. *mp* *mf*
 Mm. And she made a queer sound.

68

M. *mf* I'd not a pair of breeches nor a shirt to my

S. *mf* late fall, when the winter came I'd not a pair of breeches nor a shirt to my

N. *p* *mf* Ooo. I'd not a pair of breeches nor a shirt to my

75

M. *mp* *mf* name. Ooo. the other little boys passed our

S. *mf* *mf* name. I could-n't go to school, or out of doors to play and all the other little boys passed our

N. *mp* *mf* name. Ooo. the other little boys passed our

83

M. *f* *mf* way. Son! Come climb in-to my lap, and I'll chafe your little bones

S. *f* *mf* way. Son! Said my mother,

N. *f* *mf* way. Son! Ah

89 *rit.* *A tempo*

M. *mf* while you take a nap. And oh, but we were

S. *p* *mf* Ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning. And oh, but we were

N. *p* *mf* Hing hinghing hinghing hinghing hing. And oh, but we were

96

M. *mp*
sill - y for an half hour or more Ooo

S. *mf*
sill - y for an half hour or more Me with my long legs dragg-ing on the

N. *mp*
sill - y for an half hour or more Ooo

103

M. *f* *mf*
Rock, rock, rock - ing to a Moth - er Goose rhyme Ooo

S. *f* *mf*
floor. A-rock, rock, rock-ing to a Moth er Goose rhyme Oh, but we were

N. *f* *mf*
Rock, rock, rock - ing to a Moth - er Goose rhyme Ooo

110

M. *f* *p*
I, a great boy, and

S. *p*
happ-y for half an ho - ur's time! But there was I, a great boy, and

N. *f* *p*
I, a great boy, and

115

M. *mp*
what would folks say to hear, sing, sleep

S. *mp*
what would folks say to hear my moth - er sing-ing me to sleep all

N. *mp*
what would folks say to hear, sing, sleep

122

M. *pp* Ah

S. *p* day in such a daft way. *pp* Ah

N. day Men say the win-ter was bad that year

129

M. Ah Ah

S. Ah Ah

N. fuel was scarce and food was dear, a wind with a wolf's head

136

M. Ah Ah Ah

S. Ah Ah Ah

N. howled a-bout the door, and they burned up the chairs and sat u-pon the floor.

143

M. *pp* Ah Ah

S. *pp* Ah Ah

N. *mp* All that was left was a chair they could-n't break and a harp with a

148 *mp* *p*

M. *mp* *p*
Oo

S. *mp* *p*
Oo

N. *mf*
wom-an's head no - bo - dy would take, for song or pit-y's sake.

153 *mp* *p*

M. *mp* *p*
Oo

S. *mp*
Oo The night be-fore Christ - mas I

N. *p*
Hm

158 *mp* *mf* *mp*

M. *mp* *mf* *mp*
Oo

S. *mf*
cried with the cold, I cried my-self to sleep like a two year old, and

N. *mp*
Hm

164 *mp*

M. *mp*
Oo

S. *mp*
in the deep night I felt my moth - er rise, and stare down u-pon me with

N. *mp*
Ah

170

M. *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo*

S. love in her eyes, I saw my moth-er— sitt-ing on the one good chair, a

N. Ah

176

M. *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo* *Oo*

S. light fall-ing on her—from I couldn't tell where. Look ing.nine - teen and not a day old- er, and the

N. Ah

184

M. *Oo* *Oo* Ah Ah Ah

S. harp with the wom-an's head leaned a- gainst her should-er. Her thin fin- gers mov- ing in the

N. Ah Hm Hm

190

M. Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

S. thin, tall strings, were weav,weav,weav-ing won- der-ful things, Man-y bright threads from where I could-n't see were

N. Hm Man-y bright threads from where I could-n't see were

195

M. *mp*
Ah And gold threads whist-ling through my moth-er's hand, I

S. *mp*
runn-ing through the harp strings rap id-ly. And gold threads whist-ling through my moth-er's hand, I

N. *mp*
runn-ing through the harp strings rap id-ly. And gold threads whist-ling through my moth-er's hand, I

199

M. *mf*
saw the web grow and the patt ern— ex-pand. She wove a child's jack-et and when it was done she

S. *mf*
saw the web grow and the patt ern— ex-pand. She wove a child's jack-et and when it was done she

N. *mf*
saw the web grow and the patt ern— ex-pand. She wove a child's jack-et and when it was done she

203

M. *f*
laid it on the floor and wove an-oth-er one. She wove a red cloak so re-gal to see, she's made it for a king's son, and

S. *f*
laid it on the floor and wove an-oth-er one. She wove a red cloak so re-gal to see, she's made it for a king's son, and

N. *f*
laid it on the floor and wove an-oth-er one. She wove a red cloak so re-gal to see, she's made it for a king's son, and

208

M. *ff* *pp* *rit.* *a tempo* *mp*
not for me. But I knew it was for me. She wove a pair of breech-es quick-er than

S. *ff* *pp* *mp*
not for me. But I knew it was for me. She wove a pair of breech-es quick-er than

N. *ff* *pp* *mp*
not for me. But I knew it was for me. She wove a pair of breech-es quick-er than

♩ = 48

215

M. *mf*
that, she wove a pair of boots and a litt - le cocked hat, she wove a pair of mitt-ens, she

S. *mf*
that, she wove a pair of boots and a litt - le cocked hat, she wove a pair of mitt-ens, she

N. *mf*
that, she wove a pair of boots and a litt - le cocked hat, she wove a pair of mitt-ens, she

222

M. *f* *ff*
wove a litt-le blouse_____ She wove all night in the still, cold house_____ She

S. *f* *ff*
wove a litt-le blouse_____ She wove all night in the still, cold house_____ She

N. *f* *ff*
wove a litt-le blouse_____ She wove all night in the still, cold house_____ She

230

M. *f*
sang as she worked and the harp - strings spoke, her voice ne - ver fal - tered and the thread ne - ver

S. *f*
sang as she worked and the harp - strings spoke, her voice ne - ver fal - tered and the thread ne - ver

N. *f*
sang as she worked and the harp - strings spoke, her voice ne - ver fal - tered and the thread ne - ver

$\text{♩} = 40$
a little slower

237

M. *mp* *pp*
broke, and when I a woke.... Ooo_____

S. *mp* *p*
broke, and when I a woke.... There sat my moth-er with the harp a-against her

N. *mp* *pp*
broke, and when I a woke.... Ooo_____

244

M. *Ooo* *Ooo*

S. shoul - der look - ing nine - teen and not a day ol - der. A smile a - bout her

N. *Ooo* *Ooo*

252

M. *Ooo*

S. lips and a light a - bout her head and her hands in the harp strings,

N.

258

M. *pp* *Ooo*

S. *p* fro - zen dead. And piled up be - side her and topp - ling to the

N. *pp* *Ooo*

264

M. *pp* Ning ning ning,

S. *mp* skies were the clothes of a king's son *rubato p* just my size.

N. *pp* Hing hing

271

M. *ppp*

ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning ning ning, ning. _____

S.

N. *ppp*

hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing hing _____