A Hardy Triptych

Three poems of Thomas Hardy for tenor or baritone and piano

by

F L Dunkin Wedd

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A Hardy Triptych Three poems by Thomas Hardy

Shut out that moon

Close up the casement, draw the blind, Shut out that stealing moon, She wears too much the guise she wore Before our lutes were strewn With years-deep dust, and names we read On a white stone were hewn.

Step not forth on the dew-dashed lawn To view the Lady's Chair, Immense Orion's glittering form, The Less and Greater Bear: Stay in; to such sights we were drawn When faded ones were fair.

Brush not the bough for midnight scents That come forth lingeringly, And wake the same sweet sentiments They breathed to you and me When living seemed a laugh, and love All it was said to be.

Within the common lamp-lit room Prison my eyes and thought; Let dingy details crudely loom, Mechanic speech be wrought: Too fragrant was Life's early bloom, Too tart the fuit it brought!

Weathers

This is the weather the cuckoo likes, And so do I; When showers betumble the chestnut spikes, And nestlings fly; And the little brown nightingale bills his best, And the sit outside at 'The Travellers' Rest', And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest And citizens dream of the south and west And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns, And so do I; When beeches drip in browns and duns, And thresh and ply; And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe, And meadow rivulets overflow, And drops on gate-bars hang in a row, And rooks in families homeward go, And so do I.

Men Who March Away

What of the faith and fire within us Men who march away Ere the barn-cocks say Night is going grey, Leaving all that here can win us; What of the faith and fire within us Men who march away?

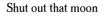
Is it a purblind prank, O think you, Friend with the musing eye, Who watch us stepping by With doubt and dolorous sigh? Can much pondering so hoodwink you! Is it a purblind prank, O think you, Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing, Though some may not see -Dalliers as they be -England's need are we; Her distress would leave us rueing: Nay. We well see what we are doing.

In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just, And that braggarts must Surely bite the dust, Press we to the field ungrieving, In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us Men who march away Ere the barn-cocks say Night is growing grey, Leaving all that here can win us; Hence the faith and fire within us Men who march away.

Thomas Hardy 1840-1928



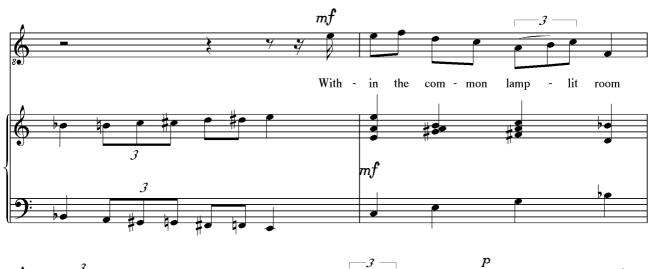


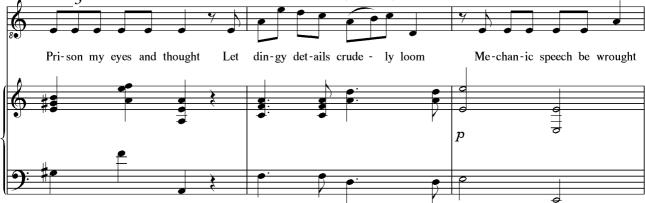
Poem by Thomas Hardy

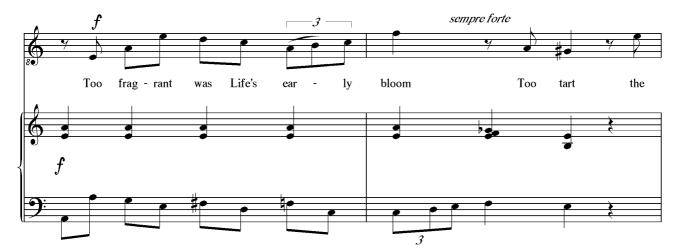
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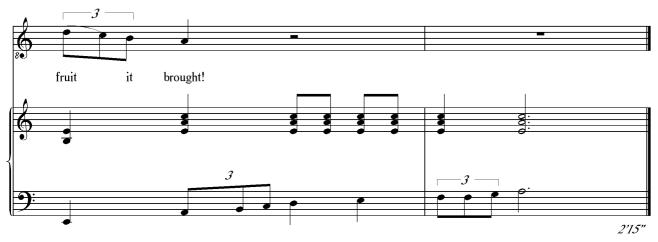












Weathers



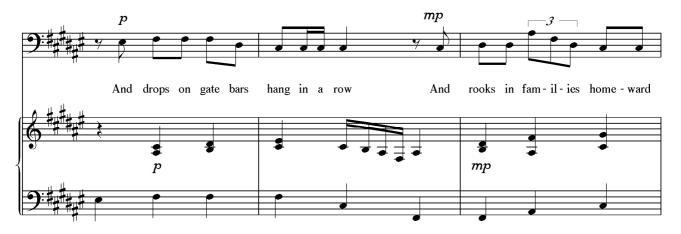
Poem by Thomas Hardy

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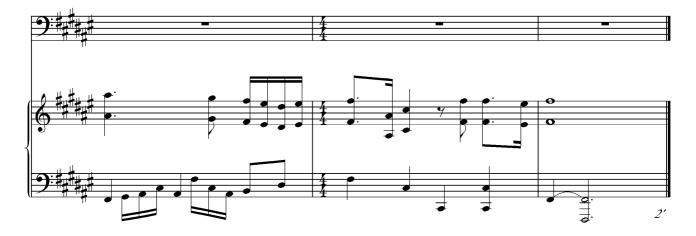












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Poem by Thomas Hardy 1914

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