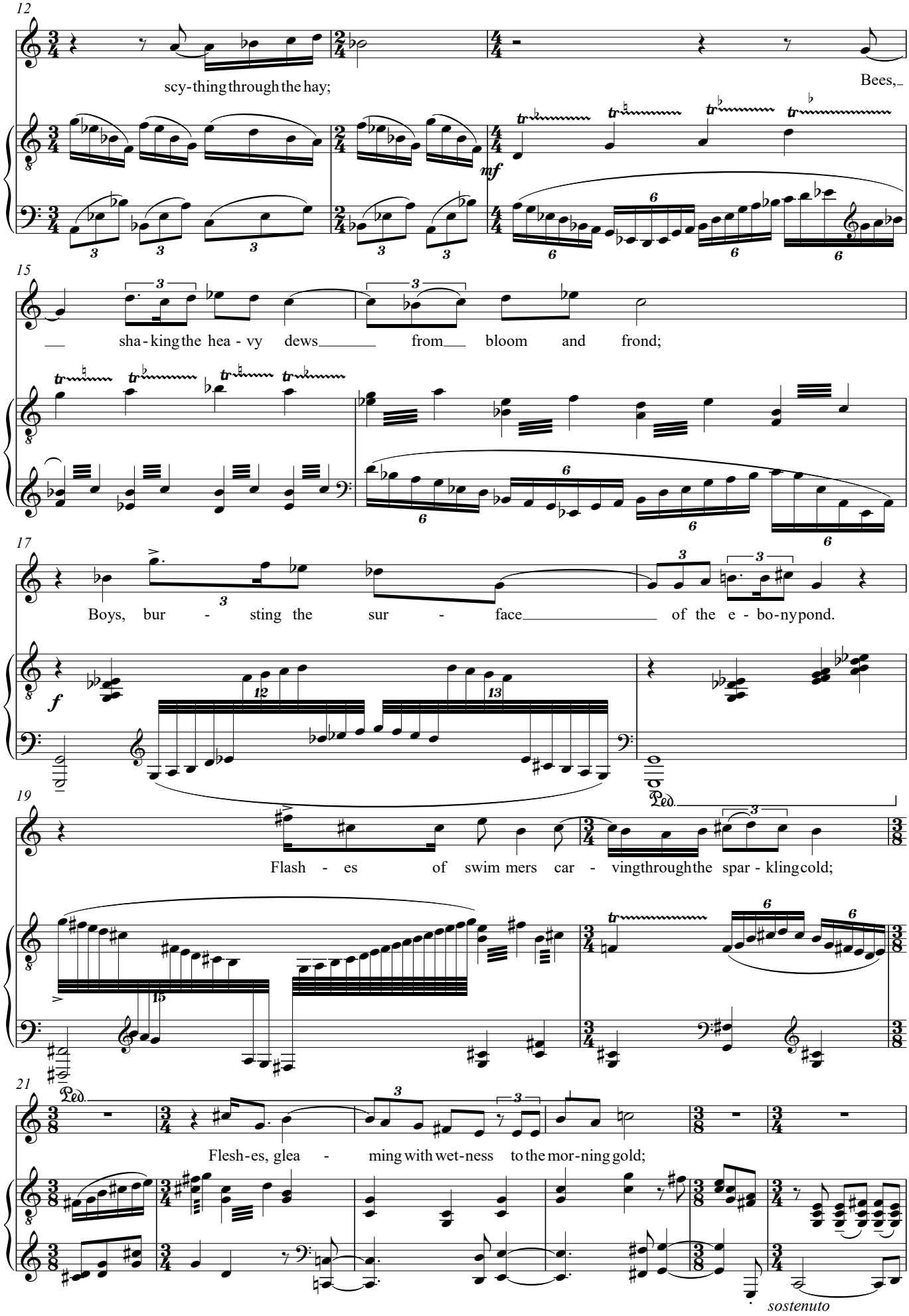
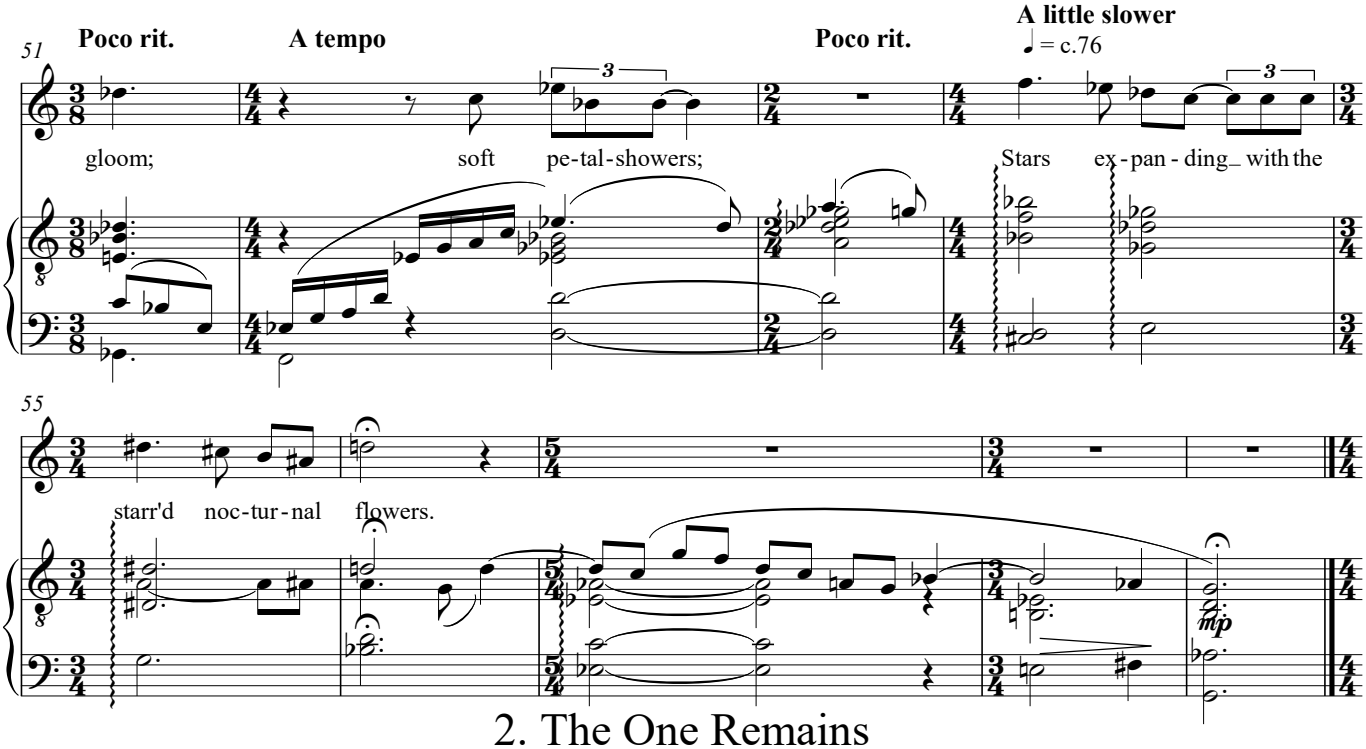
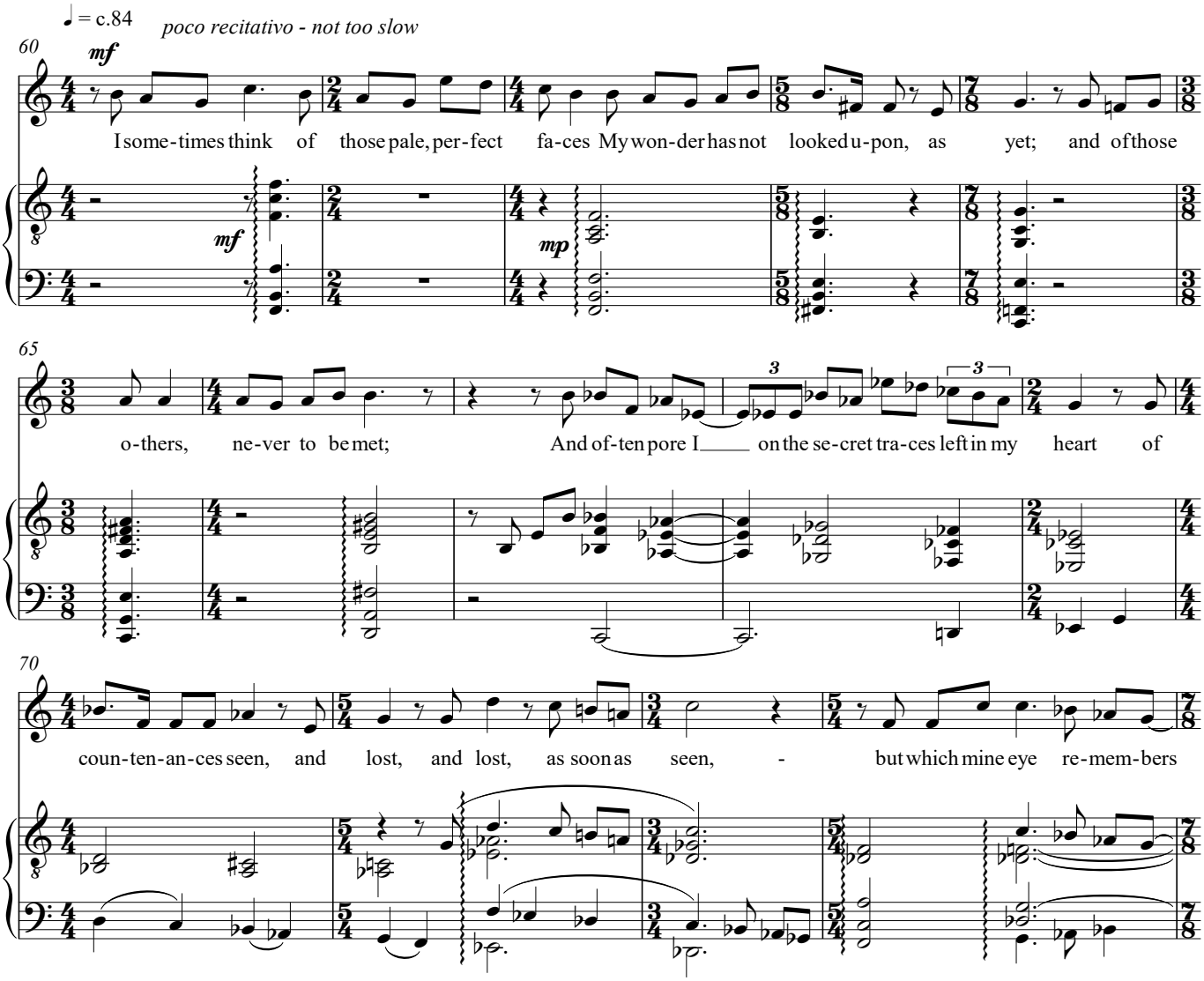
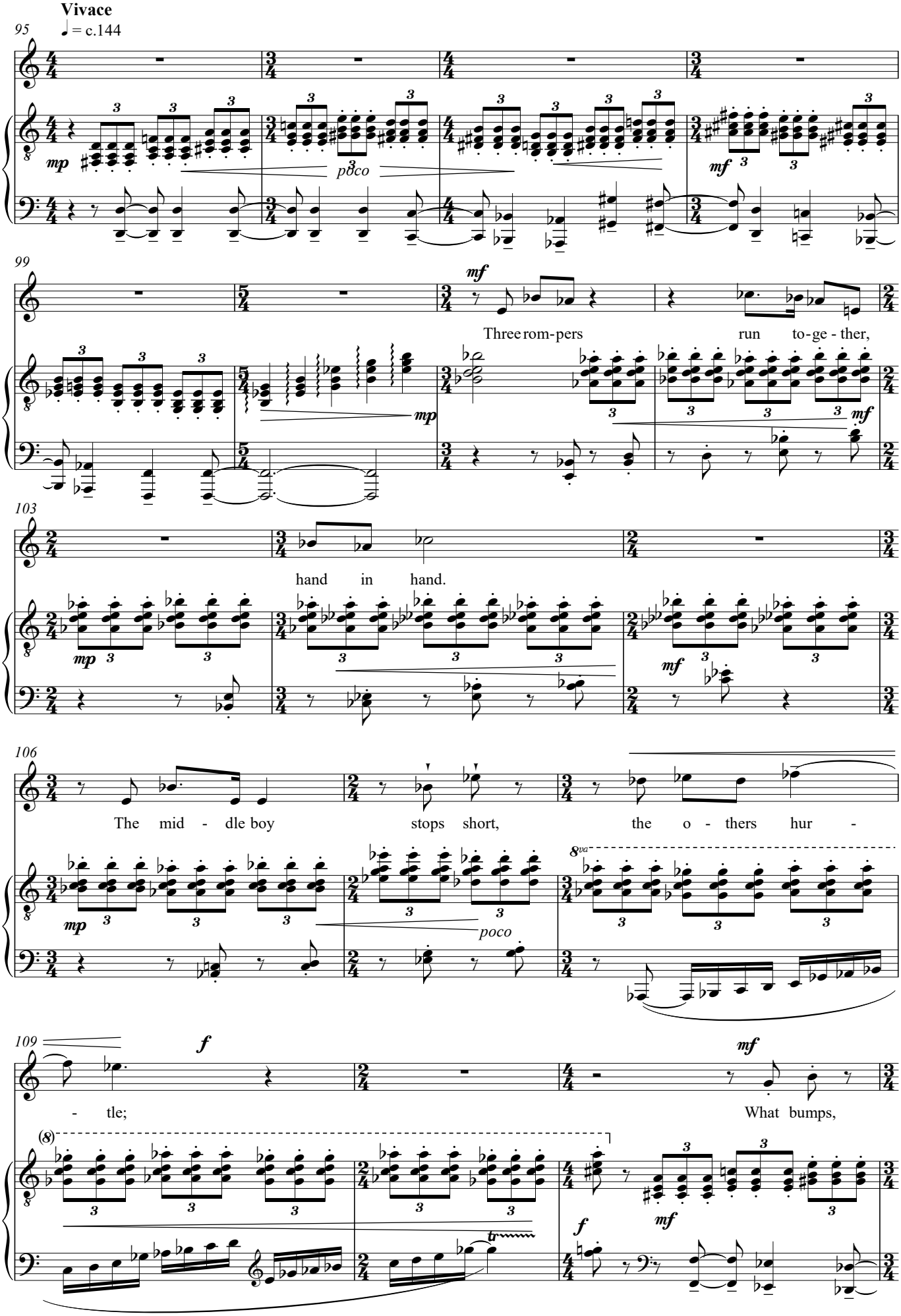

12
scy-thing through the hay;
Bees,
mf
15
sha-king the hea-vy dews from bloom and frond;
17
Boys, bur-sting the sur-face of the e-bo-ny pond.
f
19
Flash-es of swim mers car-ving through the spar-kling cold;
Ped.
21
Flesh-es, glea-ming with wet-ness to the mor-ning gold;
Ped.
sostenuto

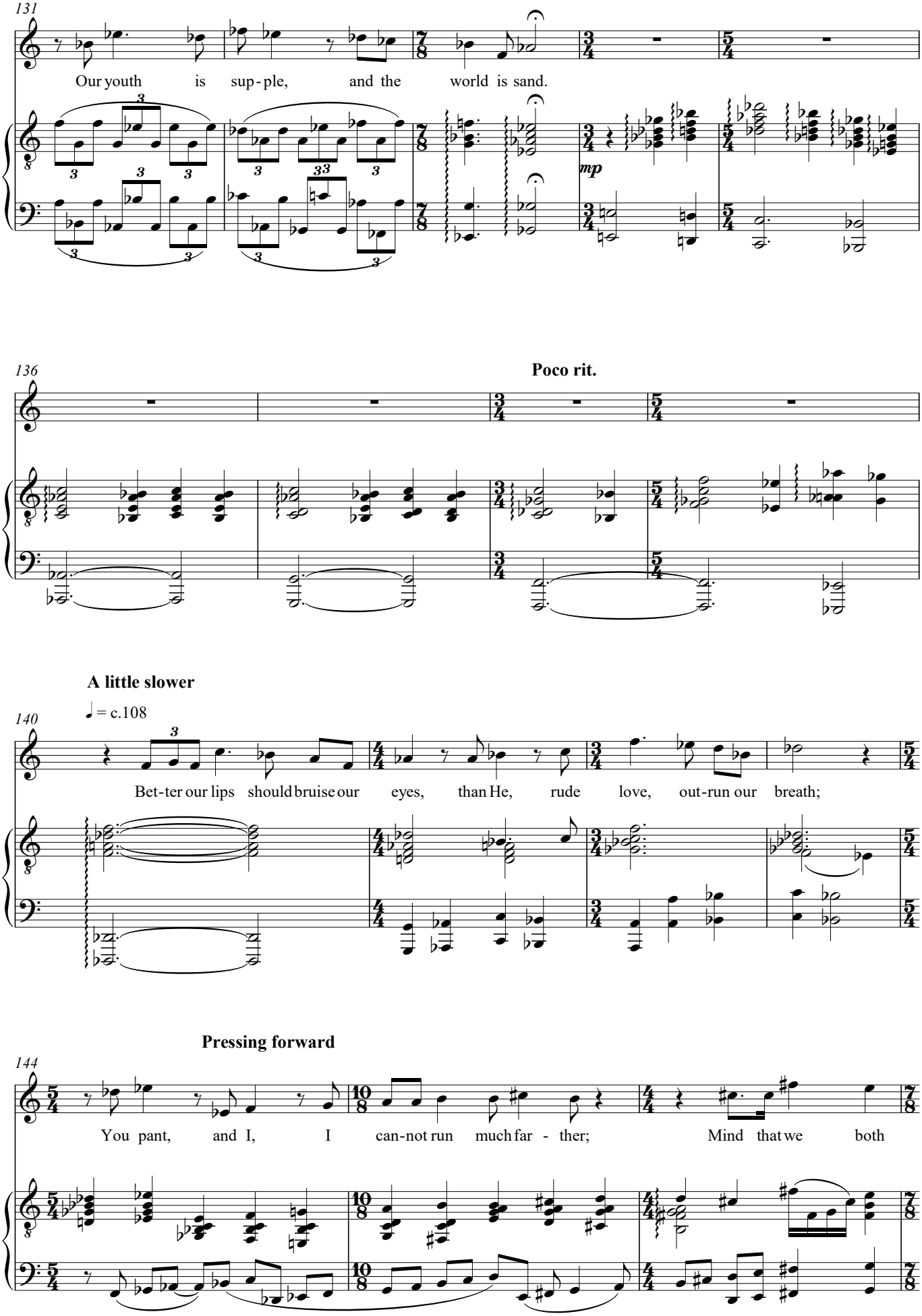


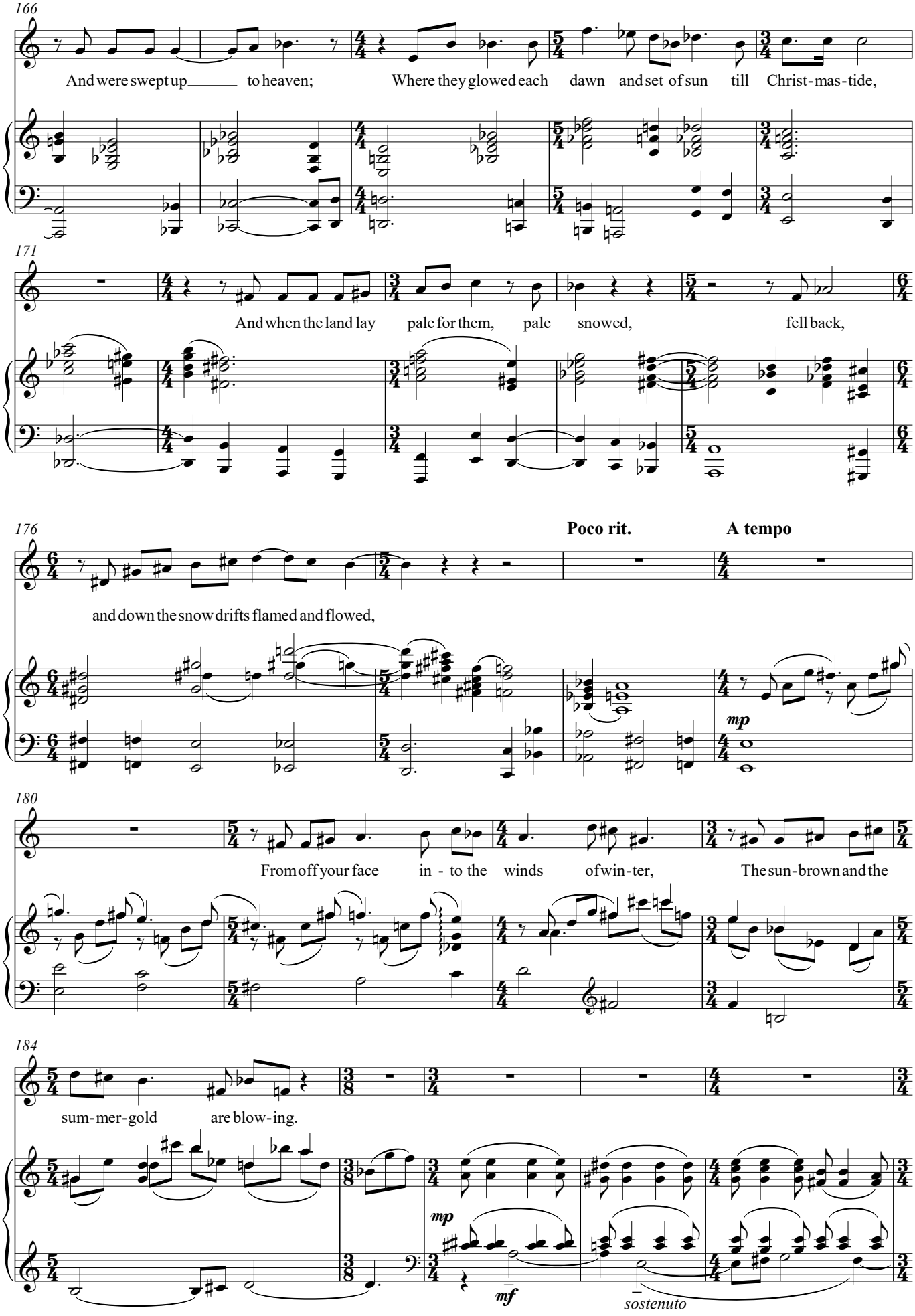
2. The One Remains



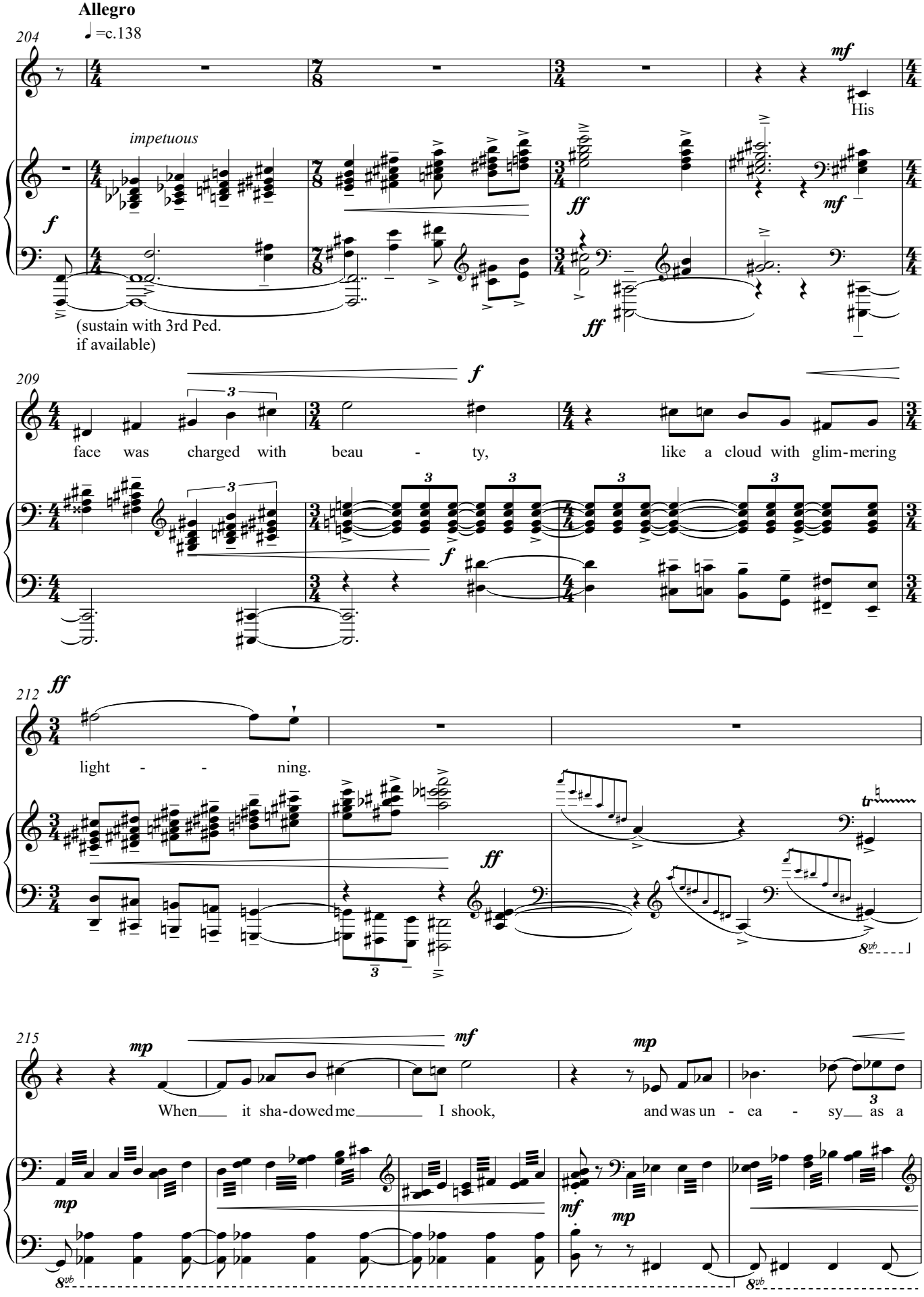
3. To ----------

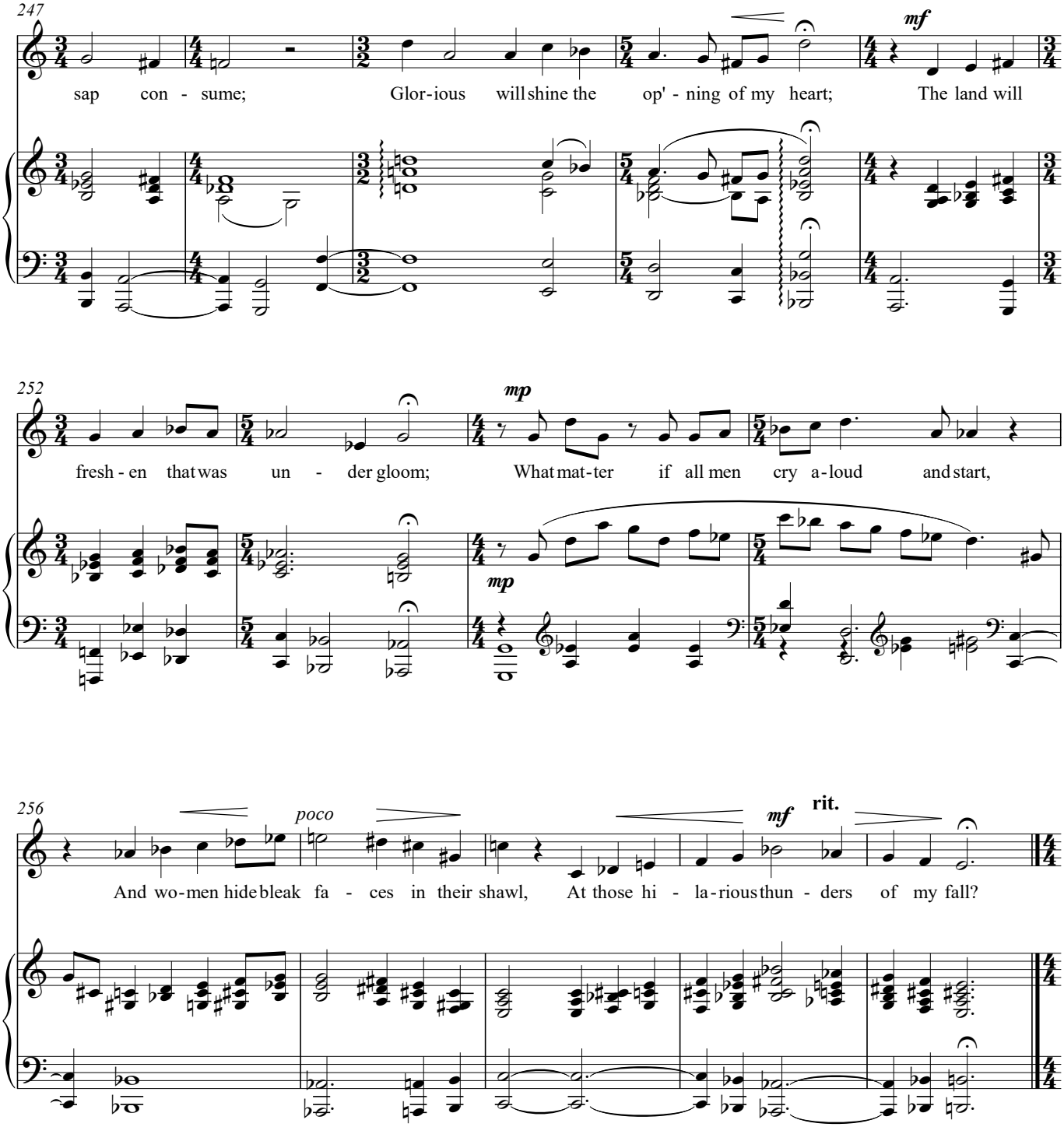

Vivace
♩= c.144
95
mp
poco
mf
99
mf
Three rom-pers run to-ge-ther,
mp
mf
103
hand in hand.
mp
mf
106
The mid - dle boy stops short, the o - thers hur -
mp
poco
8va
109
f
- tle;
mf
What bumps,
(8)
f
mf


131
Our youth is sup - ple, and the world is sand.
mp
136
Poco rit.
A little slower
140
♩ = c.108
Bet - ter our lips should bruise our eyes, than He, rude love, out - run our breath;
Pressing forward
144
You pant, and I, I can - not run much far - ther; Mind that we both

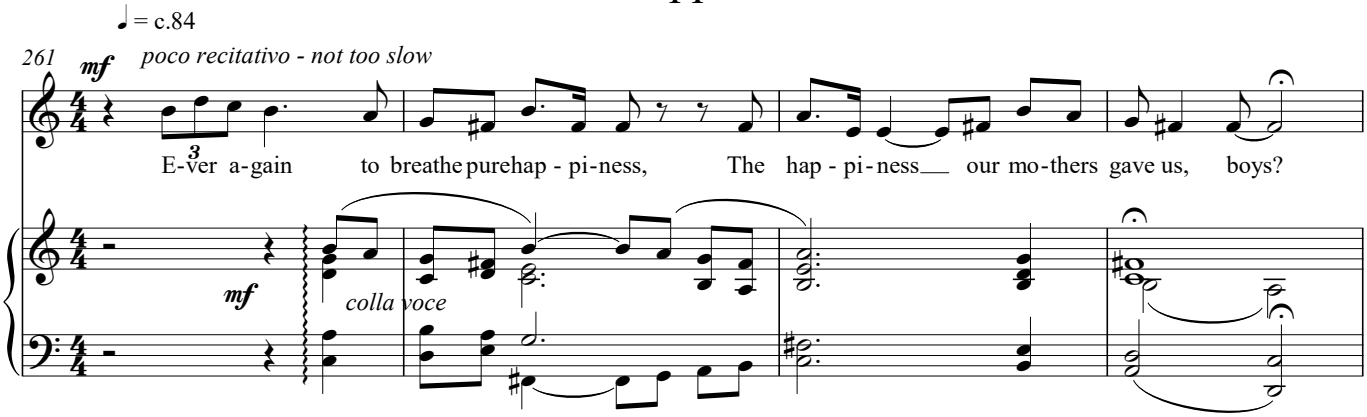

166
And were swept up to heaven; Where they glowed each dawn and set of sun till Christ-mas-tide,
171
And when the land lay pale for them, pale snowed, fell back,
176
Poco rit.
A tempo
and down the snow drifts flamed and flowed,
mp
180
From off your face in - to the winds of win-ter, The sun-brown and the
184
sum-mer-gold are blow-ing.
mp
mf
sostenuto

5. Storm


Allegro
♩=c.138
204
impetuous
(sustain with 3rd Ped.
if available)
His
209
face was charged with beau - ty, like a cloud with glim-mering
212
light - - ning.
215
When it sha-dowed me I shook, and was un - ea - sy as a


247
sap con - sume; Glor-ious will shine the op' - ning of my heart; The land will
mf
252
fresh - en that was un - der gloom; What mat-ter if all men cry a-loud and start,
mp
mp
256
poco
And wo-men hide bleak fa - ces in their shawl, At those hi - la-rious thun - ders of my fall?
mf
rit.

6. Happiness


♩ = c.84
261
mf
poco recitativo - not too slow
E-ver a-gain to breathe pure hap - pi-ness, The hap - pi-ness our mo-thers gave us, boys?
mf
colla voce

291

blue-bell bloom, and the wide arms of trees have lost their scope. The for-mer hap - pi-ness

297

is un - re - tur - ning; Boys' griefs are not so grie - vous as our year - ning;

302

Rit.

Boys have no sad-ness sad_____ der than our hope.

mp

p

7. The Send-Off

Alla marcia

♩ = c.96

307

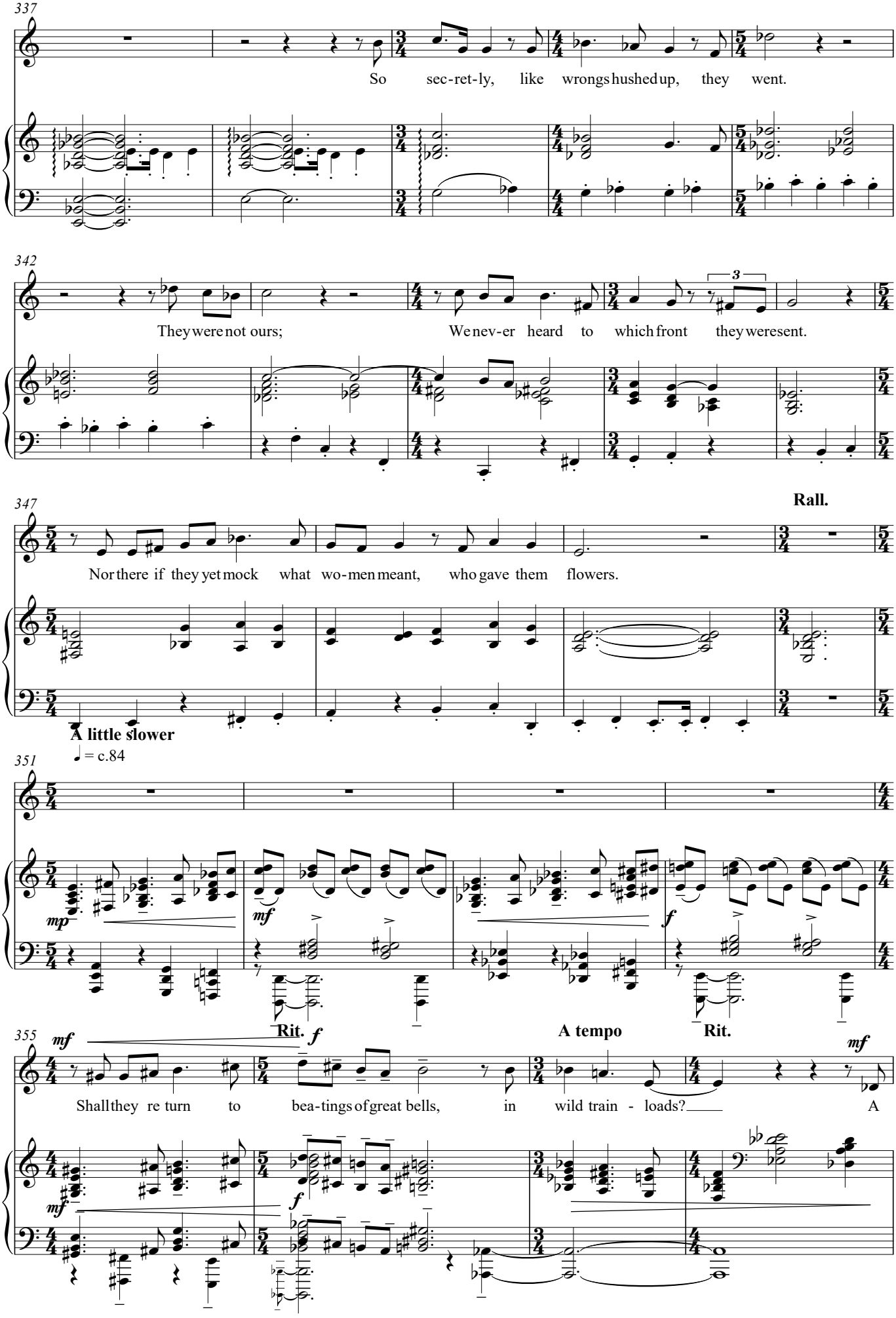
mp

Down the close, dark' - ning

p

312

lanes they sang their way to the si-ding shed, And lined the train with


337
So sec-ret-ly, like wrongs hushed up, they went.
342
They were not ours; We nev-er heard to which front they were sent.
347
Rall.
Nor there if they yet mock what wo-men meant, who gave them flowers.
A little slower
♩ = c.84
351
mp
mf
f
Rit.
A tempo
Rit.
355
mf
f
mf
Shall they re turn to bea-tings of great bells, in wild train - loads? A