Robert Frost (1874–1963):
A Boy's Will [1913; 1915]

To Randall Thompson, who brought the Spring

Frost in the Fall

1. A Line-Storm Song

Moderato  \( J = 108 \)

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

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Frost in the Fall

The roadside flow-ers, too wet for the bee, Expand their blooms in vain.

way.

Oh, Expand their blooms in vain.

way.

Come

o-ver the hills and far with me, And be my love in the rain.

o-ver the hills and far with me, And be my love in the rain.

All song of the woods is crush'd like some wild, eas-ily shat-ter'd

Oh, All song of the woods is crush'd like some wild eas-ily shat-ter'd

Oh

Oh

Oh

Oh

Oh
Frost in the Fall

Come, be my love in the wet woods; come, where the boughs rain low.

There is the gale to urge behind And bruit our singing down.

And shallow waters a flutter with wind.
From the west, and come not through dry shod? Wilding brooch shall wet your breast; the

clear to the west, and come not through dry shod? For wilding brooch shall wet your breast: The

rain-fresh gold-en - rod. Ah

rain-fresh gold-en - rod. Oh, never this whelming East wind swells,

rain-fresh gold-en - rod. Ah

rain-fresh gold-en - rod. Oh, never this whelming East wind swells, But it seems like the sea's
Frost in the Fall

[S.]

return

[A.]

To the ancient lands where it left the shells

[B.]

return

To the ancient lands where it left the shells

[A.]

Ah

And it seems like the time when, after doubt,

Our love came

fore the time of the fern;

Our love came

fore the time of the fern;

Ah

Ah

back a - main.

Ah

back a - main.

back a - main.

back again.

back a gain.

[5]

be
Frost in the Fall

Andante (\( \dot{q} = 95 \))

S.

A.

T.

B.

My love;

Ah,

My love in the rain.

My love in the rain.

My love in the rain.

My love in the rain.

Andante (\( \dot{q} = 95 \))

S.  

A.  

T.  

B.  

In the rain.

love in the rain.

love in the rain.

love in the rain.

Rain.

In the rain.

love in the rain.

In the rain.
Frost in the Fall

2. October

Largo ($= 48$)

Wind.

O hush'd October morning mild,
Leaves have rip'en'd to the fall;

Ah.

O hush'd October morning mild,
Thy leaves have rip'en'd to the fall;

To-morrow's wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them

Ah.

To-morrow's wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them

Wind.

The crows above the forest call;
To-morrow

Crows above the forest call;
To-morrow

Crows, crows...
call;
To-morrow

Cah; cah; cah; cah.
To-morrow
Frost in the Fall

Adagio \( \dot{=} 58 \)

109

S.
\[ \text{they may form and go.} \]
\[ \text{Ah.} \]
\[ \text{Be.} \]

A.
\[ \text{they may form and go.} \]
\[ \text{O hush'd Oc-to-ber morn-ing mild.} \]
\[ \text{Be.} \]

T.
\[ \text{they may form and go.} \]
\[ \text{O hush'd Oc-to-ber morn-ing mild.} \]
\[ \text{Be.} \]

B.
\[ \text{they may form and go.} \]
\[ \text{Ah.} \]
\[ \text{Be.} \]

113

S.
\[ \text{gin the hours of this day slow.} \]
\[ \text{Make the day seem to us less brief.} \]

A.
\[ \text{gin the hours of this day slow.} \]
\[ \text{Make the day seem to us less brief.} \]

T.
\[ \text{gin the hours of this day slow.} \]
\[ \text{Hearts not a-} \]

B.
\[ \text{gin the hours of this day slow.} \]
\[ \text{Hearts not a-} \]

117

S.
\[ \text{Be-} \]
\[ \text{guile us in the way you know:} \]
\[ \text{Re-} \]

A.
\[ \text{Be-} \]
\[ \text{guile us in the way you know:} \]
\[ \text{Re-} \]

T.
\[ \text{verse to be-ing be-guil'd,} \]
\[ \text{Be-} \]
\[ \text{guile us in the way you know:} \]
\[ \text{Re-} \]

B.
\[ \text{verse to be-ing be-guil'd,} \]
\[ \text{Be-} \]
\[ \text{guile us in the way you know:} \]
\[ \text{Re-} \]
Frost in the Fall

One from our trees, 

lease one leaf at break of day; At noon re-lease an-oth-er leaf; Ah _____

One far a-way; one far a-way; Re-tard the

Ah _____

Ah _____

Ah Re-tard the

sun with gen-tle mist; En-chant the land with am-e-thyst.

sun with gen-tle mist; En-chant the land with am-e-thyst.

sun with gen-tle mist; En-chant the land with am-e-thyst.

sun with gen-tle mist; En-chant the land with am-e-thyst.
Frost in the Fall

Largo (\( \frac{j}{= 50} \))

133

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{S.} \\
\text{A.} \\
\text{T.} \\
\text{B.}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{Slow,} \\
\text{Slow,} \\
\text{Slow,} \\
\text{Slow,}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{For the grapes’ sake, if they were all,} \\
\text{Whose} \\
\text{Whose} \\
\text{Whose}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{leaves already are burnt with frost,} \\
\text{leaves already are burnt with frost,} \\
\text{leaves already are burnt with frost,} \\
\text{...leaves already are burnt with frost,}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{...cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must be}
\end{array} \)  

139

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{Whose cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{Whose cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{Whose cluster’d fruit must be} \\
\text{Whose cluster’d fruit must be}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{...cluster’d fruit must else be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must else be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must else be} \\
\text{...cluster’d fruit must else be}
\end{array} \)  

142

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{lost,} \\
\text{lost,} \\
\text{lost,} \\
\text{lost,}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{...grapes’ sake, along the wall.} \\
\text{...grapes’ sake, along the wall.} \\
\text{...grapes’ sake, along the wall.} \\
\text{...grapes’ sake, along the wall.}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{S.} \\
\text{A.} \\
\text{T.} \\
\text{B.}
\end{array} \)  

\( \begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{p} \\
\text{p} \\
\text{p}
\end{array} \)
Frost in the Fall

3. Reluctance

Out through the fields and the woods
And over the walls I have wended;

I have climb'd, the hills of view
And look'd at the world, and descend'd;

I have come by the high-way home,
And lo, it is ended.
Frost in the Fall

In 2; same beat (\( \bullet = 72 \))

The leaves are all dead on the ground,

Save those that the oak is keeping.

Let them go scraping and creeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still.

Ah

Ah
Frost in the Fall

S. 191

No longer blown hi-ther and thi-ther;

The last lone as-ter is gone;

The leaves are all dead.

A. 199

No longer blown hi-ther and thi-ther;

The last lone as-ter is gone;

The leaves are all dead.

T. 207

flow-ers of witch-haz-el with-er;

Flow-ers of witch-haz-el with-er;

And the dead leaves lie hud-dled and still.

B. 199

Sleep-ing.

The leaves are all dead.

Sleep-ing.

The leaves are all dead.

And the dead leaves lie hud-dled and still.
Frost in the Fall

215

S.

heart is still aching to seek,

A.

heart is still aching to seek,

T.

Still.

B.

Still.

222

(divisi)

S.

Ah__ Ah, when to the heart of man__ Ah

Ah__ Ah, when to the heart of man__ Ah

A.

Was it ever less than a treason

T.

Ah, when to the heart of man Was it ever less than a treason

B.

Was it ever less than a treason

229

S.

To go with the drift of things,

A.

son To go with the drift of things, yield with a grace to reason, Ah.

T.

To go with the drift of things, To yield with a grace to reason, And bow__

B.

son To go with the drift of things, yield with a grace to reason, And bow__
Three poems from *A Boy’s Will* [1913; 1915] by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

**A Line-storm Song**

THE line-storm clouds fly tattered and swift,
The road is forlorn all day,
Where a myriad snowy quartz stones lift,
And the hoof-prints vanish away.
The roadside flowers, too wet for the bee,
Expend their bloom in vain.
Come over the hills and far with me,
And be my love in the rain.

*The birds have less to say for themselves
In the wood-world’s torn despair
Than now these numberless years the elves,
Although they are no less there:*
All song of the woods is crushed like some
Wild, easily shattered rose.
Come, be my love in the wet woods; come,
Where the boughs rain when it blows.
There is the gale to urge behind
And bruft our singing down,
And the shallow waters aflutter with wind
From which to gather your gown.
What matter if we go clear to the west,
And come not through dry-shod?
For wilding brooch shall wet your breast:
The rain-fresh goldenrod.
Oh, never this whelming east wind swells
But it seems like the sea’s return
To the ancient lands where it left the shells
Before the age of the fern;
And it seems like the time when after doubt
Our love came back amain.
Oh, come forth into the storm and rout
And be my love in the rain.

[*lines omitted from this setting*]

**October**

O HUSHED October morning mild,
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;
To-morrow’s wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them all.
The crows above the forest call;
To-morrow they may form and go.
O hushed October morning mild,