

# Wedding cantata:

## 4. A Faery Song

A

Peter Bird

W. B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Adagio (♩ = 72)

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

PIANO

*pp*

We who are old,

*mp*

*Ped.*

7

S.

A.

T.

B.

PNO.

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

old and gray, O so old! Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

old and gray, O so old! Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

old and gray, O so old! Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

old and gray, O so old! Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of

*mf*

*Ped.*

## Wedding cantata: 4. A Faery Song

**B**

14

S. *mf* years, if all were told. *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the world,

A. *mf* years, if all were told. *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the world,

T. *mf* years, if all, all were told. *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the world,

B. *mf* years, if all were told. *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the world,

PNO. *f* *mf*

**B**

23

S. *mf* Si - lence and love; and the long, dew-drop-ping hours of the

A. *mf* Si - lence and love; and the long, dew-drop-ping hours of the

T. *mf* Si - lence and love; and the long, dew-drop-ping hours of the

B. *mf* Si - lence and love; and the long, dew-drop-ping hours of the

PNO. *mf* Ped. Ped. Ped.

# Wedding cantata: 4. A Faery Song

3

31

**C**

S. *p* night, and the stars a - bove: *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the *mp*

A. *p* night, the stars a - bove: *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the *mp*

T. *p* night, the stars a - bove: *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the *mp*

B. *p* night, and the stars a - bove: *mp* Give to these chil - dren, new from the *mp*

PNO. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

39

S. *mf* world, Rest far from men. Is an - y - thing bet -

A. *mf* world, Rest far from men. Is an - y - thing bet -

T. *mf* world, Rest far from men. Is an - y - thing bet -

B. *mf* world, Rest far from men. Is an - y - thing bet -

PNO. *Red.* *Red.*

## Wedding cantata: 4. A Faery Song

47

S. *p* *mp* *mp*  
 ter? Is an - y-thing bet- ter? Tell it us then: Us who are

A. *p* *mp* *mp*  
 ter? Is an - y-thing bet- ter? Tell it us then: Us who are

T. *p* *mp* *mp*  
 ter? Is an - y-thing bet- ter? Tell it us then: Us who are

B. *p* *mp* *mp*  
 ter? Is an - y-thing bet- ter? Tell us then: Us who are

PNO. *mp*  
*Red.*

**D**

55

S. *p*  
 old, old and gray, O so old!

A. *p*  
 old, old and gray, O so old!

T. *p*  
 old, old and gray, O so old!

B. *p*  
 old, old and gray, O so old!

PNO.  
*Red.*

# Wedding cantata: 4. A Faery Song

5

60

S. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*  
 Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of years, if all were told.

A. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*  
 Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of years, if all were told.

T. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*  
 8 Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of years, if all, all were told.

B. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*  
 Thou-sands of years, thou-sands of years, if all were told.

PNO. *mf*  
 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

## Wedding Cantata

### 1. Marriage Morning

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892

Light, so low upon earth,  
You send a flash to the sun.  
Here is the golden close of love;  
All my wooing is done.  
Oh, all the woods and the meadows:  
Woods where we hid from the wet,  
Stiles where we stayed to be kind,  
Meadows in which we met!  
Light, so low in the vale,  
You flash and lighten afar,  
For this is the golden morning of love  
And you are his morning star.  
Flash, I am ready; I start  
By meadow and stile and wood.  
Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
Into my heart and my blood!  
Heart, are you great enough  
For a love that never tires?  
O heart, are you great enough for love?  
(I have heard of thorns and briers.)  
Over the thorns and briers,  
Over the meadows and stiles,  
Over the world to the end of it;  
Flash of a million miles.

### 2. It's all I have to bring today

Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

It's all I have to bring today—  
This, and my heart beside—  
This, and my heart, and all the fields—  
And all the meadows wide—  
Be sure you count—should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell—  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

### 3. The Privileged Lovers

Rumi, 1207-1273

The moon is now a dancer  
at this festival of love;  
This dance of light,  
This sacred blessing.  
Divine love beckons us  
to a world arising new  
for these lovers with their  
eyes of fiery passion.  
Chosen ones who  
have surrendered!  
Once only a light;  
now they are sunbeams reunited!  
They have left behind  
the world of foolish games.  
Divine love beckons us  
to a world arising new  
for these lovers with their  
eyes of fiery passion!

### 4. A Faery Song

William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939

WE who are old, old and gray,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told:  
Give to these children, new from the world,  
Silence and love;  
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,  
And the stars above:  
Give to these children, new from the world,  
Rest far from men.  
Is anything better, anything better?  
Tell us it then:  
Us who are old, old and gray,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told.

To Jean, my lovely wife since 1972

# Wedding cantata:

## 4. A Faery Song

W. B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Peter Bird

Adagio (♩ = 72)

mp

Ped.

5

A

mf

Ped.

10

f

Ped.

19

B

mf

Ped.

26

Ped.

Wedding cantata: 4. A Faery Song

2

34 C

Ped. \_\_\_\_\_

41

Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_

47

Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_

54 D

*mp*

Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_

59

*mf*

Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_ Ped. \_\_\_\_\_