To
V. A. B. K.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

Six Songs

from

"A Shropshire Lad"

(A. E. Housman)

NET 9/-

AUGENER Ltd.
18 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
LONDON, W.1

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B788

CYCLE OF SONGS

FROM

"A SHROPSHIRE LAD."*

I.

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

II.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty,
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

III.

LOOK NOT IN MY EYES

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in spring-time flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

---

* *Words printed by kind permission of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.*

IV.

THINK NO MORE, LAD

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

V.

THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell,
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

VI.

IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

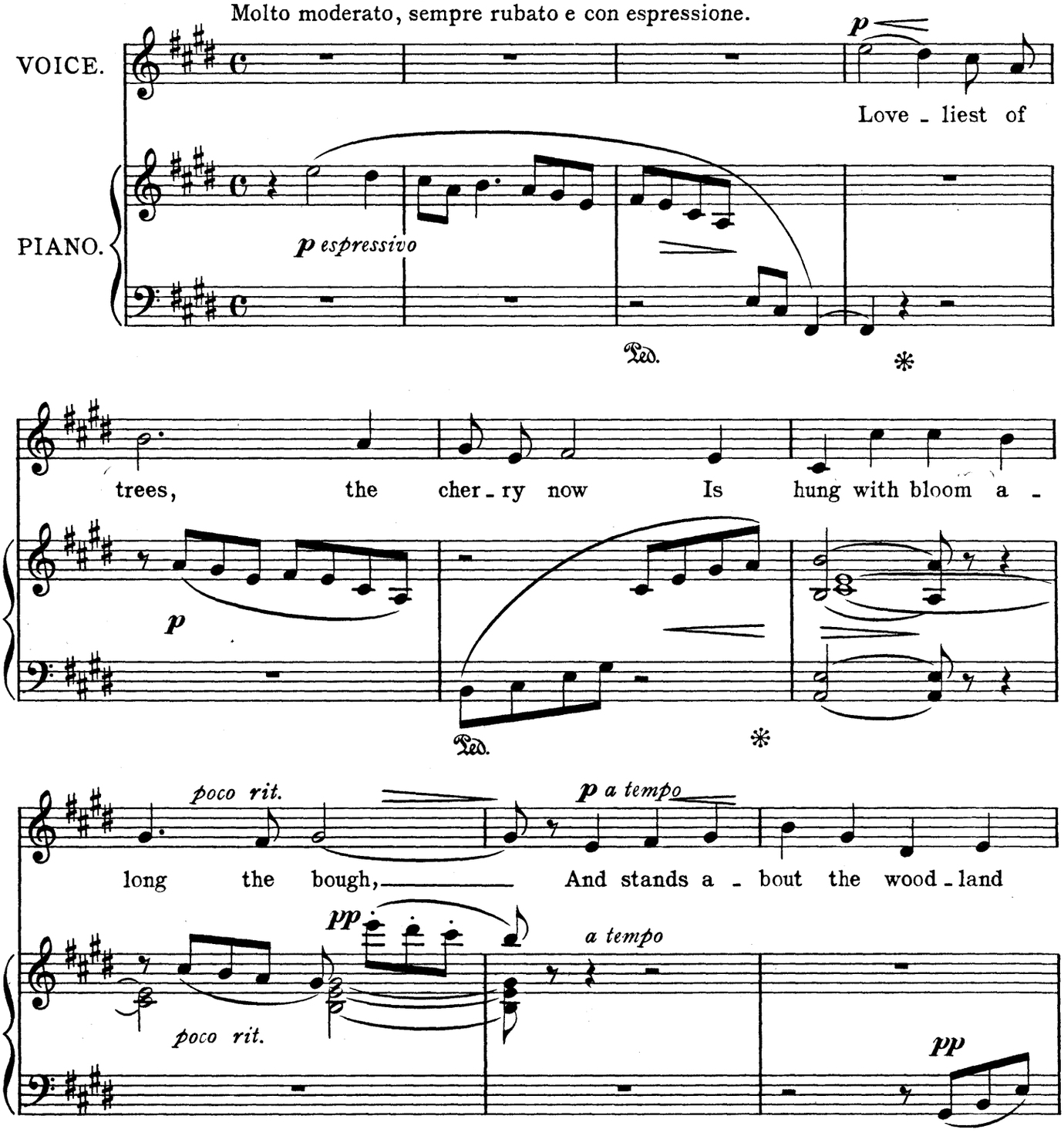
Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

I.

LOVELIEST OF TREES.

George Butterworth.

Molto moderato, sempre rubato e con espressione.



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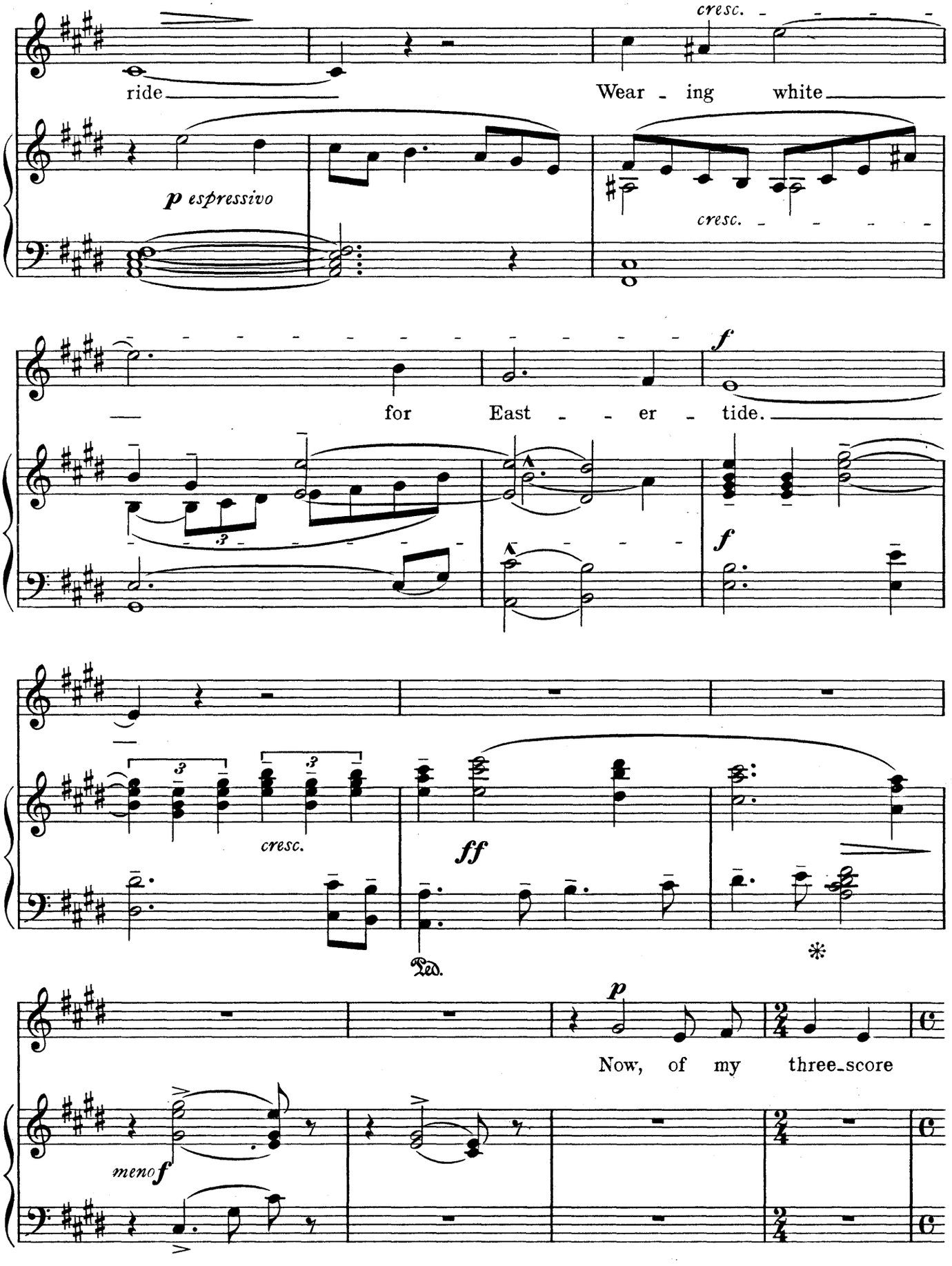
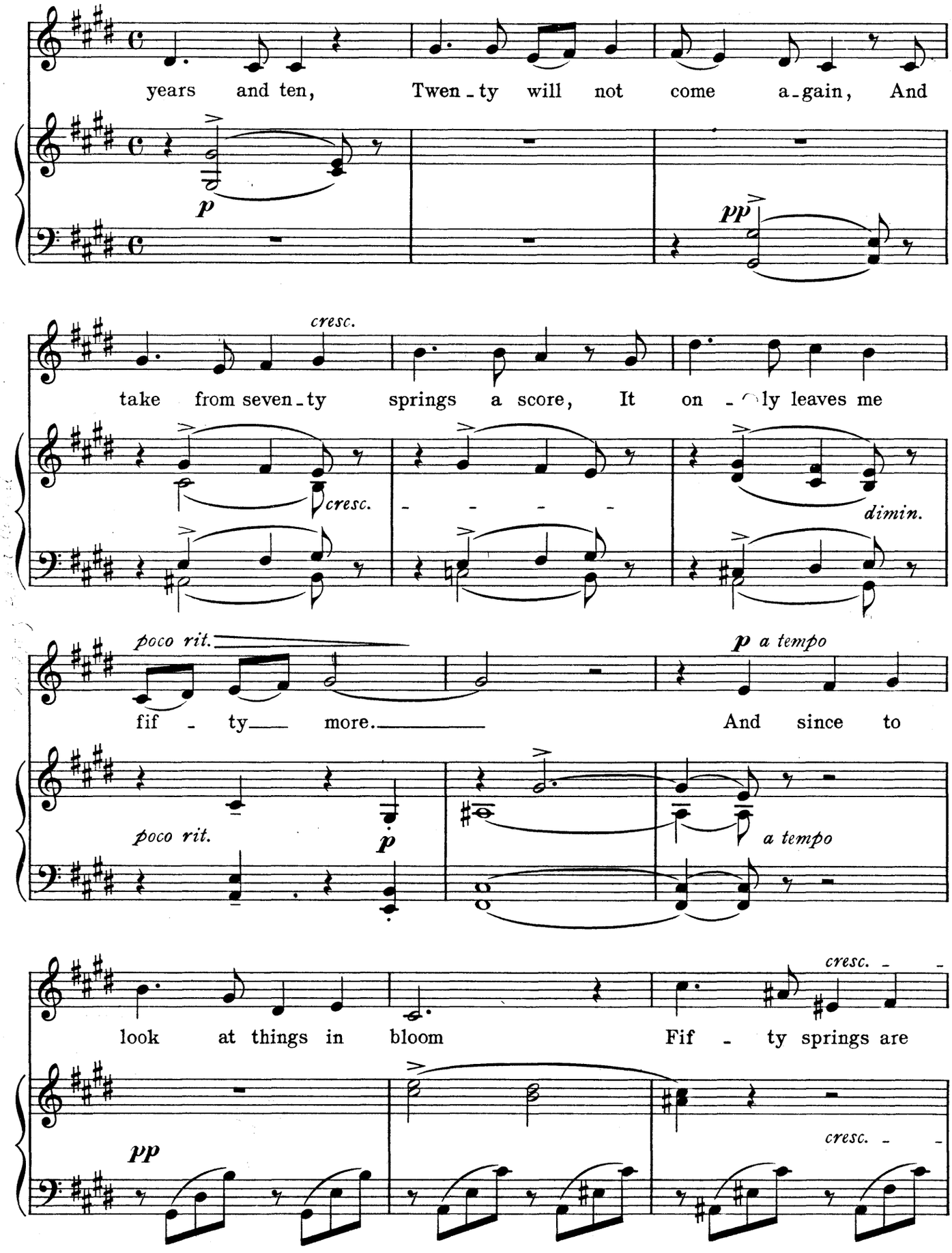
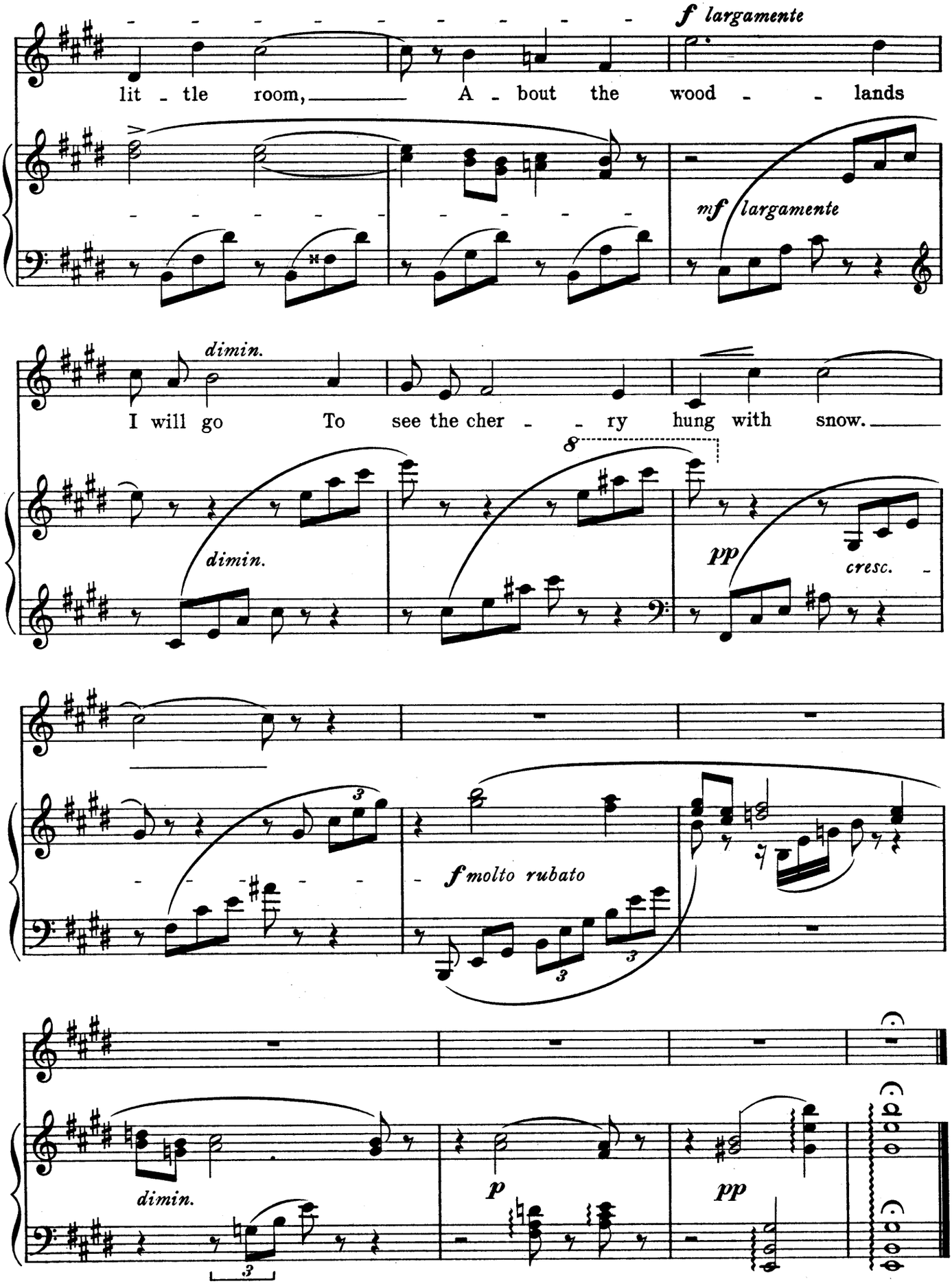

cresc.
ride
Wear - ing white
p espressivo
cresc.
for East - - er - tide.
f
f
cresc.
ff
Ped.
*
p
Now, of my three-score
meno f


years and ten, Twen - ty will not come a - gain, And
p
pp
take from seven - ty springs a score, It on - ly leaves me
cresc.
cresc.
dimin.
poco rit.
fif - ty more.
p a tempo
And since to
poco rit.
p
a tempo
look at things in bloom
Fif - ty springs are
cresc.
pp
cresc.


f largamente
lit - tle room, A - bout the wood - - lands
mf largamente
dimin.
I will go To see the cher - - ry hung with snow.
dimin.
pp
cresc.
f molto rubato
dimin.
p
pp

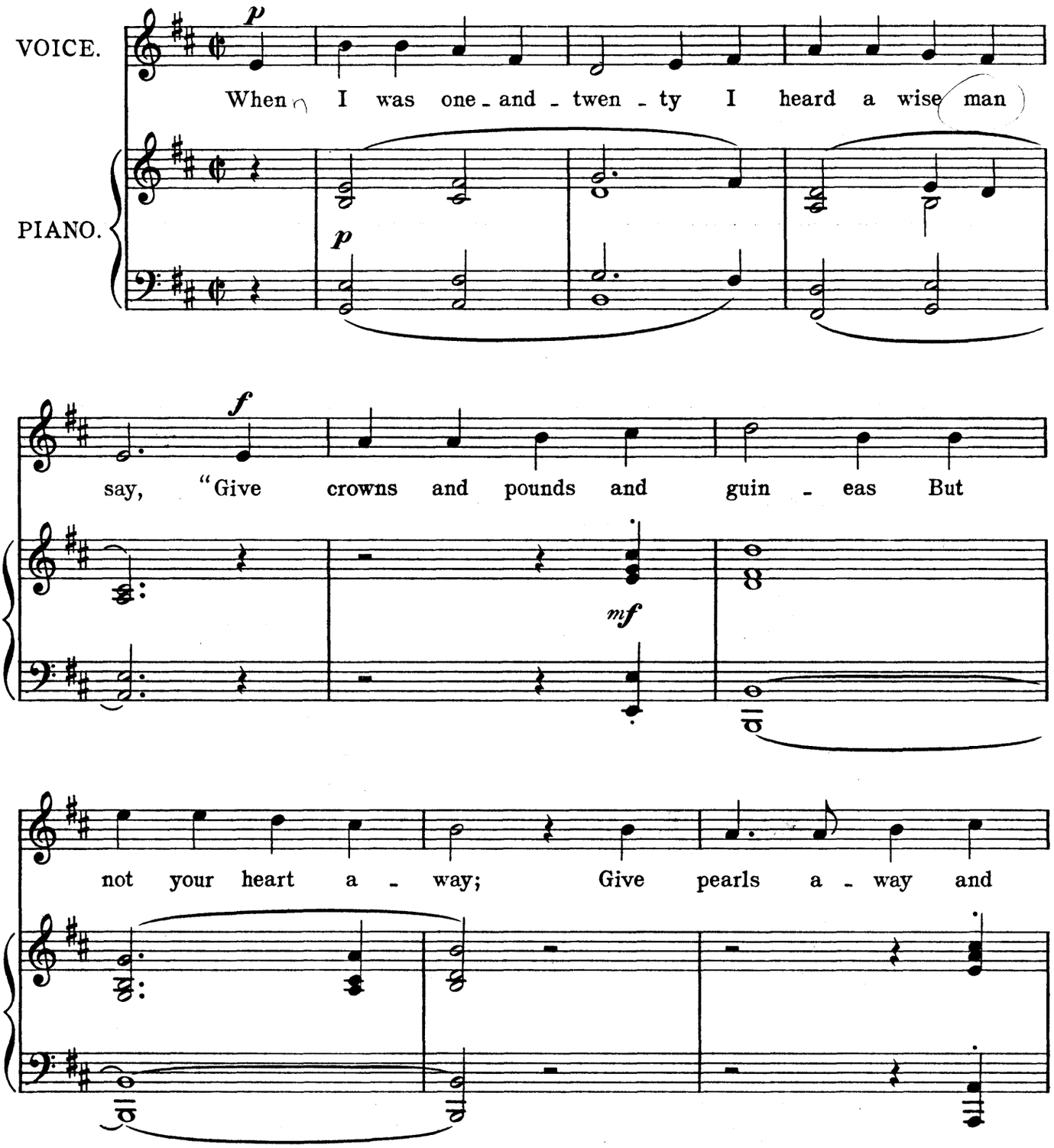
II.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY.

(TUNE TRADITIONAL.)

Vivace non troppo.

George Butterworth.



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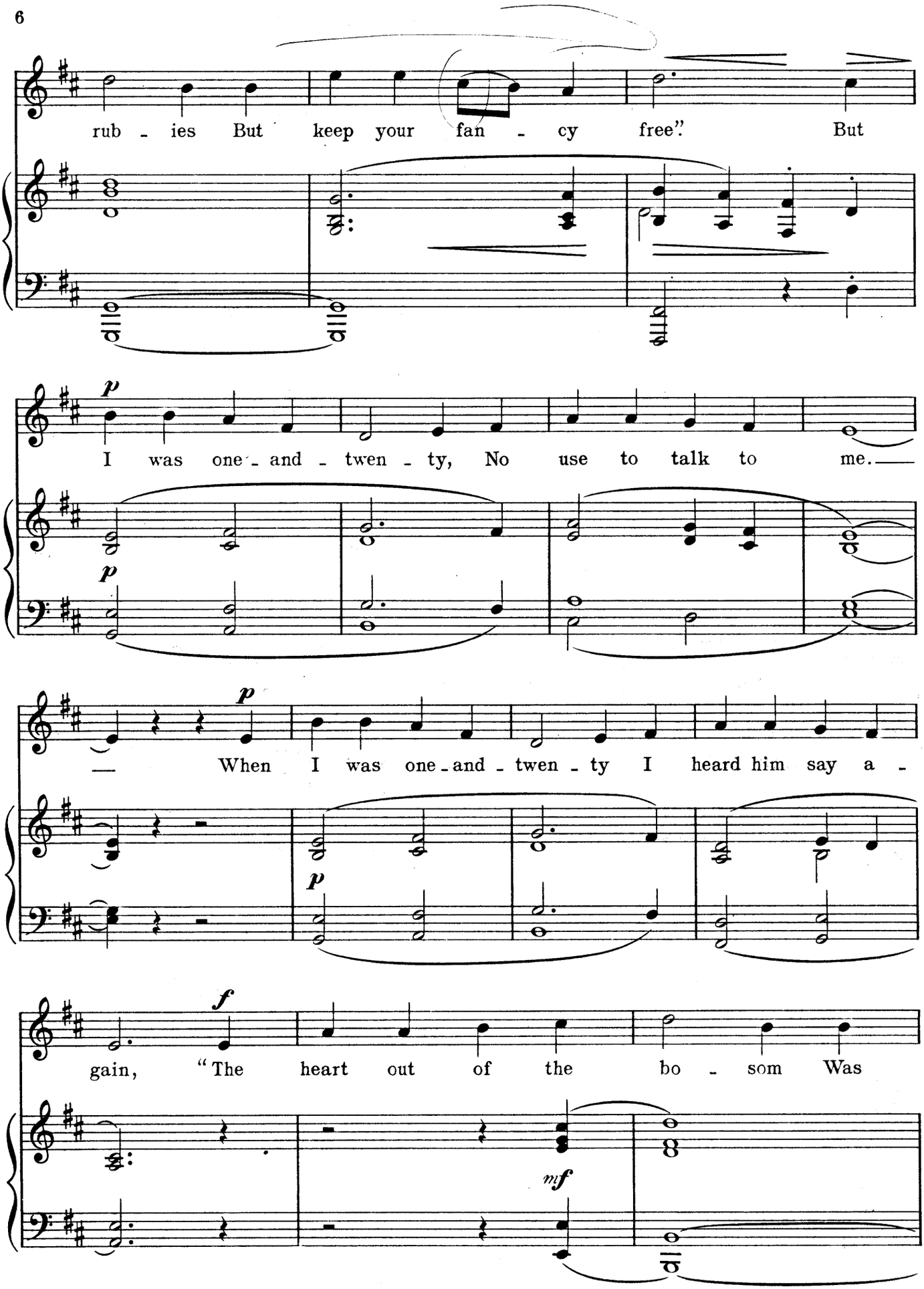
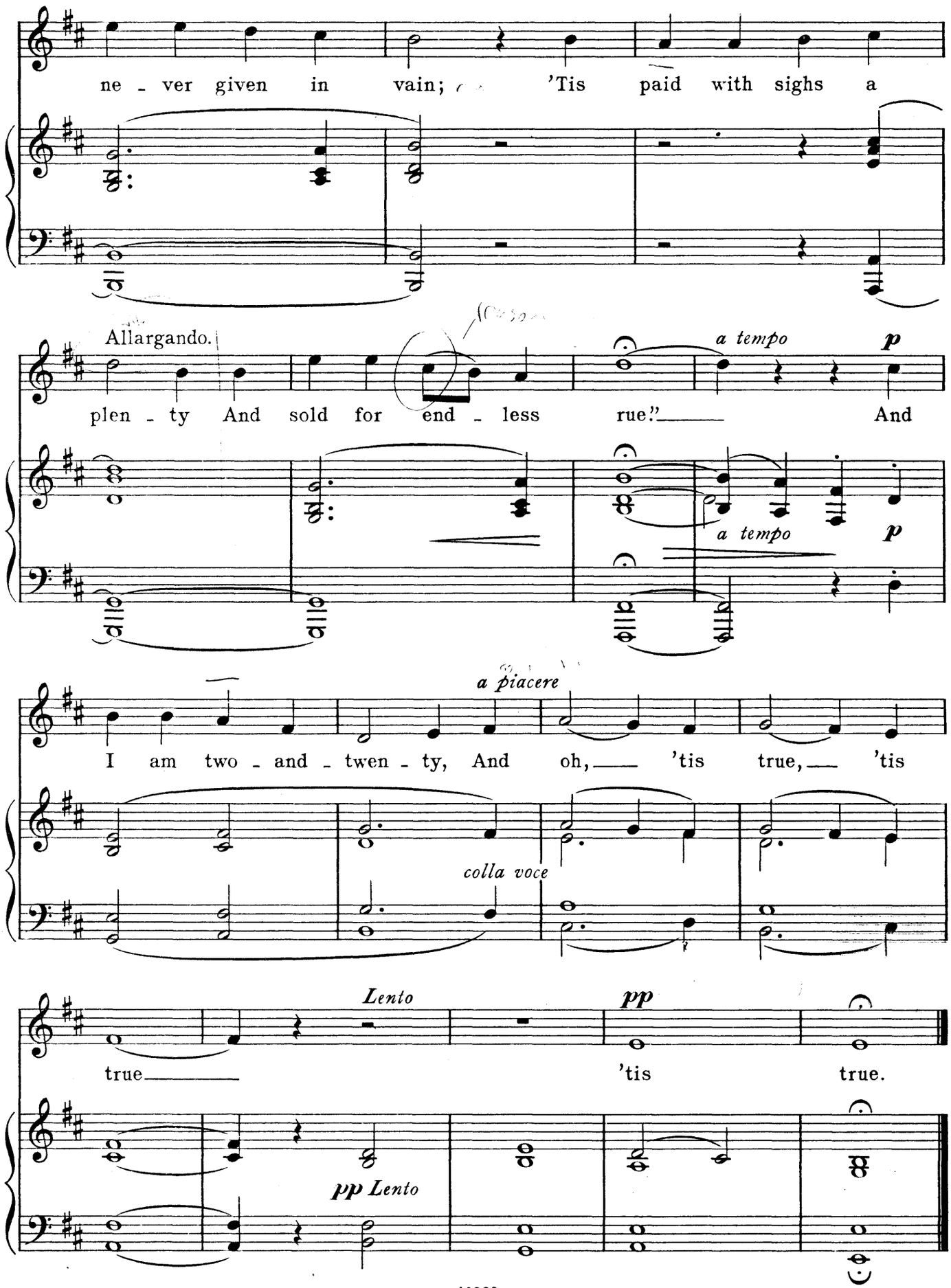
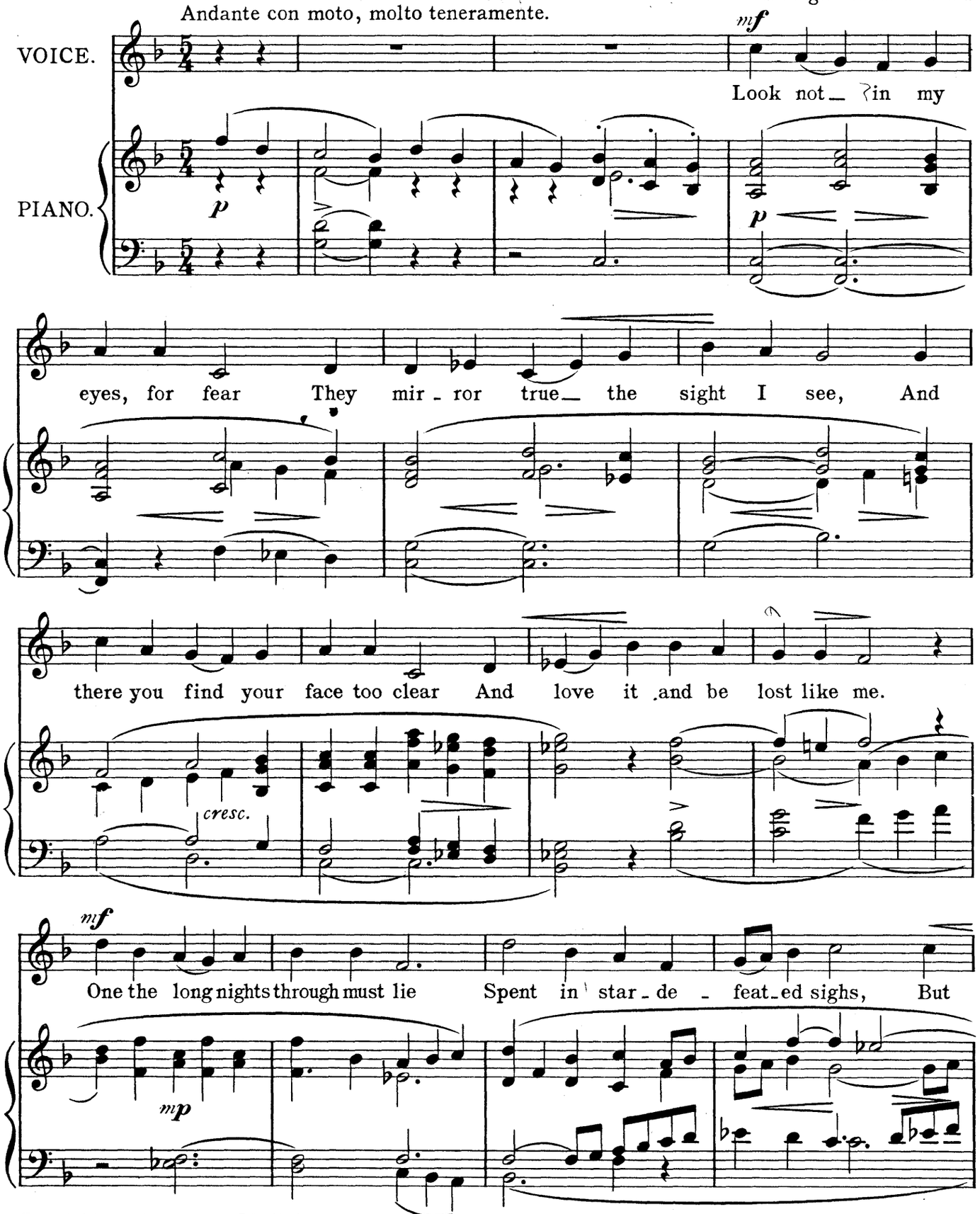

rub - ies But keep your fan - cy free". But
p
I was one - and - twen - ty, No use to talk to me.
p
p
— When I was one - and - twen - ty I heard him say a -
f
gain, "The heart out of the bo - som Was
mf


ne - ver given in vain; 'Tis paid with sighs a
Allargando.
plen - ty And sold for end - less rue?" And
a tempo
p
a tempo
p
a piacere
I am two - and - twen - ty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis
colla voce
Lento
pp
true 'tis true.
pp Lento

III.

LOOK NOT IN MY EYES.

George Butterworth.



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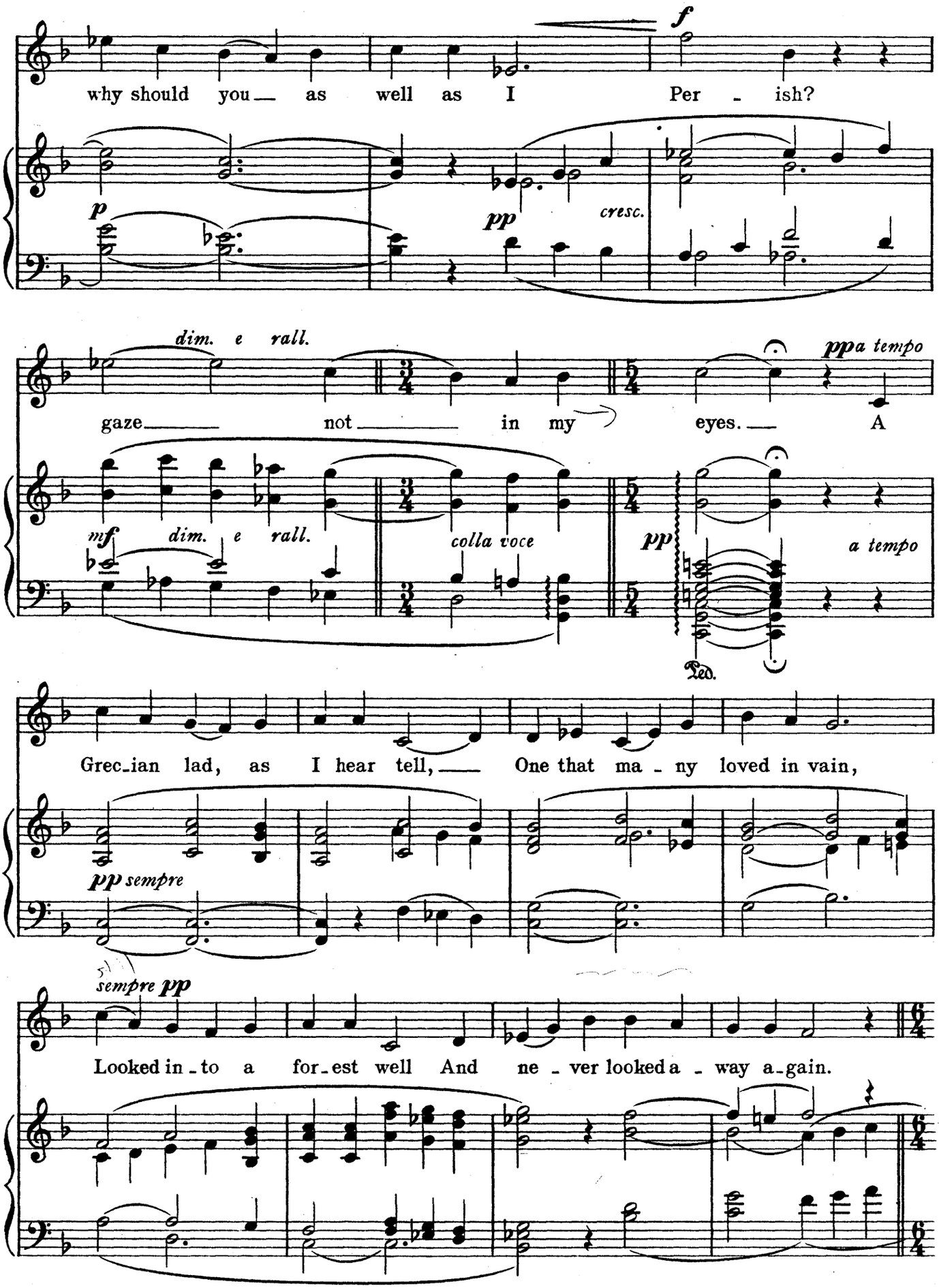
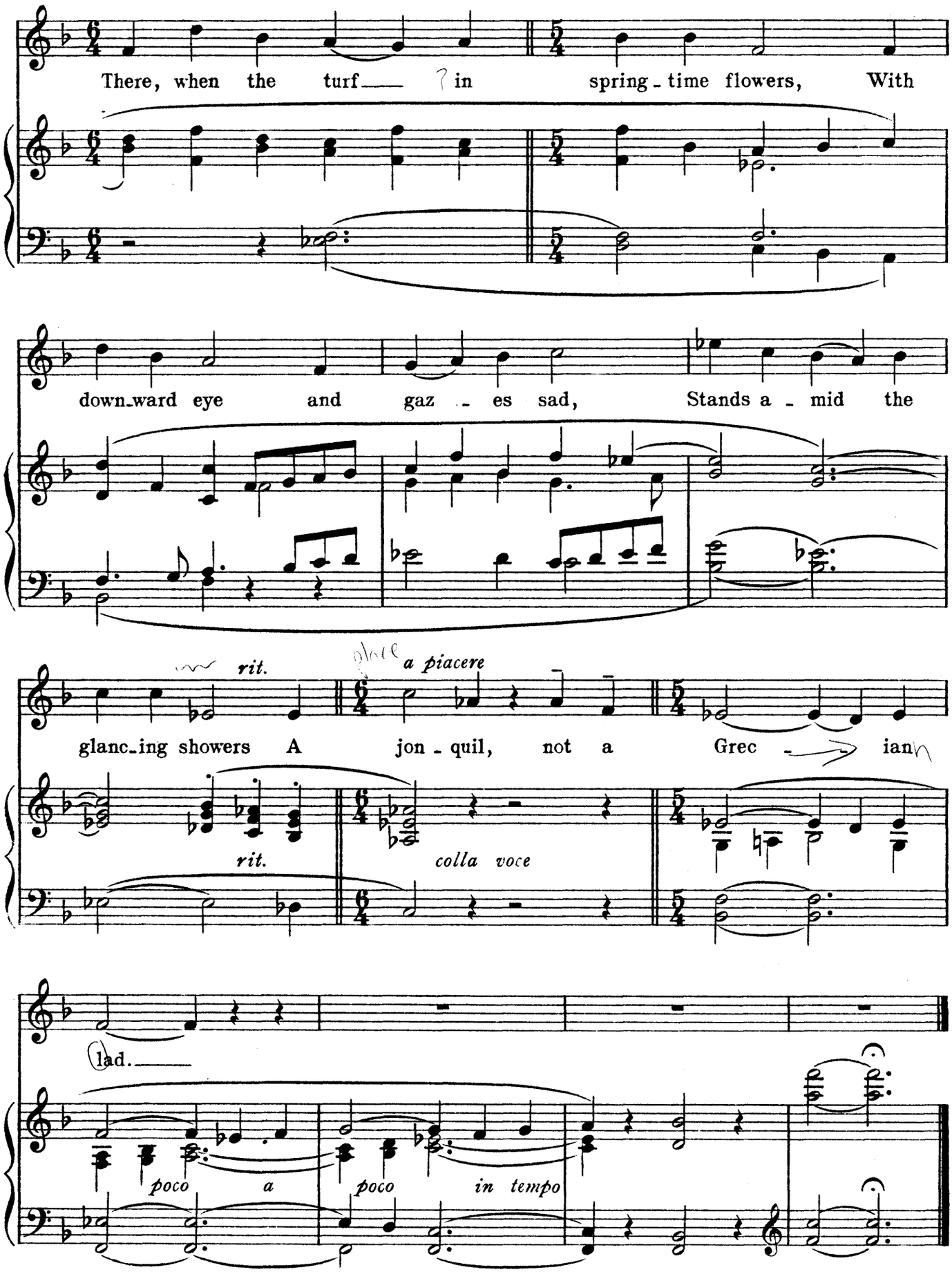
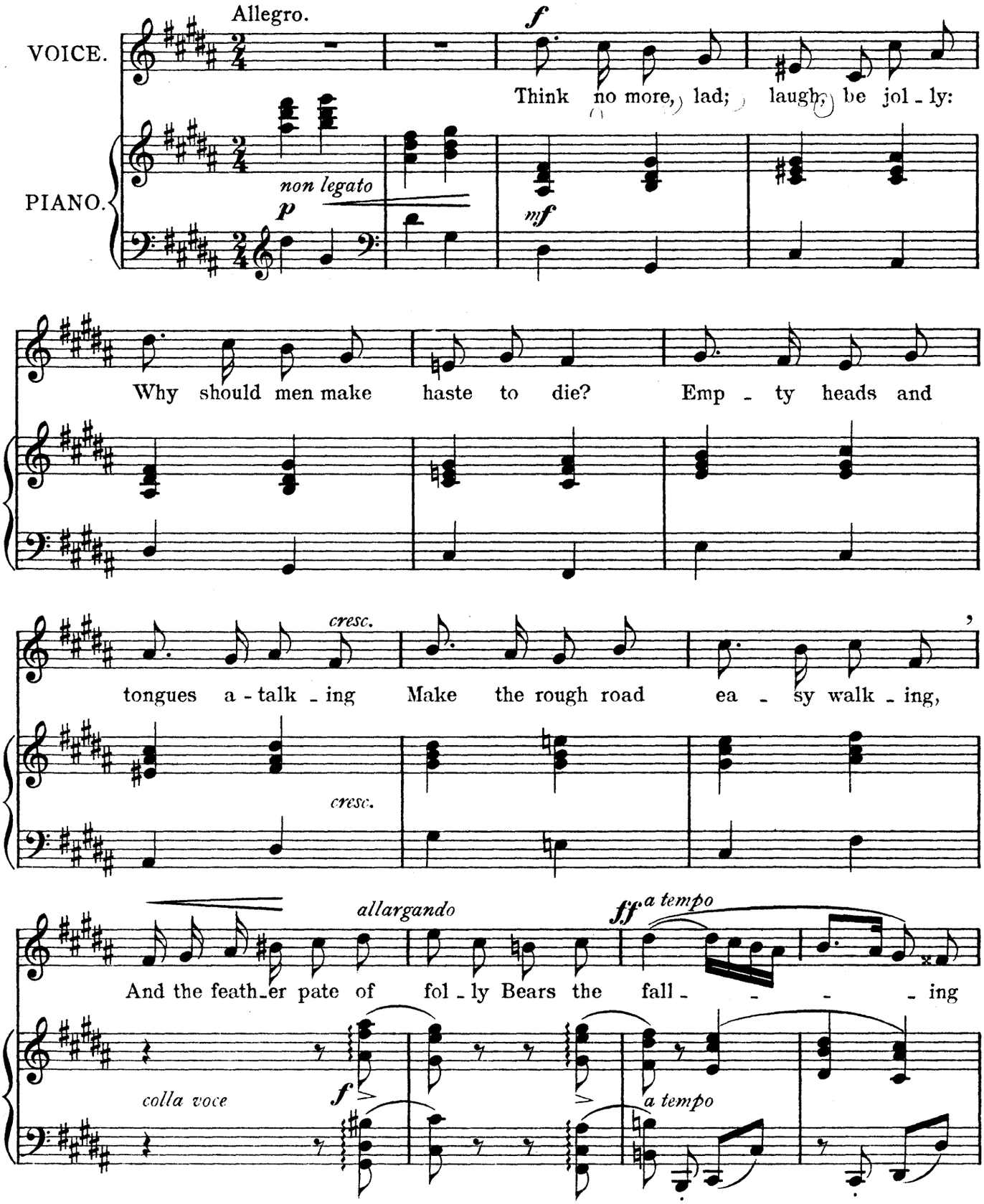

f
why should you as well as I Per - ish?
p
pp
cresc.
dim. e rall.
gaze not in my eyes. A
ppa tempo
mf
dim. e rall.
colla voce
pp
a tempo
Ped.
Grec-ian lad, as I hear tell, One that ma - ny loved in vain,
pp sempre
sempre pp
Looked in-to a for-est well And ne - ver looked a - way a-gain.


There, when the turf in spring-time flowers, With
down-ward eye and gaz-es sad, Stands a-mid the
rit.
a piacere
glanc-ing showers A jon-quil, not a Grec-ian
rit.
colla voce
lad.
poco a poco
in tempo

IV.
THINK NO MORE, LAD.

George Butterworth.



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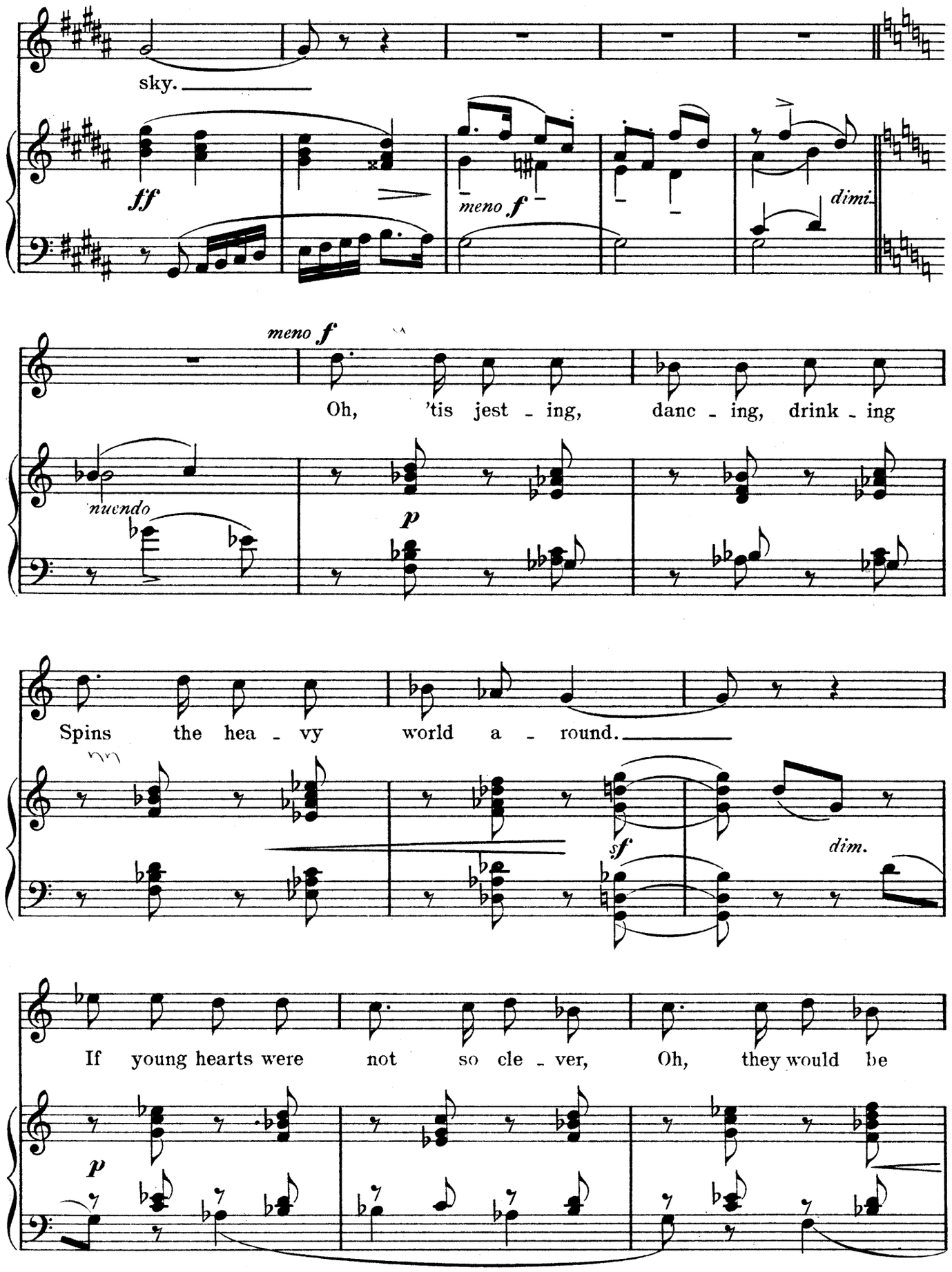
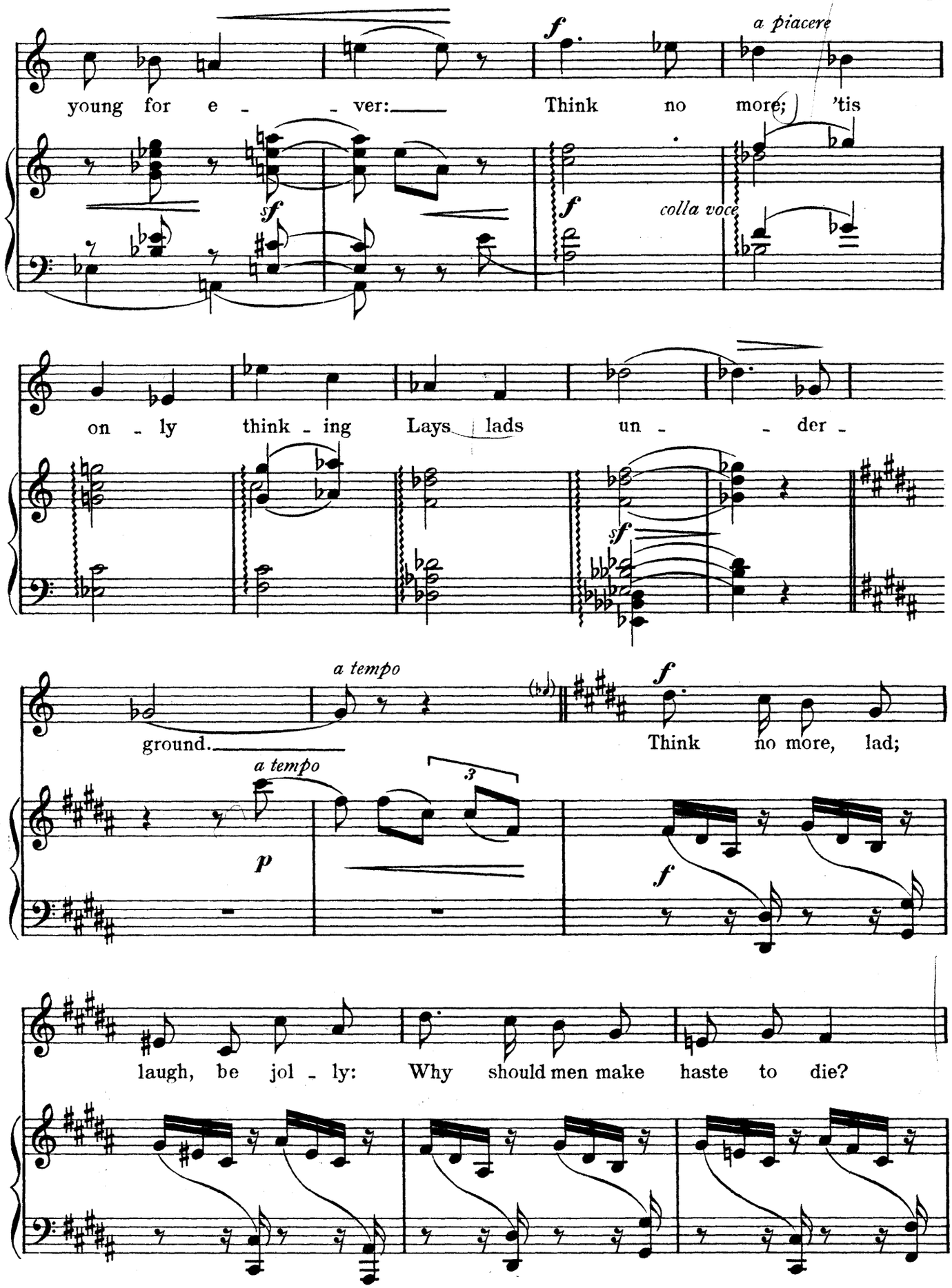
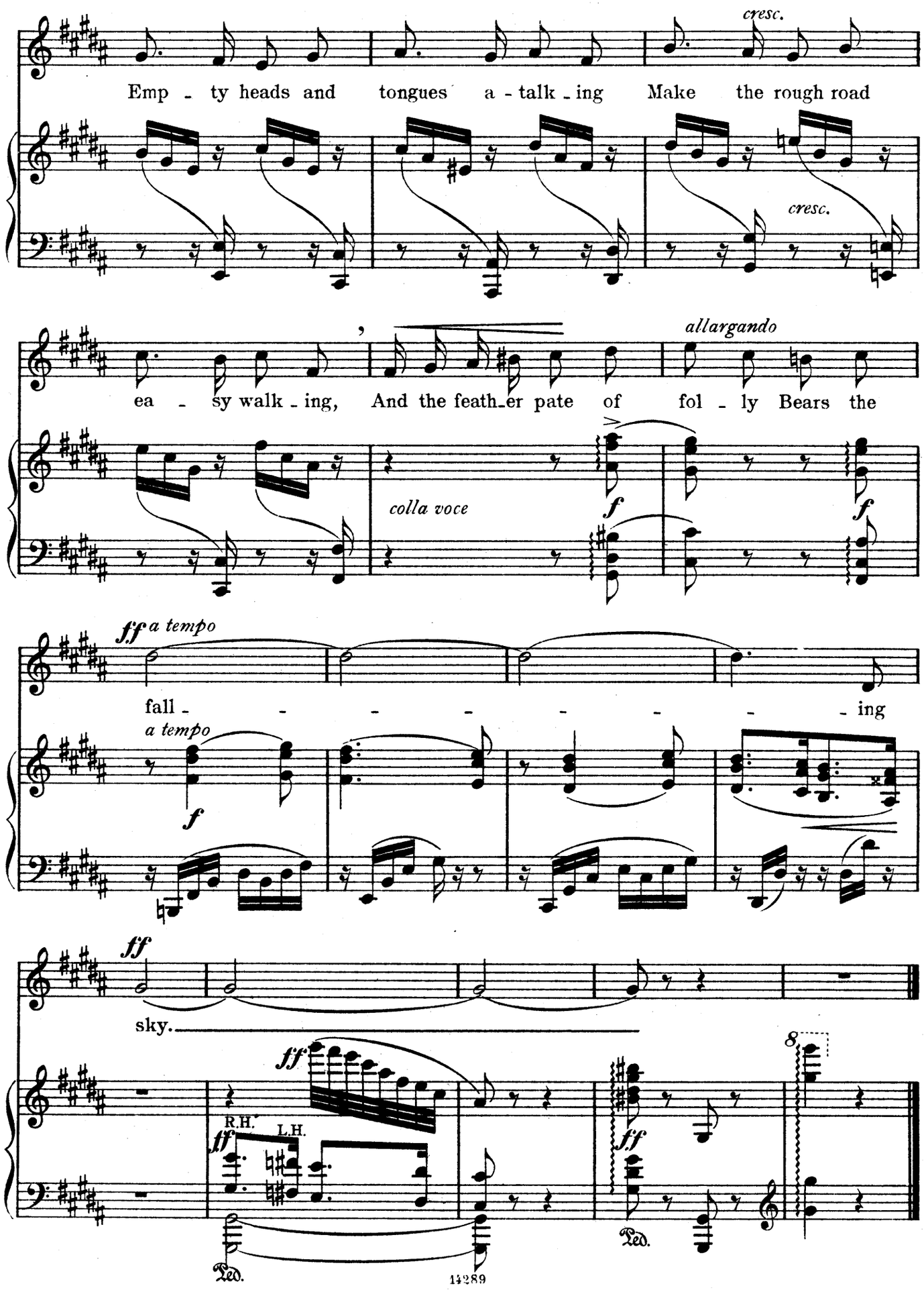

sky.
ff
meno f
dimi.
meno f
Oh, 'tis jest - ing, danc - ing, drink - ing
nuendo
p
Spins the hea - vy world a - round.
sf
dim.
If young hearts were not so cle - ver, Oh, they would be
p

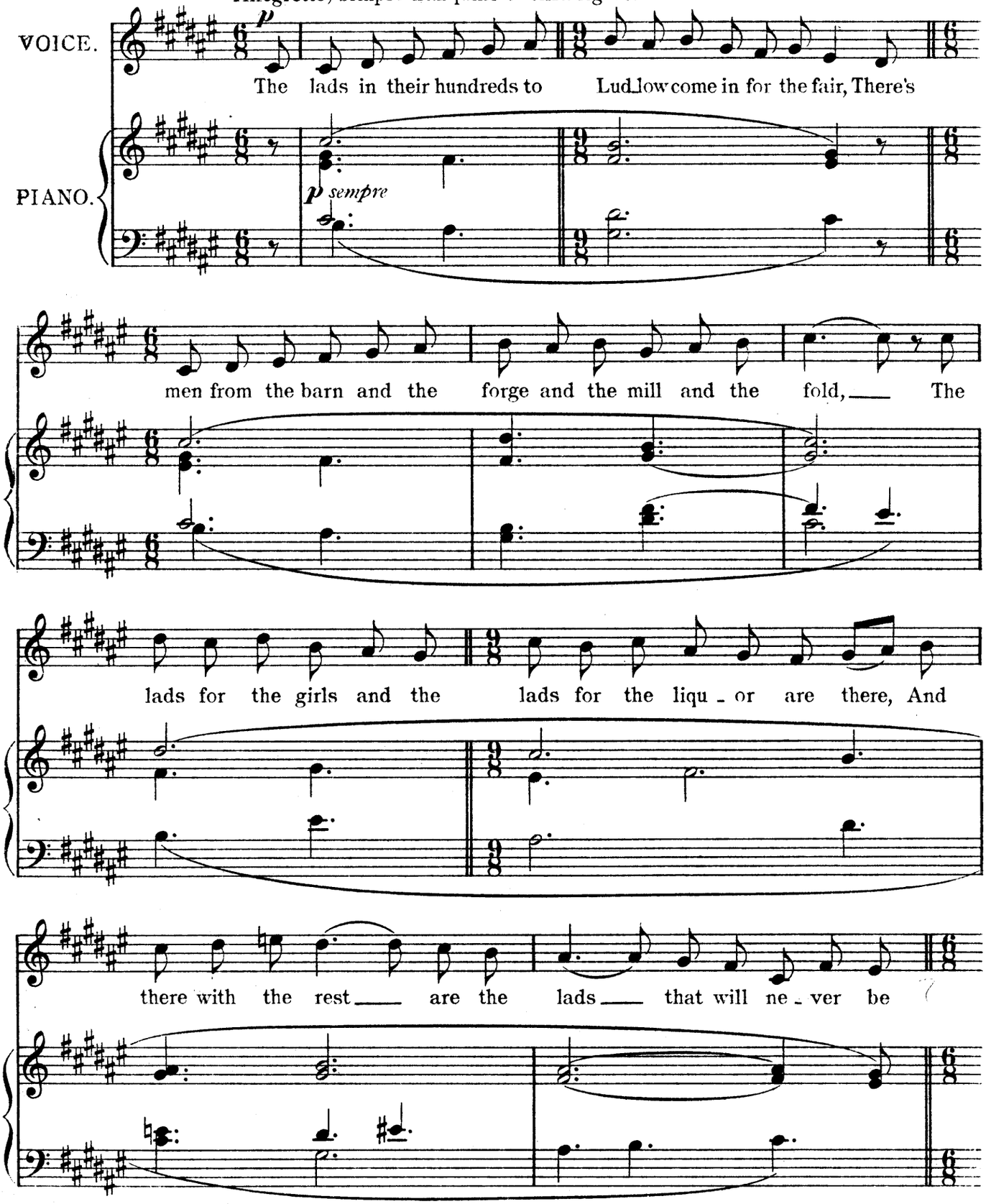

young for e - - ver: Think no more; 'tis
a piacere
colla voce
on - ly think - ing Lays lads un - - der -
ground.
a tempo
Think no more, lad;
laugh, be jol - ly: Why should men make haste to die?


cresc.
Emp - ty heads and tongues a - talk - ing Make the rough road
cresc.
allargando
ea - sy walk - ing, And the feath - er pate of fol - ly Bears the
colla voce
f
f
ff a tempo
fall - - - - - - - ing
a tempo
f
ff
sky.
ff
R.H.
L.H.
ff
ff
Ped.
Ped.
8
14289

V.
THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS.

George Butterworth.

Allegretto, sempre tranquillo e senza rigore.



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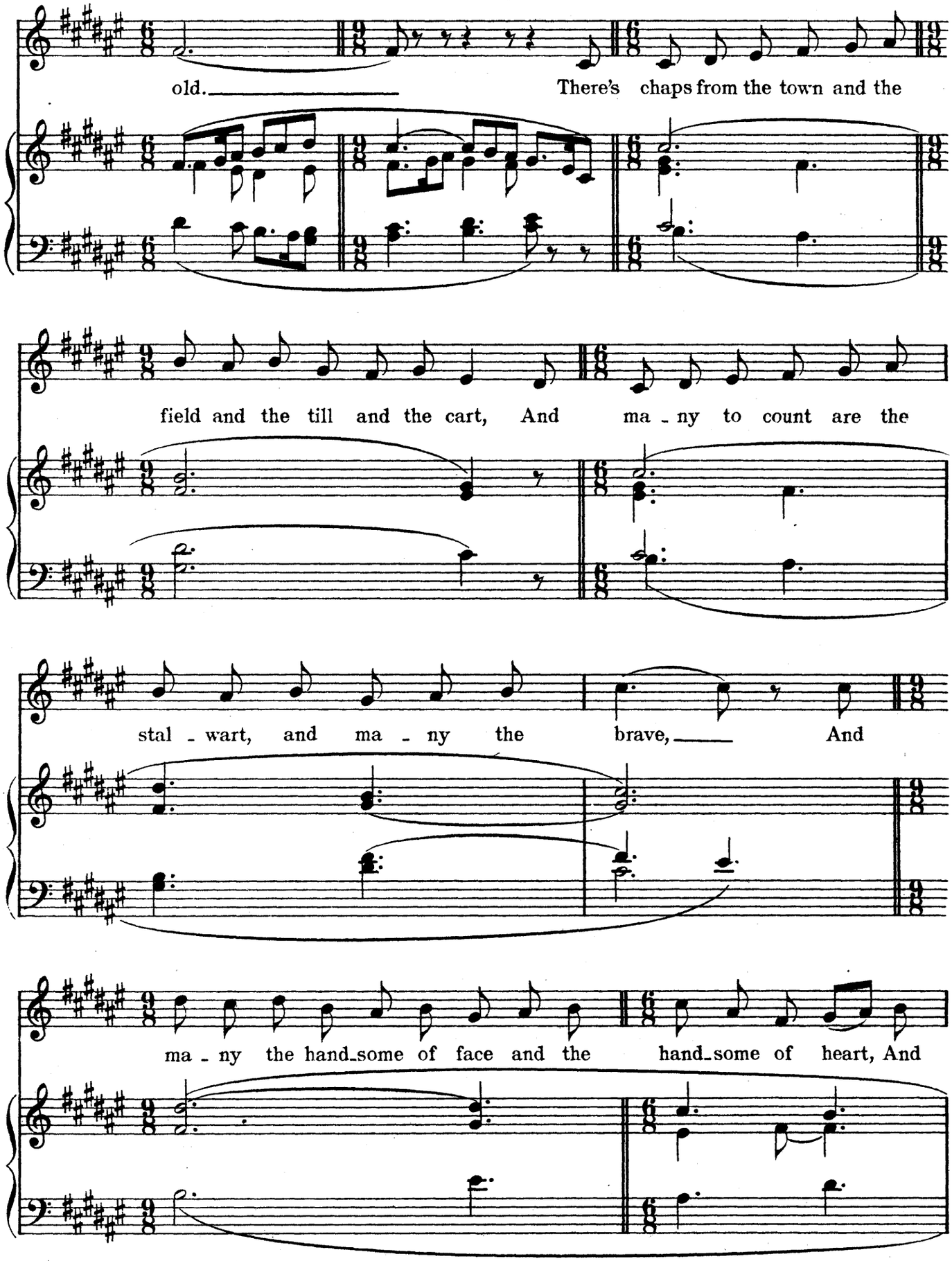
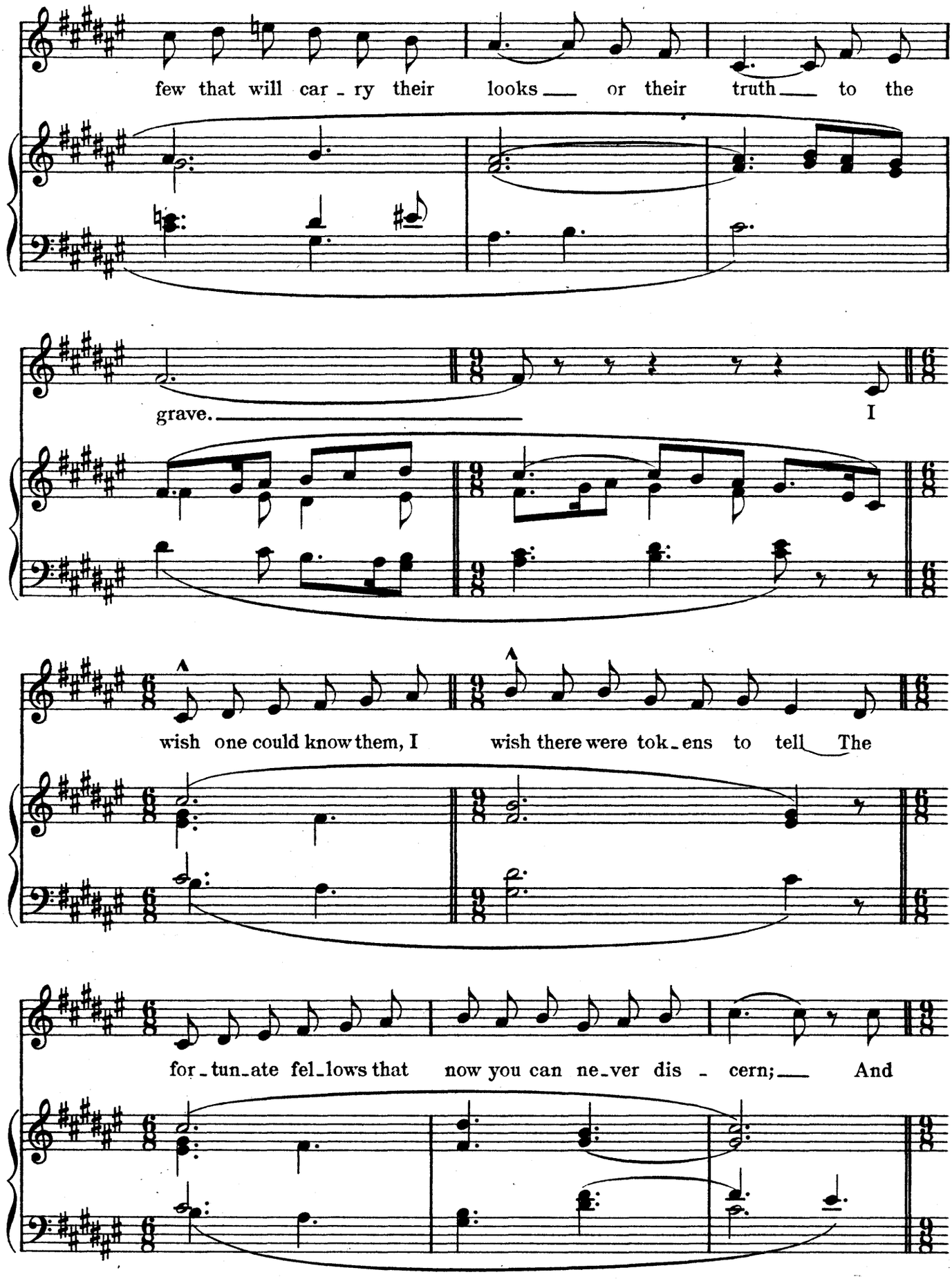
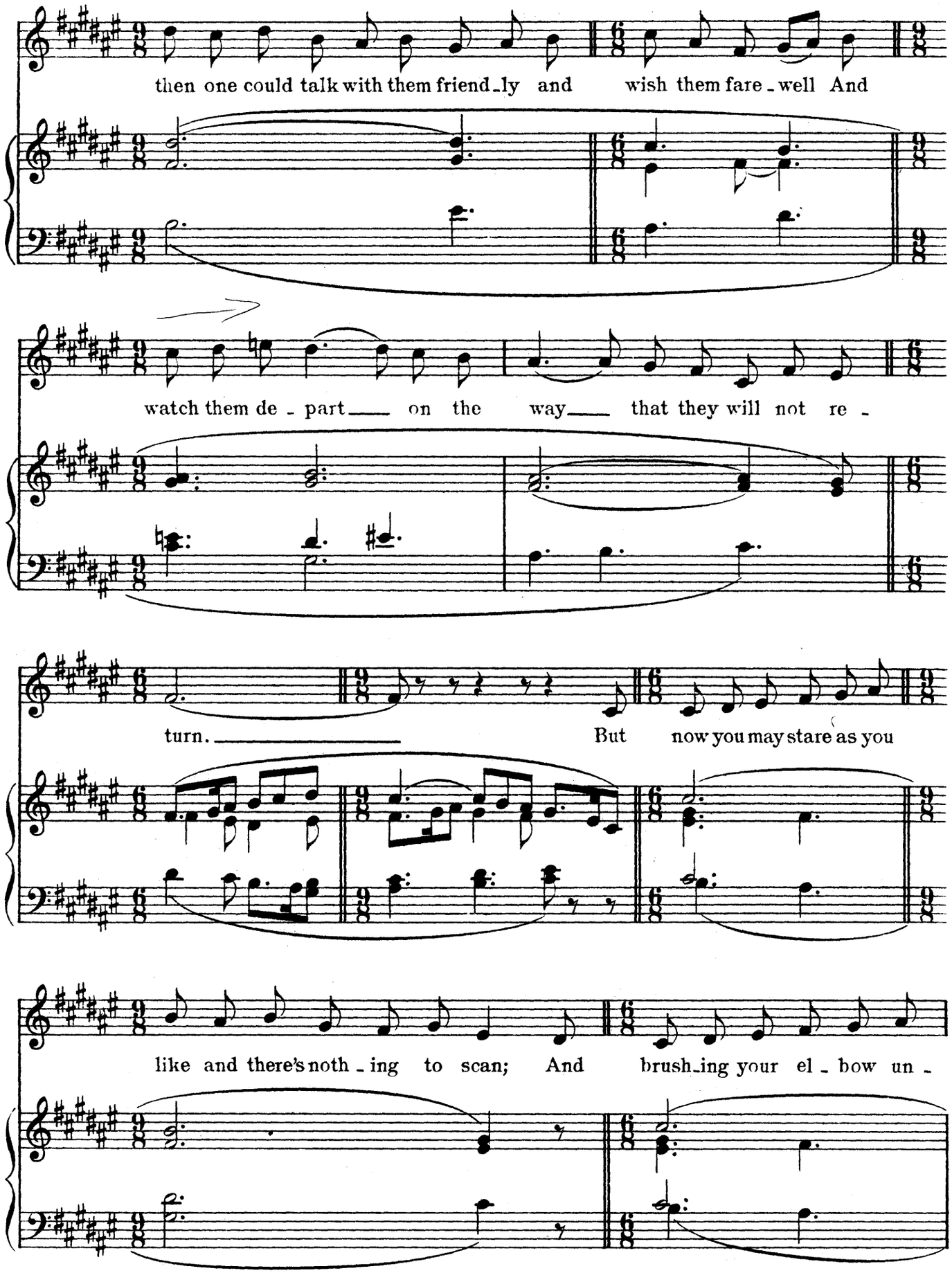
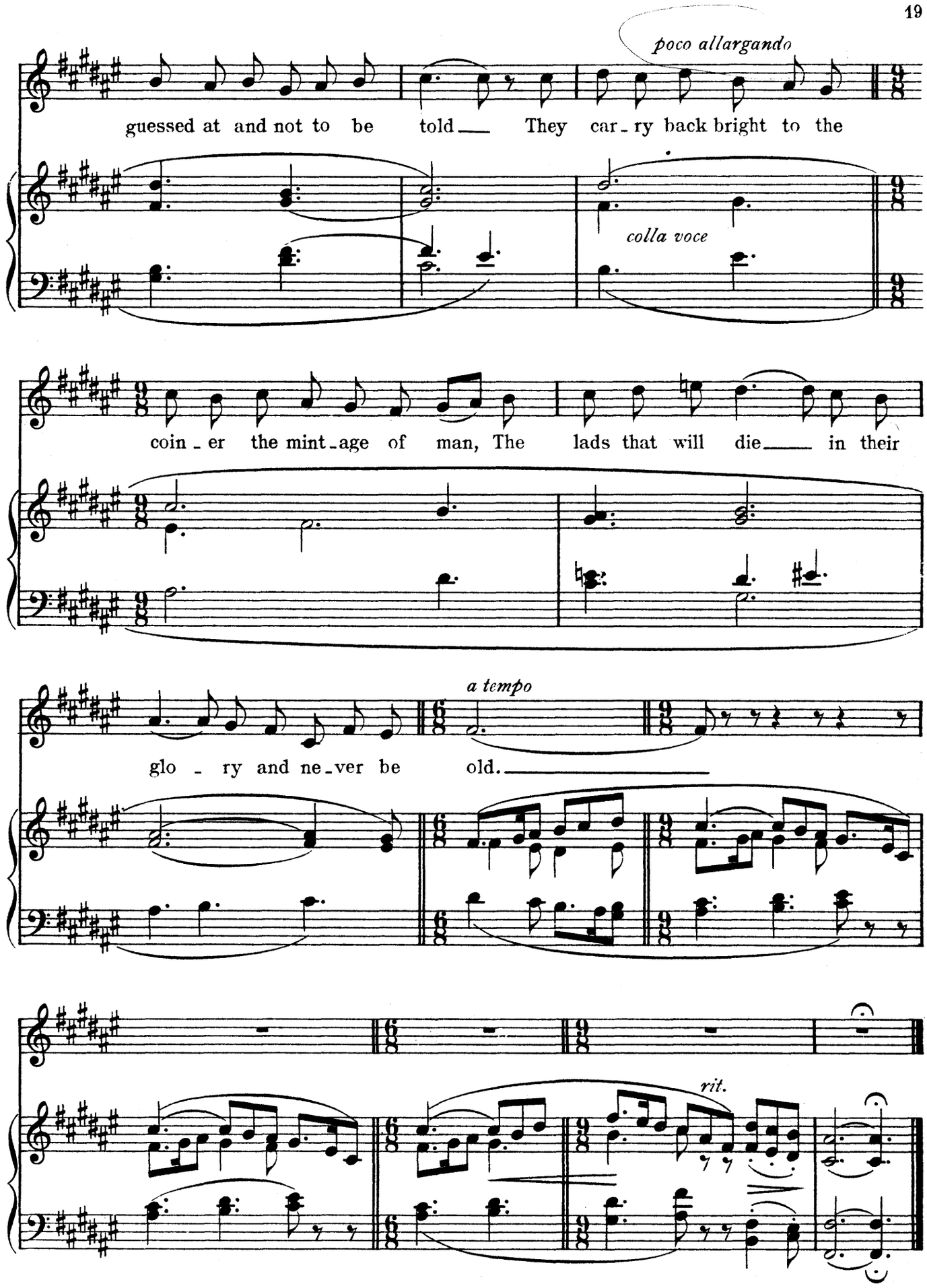

old.
There's chaps from the town and the
field and the till and the cart, And ma - ny to count are the
stal - wart, and ma - ny the brave, And
ma - ny the hand-some of face and the hand-some of heart, And


few that will car - ry their looks or their truth to the
grave.
I
wish one could know them, I wish there were tok - ens to tell The
for - tun - ate fel - lows that now you can ne - ver dis - cern; And


then one could talk with them friend_ly and wish them fare_well And
watch them de_part on the way that they will not re_
turn. But now you may stare as you
like and there's noth_ing to scan; And brush_ing your el_bow un_

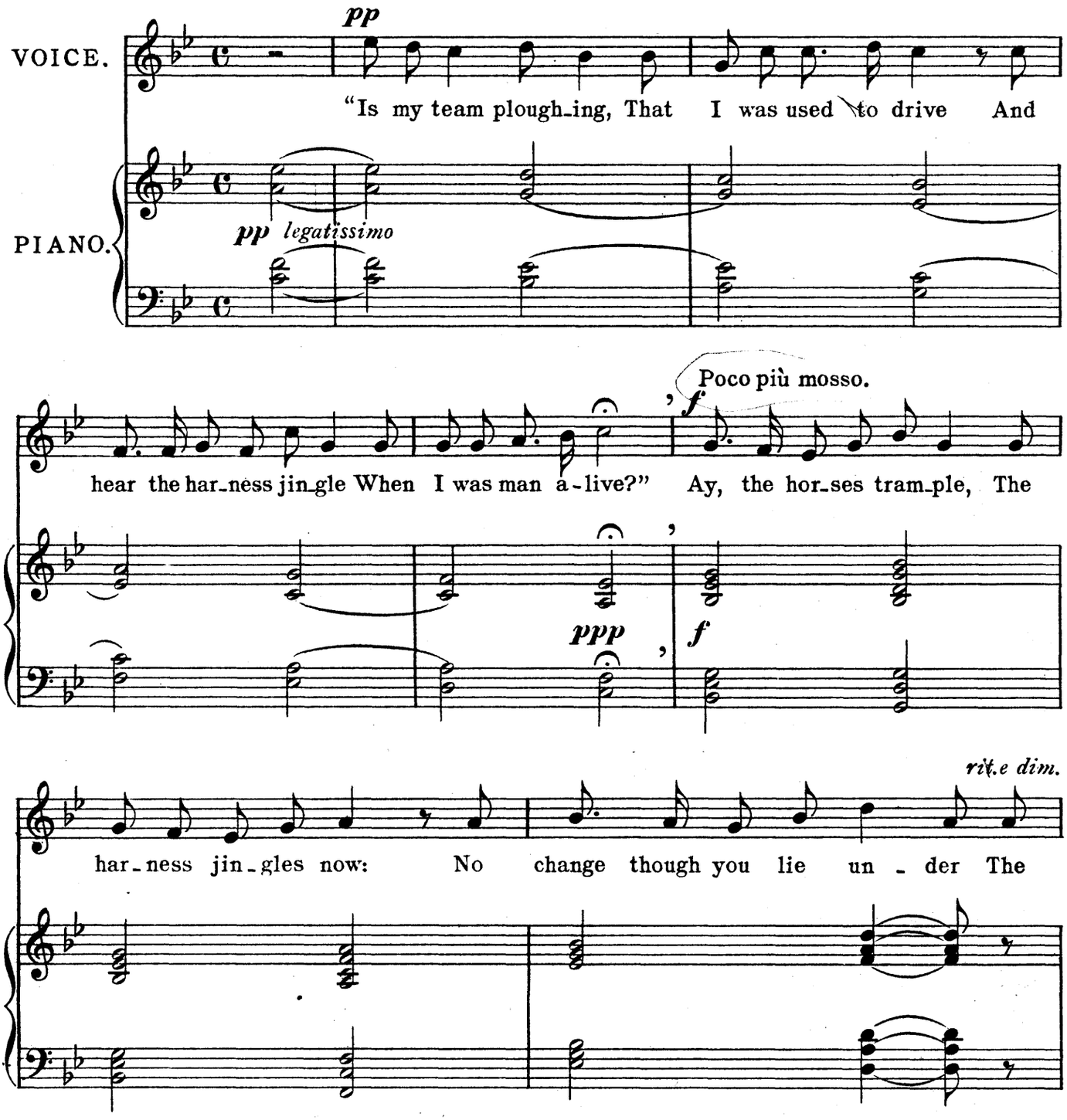

poco allargando
guessed at and not to be told They car - ry back bright to the
colla voce
coin - er the mint - age of man, The lads that will die in their
a tempo
glo - ry and ne - ver be old.
rit.

VI.

IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING?

Molto moderato, senza rigore.

George Butterworth.



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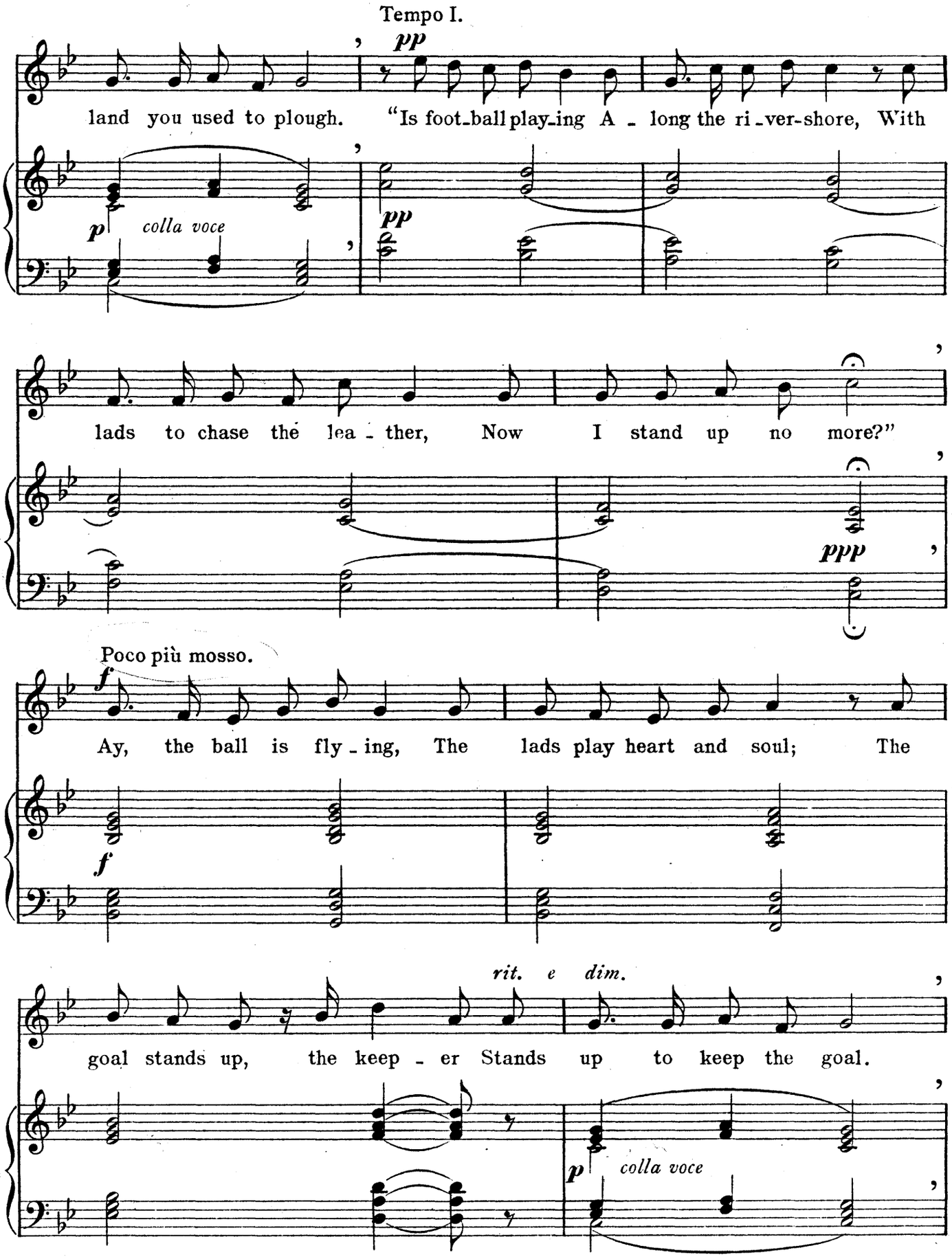
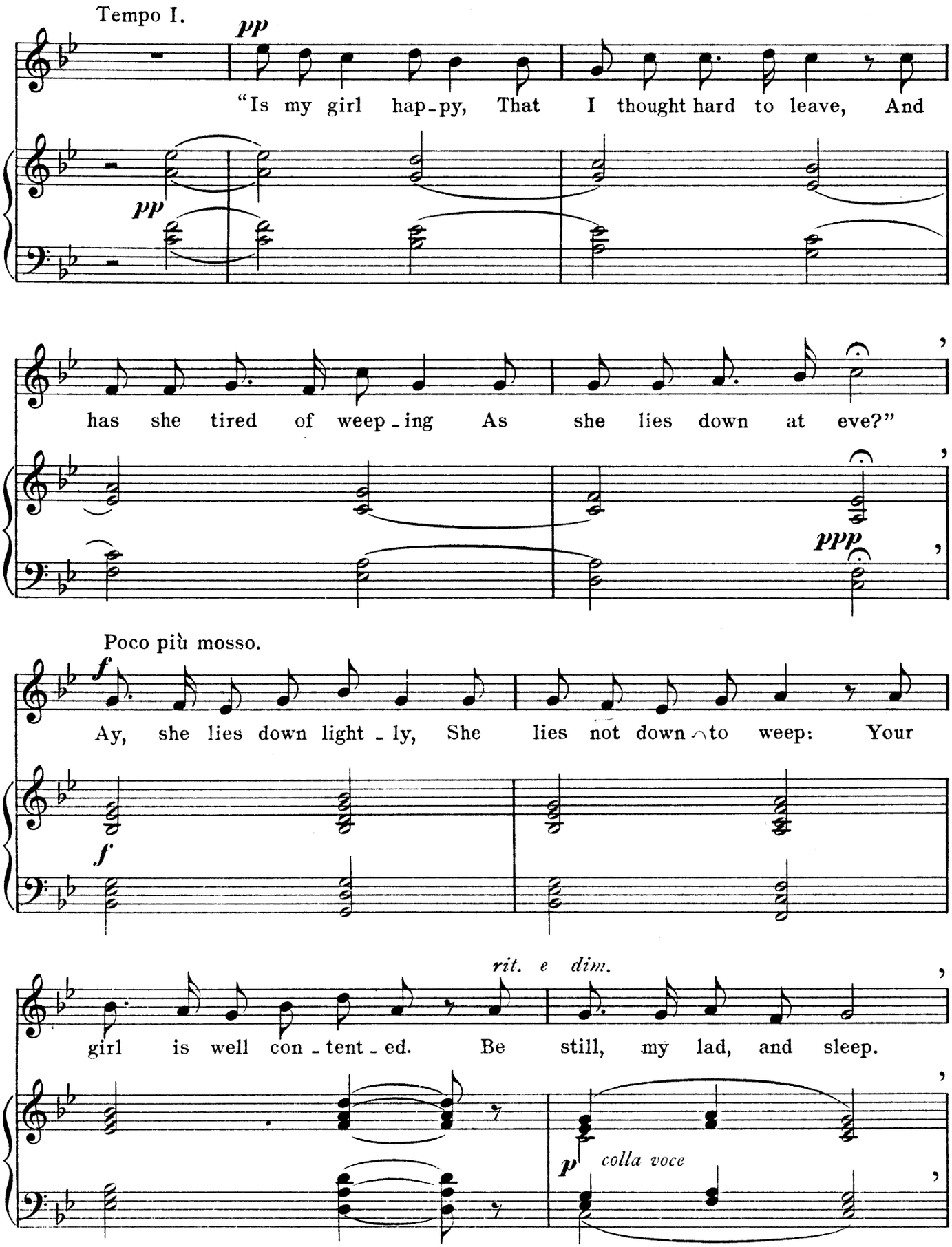
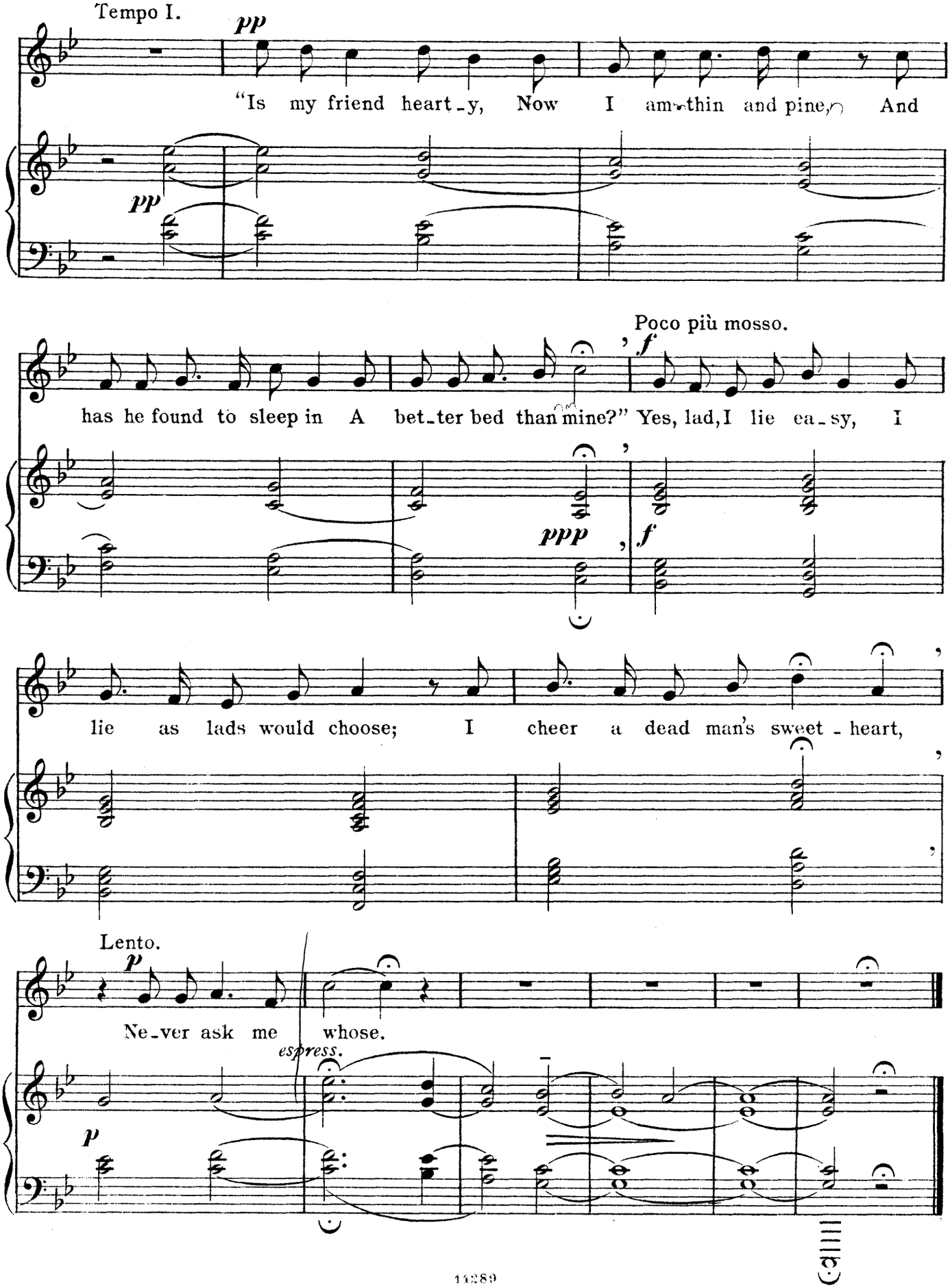

Tempo I.
pp
land you used to plough. "Is foot-ball play-ing A - long the ri-ver-shore, With
p colla voce
pp
lads to chase the lea - ther, Now I stand up no more?"
ppp
Poco più mosso.
f
Ay, the ball is fly - ing, The lads play heart and soul; The
f
rit. e dim.
goal stands up, the keep - er Stands up to keep the goal.
p colla voce


Tempo I.
pp
"Is my girl hap-py, That I thought hard to leave, And
pp
has she tired of weep-ing As she lies down at eve?"
ppp
Poco più mosso.
f
Ay, she lies down light-ly, She lies not down to weep: Your
f
rit. e dim.
girl is well con-tent-ed. Be still, my lad, and sleep.
p colla voce



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GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

SONGS

	Compass
BREDON HILL. (A. E. Housman)	*C to G; D to A,*
COME, MY OWN ONE. (Sussex Folk Song) ...	*A to D; C to F,*
I FEAR THY KISSES. (Shelley)	*B to E*
I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES. (R. L. Stevenson).	*C to F*
IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING? (A. E. Housman) ...	*E to E; G to G,*
LOVELIEST OF TREES. (A. E. Housman) ...	*C♯ to E*
REQUIESCAT. (Oscar Wilde)	*C to F; D to G,*
ROVING IN THE DEW (Sussex Folk Song) ...	*E to E*
THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL. (Sussex Folk Song).	*D to E flat*

PART SONGS

IN THE HIGHLANDS	S.S.C.
ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT. (English Traditional Carol)	... S.A.T.B.
ROVING IN THE DEW. Arr. by A. Warrell ...	... S.A.T.B.
WE GET UP IN THE MORN	... T.T.B.B.

ALBUMS

Six songs from "A SHROPSHIRE LAD"
Words by A. E. Housman
Loveliest of Trees; When I was one-an'-twenty; Look not in my eyes; Think no more Lad; The lads in their hundreds; Is my team ploughing?

BREDON HILL and other songs from "A Shropshire Lad"
Words by A. E. Housman
Bredon Hill; Oh! fair enough are sky and plain; When the lad for longing sighs; On the idle hill of Summer; With rue my heart is laden.

FOLK SONGS FROM SUSSEX ...
Yonder stands a lovely creature; A blacksmith courted me; Sowing the seeds of love; A lawyer he went out; Come, my own one; The Cuckoo; A brisk young Sailor courted me; Seventeen come Sunday; Roving in the dew; The true Lover's Farewell; Tarry Trowsers.

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No. 231 4/1957

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