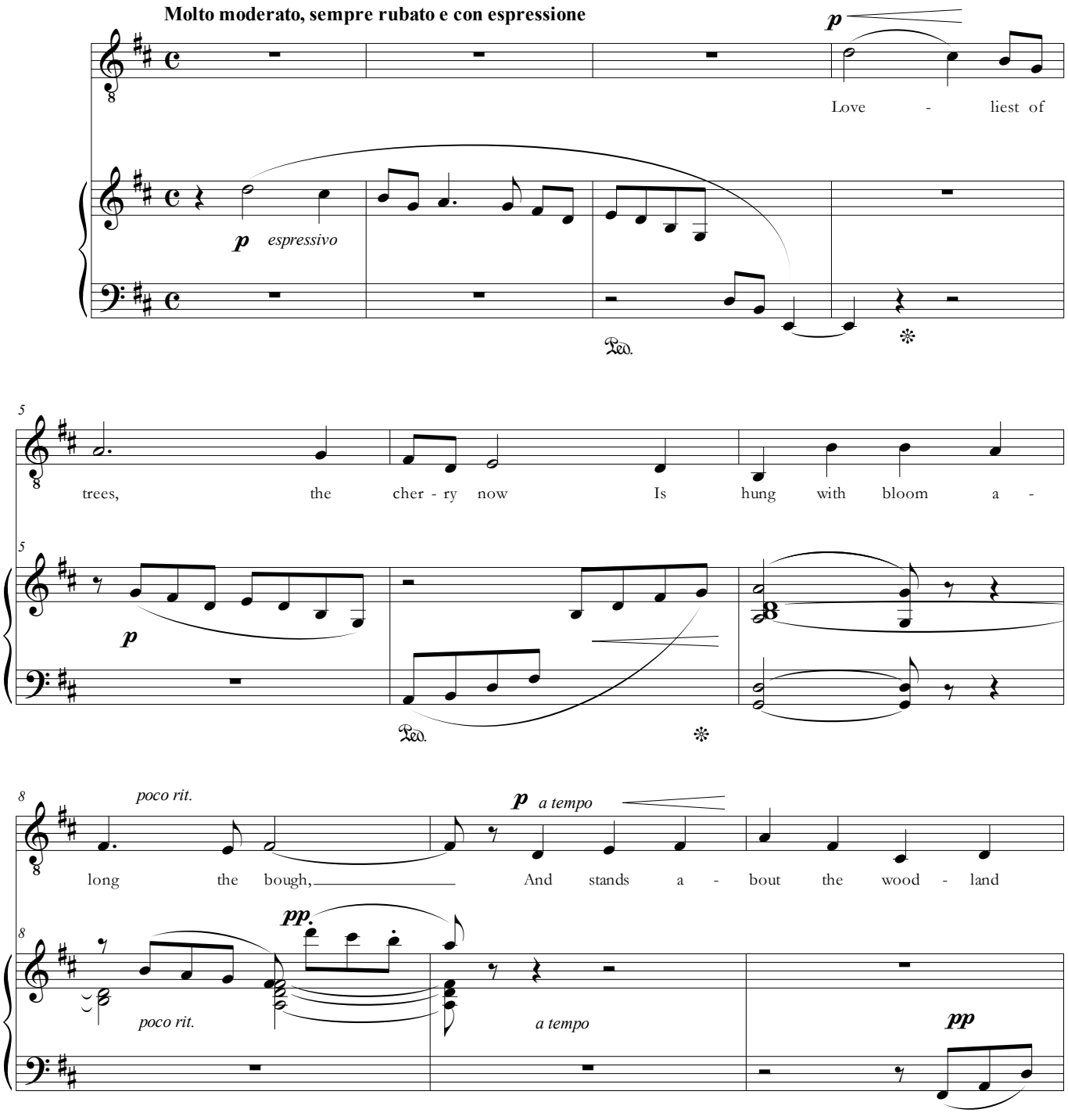
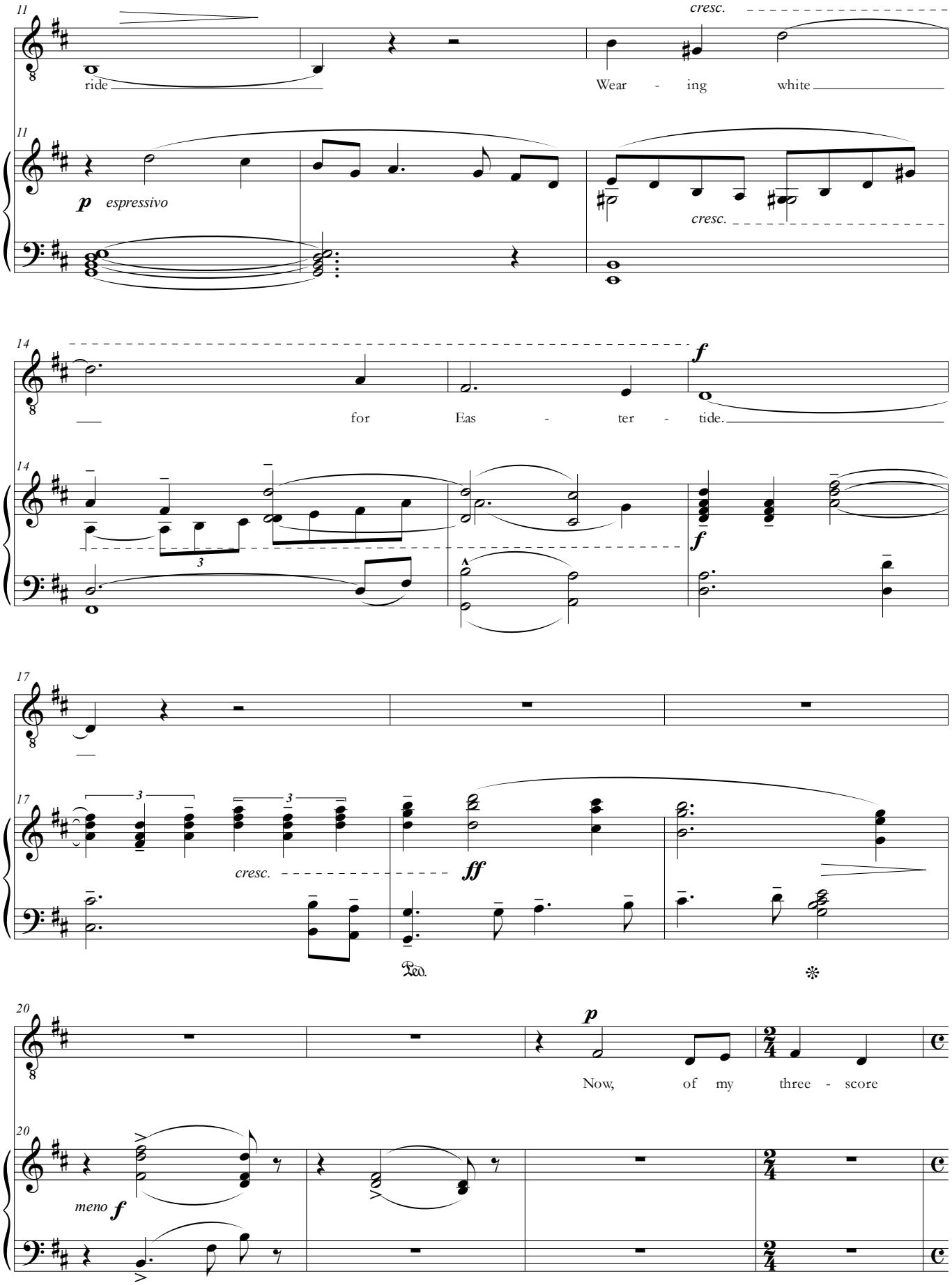
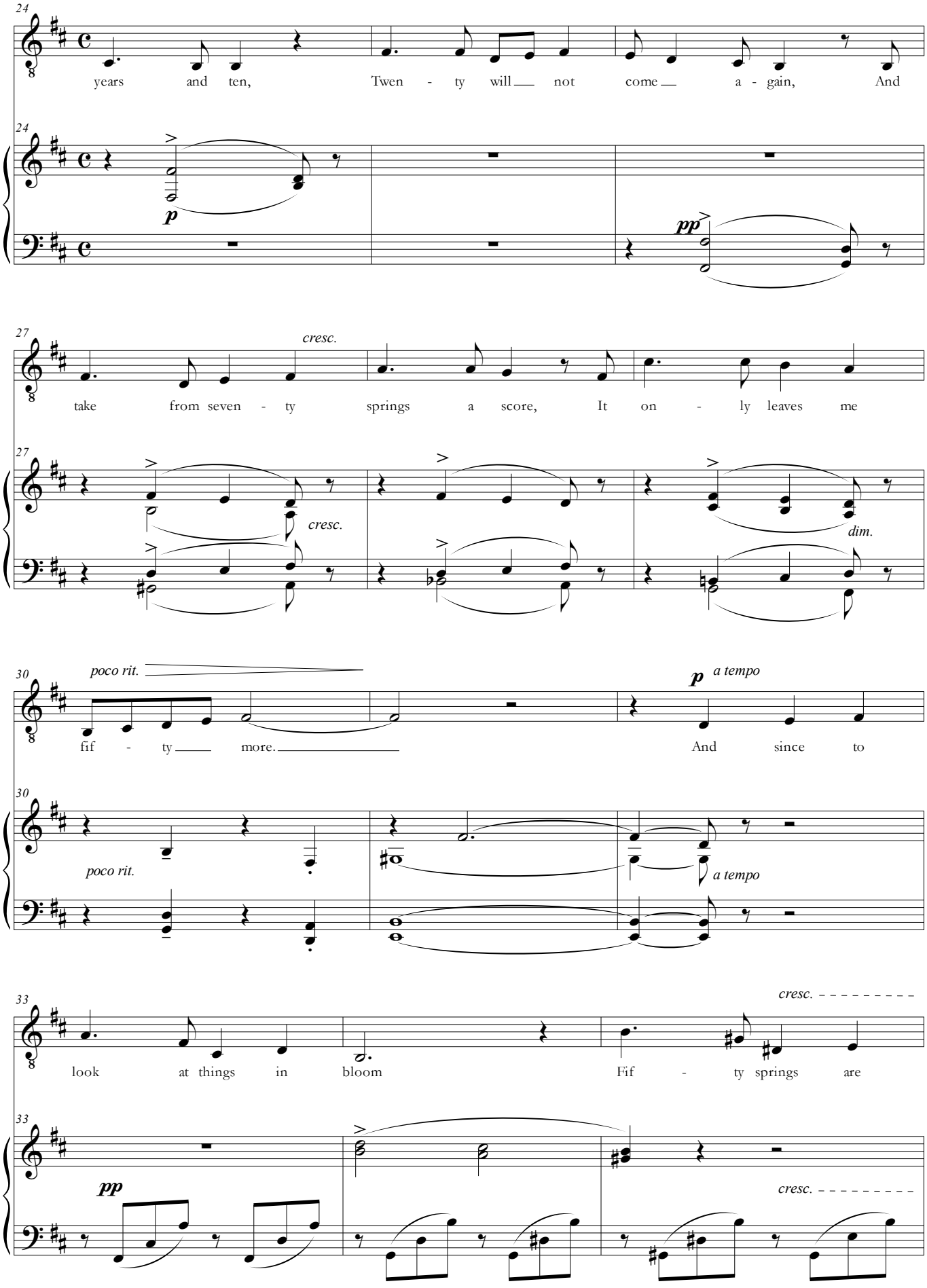
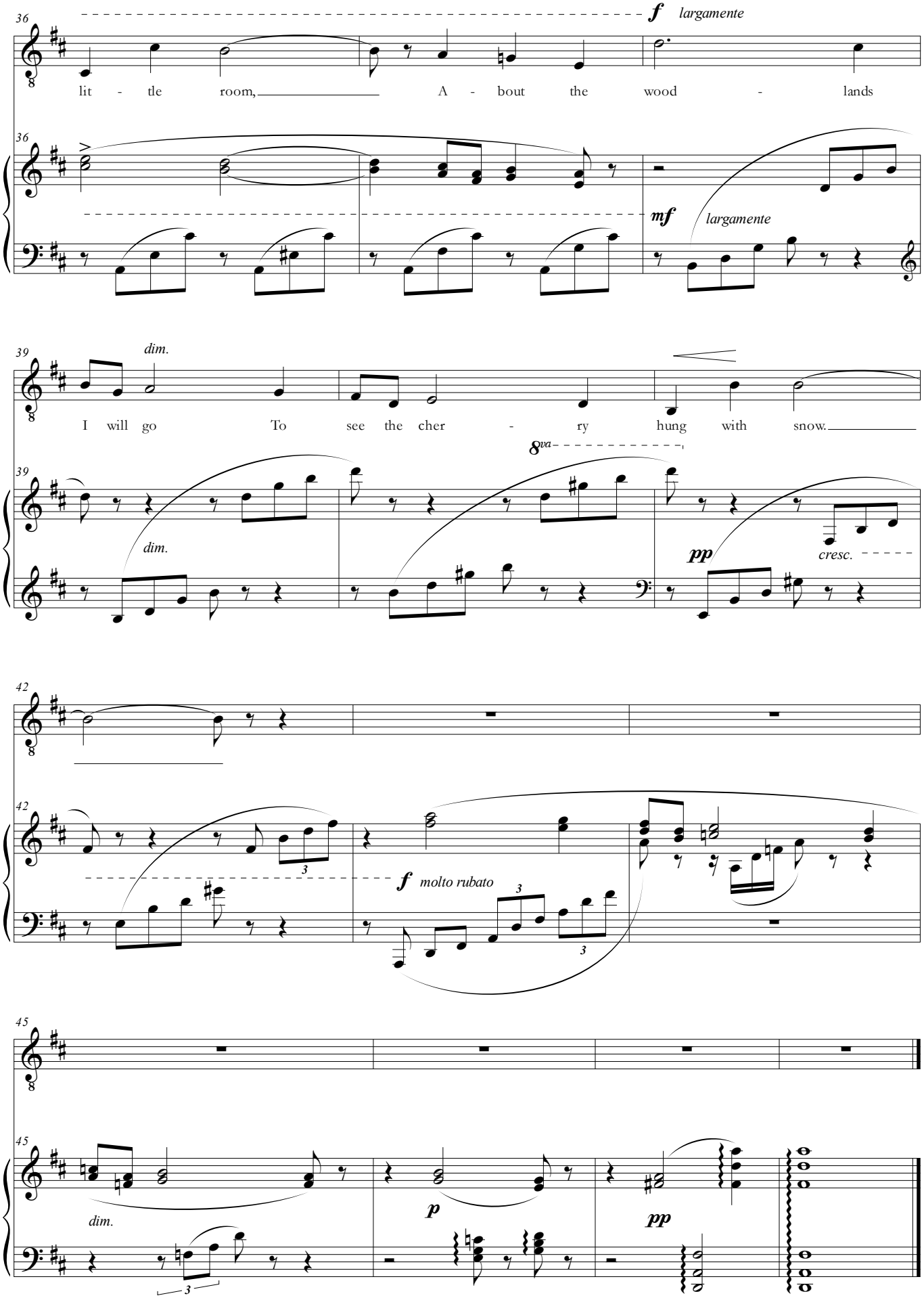
Loveliest of trees

George Butterworth




11
ride
cresc.
Wear - ing white
11
p espressivo
cresc.
14
for Eas - ter - tide.
f
14
f
17
17
cresc.
ff
Ped.
20
p
Now, of my three - score
20
meno f

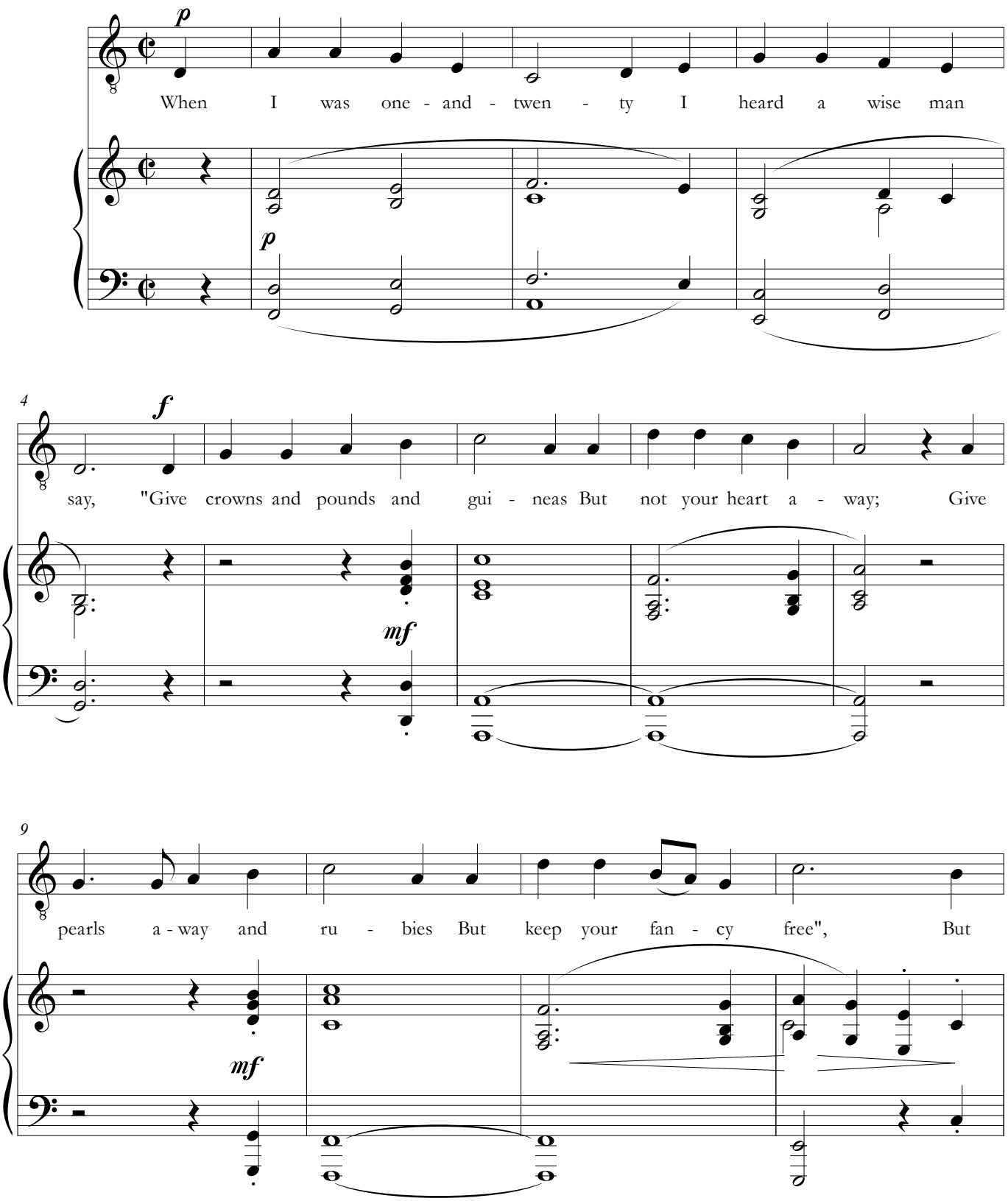

24
years and ten, Twen - ty will not come a - gain, And
p
pp
27
cresc.
take from seven - ty springs a score, It on - ly leaves me
cresc.
dim.
30
poco rit.
fif - ty more.
p a tempo
And since to
poco rit.
a tempo
33
cresc.
look at things in bloom
Fif - ty springs are
pp
cresc.

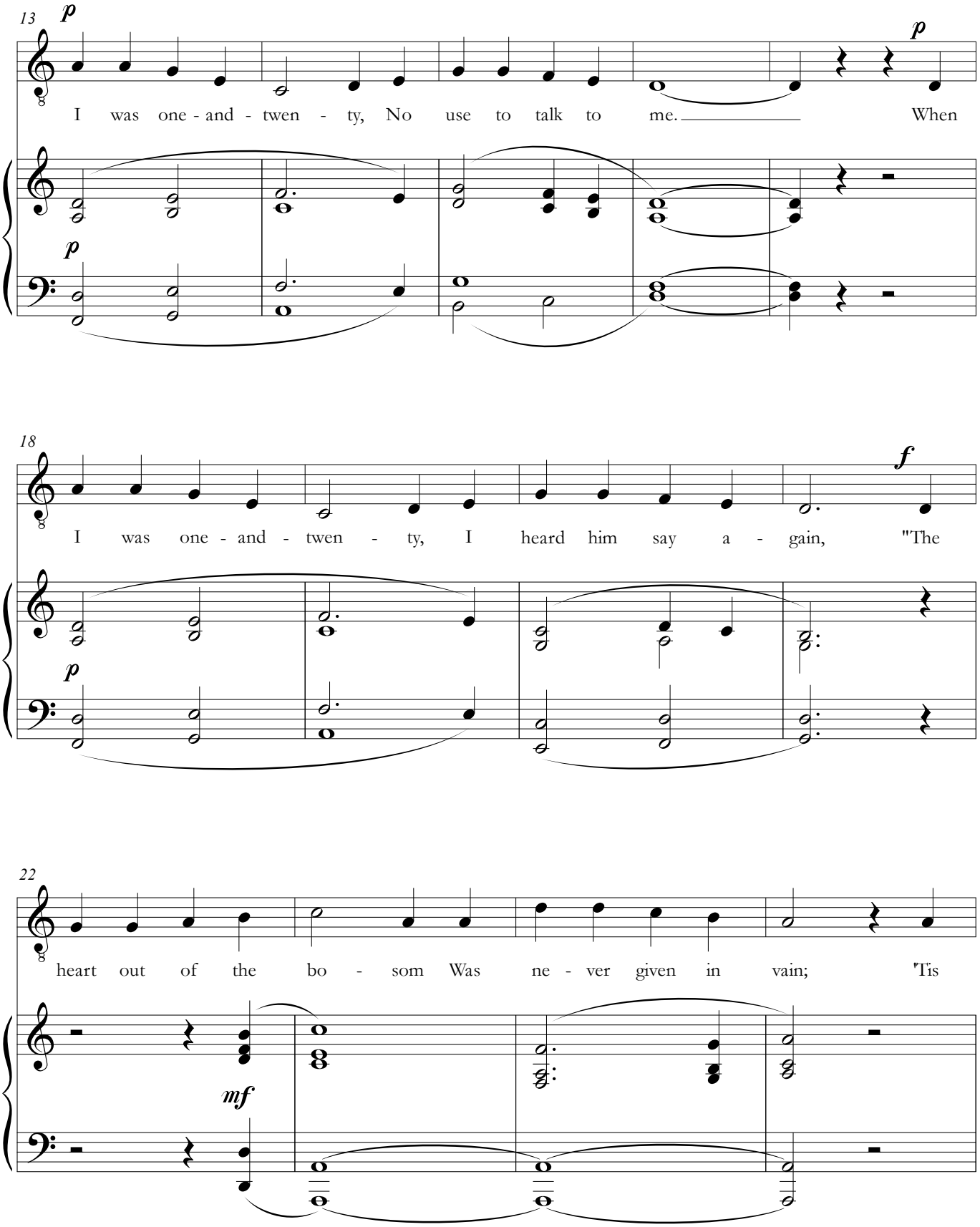

36
f largamente
lit - tle room, A - bout the wood - lands
36
mf largamente
39
dim.
I will go To see the cher - ry hung with snow.
39
8va
dim.
pp
cresc.
42
42
f molto rubato
45
45
dim.
p
pp

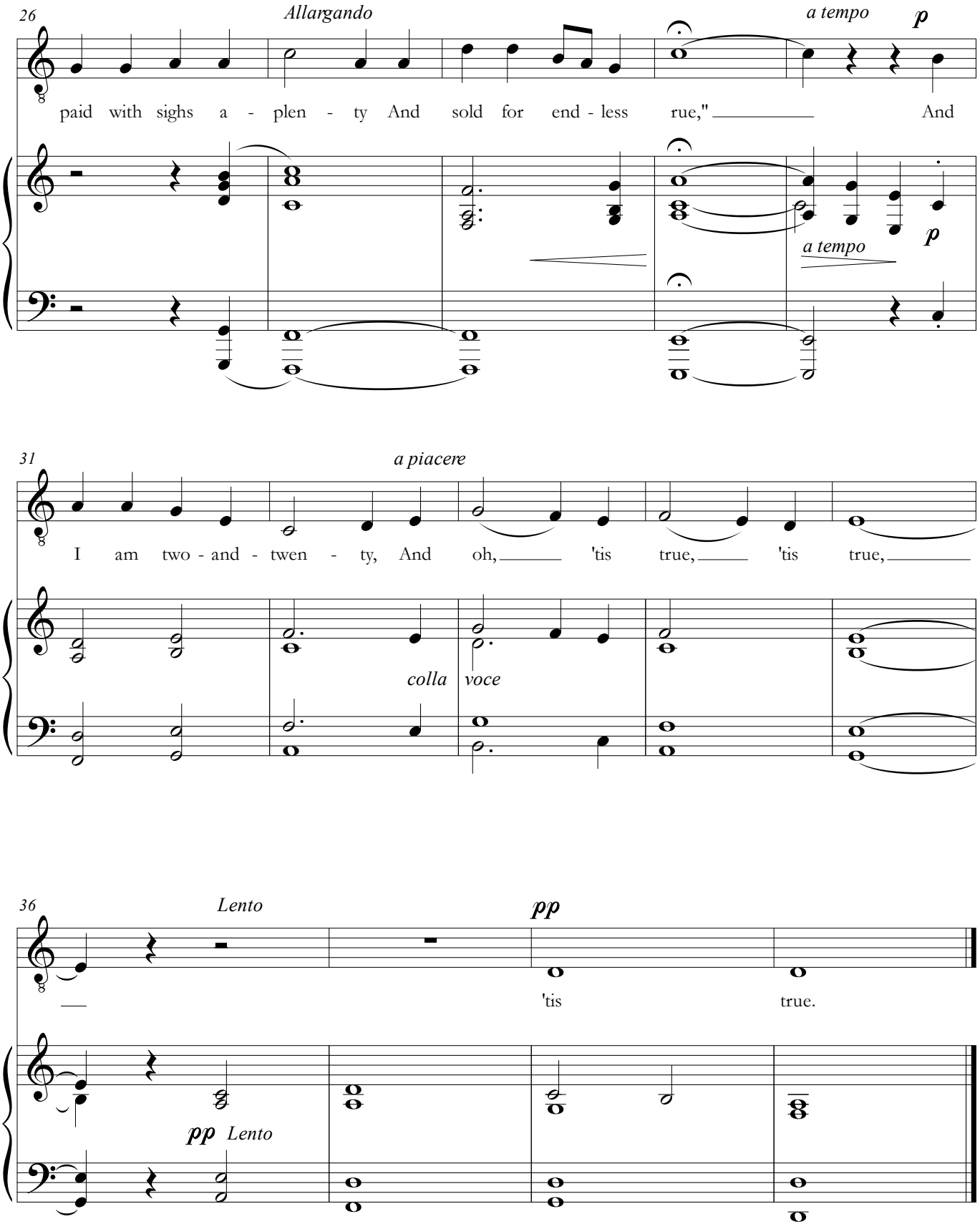
When I was One-and-Twenty

(Tune traditional)

Vivace non troppo George Butterworth

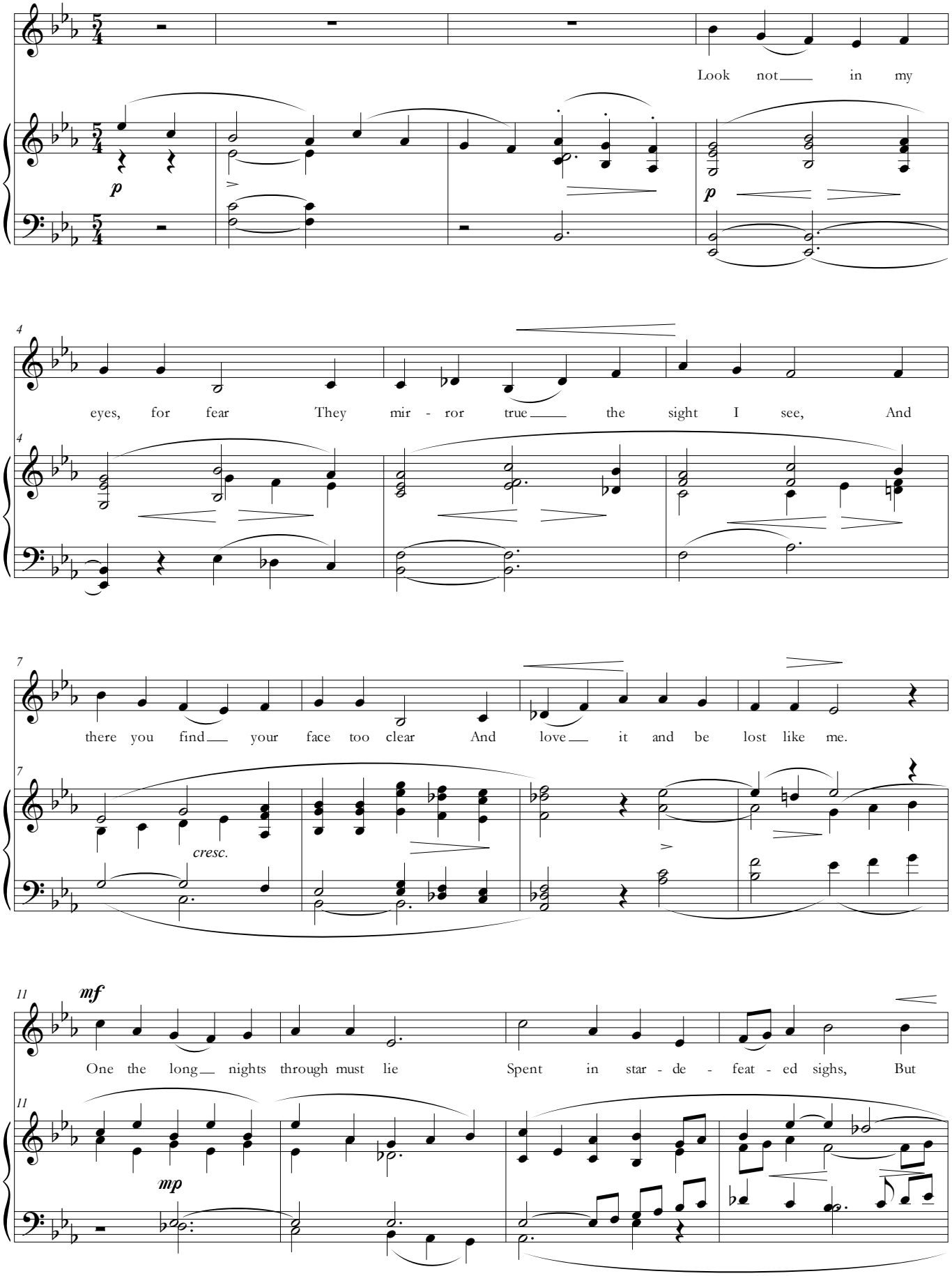


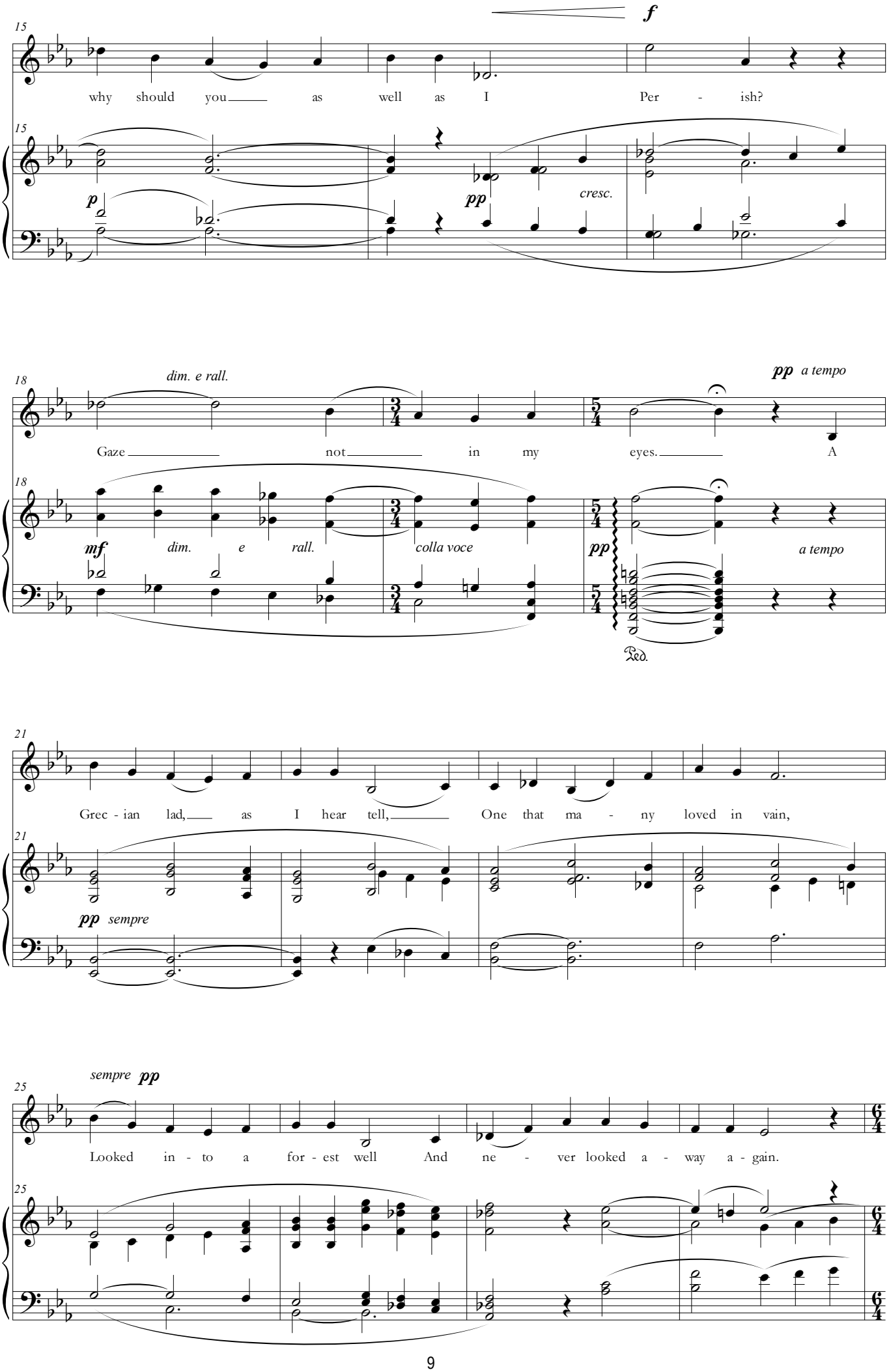

13
p
p
I was one - and - twen - ty, No use to talk to me. When
p
18
f
I was one - and - twen - ty, I heard him say a - gain, "The
p
22
heart out of the bo - som Was ne - ver given in vain; 'Tis
mf

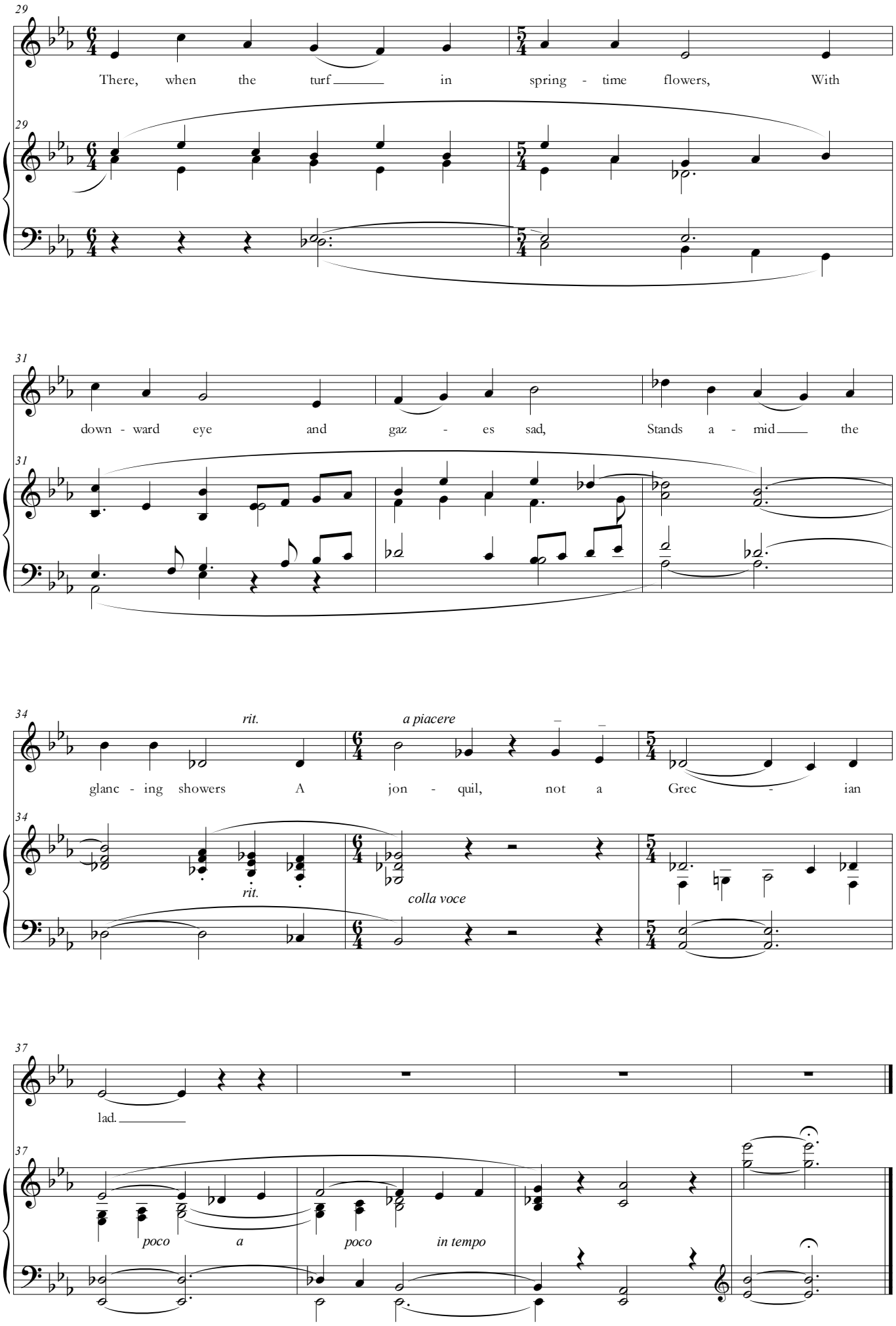

26
Allargando
a tempo
p
paid with sighs a - plen - ty And sold for end - less rue," And
a tempo
p
31
a piacere
I am two - and - twen - ty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true,
colla voce
36
Lento
pp
'tis true.
pp Lento

Look not in my eyes

George Butterworth

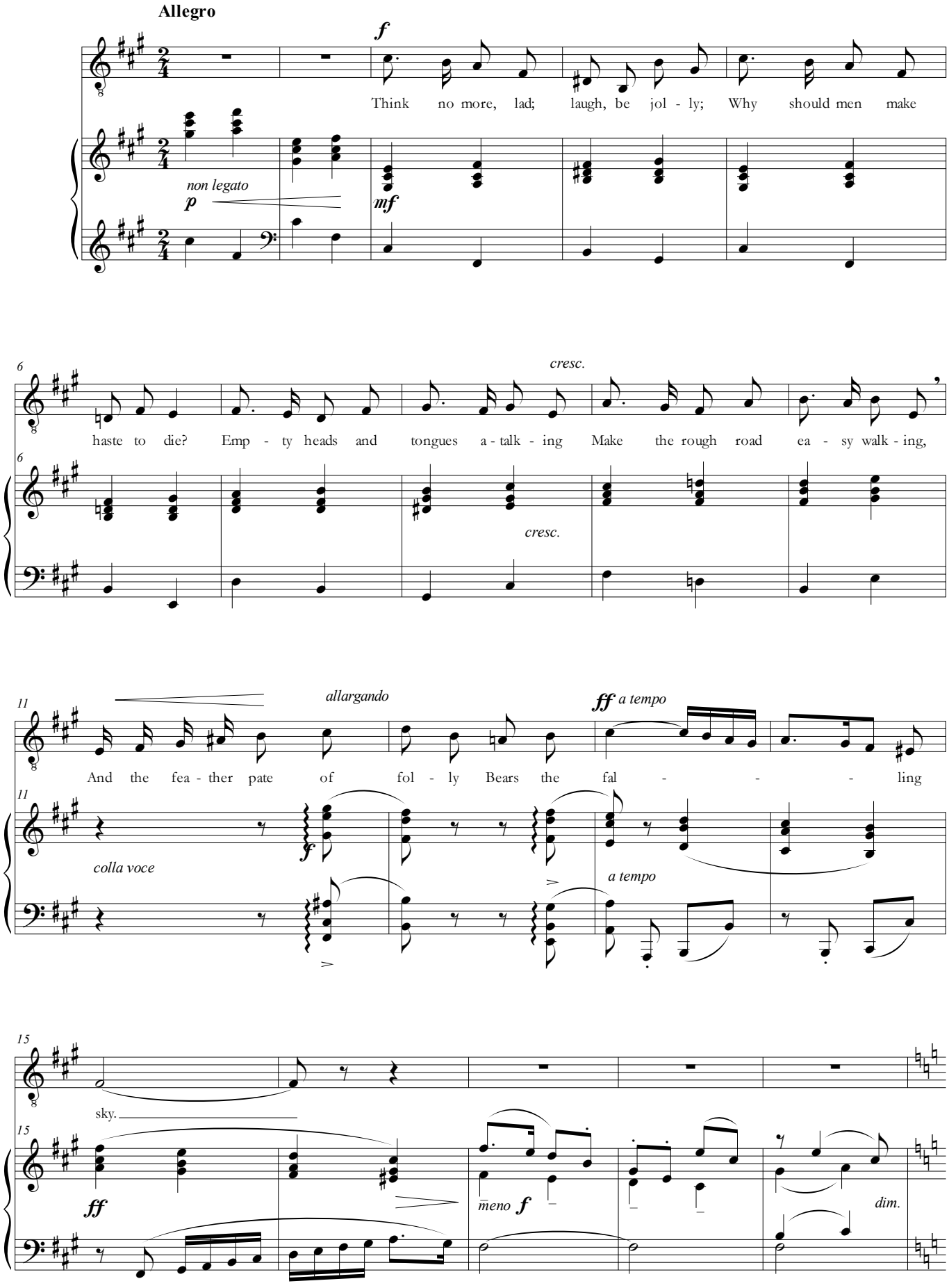


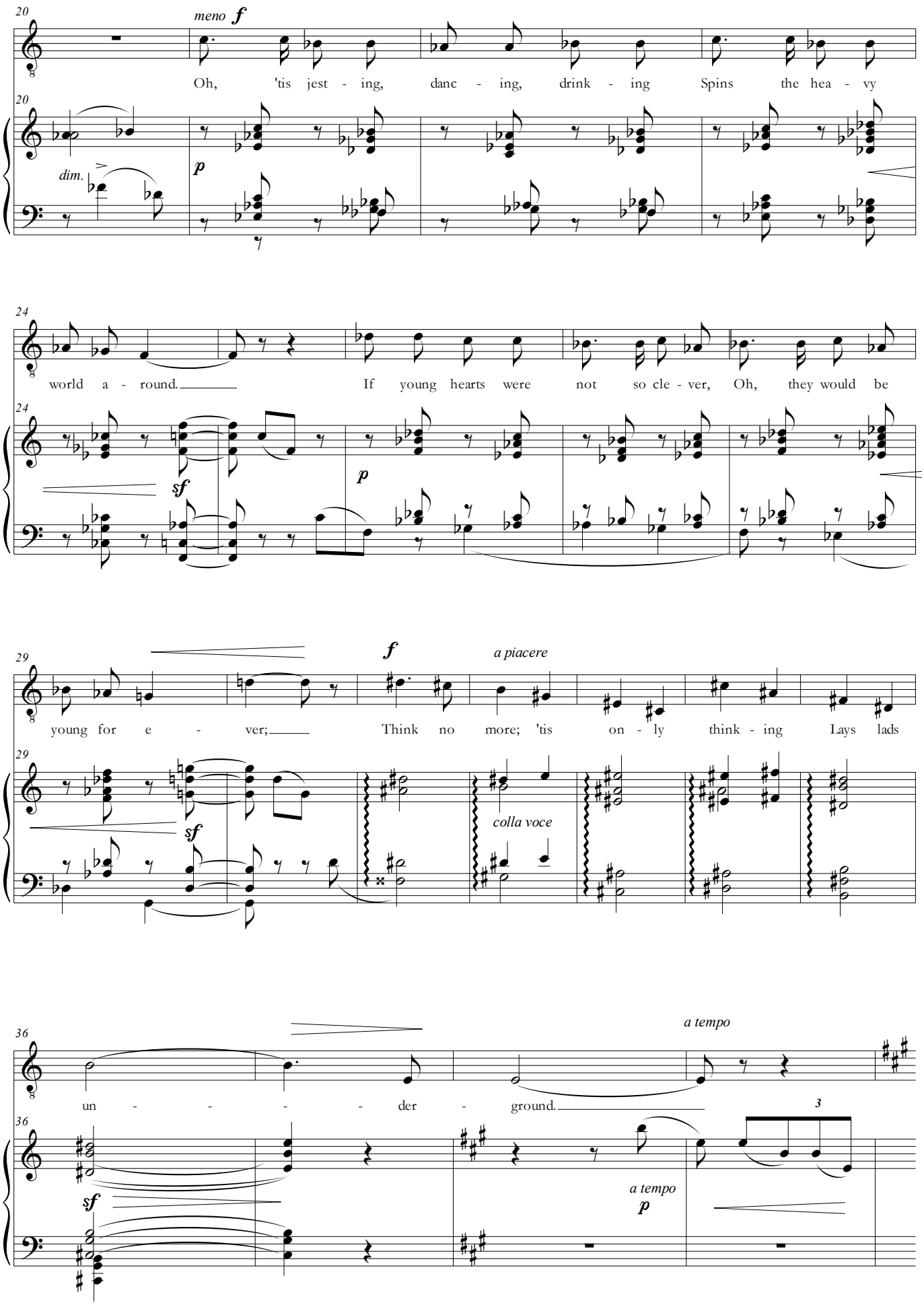

15
why should you as well as I Per - ish?
f
p
pp
cresc.
18
dim. e rall.
pp a tempo
Gaze not in my eyes. A
mf
dim. e rall.
colla voce
pp
a tempo
Ped.
21
Grec - ian lad, as I hear tell, One that ma - ny loved in vain,
pp sempre
25
sempre pp
Looked in - to a for - est well And ne - ver looked a - way a - gain.

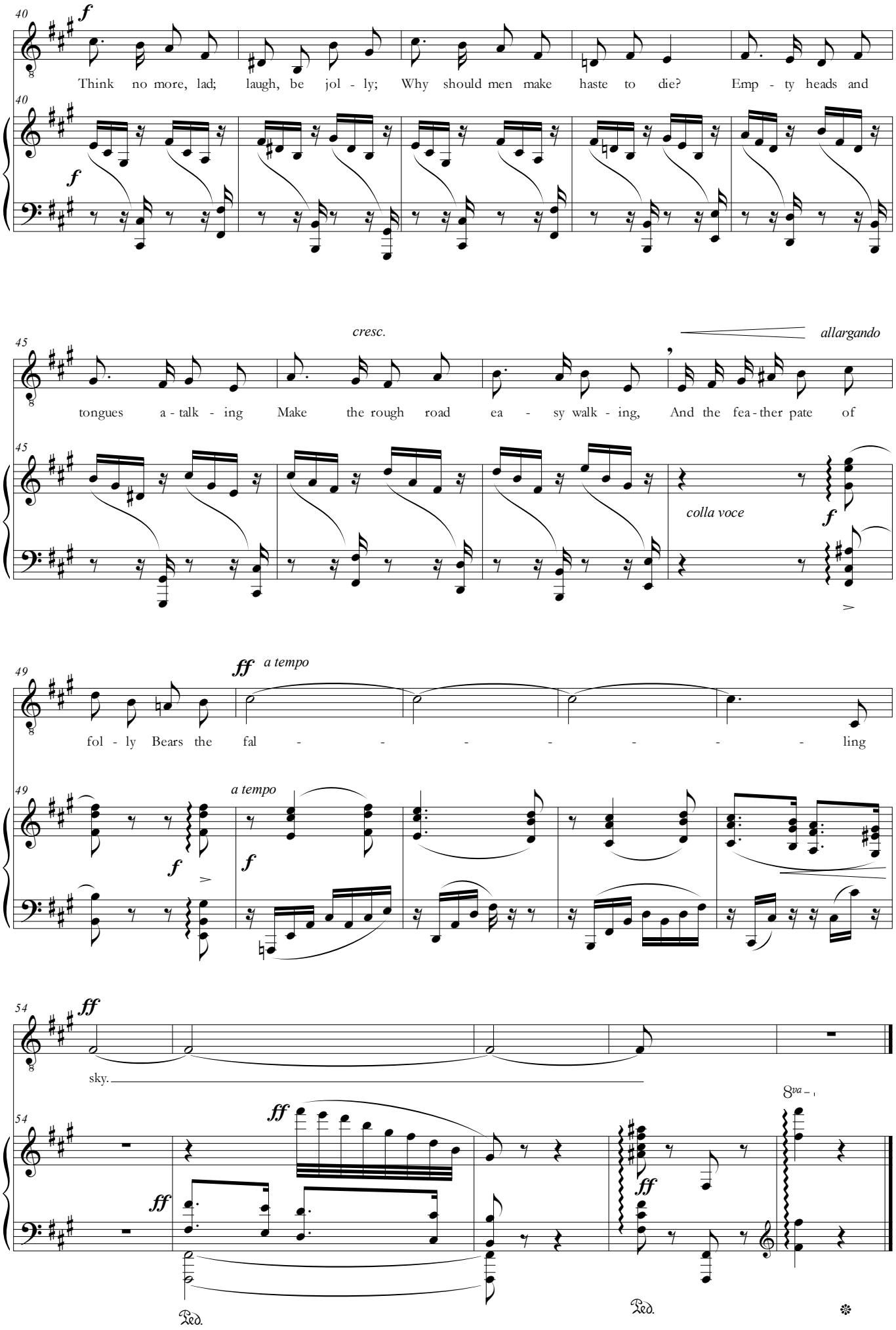

29
There, when the turf in spring - time flowers, With
31
down - ward eye and gaz - es sad, Stands a - mid the
34
rit.
a piacere
glanc - ing showers A jon - quil, not a Grec - ian
rit.
colla voce
37
lad.
poco a poco in tempo

Think no more, lad

George Butterworth



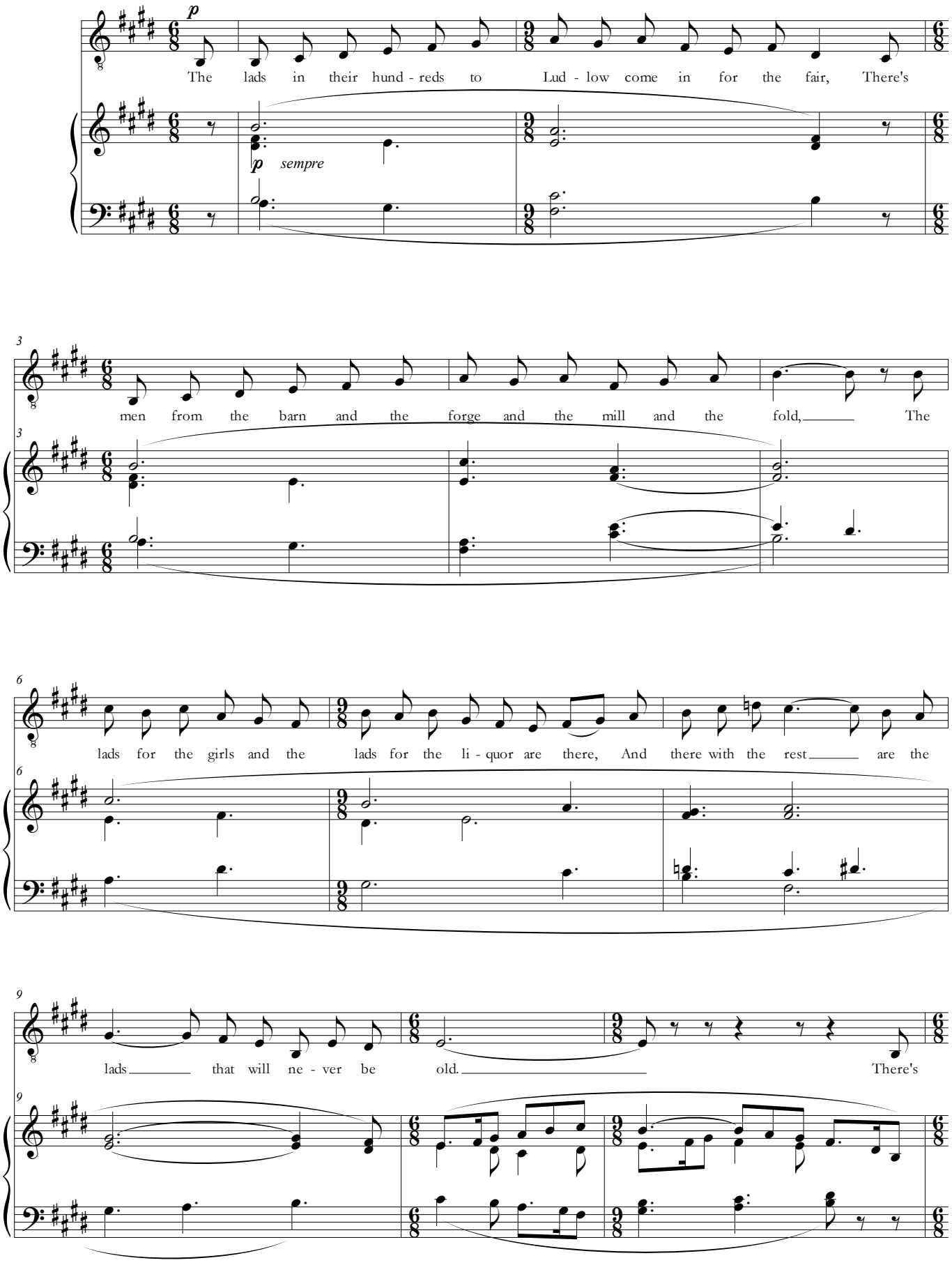

20
meno f
Oh, 'tis jest - ing, danc - ing, drink - ing Spins the hea - vy
dim.
p
24
world a - round. If young hearts were not so cle - ver, Oh, they would be
sf
p
29
f
a piacere
young for e - ver; Think no more; 'tis on - ly think - ing Lays lads
sf
colla voce
36
a tempo
un - - - - der - ground.
3
sf
a tempo
p

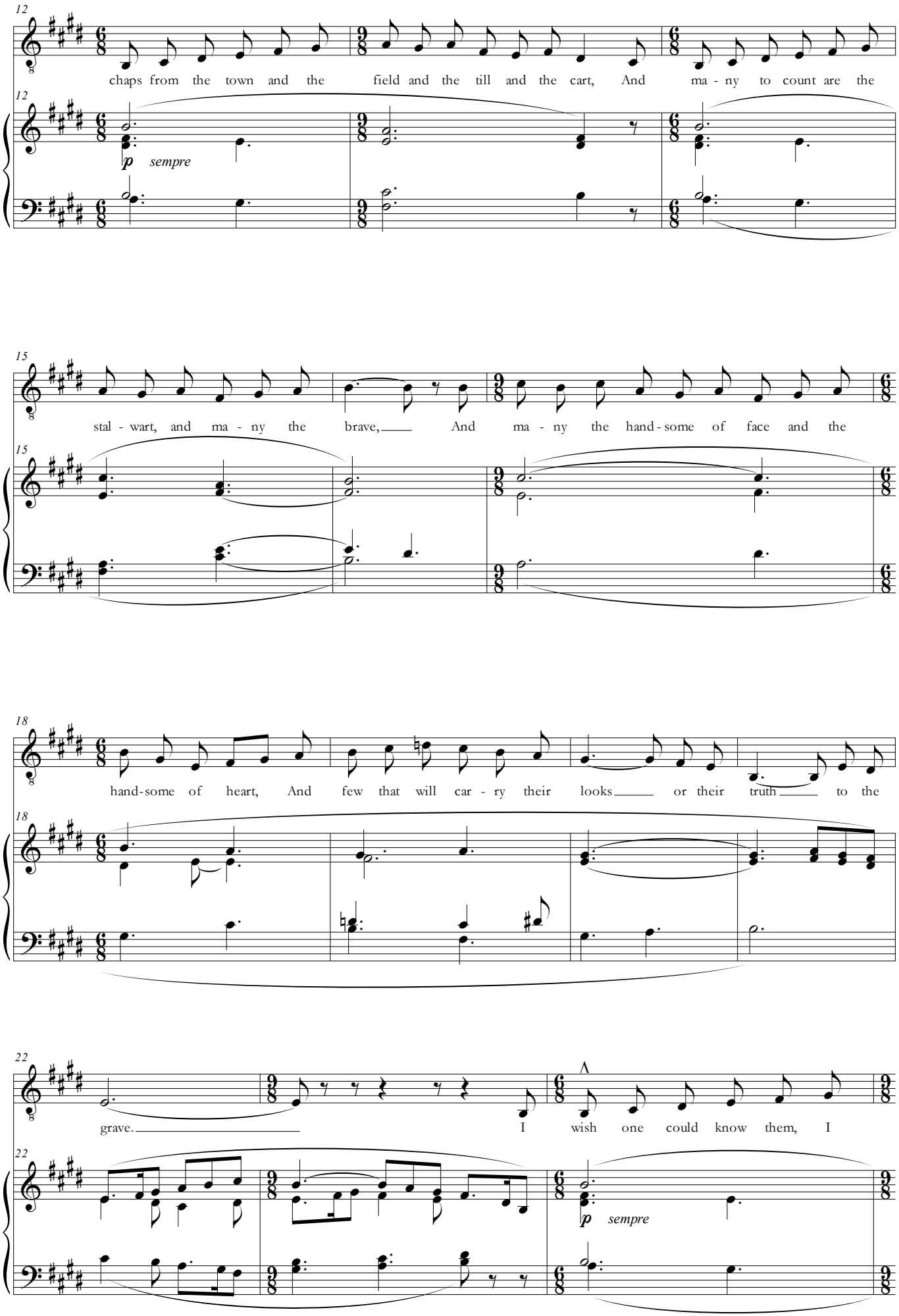

40
f
Think no more, lad; laugh, be jol - ly; Why should men make haste to die? Emp - ty heads and
45
cresc.
allargando
tongues a - talk - ing Make the rough road ea - sy walk - ing, And the fea - ther pate of
colla voce
49
ff a tempo
fol - ly Bears the fal - - - - - - - ling
54
ff
sky.
8va
Ped.

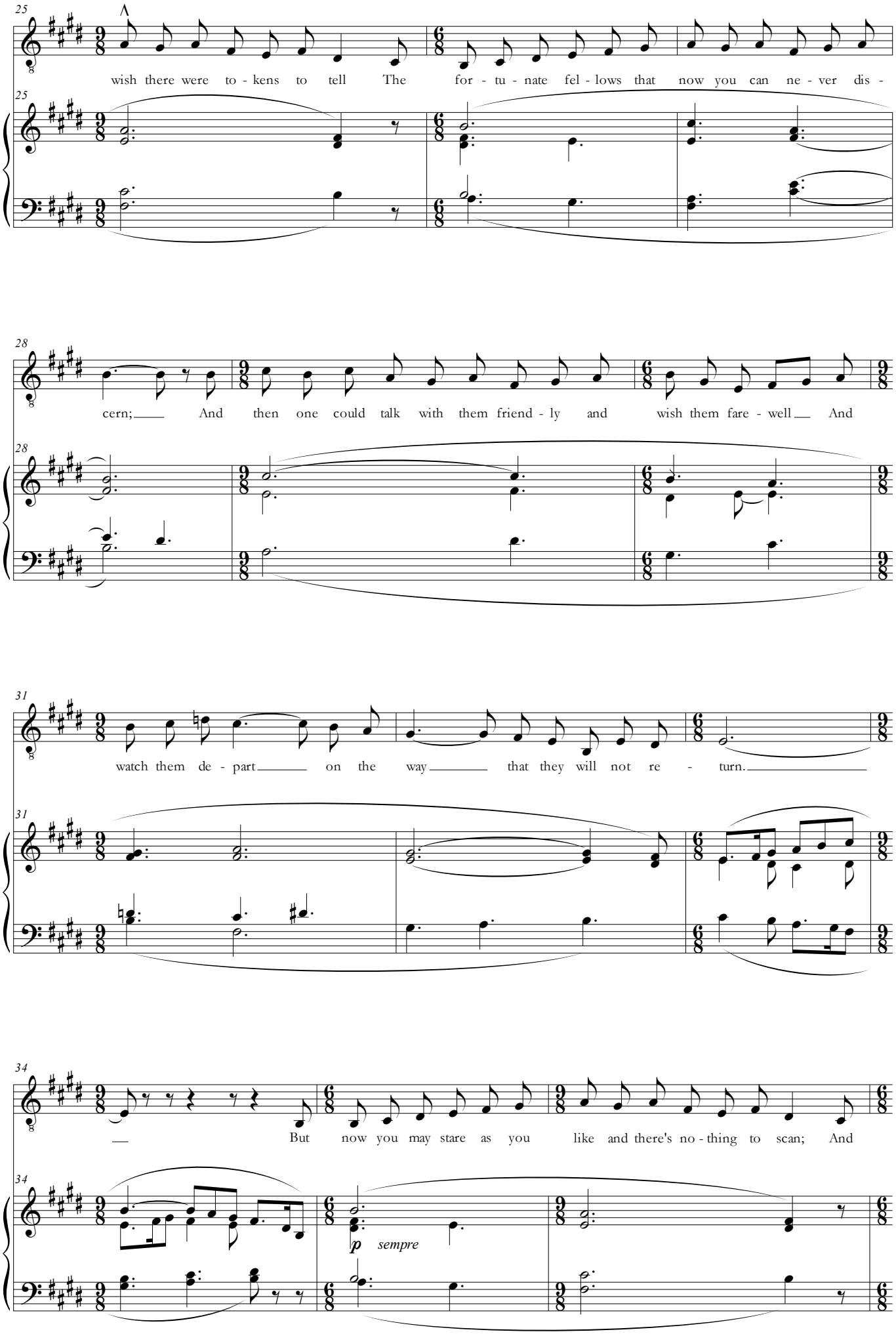
The lads in their hundreds

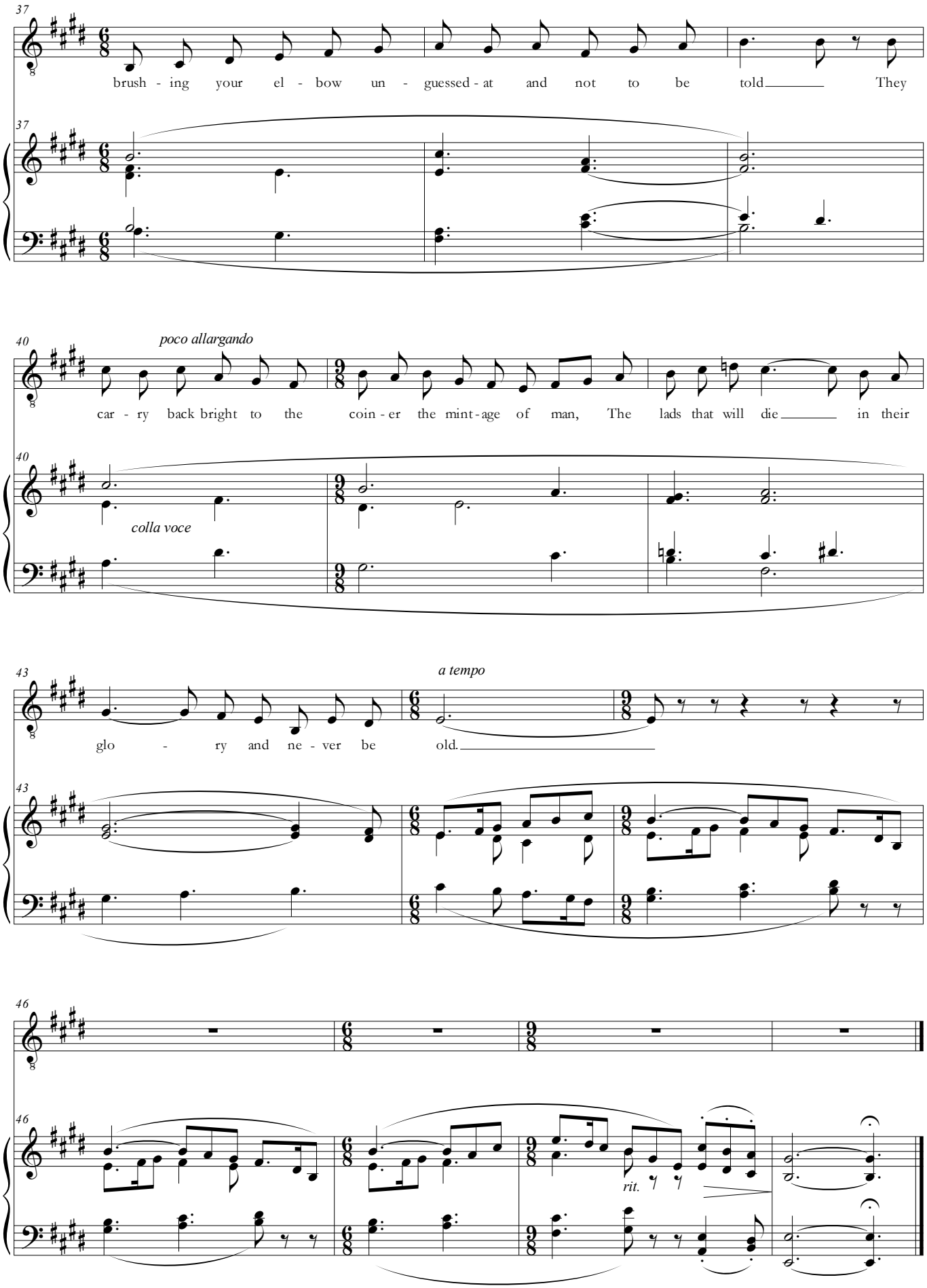
George Butterworth

Allegretto, sempre tranquillo e senza rigore



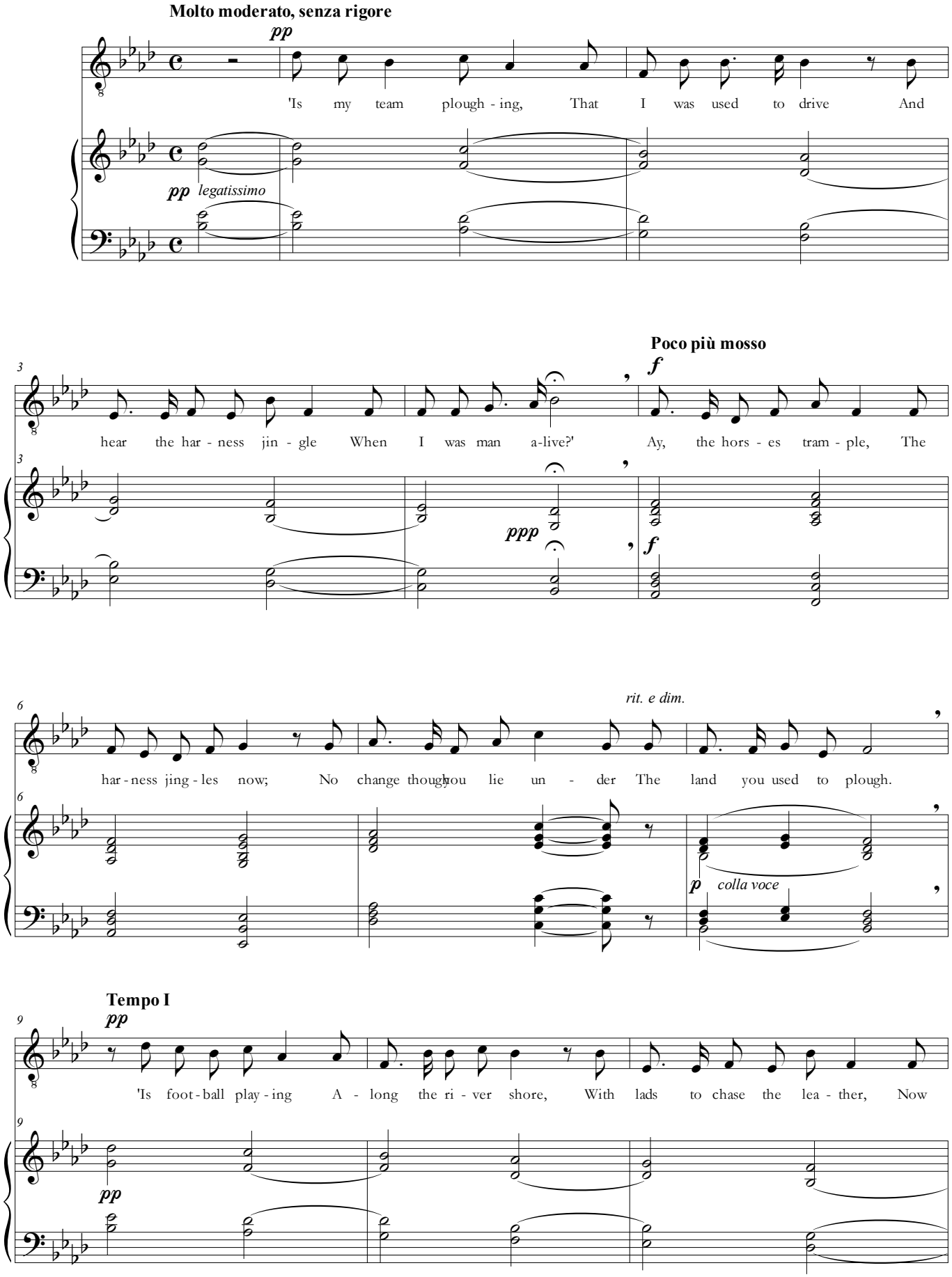

12
chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart, And ma - ny to count are the
p sempre
15
stal - wart, and ma - ny the brave, And ma - ny the hand - some of face and the
18
hand - some of heart, And few that will car - ry their looks or their truth to the
22
grave. I wish one could know them, I
p sempre

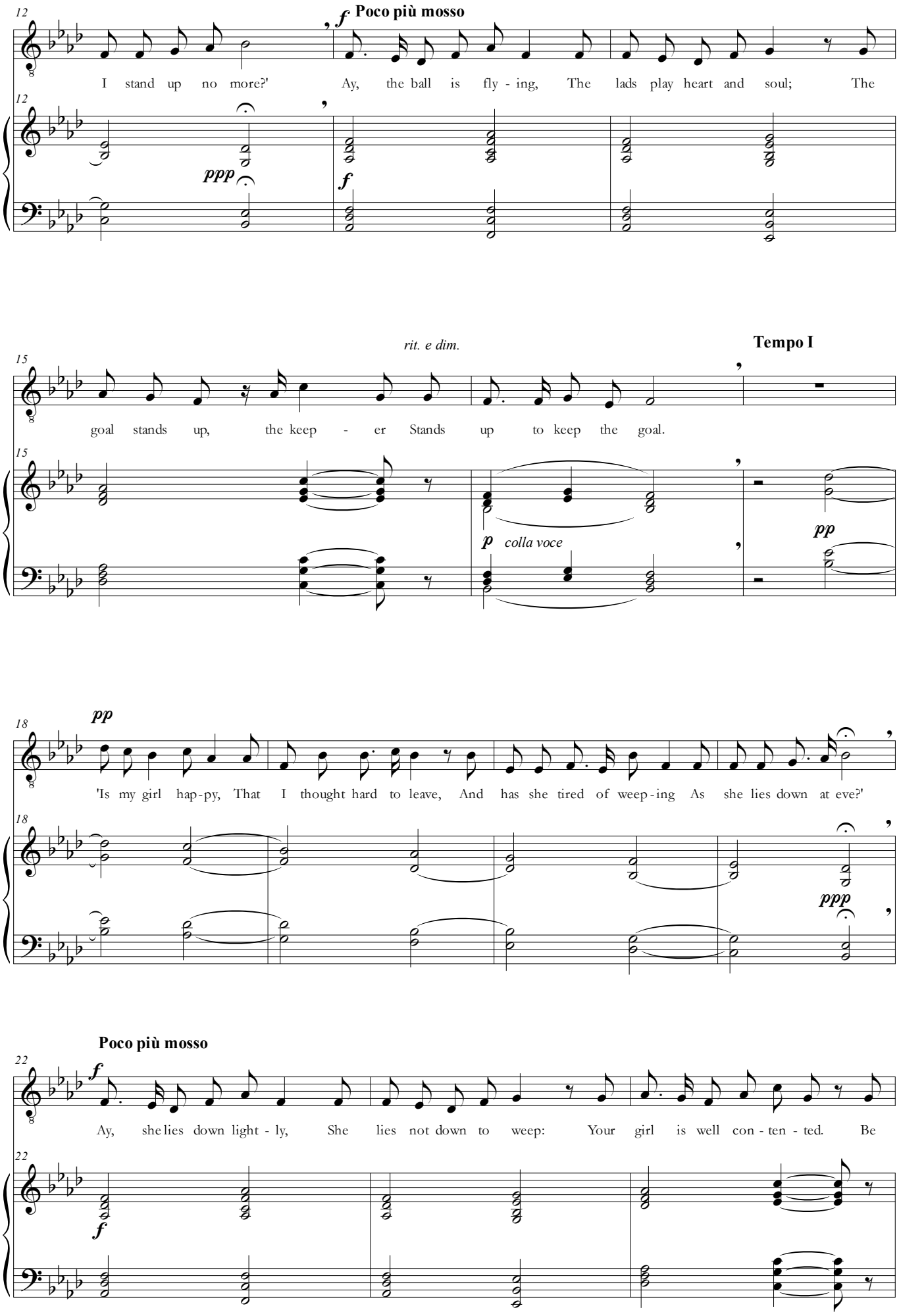

25
wish there were to - kens to tell The for - tu - nate fel - lows that now you can ne - ver dis -
28
cern; And then one could talk with them friend - ly and wish them fare - well And
31
watch them de - part on the way that they will not re - turn.
34
But now you may stare as you like and there's no - thing to scan; And
p sempre

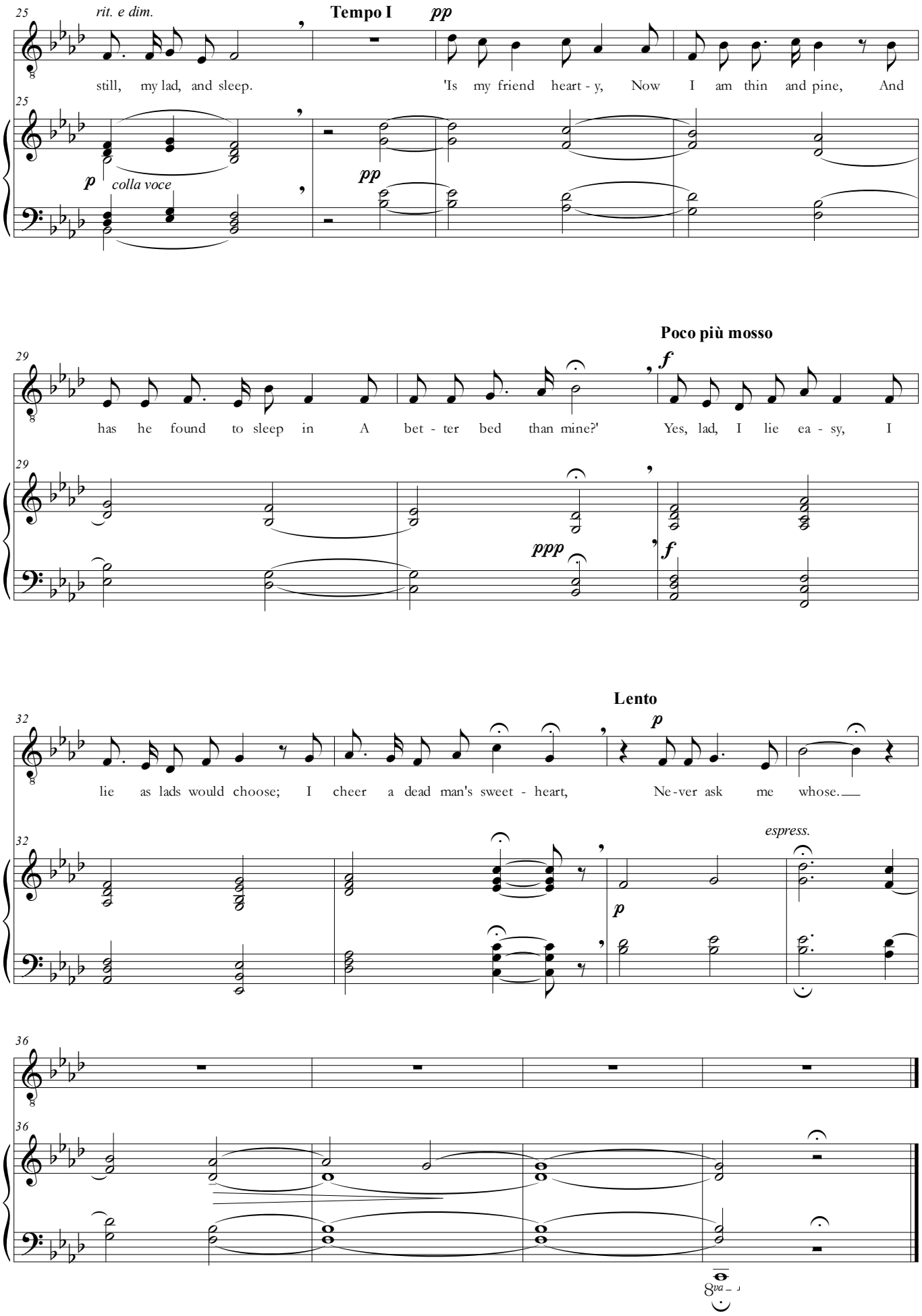

37
brush - ing your el - bow un - guessed - at and not to be told They
37
40
poco allargando
car - ry back bright to the coin - er the mint - age of man, The lads that will die in their
40
colla voce
43
a tempo
glo - ry and ne - ver be old.
43
46
46
rit.

Is my team ploughing?

George Butterworth




12
f Poco più mosso
I stand up no more?' Ay, the ball is fly - ing, The lads play heart and soul; The
ppp
f
rit. e dim.
Tempo I
15
goal stands up, the keep - er Stands up to keep the goal.
p colla voce
pp
18
pp
'Is my girl hap-py, That I thought hard to leave, And has she tired of weep-ing As she lies down at eve?'
ppp
Poco più mosso
22
f
Ay, she lies down light - ly, She lies not down to weep: Your girl is well con - ten - ted. Be
f


25
rit. e dim.
Tempo I
pp
still, my lad, and sleep.
'Is my friend heart - y, Now I am thin and pine, And
p
colla voce
pp
29
Poco più mosso
f
has he found to sleep in A bet - ter bed than mine?'
Yes, lad, I lie ea - sy, I
ppp
f
32
Lento
p
lie as lads would choose; I cheer a dead man's sweet - heart,
Ne-ver ask me whose.
espress.
p
36
8va