

THE LAND
OF
LOST CONTENT

SIX SONGS
WITH
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

BY
JOHN IRELAND

The POEMS by
A. E. HOUSMAN

4/- Net

LOW VOICE

HIGH VOICE
ORIGINAL

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THE LENT LILY*

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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I

THE LENT LILY



The poem by
A. E. Housman *

John Ireland

Andantino con moto (♩ = 66-72)

VOICE

PIANO

pp legato

col Ped.

'Tis

spring; come out to ram - ble The hill - y brakes a - round, For

p

un - der thorn and bram - ble A - bout the hol - low ground — The prim - ros - es are

p poco cresc.

dim.

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found. — And there's the windflow'r

pp *mp* *mf* *mp*

chill - y With all the winds at play, And there's the Lent-en li - ly That has not long to

cresc.

stay And dies — on Easter day.

pp *mp*

And since till girls go may - ing You find the primrose still, And

mp

find the windflow'r play-ing With e-ver-y wind at will, But not the daf - fo-dil,

mf *mp* *cresc.*

Bring baskets now, and sal - ly Up - on the spring's ar - ray, And bear from hill and

mf

val - ley The daf - fo - dil a - way That dies on Easter day. ———

pp

p *pp* *dim. e smorz.*

LADSLOVE.*

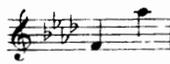
Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

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 springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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II LADSLOVE



Original key

The poem by
A. E. Housman*

John Ireland

Poco sostenuto (♩ = 80-84) *espr.*

VOICE: Look not in my

PIANO: *espr.*, *mf*, *tenuto*, *p*

eyes, for fear They mir - ror true the sight I see, And there you find your

PIANO: *cresc.*, *mf*, *p*

face too clear And love it and be lost like me.

PIANO: *mf*, *f*, *ten.*

One the long nights through must lie— Spent in star-de-feat-ed

mp *mf*

sighs, But why should you as well as I— Per-ish? gaze

p *mp*

— not in my eyes. A

p *mf*

Gre-cian lad, as I hear tell, One that ma-ny loved in vain,

p *cresc.*

Looked in - to a for - est well, And ne - ver looked a - way — a -

gain. There, when the turf in spring - time flow'rs, With downward

ten.

eye and ga - zes sad, Stands a - mid the glanc-ing show'rs A

jon-quil, not a Gre-cian lad.

(p)

p

riten.

pp

GOAL AND WICKET*

Twice a week the winter thorough
Here stood I to keep the goal :
Football then was fighting sorrow
For the young man's soul.

Now in Maytime to the wicket
Out I march with bat and pad :
See the son of grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

Try I will ; no harm in trying :
Wonder 'tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of man from lying
On the bed of earth.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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III GOAL AND WICKET



Original key

The poem by
A. E. Housman*

John Ireland

Vivace (♩ = 98 - 100)

VOICE

f
Twice a week the win-ter

PIANO

f *mf* *f*

tho - rough Here stood I to keep the goal:

poco tenuto

Foot - ball then was fight - ing sor - row For the young man's

mf

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soul.

f *sf*

Now in May-time to the wick - et Out I march with bat and

mf *f*

pad: See the son of grief at crick - et Try -

mf

poco ten.
ing to be glad.

f

Try I will; no harm in try - ing: Won - der

mf

This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "Try I will; no harm in try - ing: Won - der". The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

'tis how lit - tle mirth Keeps the bones of man from

mf *f* *dim.*

This system contains measures 3 and 4. The vocal line continues with "'tis how lit - tle mirth Keeps the bones of man from". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (*mf*), forte (*f*), and diminuendo (*dim.*).

ly - ing On the bed of earth.

poco ten. *mf*

This system contains measures 5 and 6. The vocal line concludes with "ly - ing On the bed of earth.". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *poco ten.* and mezzo-forte (*mf*).

dim. *mp*

This system contains measures 7 and 8. It features piano accompaniment with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include diminuendo (*dim.*) and mezzo-piano (*mp*).

THE VAIN DESIRE *

If truth in hearts that perish
Could move the powers on high,
I think the love I bear you
Should make you not to die.

Sure, sure, if stedfast meaning,
If single thought could save,
The world might end to-morrow,
You should not see the grave.

This long and sure-set liking,
This boundless will to please,
—Oh, you should live for ever
If there were help in these.

But now, since all is idle,
To this lost heart be kind,
Ere to a town you journey
Where friends are ill to find.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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IV

THE VAIN DESIRE



Original key

The poem by
A. E. Housman*

John Ireland

In tempo moderato ($\text{♩} = 56 - 60$)

VOICE

tenuto... If truth in hearts that per-ish Could

mp espr. *mp*

move the pow'rs on high, I think the love I bear you Should

cresc.

make you not to die. Sure. sure. if stead-fast

cresc.

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mean - ing, If sin - gle thought could save, The world might

mf *mf cresc.*

end to - mor - row, You should not see the

dim.

grave. This long and sure - set

(poco animando)

p *mf*

li - king, This bound - less will to please, —Oh,

cresc.

you should live for e - ver If there were help in

f *mf*

(Tempo I)

these. But now, since all is i - dle, To

mp *p*

ten.

this lost heart be kind, Ere to a town you jour-ney Where

ten. *p*

friends are ill to find.

mf *p* *rit. e dim.*

THE ENCOUNTER*

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,
We never crossed before ;
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
We're like to meet no more ;

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell ;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

A. E. HOUSMAN,

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V THE ENCOUNTER



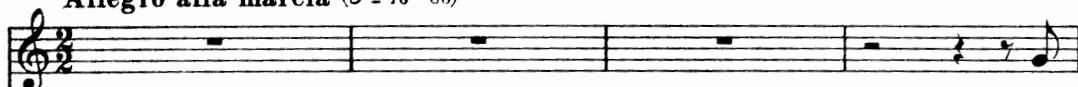
Original key

The poem by
A. E. Housman*

John Ireland

Allegro alla marcia (♩ = 78 - 80)

VOICE



The

PIANO



street sounds to the sol-diers' tread, And out we troop to

mf

mf
segue

see: _____ A sin-gle red-coat turns his head, He turns and

f

mf

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looks at me. _____ My

f marcato sempre

segue

man, from sky to sky's so far, We ne-ver crossed be - fore; _____ Such

mf *marc.*

leagues a-part the world's ends are, We're like to meet no more; —

mf

What thoughts at heart have

mf poco a poco cresc.

segue

you and I We can-not stop to tell; But

marc.
cresc.

dead or liv-ing, drunk or dry, Sol-dier, I wish you well.

poco a poco dim.

mf *mp* *marc.* *mf*

EPILOGUE*

You smile upon your friend to-day,
To-day his ills are over ;
You hearken to the lover's say,
And happy is the lover.

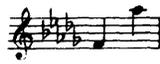
'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,
But better late than never :
I shall have lived a little while
Before I die for ever.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

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VI EPILOGUE

The poem by
A. E. Housman*



Original key

John Ireland

Allegretto con moto (♩ = 96 - 100)

VOICE

PIANO

p dolce

ten...

You

col Ped.

smile up - on your friend to - day, To - day his ills are

poco cresc.

dim.

o - ver; You heark - en to the lo - ver's say, And

hap - py is the lo - ver. — 'Tis late to

mf cresc.

f

dim.

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heark - en, late to smile, But bet - ter late than

p *mf*

ne - ver: I shall have lived a lit - tle while Be - fore I

mp

die for e - ver.

p *dolce*

ten.

Red. *

pp

ten.

Red. *

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