

[words by Rupert Brooke]

The Spring is here

Virace *dim* *pp* *f* *Thomas*

Soprano And sud-den-ly the wind comes soft, And Spring is here a -

Alto And sud-den-ly the wind comes soft And Spring is here a -

Bass And sud-den-ly the wind comes soft, And Spring is here a -

dim poco rall

gain, And the haw-thorn quickens with buds of green, & my heart with buds of

gain ... And the hawthorn quickens with buds of green, & my heart with buds of

gain, And the hawthorn quickens with buds of green, & my heart with buds of

meno mosso

pain. My heart all win-ter lay so numb, The earth so dead and

pain. My heart all win-ter lay so numb, The earth so dead and

pain my heart lay so numb, The earth so dead and

cres *dim*

frore, That I ne-ver thought the Spring would come, Or my heart wake any

cres *dim*

frore, That I ne-ver thought the Spring would come, Or my heart wake any

cres *dim*

frore, That I ne-ver thought the Spring would come, Or my heart wake a ny

vivace

molto rall *ff* more But winter's broken, and earth has woken & the small birds cry a -

more *ff* But winter's broken, & Earth has woken, & the small birds cry a -

more But winter's broken, & earth has woken & the small birds cry a -

a tempo *rall*

gain, And the hawthorn hedge puts forth its buds, & my heart puts forth its pain

rall *rall*

gain. And the haw-thorn hedge puts forth its buds, & my heart puts forth its pain

rall *rall*

gain. And the haw-thorn hedge puts forth its buds, & my heart puts forth its pain

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