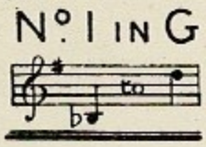
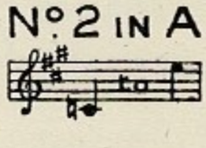




THE PIPES OF PAN

Song

THE WORDS BY

ADRIAN ROSS

The Music by

EDWARD ELGAR.

Price 2/6 net

BOOSEY & HAWKES

THE PIPES OF PAN.

WHEN the woods are gay in the time of June
With the chestnut flow'r and fan,
And the birds are still in the hush of noon,—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
He plays on the reed that once was a maid
Who broke from his arms and ran,
And her soul goes out to the list'ning glade—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Though you hear, come not near,
Fearing the wood-god's ban;
Soft and sweet, in the dim retreat,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the sun goes down and the stars are out,
He gathers his goat-foot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout;
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
For he pipes the dance of the happy Earth
Ere ever the gods began,
When the woods were merry and mad with mirth—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Come not nigh, pass them by;
Woe to the eyes that scan!
Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

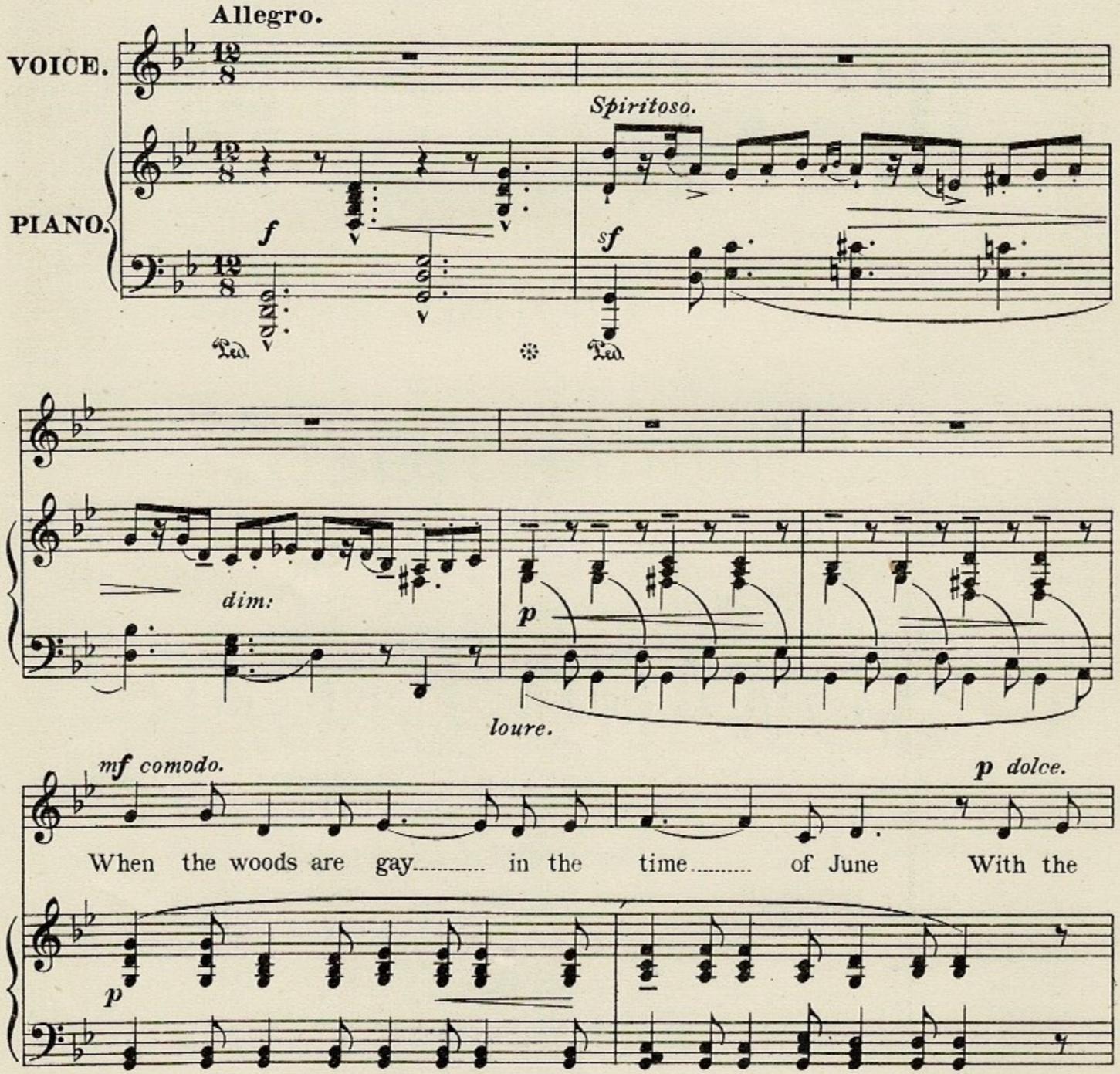
When the armies meet on the battle field,
And the fight is man to man,
With the gride of sword and the clash of shield—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Thro' the madden'd shriek of the flying rear,
Thro' the roar of the charging van,
There skirls the tune of the God of Fear—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Ours the fray—on and slay,
Let him escape that can!
Ringing out in the battle-shout,
Hark to the pipes of Pan.

ADRIAN ROSS.

The Pipes of Pan.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.



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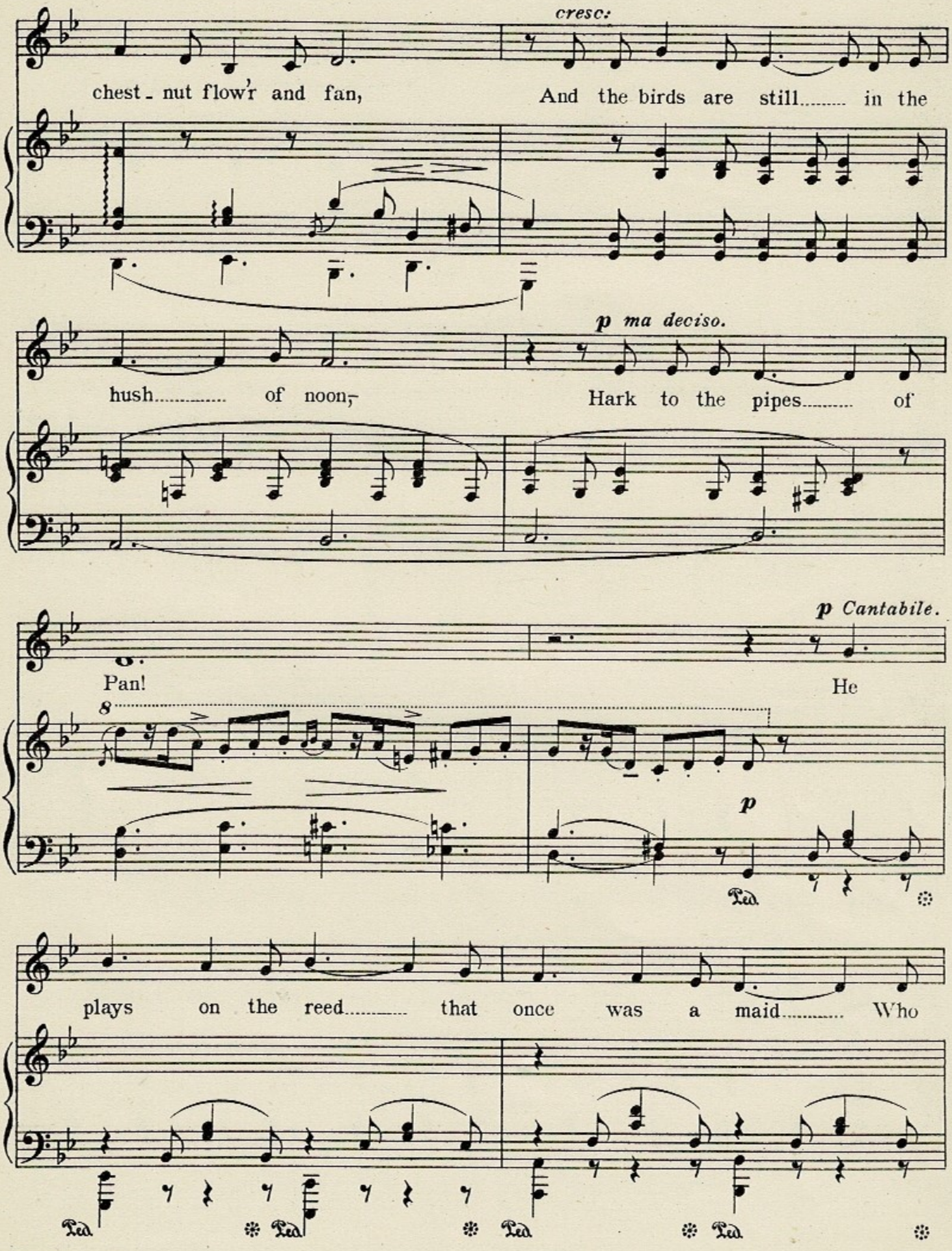
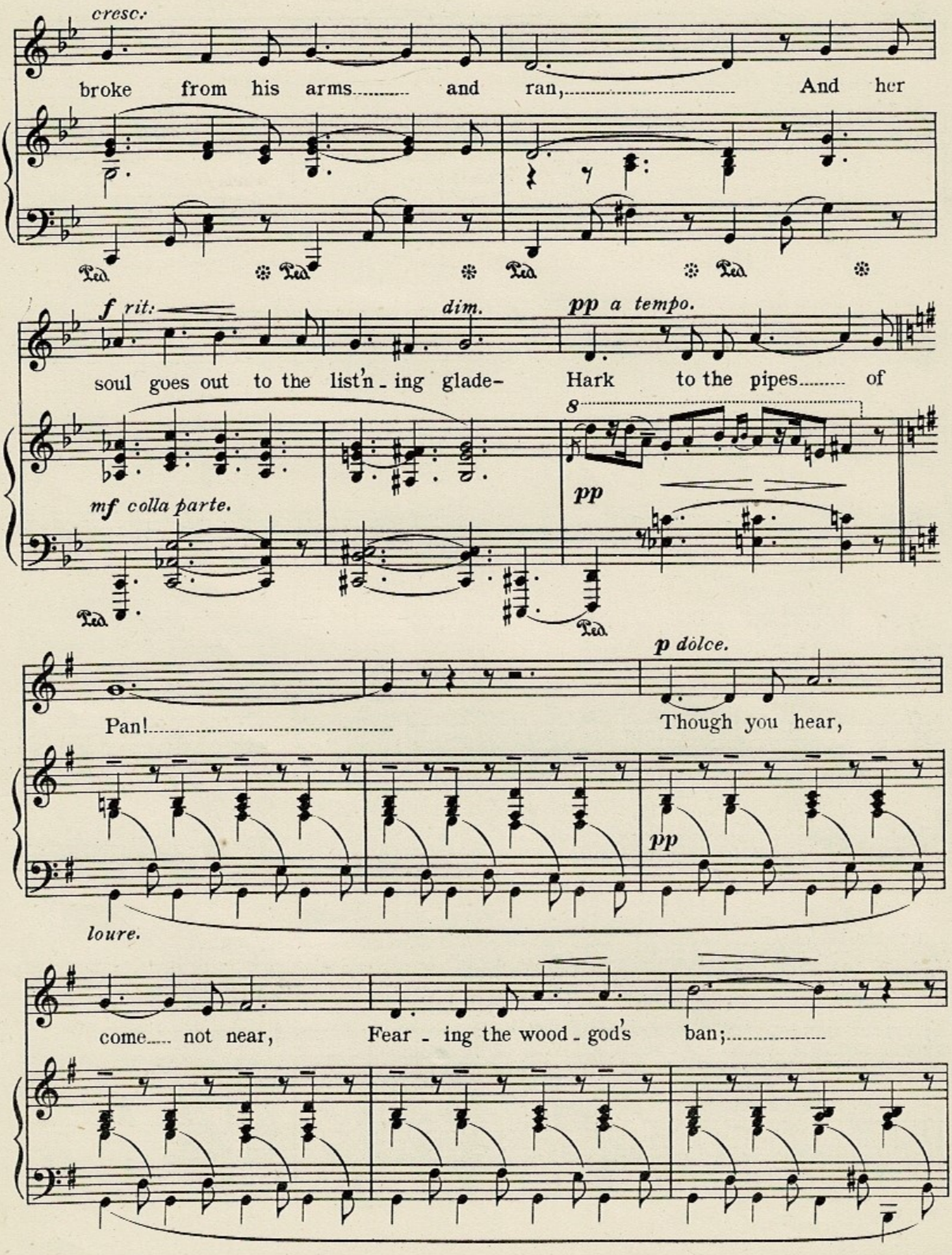
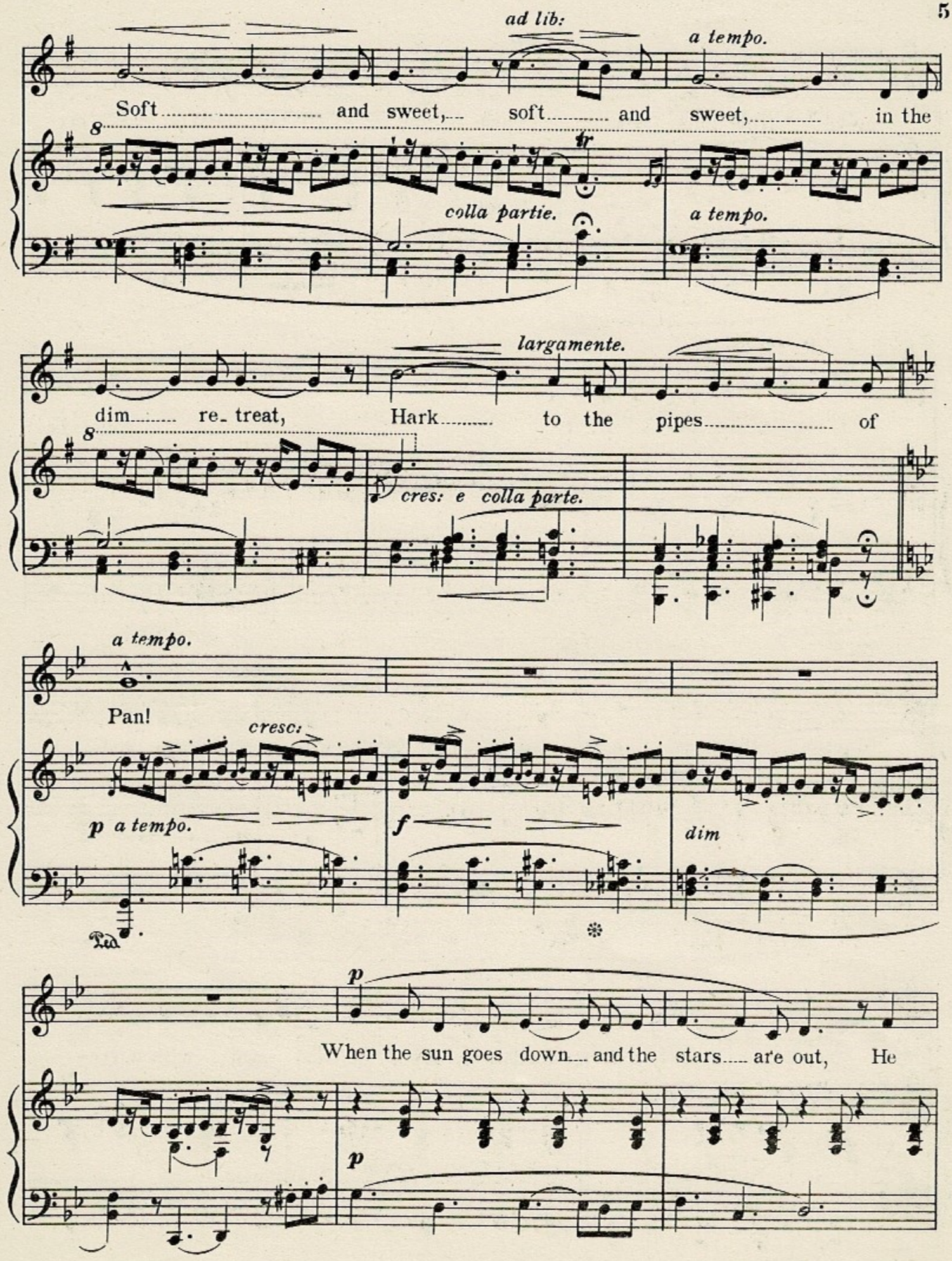
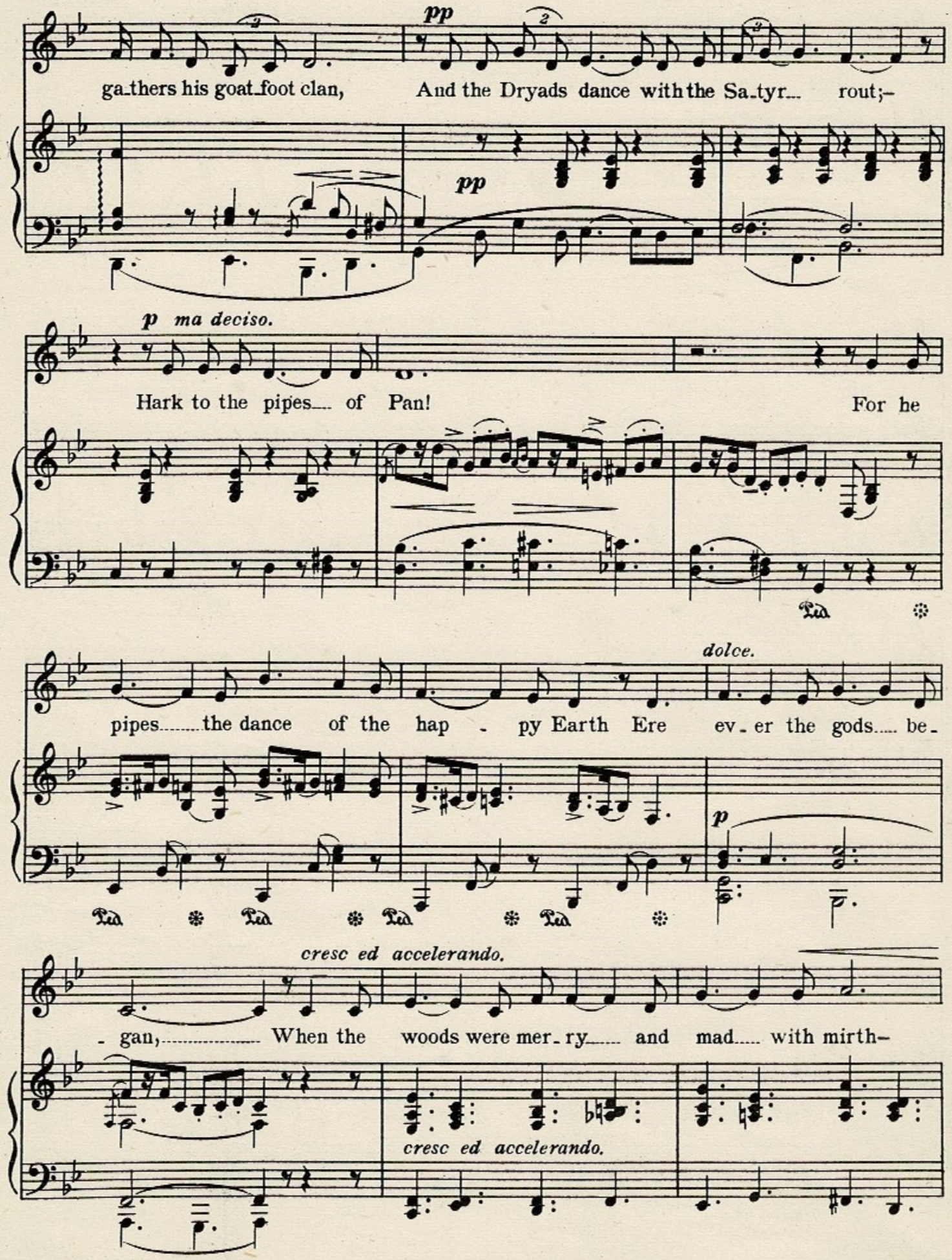
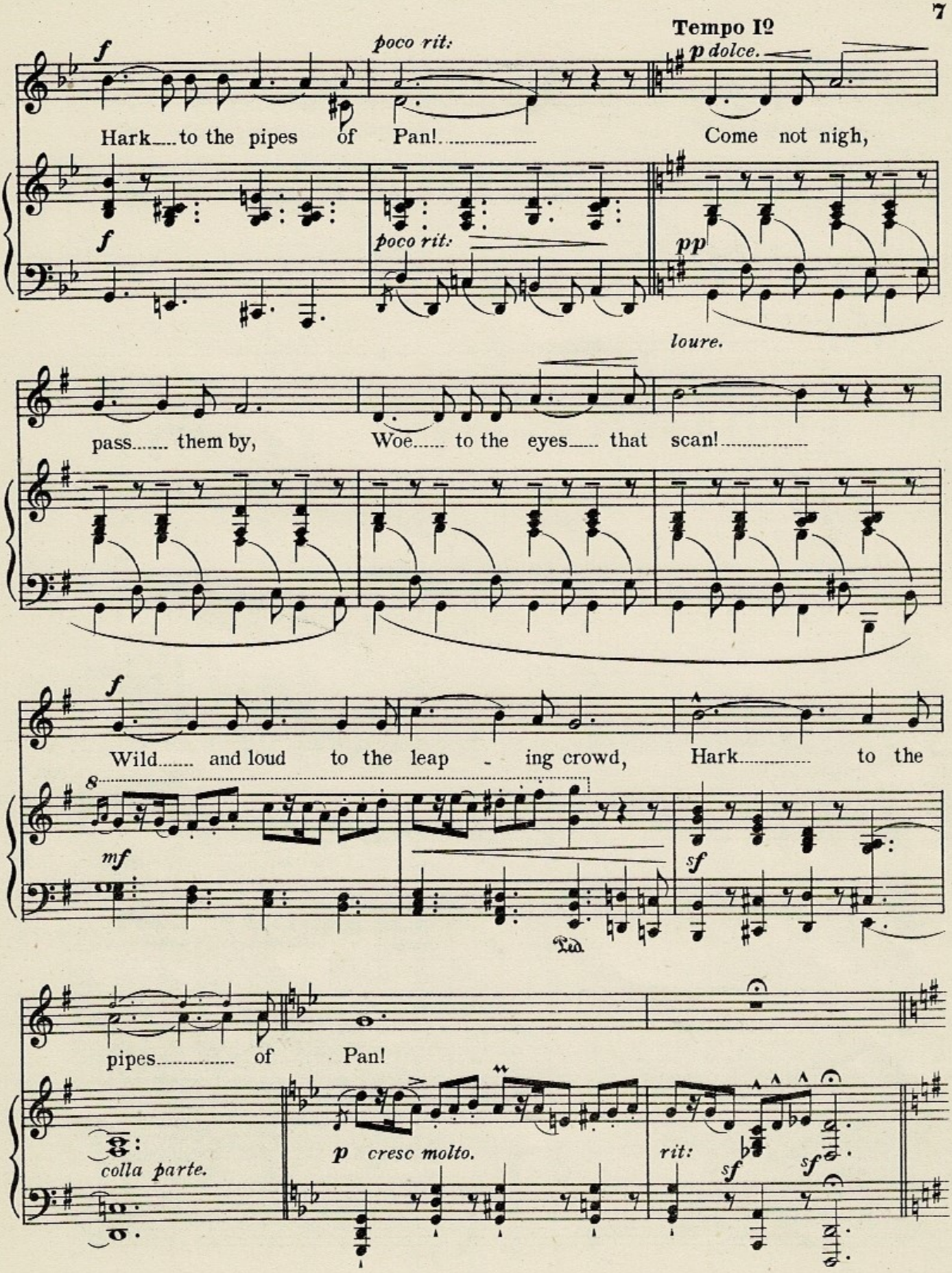
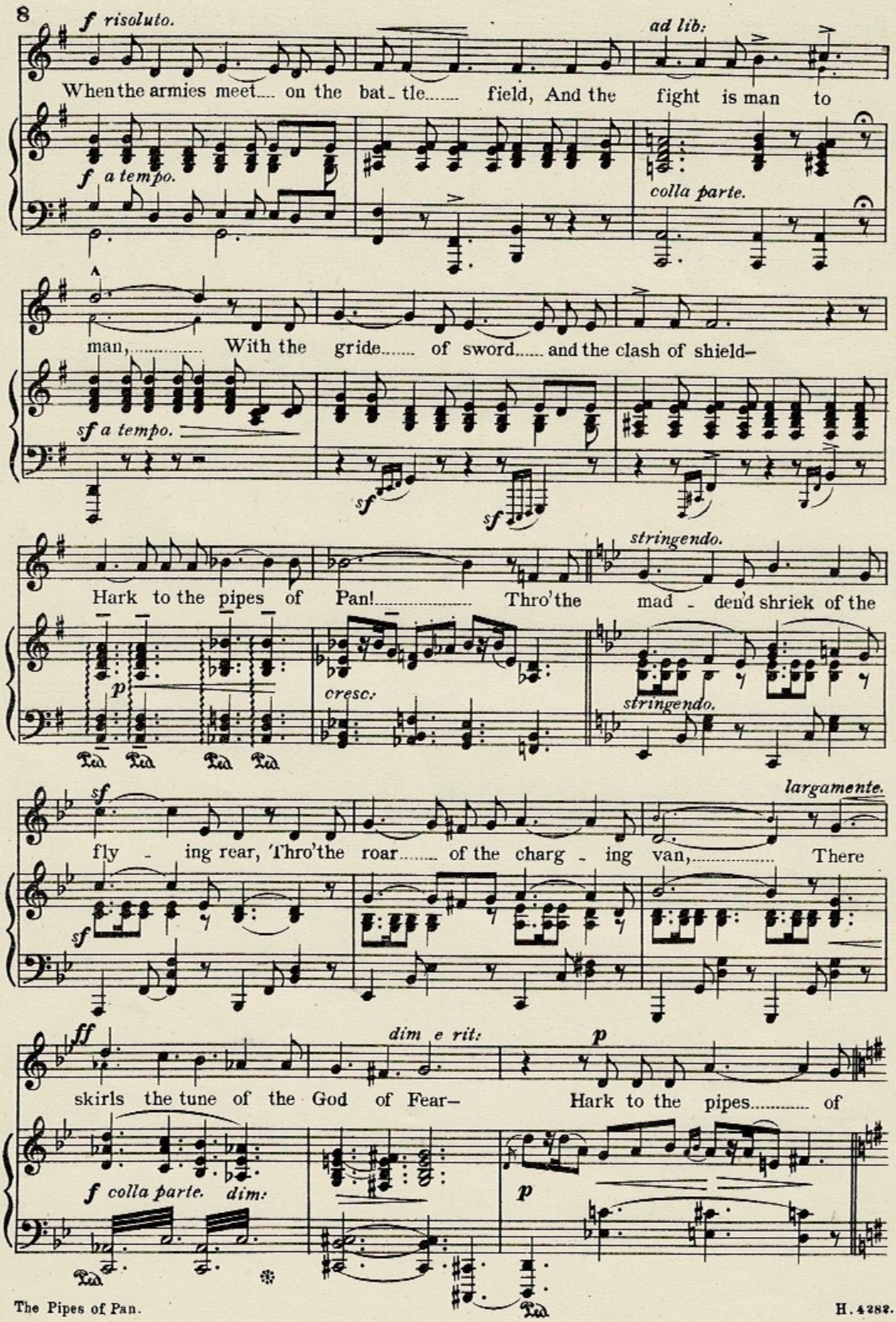

cresc:
chest - nut flow'r and fan,
And the birds are still..... in the
p ma deciso.
hush..... of noon;-
Hark to the pipes..... of
p Cantabile.
Pan!
He
8
p
Ped.
plays on the reed..... that once was a maid..... Who
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

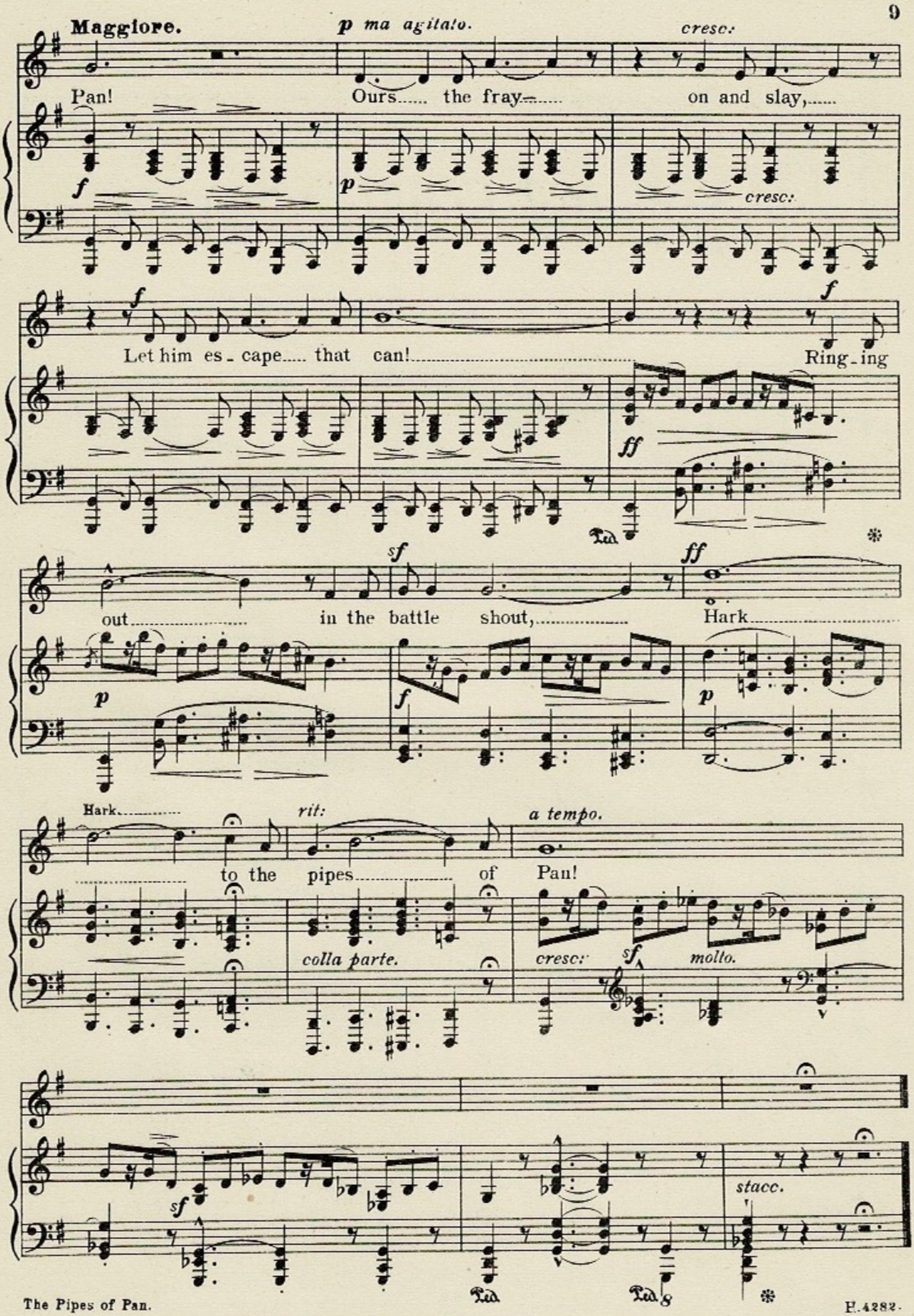

cresc.
broke from his arms and ran, And her
f rit:
dim.
pp a tempo.
soul goes out to the list'n - ing glade- Hark to the pipes of
8
mf colla parte.
pp
Ped.
p dolce.
Pan! Though you hear,
pp
loure.
come not near, Fear - ing the wood - god's ban;


ad lib:
a tempo.
Soft and sweet, soft and sweet, in the
colla partie.
a tempo.
largamente.
dim re_treat, Hark to the pipes of
cres: e colla parte.
a tempo.
Pan!
cresc:
p a tempo.
f
dim
p
When the sun goes down and the stars are out, He


pp
ga_thers his goat_foot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Sa_tyr__ rout;-
pp
p ma deciso.
Hark to the pipes__ of Pan!
For he
dolce.
pipes.....the dance of the hap - py Earth Ere
ev_er the gods..... be_
p
cresc ed accelerando.
- gan,..... When the woods were mer_ry..... and mad..... with mirth-
cresc ed accelerando.


Tempo Iº
poco rit:
p dolce.
Hark.... to the pipes of Pan!..... Come not nigh,
poco rit:
pp
loure.
pass..... them by, Woe..... to the eyes..... that scan!.....
Wild..... and loud to the leap - ing crowd, Hark..... to the
8
mf
sf
Ped.
pipes..... of Pan!
colla parte.
p cresc molto.
rit:
sf
sf


f risoluto.
ad lib:
When the armies meet.... on the bat - tle..... field, And the fight is man to
f a tempo.
colla parte.
man,..... With the gride..... of sword..... and the clash of shield-
sf a tempo.
sf
sf
stringendo.
Hark to the pipes of Pan!..... Thro' the mad - den'd shriek of the
p
cresc:
stringendo.
Ped Ped Ped Ped
largamente.
sf
fly - ing rear, Thro' the roar..... of the charg - ing van,..... There
sf
ff
dim e rit:
p
skirls the tune of the God of Fear- Hark to the pipes..... of
f colla parte. dim:
p
Ped
Ped



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