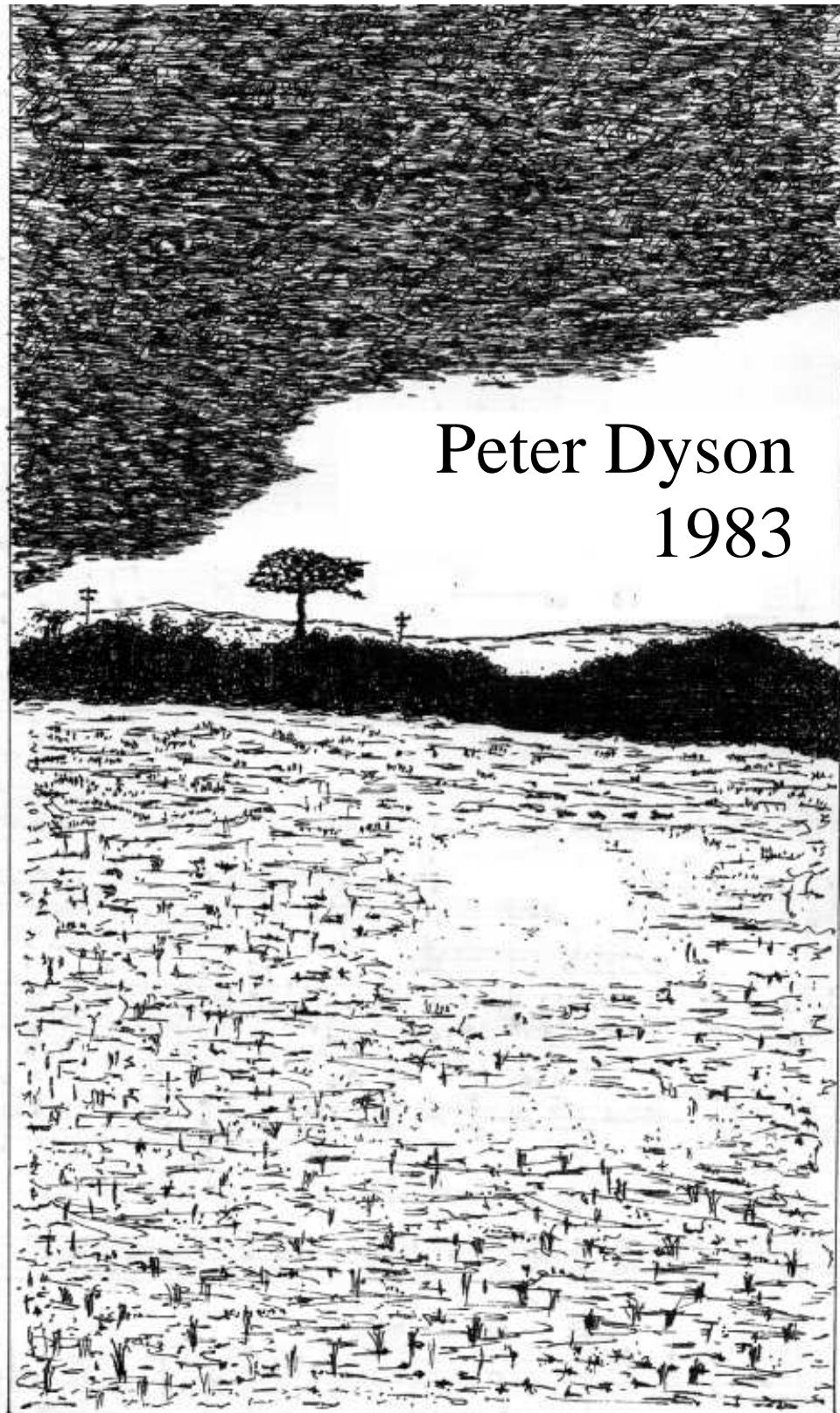


If  
thou  
indeed  
derive  
thy  
light  
from  
heaven



Peter Dyson  
1983

A Setting of Wordsworth's Poem  
for Voice and Two Violins

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,  
William Wordsworth

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:--

The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,  
(Visible though they be to half the earth,  
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)

Are yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,  
Among the branches of the leafless trees.  
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:  
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

1832.

# If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven

Words by William Wordsworth (1770 -1850)

Peter Dyson

**Rubato** ( $\text{♩} = 72$ )

Solo Voice

Violin I

Violin II

S.

Vln I

Vln II

S.

Vln I

Vln II

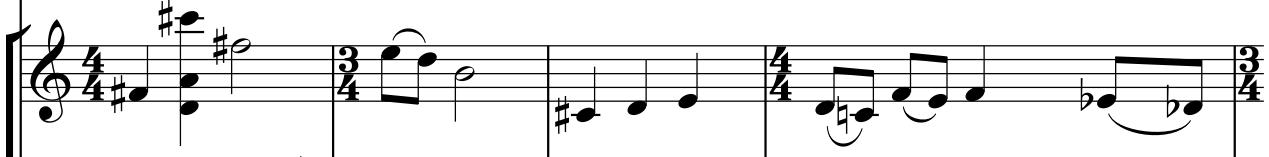
12

If thou in-deed de - rive thy light from



17

S. 

Vln I 

Vln II 



21

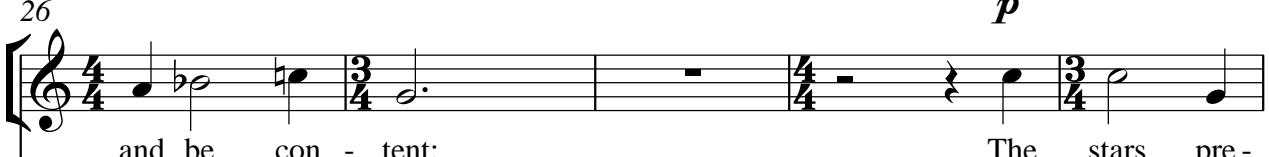
S. 

Vln I 

Vln II 



26

S. 

Vln I 

Vln II 

31

S. e - mi-nent in mag-ni-tude, And they that from their ze-nith dart their

Vln I

Vln II



35

S. beams, (Vi - si - ble) though they be to half the

Vln I

Vln II



38

S. earth, though half a sphere be con-scious of their bright- ness) Are

Vln I

Vln II

42

S. yet of no di - vi - ner o - ri - gin, No pu - rer es - sence, than the one that

Vln I

*mf*

Vln II

*mf*



45

S. burns, Like an un - ten - ded watch - fire, on the ridge of some

Vln I

Vln II

*p*

*p*

*p*



49

S. dark moun - tain: or than those which seem

Vln I

Vln II

53

S. Hum - bly to hang, like twin - kling win-ter lamps, A - mong the

Vln I

Vln II



56 *pp*

S. bran-ches of the leaf- less trees:

Vln I

Vln II *pp*



60 *mf*

S. All are un-dy-ing off - spring of one

Vln I

Vln II

65

S. Sire: Then, to the mea - sure of the light vouch

Vln I

Vln II



69

S. safed, Shine, Shine, Poet! in thy

Vln I

Vln II



Great Bardfield 14th November 1983

74

S. place, and be con - tent.

Vln I

Vln II