

Intimations of Immortality—Verse IV

Baritone solo, SATB

Poetry by Wm. Wordsworth

Music by Don “Orfeo” Rechtman

[The children, including the Boy, resume their play, but silently and in slow motion.]

♩ = 120

Baritone Solo

Soprano

Alto

Piano

8

Pno.

[The Father

14 (baritone solo) enters from SR and observes the action before singing.]

Pno.

20

Pno.

poco e poco cresc. - - -

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26 *rit.* *rall.* *mf*

Bar. Solo

Pno. *a tempo* Ye bless-ed

32 *(mf)*

Bar. Solo

Pno.

Crea - tures, I have heard the call Ye to each oth - er make. I

38

Bar. Solo

Pno.

see The heav - ens laugh with you in your ju - bil-ee; My heart is at your

43 *f* *mf* *f* *mp*

Bar. Solo

Pno.

fes - ti - val, My head hath its cor - o - nal, The ful - ness of your bliss, I

48

Bar. Solo

feel - I feel it

S.

A.

Pno.

$\text{♩} = 46$

p

pp

Oh e - vil day! if

Oh e - vil day! if

52

S.


A.


Pno.

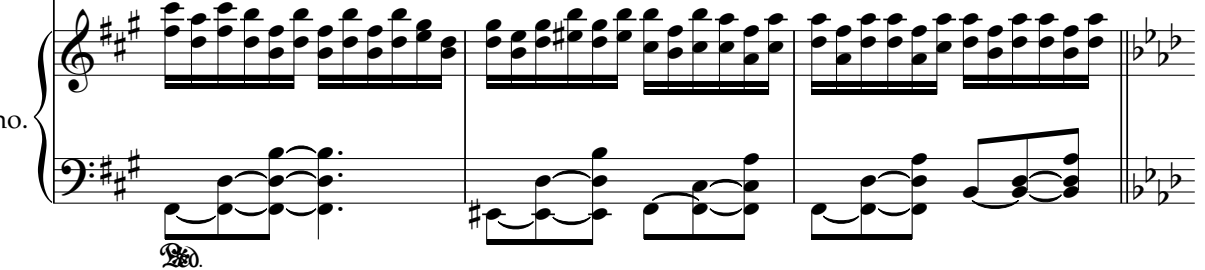
I were sul - len While Earth her self is a -

I were sul - len While Earth her - self is a -

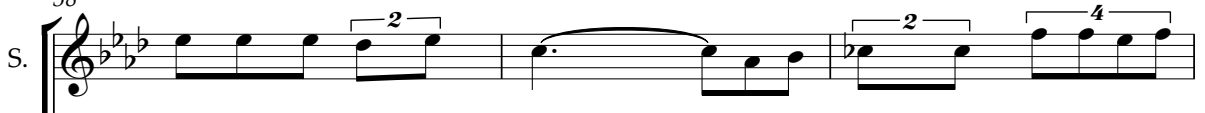
55

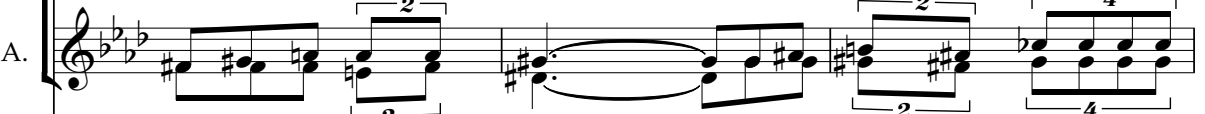
S. 
 dorn - ing, - This sweet - May - -morn - ing, - And the Chil - dren are

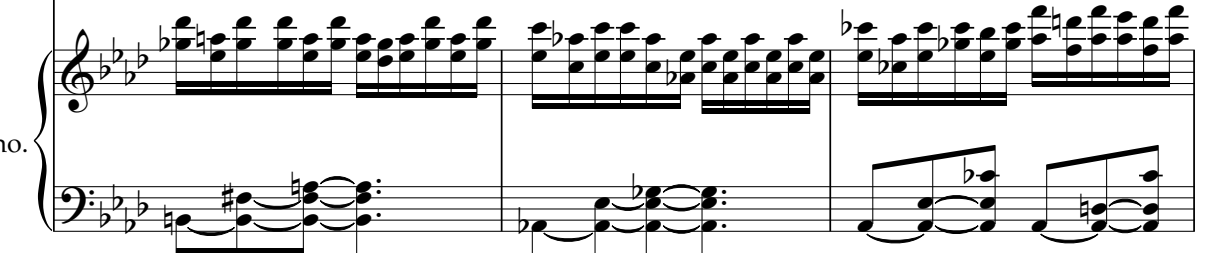
A. 
 dorn - ing, sweet May - morn - ing, - And the Chil - dren are

Pno. 

58 *[The children begin to lose interest in the dance and their surroundings.]*

S. 
 cull - ing On - ev - ery - side, - - - In a - thous - and - val - leys - far and

A. 
 cull - ing On ev - ery side, - - - In a thous - and val - leys far and

Pno. 

61

S. wide, — — — — — Fresh flow - ers; — — — — — while - the sun shines warm, — — — — —

A. wide, — — — — — Fresh flow - ers; sun shines warm, — — — — —

Pno.

64

S. — — — — — And — the Babe — leaps — up — on — his — Mo — ther's —

A. — — — — — And the Babe leaps up on his Mo - ther's

Pno.

66 *Allergando* *fff* [All children except the Boy sadly gradually exit L and R.]

S. arm: - - - - - I - hear, - I hear, with joy - I hear! -

A. arm: - - - - - I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

Pno. *fff* *ff* *sfz*

72 *a tempo* *mp*

Bar. Solo But there's a Tree, of man - y, one, A sin - gle

Pno. *mp* *p*

79

Bar. Solo Field which I have looked up - on, Both of them speak of some-thing that is

Pno.

85

Bar. Solo

gone: The Pan - sy at my feet Doth the same tale re - peat:

Pno.

91

Bar. Solo

Whith-er is fled the vis - ion-ar - y gleam? Where is it

Pno.

[The Boy holds and observes a flower, drops it, then sits down despondently.]

97

Bar. Solo

now, the glo - - and the dream?

Pno.

Morendo

101

Bar. Solo

Pno.

p *pp* *ppp* *pppp*