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BY FOOTPATH AND STILE

SONG-CYCLE

THOMAS HARDY *)

GERALD FINZI

First Violin.

I

Moderato. ♩ = about 69

sonore
p
ppp
pp
ppp
simile
mp
rit.
f
Allegro tempo
p

ment by foot-path and by stile Be - yond where bus-tle
ends, strayed here a mile and there a mile And called upon some

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First Violin.

F
 friends. on certain ones I had not seen for years past did I call, And

then on others who had been the oldest friends of all.

G

pp **H**
 It was the time of midsummer when they had used to roam, But

pp

now, though tempting was the air, I found them all at home.

K
 I spoke to one and other of them By word and stone and

Rall. e dim. *freely* **L**
 tree of things we had done ere days were dim, But they spoke not to me.

niente

First Violin.

II

Adagio ♩. about 66

Viol. II.

pp

When we made the fire. In the

summer time of branch and briar On the hill to the sea, I slowly climb through

laboured

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

winter mire, And soon and trace The forsaken place Quite readily.

acceler. e cresc.

p

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

Now a cold wind blows And the grass is gray But the spot still shows its a

tr. e

ff

B

allarg.

Tempo I.

burnt circle — aye, And sticks and charred, still show the sword there

Solo

mp

on I stand, Last relic of the band who came that day!

pp

C

First Violin.

2

pp

Yes, I am here just as last

year, And the sea breathes brine from its strange straight line up **D** hither, the same

As when we four came. But two have wandered far from this grossy rise, Into urban roads,

rit. **F** *a tempo*

where no picnics are, And one — has shut her

eyes for ev - er - more.

oon sord,

1 5

III

molto sereno ♩ about 49.

Christ-mas Eve, and
senza sord.
pp

voice of the dead "Now they are all on their knees" An elder said as we

rit. A *a tempo*
 and in a float By the em-bers in hearthside ease.

2nd Viol.

we pictured the meek mild creatures where they dwell in these strawy

pen, Nor did it oc-our to one of us there To doubt they were passing

1 2 3 4

First Violin.

B rit. *pochiss. più mosso*

then: So fair a fancy few would weave In these years, yet I feel, If

someone said on Christmas Eve "Come, see the oxen kneel In the lone-ly bar-ton

rit. **C**

by yonder coombe, our childhood us'd to know

p

I should go with him in the gloom, Hoping it might be so.

IV

Presto Giocoso. ♩ = about 128 or faster

f marc.

A

We are bud-ding, Mas-ter bud-ding, We of your

mf *piu.* *ff*

First Violin.

ta - vourite tree; **B** March drought and April flooding A - rouse us

col arco
mp



merrily Our stemlets newly studding; And



yet you do not see! **C**

cresc.



We are fully waven for sum - - mer In stuff of

ff *smile*



D tim - pest green, The twitterer and the hummer

dim. *mp*



Here rest of nights, un - seen, *rit.*

p dolce



First Violin.

F *sempre rit.*

While like a long - - roll drummer

The night jar, thrills the trees.

Ricochet.

F *Tempo I.*

2nd Viol.

rit, poco a poco

We are turning yet - low,

G

Master, And next we are turning red, ——— And faster then and

molto allarg.

fas - ter shall seek our root - y bed, all wasted in dis - us - - ter!

First Violin.

Andante ♩. about 108.

mp
But you lift --- not your head.

H

I
I mark your early going, And that you'll soon be clay

I have seen your summer showing as in my youthful day *But why I*

K
seem un - known . . . ing. *is*

dim.

Tempo I.

1
too stark in to say!"

1 **2** *pizz.*
P

arco
pp
and Viol.

First Violin.

V

Adagio ♩ = about 63. Free and conversational.

2nd Viol. *p*

a tempo *pp*

These flowers are I poor Fanny Hurd,

Ser or Madam, A little girl here sepultured once I flit-fluttered

con sord. Solo *Solo* *Solo*

mp

like a bird A - bore the grass, as now I wave In daisy shapes

Solo *senza sord. Solo*

ten.

above my grave. All day cheerily, All night

Solo *Solo*

erily!

Solo

First Violin.

B Allegro $\text{♩} = \text{not less than } \text{♩. of preceding.}$

String.

I am one Bachelor Bowring, Gent, Sir or Madam, In shingled

oak my bones were pent, Hence more than a hundred years I spent

C
in my feat of change from a coffin thrall, To a

dancer in green as leaves on a wall.

D
All day cheerily, arco All night eer-

pizz.

f dim.

Tempo I, $\text{♩} = \text{about } \text{♩. of preceding.}$

i-ty!

I these berries of juice and glass, Sir or Madam

mp

p

First Violin.

E rit. a tempo

A mole can for gotten as Thomas Voss; *Thin urned, I have burrowed away moss that covers my sod, and have entered this*
From the

pp *cresc.*

F

yew, And turned to clusters ruddy of view *All day cheerily,* *All night eerily!*

ff *dim.* *pizz.* *arco*

G Più mosso.

The Lady Gertrude, proud, right bred,

rit. e dim. *f*

Sir or Madam, *Am* *I* *— this laurel that shades your head. Into its* *Veins* *I have*

ff

H

stilly sped, And made them of me, And my leaves now shine As did my sat-ins super fine.

ff

All day cheerily, *All night eerily!*

f

First Violin.

J *Tempo I.*
dim. e rit.
 "I who as innocent with wind dimb Sir or Madam, Am

one Eve Green, ~~laeres,~~ in olden time kissed by men from many a dime Beneath sun stars, in

K
 blow in breeze, as now by glow worms and by bees, All day cheerily, All night

Allegro. d. = not less than d of preceding.
 eerily!" "I'm old

rit.

L
 Squire Bu-del-y Geey, who grew,

Sir or Madam, R -

First Violin.

M
 mea - ry of life, and in scorn with drew, Till a - non I clambered
cresc.

M
 up a - new fis I - ry green, when my ache was stayed, — And in that ab -

tire I have long - time gayed. — *All* day
pp

O *Tempo I. ♩ about ♩ of preceding.*
 cheerily, all night eer - il - y!
p

Q
 And so the breathe these marks to each Sir or Madam Who lingers there and their lively speech. *All* for us an interpreter
Solo *Solo*
p *Solo*

molto sostenuto
 much to teach, As their murmurous accents seem to come — thence hither around — in a radiant hum, — **R** *rit.*
pp

molto rit. Meno mosso.
 All day cheerily, All night eerily!
pp

VI

Allegro Moderato ♩ = about 100.

Every-body else, then, going, And I still left where the

mf

Poco più mosso.

fair was?

ff

♩ a tempo

Much have I seen of neighbour loungers making a lusty showing,

ff

Meno Mosso

molto dim. e rit.

Each now past all knowing

molto

**) B Meno Mosso.*

There is an air of blankness In the street and the littered

spaces Thoroughfare, steeple, bridge and highway Wixen themselves to lavender;

**) approximately the tempo of MP 2 but faster ♩ = about 28.*

First Violin.

Meno Mosso.

Kennels dribble darkness *Folk. all fade, And*

accet.

ritard.

with, *As I wait a-ton where the fair was?*

rubato

pp

half speed

slower

1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3

monotonously

In-to the clammy and numb - ing night

toq *whence they entered* *hither.*

Soon one more goes *hither*

p

Harmonies.

bow

**) approximately the tempo of N° 3 ♩ = about 60 (♩ = 46)*
***) " " " " N° 1. ♩ = about 68*

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