

A YOUNG MAN'S EXHORTATION

Ten Songs for Tenor and Piano

Words by THOMAS HARDY

Music by GERALD FINZI

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Mane floreat, et transeat. Ps. 89.

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Although designed as a cycle the two parts or any of the numbers can be sung separately.

PART I

Mane floreat, et transeat. Ps. 89.

I. *A Young Man's Exhortation*

CALL off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloy,
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it full with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

3. *Budmouth Dears*

WHEN we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and
brown!

And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down.

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of
renown,

On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore *Clink! Clink!* back to camp above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the faces
frown?

And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more *Clink! Clink!* past the parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin gown?
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and down?

2. *Ditty*

BENEATH a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barter, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
'Here is she!'
Seems written everywhere
Unto me.
But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow-wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because
Some forget
Let me feign it)—none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed—
Loved as true—
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe—severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels,
—Where she dwells!

4. *Her Temple*

DEAR, think not that they will forget you:
—If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: 'Why a woman such honour?'
—Be told, 'O, so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name.'

5. *The Comet at Yell'ham*

IT BENDS far over Yell'ham Plain,
And we, from Yell'ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell'ham; but not then
On that sweet form of thine.

PART II

Vespere decidat, induret, et arescat. Ps. 89.

I. *Shortening Days*

THE FIRST fire since the summer is lit, and is smoking
into the room:

The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in a loom.
Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom misgivings appal
That winter did not leave last year for ever, after all.

Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,
Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
His eyes being black, and ruddy his face
And the marge of his hair like morning frost?

It's the cider-maker,
And appletree-shaker,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

2. *The Sigh*

LITTLE head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up-eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.
—Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her throughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November,
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

3. *Former Beauties*

THESE market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

4. *Transformations*

PORTION of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:
This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

5. *The Dance Continued*

(' Regret not me ')

REGRET not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, ' I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves '

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

[The words of these songs are reprinted from the *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy* by permission of the author's executors and the publishers, Macmillan & Co. Ltd.]

A YOUNG MAN'S EXHORTATION



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Andante $\text{♩} = \text{c.}60$

Voice *mf* Call off your eyes from care

Piano *mf cantabile*

By some de-ter-mined deft-ness; put forth joys

— Dear as ex-cess with-out the core that cloy, And

cresc.

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allargando poco più mosso

charm Life's lou-rings fair Exhalt and crown the hour That gir-dles us,—

allargando poco più mosso

and fill it full with glee, Blind glee, ex-cel-ling aught could ev-er be Were

rall. Tempo I *mf*

heed - ful-ness in power. Tempo I dolce Send up such

rall. *pp*

dim.

touch-ing strains That lim-it-less re-cruits from Fan-cy's pack Shall rush

up - on your tongue, and ten - der back All

ritardando poco meno mosso
 that your soul con - tains. For what do we know

ritardando poco meno mosso

best? That a fresh love - leaf crumpled soon will

a tempo
 dry, — And that men mo - ment af - ter

a tempo
 legato mp

molto rit. - - e - - dim. - - -

mo-ment die, — Of all scope dis-possess.

molto rit. - - e - - dim. - - -

pp

a piacere

If I have seen one thing It is the pass-ing preciousness of dreams;

ten. - - -

p colla voce molto legato

rit.

That as-pects are with-in us; and whose seems Most kingly is — the King.

rit.

pp mp

DITTY



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Con moto $\text{♩} = c-100$
semplice sostenuto

Voice

Piano

p.
mp

semplice

Be-

-neath a knap where flown Nest-lings play, ——— With - in walls of

wea-thered stone, Far a-way From the files of for-mal hous - es,

mf dim.

By the bough the first-ling brows-es, Lives a Sweet:— no mer-chants

meet, No men bar - ters, no man sells ——— Where she

poco rit.

dwells. ——— Up - on that fa - bric fair 'Here is

a tempo

she! Seems writ - ten ev - ery - where Un - to me. But to

mf

friends and nod - ding neigh - bours, Fel - low-wights in lot and la - bours,-

— Whodes-cry the times as I, — No such lu - cid le - gend tells Where she

senza rit.

senza rit.

dwells. — Should I lapse to what I was Ere we

mf

p.
mp

met; (Such will not be, but be-cause Some for - get Let me feign it) — none would

p , *mf*

no - tice That where she I know by rote is Spread a strange and

cresc.

wi - ther - ing change, Like a dry - ing of the wells Where she

f *p poco rit.*

dwells. To feel I might have kissed - Loved as true -

mp a tempo *mf*

O - ther - where, nor Mine have missed My life through, Had I ne - ver wan - dered

near her, Is a smart se-vere— se - ve - rer In the thought that

cresc.

rit.

she is nought, Ev-en as I, be-yond the dells Where she

poco tenuto

mp poco tenuto

dwells. — And De-

a tempo

p a tempo

-vo-tion droops her glance To re-call What bond-ser-vants of Chance We are all. — I but

found her in that, go - ing — On my er - rant path un -

know - ing, — I did not out - skirt the spot That no spot on earth ex -

rit.

più *f* rit.

a tempo

-cels, —

a tempo

dim.

poco rit.

ritardando

-Where — she dwells!

p ritardando

BUDMOUTH DEARS



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Storming march ♩ = c. 132

Voice

Piano

f marcato

When we lay where Bud-mouth Beach is,

mp

O, the girls were fresh as peach-es— With their tall and toss-ing fig-ures and their

eyes of blue and brown! And our hearts would ache with long-ing As we

legato

paced from our sing-song-ing, With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the

Es-plan-ade and down.

They dis-tract-ed and de-layed us

dim

By the pleasant pranks they played us,—And what mar-vel, then, if troop-ers, even of

reg-i-ments of re-noun, On whom flashed those eyes di-vine, O, Should for-

- get the coun-ter-sign, O, As we tore *Clink! Clink!* back to

camp a-bove the town.



dim.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is placed above the first few notes of the right hand.



p Do they miss us much, I won-der, Now that war has swept us sun-der, And we

p *cresc.*


The first vocal line is on a single staff. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment below features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the piano part.



poco cresc. roam from where the fa-ces smile to where the fa-ces frown? And no

dim.

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a *poco cresc.* (poco crescendo) marking above the first few notes. A *dim.* marking is placed above the piano part towards the end of the line.



more be-hold the fea-tures Of the fair fan-tas-tic crea-tures, And no

mp *cresc.*

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic and a *cresc.* marking above the first few notes.

cresc. *f*

more *Clink! Clink!* past the par - lours of the town?

dim. *p*

mf

Shall we once a - gain there meet them? Fal - ter fond at - tempts to greet them? Will the

gay sling - jack - et glow a - gain be - side the mus - lin gown? - Will they

arch - ly quiz and con us With a side - way glance up - on us, — While our

crescendo

spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the Es - plan - ade and down?

ff

ffz

HER TEMPLE



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Espressivo, flowing ♩ = c. 66

Voice

Piano

mf
legato

Dear, think not that they will for-get you: If

crafts-man-ly art should be mine I will build up a tem-ple, and

cresc.

3

set you There-in as its shrine.

rit. meno mosso largamente
 They may say: 'Why a wo-man such hon our?' -Be

told, 'O, so sweet was her fame, That a man heaped this splen-dour up -

poco ritardando
 -on her; - None now knows his name?

THE COMET AT YELL'HAM



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Voice *Lento* ♩ = c. 42

Piano *ppp* molto sostenuto e legato

It bends far o-ver Yell'ham Plain, And we, from Yell'ham

Height, Stand and re-gard its fie-ry train, So soon to

rallentando

rallentando

* Accidentals only apply to the notes they precede

- - - a tempo

swim from sight.

a tempo

It will re-turn long years hence, when As now its strange swift shine Will fall on Yell'-ham;

pp semplice

but not then On that sweet form of thine.

dim.

dim.

pp

ritardando - - niente

dim.

ppp

SHORTENING DAYS



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Senza misura ♩ = c. 84

Voice

The first fire since the summer is lit, and is smoking in-to the

Piano

pp *p*

poco rit. a tempo

room: The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines in a loom.

poco rit. a tempo

Spar-rows spurt from the hedge, whom mis-giv - ings — ap - pal — That

pp

win - ter did not leave last year for ev - er, af - ter all. —

rit.

rit.

a tempo

Like shock-head-ed ur - chins, spi - ny - haired, — Stand pol-lard wil-lows, —

a tempo *mp*

— their twigs just bared. —

Con moto maestoso ♩ = c 100

dim.

pp crescendo poco a poco pesante

simile

Who is this com-ing with pondering pace, Black and rud-dy, — with white em-

- bossed, His eyes be-ing black, and rud-dy his face— And the marge of his hair like morn-ing

cresc. poco a poco

frost? — It's the ci - der ma - ker, And ap-ple-tree—

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

simile

sha-ker, And be-hind him on wheels, in read-i - ness, — His mill, — and tubs, —

— and vat, and press.

fff

THE SIGH



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Moderato $\text{♩} = c. 72$

Voice

Piano

Lit-tle head against my shoul -

- der, Shy at first, then some what bold - er, — And up eyed;

Till she, with a tim - id quav - er, Yield - ed to the kiss I gave her;

cresc.

poco rit. *a tempo*

But, she sighed... That there mingled with her feel-ing Some

dim. poco rit. *a tempo*

p

sad thought she was con-ceal-ing It im-plied. —Not that she had

mf

ceased to love me, None on earth she set a - bove me; But she

rit. *rit.*

pp

a tempo *rit.*

sighed. *a tempo* *rit.*

a tempo

She could not disguise a passion, Dread, or doubt, in

a tempo

p legato

weak-est fashion If she tried: No-thing seemed to hold us sun-dered,

poco rit.

Hearts were vic-tors; so I won-dered Why she sighed..

poco rit. *dim.* *p*

a tempo

Af-ter-a tempo

-wards I knew her throughly, And she loved me staunchly, tru-ly, Till she died; But she nev-er

mf

made con-fes-sion Why, at that first sweet con-ces-sion, She had

sighed. *rit.* a tempo, tranquillo
 It was in our May, re-mem-ber;

rit. a tempo
pp tranquillo

And though now I near No-ven-ber And a-bide Till my appointed change, un-

poco rit.
 - fret-ting, - Sometimes I with half regretting That she sighed.

poco rit. *mf*

FORMER BEAUTIES



THOMAS HARDY

GERALD FINZI

Pensieroso quasi Recitativo $\text{♩} = c.58$

Voice

Piano

p sostenuto

These mar - ket dames, mid-

- aged, with lips thin - drawn, And tis - sues sere, —

Are they the ones we loved — in years a - gone, And

poco cresc.

dim.

cour - ted here? *f* Are these the mus - lined pink young

things to whom We vowed and swore *sostenuto* In nooks on sum - mer Sun - days, *mp* *cantabile*

by the Froom, Or Bud - mouth shore? *rit.* $\text{♩} = \text{♩ of preceding}$ *a tempo*

Leggiero Do they re - mem - ber those gay tunes we trod Clasped

on the green; Aye; trod till

moon - light set on the beat - en sod A sa - tin sheen?

dim.

Tempo I ♩ = ♩. of preceding

They must for-get, for-

- get! They can-not know What once they were, — rit.

Or mem - o-ry — would trans-fig - ure them, rit.

cresc. *più animando* *mf*

and show Them al-ways fair, a tempo rit. a tempo

dim. *rit.* *p* *cresc.*

dim.

TRANSFORMATIONS

THOMAS HARDY



GERALD FINZI

Con moto $\text{♩} = c.72$

Voice

Piano

pp

p

Por - - - tion of this yew _____ Is a man my

pp

grand - sire knew, Bosomed here at its foot:

cresc.

This branch_ may be his wife, A rud-dy hu-man life

cresc.

t

Now turned_ to a green shoot.

f

mf

sonore

t

mp

These grass - es must be made Of her who of - ten

mp

poco rit.

prayed, Last cen - tur - y, for re - pose;

p dolce

poco rit. e - dim.

pochiss; meno mosso

And the fair girl long a - go Whom I

of-ten tried to know May be en - - ter-ing this rose. rit. - -
cantabile

a tempo I
a tempo I
dim. pp

So, they are
tr

not un-der-ground, But as nerves and veins a

-bound In the growths of up-per air, And they feel the sun and

poco a poco più

poco a poco più

rain, And the en-er-gy a-gain That

animato, cresc. Allargando

animato, cresc. Allargando

made them what they were!

fff

THE DANCE CONTINUED

(‘REGRET NOT ME’)

THOMAS HARDY



GERALD FINZI

Andante con moto $\text{♩} = c. 69$

Voice *p*

Re-gret not me; Be-neath the sun-ny tree I lie un-

Piano *pp sostenuto*

- car - - ing, *p* slum-bering peace-ful-ly. *mf* Swift as the

light I flew my fae-ry flight; *f* Ec-static-ally I moved, and feared no *dim.*

night. I did not know That hey-days fade and go, But

deemed that what was would be al-ways so. — I skipped at morn—

poco animando

Be - tween the yel - low - ing corn, Think - ing it good and

dim.

glo - rious — to be born. I ran at eves A -

rit. *a tempo*

-mong the piled-up sheaves, Dream-ing, 'I grieve not, there-fore

no-thing grieves'... Now soon will come the

ap-ple, pear, and plum, And hinds will sing, and autumn in-sects hum.

A-gain you will fare To ci-der-makings rare, And junk-et-ings;

p *3* allargando *ff*
 but — I shall not be there. — *3* allargando Yet

a tempo *ff* pesante
 gai - ly sing — Un - til the pew - ter ring —

Those songs we sang — when we went

mp
 gip - sy-ing. And light - ly dance — Some

molto *mp*

(senza rit.)

tri - ple - timed ro - mance In cou - pled fig - ures, and for -

(senza rit.)

rit. e dim. *pp*

- get mis - chance; And

rit. e dim. *pp*

Tempo I ♩ = ♩.

mourn not me Be - neath the yellowing tree; For I shall mind — not,

slum - bering peace - ful - ly. *espressivo*