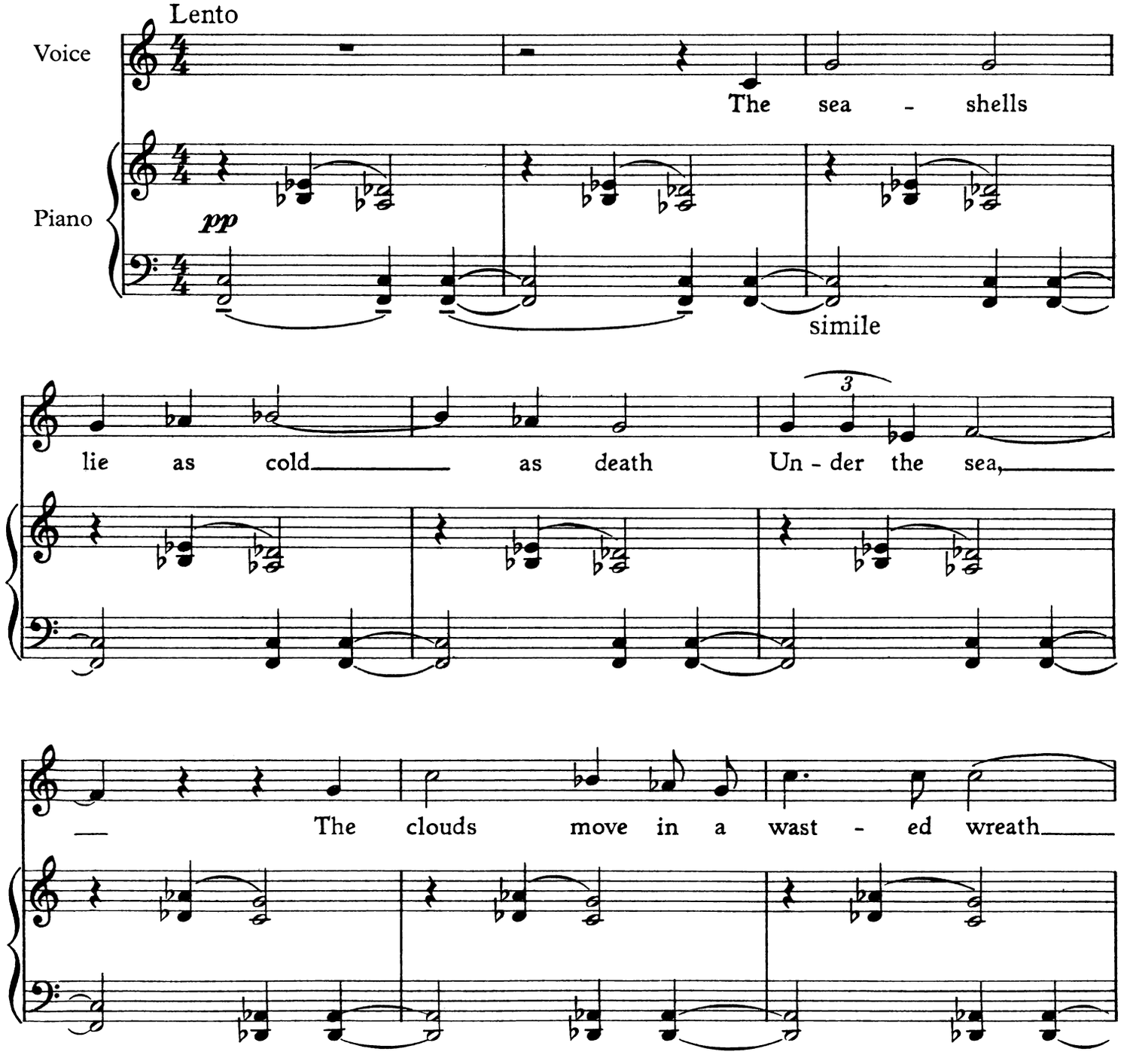
Four Poems by Fredegond Shove

1. MOTION AND STILLNESS

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS



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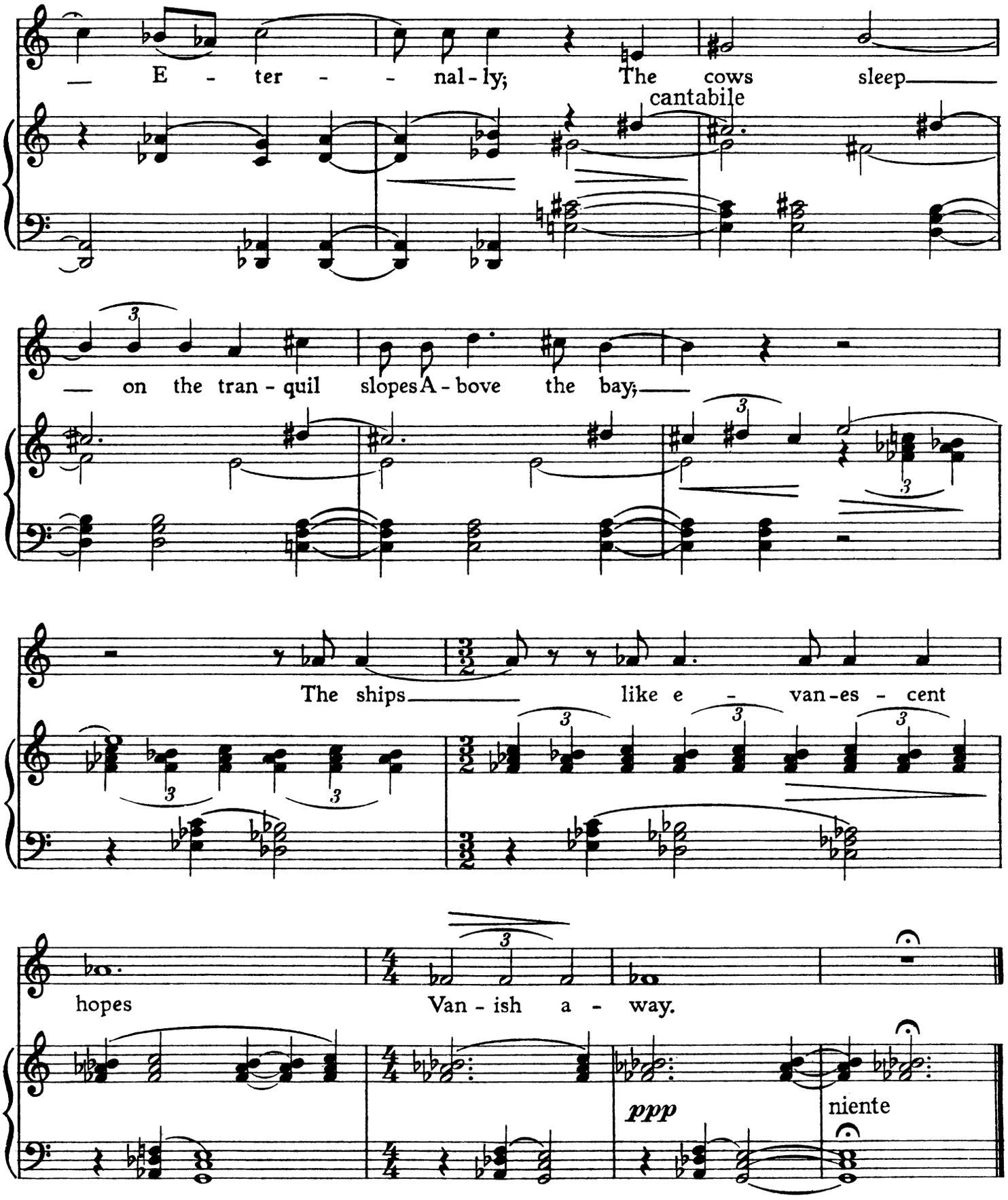
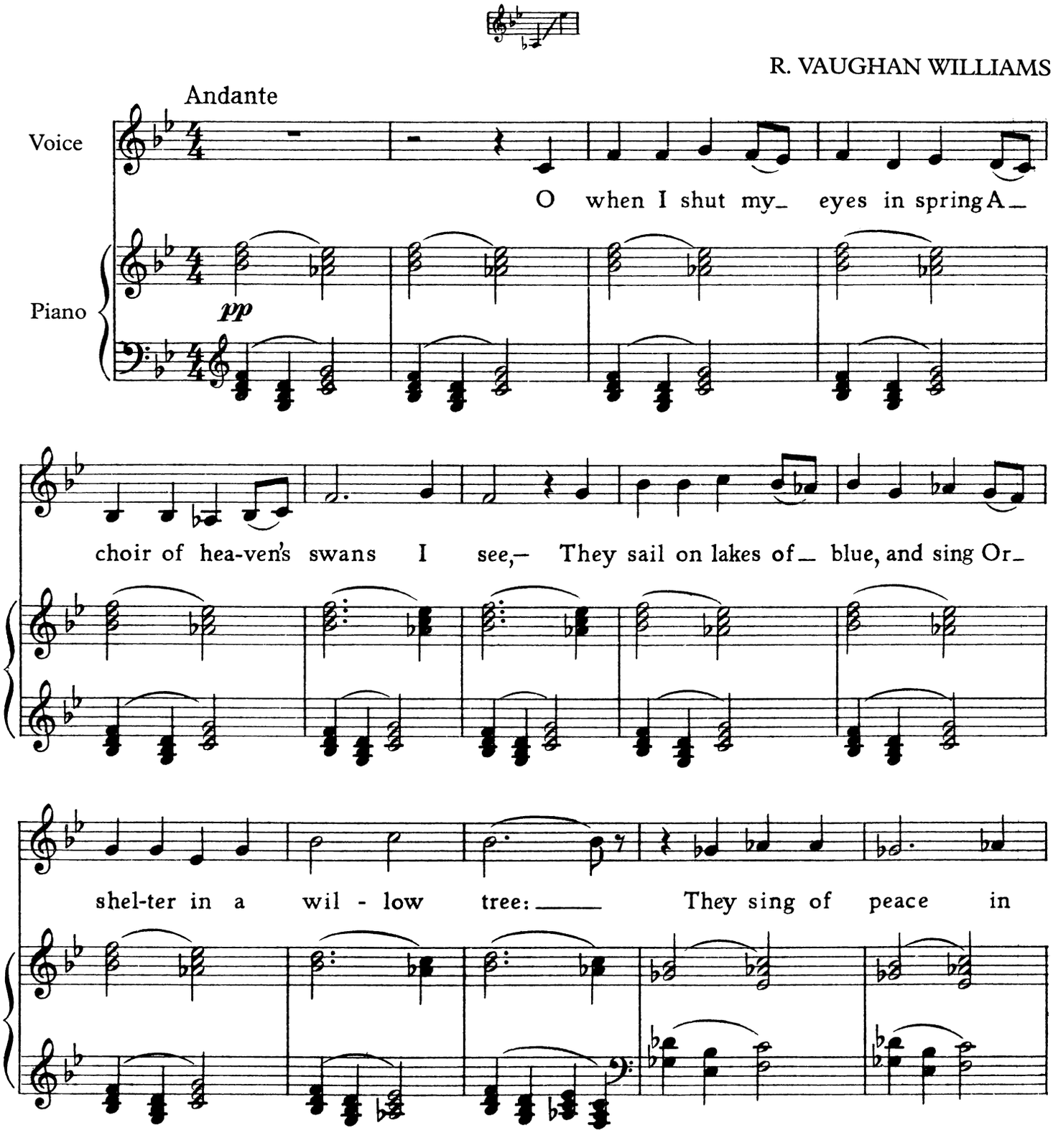
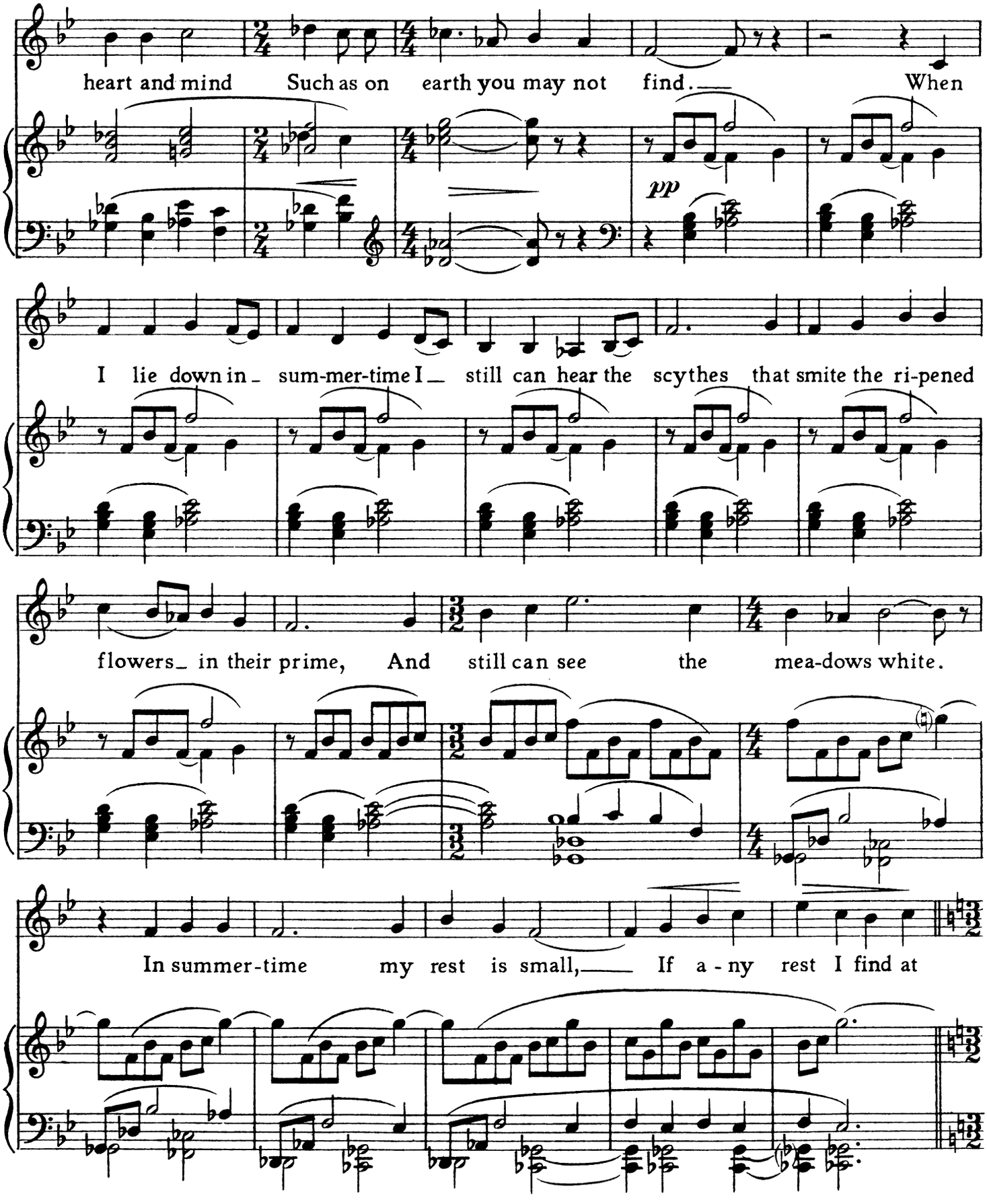
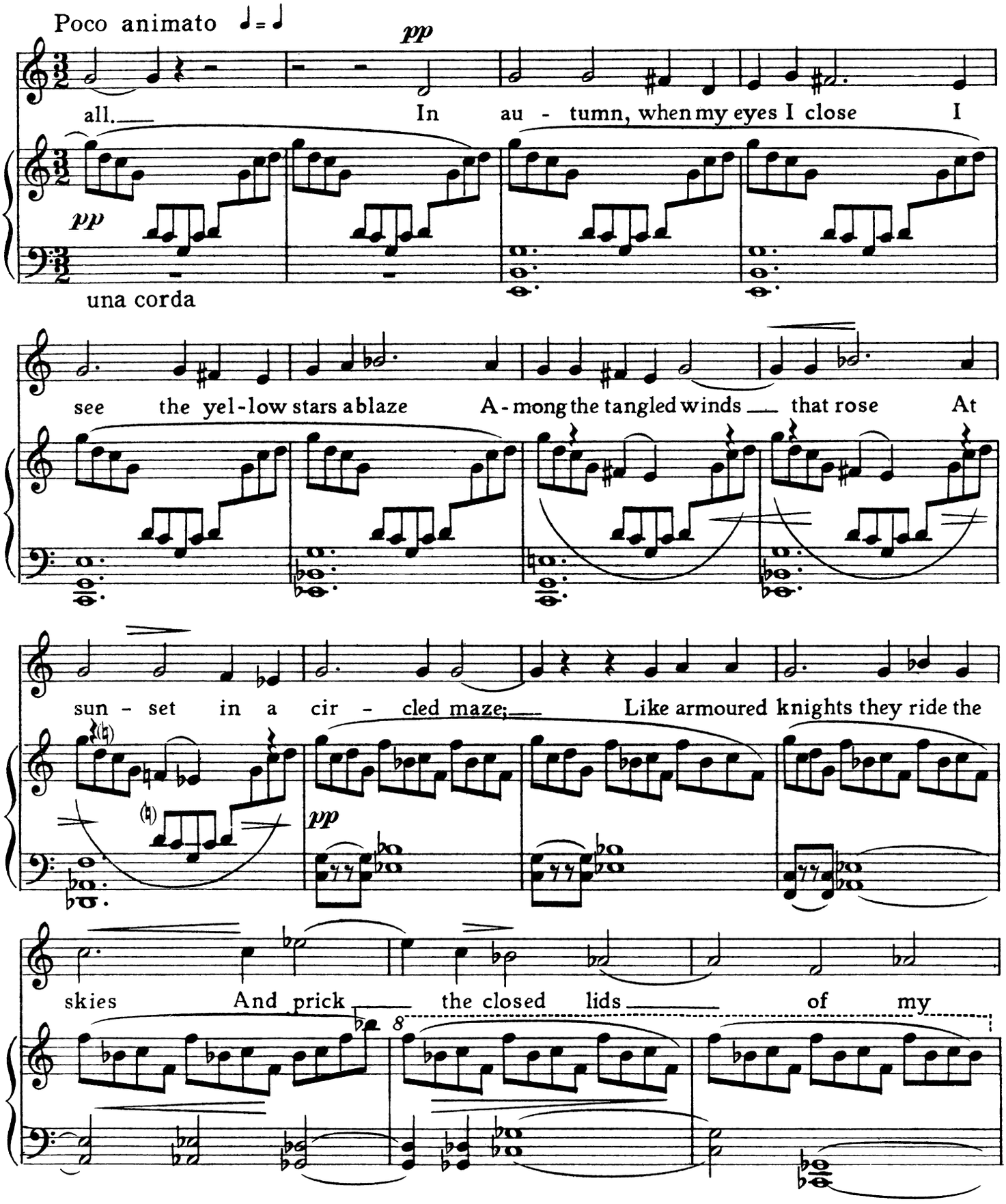

— E - ter - - nal - ly; The cows sleep
cantabile
— on the tran - quil slopes A - bove the bay; —
The ships — like e - van - es - cent
hopes Van - ish a - way.
ppp
niente

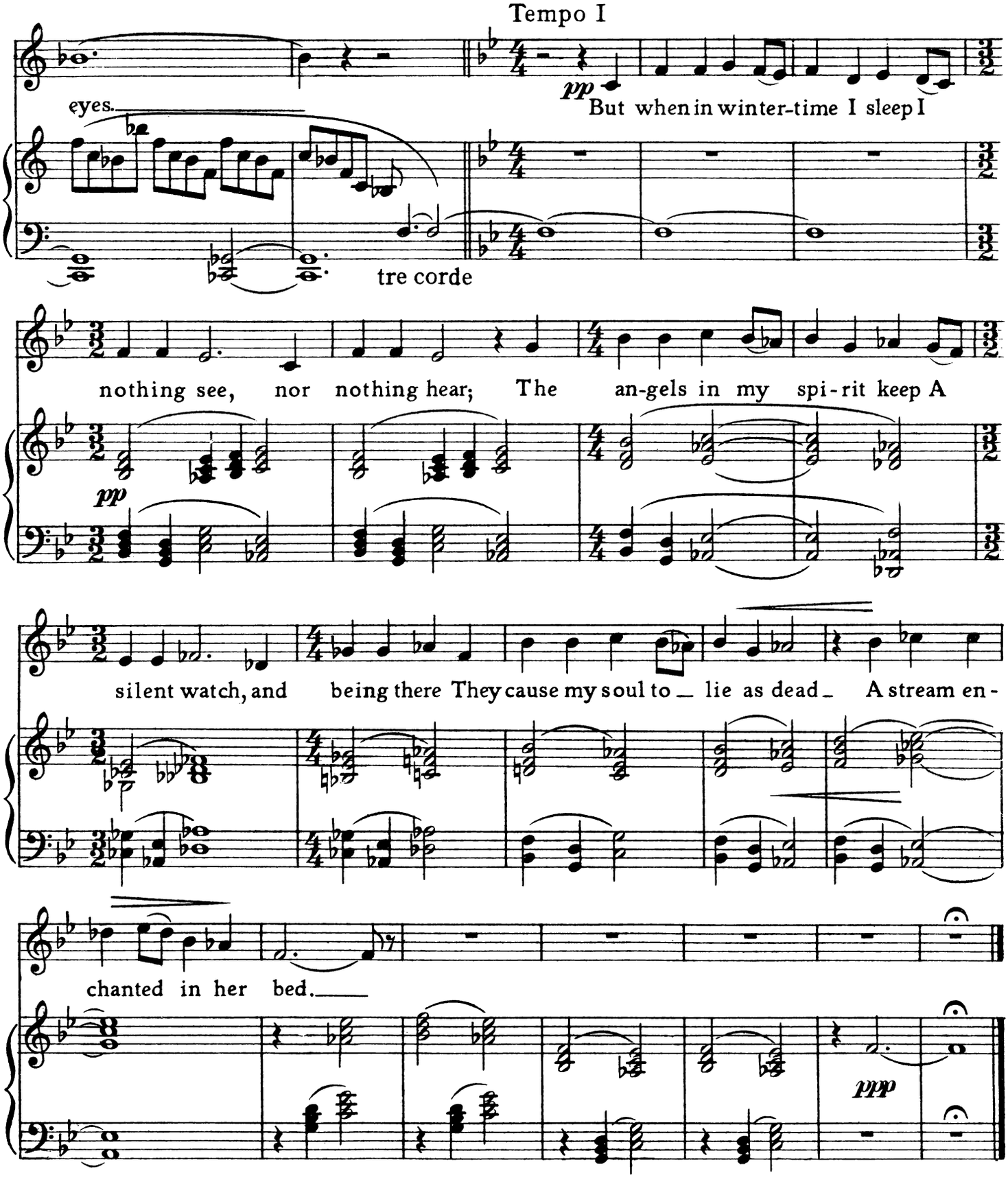
2. FOUR NIGHTS

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS



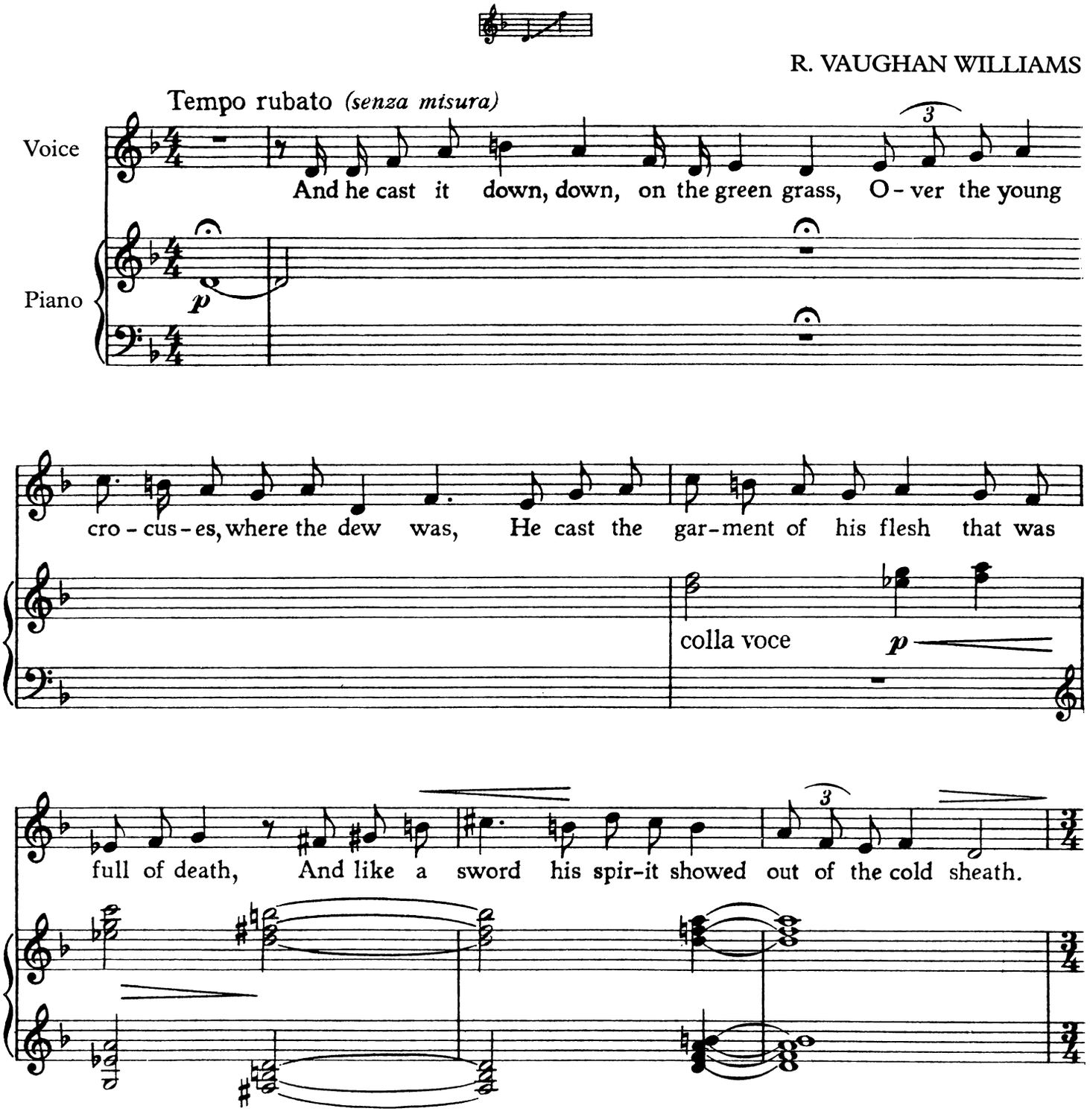

heart and mind Such as on earth you may not find. When
pp
I lie down in sum-mer-time I still can hear the scythes that smite the ri-pened
flowers in their prime, And still can see the mea-dows white.
In summer-time my rest is small, If a-ny rest I find at

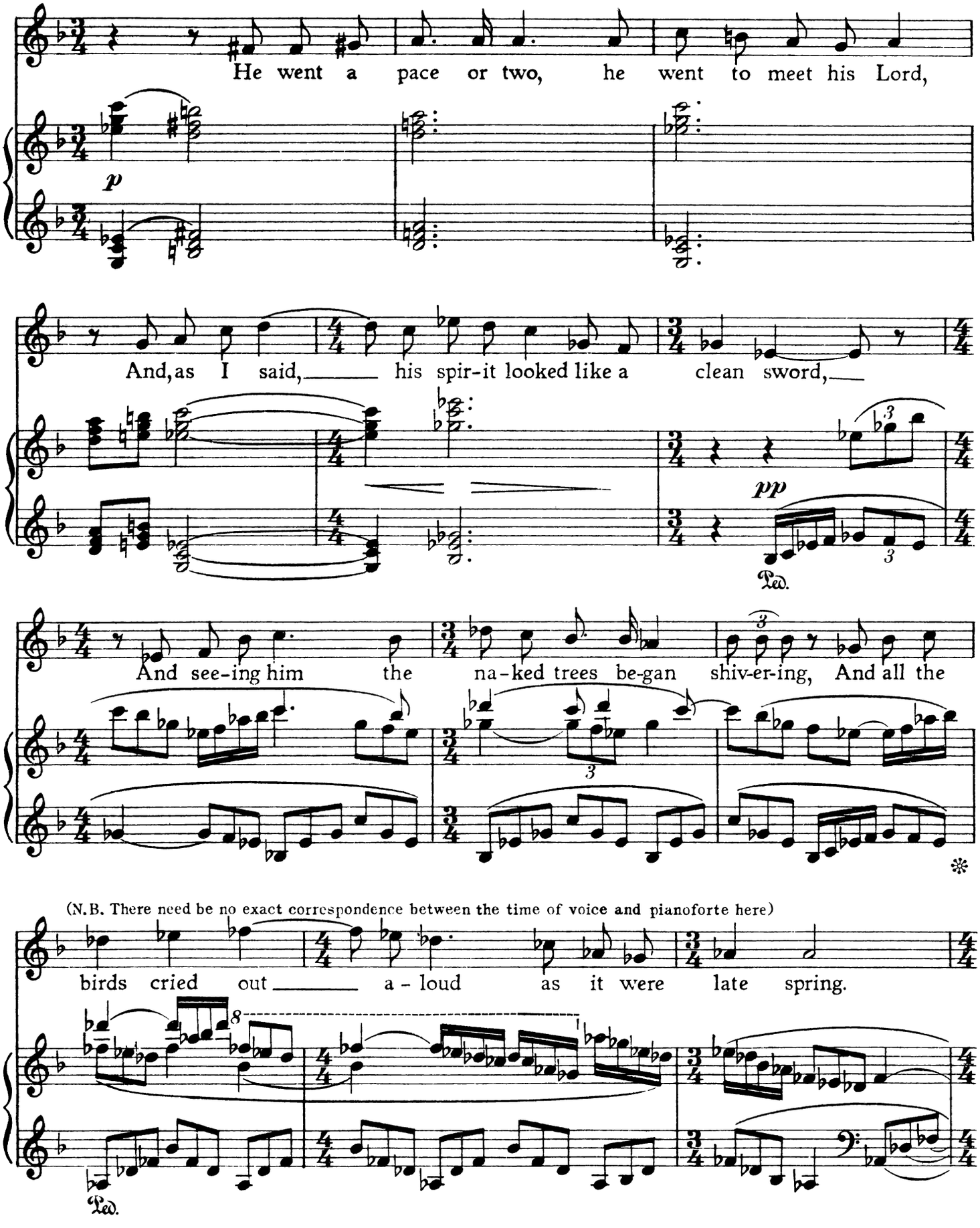

Poco animato ♩= ♩
pp
all. In au - tumn, when my eyes I close I
pp
una corda
see the yel-low stars a blaze A-mong the tangled winds that rose At
sun - set in a cir - cled maze; Like armoured knights they ride the
pp
skies And prick the closed lids of my
8

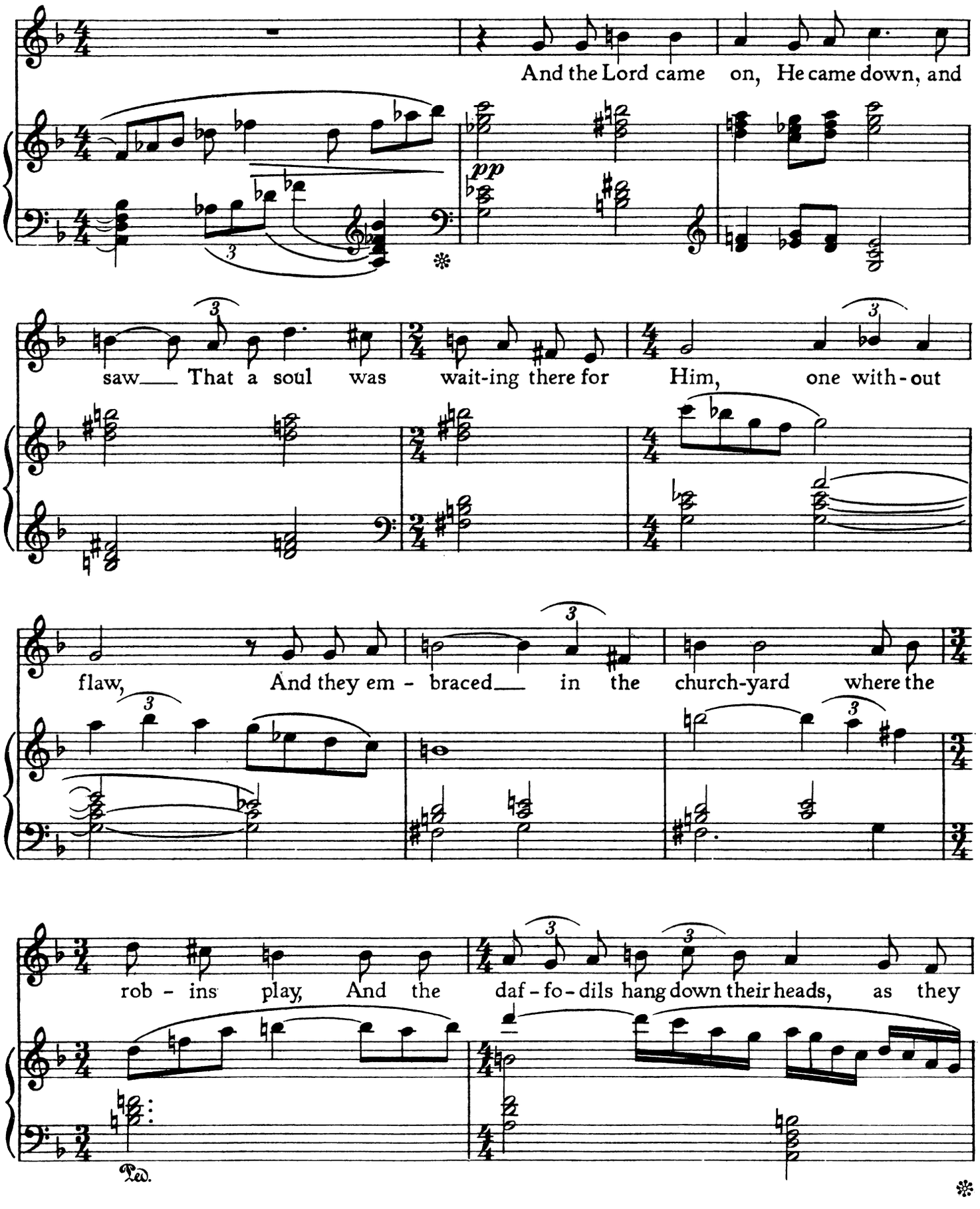

Tempo I
eyes.
pp
But when in winter-time I sleep I
tre corde
nothing see, nor nothing hear; The an-gels in my spi-rit keep A
pp
silent watch, and being there They cause my soul to lie as dead A stream en-
chanted in her bed.
ppp

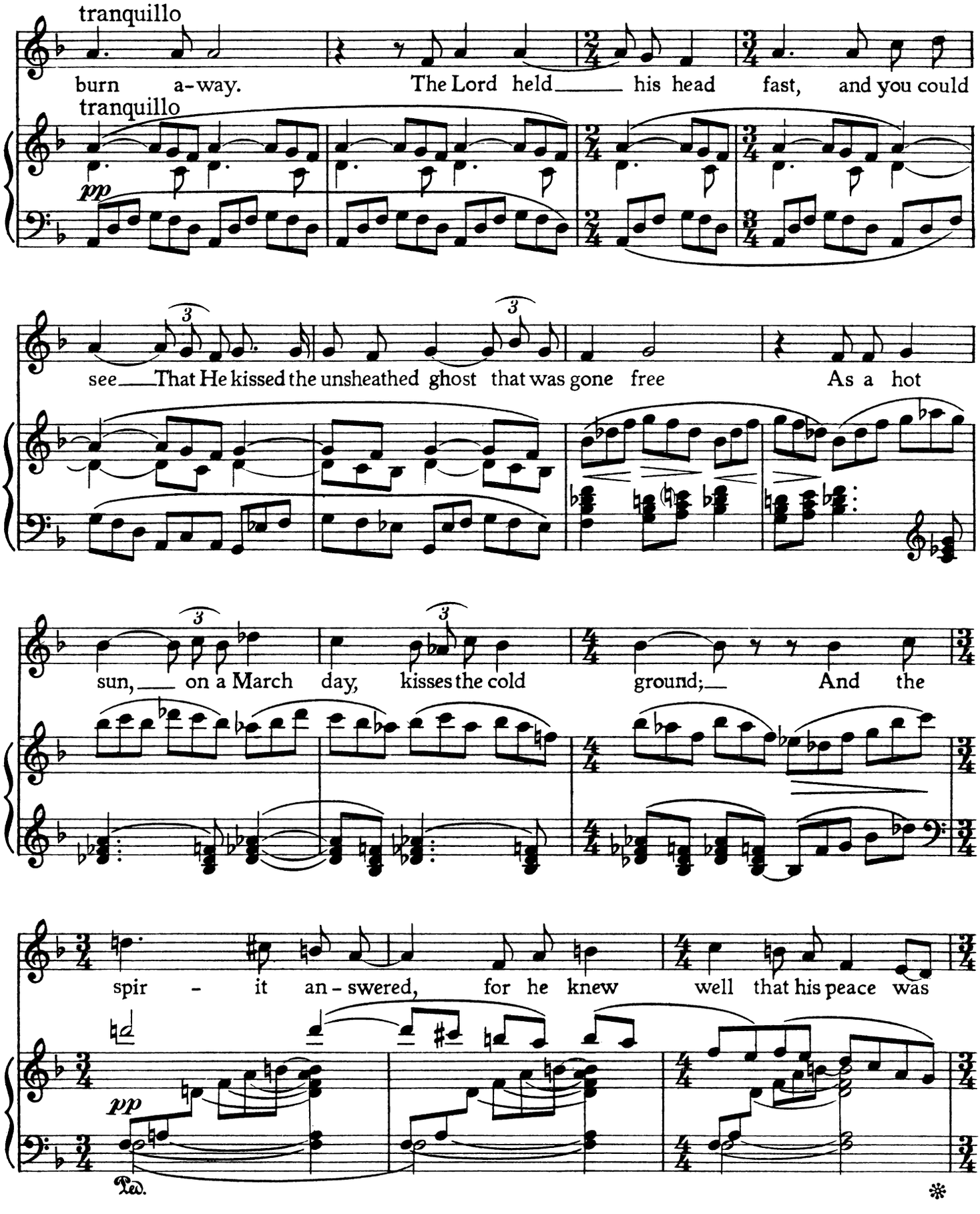
3. THE NEW GHOST

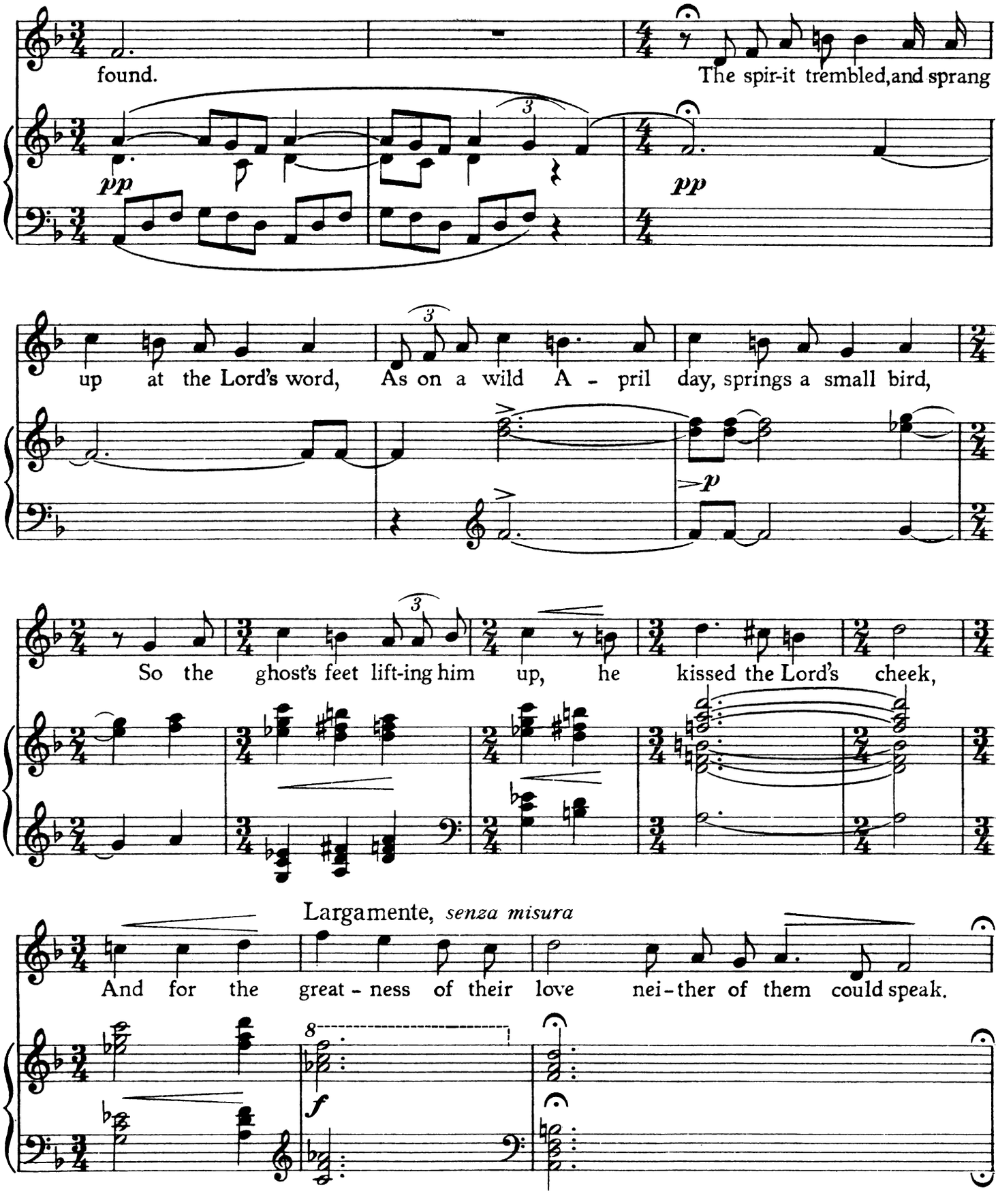
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

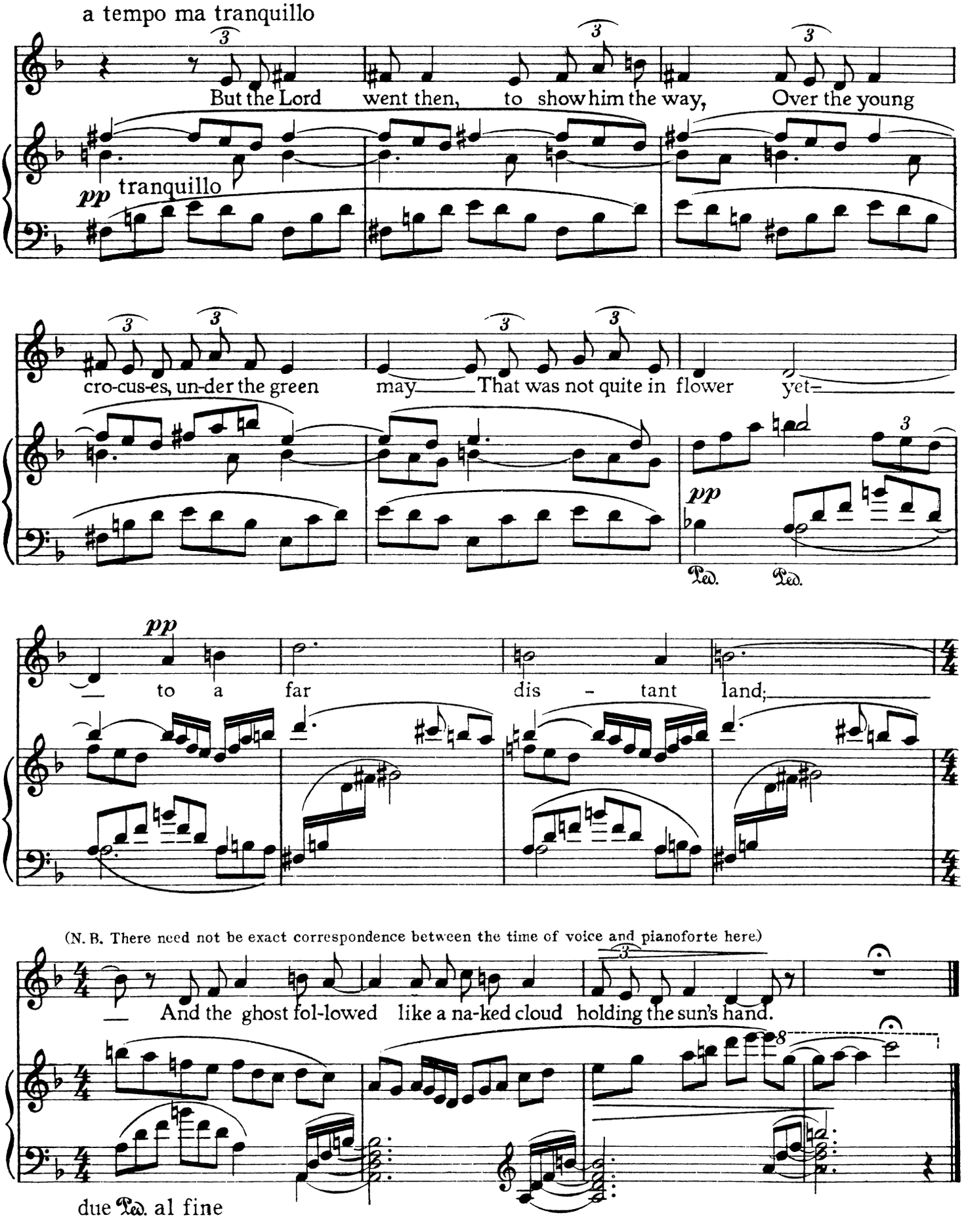



He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,
p
And, as I said, his spir-it looked like a clean sword,
pp
Ped.
And see-ing him the na-ked trees be-gan shiv-er-ing, And all the
(N.B. There need be no exact correspondence between the time of voice and pianoforte here)
birds cried out a - loud as it were late spring.
Ped.


And the Lord came on, He came down, and
pp
saw That a soul was wait-ing there for Him, one with-out
flaw, And they em - braced in the church-yard where the
rob - ins play, And the daf - fo - dils hang down their heads, as they
Ped.

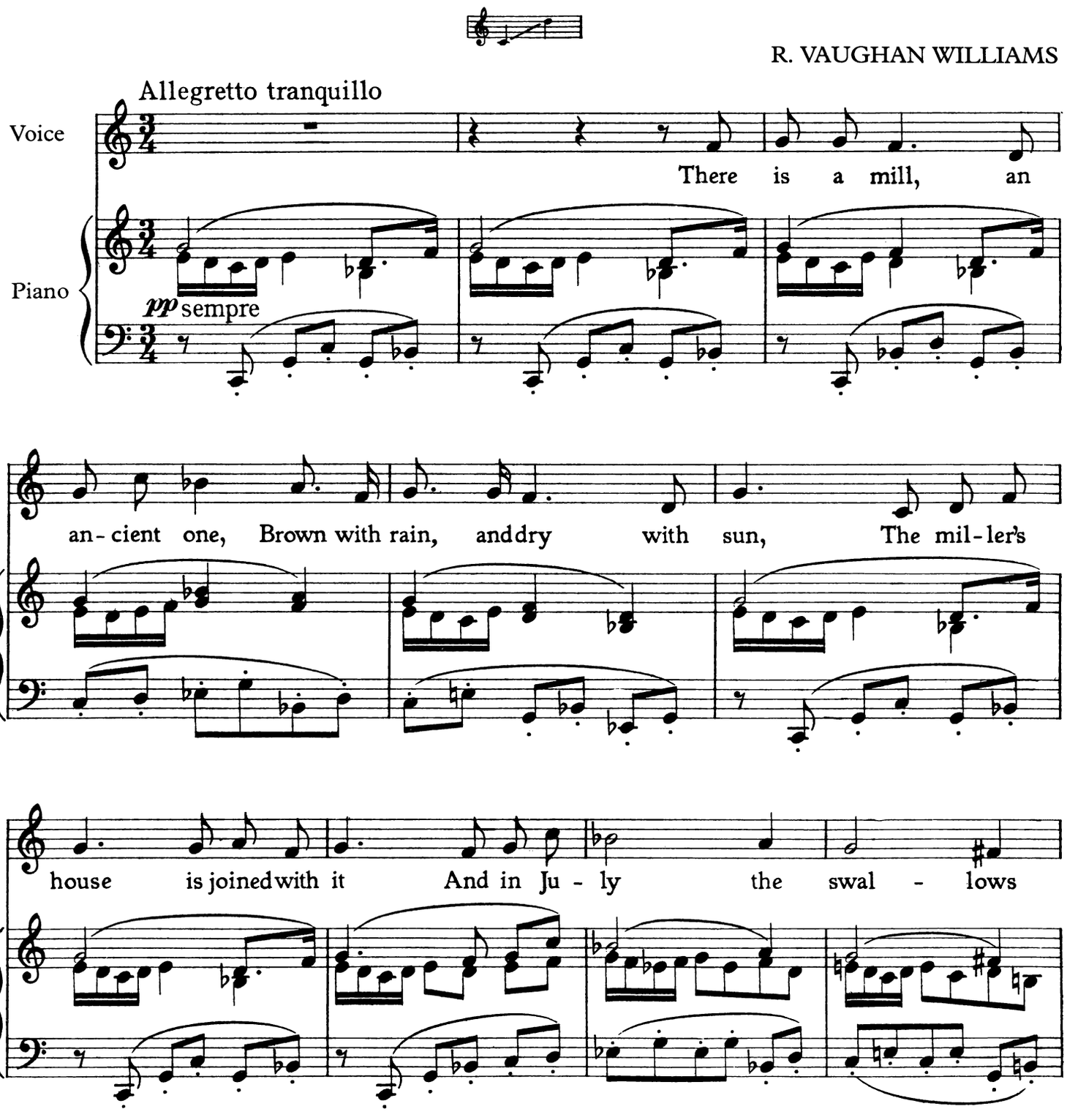

tranquillo
burn a-way. The Lord held his head fast, and you could
tranquillo
pp
see That He kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free As a hot
sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground; And the
spir - it an - swered, for he knew well that his peace was
pp
Ped.
*

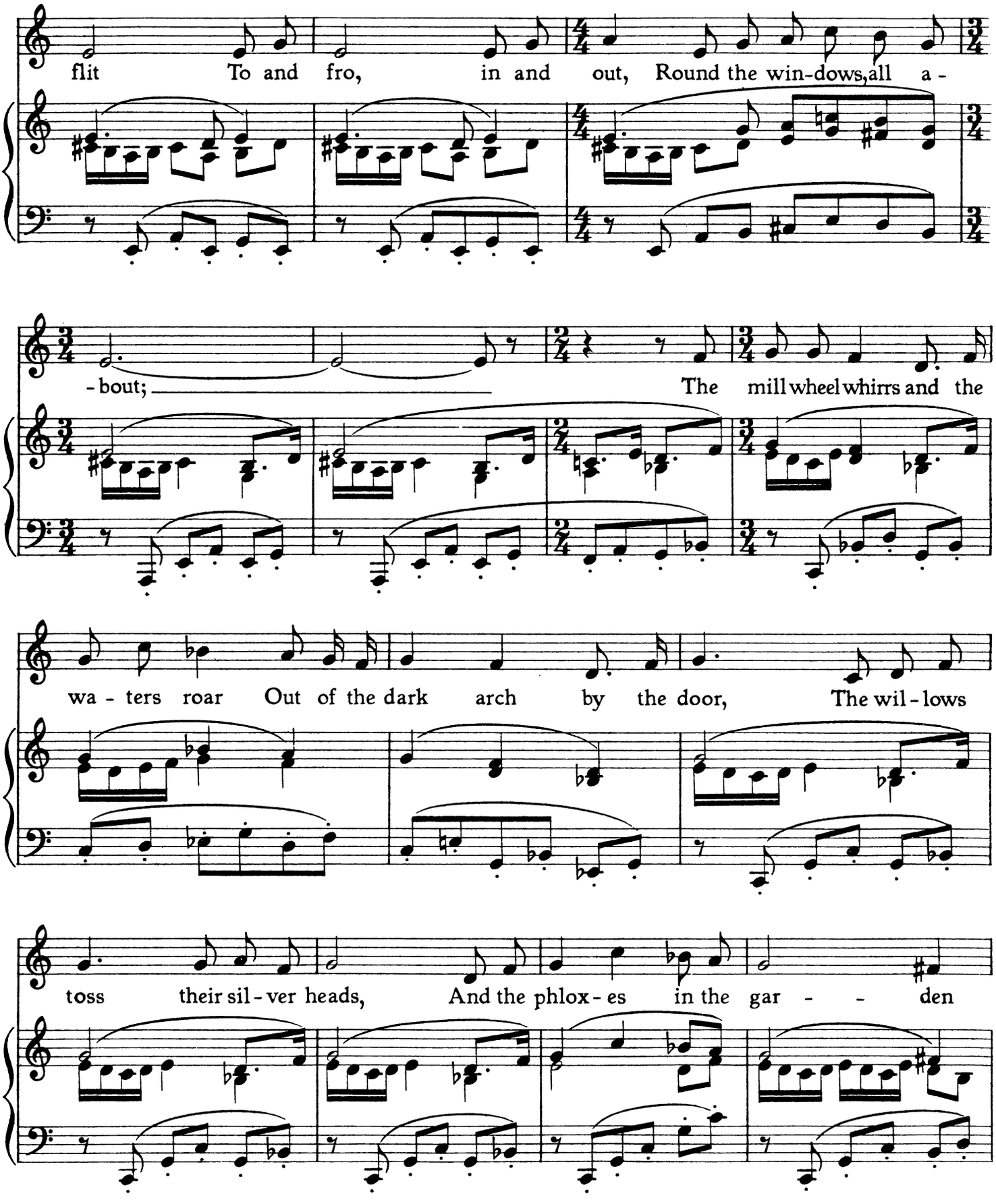

found.
The spir-it trembled, and sprang
pp
pp
up at the Lord's word,
As on a wild A - pril day, springs a small bird,
p
So the ghost's feet lift-ing him up, he kissed the Lord's cheek,
Largamente, senza misura
And for the great - ness of their love nei - ther of them could speak.
f

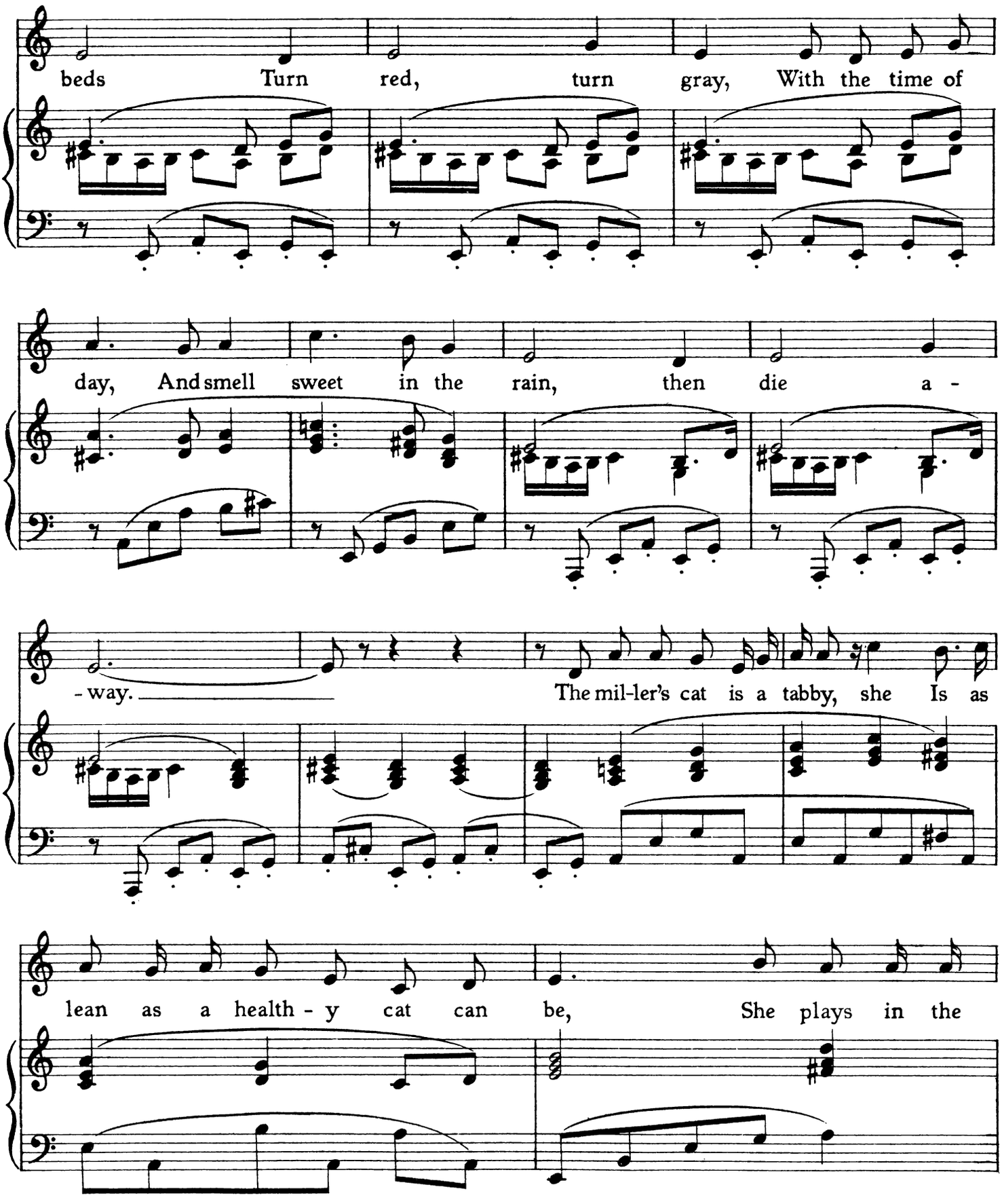

a tempo ma tranquillo
But the Lord went then, to show him the way, Over the young
pp tranquillo
cro-cus-es, un-der the green may That was not quite in flower yet-
pp
Ped. Ped.
pp
to a far dis - tant land;
(N. B. There need not be exact correspondence between the time of voice and pianoforte here.)
And the ghost fol-lowed like a na-ked cloud holding the sun's hand.
due Ped. al fine

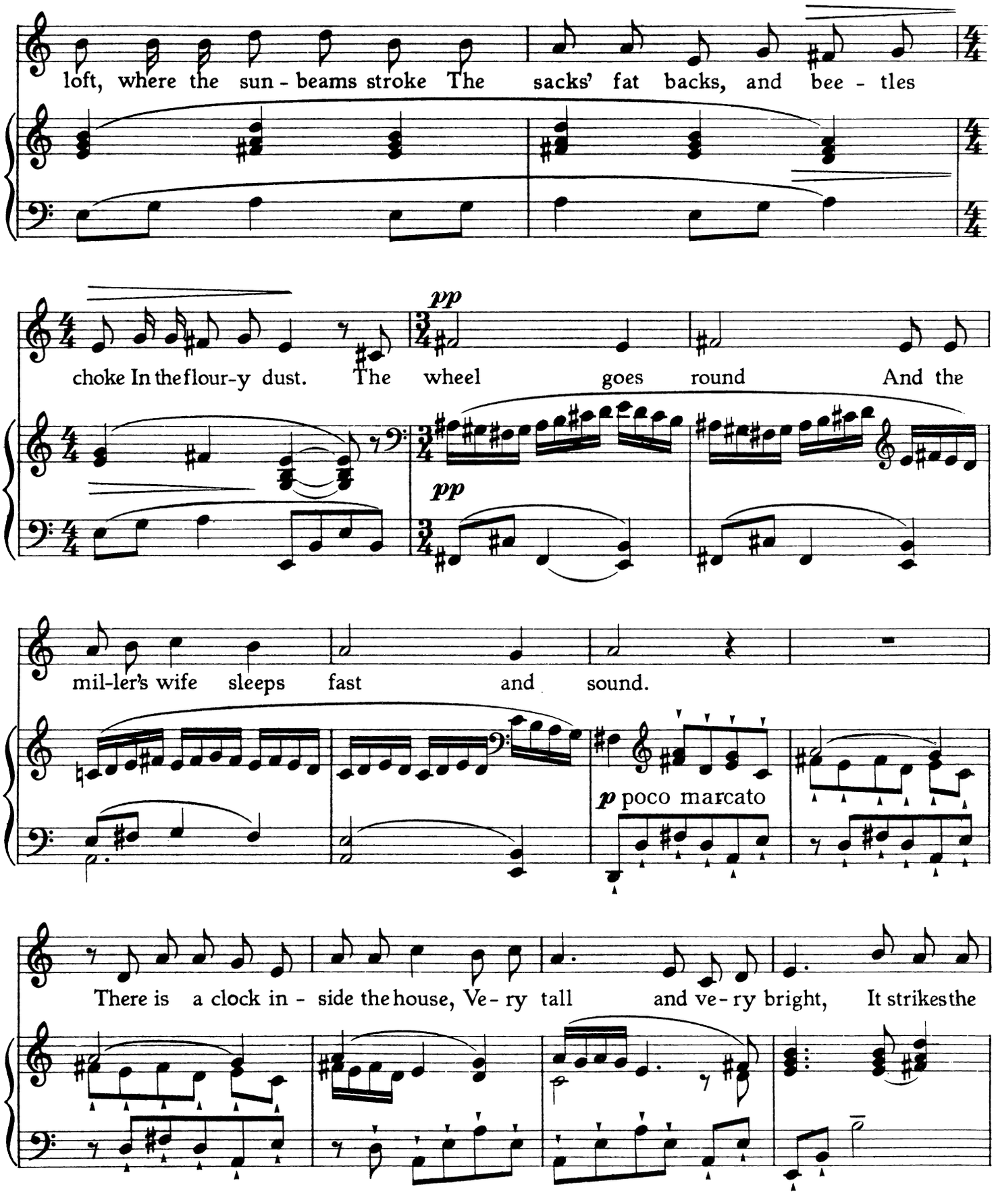
4. THE WATER MILL

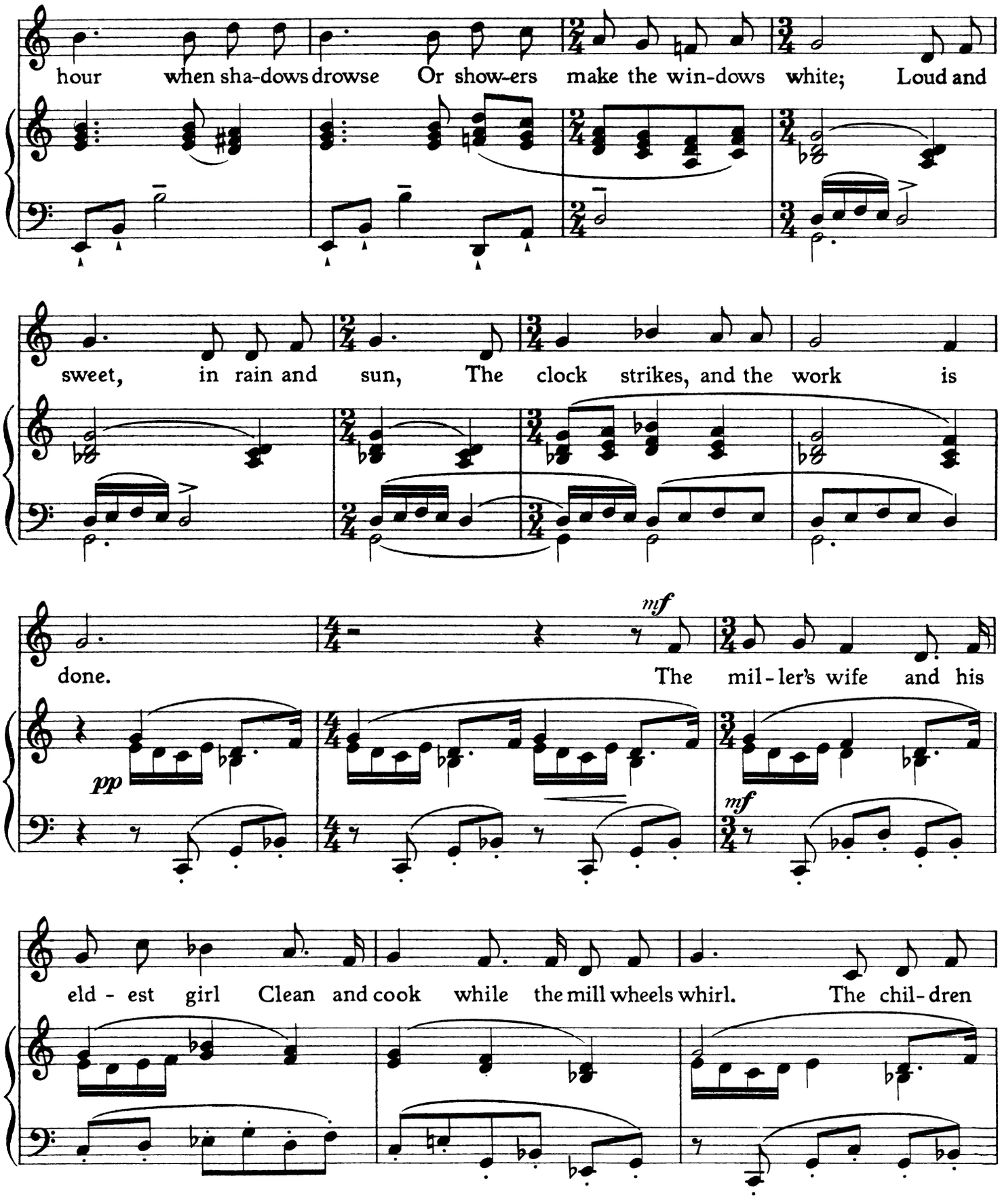
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

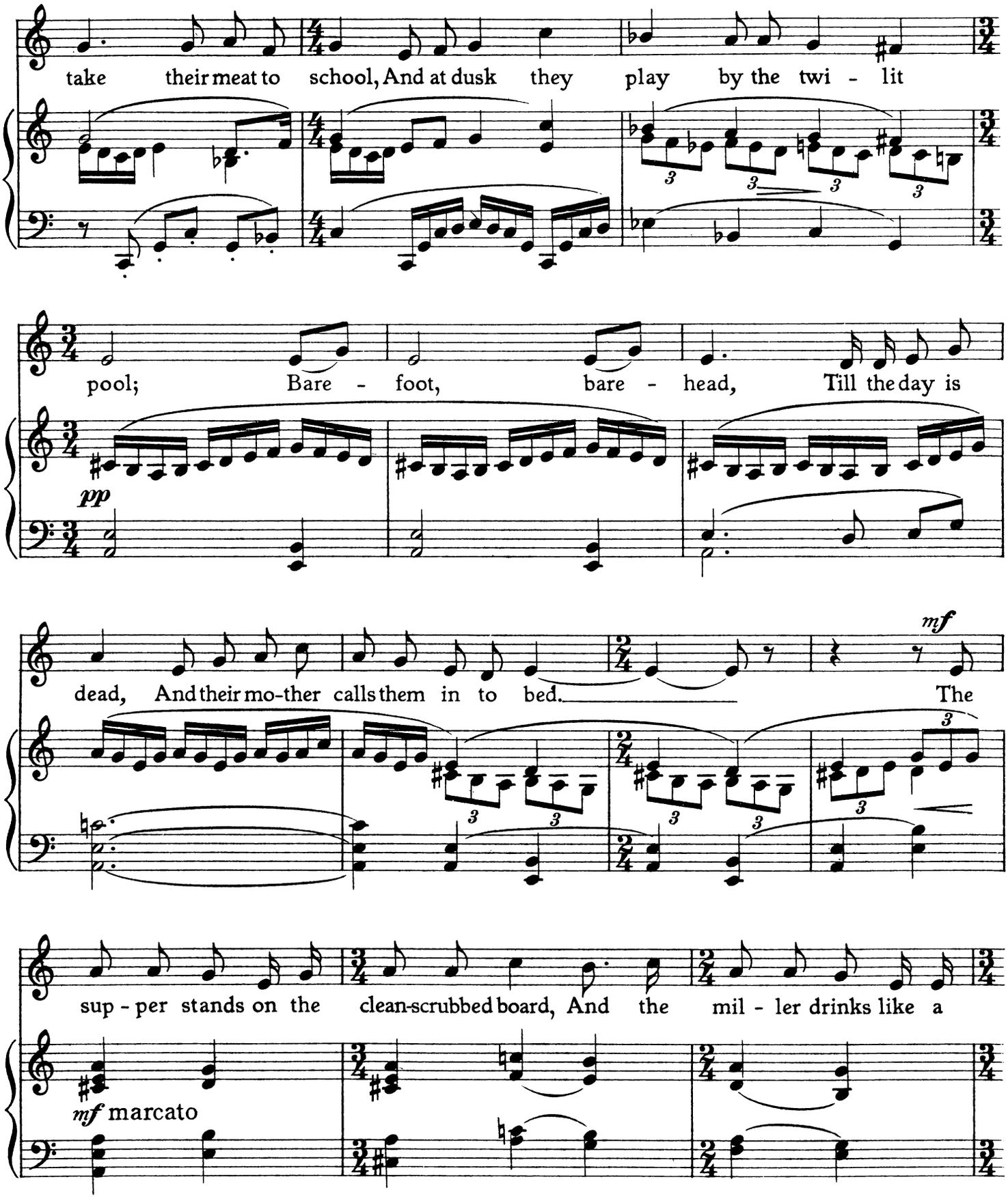


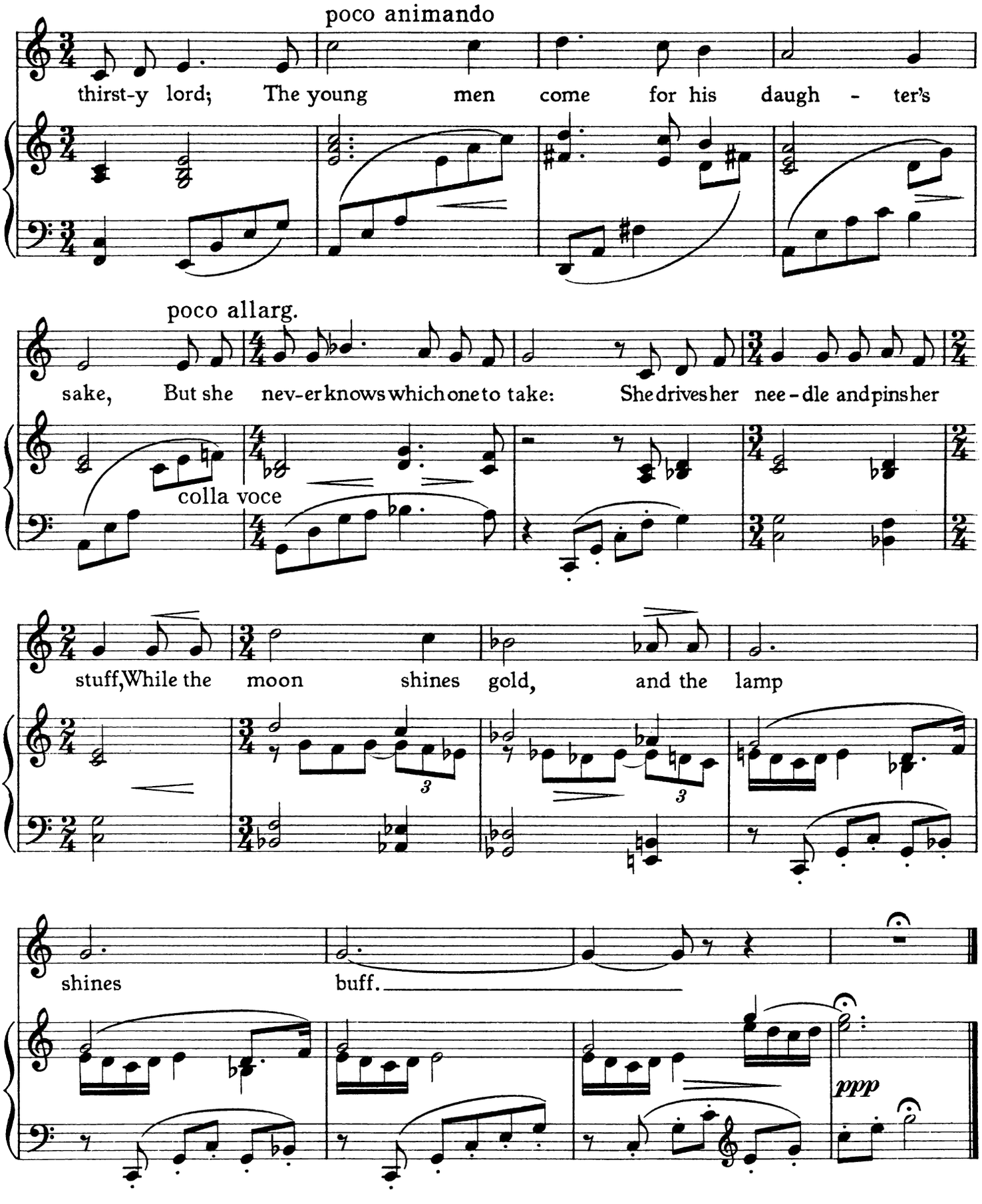

flit To and fro, in and out, Round the win-dows, all a -
- bout;
The mill wheel whirrs and the
wa - ters roar Out of the dark arch by the door, The wil - lows
toss their sil - ver heads, And the phlox - es in the gar - - den


beds Turn red, turn gray, With the time of
day, And smell sweet in the rain, then die a -
- way.
The mil-ler's cat is a tabby, she Is as
lean as a health - y cat can be, She plays in the


loft, where the sun - beams stroke The sacks' fat backs, and bee - tles
choke In the flour-y dust. The wheel goes round And the
pp
pp
mil-ler's wife sleeps fast and sound.
p poco marcato
There is a clock in - side the house, Ve - ry tall and ve - ry bright, It strikes the


hour when sha-dows drowse Or show-ers make the win-dows white; Loud and
sweet, in rain and sun, The clock strikes, and the work is
done. The mil-ler's wife and his
pp
mf
mf
eld-est girl Clean and cook while the mill wheels whirl. The chil-dren


take their meat to school, And at dusk they play by the twi - lit
pool; Bare - foot, bare - head, Till the day is
pp
dead, And their mo-ther calls them in to bed.
mf
The
sup - per stands on the clean-scrubbed board, And the mil - ler drinks like a
mf marcato


poco animando
thirst-y lord; The young men come for his daugh - ter's
poco allarg.
sake, But she nev-er knows which one to take: She drives her nee - dle and pins her
colla voce
stuff, While the moon shines gold, and the lamp
shines buff.
ppp