For Chris & Jim Carow

John Webber

Three Poems

For flute and piano (Also for flute & strings)

piano reduction



Ι

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin, My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

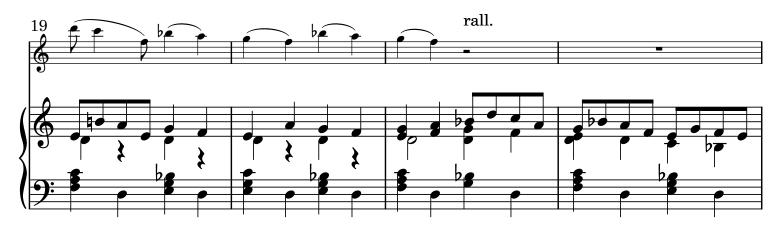
William Shakespeare

from *Cymbeline*)





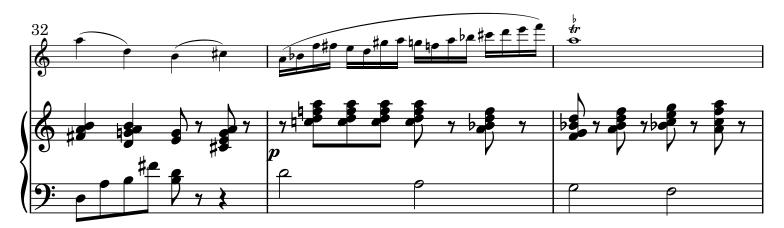










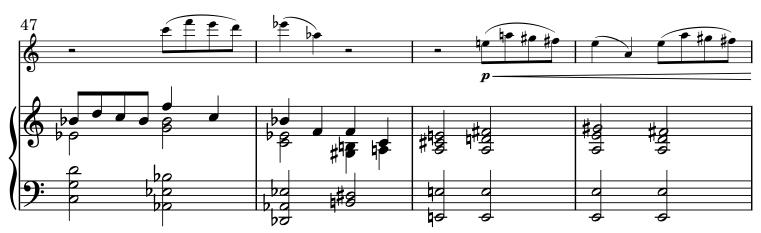


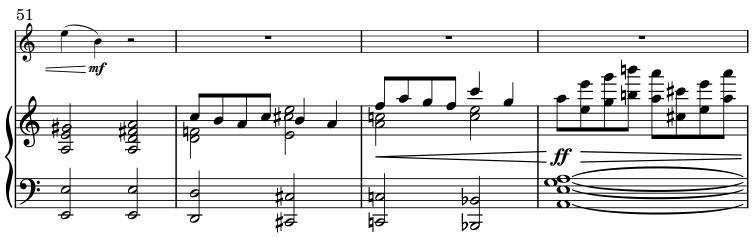




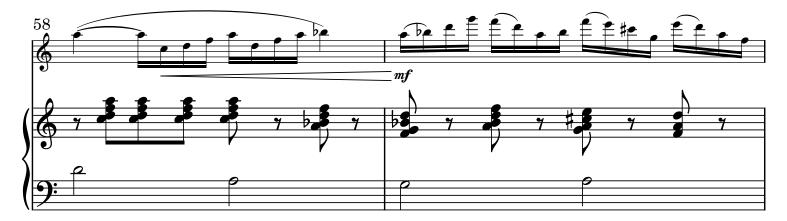






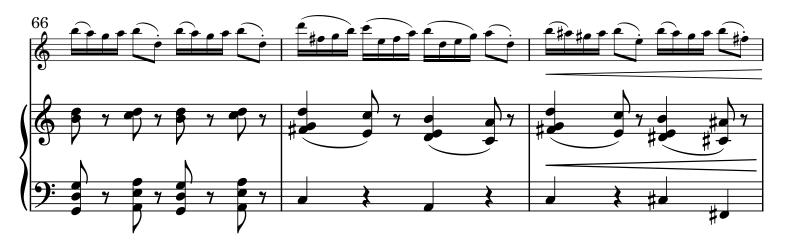




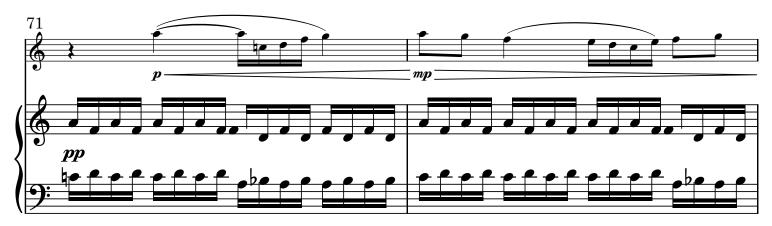


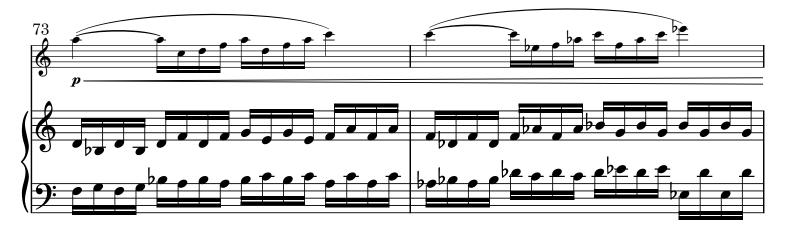




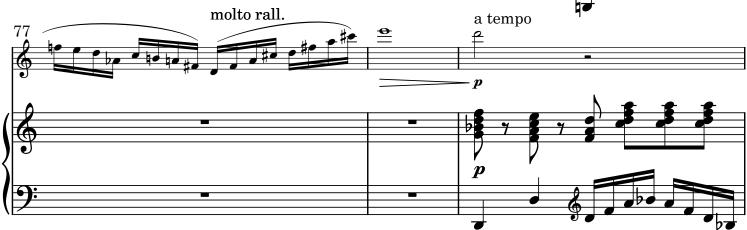








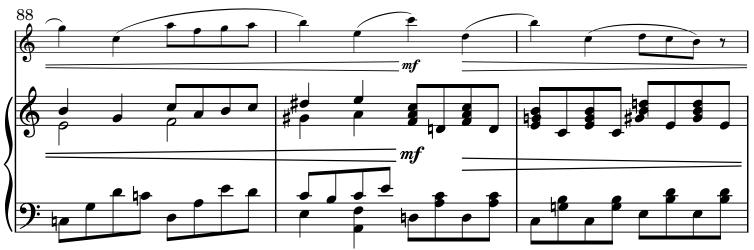


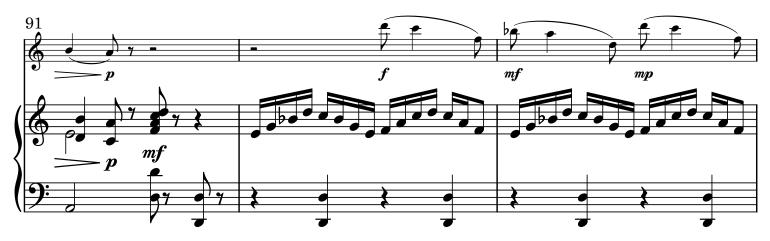


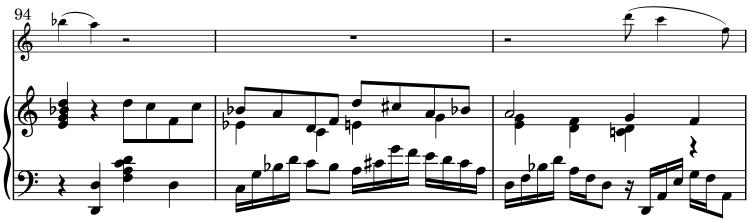
























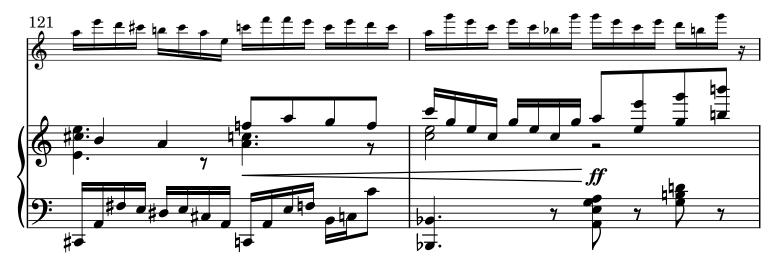














Π

HELD it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand thro' time to catch The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd, Let darkness keep her raven gloss: Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn The long result of love, and boast, 'Behold the man that loved and lost, But all he was is overworn.'...

This truth came borne with bier and pall, I felt it, when I sorrow'd most, 'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson From In Memoriam II: Elegy

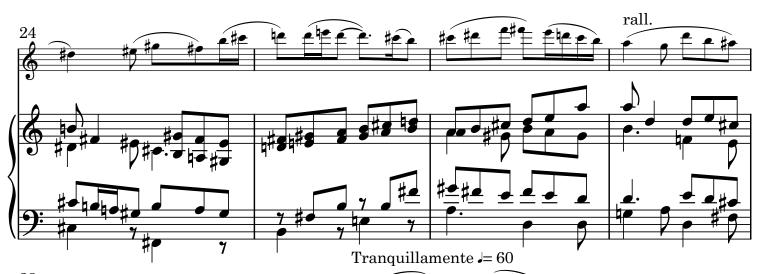




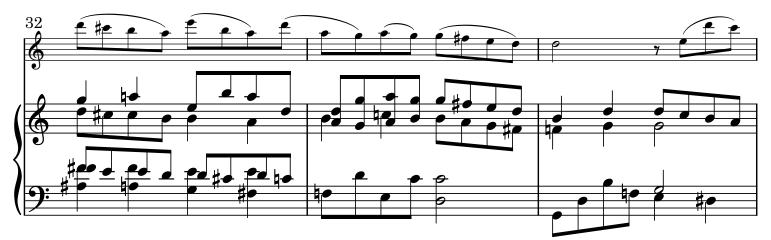


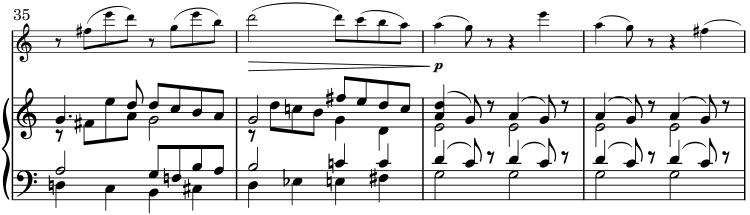




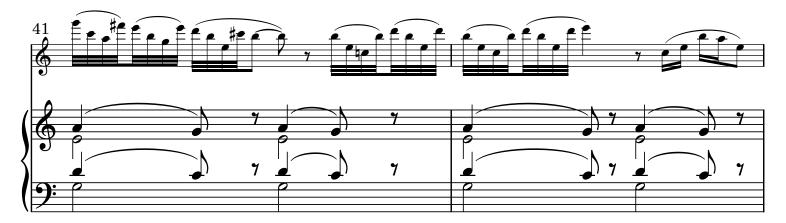


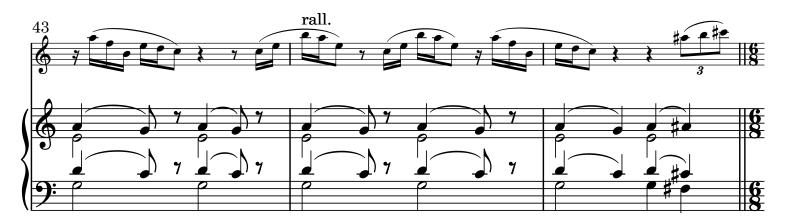








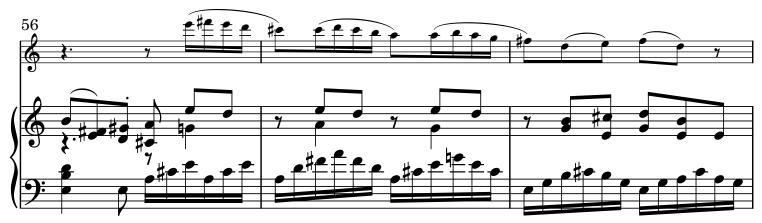


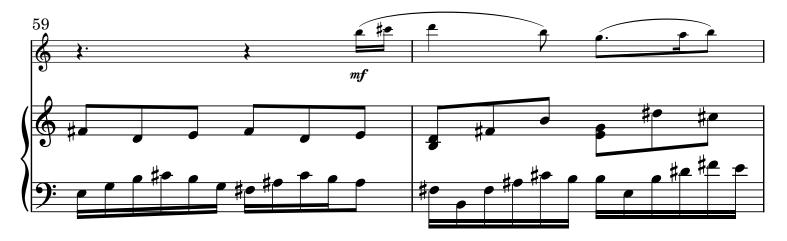






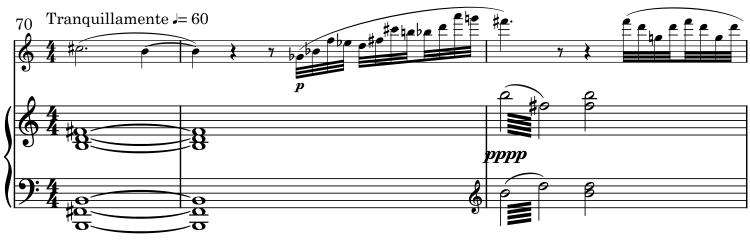


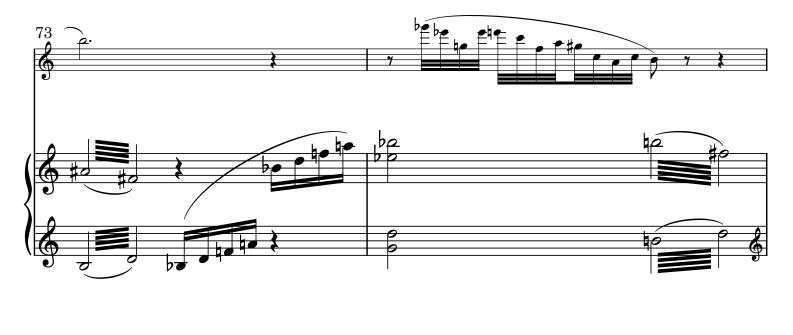


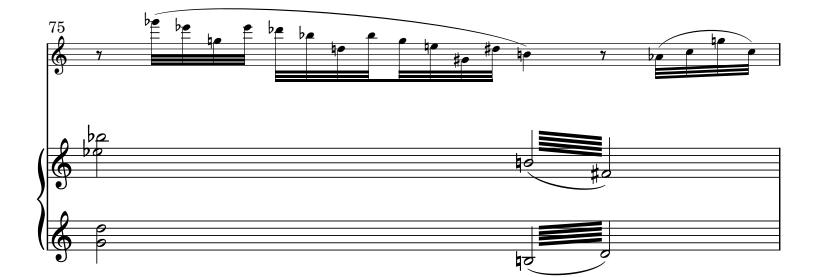


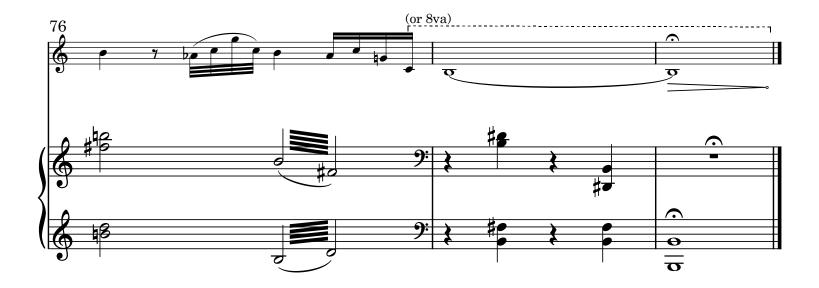












III

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;And I was filled with such delightAs prisoned birds must find in freedom,Winging wildly across the whiteOrchards and dark-green fields; on - on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;And beauty came like the setting sun:My heart was shaken with tears; and horrorDrifted away ... O, but EveryoneWas a bird; and the song was wordless;the singing will never be done.

Siegfried Sassoon

III: Serenade





