

The Darkling Thrush

Words: Thomas Hardy

Music: L C G Rogers

Andante ♩ = 100

Baritone

mf

I leant u-pon a cop - pice gate When

Piano

7

Bar. *mp* *mf*

Frost was spec - tre - gray And Win - ter's dregs made de - so - late The weak-'ning eye of

Pno. *mp* *mf*

12

Bar. *mp* *mf*

day The tan - gled bine-stems scor - ed the sky Like strings of bro - ken lyres, And

Pno. *mp*

17

Bar. *f* *mp*

all man-kind that haun - ted nigh Had sought their house-hold fires. The land's sharp fea - tures

Pno. *f* *mp*

22

Bar. *mf*

seem'd to be The Cent - 'ry's corpse out - leant, His crypt the cloud - y can - o - py The

Pno. *mf*

27

Bar. *mp*

wind his death la - ment. The an - cient pulse of germ and birth Was shrun - ken hard and

Pno. *mp* *mf*

32

Bar.

dry And ev - 'ry spi - rit u - pon earth Seem'd fer - vour - less as

Pno.

36

Bar. *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

I At once a voice a - rose a - mong The bleak twigs o - ver - head In a

Pno. *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

41

Bar. *f* *mf*

full - hearted e - ven - song Of joy il - lim - it - ed An ag - ed thrush

Pno. *f* *mf* *mp*

46

Bar. *f*

frail, gaunt and small, In blast - be - ruff - led plume, Had cho - sen thus to fling his soul U -

Pno. *f*

51

Bar. *mf* *ff* *mf*

pon the grow - ing gloom. So lit - tle cause for ca - rol - lings Of such ec - sta - tic sound Was

Pno. *mf* *ff* *mf*

57

Bar. *f* *mf*

writ - ten on ter - res - trial things A - far or nigh a - round, That I could think there

Pno. *f* *mf*

62

Bar. *rit* *mp*

trem - bled through His hap - py good - night air Some bles - sed Hope, where - of he knew And I was un - a -

Pno. *mp*

68

Bar. *p*

ware.

Pno. *p*