

Old Age

Words: Percy Mackaye

Music: Chris Rogers

♩ = 75

mf

Soprano
Old age, the

mf

Alto
Old age the

mf

Tenor
Old age the

mf

Bass
Old age the

f

f

mf

mf

7

mp

S.
ir-rig-a-tor, Digs our bo-soms straight-er More work-a-ble and deep-er still To turn the e-ver-run-ning

mp

A.
ir-rig-a-tor, Digs our bo-soms straight-er More work-a-ble and deep-er still To turn the ev-er-run-ning

mp

T.
ir-rig-a-tor, Digs our bo-soms straight-er More work-a-ble and deep-er still To turn ev-er-run-ning

mp

B.
ir-rig-a-tor Digs our bo-soms straight-er More work-a-ble and deep-er still To turn the ev-er-run-ning

p

p

p

p

13

S. *mf* *p*
 mill Of nightsand days. He makes a trough To drain our pas-sions off, That us'd so beau-ti-ful to lie

A. *mf* *p*
 mill Of nightsand days. He makes a trough To drain our pas-sions off, That us'd so beau - ti-ful to lie

T. *mf* *p*
 mill Of nightsand days. He makes a trough To drain our pas-sions off, That us'd so beau - ti-ful to lie

B. *mf* *p*
 mill Of nightsand days. He makes a trough To drain our pas-sions off, That us'd so beau - ti-ful to lie

Pno. *pp*
pp

19

S. *f* *p*
 Var - ie - ga - ted to the sky, On waste moor-lands of the heart, Haunts of i - dle-ness and art Still half

A. *f* *p*
 Var - ie - ga - ted to the sky On waste moor-lands of the heart, Haunts of i - dle-ness and art Still half

T. *f* *p*
 Var - ie - ga - ted to the sky On waste moor-lands of the heart, Haunts of i - dle-ness and art Still half

B. *f* *p*
 Var - ie - ga - ted to the sky On waste moor-lands of the heart, Haunts of i - dle-ness and art Still half

Pno. *p* *f* *pp*
p *f* *pp*

36 $\text{♩} = 70$

S. *p* *mf*
 plain use. All the mists of ear - ly dawn, Twi-lit mar-shes, be - ing gone With their glam-our and their stench, There is

A. *p* *mf*
 plain use All the mists of ear - ly dawn, Twi-lit mar-shes, be - ing gone With their glam-our and their stench, There is

T. *p* *mf*
 plain use All the mists of ear - ly dawn, Twi-lit mar-shes, be - ing gone With their glam-our and their stench, There is

B. *p* *mf*
 plain use All the mists of ear - ly dawn, Twi-lit mar-shes, be - ing gone With their glam-our and their stench, There is

Pno. *pp*
pp

42

S. *mf*
 left a nar - row trench.

A. *mf*
 left a nar - row trench.

T. *mf*
 left a nar - row trench.

B. *mf*
 left a nar - row trench.

Pno. *mf* *f* *p*
mf *f* *p*