

# The New House

Text: Edward Thomas

Music: Chris Rogers

*♩ = 60*

*mf* *fp*

Soprano  
Now first, as I shut the door, I was a - lone

Alto  
Now first, as I shut the door, I was a - lone

Tenore  
Now first, as I shut the door, I was a - lone

Basso  
Now first, as I shut the door, I was a - lone

Piano  
*mf* *mp* *fp*

5

*mp* *f* *mf*

S.  
In the new house; and the wind began to moan Old at once was the

A.  
In the new house; and the wind began to moan Old at once was the

T.  
in the new house; and the wind began to moan Old at once was the

B.  
in the new house; and the wind began to moan Old at once was the

Pno.  
*mp* *mp*

9 *mf*

S. house, and I was old; My ears were teas'd with the dread Of what was fore-told, <sup>3</sup>

A. house, and I was old; Old *p*

T. house, and I was old; Old *p*

B. house, and I was old; Old *p*

Pno.

13  $\text{♩} = 70$

S. Nights of storm, days of mist, without end; Sad days when the *f* *fp* *mp*

A. Nights of storm, days of mist, without end; Sad days when the *f* *fp* *mp*

T. Nights of storm, days of mist, without end; Sad days when the *f* *fp* *mp*

B. Nights of storm, days of mist, without end; Sad days when the *f* *fp* *mp*

Pno. *f* *p* *mp*

18

S. *mf* *f* *mp*  
 sun Shone in vain; old griefs and griefs Not yet be - gun. All was fore-told me;

A. *mf* *f* *p*  
 sun Shone in vain; old griefs and griefs Not yet be - gun. All

T. *mf* *f* *p*  
 sun Shone in vain; old griefs and griefs Not yet be - gun. All

B. *mf* *f* *p*  
 sun Shone in vain; old griefs and griefs Not yet be - gun. All

Pno.

22

S. *mf*  
 naught could I fore-see; But I learn'd how the wind would sound Af - ter these things should be.

A. *mf*  
 But I learn'd how the wind would sound Af - ter these things should be.

T. *mf*  
 But I learn'd how the wind would sound Af - ter these things should be.

B. *mf*  
 But I learn'd how the wind would sound Af - ter these things should be.

Pno.