RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

FIVE MYSTICAL SONGS

for Baritone Solo, Chorus (ad lib) and Orchestra

Poems by

GEORGE HERBERT

Piano Vocal Score  $3.75

GALAXY MUSIC CORPORATION
New York
No. 1. EASTER.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise?
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

No. 2. I GOT ME FLOWERS.

I got me flowers to strew thy way:
I got me bought all many a tree,
But thou wert up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweet along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he gave light, and the East perfume:
If they should offer to contest
With thy rising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

No. 3. LOVE BADE ME WELCOME.

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questionning,
If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my nectar:
So I did sit and eat.

No. 4. THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

No. 5. ANTIPHON.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.
The Church with Psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Five Mystical Songs is scored for double winds, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, harp and strings. 3rd and 4th horns, trombones and tuba are cross-cued in case of the absolute necessity of omitting these instruments.

Duration: 22 minutes
FIVE MYSTICAL SONGS.

No. 1.
Easter.

GEORGE HERBERT.  R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Baritone Solo.  Maestoso.  Largamente

Rise, heart; thy

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Maestoso.  $\frac{d}{2} 52.$  risoluto

PIANO.

Lord is risen,
thy Lord is risen.

(Small notes to be sung, only when there is no Chorus.)

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Sing his praise, Sing his praise, Without delays,

Sing his praise without delays,

Sing his praise without delays,

Sing his praise without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou like-wise With him may'st rise:

That, as his death cal-

B

cin-ed thee to dust,

His

pp dolce

cresc.

life may make thee gold, and much more,
Just.
(alternative version when there is no chorus.)
Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen,
Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen,
With all thy art. The cross taught all wood to resound his name. Who bore the same. His

stretch-ed sin-ews taught all strings, what key Is

best to cel-ebrate this most high
lute, and twist a song

Pleas - ant and

long:

Or since all mu - sic is but

three parts vied,

And mul -ti - plied;
largo.

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part, And make up our defects with his sweet art.

poco rall.

ppp
NO 2.
I got me flowers.

VOICE.

Moderato.

I got me flowersto strew thy

way; I got me boughs off ma - ny a tree: But thou wast

up by break of day, And broughtst thy sweets a-long with thee.

The Sun a-rising in the

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East, Though he give light, and the East perfume; If they should offer to contest With thy arising, they presume.

Poco più lento.

Chorus. (ad lib.) Can there be any day but this, Though many suns to shine en-

Not with closed lips, but with the sound of a short "u" as in the word "but."
We count three hundred, but we miss:

Largamente

There is but one, and that one ever.

ff Largamente

There is but one, and that one ever.

ff Largamente

There is but one, and that one ever.

ff Largamente

There is but one, and that one ever.
No. 3.

Love bade me welcome.

Andante sostenuto (Tempo Rubato.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

Love bade me welcome;

yet my soul drew back, Guilt of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack From my first entrance
Largamente

in,

Drew near-er to me, _ sweet-ly ques-tion-ing, _ If I lack'd

pp dolci ss

a tempo

any thing.

pp a tempo

guest,” I an-swer’d, “worth-y to be here.” Love said,

pp

“You _ shall be he?”

“I the un-kind, un-

C

poco f

poco f
grateful? Ah, my dear, I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did re-

poco allargando

poco allargando

poco string.

ma poco animato.

Truth, Lord, but I have marr’d them: let my shame
Largamente

Go where it doth deserve.

Largamente

p colla voce

Tempo alla prima

p dolce

"And know you not," says Love,

Tempo alla prima

p ppp

"who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then"

poco allarg.
a tempo

I will serve?"
"O Sacrum Convivium."
S. A. 
Chorus ad lib.
T. B.

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat!"

So I did sit and eat.
No. 4.
The Call.

Words by
GEORGE HERBERT.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Lento moderato.

VOICE.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a

WAY, as gives us breath: Such a Truth, as ends all strife: Such a

PIANO.

Life, as killeth death. Come, my

Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a Light, as shows a feast: Such a

\[\text{Note: This number may also be sung in D-flat.}\]

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Feast, as mends in length: Such a Strength, as makes his
guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a

Joy, as none can move: Such a Love, as none can

part: Such a Heart, as joys in love.
No. 5.

* Antiphon.

Allegro.

\[ \text{risoluto} \]

\[ \text{p cresc.} \quad \text{non legato} \]

\[ \text{non legato} \]

\[ \text{spalla basso} \]

A

\[ \text{Soprano.} \]

\[ \text{Alto.} \]

\[ \text{Tenor.} \quad \text{risoluto} \]

\[ \text{Bass.} \quad \text{risoluto} \]

Let all the world in every corner sing,

\[ \text{Copyright 1911 by Stainer & Bell Ltd.} \]

*) Note. An alternative version of this song for solo voice will be found in the appendix.
Let all the world in every corner sing,

Let all the world in every corner sing,

Let all the world in every corner sing,

My God and King.

My God and King.

My God and King.

My God and King.
The heavens are not too high, His praise may thither
fly:

The earth is

fly:

The earth is

not too low, His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every
cresc.

corner sing,
corner sing,
corner sing,
corner sing,
non legato
p.cresc. 
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.
dim.

The Church with Psalms must shout,

The Church with Psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:

Above all, the heart must bear the longest

Poco più tranquillo.
A Tempo.

Let all the world in every corner sing.

Poco animato.

Let all the world in every corner sing.

Poco animato.

Let all the world in every corner sing.
My God and King.

Poco più lento

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and

Poco più lento

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and

Poco più lento

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and

Poco più lento

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and
APPENDIX.

No. 5.

Antiphon.

Alternative version for Solo voice.

Allegro.

VOICE.

Piano.

risoluto

p cresc.

non legato

Sva bassa... 

Copyright 1911 by Stainer & Bell Ltd.
My God and King.

The heavens are not too high, His praise may thither fly:

C
The earth is not too low,

praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner

cresc.

sing,

My God and King.
Let all the world in every corner sing.

My God and King.
The Church with Psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:

Poco più tranquillo
But above all, the heart Must bear

the longest part.

non legato cresc.
Poco animato

Let all the world in every corner, every corner sing,

Largamente

My God and King.

Tempo alla Ima

My God and King.