

# Five Spring Songs of Francis Ledwidge

Francis Ledwidge  
1887-1917

for Medium Voice with Bb Clarinet

Bryan Beaumont Hays

## 1. Spring I

Calm and reflective  $\text{♩} = 72$

*string. e cresc.* -----

Vocal

Bb Clarinet

*pp*

With gentle movement

$\text{♩} = 104$  *mf*

V

Cl

*mp* *p*

The dew's drip ro - ses on the mead - ows where the meek — dais - ies dot the

V

Cl

sward. And — Ae - o - lus — whis - pers through the

V

Cl

shadows, 'Be - hold the hand - maid of the Lord! The gold - en

# 2. Spring II

Francis Ledwidge  
1887-1917

Bryan Beaumont Hays

Lively and rhythmic ♩ = 126

Bb Clarinet

Cl

Cl

V

8 *p*

Once more the lark with song and speed cleaves through the dawn his hur-ried

Cl

8 *p*

V

10

bars fall, like the flute of Ga - ny -

Cl

10

V

12

mede twirl - ing and whist-ling from the stars.

Cl

12

### 3. Desire in Spring

Francis Ledwidge  
1887-1917

Bryan Beaumont Hays

Slow and reflective ♩ = 66

Bb Clarinet

*p* *pp* *mp*

6 *rall.* -----

(A) With gentle motion: Very fluid ♩ = 72 *p*

V I love the cra - dle songs that

Cl

8

V moth - ers sing in lone - ly pla - ces when the twi - light

Cl

10

V drops, the slow en - dear - ing mel - o - dies that bring

Cl

*pp*

13

V sleep to the weep - ing lids;

Cl

*pp*

# 4. May Morning

Francis Ledwidge  
1887-1917

Bryan Beaumont Hays

Joyous: With spirit ♩ = 126

*mp legg.*

Vocal

Bb Clarinet

V

Cl

V

Cl

V

Cl

V

Cl

Young May came peep-ing  
o'er the mount and dressed her - self be - fore the font.  
The glow - worm snuffed his can-dle  
bright. The brook - let tum - bled in - to light. The  
sky - lark sang in - to the blue. The ba - by corn sprang in - to

*pp* *ff* *p* *pp* *f* *ffp* *f* *mp* *mp*

6 7

(A)

# 5. Evening in England

Francis Ledwidge  
1887-1917

Bryan Beaumont Hays

Somewhat slow ♩ = 66 *rubato*

Bb Clarinet

*f* *p* *pp*

V

6 (A) *mp*

From its blue vase the rose of evening drops. Up - on the

Cl

*p*

V

8

streams its petals float a-way. The hills all blue with distance hide their tips

Cl

8

*p*

V

11

in the dim silence falling on the grey. A little wind said

Cl

11

*fp* *p*

V

13

'Hush!' and shook a spray heavy with May's white crop of

Cl

13

*pp*