

**A Shropshire Lad**  
**A Song-Cycle**  
By  
**Charles Fonteyn Manney**



Boston  
Ditson Com



# A Shropshire Lad

## A Song-Cycle

Words by A. E. Housman

Music by

Charles Fonteyn Manney

Op. 22



For Medium Voice

\$1.25

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### 1. Youth

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

### 2. Heart Wounds

WHEN I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies  
But keep your fancy free."  
But I was one-and-twenty,  
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,  
"The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain:  
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 't is true, 't is true.

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### 3. Exile

WHITE in the moon the long road lies,  
The moon stands blank above:  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,  
Still, still the shadows stay:  
My feet upon the moonlit dust  
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,  
And straight though reach the track,  
Trudge on, trudge on, 't will all be well,  
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies  
Far, far must it remove:  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

### 4. Home-Longing

INTO my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.

### 5. Grief

WITH rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
The lightfoot boys are laid;  
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade.

### 6. Disillusion

THINK no more, lad, laugh, be jolly:  
Why should men make haste to die?  
Empty heads and tongues a-talking  
Make the rough road easy walking,  
And the feather pate of folly  
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking  
Spins the heavy world around.  
If young hearts were not so clever,  
Oh, they would be young for ever:  
Think no more: 'tis only thinking  
Lays lads underground.



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# 1. LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

**Allegretto grazioso**

**VOICE** *mp*  
Love - liest of trees, the cher-ry now Is hung with bloom a -

**PIANO** *mp ingenuously* *cantando*

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *dolce*

long the bough, And stands a - bout the wood-land ride Wear-ing white — for

*colla voce* *p dolce*

*devotionally* *p*

East - er... tide. \_\_\_\_\_ Now.

*semplice* *R.H.* *L.H.* *mf* *p*

*poco meno* of my three-score years and ten, *a tempo* *p* *vigoroso* Twen-ty will not

*poco meno* *warmly* *a tempo*

*mf poco cresc.* come a-gain, And take from sev-en-ty springs a score, It

*poco cresc.*

*distinctly poco rall.* on-ly leaves me— fif-ty more.

*poco rall.* *mf dolente* *a tempo* *p*

*cantando*

*mf a tempo* And since to— look at— things in bloom

*calando* *mf a tempo*

*poco rit. mf allargando*

Fif - ty springs are lit - tle room, A - bout the wood - lands I will go To

*cresc.* see the cher - ry hung with snow, *mf* with snow. To see...

*cresc.* *with vigor* *f tempo giusto* *mf* *cresc.*

*poco rall.* *mf a tempo* To see the cher - ry hung with snow.

*a tempo* *col voce* *mf* *brillante* *f* *joyfully*

*p delicately* *sec* *p dolce* *L.H.*

# 2. WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

VOICE *With spirit and animation; not too fast, however* *mp*

PIANO *ten.* *mf* *cresc.* *f* *poco rall.* *mp* *a tempo*

I was one - and - twenty I heard a wise man say, "Give *ten.*

*p* *leggiero*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*p* *jocosely*

crowns and pounds and guin - eas But not your heart a -

*with rhythm*

way; *p* Give

*f* *f* *p* *marcato*

*espress.*

pearls a - way and ru - bies But keep - your - fan - cy free."

*cantando* *mf espress.*

*mf boldly* *cresc.* *f*

But I was one - and - twen - ty, No use to talk to me.

*mf boldly* *cresc.*

*rall.* *p* *a tempo*

*precipitately* When I was one - and -

*rall.* *a tempo*

*p*

twen - ty I heard him say a - - gain. The

*p*

*espress.* *poco rall.* *p*

heart out of the bos- - om Was nev - er giv'n in vain; 'Tis

*espress.* *poco rall.* *p*

*Più lento molto espress.* *port.*

paid with sighs a plen- - ty And sold for end-less rue." And

*molto espress.*

*a tempo cresc.* *ff* *mf*

I am two - and - twen - ty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true, And

*cresc.* *ff* *mf*

*Red.* \*

*Più lento p rall.*

I am two - and - twen - ty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

*rall.* *p* *a tempo dolente pp*

*Red.* \*

# 3. WHITE IN THE MOON THE LONG ROAD LIES

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

VOICE *With somewhat marked rhythm; yet mystically* *p dreamily*

White in the moon the

PIANO

long road lies, The moon stands blank a - bove;

*p* *cantando*

White in the moon the long road lies That leads me from my love:

*p*

*pp poco meno*

Still hangs the hedge with - out a - gust.

*poco rall.* *pp delicately*

*pp* *poco più moto*  
*p evenly*

Still, still the shadows stay: My feet up on the

*p* *poco più moto* *p with even rhythm*

Leo \*

*poco rall.*

moon-lit dust Pursue the cease-less way.

Tempo I

*poco rall.* *p*

*p*

The world is round, so travellers tell, And

*p*

straight tho' reach the track, Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well, The



*f* with a trace of passion

way will guide one back. But ere the cir - cle

home - ward hies Far, far must it re - move.

*poco più moto*  
*p* evenly

White in the moon the long road lies That

*poco più moto*  
*p* with even rhythm

*dim.* *rall.*

leads me from my love.

*Tempo I*

*dim.* *rall.* *p* *smorz.*

# 4. INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT KILLS

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

With intense longing; but without dragging

VOICE *p*  
 In - to my heart an air that kills From

PIANO *p* *cresc.*

*p* *poco con moto*  
 yon far coun - try blows; What are those blue re -

*dim.* *p* *cresc.* *poco con moto*

*ten.* *rall.* *a tempo*  
 mem - ber'd hills, What spires, what farms are those?

*ten.* *rall.* *dim.* *p a tempo*

*a tempo*  
*p sostenuto*

That is the land of lost con - tent, I

*rall.* *sostenuto* *p a tempo*

*rall.* *mf tempo giusto cresc.*

see it shin - - ing plain, The hap - py high - ways

*rall.* *mf tempo giusto cresc.*

*with increasing intensity* *f*

where I went, And can - not come a - gain.

*with increasing intensity* *rit. col voce*

*p deliberately* *molto espress.* *rall.*

And can - not come a - gain.

*p* *col voce* *rall.* *p a tempo* *molto espress.* *pp*

## 5. WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Sustained, lamenting; but with motion

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*poco cresc.*

*mf*

*p*

With

*In dark tone-colour*

rue— my heart is la - den— For gold - en friends I had, — For

man - y a rose-lipt maid - en, — And man - y a light - foot lad.

*p*

*poco rall.*

*p*

*dolce*

*poco rall.*

*a tempo cresc.*

*p* with restrained expression

By brooks too broad for

*rall.* *p dolce* *pp* *senza rall.* *p*

*una corda* *7* *tre corde*

leap - ing The light - foot boys are laid:

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *espress.* *poco rall.* *a tempo* *poco rall.*

The rose - lipt girls are sleep - ing In fields where

*a tempo* *poco marcato*

ros - es fade.

*rall.* *pp una corda* *col voce* *mf molto espress.* *pp*

*a tempo* *rall.*

*pp*

# 6. THINK NO MORE

A. E. HOUSMAN

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Vigorously, but not too fast; with desperate irony

PIANO

*f* *mf sinister*

Think no more, lad; — laugh, be jol - ly: Why should.

(then; —)

*sec* *f roughly*

men — make haste to die? — Emp - ty

*mp* *mf cresc. poco stretto* *f*

Poco più mosso

heads and tongues a - talk - ing Make the rough road eas - y walk - ing, And the

*p* *cresc.*

feath - er pate of fol - ly - Bears the fall -

*f* *mf cresc.* *accel.* *f a tempo* *ff precipitately*

- ing sky. *with irony*

*col voce* *Poco più mosso*

Oh, tis jest - ing. dan - cing drink - ing Spins the

*p*

heav - y world a - round. If young

*rall.* *Più largamente mf*

*p* *rall.* *mf*

*con Pedale*

hearts were not so clev - er,

were

*mf*

*f* *mf*

not so clev - er, Oh, they would be

*mp*

*mp*

young for ev - er, young for

*cresc.*

*cresc.*



ev - - er: *rit. al - -* **Tempo I**

*In tempo of the preceding song,  
gently—reminiscently* **Tempo I**

*pp* *with vigor*

Think no more; tis on - ly think - ing Lays - lads

un - - der - ground.

*Fast* *precipitately* *pesante*