



AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

* SONG, *

FOR

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

Being the last lines of

Thomas Ingoldsby,*

Set to Music by

EDWARD ELGAR.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 4/-

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AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynyng brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I layea-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I layea-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
'That I was borne!
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

[As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear
As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!]

As I laye a-thynkyng the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;

As I laye a thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:—
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay;—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
'HERE IS REST!'

T. I.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

SONG.

Words by
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.
(1888)

ALLEGRO, MA NON TANTO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

col^o ed

legato p

dim

As I laye a - thynk - ynge, a - thynk - ynge, a - thynk - ynge,

cresc:

Mer - rie sang the Birde as she sat up - on the spraye!.. There came a no - ble

stacc e cresc:

cresc:

Knyghte, With his hau - berke shyn - ynge brighte, And his gal - lant heart was

lyghte, Free and gaye; As I laye a

f *poco rit:*

p *f* *colla parte.*

think - ynge, he rode up - on his waye

Tempo. *dim.*

f/p *p* *p* *pp*

. As I laye a -

Meno mosso. *p* *mesto.*

Tempo. Meno mosso.

cresc: *rit:* *p#* *pp*

- think - ynge, a - think - - ynge, Sad - ly sang the

pp *pp* *dim.*

Birde as she sat up - on the tree! There seem'd a crim - son

poco accl. cresc:

dim. *stacc e cresc:*

sempre cresc:

plain, Where a gal-lant Knyghte lay slayne, And a steed with brok-en

cresc:

p poco rit:

rein Ran free, As I laye a-

dim.

p colla parte.

Tempo. rit:

- thynk - ynge, most pi - - ti - ful to see!

Tempo.

rit:

p Tempo.

cresc:

poco rit:

dim:

As I laye a - thynk - ynge, a - thynk - ynge, a - thynk - ynge,

pp Tempo.

Mer-rie sang the Birde as she sat up-on the bough; A

dolce e legato. *poco cresc:*

love - - - ly Maid came bye And a

dolce e legato.

pp *dolciss.*

gen - - - til youth was nyghe, And he

rit:

breath - ed many a syghe, And a vowe; And a

pp *fp*

accel? *cresc: molto.*

vowe: As I laye a -

accel: e cresc: *cresc: molto.*

think - - - - - ynge, her heart was glad - some

rit: *dim.* *p* *Tempo.*

now. glad - some now.

molto rit: *pp* *Tempo poco Lento.*

As I laye a

rit: *pp* *Tranquillo.* *pp*

think - - - - - ynge, Sad - ly sang the Birde as she

Lento. *colla parte.*

sat up - on the thorne: No more. a youth. was

cresc: *stringendo.* *stringendo.*

As I laye a-thynkyng.

6. *cresc.* *f* >

there, But a Maid - - - en rent her

mf

And * *And* * *And*

haire, *And* *cried* *in* *sad* *des* *paire,*

cresc molto. *f* *sf*

ff a piacere. *rit:*

“That I was borne!” . . .

dim. *Lento.*

colla parte *p*

pp *ad lib:* *pp*

As I laye a - thynk - - ynge, she per - - ish - ed for -

cresc *colla parte.* *pp*

12/8

- lorne.

pp dolceiss: *rit:*

And

Molto Lento.

cresc poco a poco.

As I laye a - - thynk - - - ynge, the

Molto Lento. cresc poco a poco.

poco accell?

pp rit:

gol - - - den sun was sink - - -

accell? poco rit:

Tempo Imo

- ing, O mer - - rie sang that

rit: p

Tempo Imo

cresc:

Birde as it glit - ter'd on her breast With a thou - sand, thou - sand

cresc: f

grandioso.

gor - geous dyes, While (or To the soar - - ing as

Red

As I laye a-thynkynge.

to she the... was skies, ... ing.) 'Mid the stars... she

seem'd to... rise... 'Mid stars she

seem'd to rise... As to her nest; ...

... While soaring to the skies, 'Mid stars... she seem'd to

p Allargando *crese:*

rise... As to her nest; ...

sf *dim. p* *rall:*

p As I laye a - thynk - ynge, her mean - ing was ex - prest: *rit:*

piu Lento molto espress:
pp "Fol - low, fol - low me a way,
pp * *col* *Red*

Fol - low, it boots not to de - lay, . . . 'Twas so she seem'd to
dim.
Lento,

rit:
 saye, . . . 'Twas so she seem'd to saye, 'HERE . . . IS REST!
pp *Lento.*
Red *

pp "Here is Rest!"
ppp *Red* *