

THE LUCY POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I. Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known

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1 *Larghetto* ♩ = 56 rit. -----

Tenor

Piano

f *ff* *mf* *mp* *p*

3 *Piu mosso* ♩ = 66 *mf* *f*

Strange fits of pas - sion have I

mf *f*

4 *rit.* ----- ♩ = 52 *mf* *rit.* -----

known; and I will dare to tell,

mf *f*

6 $\bullet = 48$ *mp*
but in the lov - er's ear a - lone,

mp *f*

8 *mf*
what once to me be - fell.

mf *f* *mp*

10 $\bullet = \bullet$ *poco rit.* ----- *A tempo* *mp*
When she I loved looked ev - ery day

mf *mp*

mf

12
8

fresh as a rose in June, I to her cot - tage bent my way

mf

14
8

be - neath an eve - ning moon.

14

14

mp

16
8

Up - on the moon I fixed my eye,

mp

16

16

18 *mf*
all o - ver the wide ——— lea. With

20
quick - en - ing pace my horse drew nigh ——— those paths so dear to me. *mf*

22 *mp*
And *p mp*

24
8

now we reached the or— chard plot; and as we climbed the hill,

mf

26
8

the sink - ing moon—— to Lu - cy's cot came near,

mf

f *mf*

28
8

and near - er still.

f

30 *rit.* ----- *mp* ♩ = 56

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,

mp

32 *mf*

Kind Na - ture's gent - lest boon! And all the while

mf

34

my eyes I kept on the de-scend - ing moon.

f

36 rit. ----- $\bullet = 48$

My horse moved on;

38 *mf*

hoof af-ter hoof he raised, and nev-er stopped:

40 $\bullet = 56$ *mf*

when down be-hind the cot-tage roof, at once, the bright moon dropped.

42 *rit.* ----- $\bullet = 48$ *rit.* ----- *mp*

What

mp *mf* *mp*

44 *A tempo* *mf*

fond and way-ward thoughts will slide in - to a lov - er's head!

mf *mf*

46 $\bullet = 60$ *f* *mf* $\bullet = 56$ *f*

"Oh mer-cy!" to my-self I cried, "if Lu-cy— should be dead!"

f *ff* *f*

48 $\bullet = 66$ rit. -----

mf

II. A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal $\bullet = 36$

50 $\bullet = 36$

mp f

1 Adagio $\bullet = 52$ mp

A slum - ber did my spir - it seal;

mp mf mp mf

4

I had no human fears. She seemed a thing that could not feel.

mp *mf* *mp* *mf* *f*

6

Rit:----- A tempo

the touch of earth - ly years.

mp *mf* *f* *mf*

9

No mo-tion has she now, no force;

mp *mf* *f*

11 *mp* **Poco meno mosso** ♩ = 48 *mf*

8 she nei - ther hears nor sees; rolled round in earth's di - urn - nal course,

11 *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

13 with rocks, and stones, and trees.

13 *f* *mf* *f*

15 **Tempo I** ♩ = 52 **Poco meno mosso** ♩ = 48 rit. -----

15 *mf* *mp* *p*

III. She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways

Andante con moto $\bullet = 44$

1 *mp* She

3 dwelt a - mong the un-trod - den ways be - side the springs of Dove,

5 a maid whom there were none to praise and ve - ry few to love.

poco piu mosso $\bullet = 48$

7
8

A vi - o - let — by a mos - sy stone, — half

7

7

9

hid - den — from the eye! Fair — as a star, when on - ly one is

mf

9

mf

9

11

shin - ing — in the sky. —

tempo I $\bullet = 44$

11

mp

11

13 *mp*
She

13 *f* *mp* *f*

15
lived un-known, and few could know when Lu-cy ceased to be;

15 *mp* *mf*

17
but she is in her grave,

17 *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

19 *f*

and oh, the dif-fer-ence to me!

19 *f* *mf*

21 rit. $\bullet = 36$

21 *mp* *f*