Songs of Travel

Complete Edition

Words by

Robert Louis Stevenson

Music by

R. Vaughan Williams

Low Voice

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The Vagabond.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN. WILLIAMS.

Allegro moderato.
(alla marcia.)

Voice.

Piano.

p ma sempre marcat.

sempre pesante il basso.

risoluto.

Give to me the life I love, Let the lave go

by me. Give the jol-ly heaven a bove, And the byway nigh me
Bed in the bush with stars to see, Bread I dip in the river.
There's the life for a man like me.

There's the life for ever.

Colla voce.

Let the blow fall soon or
Late, let what will be o'er me; Give the face of earth around, And the road be-
f-fore me. Wealth I seek not, hope nor love, Nor a friend to

know me; All I seek, the heaven above,

And the road below me.

colla voce
Animando. \textit{mf robustamente.}

Or let autumn fall on me Where a-field I linger,

Silencing the bird on tree,

Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the

\textit{poco f}

\textit{meno f}
fros - ty field — Warm the fire - side

ancora animando.

Not to

Tempo I.

au - tumn will I yield, Not to win - ter
e - ven!

The Vagabond.
Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;

Give the face of earth around, And the road be-

Wealth I ask not,
hope nor love, Nor a friend to know

me; All I ask, the heaven above,

And the road below me.
I.
Let Beauty Awake.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

poco f

Let Beauty awake.

poco f

in the morn from beautiful
dreams,
Beau-
ty a-

wake
from

rest!
Let Beau-
ty a-
wake
For Beau-
ty's

sake
In the hour when the
birds a-

wake in the

brake
And the stars are bright
in the west!
poco rall.
p pp

\textit{p} tranquillo

\textit{Let Beau-ty a-wake}

\textit{in the eve from the slum-ber of day, A-wake in the crim-son eve! In the day's dusk end When the shades as-}

\textbf{mp sonore}

\textbf{mp cantabile}
-cend,.. Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend, To
rend a-gain and receive!
espress.
morendo

molto rall.
The Roadside Fire.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Allegretto.

poco scherzando.

I will make you

brooches and toys for your delight,

Of

bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.

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H. 4743.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,

Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,

Where white flows the
river and bright blows the broom; And you shall wash your
linen, and keep your body white In rainfall at
morning and dewfall at night.

And
Meno mosso.

this shall be for music when

largo.

no one else is near,
The

fine song for singing,

rare song to hear! That only I re-

The Roadside Fire
largamente.

member, that only you admire,

Of the

colla voce.

tranquillo.

broad road that stretch

es and the road - - - side

fire.

pp una corda.
II.
Youth and Love.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Voice.  Andante sostenuto.

Piano.  Pespressivo. tempo rubato.

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand, Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide, Nestle in orchard bloom,
and far on the level land

Call him with lighted lamp.

in the evening.

tide.
Poco animando.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down Pleasures as-sail him.

He to his no-bler fate Fares; and but waves a

Più mosso.

hand as he passes on, Cries but a

Piu mosso.
way-side word to her

at the garden gate,

Sings but a boyish

Più mosso.

rall.

Tempo I.

stave

and his face is gone,

rall.

Tempo I.

is gone...

sempre rall e dim.
III.
In Dreams.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAM

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

In dreams un-hap-py, I be-hold you
stand as here-to-fore: The un-re-mem-bered to-kens in your
hand a-vail no more. No more the morn-ing
glow, no more the grace, en-shrines, en-dears.
poco animando.

Cold beats the light of time upon your face and

smorzando.

shows your tears.

smorzando

He came and went. Per-chance you

poco rit.

wept a-while and then for-got.

colla voce.
Ah me! 
but he that left you with a

morendo. 

smile 
for - gets you

colla voce.

not. 
espressivo.

a tempo sempre rall.
IV.

The Infinite Shining Heavens.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante sostenuto.

The infinite shining heavens Rose, and I saw...

PP molto legato.

in the night Uncountable angels stars Shower

sorrow and light.
I saw them distant as heaven Dumb and shining and dead, And the idle stars of the night

largamente.

Were dearer to me than bread.
Night... after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo!

I looked in the dusk... And a star had come down

sempre animando

f dim. pp

to me.
Whither must I wander?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante.

Home no more home to me,

whither must I wander? Hunger my driver, I go...where I must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather: Thick drives the
Rain and my roof is in the dust. 

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door.

Dear days of old...with the faces in the firelight; Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Whether must I wander?
Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces, Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child. Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moor-land; Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild. Now when day dawns on the brow of the moor-land, Lone stands the house and the

Whither must I wander?
chimney-stone is cold. Lone let it stand now the friends are all departed.

ed, The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-fowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain,

bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom over hill and val...

Whither must I wander?
Jey.
Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours.

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood; Fair shine the day on the

house with open door. Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chim-

ney. But I go forever and come again no more

Whither must I wander?
Bright is the ring of words

Words by R.L. STEVENSON

Music by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Moderato risoluto

VOICE

Bright is the ring of words.......... When the right man

PIANO

risoluto

rings them, Fair the fall of songs........ when the singer sings them.

Still they are car-rolled and said— On wings they are car-ried—

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After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.
Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring The swains together.
And when the west is red

With the sunset embers,

The lover singers and

la melodia ben marcato

sings,

And the maid remembers.