

# JOHN IRELAND

## THE TRELLIS

### SONG

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

Words by

ALDOUS HUXLEY

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## \* THE TRELIS

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Thick-flowered is the trellis  
That hides our joys  
From prying eyes of malice  
And all annoys,  
And we lie rosily bowered.

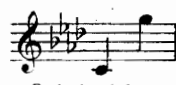
Through the long afternoons  
And evenings endlessly  
Drawn out, when summer swoons  
In perfume windlessly,  
Sounds our light laughter,

With whispered words between  
And silent kisses.  
None but the flowers have seen  
Our white caresses--  
Flowers and the bright-eyed birds.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

\* Reprinted from *Oxford Poetry*, 1918 (Blackwell).

# THE TRELLIS



Original key

Poem by  
Aldous Huxley \*

Moderato (♩ = 63 - 66)

John Ireland

VOICE

PIANO

Thick - flow'r'd — is the

trel - lis That hides our joys — From pry - ing eyes of

\* Words reprinted from Oxford Poetry, 1918 (Blackwell)

mal-ice And all an - noys, And we

*poco cresc.*

lie ros - - i - ly bow'r'd

*mp*

*cresc.* *f* *tenuto...* *ff* *dim.*

Through the long aft - er - noons And eve - nings

*mp*

end - less - ly Drawn out, ——— when sum - mer swoons In per - fume

*mf* *dim.*

wind - less - ly, Sounds our light laugh - - - ter,

*pp* *p* *delicato* *poco cresc.*

With whis - per'd words ——— be -

*mf* *dim.* *p*

tween And si - lent kiss - es.

*pp*

None but the flow'rs have

*p una corda*

seen Our white car - ess - es — Flow'rs and the bright-eyed

*mp tre corde*

*p*

*pp*

birds. —

*p*

*pp*

*riten.*

January, 1920



# A BEAUTIFUL SONG by JOHN IRELAND.

## SEA FEVER

Words by  
John Masefield

Music by  
John Ireland

### SEA FEVER



I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely  
sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer  
her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and  
the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey  
dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of  
the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white  
clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and  
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where  
the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
fellow rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the  
long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

*Lento* (about  $\text{♩} = 52-56$ )

VOICE

PIANO

*pp*

*cot. sea*

*poco cresc.*

*mf*

I must go down to the seas a - gain, to the  
lonely sea and the sky, — And all I ask is a tall ship and a  
star to steer her by, — And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the

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## SINDING'S Greatest Song Success. Sylvelin.

*Andantino.* Christian Sinding, Op. 55. I.

*glissando*

*p*

*dulce*

Syl - ve - lin, seg - ne Gott Dich auf Er - den zu je - der Stund!  
Syl - ve - lin, God's un - bleas - ing e - ter - nal on thee be shed!

Dein Aug' ist blau, Dein Ant - litz - licht und roth Dein Mund Wie  
Thine eyes are blue, thy mien is fair, thy lips are red! Like

Son - nen schein auf den Fel - dern Des Mor - gens nach lan - ger Nacht  
sun light on glad and mea - dows like dawn of ter - rific some night.

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