

Ballad

words by Judith Nicholls

music by Sheena Phillips

♩ = 45

mp Why are you weep-ing, child of the fut-ure, For

p hm, hm, hm, ah

p senza ped.

5 what are you griev-ing, son of the earth?

ah

mf A-corns of aut-umn and white woods of win-ter,

[B div] a-corns, aut-umn, white woods, win-ter,

5

9 ah

Song-thrush of spring in the land of my birth.

9 song-thrush of spring in the land of my birth, land of my birth

12 You have a new life, child of the fut - ure, Drift-ing through stars to a land of your own. With

SA div *mf* warmly

12 *mf* you have a new life, child of the fut - ure, drift - ing, drift-ing through stars,

TB *p* hm, hm,

12 *sempre piano*

16 Sir-ius to guide you, O - ri - on be-side you Wander-ing the heavens you are free from the earth.

16 Sir-ius to guide you, O - ri - on be-side, you are free

hm, hm, free from the earth

16

21 *mf* I have a new life, the speck - led skies' beau - ty,
more warmly
21 *mp* have life, *mf* and beau - ty;

Left far be-hind me the dark cries of earth; oh, but I long
23
left far be-hind, the earth; Oh, but I long for the
23 *mp* *mf*

for the soft rains, oh, but I long for the suns of the south.
26
soft rains of Ap-ri-l, Ice-ferned De-cem - bers and suns of the south.
26 *mp* suns of the south.

SA

29 dream - ing and drift - ing cold through

p

with anguish
What was I dream-ing, to drift with O - ri-on, To leave for cold Nep-tune my home and my hearth?

29 dream-ing and drift - ing, leav-ing the earth,

p

29 *mp*

29 *sempre senza ped.*

stars be - yond the earth.

33 Stars in their mill-ions stretch end-less, re-mind me Far far be-hind lies my blue-marb-led earth.

mf *mp*

far far be - hind lies my blue - - - marb-led land of my birth.

33 *mf*

33

ballad 5

37 *p* Here on the hill-side the dawn is just ris-ing,

SA div *p* dawn is here,

TB div *p* dawn is here,

40 *mp* But-ter-cups dew-fill, all silk-en and gold. *mf* Well may you weep, sad

40 *mp* but-ter-cups dew-fill, silk-en and gold; well, well may you weep

40 *mp* but-ter-cups dew-fill all silk-en and gold; well, well may you weep

40 *mf* well may you weep, sad

40 *mf* well may you weep,

40 *poco a poco crescendo* *mf*

43 child of the fut-ure, — Well may you yearn — for your beau-ti - ful world. —

rit. *f*

43 for the fut-ure, — well may you yearn — for your world. —

for the fut-ure, — *rit.* well may you yearn — for your *f* world. —

43 child of the fut-ure, — well may you yearn — for your world. —

rit.

43 weep, — well may you yearn — for your world. —

rit.

46

46

46

46 *a tempo*

pp