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ANTONÍN TUČAPSKÝ THREE SONGS

LYRICS BY

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William Henry Davies (1871 - 1940)

The Moon

Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul, O thou fair Moon, so close and bright; Thy beauty makes me like the child That cries aloud to own thy light: The little child that lifts each arm To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night With thy white beams across their throats, Let my deep silence speaks for me More than for them their sweetest notes: Who worships thee till music fails Is greater than thy nightingales.

The Hour of Magic

This is the hour of magic, when Moon With her bright wand has charmed the tallest tree To stand stone-still with all his million leaves! I feel around me things I cannot see; I hold my breath, as Nature holds her own. And do the mice and birds, the horse and cow, Sleepless in this deep silence, so intense, Believe a miracle has happened now, And wait to hear a sound they'll recognize, To prove they still have life earthly ties?

Days too Short

When primroses are out in Spring, And small, blue violets come between; When merry birds sing on boughs green, And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps, As though escaped from Nature's hand Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white Each seems a broken rimmed moon -When such things are, this world too soon, For me, doth wear the weil of Night!





