

Angela Stewart.

902014



BEFORE DAWN

WALTER DE LA MARE
ARTHUR BENJAMIN



CURWEN EDITION

276

BEFORE DAWN

Dim berried is the mistletoe,
With globes of sheenless grey,
The holly mid ten thousand thorns
Smoulders its fires away;
And in the manger Jesu sleeps
This Christmas Day.

Bull unto bull with hollow throat
Makes echo every hill,
Cold sheep in pastures thick with snow
The air with bleatings fill;
While of his Mother's heart this babe,
Takes His sweet will.

All flowers and butterflies lie hid,
The blackbird and the thrush,
Pipe but a little as they flit,
Restless from bush to bush;
Even to the robin Gabriel hath
Cried softly "Hush"

Now night is astir with burning stars,
In darkness of the snow;
Burdened with frankincense and myrrh
And gold the strangers go
Into a dusk where one dim lamp
Burns faintly, Lo!

No snowdrop yet its small head nods,
In winds of winter drear,
No lark at casement in the sky
Sings matins shrill and clear;
Yet in this frozen mirk the Dawn
Breathes "Spring is here!"

Walter de la MARE

N, A018101
25.1.2001

To Dorothea SMWEBB.

0104
⑦
OK

BEFORE DAWN

Walter de la MARE

Arthur BENJAMIN



VOICE *All^{to} e ritmico* *pp*

Dim berried is the mis-tle-toe With

PIANO *ppp* *sempre*

2 Ped. sempre

globes of sheen-less grey, The hol-ly mid-ten thou-sand thorns

molto semplice

Smoulders its fires a-way; And in the man-ger Je-su sleeps This Christmas day. —

senza Ped. una corda

Copyright 1924 by Arthur Benjamin.

piu f Bull un.to bull with hollow throat Makes e.cho eve.ry hill, Cold *mp*

sheep in pas - tures thick with snow The air with blea.tings fill; While of his *pp*

p *pp*
una corda

molto teneramente Mother's heart this babe Takes His sweet will.

ppp
2 Ped. sempre

All flowers and butter.flies lie hid, The blackbird and the thrush Pipe

legato

— but a lit - tle as they flit — Restless from bush to bush; E - ven to the

ro - bin Gabriel hath Cried soft - ly, 'Hush!'

And sempre sf

Now night is a stir with burning stars, In darkness of the snow; Burdened with frankincense and myrrh And

gold the Strangers go In - to a dusk where one dim lamp Burns faint - ly, Lo!

poco meno mosso *pp possibile*

No snow-drop yet its small head nods In winds of winter drear; No

poco meno mosso

ppp

lark at casement in the sky Sings matins shrill and clear: Yet in this

Ossia

fro-zen mirk the Dawn Breathes "Spring is here!"

Tempo I

MUS N
mba
786.2
B468

N copy

WORKS
by
RUPERT ERLEBACH
in the
CURWEN EDITION



SONGS

SONG AND PAIN (High voice)	2 s.
LONE DOG —	2 s.

VIOLIN & PIANO

TWO LEGENDS	3 s.
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CELLO & PIANO

FOLK SONG SONATA IN C. (In the press).

