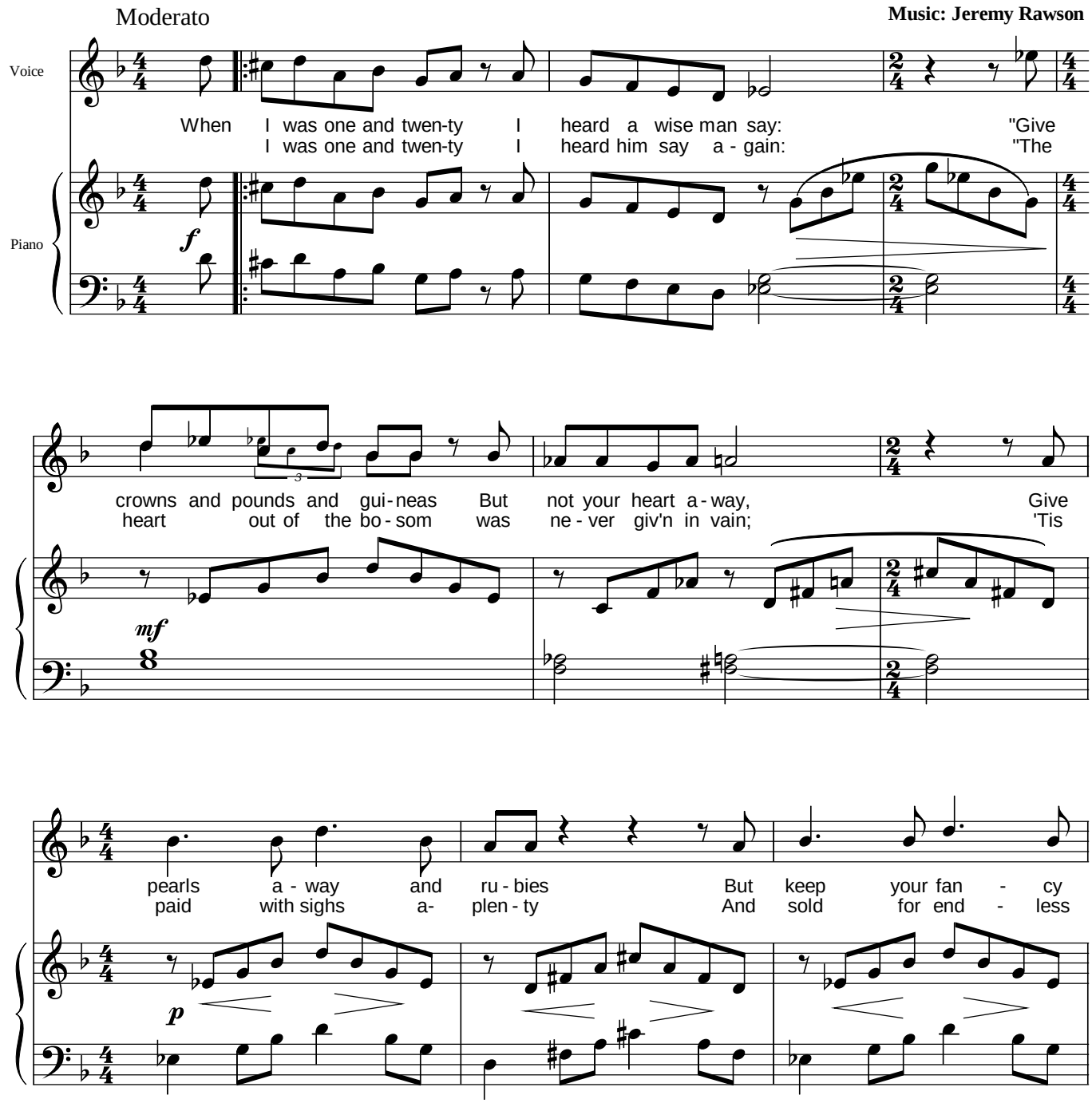
Songs from "A Shropshire Lad" (A E Housman)



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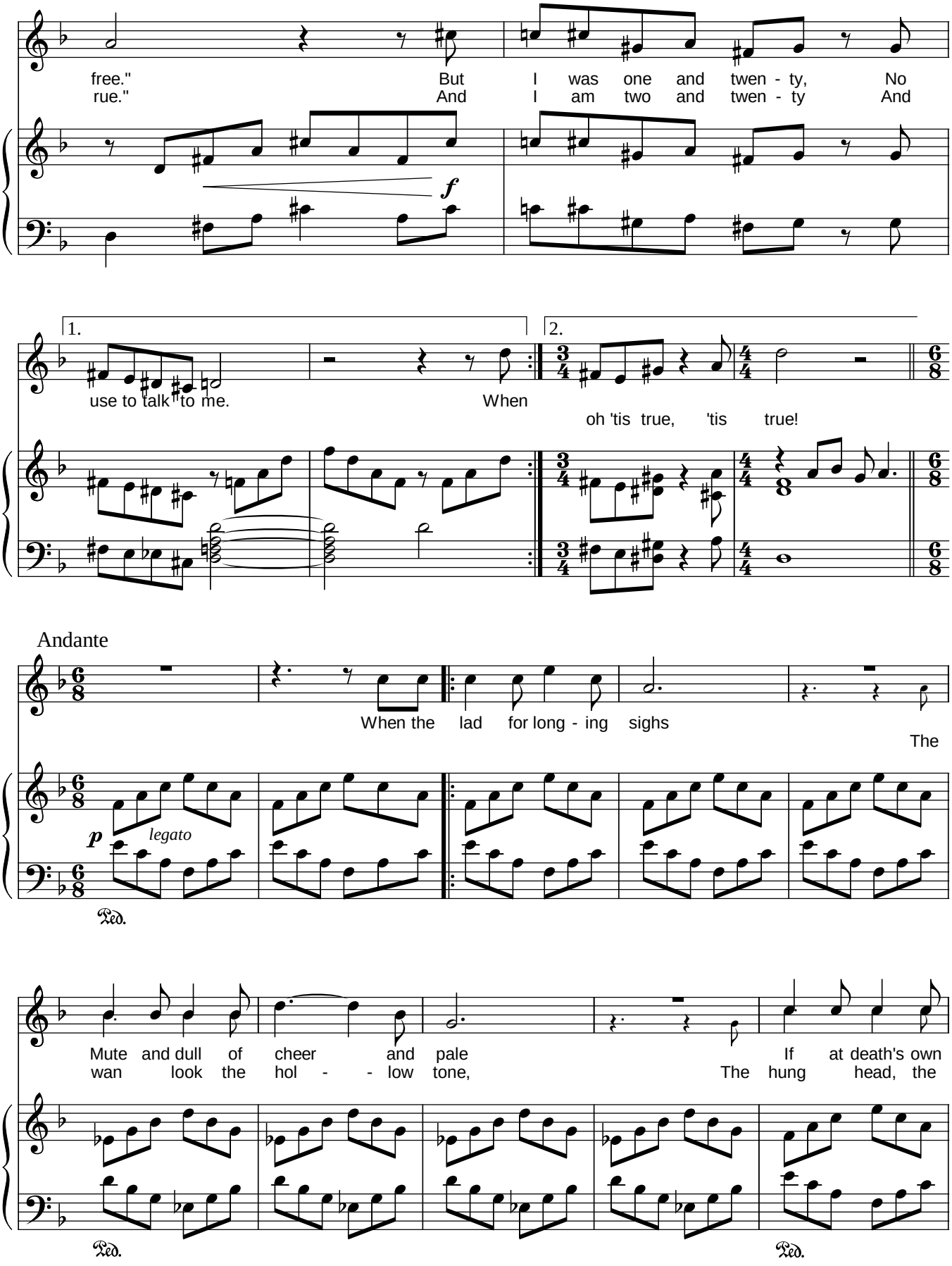
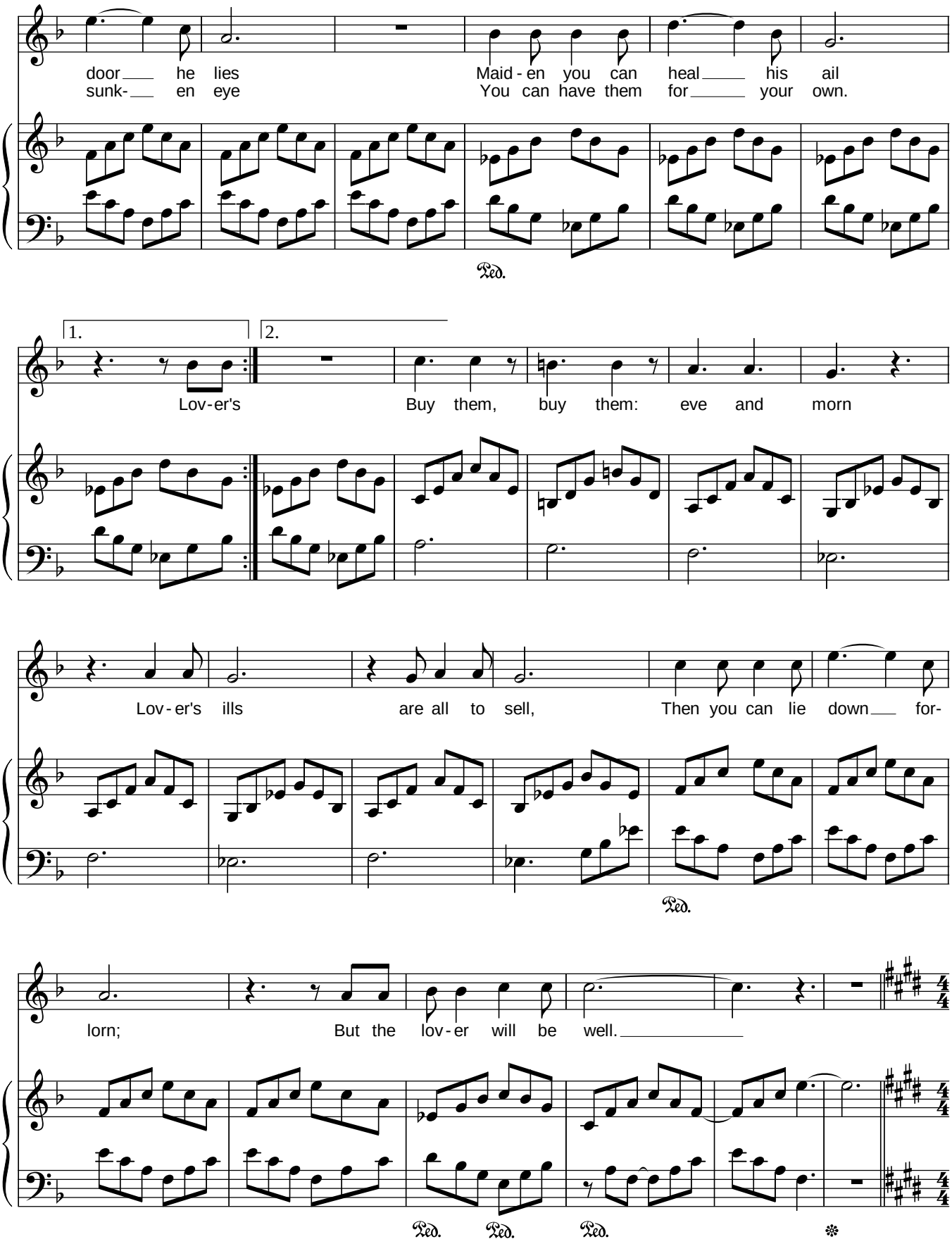
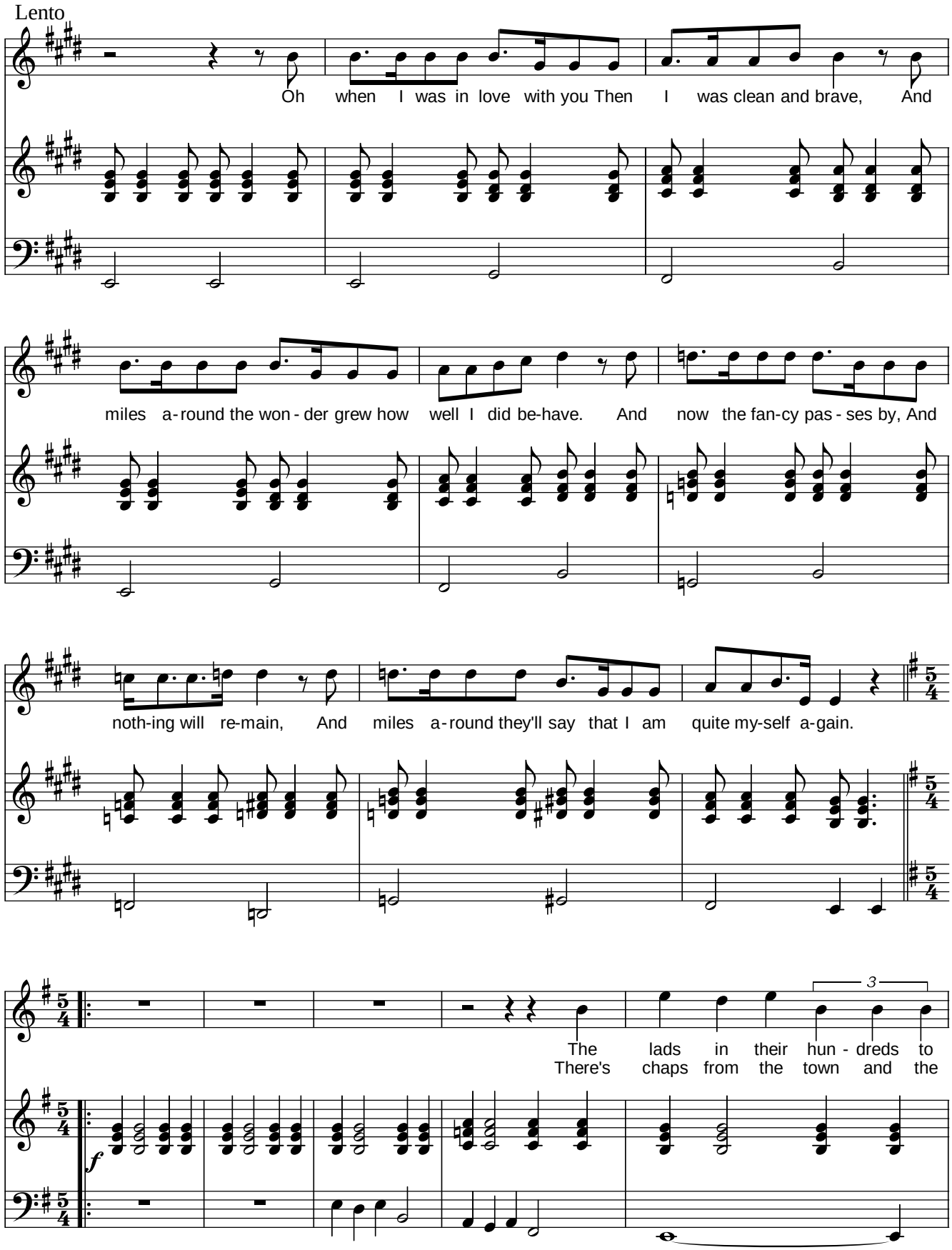
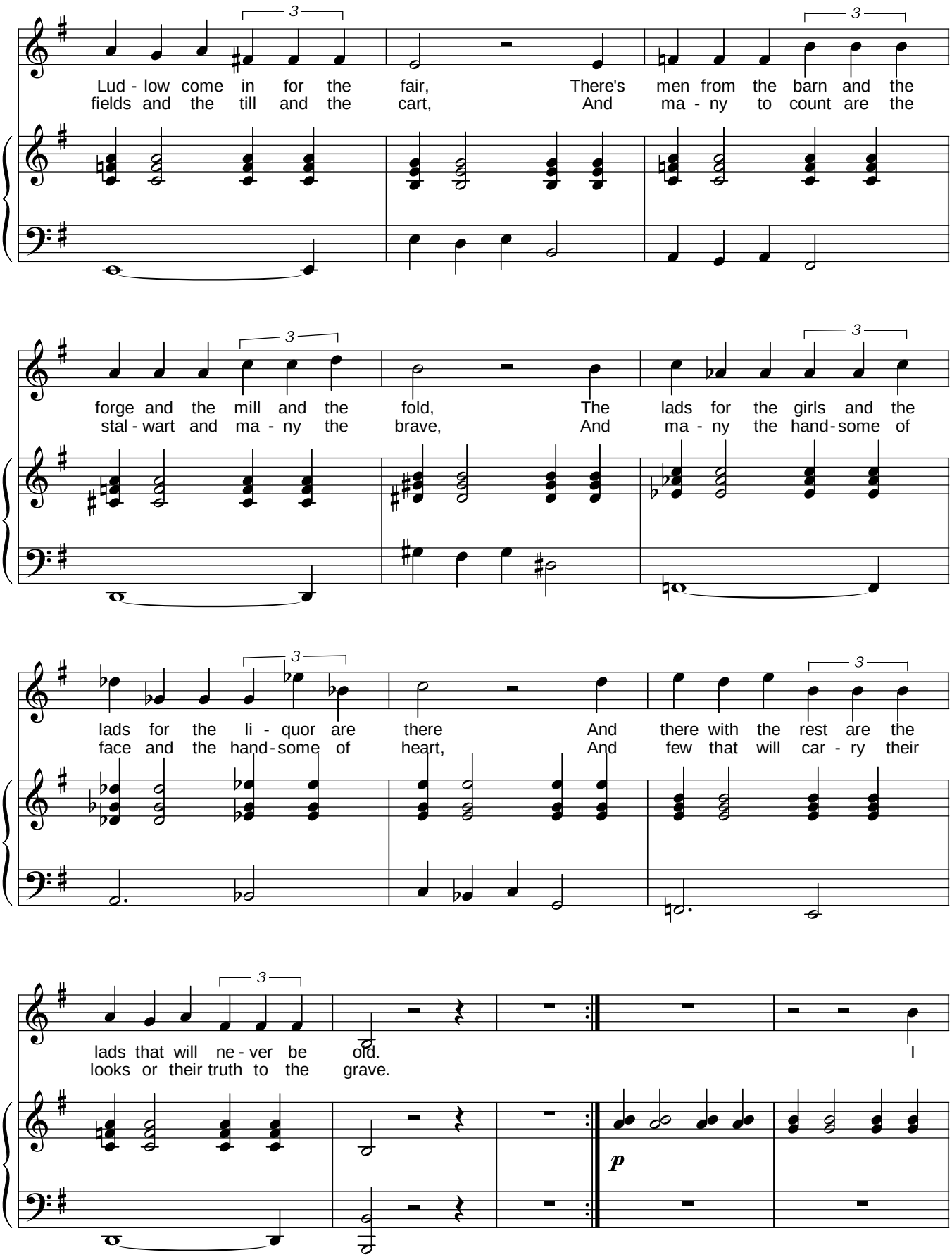
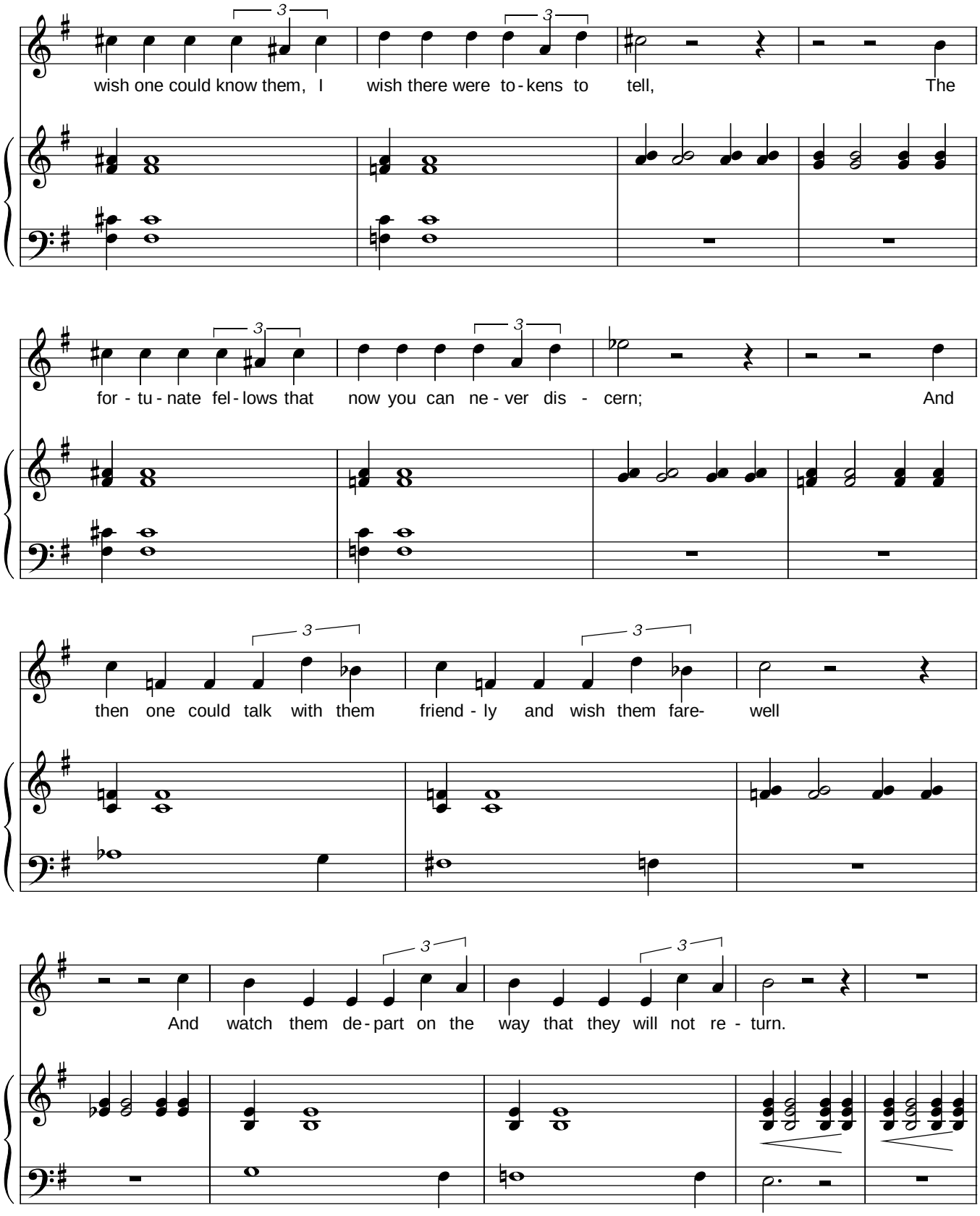
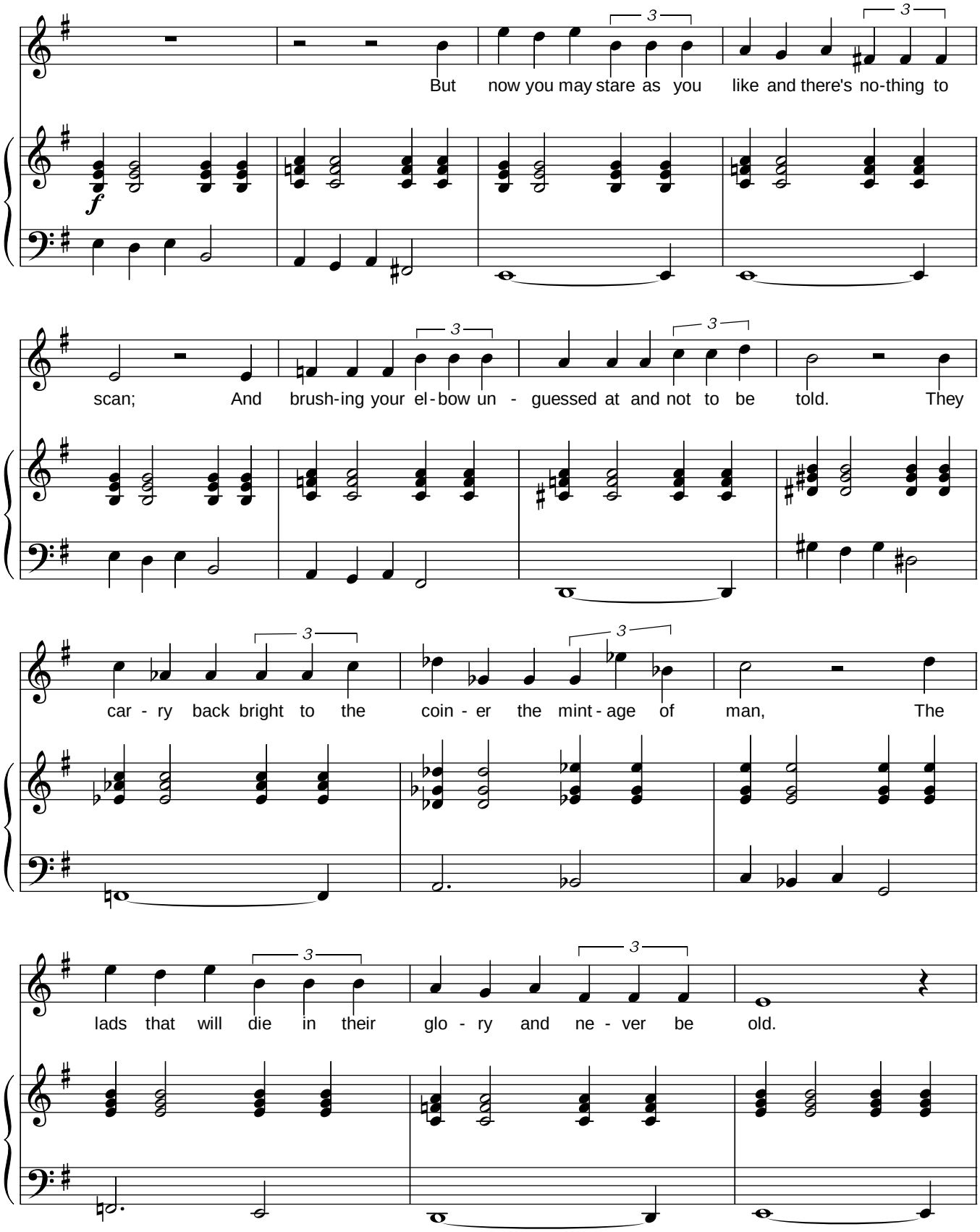

free." But I was one and twen - ty, No
rue." And I am two and twen - ty And
f
1.
2.
use to talk to me. When
oh 'tis true, 'tis true!
Andante
When the lad for long - ing sighs
The
p
legato
Ped.
Mute and dull of cheer and pale If at death's own
wan look the hol - - low tone, The hung head, the
Ped.
Ped.

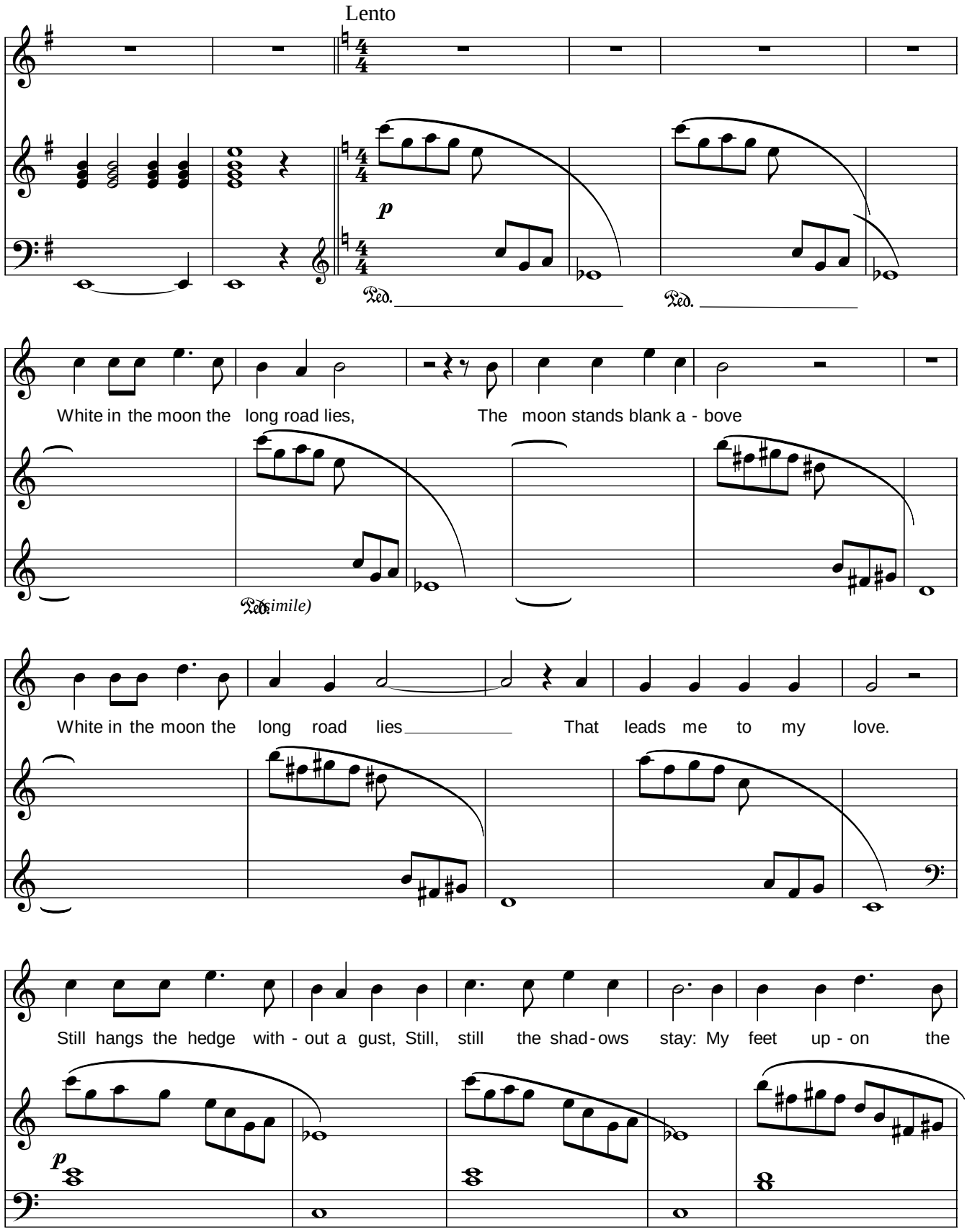

door he lies
sunk- en eye
Maid - en you can heal his ail
You can have them for your own.
Ped.
1.
2.
Lov - er's
Buy them, buy them: eve and morn
Lov - er's ills
are all to sell,
Then you can lie down for-
Ped.
lorn;
But the lov - er will be well.
Ped. Ped. Ped.

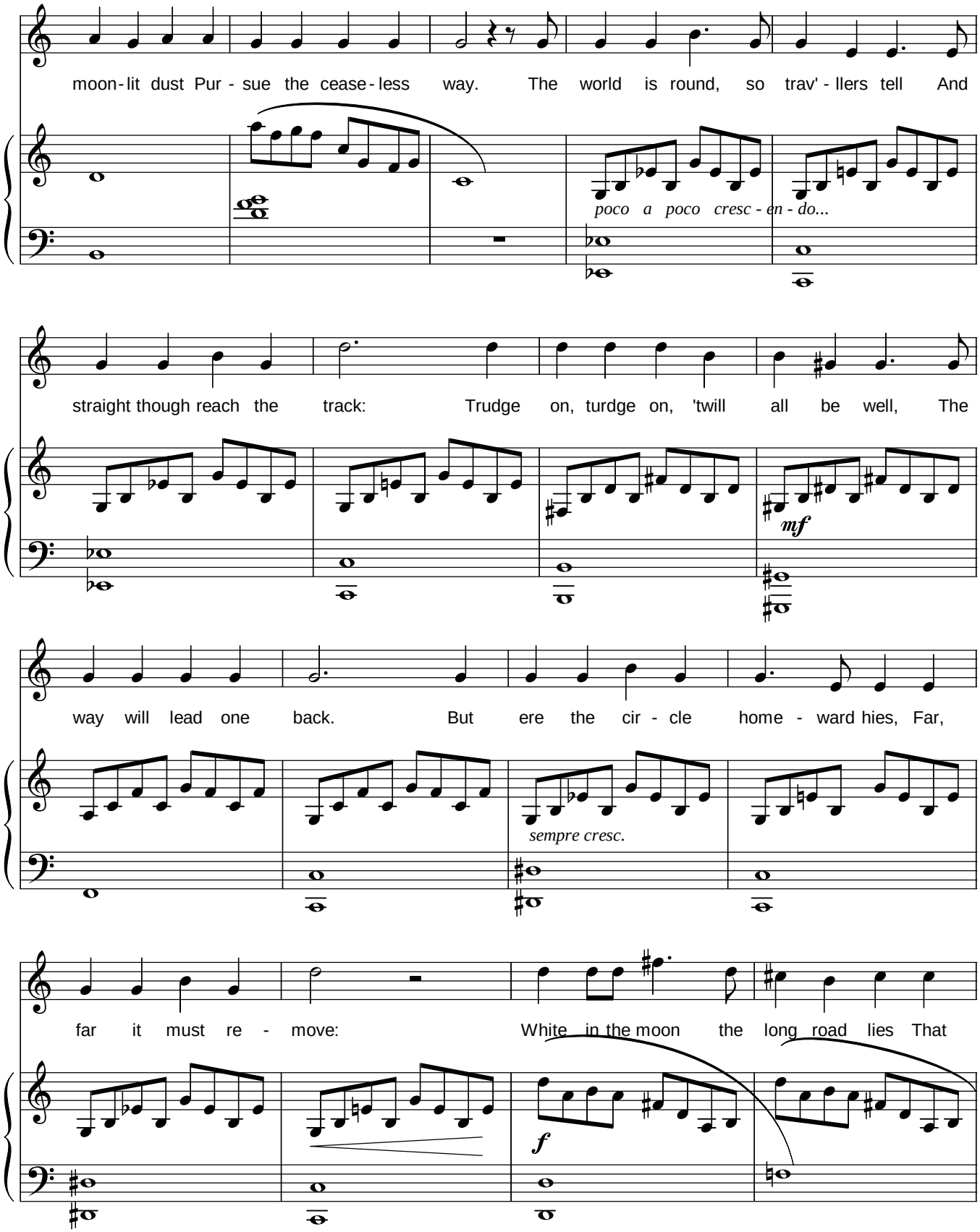

Lento
Oh when I was in love with you Then I was clean and brave, And
miles a-round the won-der grew how well I did be-have. And now the fan-cy pas-ses by, And
noth-ing will re-main, And miles a-round they'll say that I am quite my-self a-gain.
3
The lads in their hun-dreds to
There's chaps from the town and the
f

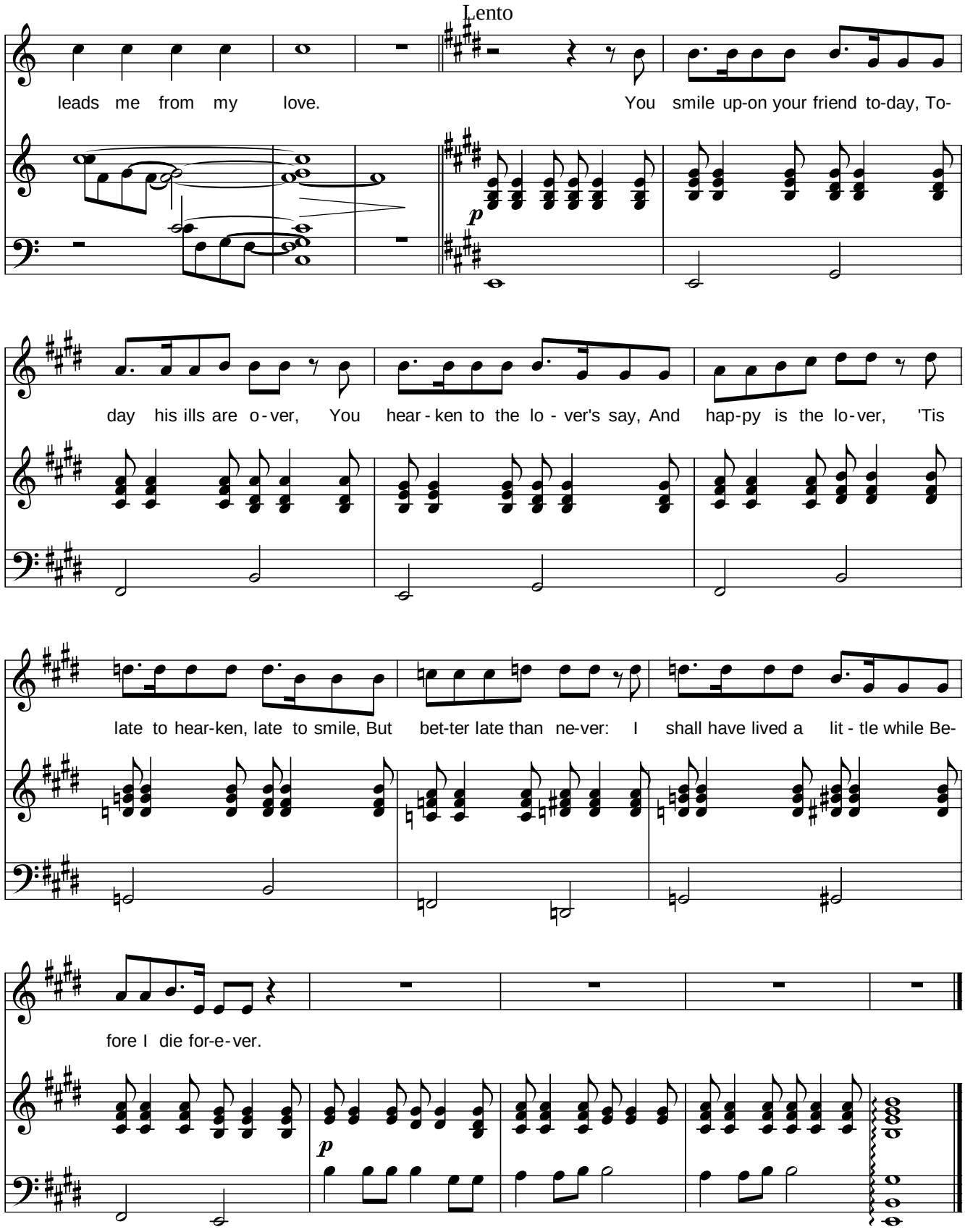

Lud - low come in for the fair, There's men from the barn and the
fields and the till and the cart, And ma - ny to count are the
forge and the mill and the fold, The lads for the girls and the
stal - wart and ma - ny the brave, And ma - ny the hand - some of
lads for the li - quor are there And there with the rest are the
face and the hand - some of heart, And few that will car - ry their
lads that will ne - ver be old. I
looks or their truth to the grave.
p


wish one could know them, I wish there were to-kens to tell, The
for-tu-nate fel-lows that now you can ne-ver dis-cern; And
then one could talk with them friend-ly and wish them fare- well
And watch them de-part on the way that they will not re-turn.


But now you may stare as you like and there's no-thing to
scan; And brush-ing your el-bow un - guessed at and not to be told. They
car - ry back bright to the coin - er the mint - age of man, The
lads that will die in their glo - ry and ne - ver be old.


Lento
p
Ped.
Ped.
White in the moon the long road lies, The moon stands blank a - bove
Ped.
(simile)
White in the moon the long road lies That leads me to my love.
Still hangs the hedge with - out a gust, Still, still the shad - ows stay: My feet up - on the
p


moon-lit dust Pur - sue the cease-less way. The world is round, so trav' - llers tell And
poco a poco cresc - en - do...
straight though reach the track: Trudge on, turdge on, 'twill all be well, The
mf
way will lead one back. But ere the cir - cle home - ward hies, Far,
sempre cresc.
far it must re - move: White in the moon the long road lies That
f


Lento
leads me from my love.
You smile up-on your friend to-day, To-
p
day his ills are o-ver, You hear-ken to the lo-ver's say, And hap-py is the lo-ver, 'Tis
late to hear-ken, late to smile, But bet-ter late than ne-ver: I shall have lived a lit-tle while Be-
fore I die for-e-ver.
p