Brian Blyth Daubney

Three H. and S.T. Coleridge Settings
Until she smiled on me

Hartley Coleridge

Brian Blyth Daubney

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be; Her loveliness I never knew

Until she smiled on me
then I knew her eyes so bright

A well a spring of

light.

But now her looks are coy and cold, To

mine they ne'er reply And yet I cease not to be hold

rall. piu lento

rall. piu lento

pp

f rall.
A tempo

the love-light in her eye:

Her very frowns are far-er far Than

A tempo

smiles of other maidens are.

rit.

pp
Young friend, thou yet art young

Hartley Coleridge

Brian Blyth Daubney

Moderato

Young friend, thou yet art young, and

I am growing very old, And thou hast powers, which future hours will

perfect and unfold,

While I am wanting to the

poco rit. A tempo liberamente

poco rit. A tempo
west, In truth a great deal past my Best.

'Tis not my talent to advise_

Although my head is grey, Old Time will nev'er make me wise But
thee I hope it may
For that is in thee, I be-

poco rit.
Lento e espansivo
poco rall.
Lento e espansivo
poco rall.
Lento e espansivo

hold That may be wise when thou art old; A

strong intensity of Faith that can believe in good, And
Hope as strong as wild bird's song

Sing ing in nat ive wood,

But most of all Sweet Char ity

That cast a friend ly look at me.
In a moonlight wilderness

S T Coleridge

Brian Blyth Daubney

1. Lento e liberamente

En-circ - tured with a twine of leaves,

*This is effective accompanied by harpsichord

3. rit.

That leaf - y twine his on ly dress!

6. Allegretto

A love - ly boy was pluck - ing fruit By
moonlight In a wilderness. The moon was bright, the air was free, And fruit and flowers together grow

On many a shrub and many a tree And
all put on a gentle hue

Hanging in the shady air

Like a picture rich and rare.

It was a climate where, they say,

The night is more beloved than
Allegretto

day.

But who that beauteous Boy be-

Allegretto

_gui'd, That beauteous Boy to linger

here? Alone, by night, a little child
Meno mosso

In place so silent and so wild

Has he no friend, no loving mother near?