When I awoke, the glancing day looked gay; The air said: Fare you fleetly; you will
meet him!

And when the prosp'rous sun was well begun,
I heard a bird say: Sweet-ly you shall greet him!

---
Sing me at morn but only with your laugh;

Even as Spring that laugheth into leaf;

Even as Love that laugheth after Life.
2. Spring Offensive

Steady and strong tempo $\mathbb{J} = c.72$

The sun felt strong and bold upon my shoulder;
It hung, it clung as it were my friend's arm.

The

Steady and strong tempo $\mathbb{J} = c.72$

mf

con Ped.
birds fized on be-fore, shrill-pi-pers, Right down to town; and there they ceased to

charm. Right down to town; and there they ceased to charm. The sun felt_

strong, the sun felt strong,
Hour after hour,

the sun felt

blooming hours

shone upon them,

they pondered the warm field.

Hour after hour they ponder the warm field,

upper voices

SNARE DRUM

TENOR DRUM

UPPER VOICES

unis. mf

mp

mp
The valley behind, strong.

The valley behind,

And the far valley behind, the valley behind, the valley behind, the valley behind, the valley behind.

The valley behind,
3. Apologia pro Poemate Meo

Lyrical and gentle $J = c.63$  poco rit.  a tempo

SOLO
CELLO

TENOR
SOLO

Lyrical and gentle $J = c.63$  poco rit.  a tempo

p express.

con Ped.

God through mud,

The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled.

War brought more glory to their eyes than blood,

And
gave their laughs more glee than shakes a child, a child.

I, too, have dropped off Fear, behind the barrage, dead as my pla-

toon, And sailed my spirit surging light and clear.
4. Futility

With stillness $j = c.46$

To all men, save me, who know your smile comes

With stillness $j = c.46$

To all men, save me, who know your smile comes

very old, learnt of the happy dead that laughed with gods;

For earlier suns than ours have lent you gold;

sly fauns and trees have giv'n you jigs and
nods.  

Save me, 

save me, 

save me.

Move him, move him into the sun,

the
Gently its touch, 

Save me, save me.

- woke him once, At home, whispering of 

fields half-sown. Always it woke him,

fields half-sown. Always it woke him, even in
Save me, save me.

France, until this morning and this snow.

If anything might rouse him now The

If anything might rouse him now The

If anything might rouse him now The

If anything might rouse him now The
5. Winter Song

Warm and lyrical $\frac{1}{4} = c.80$

From off your face, into the winds of winter,

The sun-brown and the summer-gold are
blowing; But they shall gleam again with spiritual glint er, shall gleam, shall gleam again.
From off your face, into the winds of winter,

From off your face, your face, into the winds of winter, of

are winter, The sun-brown and the summer-gold are

are blowing, are blowing; But they shall gleam with
gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain,

spiritual glint-er, gleam, gleam a-gain, gleam a-

f gleam a-gain,

-gain, gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain, gleam a-
gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain, gleam

mf gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain,

-gain, gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain, gleam a-
gain, gleam a-gain, gleam a-gain,

mp gleam a-gain.