PAUL WINCHESTER

5 SONGS OF LOVE

High Voice and Piano

I Saw Two Clouds At Morning

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease –
A purer sky, where all is peace.

- John Gardiner Calkins Brainard

The Last Conqueror

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind-in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

- James Shirley

Kisses

My love and I for kisses played:
She would keep stakes---I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
"Pray since I see,' quoth she, "your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again."

- William Strode

The Dead Friend

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

- Alfred Lord Tennyson

A Violet In Her Hair

A violet in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair!
But O, her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command;
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene, and sweet;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That bellows e'ed the very ground
Beneath her feet!

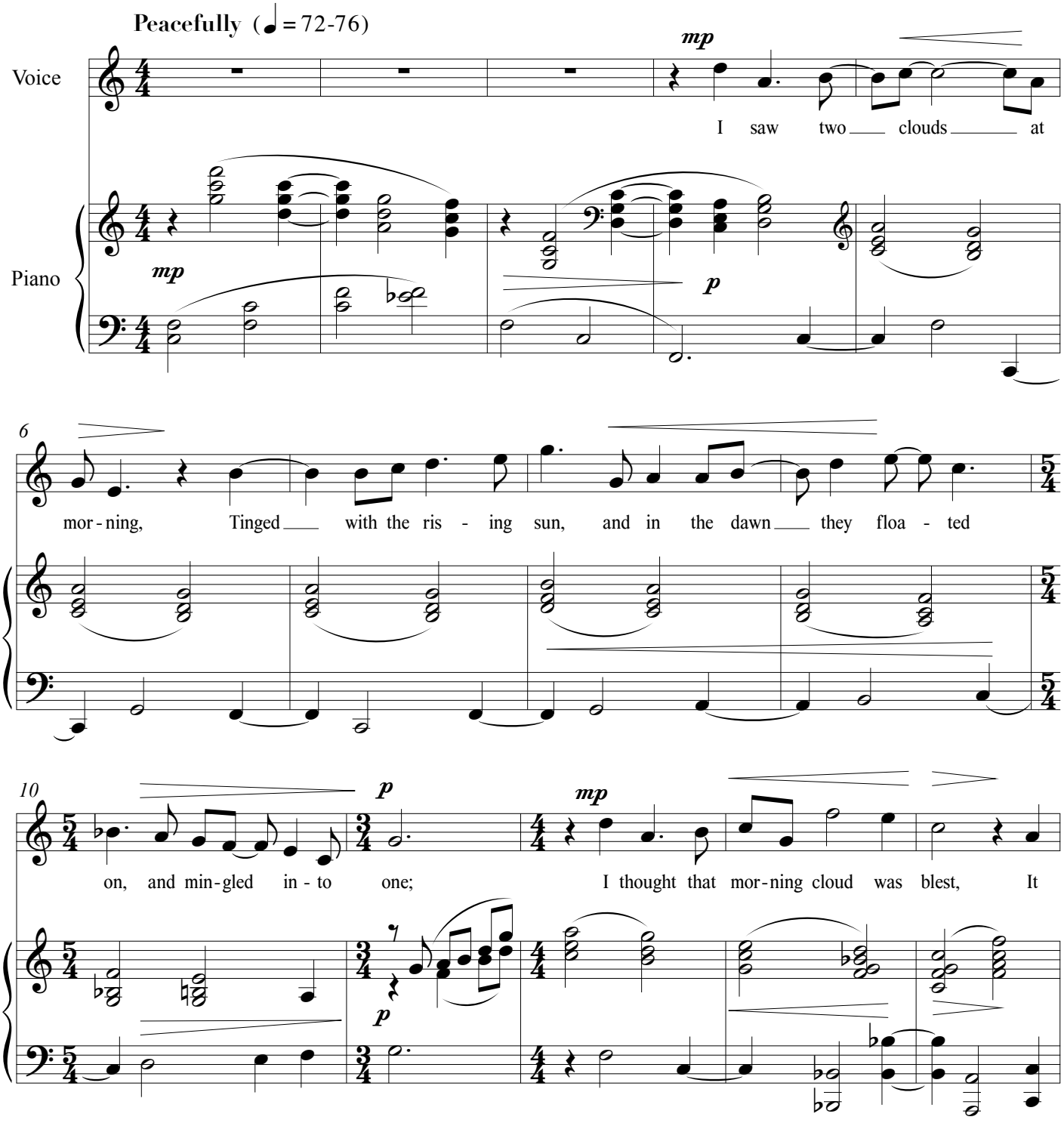
- Charles Swain

to Jessica

5 Songs of Love

I Saw Two Clouds at Morning

John Gardiner Calkins Brainard — Paul Winchester



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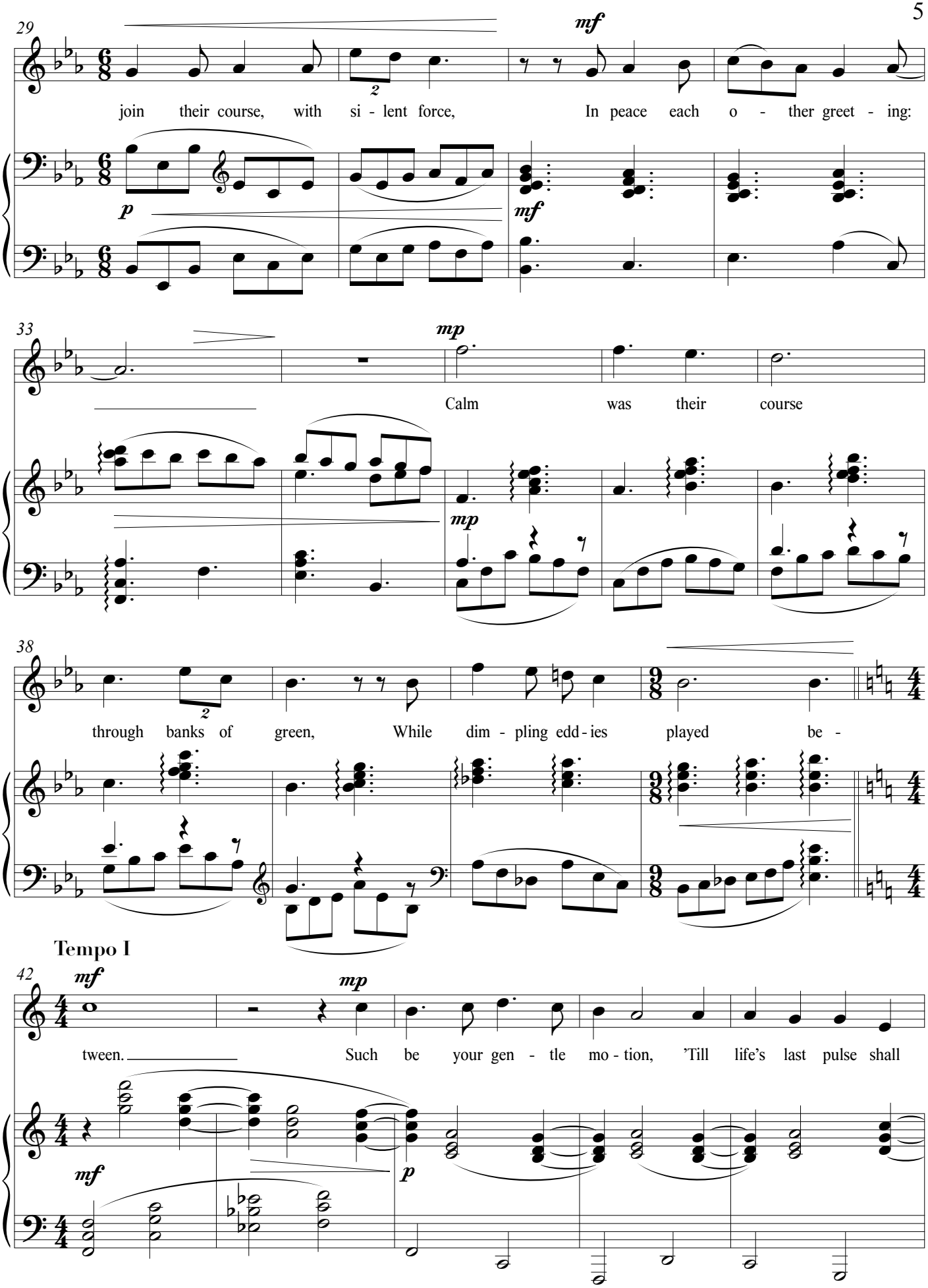
29
mf
join their course, with si - lent force, In peace each o - ther greet - ing:
p
mf
33
mp
Calm was their course
mp
38
through banks of green, While dim - pling edd - ies played be -
Tempo I
42
mf
mp
tween. Such be your gen - tle mo - tion, 'Till life's last pulse shall
mf
p

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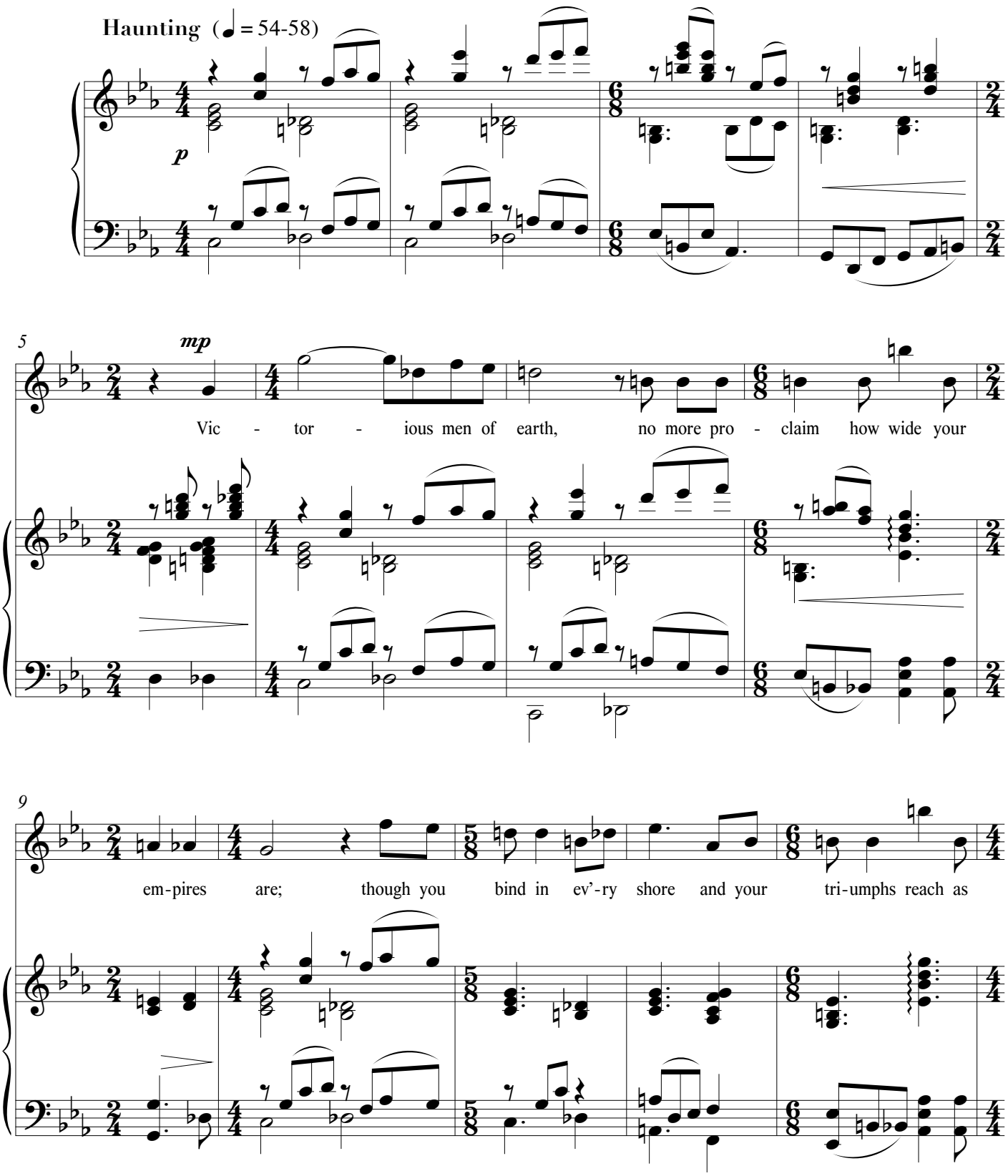
The Last Conqueror

James Shirley

Paul Winchester



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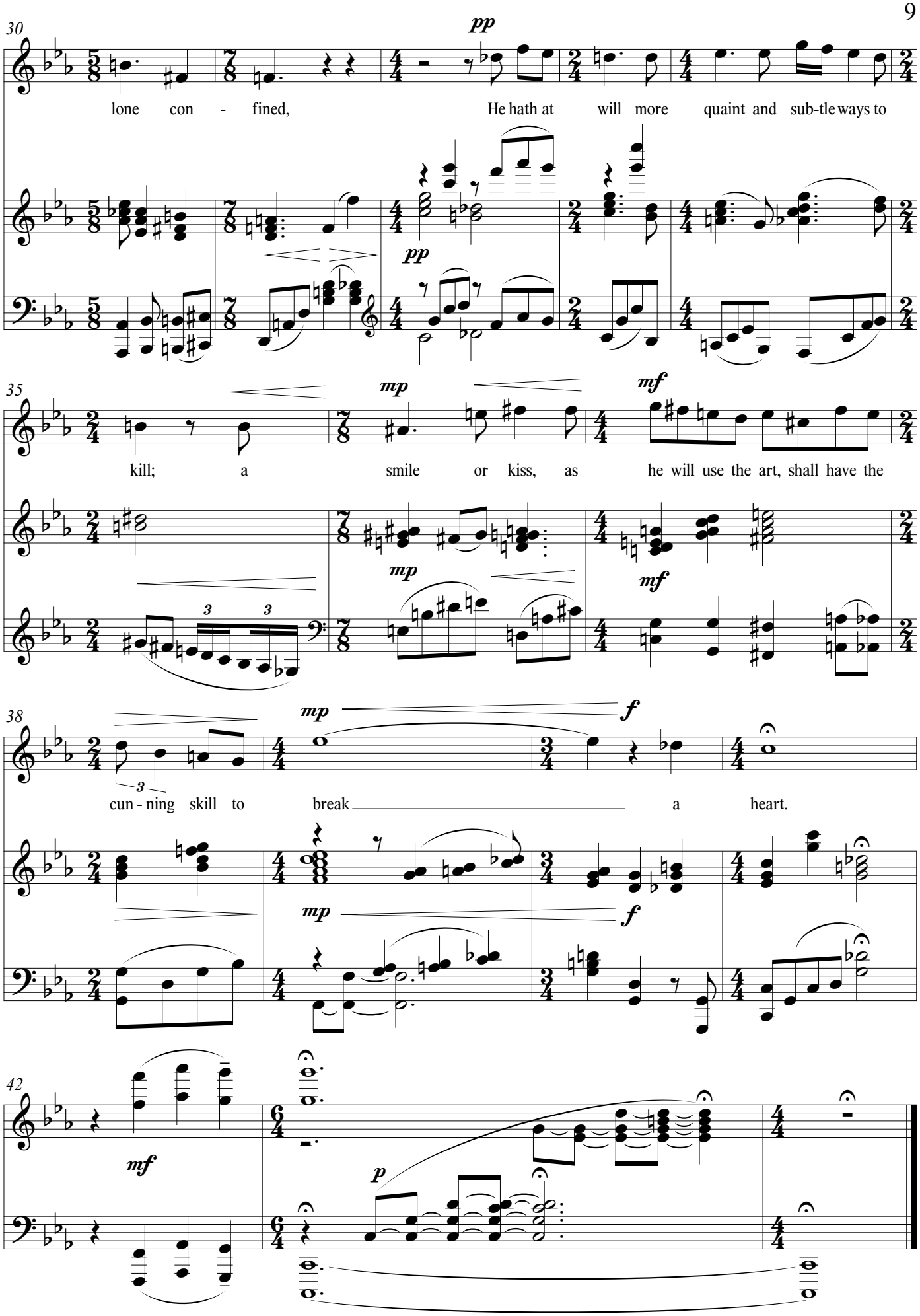
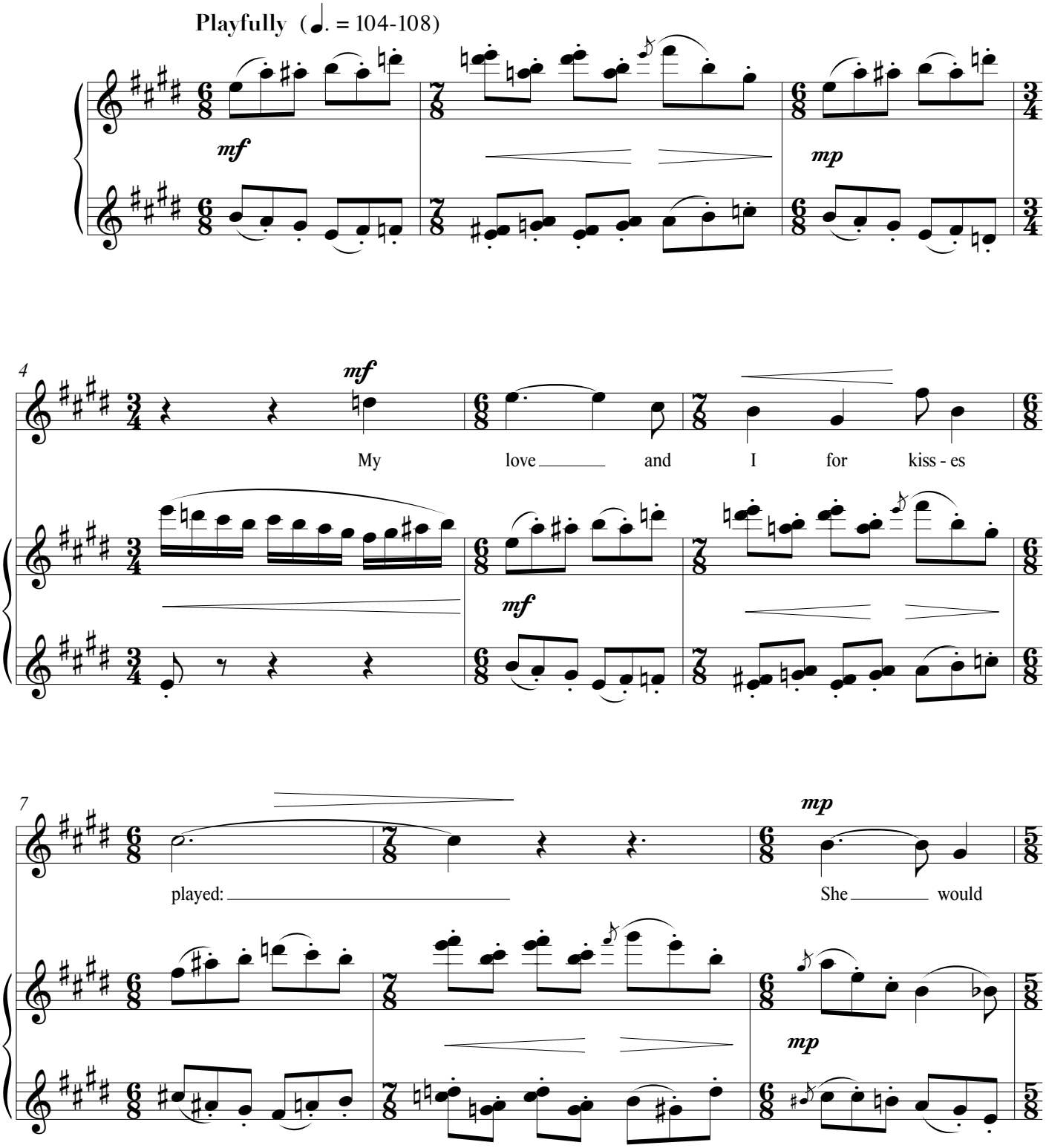

30
pp
lone con - fined, He hath at will more quaint and sub-tle ways to
pp
35
mp
mf
kill; a smile or kiss, as he will use the art, shall have the
mp
mf
38
mp
f
cun - ning skill to break a heart.
mp
f
42
mf
p

Kisses

William Strode

Paul Winchester



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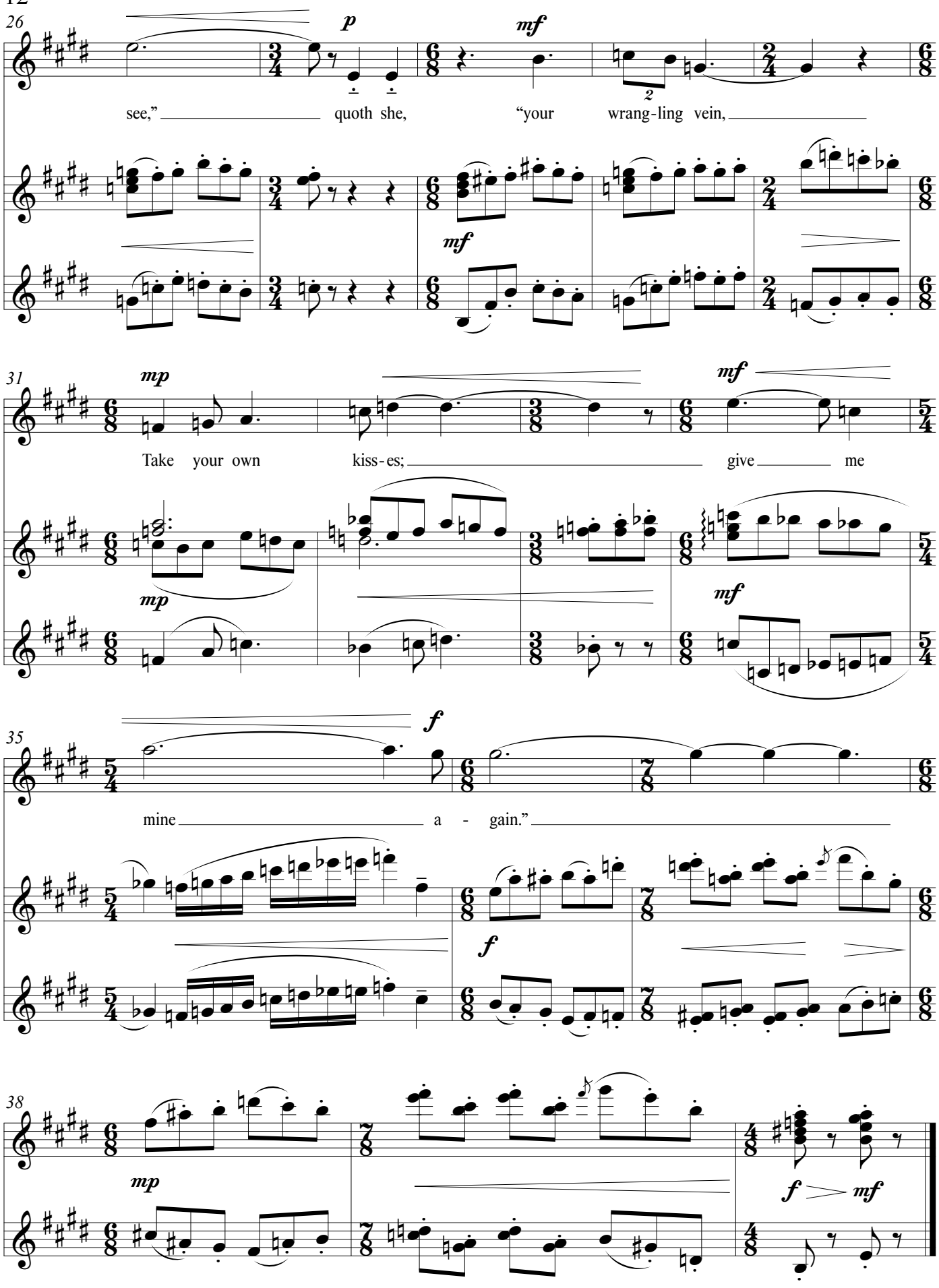
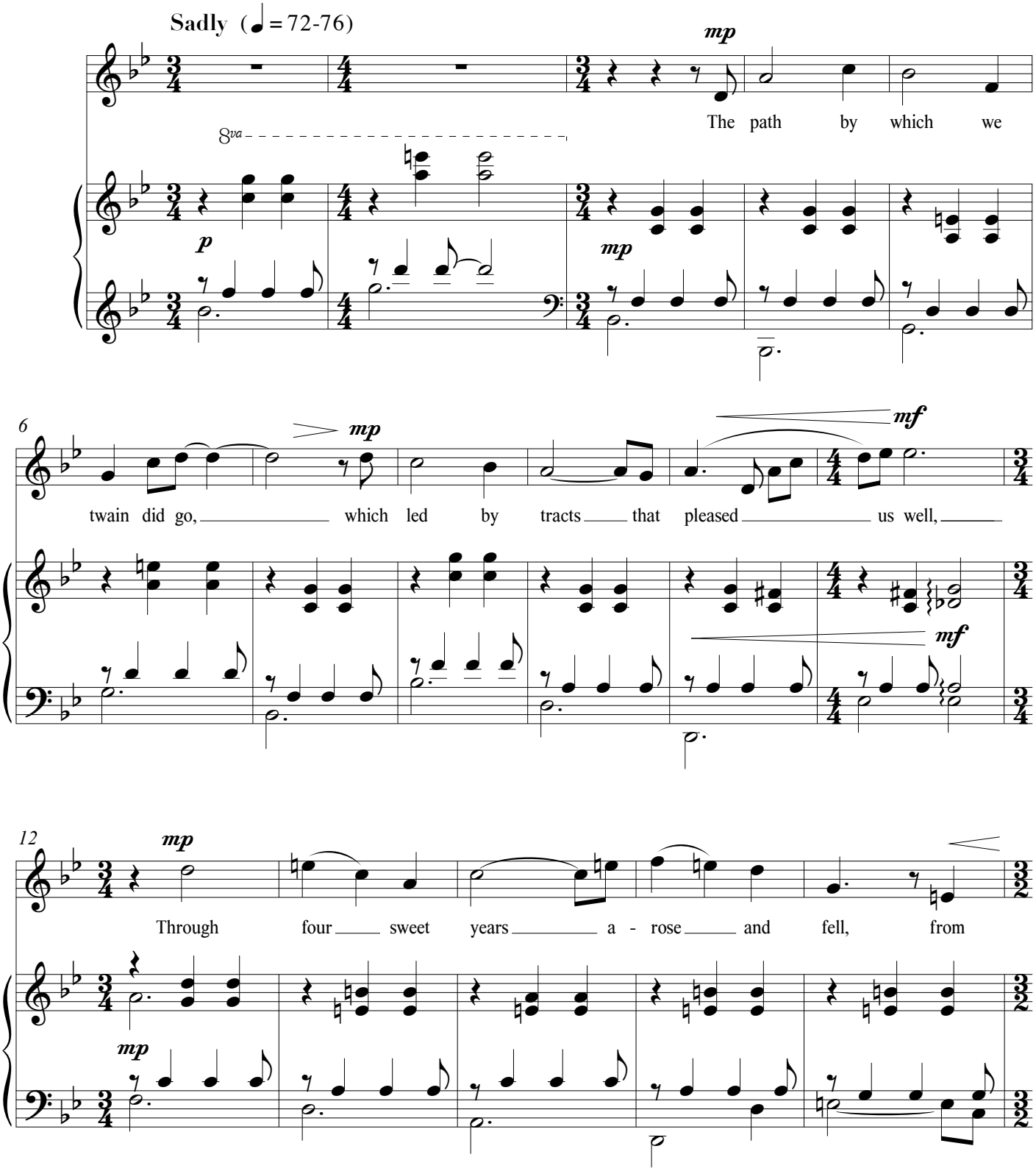

26
p
mf
see," quoth she, "your wrang-ling vein,
mf
31
mp
mf
Take your own kiss-es; give me
mp
mf
35
f
mine a - gain."
f
38
mp
f mf

The Dead Friend

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Paul Winchester



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freely, quasi recitative

28

f

fol-low-ing Hope, There sat the Sha - dow feared of

f

8va

Slower (♩ = 58-60)

31

mp *p*

man; Who broke our fair com - pan-ion ship, and spread his man - tle

p

36

mp *mf*

dark and cold, and wrapped thee form-less in the fold, and dulled the mur -

mp *mf*

40

p

- mur on thy lip.

8va

p *pp*

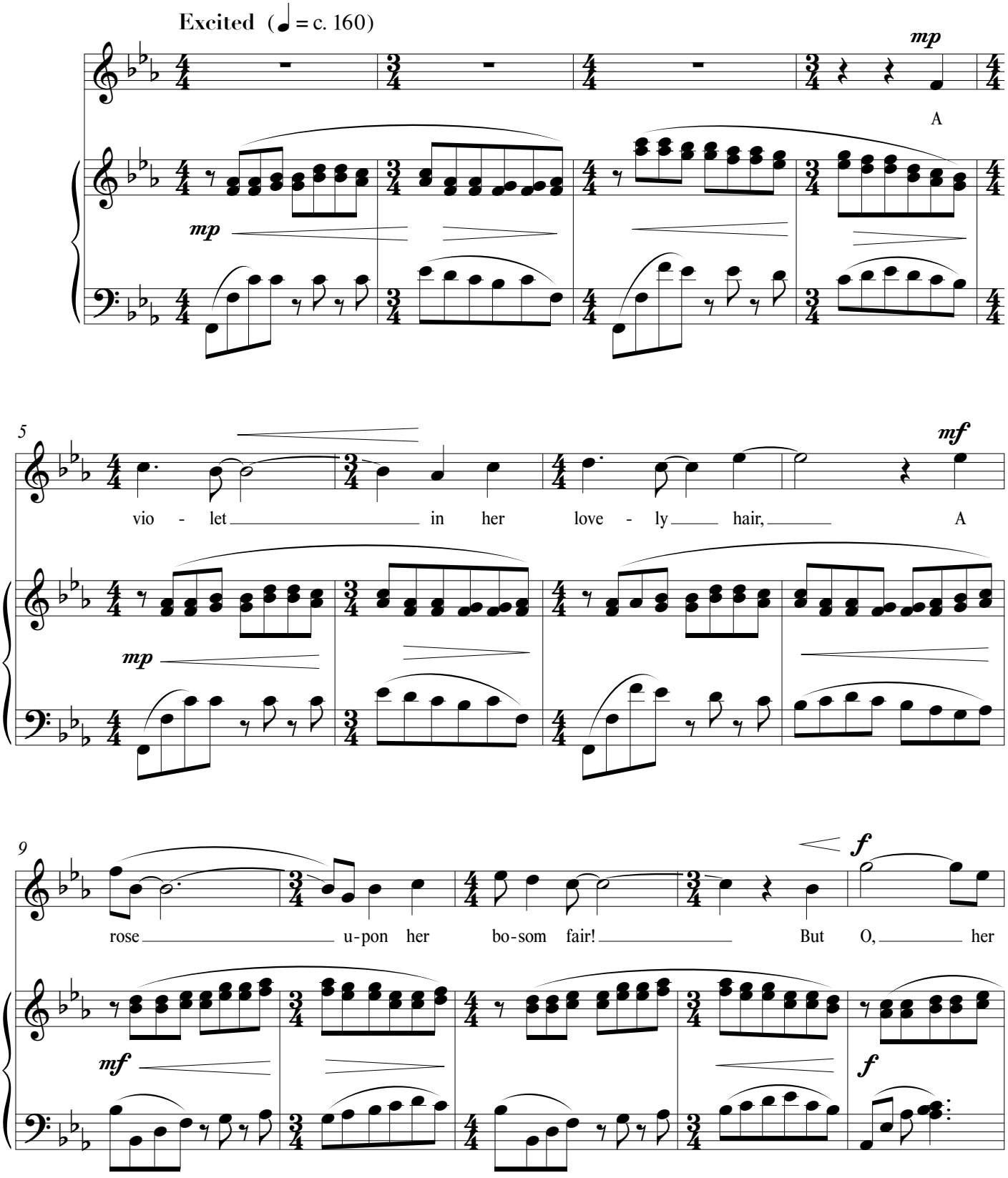
8va

Ped.

A Violet In Her Hair

Charles Swain

Paul Winchester



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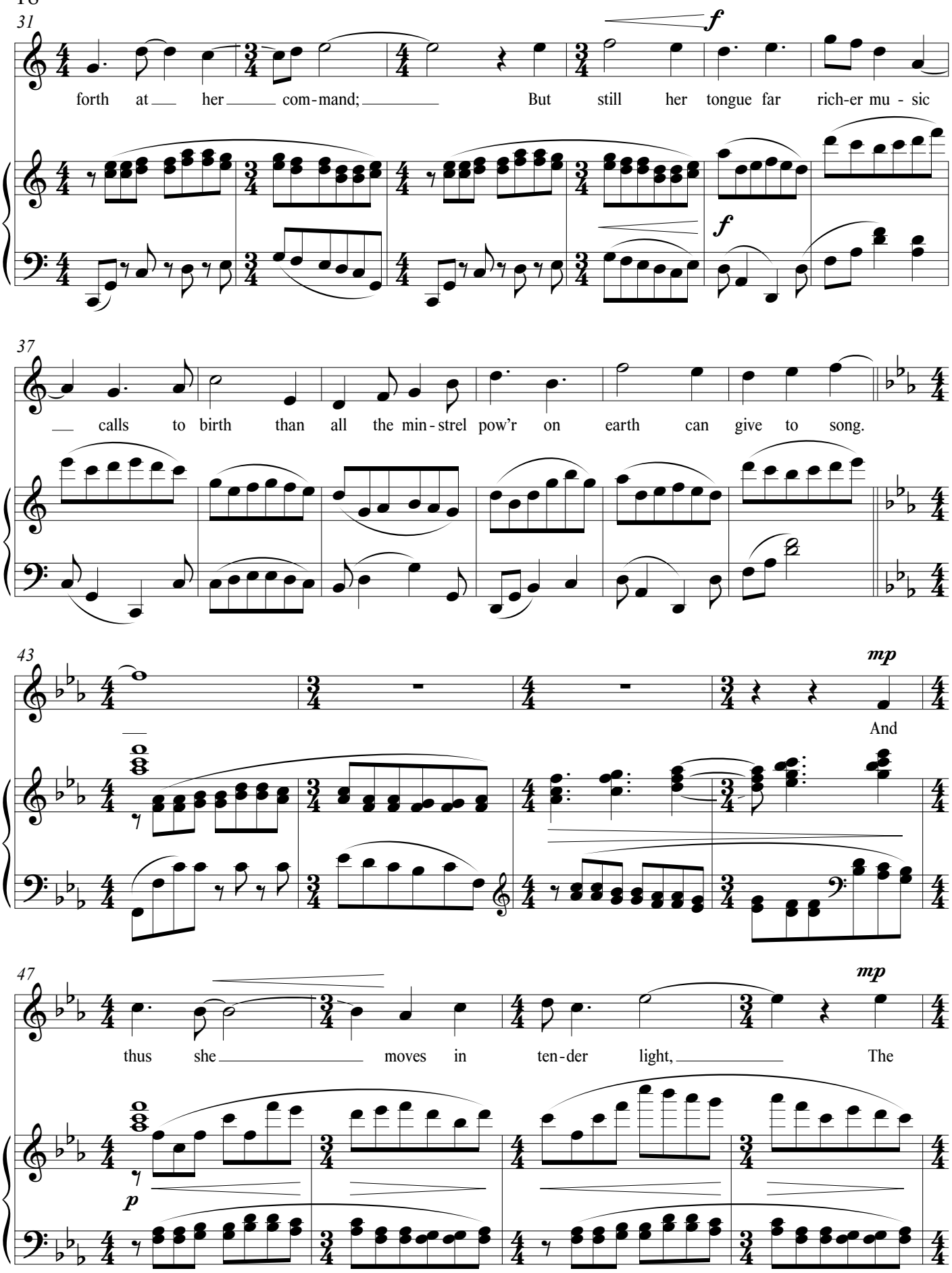
31
f
forth at her com-mand; But still her tongue far rich-er mu - sic
f
37
calls to birth than all the min-strel pow'r on earth can give to song.
43
mp
And
47
mp
thus she moves in ten-der light, The
p

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