FIVE SONGS
for
COUNTERTENOR
by
Tui St George Tucker

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WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON

WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON, THOU CLIMBST THE SKIES HOW SI-LENT-LY AND

WITH HOW WAN A FACE! WHAT, MAY IT 2 BE THAT E-VEN IN HEA-VEN-LY

PLACE THE BU-SY AR-CHER HIS SHARP AR-ROWS TRIES SURE, IF THAT

LONG-WITH-LOVE-AC-QUAIN-TED EYES CAN JUDGE OF LOVE THOU FEELST A LO-VER'S

CASE I READ IT IN THY LOOKS THY LAN- GUISH'D GRACE TO ME THAT FEEL THE

LIKE THY STATE DES- CRIES. THEN E- VEN OF FEL- LOW- SHIP,

O MOON, TELL ME IS CON- STANT LOVE DEEM'D THERE BUT WANT OF

WIT? ARE BEAU-TIES THERE AS PROUD AS HERE THEY BE? DO THEY A- BOVE

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6 LOVE TO BE LOV'D AND YET THOSE LO-VER'S SCORN WHOM THAT LOVE DOTH POS-SESS

DO THEY CALL VIR-TUE THERE UN- GRATE-

FULL- NESS?

STELLA

STEL- LA, SINCE THOU SO RIGHT A PRIN- CESS ART OF ALL THE

POW- ERS WHICH LIFE BE- STOWS ON ME; THAT ERE BY THEM OUGHT UN-DER-TA- KEN

BE, THE FIRST RE- SORT UN- TO THAT SO- VEREIGN PART. SWEET FOR A WHILE GIVE

RES- PITE TO MY HEART, WHICH PANTS AS THOUGH IT STILL SHOULD LEAP TO THEE; AND ON MY THOUGHTS GIVE

THY LIEU-TEN-AN-CY TO THIS GREAT CAUSE WHICH NEEDS BOTH USE AND

ART. AND AS A QUEEN, WHO FROM HER PRE-SENCE SENDS WHOM SHE EM-

PLOYS, DIS- MISS FROM THEE MY WIT! TILL IT HAVE WROUGHT WHAT

THY OWN WILL AT- TENDS. ON SER-VANTS SHAME OFT

MAS-TER'S BLAME DOTH SIT. O LET NOT FOOLS IN ME THY WORKS RE-PROVE; AND SCOR-NING,

SAY 'SEE WHAT IT IS TO LOVE!' AND SCORNING, SAY 'SEE

WHAT IT IS TO LOVE!'

NO MORE, MY DEAR

NO MORE, MY DEAR, NO MORE THESE COUN- SELS TRY!

GIVE MY PAS - SIONS LEAVE TO RUN THEIR RACE! LET FOR-

TUNE LAY ON ME HER WORST DIS- GRACE!

8va

LET FOLK O'ER-CHARG'D WITH BRAIN A- GAINST ME

loco

!!

CAY! LET CLOUDS BE- DIM MY FACE BREAK IN MY

EYE! LET ME NO STEPS BUT OF LOST LA-BOUR TRACE! LET

ALL THE EARTH IN SCORN RE-COUNT MY CASE BUT DO NOT WILL ME FROM

MY LOVE TO FLY!

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I DO NOT EN- VY A-RI-STO-TLE'S WIT A- RI - STO-TLE'S WIT I DO NOT

EN- VY EN- VY EN- VY A- RI- STO- TLE'S WIT A-RI-STO-TLE'S WIT

A- RI-STO-TLE'S WIT NOR DO A- SPIRE TO CAE-SAR'S CAE-SAR'S CAE-SAR'S BLEED- ING

FAME NOR DO A- SPIRE TO CAE-SAR'S CAE-SAR'S CAE-SAR'S BLEED-ING

FAME NOR OUGHT DO CARE THOUGH SOME A- BOVE ME

SIT; NOR HOPE NOR WISH A- NO- THER COURSE TO

FRAME, NOR HOPE NOR WISH A- NO-THER COURSE TO FRAME

BUT

10

THAT WHICH ONCE MAY WIN THY CRUEL, THY CRU- EL

HEART. THOU ART MY WIT, THOU ART MY WIT AND

THOU MY VIR-TUE ART, THOU MY VIR-TUE ART.

COME, SLEEP

COME, SLEEP! O SLEEP, THE CER-TAIN KNOT OF PEACE, THE BAIT-ING

PLACE OF WITS, THE BALM OF WOE, THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH, THE PRI-SON-ERS RE-

LEASE, TH'IN- DIF-F'RENT JUDGE BE- TWEEN THE HIGH AND LOW;

WITH SHIELD OF PROOF SHIELD ME FROM OUT THE PRESS OF THOSE FIERCE

DARTS DE- SPAIR AT ME DOTH THROW: O MAKE IN ME THOSE CI-VIL WARS TO

CEASE. I WILL GOOD TRI- BUTE PAY, IF THOU DO SO.

12
8

TAKE THOU OF ME SMOOTH PIL- LOWS, SWEET-EST BED A CHAM- BER DEAF

TO NOISE AND BLIND OF LIGHT A

Tempo I°

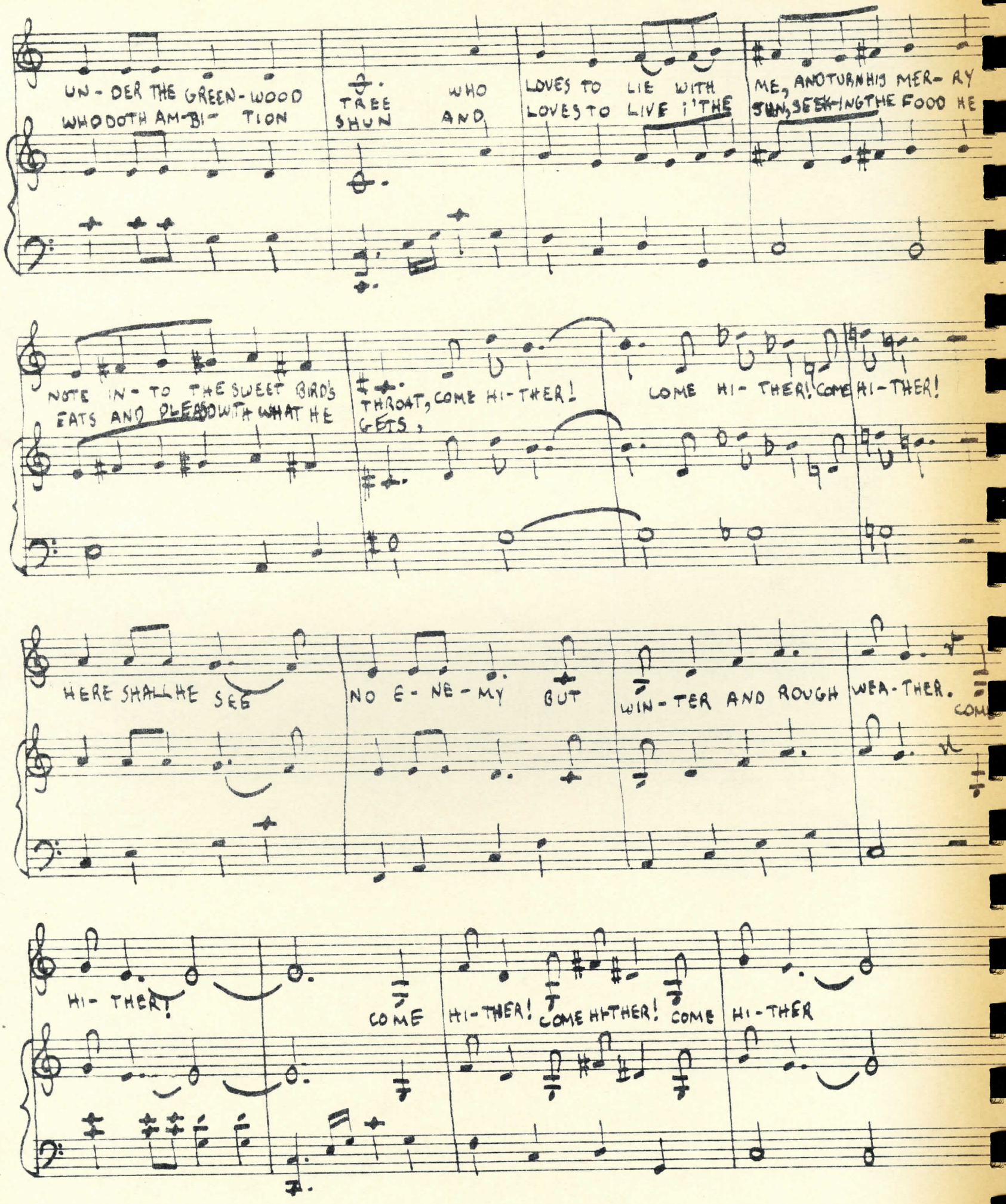
RO- SY GAR-LAND AND A WEA-RY HEAD:

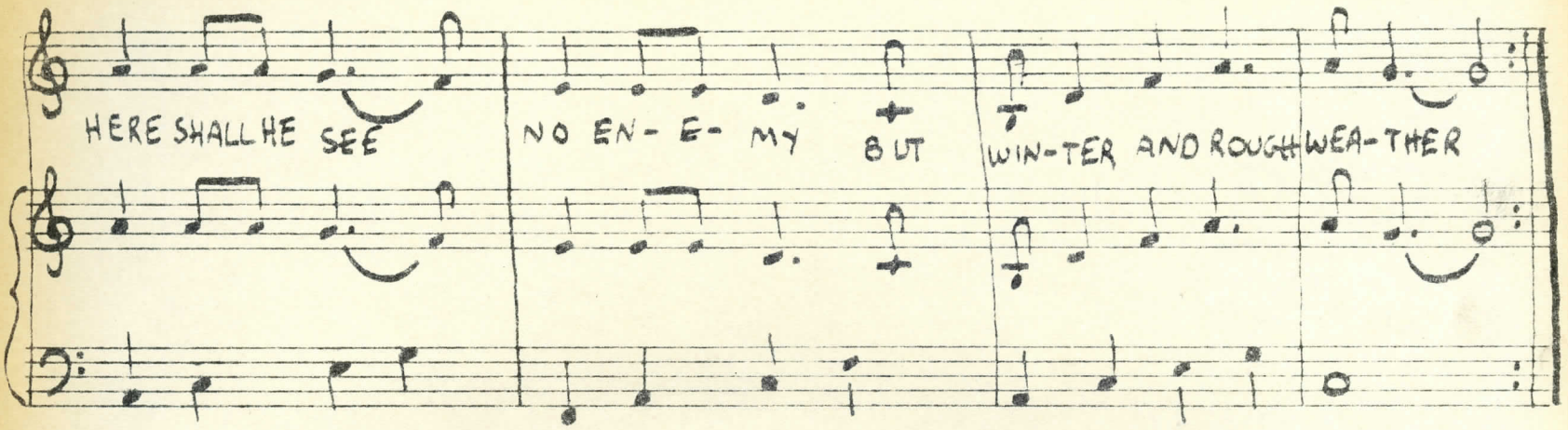
AND IF THESE THINGS AS BE- ING THINE BY RIGHT MOVE NOT THY

HEA- VY GRACE, THOU SHALT IN ME, LIV- LI- ER THAN ELSE - WHERE

STEL-LA's I-MAGE SEE

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE




HERE SHALL HE SEE
NO EN- E- MY
BUT
WIN-TER AND ROUGH WEA-THER