

# THE SCRIBE



WALTER DE LA MARE

IVOR GURNEY

*Poco allegretto*

Voice

*p*

What love - ly things Thy hand hath made:

*quasi parlante*

*pp*

*p*

The smooth-plumed bird In its em-er - ald shade,

*p cresc.*

*mp cresc.*

*mf*

The seed of the grass, The speck of stone Which the

*p*

*mf*

way - far - ing ant      Stirs \_\_\_\_\_ stirs \_\_\_\_\_ and hastes on! \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.*

Though I should sit \_\_\_\_\_ By some tam in Thy hills,      Us - ing its ink      As the

*pp*

*pp* sostenuto

spi - rit      wills \_\_\_\_\_ To write of Earth's won - ders, Its      live,      willed

*cresc.*

*mf*

*cresc.*

*mf*

things,      Flit would the a - - - ges      On      sound - - -

*dim.* *pp*

*dim.* *pp*

less wings Ere un-to Z My pen drew nigh,

*mf*  
*cresc.*  
*mf*  
*dim.*

Le - vi - - a - than told, And the

*p*  
*cresc.*  
*f*  
*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

ho - ney fly: And still would re -

*mp*  
*f*  
*mf*  
*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

- main My wit to try

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*p*  
My worn reeds — bro-ken, The

*p*

*ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \*

sonore *p*

dark tarn — dry, All

*3*

*pp*

— words for - got - ten — Thou, — Lord, and I.

*pp*

*pp* *pp* *ppp*

*ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \*