



5 PART-SONGS  
H. 48, Op. 9a  
3.

# Autumn Song

Gustav Holst  
(1874-1934)

# Autumn Song

Gustav Holst

Andante

S Fair is the world, now au - tumn's wear - ing, And the slug - gard sun lies long a -

A Fair is the world, now au - tumn's wear - ing, And the slug - gard sun lies long a -

T Fair is the world, now au - tumn's wear - ing, And the slug - gard sun lies long a -

B Fair is the world, now au - tumn's wear - ing, And the slug - gard sun lies long a -

4 *cresc.*  
S bed; Sweet are the days, now win - ter's near - ing, And all

A bed; *cresc.* Sweet are the days, now win - ter's near - ing, And all

T bed; *cresc.* Sweet are the days, now win - ter's near - ing, And all

B bed; *cresc.* Sweet are the days, now win - ter's near - ing, And all

# Autumn Song

7

S winds feign that the wind is dead.

A winds feign that the wind is dead.

T winds feign that the wind is dead.

B winds feign that the wind is dead. Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang

10

S Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low,

A Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low, Dumb is the

T Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low,

B yel - low, Bright as the blos - soms of the spring;

**Animato**

13

S Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low, Bright as the blos - soms

A hedge, the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low, Bright as the blos - soms

T Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low, Bright as the blos - soms

B Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yel - low, Bright as the blos - soms

## Autumn Song

Tempo 1

16 *morendo*

S of the spring; Dumb is the close where the pears grow mel - low, And

A of the spring; Dumb is the close where the pears grow mel - low, And

T of the spring; Dumb is the close where the pears grow mel - low, And

B of the spring; Dumb is the close where the pears grow mel - low, And

19

S none but the daunt - less red - breasts sing. Fair was the spring, but a - midst his

A none but the daunt - less red - breasts sing. Fair was the spring, but a - midst his

T none but the daunt - less red - breasts sing. Fair was the spring, but a - midst his

B none but the daunt - less red - breasts sing. Fair was the spring, but a - midst his

22

S green - ing Grey \_\_\_\_\_ were the days of the hid - den sun;

A green - ing Grey \_\_\_\_\_ were the days of the hid - den sun;

T green - ing Grey \_\_\_\_\_ were the days of the hid - den sun;

B green - ing Grey \_\_\_\_\_ were the days of the hid - den sun;

# Autumn Song

25 *cresc.*

S Fair was the sum - mer, but o - ver - ween - ing, So soon his o'er - sweet days were

A Fair was the sum - mer, but o - ver - ween - ing, So soon his o'er - sweet days were

T Fair was the sum - mer, but o - ver - ween - ing, So soon his o'er - sweet days were

B Fair was the sum - mer, but o - ver - ween - ing, So soon his o'er - sweet days were

28

S done.

A done. *p dolce* Come then, love, for peace is up - on us,

T done.

B done. *p dolce* Come then, love, for peace is up - on us, Far off is

31 *p dolce*

S Come then, love, for peace is up - on us, Far off is fail - ing, and

A Far off is fail - ing, *cresc. poco a poco* Far off is fail - ing, and far is

T *p dolce* Come, come then, love, for peace is up - on us, Come then,

B fail - ing, and far is fear, — Here where the rest in the end hath

## Autumn Song

34 *cresc. poco a poco*

S far is fear, Far off is fail - ing, and

A fear, Here where the rest in the end hath

T *cresc. poco a poco* Far off is fail - ing, and far is fear,

B won us, *cresc. poco a poco* Come then, love, for

36 *f*

S far is fear, Here where the rest in the

A won us, *f* In the gar - ner - ing tide of the

T Here where the rest in the end hath *f* won us, In the

B peace hath found us, *f* Far off is fail - ing, and far is

38 *dim. e rall.*

S end hath won us, In the gar - ner - ing tide of the

A hap - py year, *dim. e rall.* In the gar - ner - ing tide of the

T gar - ner - ing tide, *dim. e rall.* in the gar - ner - ing tide of the

B fear, *dim. e rall.* Herewhere the rest in the end hath won us, In the gar - ner - ing tide of the

# Autumn Song

40

S hap - py year. Come from the grey old house by the wa - ter, Where,

A hap - py year. Come from the grey old house by the wa - ter, Where,

T hap - py year. Come from the grey old house by the wa - ter, Where,

B hap - py year. Come from the grey old house by the wa - ter, Where,

*pp a tempo*

43

S far from the lips of the hun - gry sea, Green grow - eth the grass o'er the

A far from the lips of the hun - gry sea, Green grow - eth the grass o'er the

T far from the lips of the hun - gry sea, Green grow - eth the grass o'er the

B far from the lips of the hun - gry sea, Green grow - eth the grass o'er the

*cresc. e rall.* 3

46

S field of the slaugh - ter, And all is a tale for thee and me.

A field of the slaugh - ter, And all is a tale for thee and me.

T field of the slaugh - ter, And all is a tale for thee and me.

B field of the slaugh - ter, And all is a tale for thee and me.

*pp*

**Adagio**

Fair is the world, now autumn's wearing,  
And the sluggard sun lies long abed;  
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,  
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yellow,  
Bright as the blossoms of the spring;  
Dumb is the close where the pears grow mellow,  
And none but the dauntless redbreasts sing.

Fair was the spring, but amidst his greening  
Grey were the days of the hidden sun;  
Fair was the summer, but overweening,  
So soon his o'er-sweet days were done.

Come then, love, for peace is upon us,  
Far off is failing, and far is fear,  
Here where the rest in the end hath won us,  
In the garnering tide of the happy year.

Come from the grey old house by the water,  
Where, far from the lips of the hungry sea,  
Green groweth the grass o'er the field of the slaughter,  
And all is a tale for thee and me.

*The Story Of The Glittering Plain, Or The Land Of Living Men*  
Chapter XVIII. *Hallblithe Dwelleth in the Wood Alone*  
William Morris (1834-1896)

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