

# THREE WORDSWORTH SONGS

TEXTS BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MUSIC BY JOHN MELBY

## I. MUTABILITY

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Of the unimaginable touch of Time.

## II. TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

## III. 'WHEN SLOW FROM PENSIVE TWILIGHT'S LATEST GLEAMS'

When slow from pensive twilight's latest gleams  
'O'er the dark mountain top descends the ray'  
That stains with crimson tinge the water grey  
And still, I listen while the dells and streams  
And vanished woods a lulling murmur make;  
As Vesper first begins to twinkle bright  
And on the dark hillside the cottage light,  
With long reflection streams across the lake.  
The lonely grey-duck darkling on his way  
Quacks clamorous; deep the measured strokes rebound  
Of unseen oar parting with hollow sound  
While the slow curfew shuts the eye of day  
Soothed by the stilly scene with many a sigh,  
Heaves the full heart nor knows for whom, or why.