Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit

Commissioned for the 1999 Colorado H. S. Mixed Chorus, Paul E. Oakley, Conductor
in honor of Dorothy McKeag, a Master Teacher

Text by: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Music by: James Mulholland

We look before and after and

pine for what is not; Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are

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Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! Bird thou never wert,

That from Heaven, or near it, Pour est thy full heart...
In pro-fuse strains of un-pre-med-i-tated art.

Higher still and higher from the earth thou spring-est like a cloud of fire; The blue deep thou wing-est.
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singing.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud.
As, when night is bare, From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is over flowed.

Higher still and higher From the earth thou springest
From the earth higher higher
Like a cloud of fire; The blue deep thou wingest,
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is over
flowed.
Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,

I know not how thy joy we
Ev-er should come near.
We look before and after
And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are
those that tell of saddest thought.

No Breath
No Breath
No Breath

Melody in Tenor
Melody in Soprano

Our sweet-est songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

those that tell of saddest, tell of saddest

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!

thought.

Bird thou never wert, That from Heaven, or near it,
Pour - est thy full heart
In pro - fuse strains of

un - pre - med - i - tat - ed art.
Higher still and higher

From the earth thou spring - est
Like a cloud of fire;
That thy brain must know, Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen
then, as I am listening now.
The world should listen

then As I am listening

listen then

now.

* Sing D-flat only if comfortable for a few voices.