If Still Your Orchards Bear

(Men Ache, As They Do Now)

Commissioned by the

Renaissance City Choirs, Pittsburgh, PA

For their 20th Anniversary Celebration

Music by: James Mulholland

Text by: Edna St. Vincent Millay
(1892-1950)
now  And smell if still your

or - chards bear Tart ap - ples

on the bough.
The early wind-fall under the tree,  
And see the red fruit shine,  
I cannot shine, red fruit shine,  
I cannot shine,
think your thoughts will be

think your thoughts, think your thoughts will be,

will be much different from mine. The early

will be much different from mine.

rit. 

windfall under the tree,

For Perusal Only
Move tempo forward

And see the red fruit shine, red fruit

grad. accel.

I cannot think your thoughts,

thoughts will be much

think your thoughts will be,
Should at that moment the full moon step forth

the full moon step forth upon the hill,
And memories hard\_\_\_\_ to bear at noon,\_\_\_\_  

By moon-light harder still,\_\_\_\_  

Should at that moment the full moon step forth,
the full moon step forth up-on the hill,

And memories hard to bear at noon,

By moon-light harder still,
Form in the shadows of the trees,

Things that you could not, could not spare

And live, or so you thought, yet these all gone,
And you still there.

A man no longer what he was.
Nor yet the thing he'd planned,

The chily apple from the grass

Warmed by your living hand
A man no longer what he

thing he'd planned.

was, Nor yet the thing the thing he'd

thing he'd planned.

planned. The chilly apple from the
Warmed by your living hand.

I think you will have need of

tears; I think they will not
flow;
flow, will not flow; Supposeing
flow;

thou - sand years
in ten thou - sand, thou - sand years Men ache, as

Men ache as they do now.

they do now.