Kéramos
(the potter's clay)
Commissioned by the Southern Chorale
University of Southern Mississippi
Dedicated to my friend and colleague:
Dr. Timothy Koch, Director

Text by:
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Music by:
James Mulholland

Copyright © 1997 Colla Voce Music, Inc.
4600 Sunset Avenue, #83, Indianapolis, IN 46208
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
spins the flying world a way!
This clay, well mixed with
So spins the flying world a way! This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand; For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! — All
life is brief; What now is bud will soon be leaf.

What now is leaf will soon decay; The wind blows east, the

A Little Faster

A Little Faster
Wind blows west; The blue eggs in the robin's nest Will
Turn, turn my wheel! The human race—Of every tongue—of

A Cauca- sian, Cop- tic,

every place,

B Cau- ca- sian, Cop- tic,
or Malay,

All that inhabit

A Turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn,

or Malay,

B All that inhabit

this great earth. Turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn,

this great earth.

Whatever be their
Slow and Rubato

Tempo Primo \( \frac{\text{d} = 60}{\text{At}} \)

No Breath
day break must at dark be done, To

morrow will be another day; Too
The broken pot sherds of the past,
To-morrow will be an-
other day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the
frame, and stamp with honor or with shame.
all these vessels made of clay.

All that inhabit this great earth, are

kindred and allied by birth.

* All Sopranos may sing f#, high b is opt.