Take up the Song

(forget the epitaph)

Commissioned by the
Renaissance City Choirs, Pittsburgh, PA
For their 20th Anniversary Celebration

Text by:
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Music by:
James Mulholland

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Lay the round, formal wreath that is not fame;

Up on this marble bust that is not fame; Lay the round, formal wreath

That is not, is not fame; But in the forum of

That is not fame;
my silenced cry

ye the living tree

whose sap is flame, whose sap is flame.

that was proud and valiant, am no more;

no breath
Save as a dream that wanders wide and late,

Save as a wind that rattles (rattles) the stout door,

Troubling the ashes, troubling the ashes in the sheltered grate.

Troubling the ashes, troubling the ashes in the sheltered grate.
ff more motion

I, that was proud and valiant,

ff more motion

Save as a

no breath

am no more;

wide and late,

dream that wanders
Save as a wind that rattles the stout

Troubling the ashes

door, Troubling the ashes, troubling the ashes

in the sheltered grate.

molto rit.

Ad lib. rit.
The stone will perish; I shall be twice dust, Only my standard
Can cheat the mildew, can cheat the mil-dew
Can cheat, can cheat the mil-dew
and the red brown rust
and the red brown rust
And make immortal
my adventurous will. Can cheat the mildew

and the red-brown rust

and the red-brown rust, red-brown rust. And make immortal, and make immortal

my adventurous will. Even now the silk is
tugging at the staff: Take up the song; forget the epitaph, take up the song.

Slow

For get the epitaph, take up the song.
I Could Not Let You Go

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cud-dles them, Should have no peace till your be-wil-dered heart Hung

have no peace, your be-wil-dered heart

flut-ter-ing at the win-dow of my breast, Till

flut-ter-ing at the win-dow, win-dow of my breast, Till

I had ra-vished to my bit-ter smart Your
kiss from the stern moment,
could not rest,

Could not rest,
(slower)

"Swift wing,
sweet blossom,
live a-

gain in air!
Depart, poor flower;
poor feathers you are
At the window of my breast, till I had ravished to my move tempo forward
bit - ter smart
Your kiss from that stern moment
could not rest.
Thus do I cry,
being teased by shame and care That beauty should be brought to terms by me; Yet

shamed the more that in my heart I know. Cry as I may, I could not _

heart I know as I may

let you go. Thus do I cry, being

I could not let you go. Thus do I cry.

* Bring out alto
teased by shame and care That beauty should be
-
teased by shame and care Beauty should be,

move tempo

brought to terms by me; Yet shamed the more that should be brought to terms by me; Yet

in my heart I know, Cry as I may, I could not
molto rit.  

let you go.

molto rit.  

could not let you go

still slower

could not let you go
If Still Your Orchards Bear

(Men Ache, As They Do Now)

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Brother, that breathe the August

air

Ten thousand years from now.

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And smell if still your orchards

A Tempo

Tart apples on the bough.

The early windfall under the
And see the red fruit shine, red fruit

I cannot think your thoughts will

I cannot think your thoughts, think your

will be much different from mine.

thoughts will be, will be much different from mine.

...www bn

...www

...www
The early wind-fall under the tree,

And see the red fruit shine, red fruit shine,

Move tempo forward

And see the red fruit shine, red fruit shine,

I cannot think your thoughts,
thoughts will be much different from think your thoughts will be, mine. 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 moonlight

harder still,

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 moonlight
yet these all gone,
And you still
there.

A man no long - er

Tempo primo  \( \frac{d}{66} \)
molto rit.  

f,  

Very slow (d = 60)

Hand

A man no longer

Nor yet the

What he was,

What he planned.

A thing he'd planned.

For Perusal Only
The chilly apple from the grass

Warmed by your living hand, I think you

will have need of tears; I think they
flow; will not flow, will not flow; Supposing

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

Men ache as they do now.

they do now.
Before she has her floor swept or her dishes done, Any day you'll find her A-sunning in the sun!

She (digs) digs in her garden With a shovel and a spoon, She...
weeds her lazy lettuce.

By the light of the moon,

She has her floor swept or
her dishes, or her dishes

Before she has her floor swept
Or her dishes done,

done, Any day find her
A-sunning, A-sunning in the sun!

An-y day you'll find her
A-sunning in the sun!
She digs in her garden with a shovel and a spoon. She weeds her lazy lettuce. By the light of the moon, light of the moon.
Her lawn looks like a meadow.

And if she mows the place
She leaves the clover standing

And the Queen Ann's lace

And the Queen Ann's lace

The Queen Ann's lace

Her lawn looks like a meadow.
Her lawn looks like a meadow, And if she mows the place,

And if she mows the place, She leaves the clover standing.

And the Queen Ann's lace, Queen Ann's lace.
All of the grown-up people say, "What, those ugly this-tles? Mustn't touch them! Keep away! Prick-ly! Full of bristles!"

Yet they never make me bleed. Half so much as roses!

And pink and white is pos-sies. Must—be pur-ple is a weed,— And pink and white is pos-sies, And white is pos-sies.
The grown-up people say, what those ugly, ugly thistles,

All of the grown-up people say, "What those ugly thistles?

Ah, Mustn't touch, mustn't touch them! Keep away! Keep away full of bristles!

Mustn't touch them! Keep away! Prickly full of bristles!

Yet they never make me bleed Half so much as roses.
Must be purple is a weed,
And pink and white is posies.

And pink and white is posies, And white is posies.

Yet they never make me bleed half so much as
Yet they never make me bleed half so much as

Roses, Purple is a weed pink and white is posies.
Roses.
Winter Night
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Moderato \( \frac{q}{= \frac{64}{32}} = \frac{84}{36} \)

Pile high the hick-o-ry and the light
Log of chest-nut struck by the blight.

Wel-come in the win-ter night
Pile high the hick-o-ry and

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Log of chestnut struck by the blight. Welcome in.

The winter night.

The winter night, the winter night. The day has gone in
hewing and falling, Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling

For the night of talk and storytelling.
The day has gone in hewing and felling, sawing and drawing

wood to the dwelling

Pile high the hickory and the light
(wel-come) in the winter night. These are the hours

A little slower

that give the edge. To the blunt-ed axe and the bent
wedge, Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Slower

Here are question and reply, and fire reflected in the thinking...
So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.

Pile high the hickory

Tempo primo (\( \frac{\dot{\text{z}}}{= 84 \text{ e} = 126} \))
and the light  Log of chest-nut struck by the blight.  Welcome in the

winter night.
What Lips My Lips Have Kissed

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rit. ------- ------ div. mp

rain

What lips my lips have kissed, And

rit.

where, and why,

have forgotten and what

no breath

arms have lain

Under my head till
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain. For unremembered lads that not a gain will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus (Continue to hold chord until voice returns)
in the winter stands the lonely tree. Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one. Yet knows its boughs more silent than before: Thus in the winter stands
Nor knows what birds have vanished
The lonely tree,
Nor knows birds have vanished one by one,
And yet knows its boughs more silent, silent than before.
I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,

I can not say what loves have come and gone, I can not say what loves have come and gone,