# For Chris \& Jim Carow 

John Webber

# Three Poems 

# For flute and string orchestra 

(Also for flute \& piano)

Full score
webbermusic
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## I

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

William Shakespeare
from Cymbeline)
for Chris \& Jim Carow
Three Poems
for flute \& piano or flute \& strings
I: Aubade
Andantino d=92
John Webber






















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## II

HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'...

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson<br>From In Memoriam




Andante $\downarrow=37$




rall. Tranquillamente $d=60$





Andante d. $=37$






## III

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on - on and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless;
the singing will never be done.

## Siegfried Sassoon

## III: Serenade
















