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Waiting and Love

Alan Stringer

George Herbert

John Burroughs

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792
Stringer
Boy II
No. 5

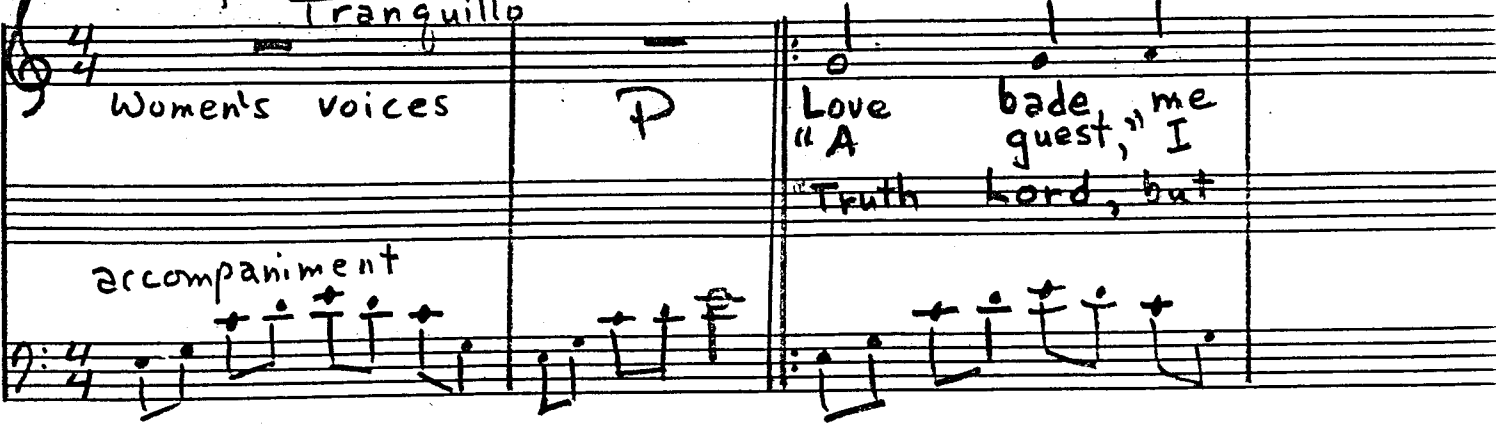
Love
George Herbert (1593-1633)
Tranquillo

Alan Stringer

Women's voices

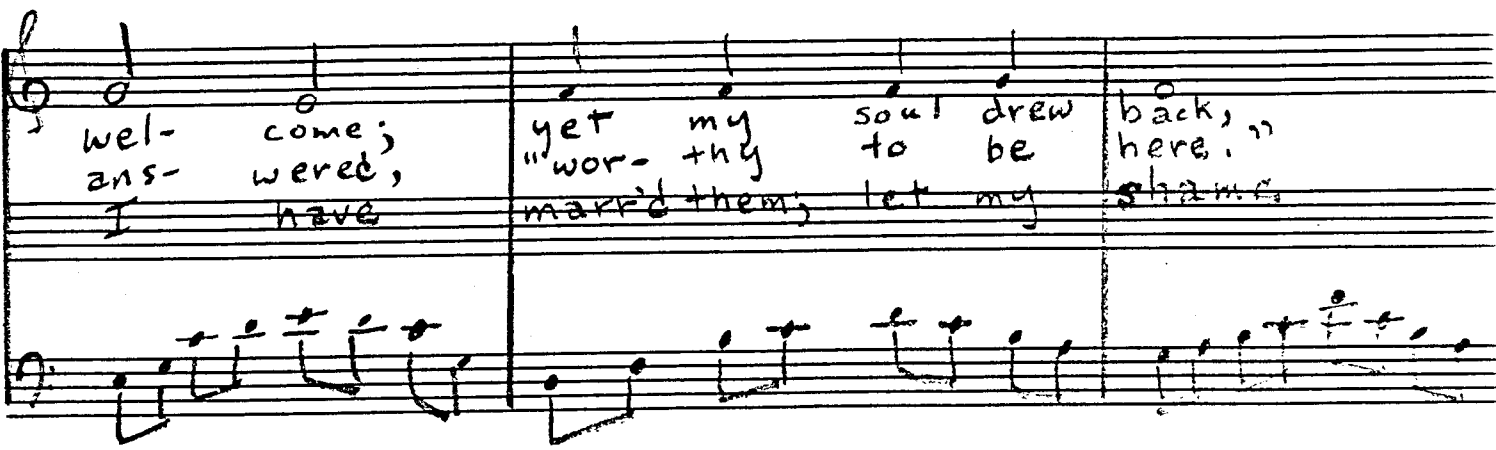
Love bade me
"A quest," I
"Truth Lord, but

accompaniment

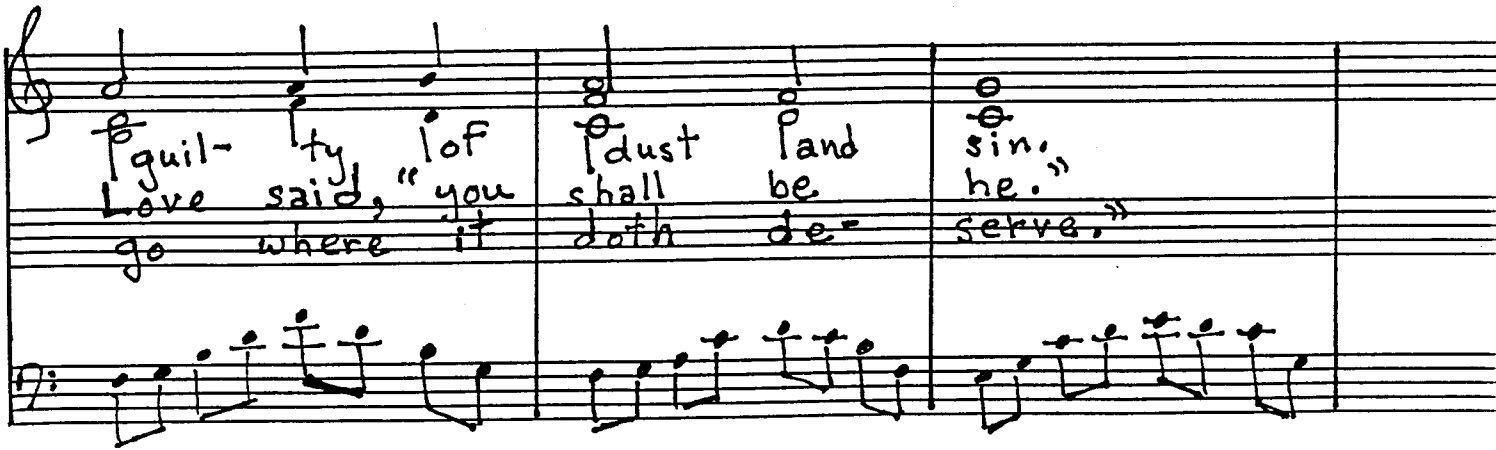


wel- come;
ans- wered,
I have

yet my soul drew back,
"wor- thy to be here,"
marr'd them; let my shame



guil- ty, of dust and sin,
Love said, "you shall be he."
go where it doth de- serve."



But quick-eyed Love ob- serving me
"I the un-kind, un-grate-ful? Ah, my
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the



slack from my first len-trance lin,
 dear, I can not look on thee."
 blame?" "My dear, then I will serve."

drew near-ter to me sweet-ly
 Love took my hand and smil-ing
 "you must sit down," says love, "and

ques-tion-ing
 did re-ply, "If I lacked
 taste the meat." So I did

sop. an-eyes sit
 sop. but and
 "nothing. I?" eat.
 1st + 2nd ending
 3rd ending
 poco rit.

Waiting (for women's voices)

Alan Stringer

John Burroughs
In unison or solo

1. Se-vere I fold my hands and wait
 2. I stay my haste, I make de-lays,
 4. what mat-ter if I stand a-lone?
 5. The wat-ers know their own, and draw

8va 8va 8va 8va

Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
 For what a-voids this ea-ger pace?
 I wait with joy the com-ing years,
 The brook that springs in yon-der height,

I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 I stand a-mid the e-ter-nal ways,
 My heart shall reap where it has sown,
 So flows the good with e-gual law

+8va +8va

for lo! my own shall come to me,
 And what is mine shall know my face,
 And gar-ner up its fruit of tears,
 Un-to the soul of pure de-light,

In 4 parts SSAA

3. As-6. The sleep flower-et a-nod- wake ding by night or day, in the wind

The friends I seek are Is read-y plight-ed seek-3 ing me; to the bee; No wind can And, maid-en

drive my why that bark as-tray look un-kind Nor change the tide of For lo! the lov-er des-ti-ny. seek-eth thee.

In unison

The stars come night-ly The ti-dal wave un- to the sky; Nor time,

nor space, nor deep, nor high Can keep

my own a-way from me. div.