FIVE POEMS
OF
ROBERT FROST

FOR
VOICE(LOW) AND PIANO
(1982)

MUSIC BY
JOHN MITCHELL
OP. 48A (ARR. 1992)

CONTENTS PAGE

1. TO THE THAWING WIND 1
2. NIGHTSCENE 4
3. STOPPING BY THE WOODS 6
4. ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT 9
5. RIDERS 14

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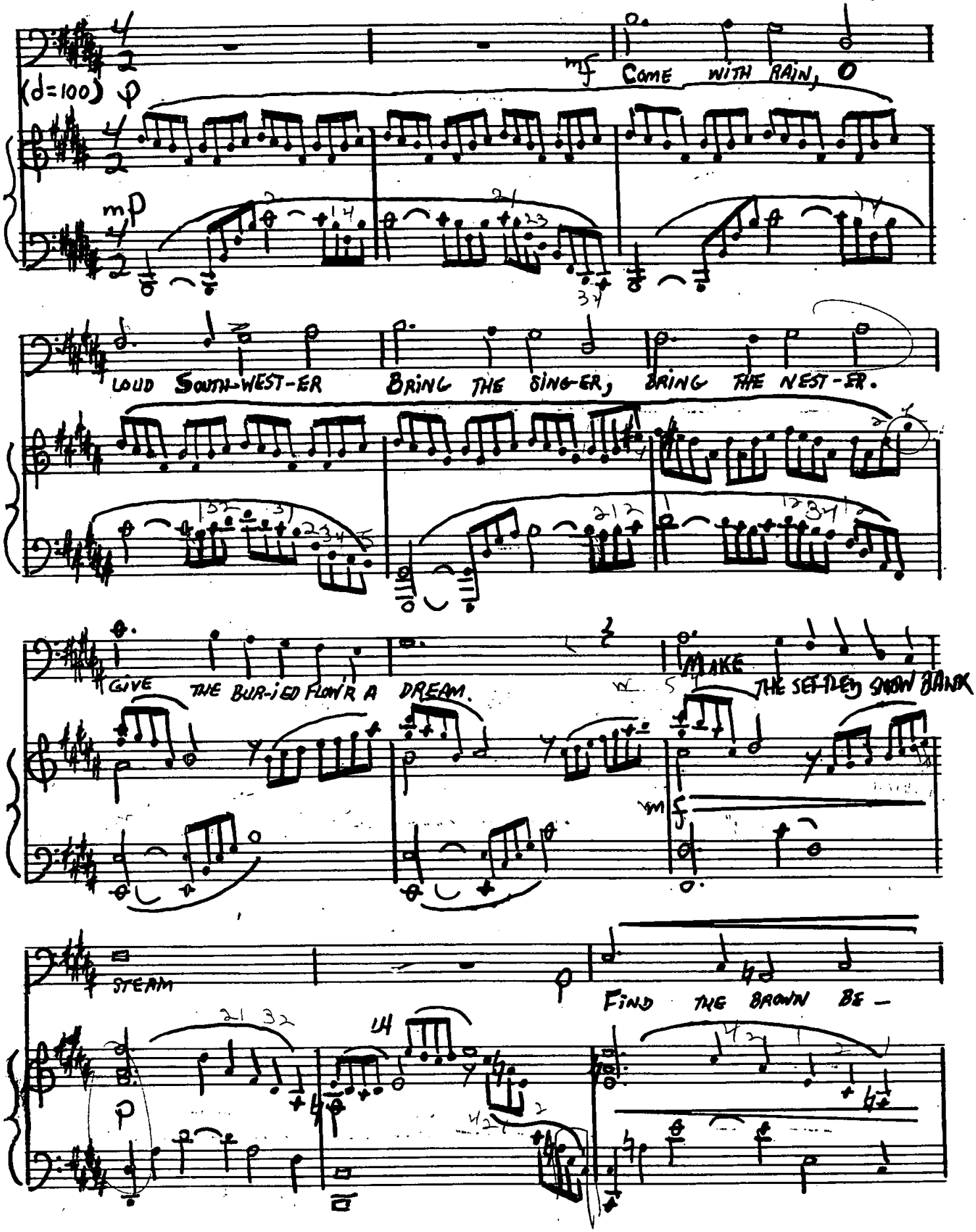
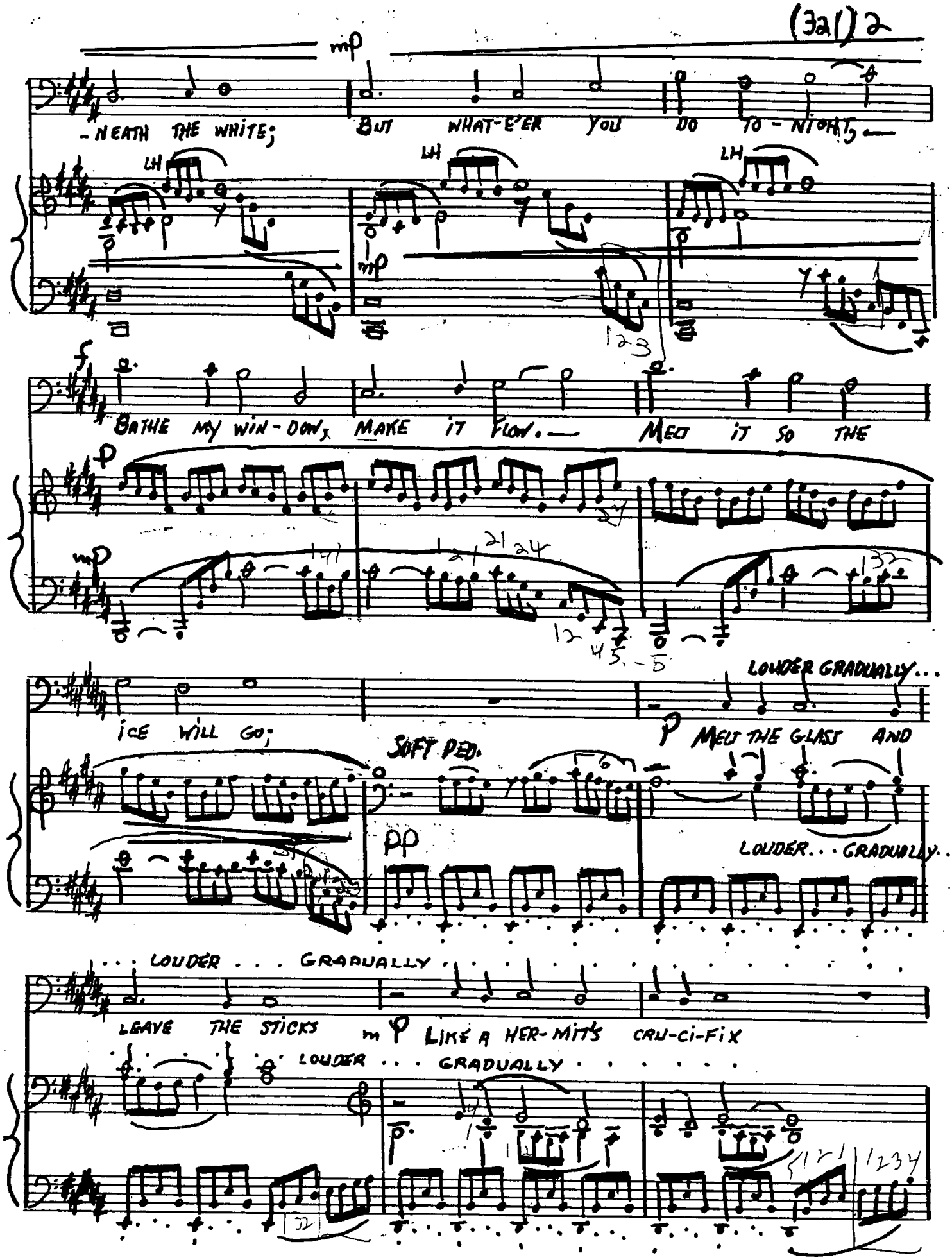
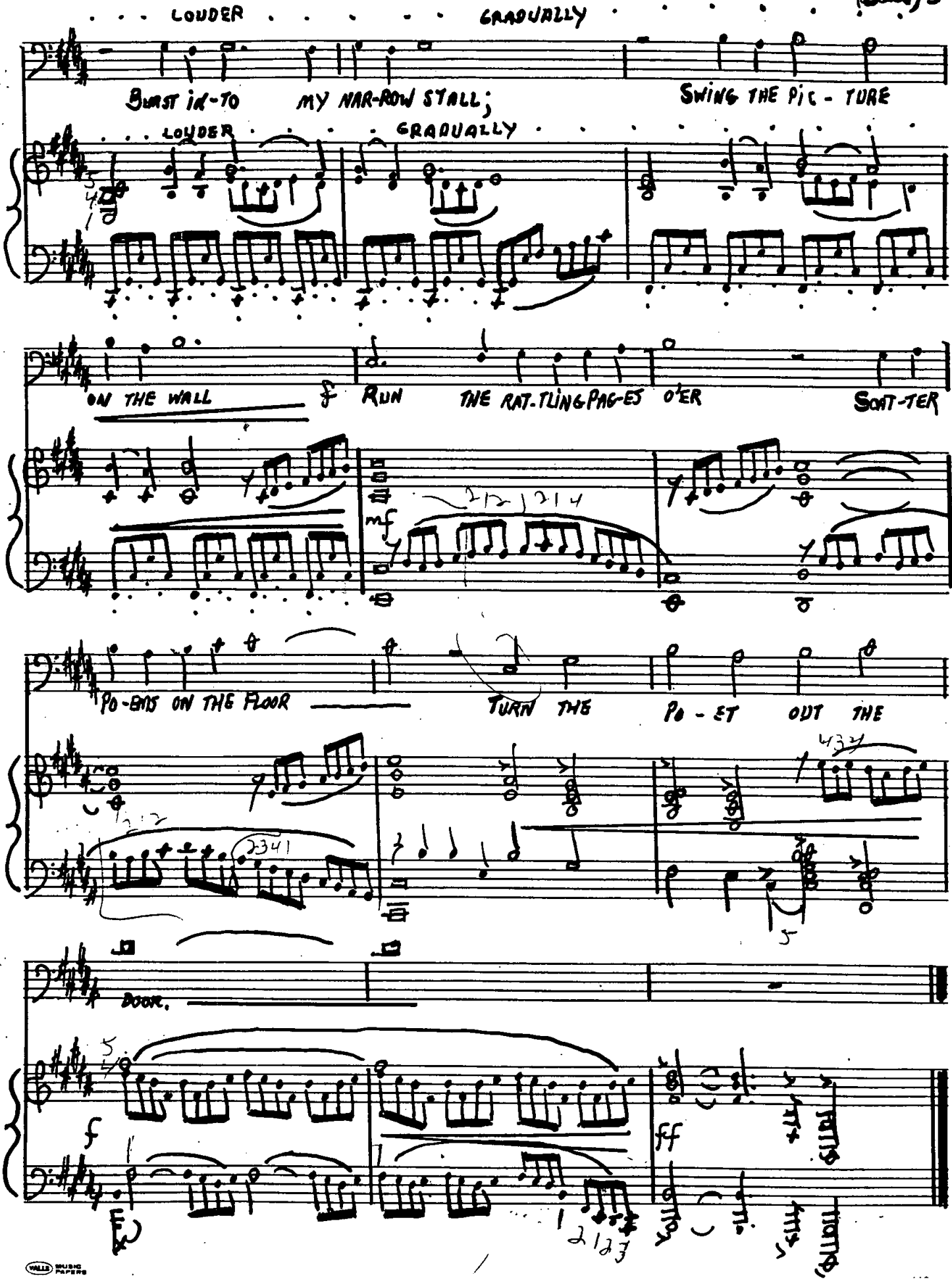
FAST

1. TO THE THAWING WIND

(320) 1



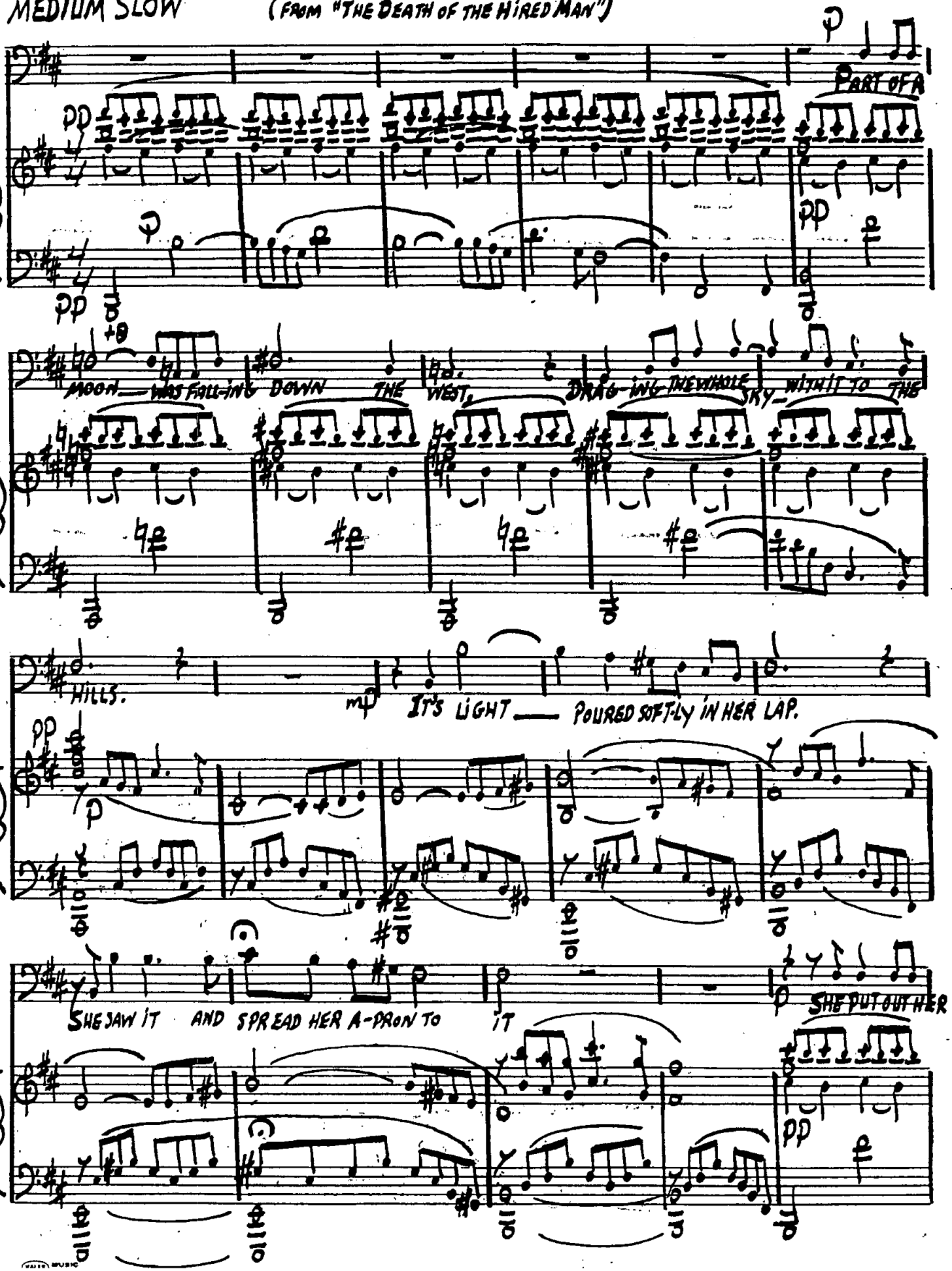

mp
-NEATH THE WHITE;
BUT WHAT-E'ER YOU DO TO-NIGHT,
LH
LH
LH
mp
f
BATHE MY WIN-DOW, MAKE IT FLOW. — MELT IT SO THE
p
mp
ICE WILL GO;
SOFT PED.
LOUDER GRADUALLY...
p MELT THE GLASS AND
pp
LOUDER... GRADUALLY..
... LOUDER ... GRADUALLY
LEAVE THE STICKS
mp LIKE A HER-MIT'S CRU-CI-FIX
LOUDER ... GRADUALLY

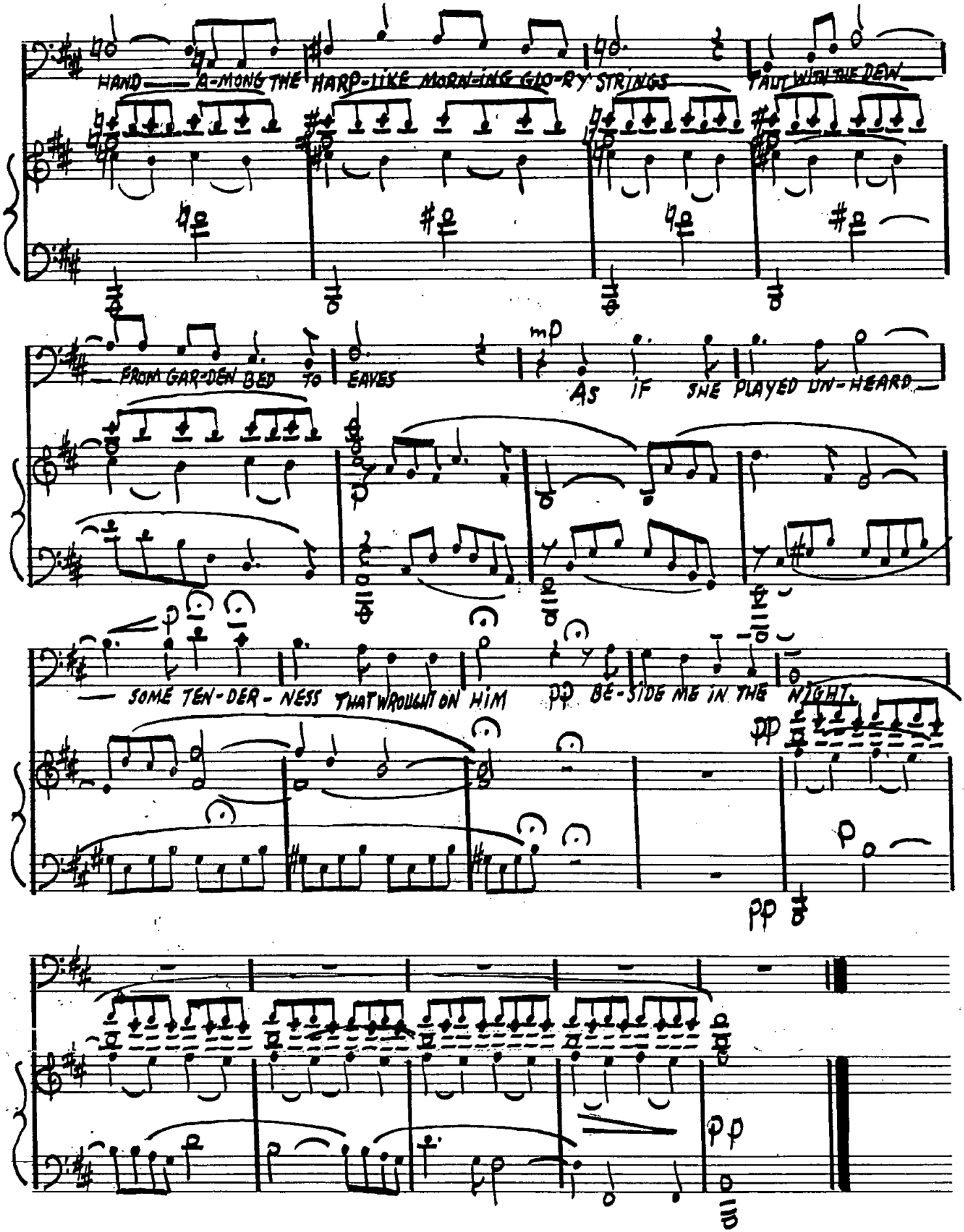

LOUDER
GRADUALLY
BURST IN-TO MY NAR-ROW STALL;
SWING THE PIC - TURE
LOUDER
GRADUALLY
ON THE WALL
RUN THE RAT-TLING PAG-ES O'ER
SCAT-TER
PO-EMS ON THE FLOOR
TURN THE PO - ET OUT THE
DOOR.

2. NIGHTSCENE

(FROM "THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN")

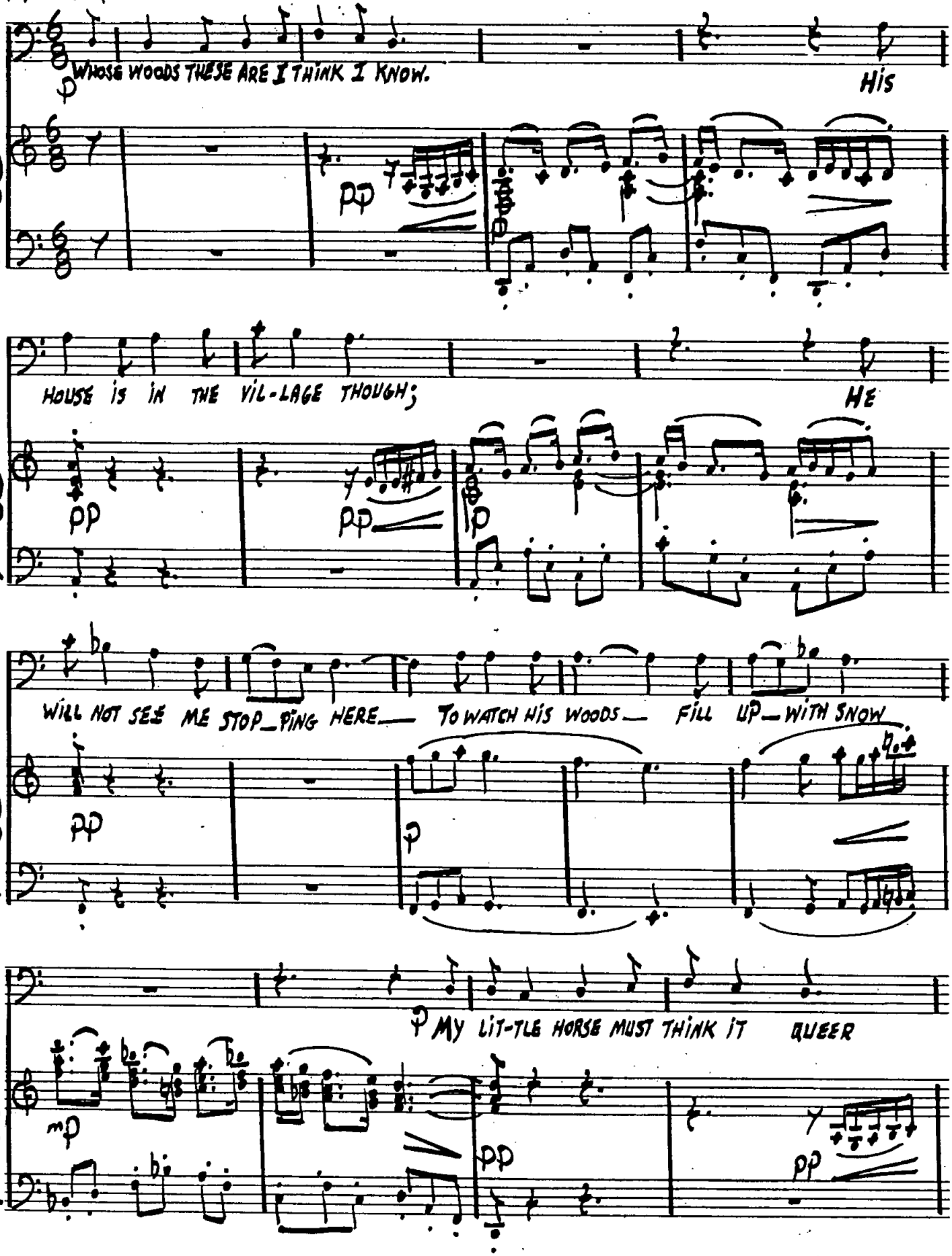
MEDIUM SLOW

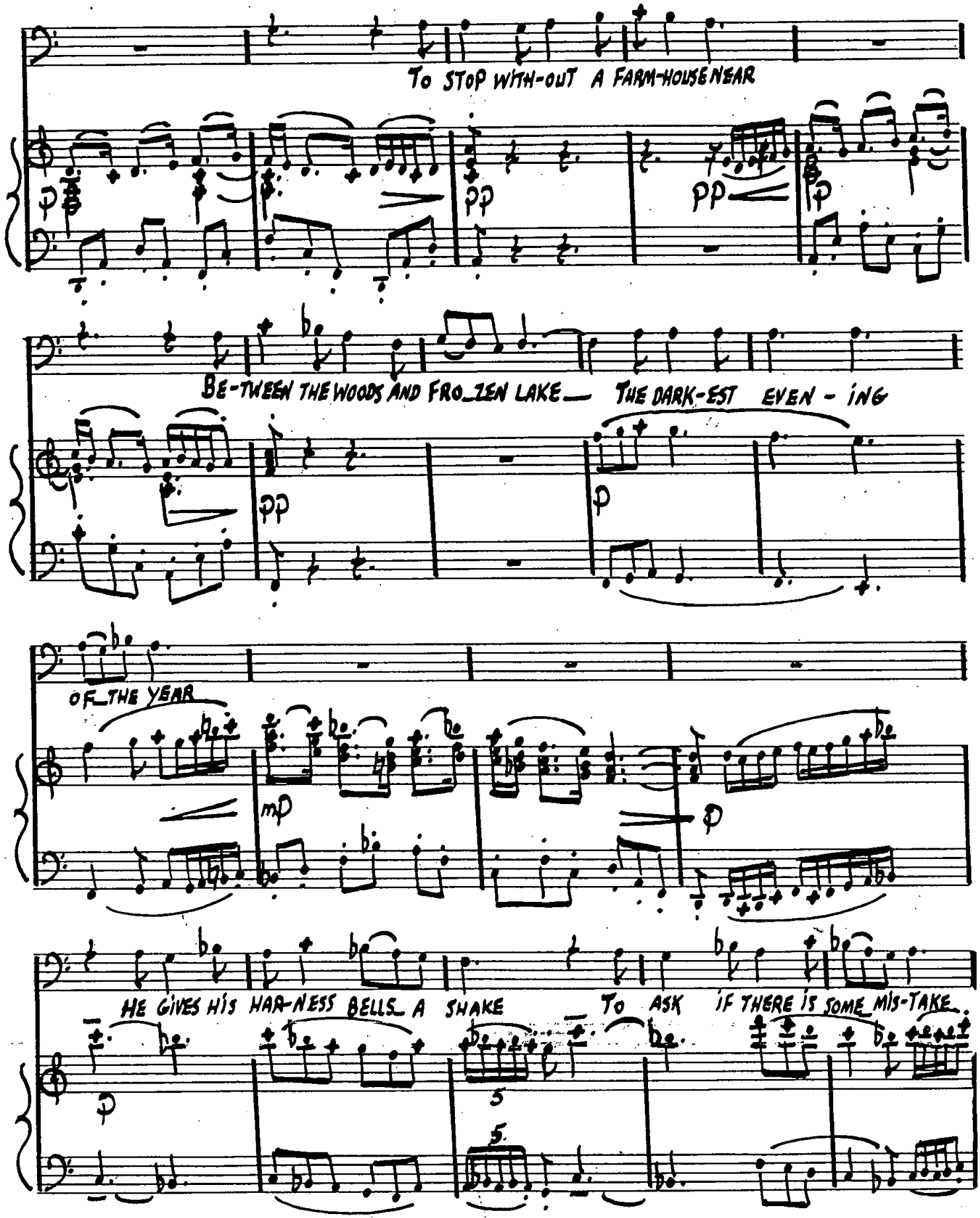



HAND — A-MONG THE HARP-LIKE MORN-ING GLO-RY STRINGS
FALL WITH THE DEW
FROM GAR-DEN BED TO EAVES
mp
AS IF SHE PLAYED UN-HEARD
SOME TEN-DER-NESS THAT WROUGHT ON HIM
pp
BE-SIDE ME IN THE NIGHT.
pp
p
pp
pp

3. STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

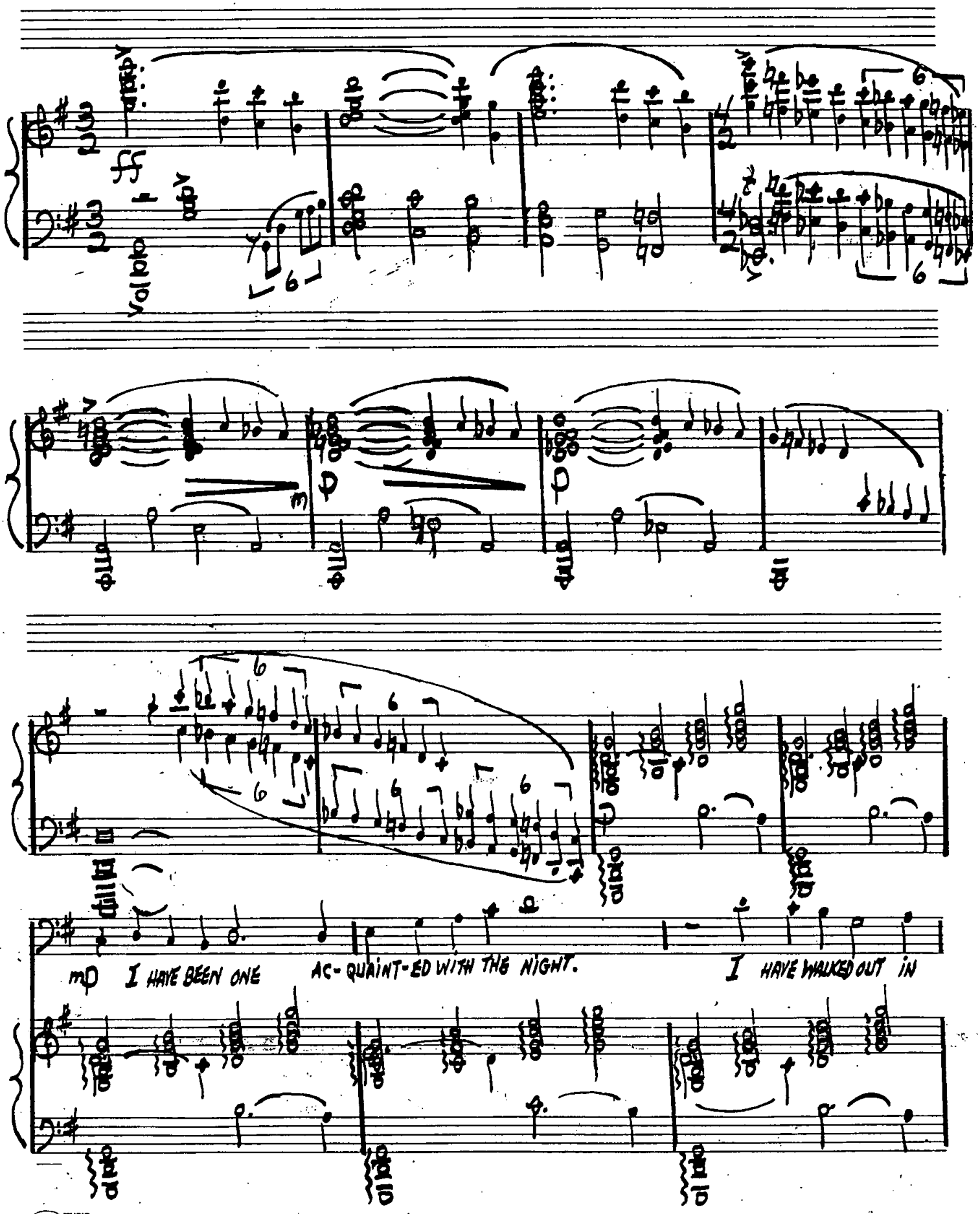
MEDIUM

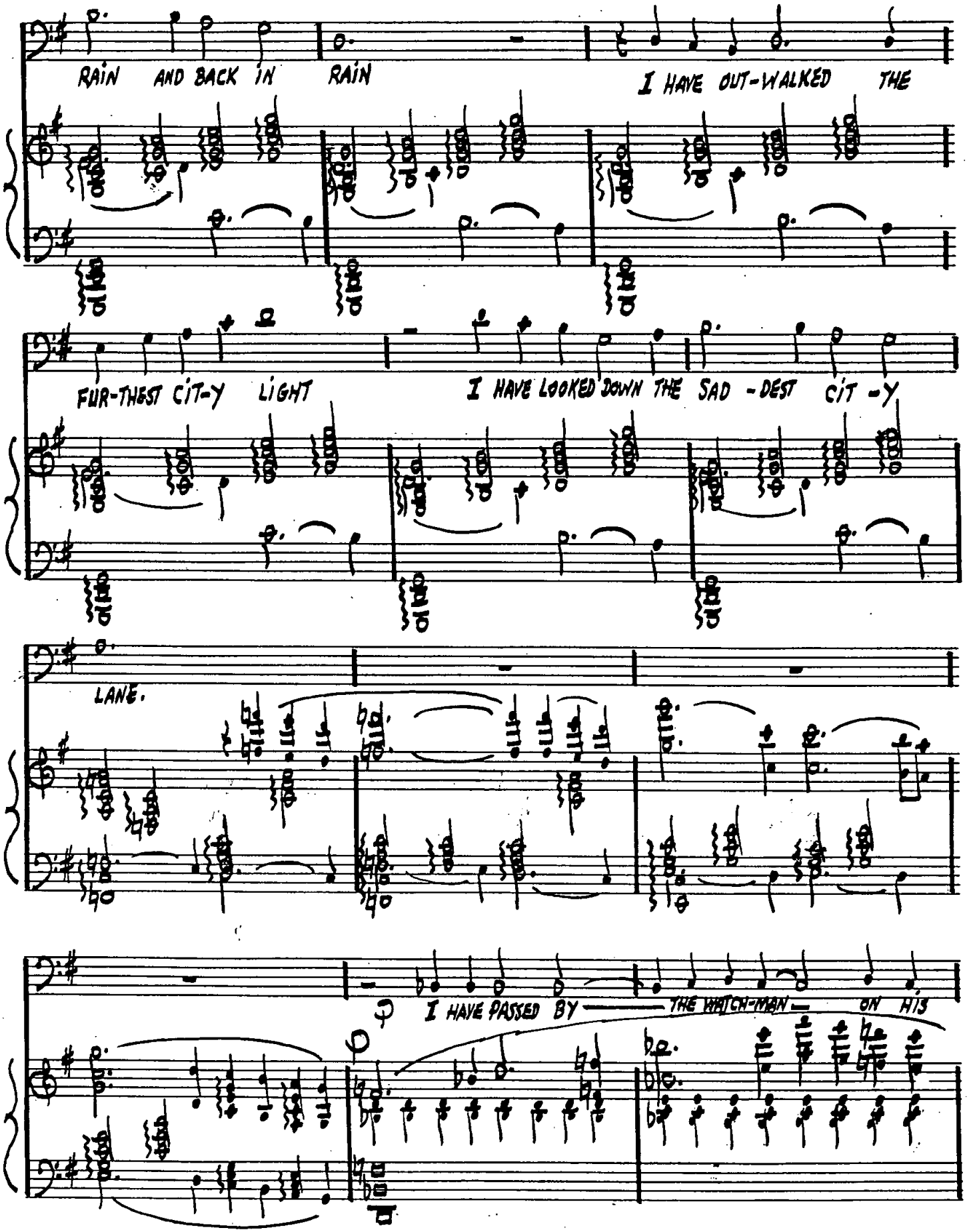


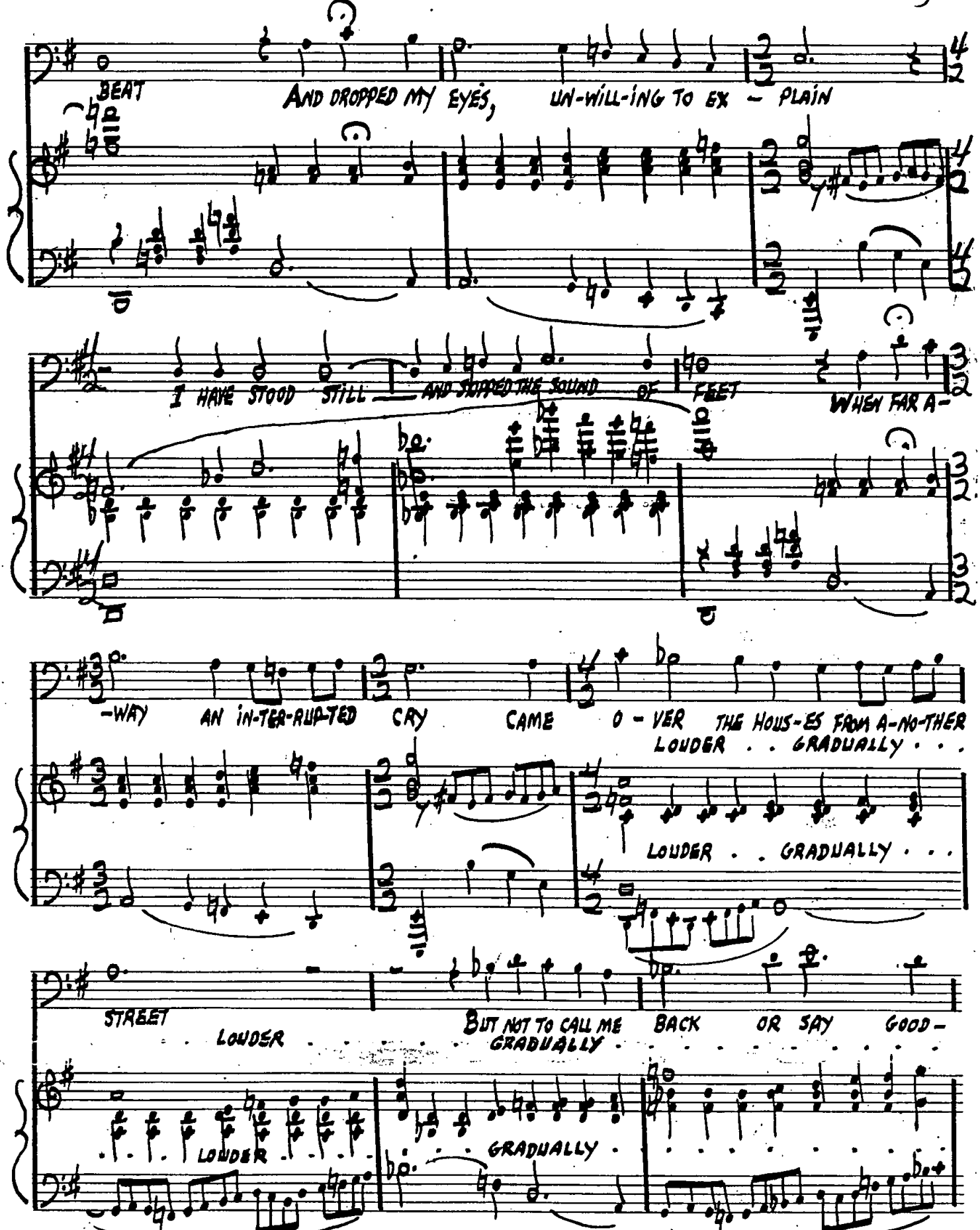

To STOP WITH-OUT A FARM-HOUSE NEAR
BE-TWEEN THE WOODS AND FRO_ZEN LAKE THE DARK-EST EVEN - ING
OF_THE YEAR
HE GIVES HIS HAR-NESS BELLS A SHAKE To ASK IF THERE IS SOME MIS-TAKE.

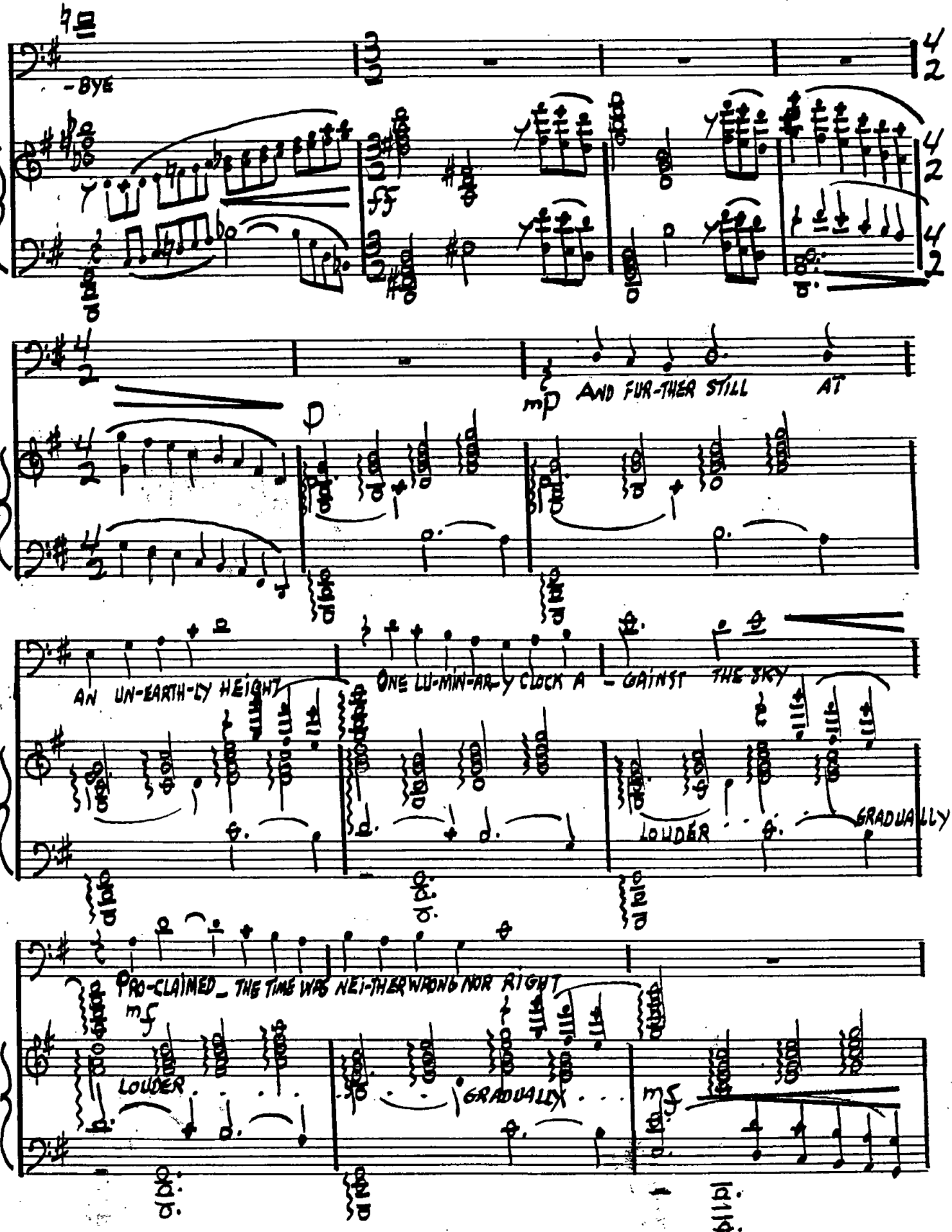
THE ON-LY O-THER SOUNDS THE SWEEP — OF EAS-Y WIND — AND DOWN-Y
8va
FLAKE.
SLOWLY
ACAPELLA) THE WOODS ARE LOVE-LY, DARK AND DEEP. BUT I HAVE PRO-MIS-
-ES TO KEEP, AND MILES TO GO BE-FORE I SLEEP, AND MILES TO
GO BE-FORE I SLEEP.

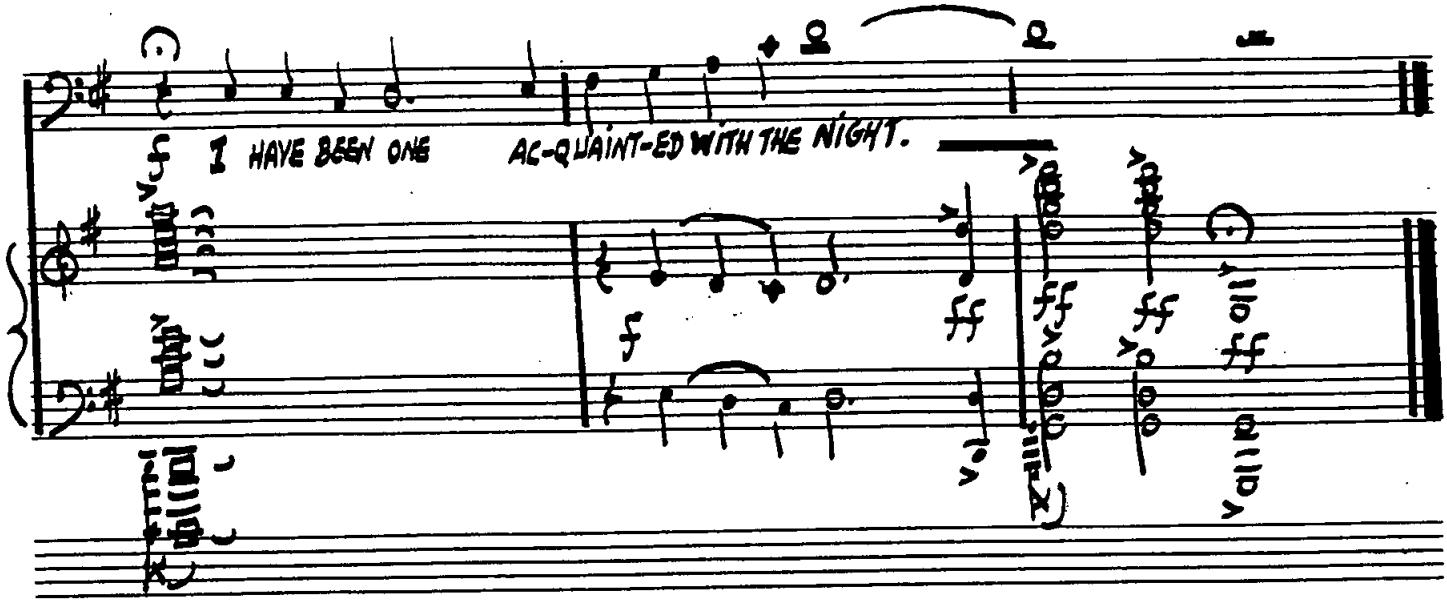
4. ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT




RAIN AND BACK IN RAIN
I HAVE OUT-WALKED THE
FUR-THEST CIT-Y LIGHT
I HAVE LOOKED DOWN THE SAD-DEST CIT-Y
LANE.
I HAVE PASSED BY
THE WATCH-MAN
ON HIS

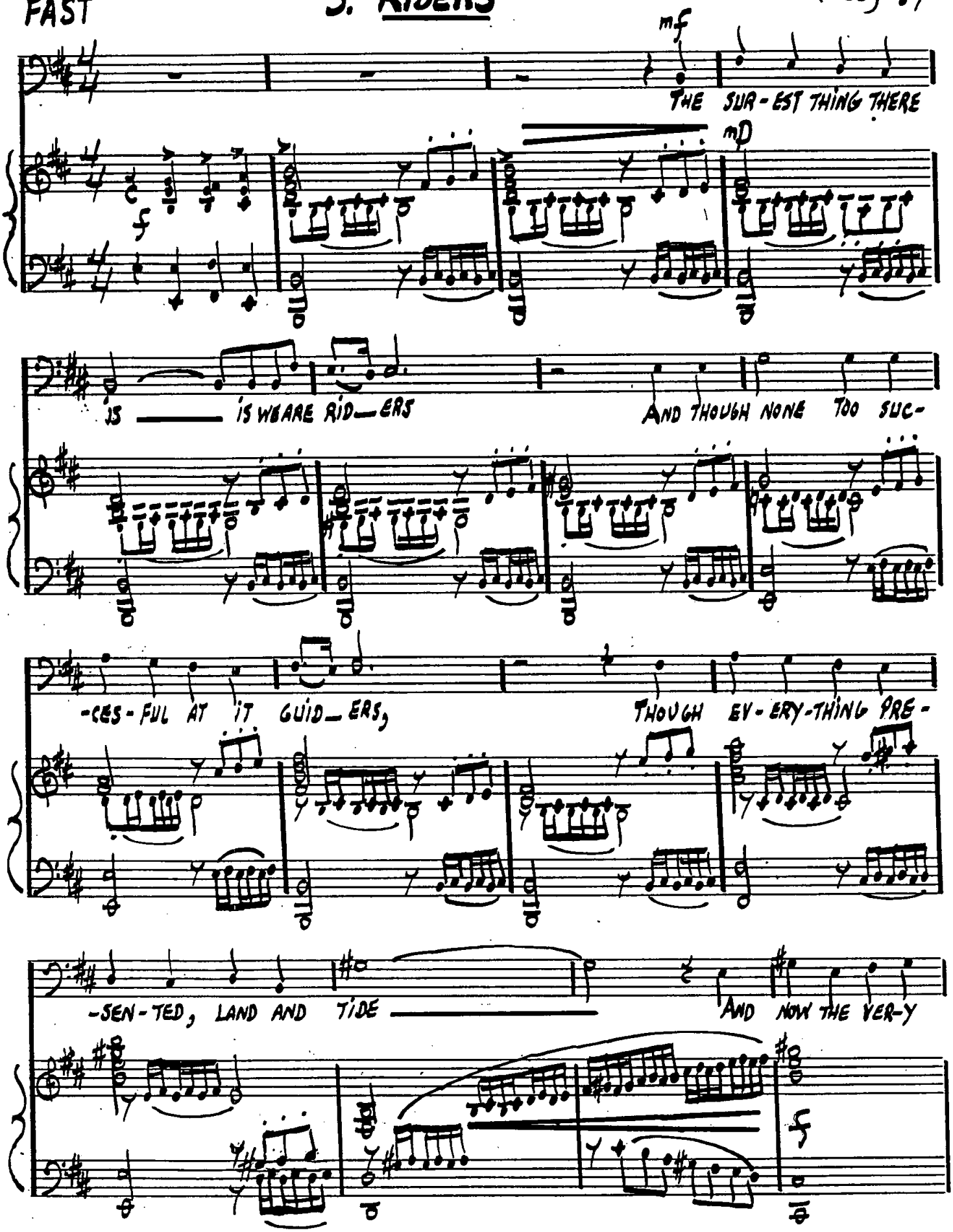

BEAT
AND DROPPED MY EYES, UN-WILL-ING TO EX - PLAIN
I HAVE STOOD STILL AND STOPPED THE SOUND OF FEET WHEN FAR A-
-WAY AN IN-TER-RUP-TED CRY CAME O - VER THE HOUS-ES FROM A-NO-THER
LOUDER . . GRADUALLY . . .
LOUDER . . GRADUALLY . . .
STREET
LOUDER
BUT NOT TO CALL ME BACK OR SAY GOOD-
GRADUALLY
LOUDER
GRADUALLY

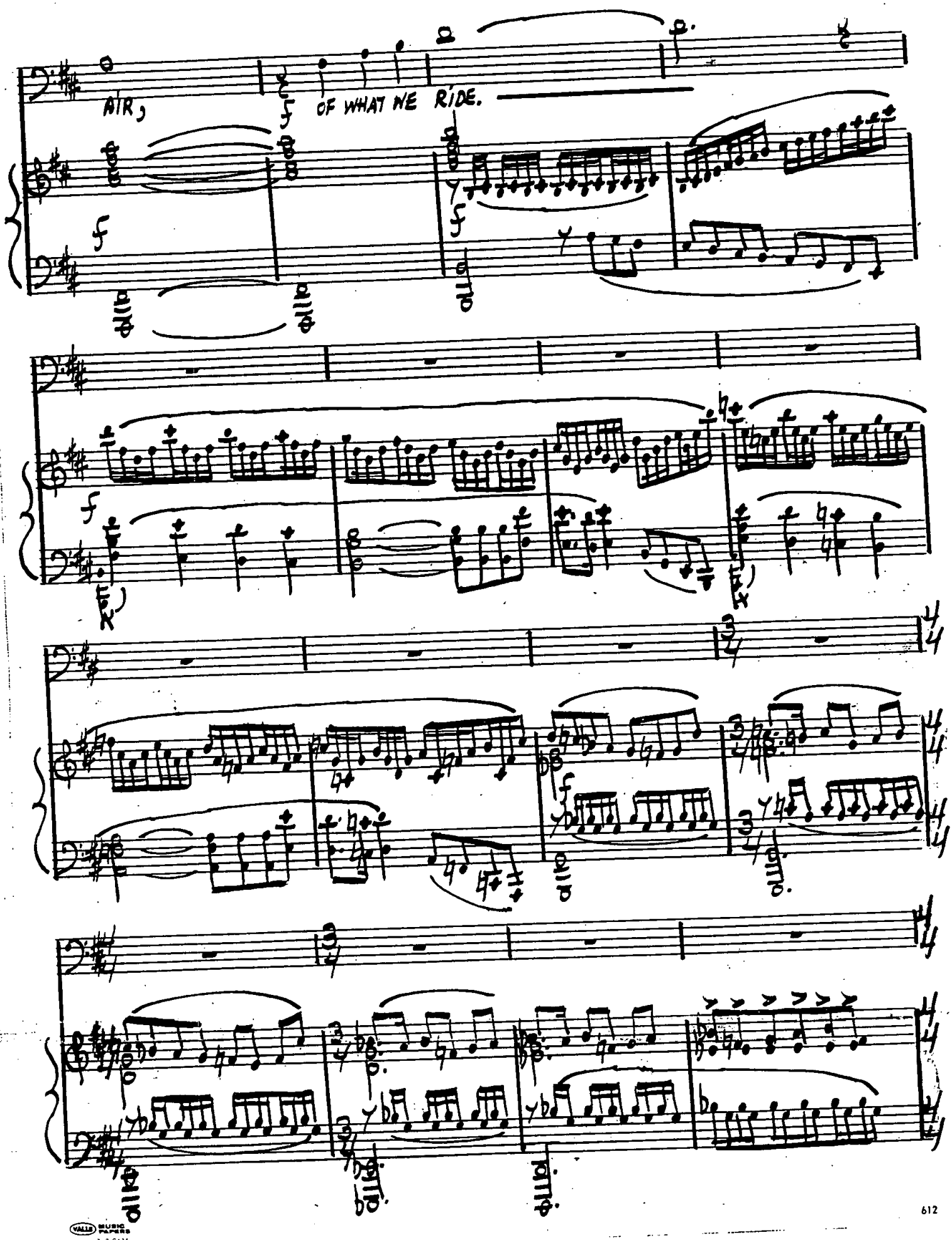

-BYE
ff
mp
AND FUR-THER STILL AT
D
AN UN-EARTH-LY HEIGHT
ONE LU-MIN-AR-Y CLOCK A - GAINST THE SKY
LOUDER
GRADUALLY
PRO-CLAIMED_ THE TIME WAS NEI-THER WRONG NOR RIGHT
mf
LOUDER
GRADUALLY
mf

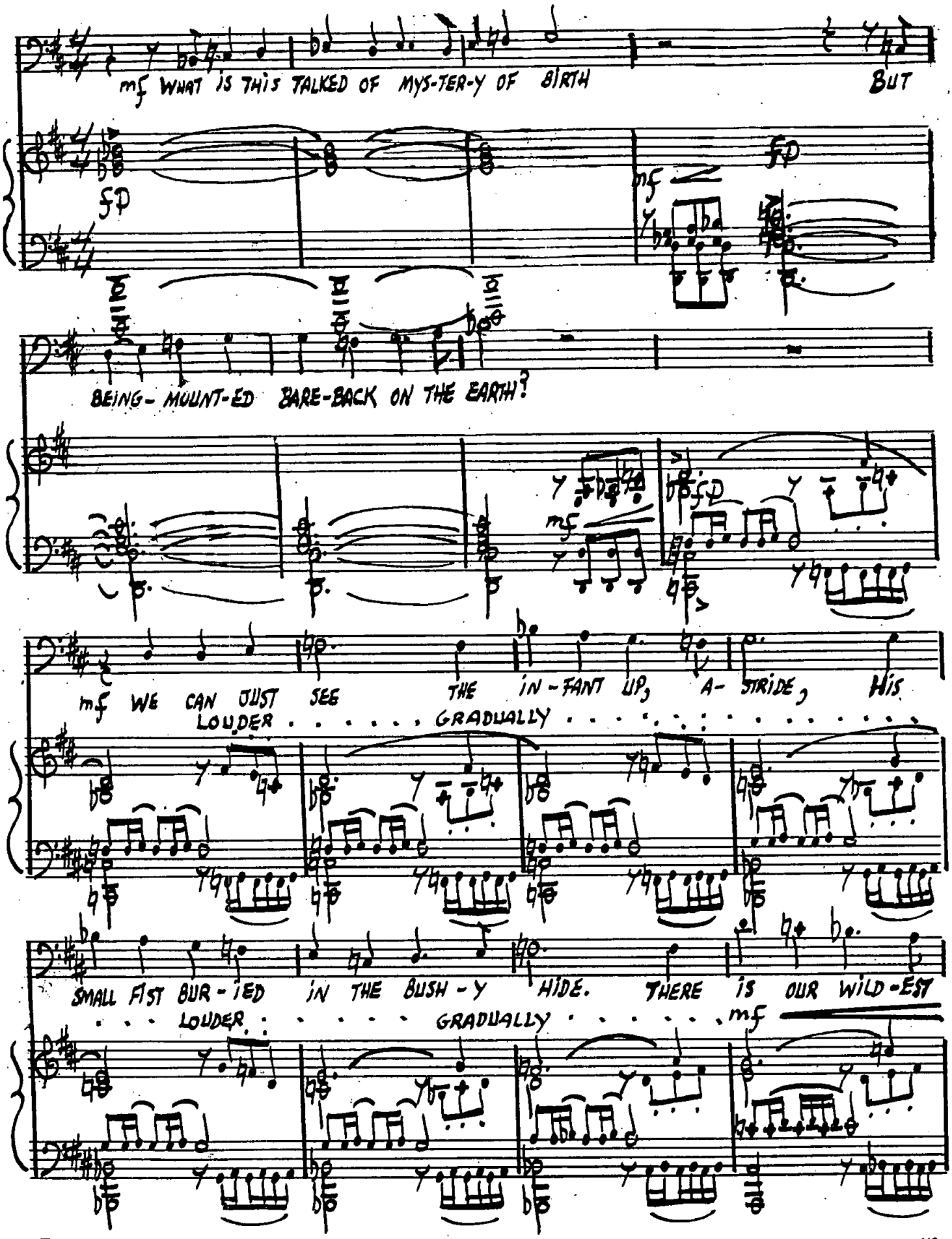

I HAVE BEEN ONE
AC-QUAINT-ED WITH THE NIGHT.

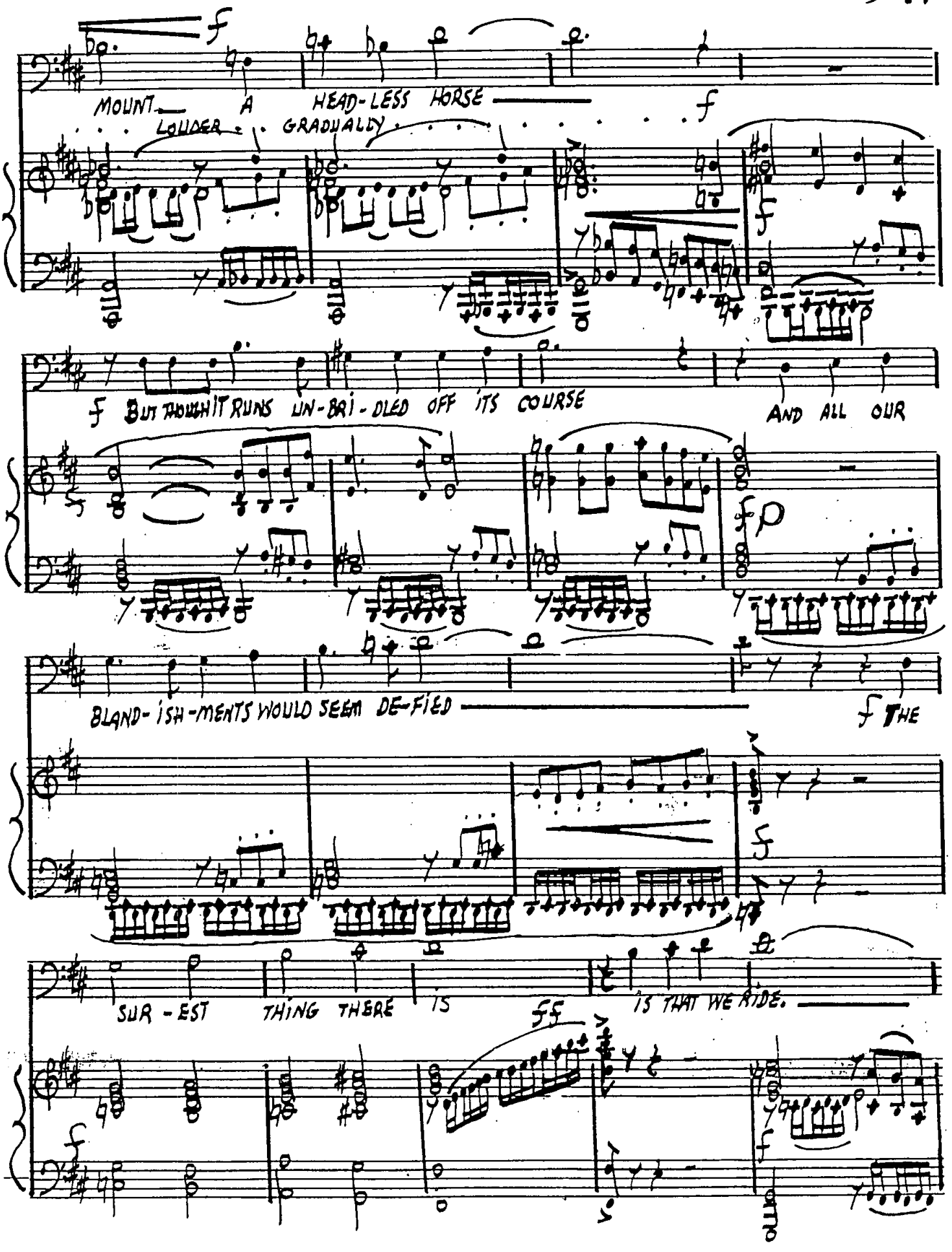
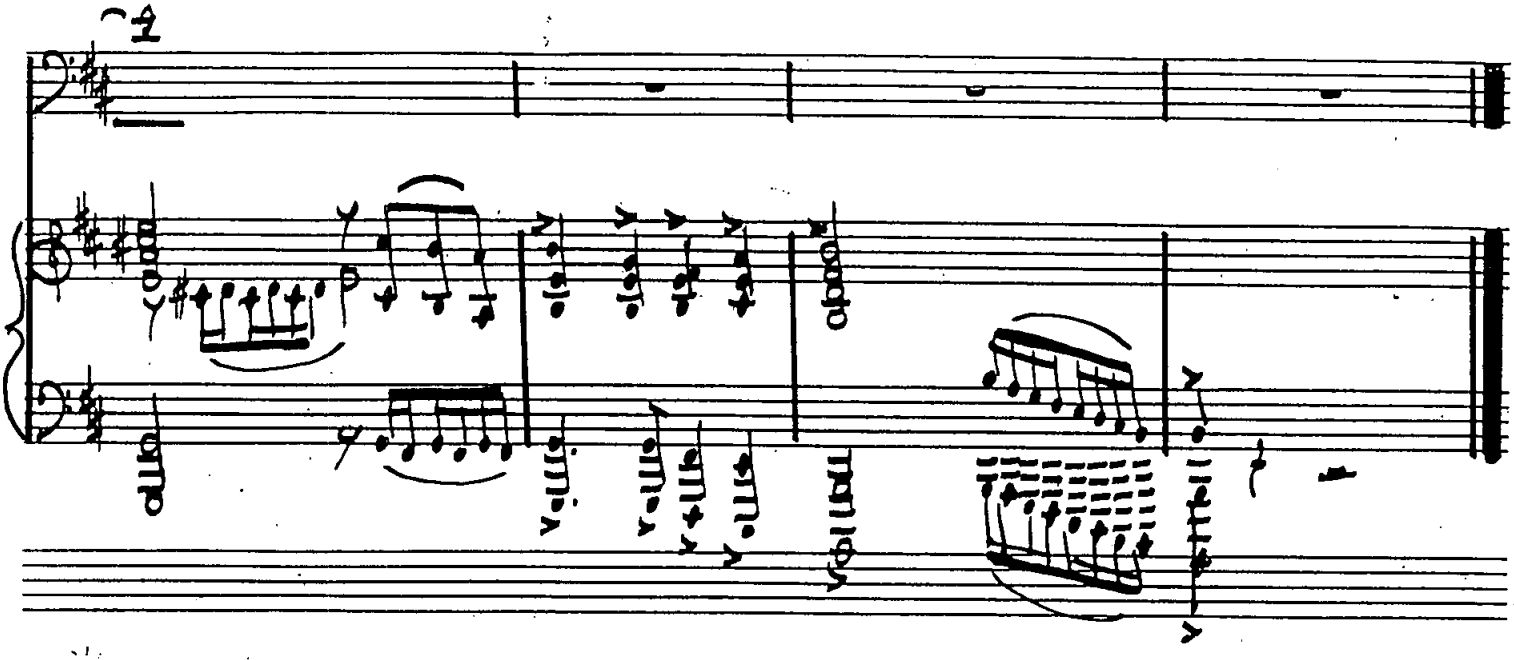
FAST

5. RIDERS




AIR,
OF WHAT WE RIDE.


mf WHAT IS THIS TALKED OF MYS-TER-Y OF BIRTH
BUT
fp
fp
mf
BEING- MOUNT-ED BARE-BACK ON THE EARTH?
mf
fp
mf WE CAN JUST SEE THE IN-FANT UP, A-STRIDE, HIS
LOUDER . . . . . GRADUALLY . . . . . .
SMALL FIST BUR-IED IN THE BUSH-Y HIDE. THERE IS OUR WILD-EST
LOUDER . . . . . GRADUALLY . . . . . mf


MOUNT A HEAD-LESS HORSE
LOUDER GRADUALLY
BUT THOUGH IT RUNS UN-BRI-DLED OFF ITS COURSE
AND ALL OUR
BLAND-ISH-MENTS WOULD SEEM DE-FIED
THE
SUR-EST THING THERE IS
IS THAT WE RIDE.