

A SEA SYMPHONY

For Soprano and Baritone Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

iv

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried out,
 Perhaps even now the time has arrived.
 After the seas are all crossed,
 After the great captains and engineers have accomplished their work,
 After the noble inventors,
 Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,
 The true son of God shall come singing his songs.

O we can wait no longer,
 We too take ship O Soul,
 Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
 Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,
 Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O Soul).
 Caroling free, singing our song of God,
 Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.

O Soul thou pleasest me, I thee,
 Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,
 Thoughts, silent thoughts, of Time and Space and Death, like waters flowing,
 Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,
 Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, lave me all over,
 Bathe me, O God, in thee, mounting to thee,
 I and my soul to range in range of thee.

O thou transcendent,
 Nameless, the fibre and the breath,
 Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre of them.
 Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
 At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
 But that I, turning, call to thee O Soul, thou actual me,
 And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
 Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
 And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
 Bounding O Soul thou journeyest forth;

Away O Soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
 Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail!
 Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only.
 Reckless O Soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
 For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
 And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
 O my brave Soul!
 O farther, farther sail!
 O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
 O farther, farther, farther sail!

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

No 1. A Song for all seas, all ships

Andante maestoso $\text{♩} = 59$

SOPRANI
 CONTRALTI
 TENORI
 BASSI

Be - hold, — the
 Be - hold, — the
 Be - hold, — the
 Be - hold, — the

PIANO

Andante maestoso $\text{♩} = 59$

sea — it - self,
 sea — it - self,
 sea — it - self,
 sea — it - self,

ff brillante.