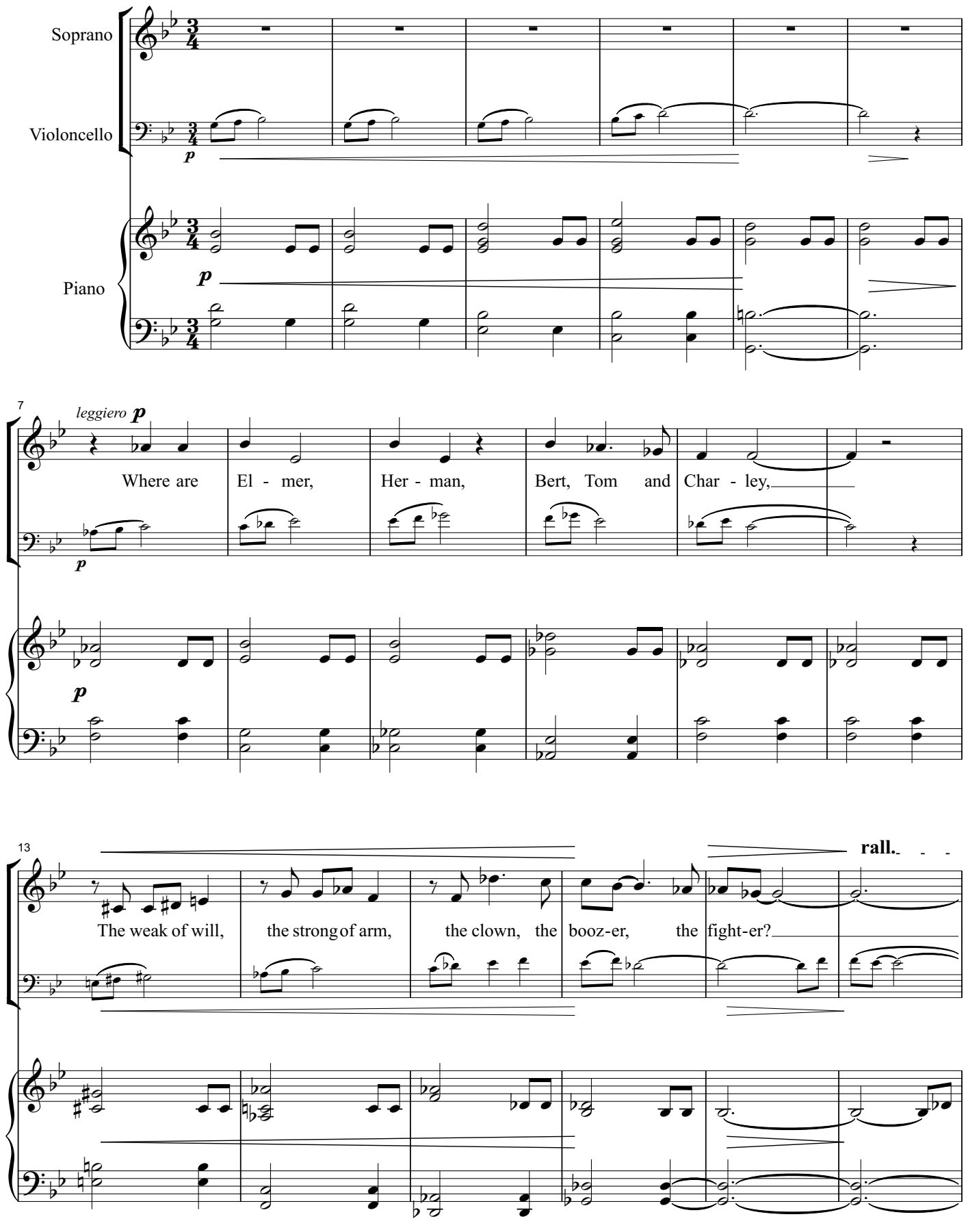
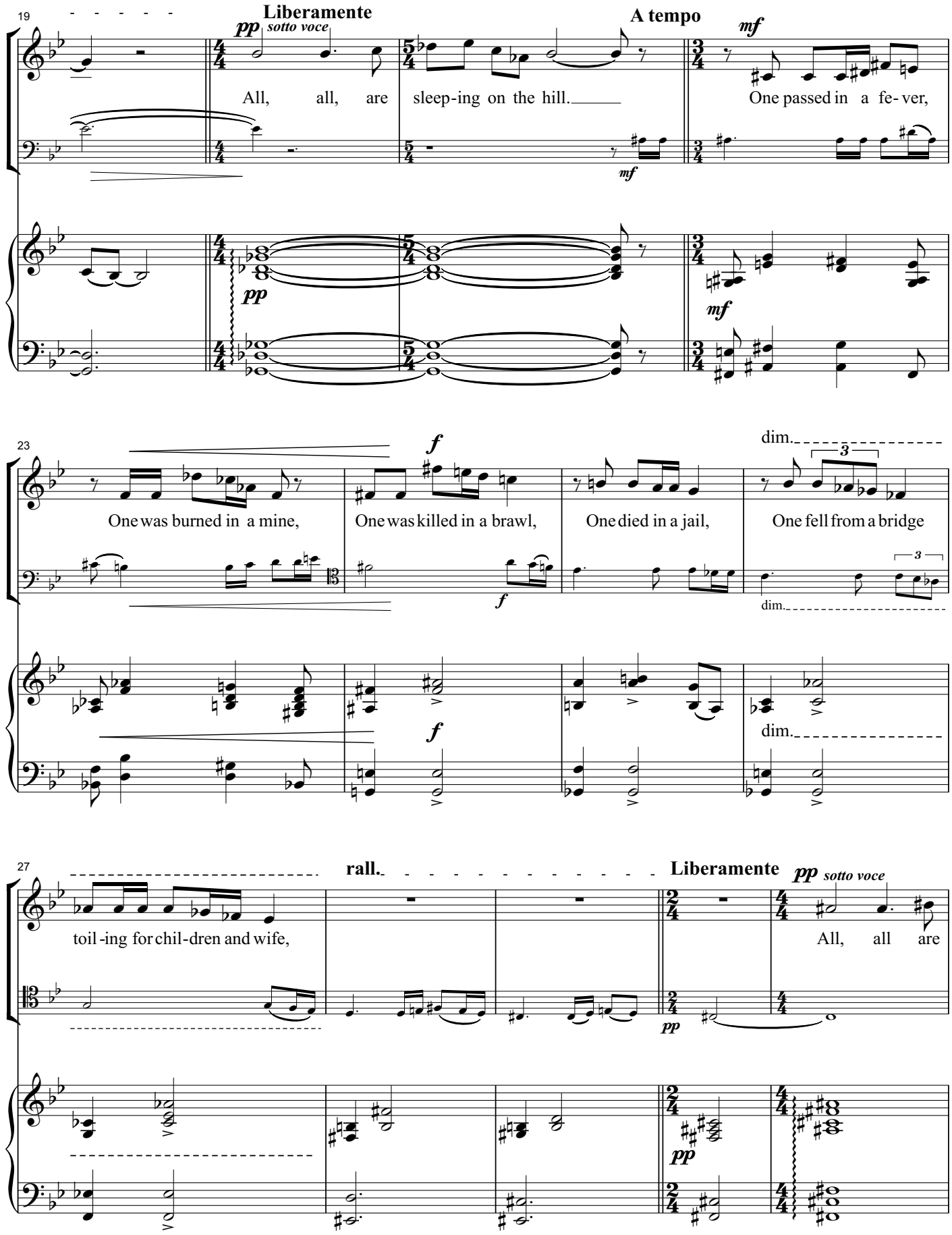
The Hill

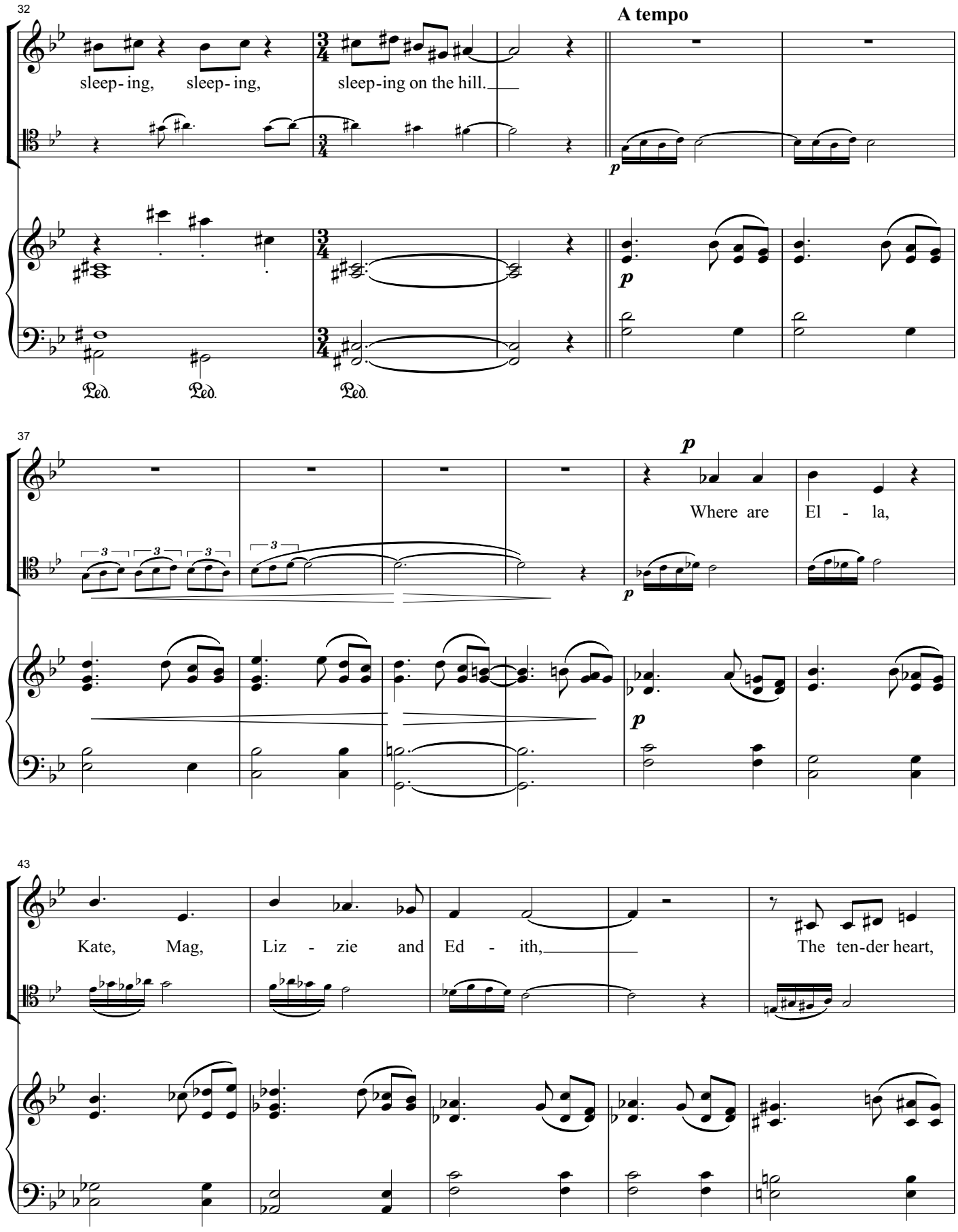
Edgar Lee Masters

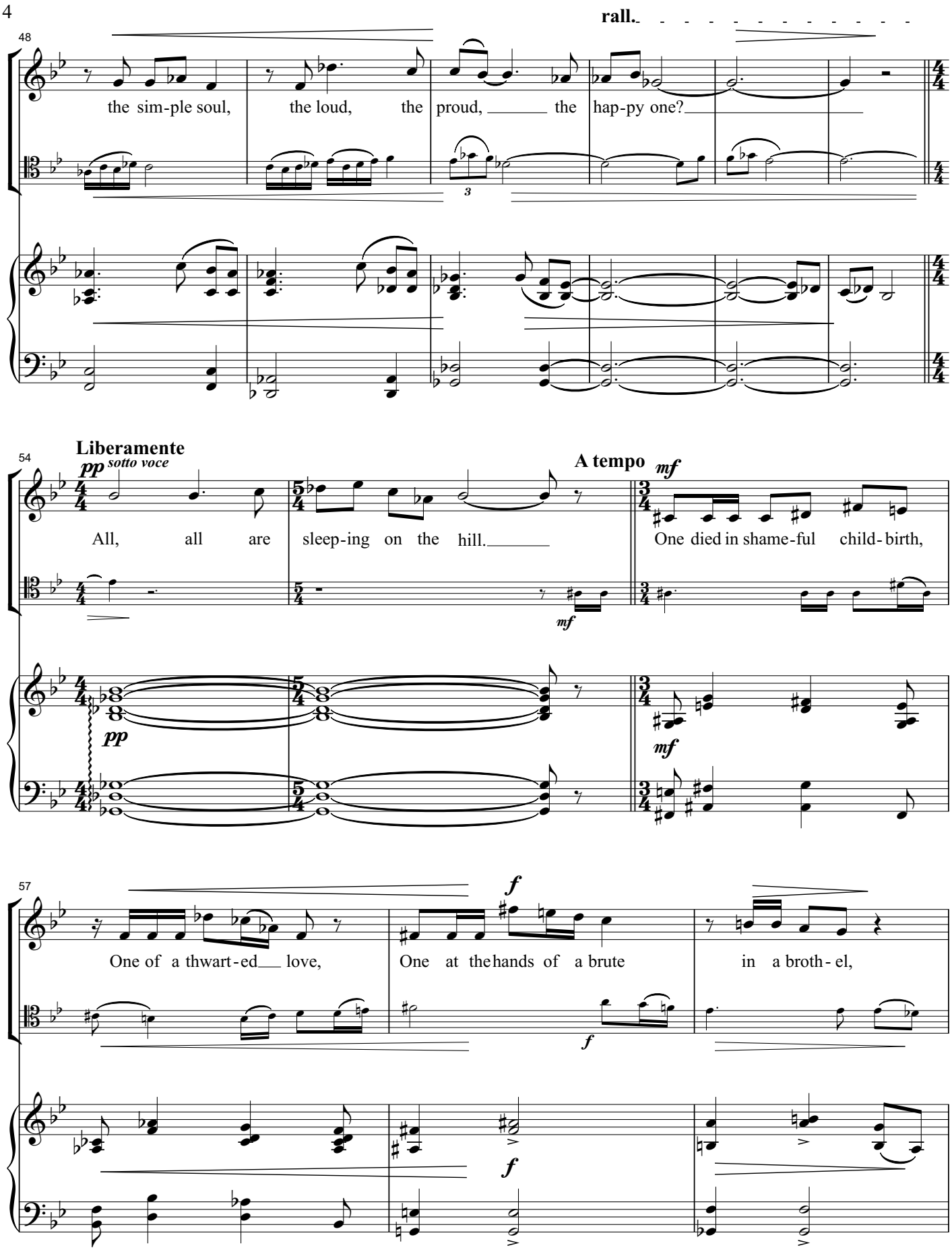
Richard Ratner

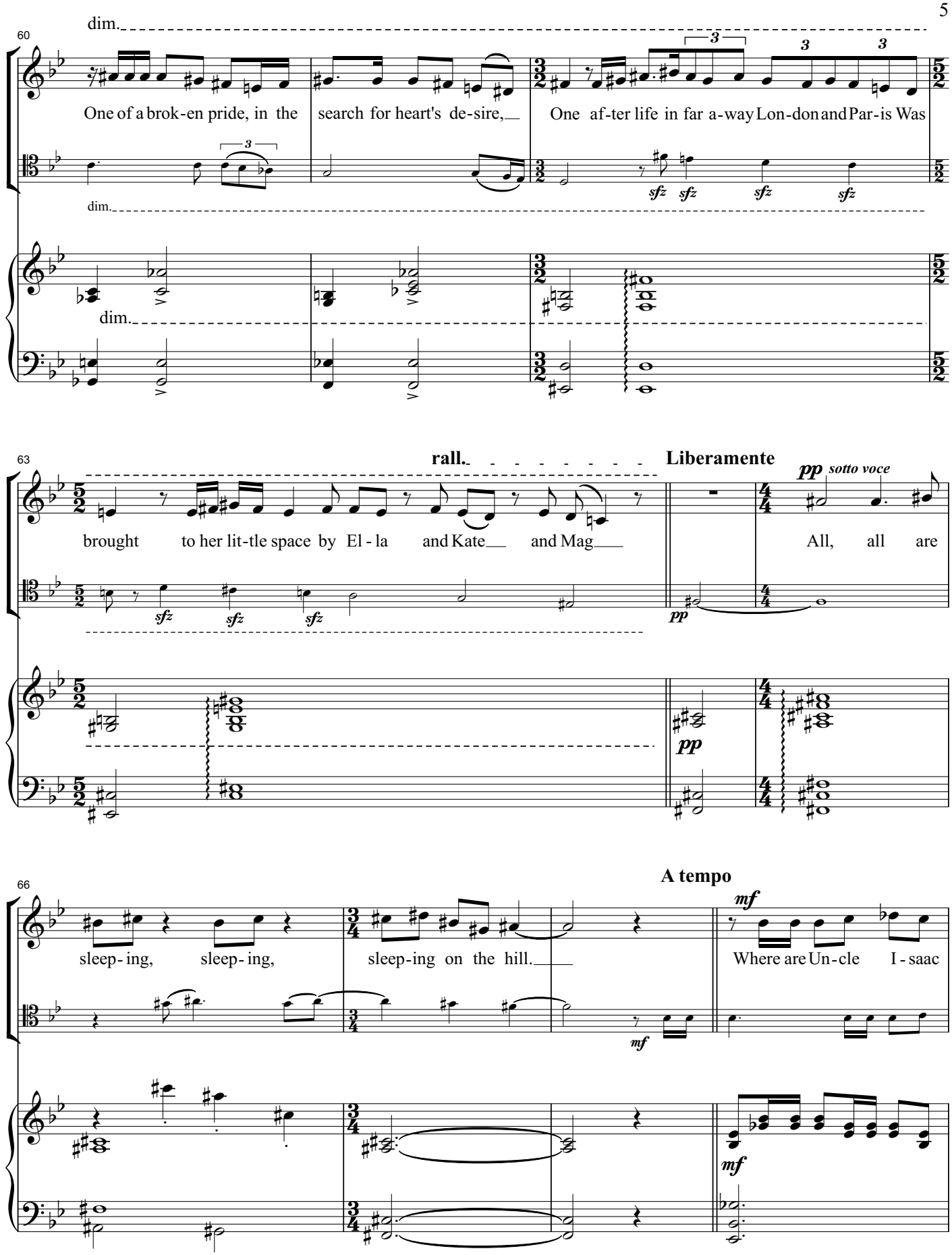
Andantino, as a lullaby (♩. = 80)

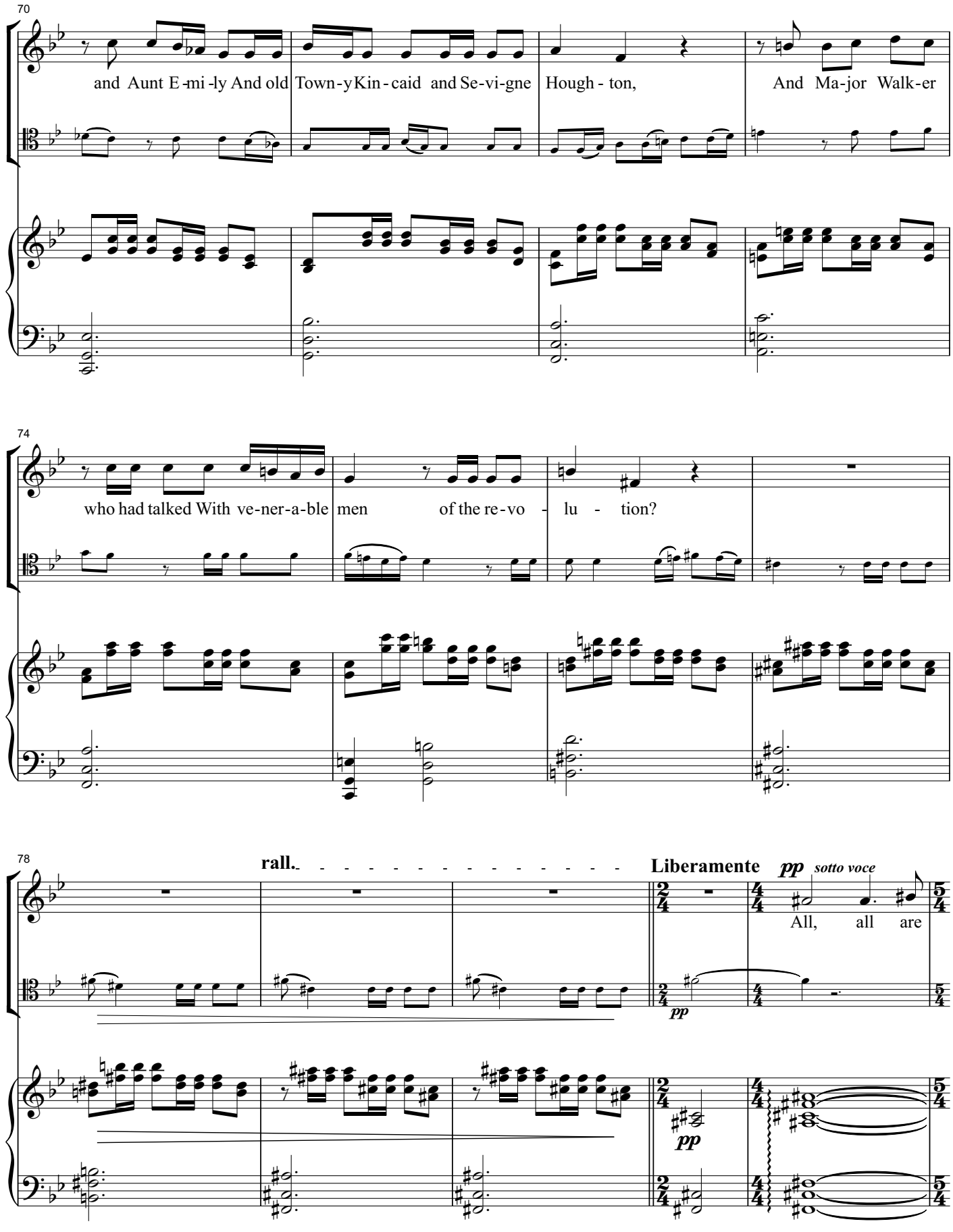


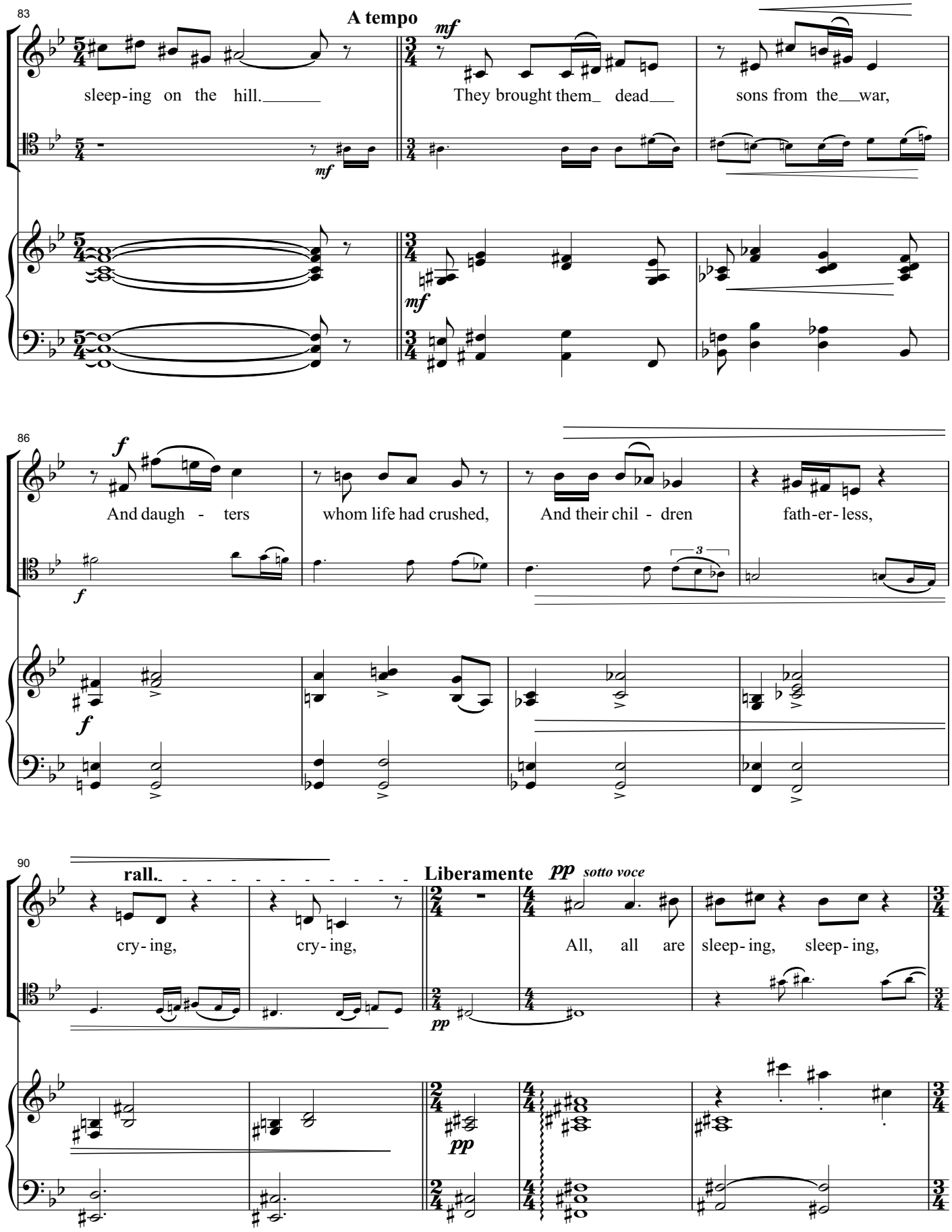

19
Liberamente
pp sotto voce
All, all, are sleep-ing on the hill.
A tempo
mf
One passed in a fe-ver,
23
One was burned in a mine,
One was killed in a brawl,
One died in a jail,
One fell from a bridge
dim.
27
rall.
Liberamente
pp sotto voce
toil-ing for chil-dren and wife,
All, all are

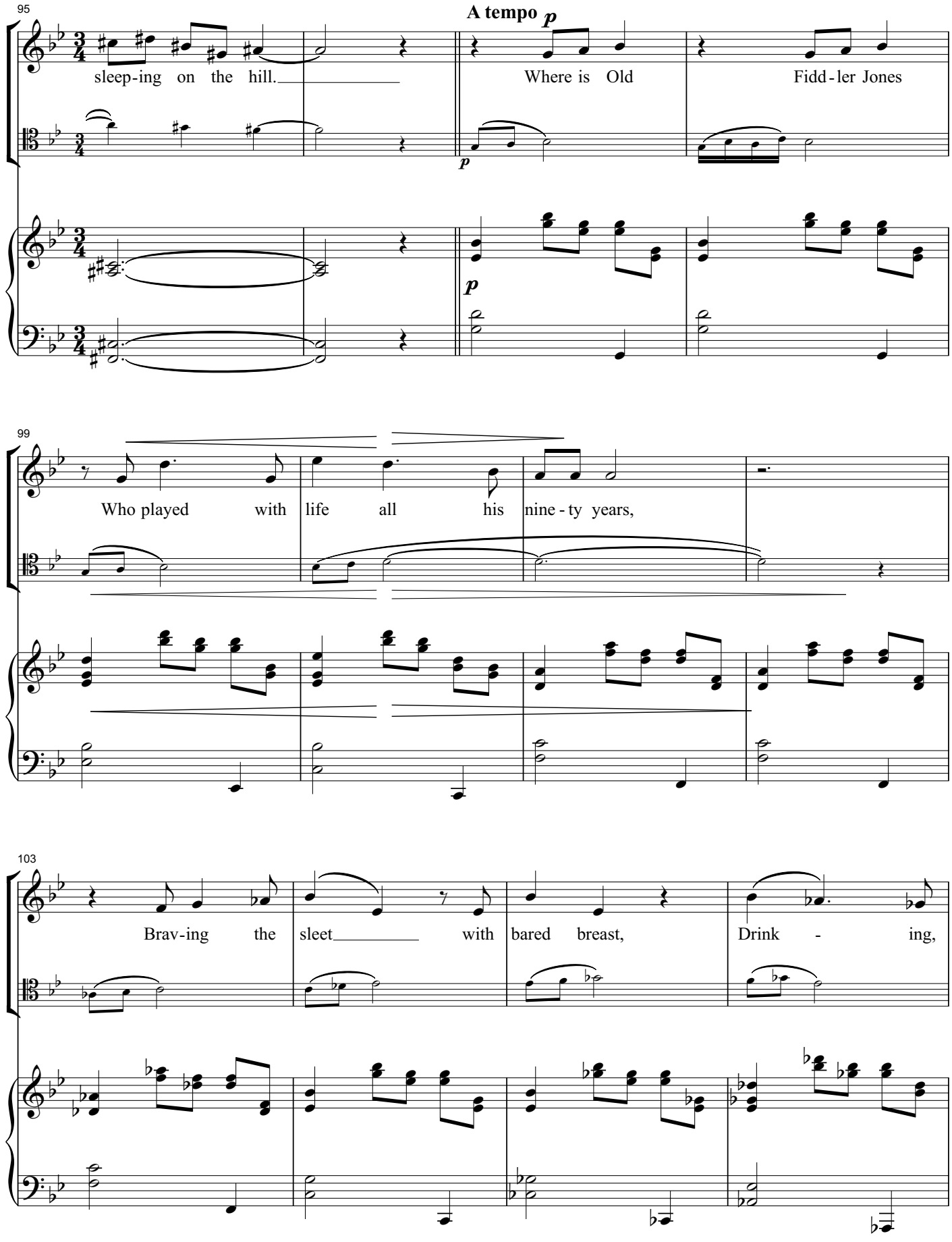

32
A tempo
sleep- ing, sleep- ing, sleep-ing on the hill.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.
37
p
Where are El - la,
p
p
43
Kate, Mag, Liz - zie and Ed - ith,
The ten-der heart,

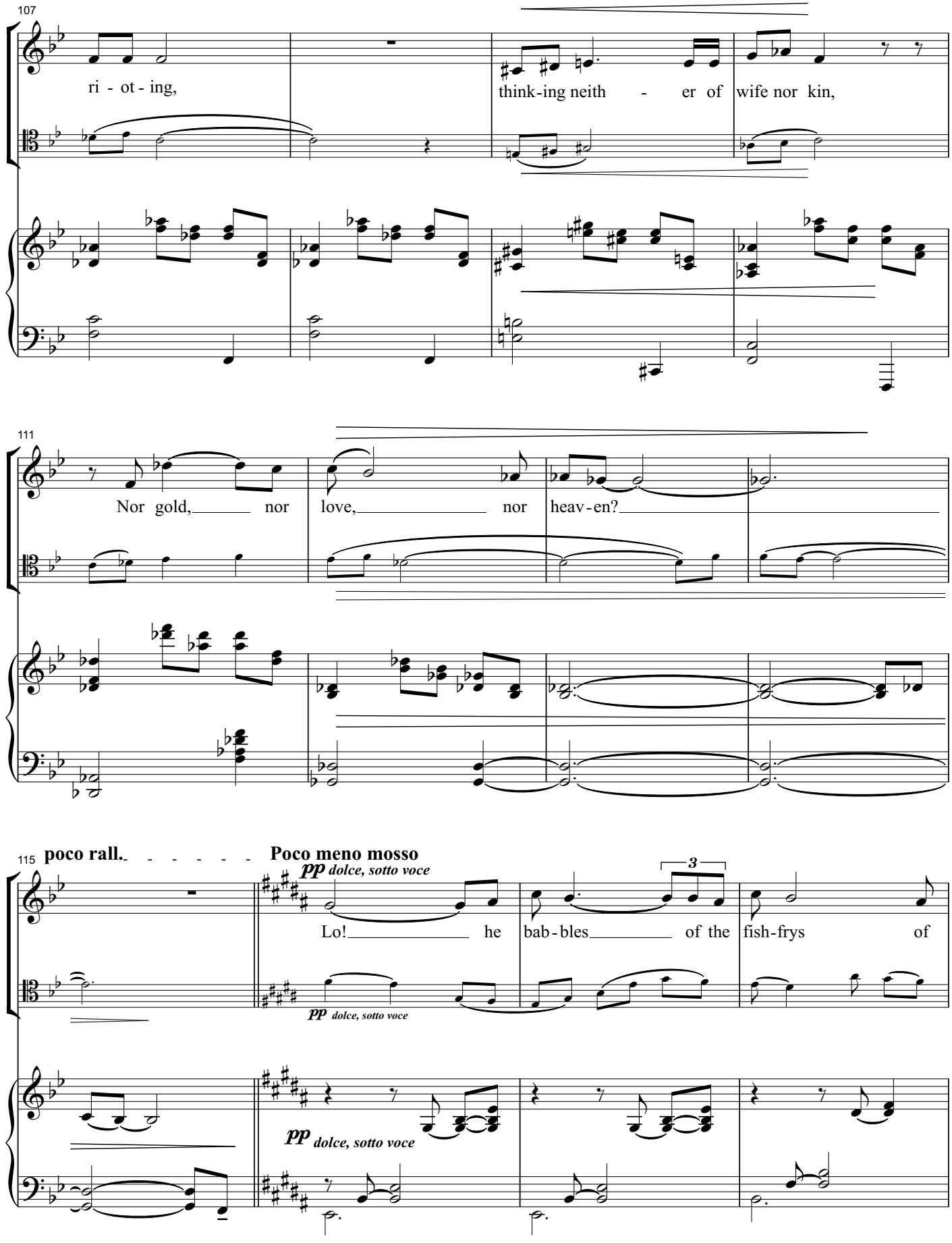

rall.
48
the sim-ple soul, the loud, the proud, the hap-py one?
Liberamente
54
pp sotto voce
All, all are sleep-ing on the hill.
A tempo
mf
One died in shame-ful child-birth,
57
One of a thwart-ed love,
One at the hands of a brute
in a broth-el,

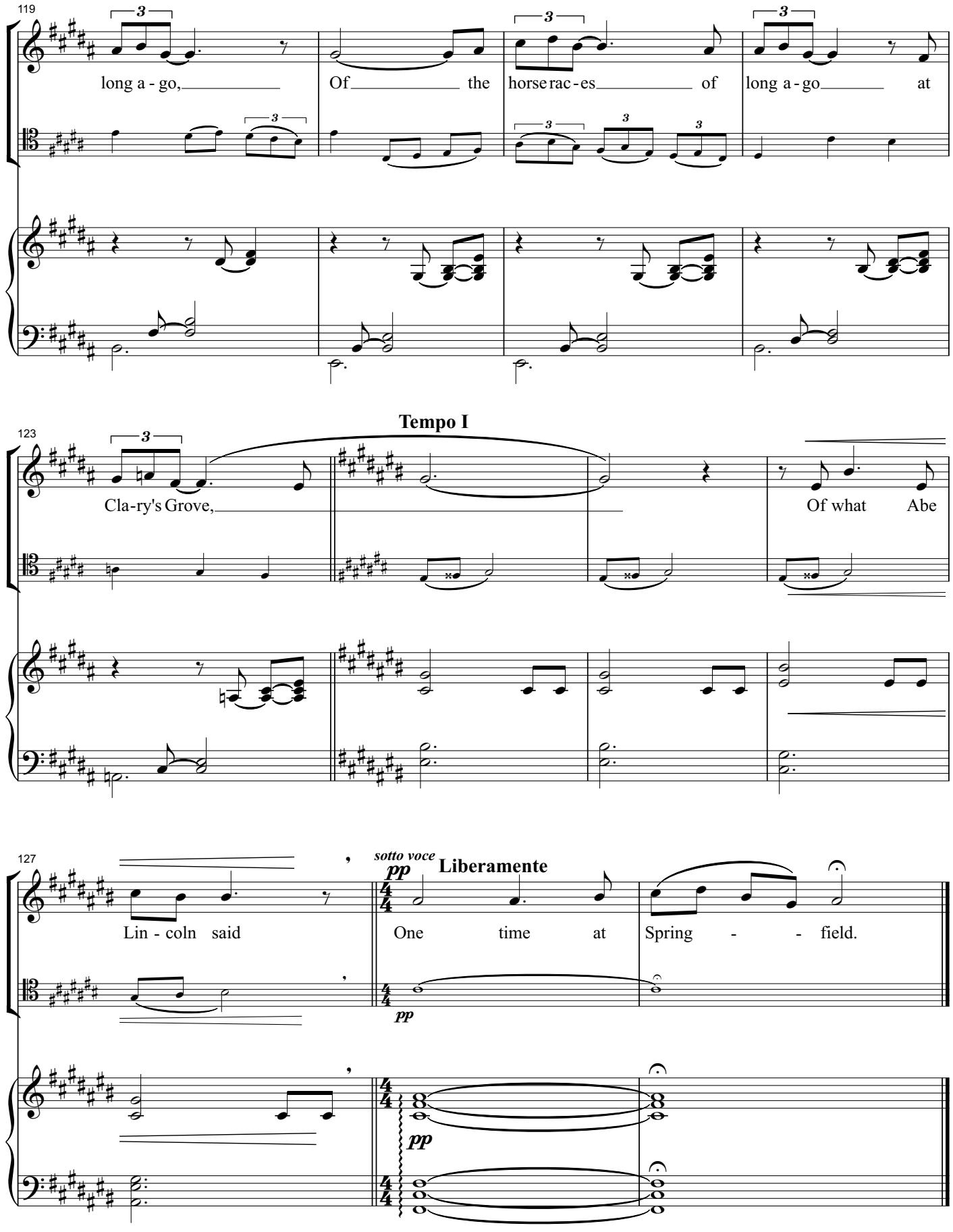

60
dim.
One of a brok-en pride, in the search for heart's de-sire,
One af-ter life in far a-way Lon-don and Par-is Was
dim.
dim.
63
rall.
Liberamente
brought to her lit-tle space by El - la and Kate and Mag
All, all are
pp sotto voce
66
A tempo
sleep- ing, sleep- ing, sleep-ing on the hill.
Where are Un-cle I - saac
mf

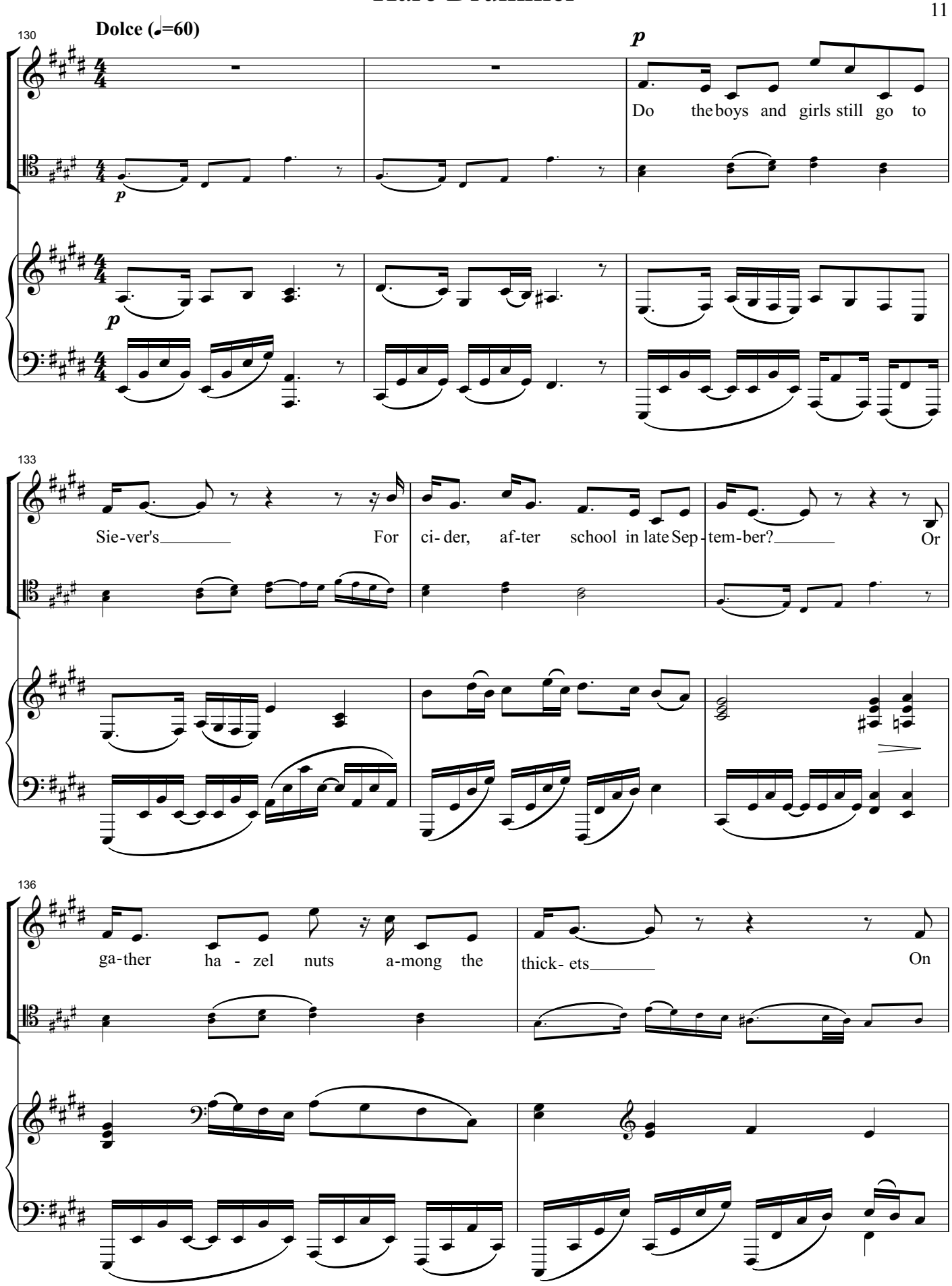

70
and Aunt E - mi - ly And old Town - y Kin - caid and Se - vi - gne Hough - ton, And Ma - jor Walk - er
74
who had talked With ve - ner - a - ble men of the re - vo - lu - tion?
78
rall.
Liberamente
pp
sotto voce
All, all are
pp
pp

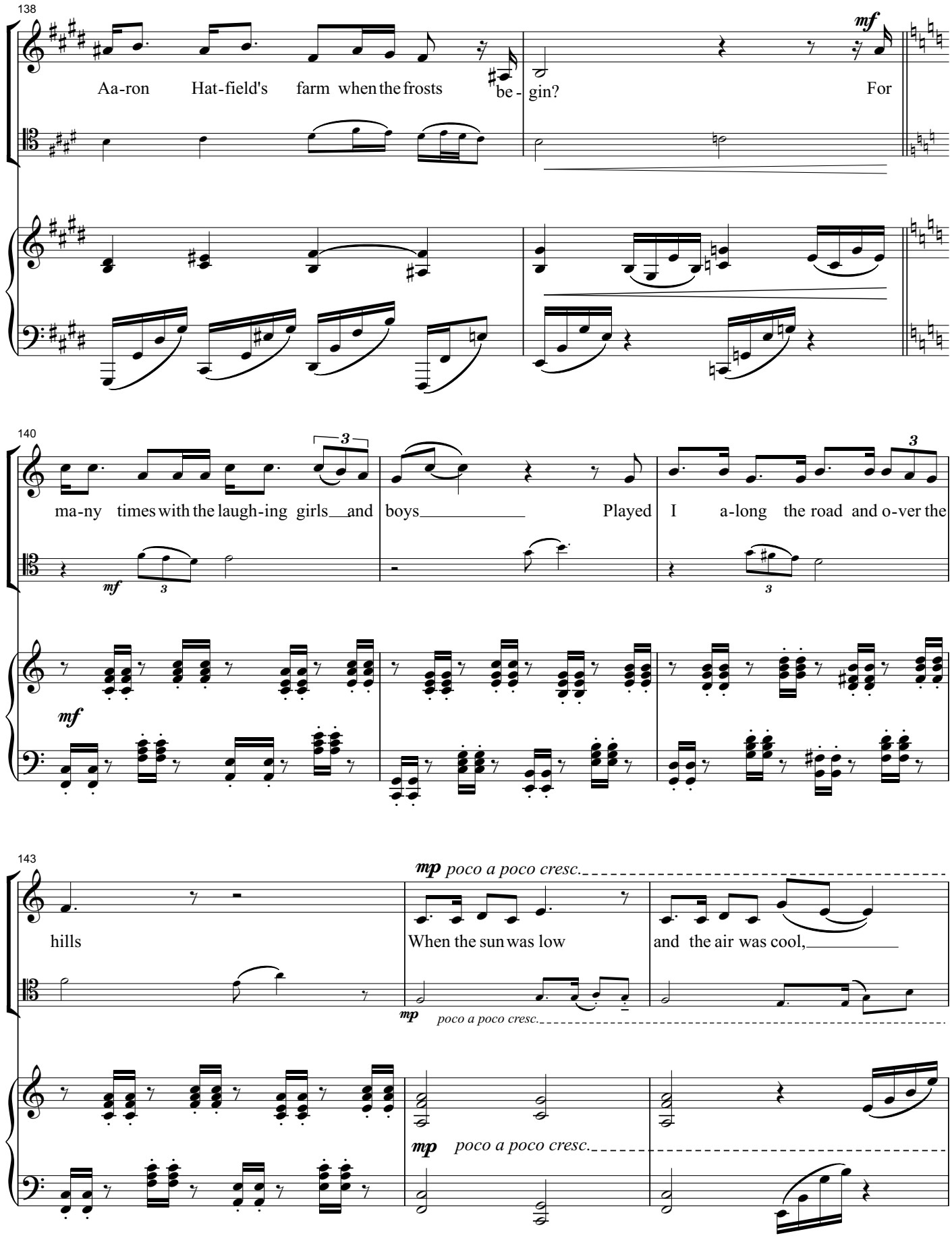

83
A tempo
mf
sleep-ing on the hill.
They brought them dead
sons from the war,
86
f
And daugh - ters
whom life had crushed,
And their chil - dren
fath-er-less,
90
rall.
Liberamente
pp
sotto voce
cry-ing,
cry-ing,
All, all are
sleep-ing, sleep-ing,

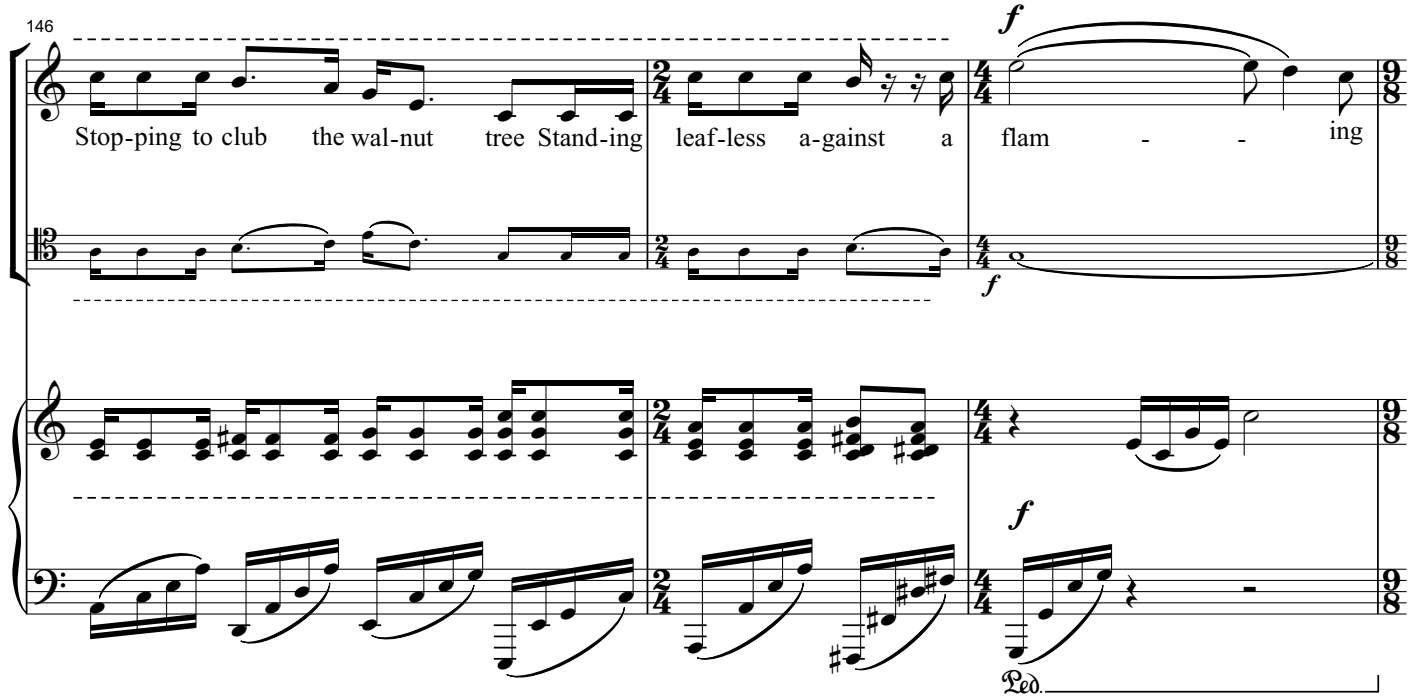

95
A tempo
p
sleep-ing on the hill.
Where is Old
Fidd-ler Jones
p
p
99
Who played with life all his nine-ty years,
103
Brav-ing the sleet with bared breast, Drink - ing,

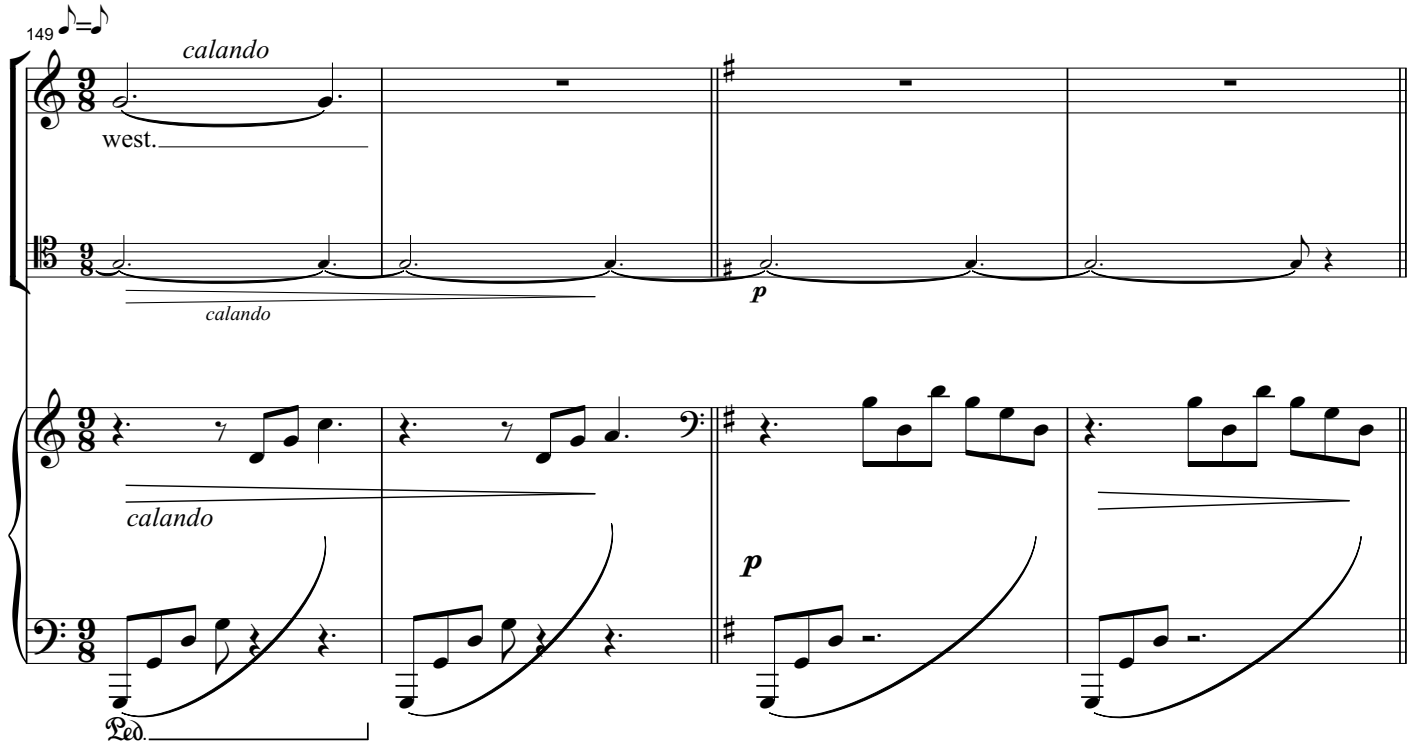

107
ri - ot - ing,
think-ing neith - er of wife nor kin,
111
Nor gold, nor love, nor heav-en?
115
poco rall.
Poco meno mosso
pp dolce, sotto voce
Lo! he bab-bles of the fish-frys of
3

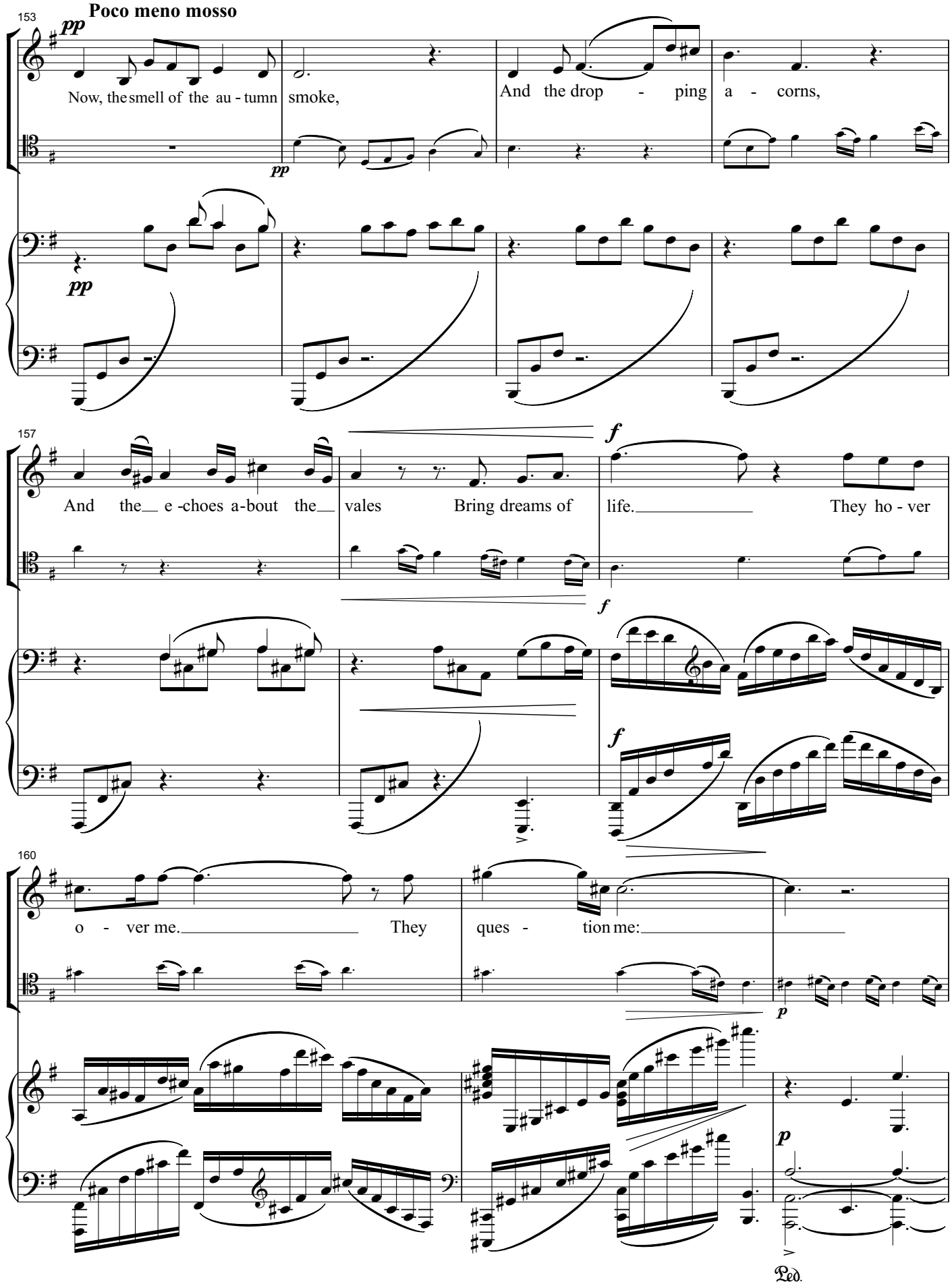

119
long a - go,
Of
the
horse rac - es
of
long a - go
at
123
Tempo I
Cla-ry's Grove,
Of what
Abe
127
sotto voce
pp
Liberamente
Lin - coln said
One
time
at
Spring
-
-
field.
pp
pp
pp

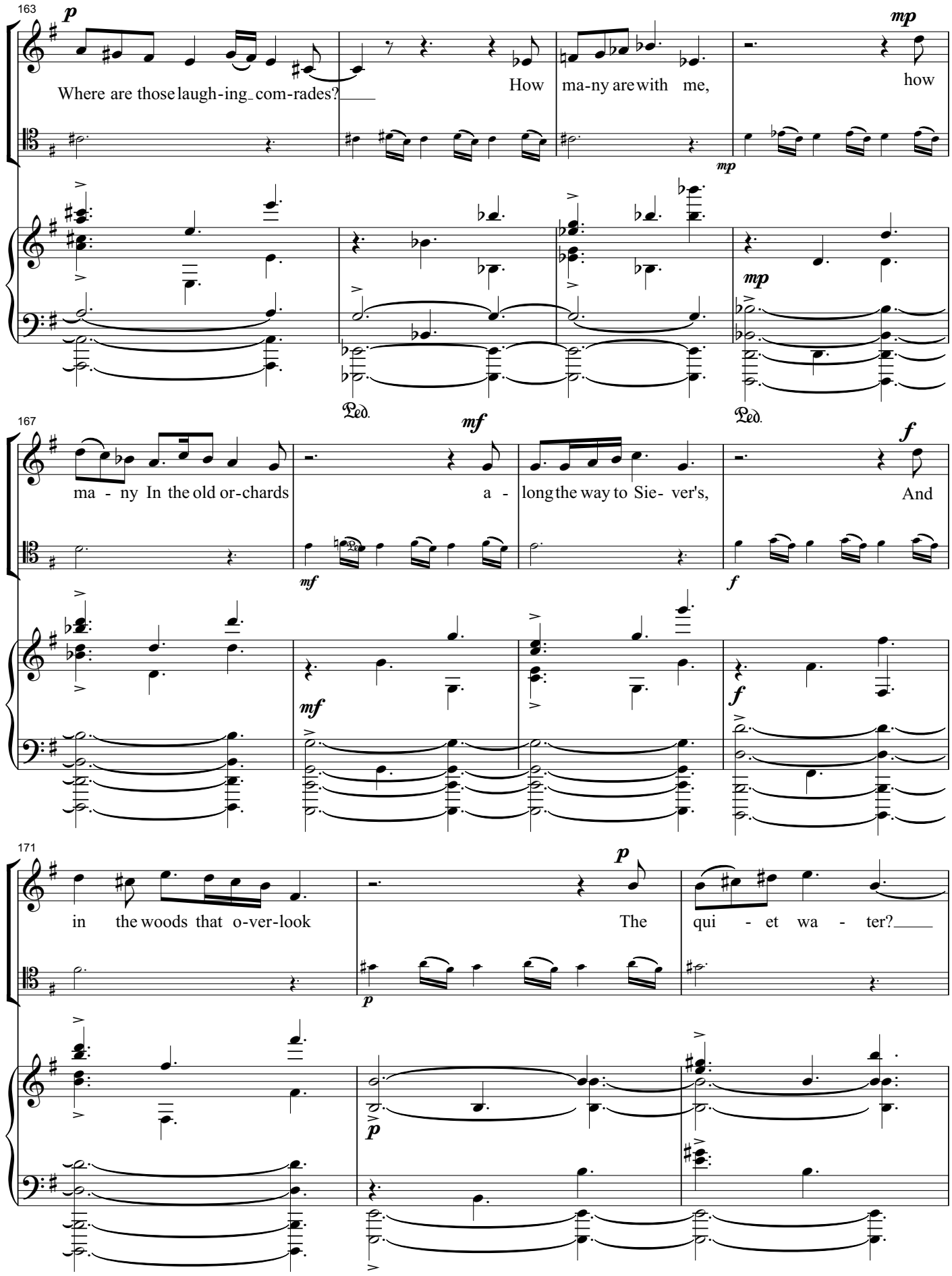

130
Dolce (♩=60)
p
Do the boys and girls still go to
133
Sie-ver's For ci-der, af-ter school in late Sep-tem-ber? Or
136
ga-ther ha - zel nuts a-mong the thick- ets On

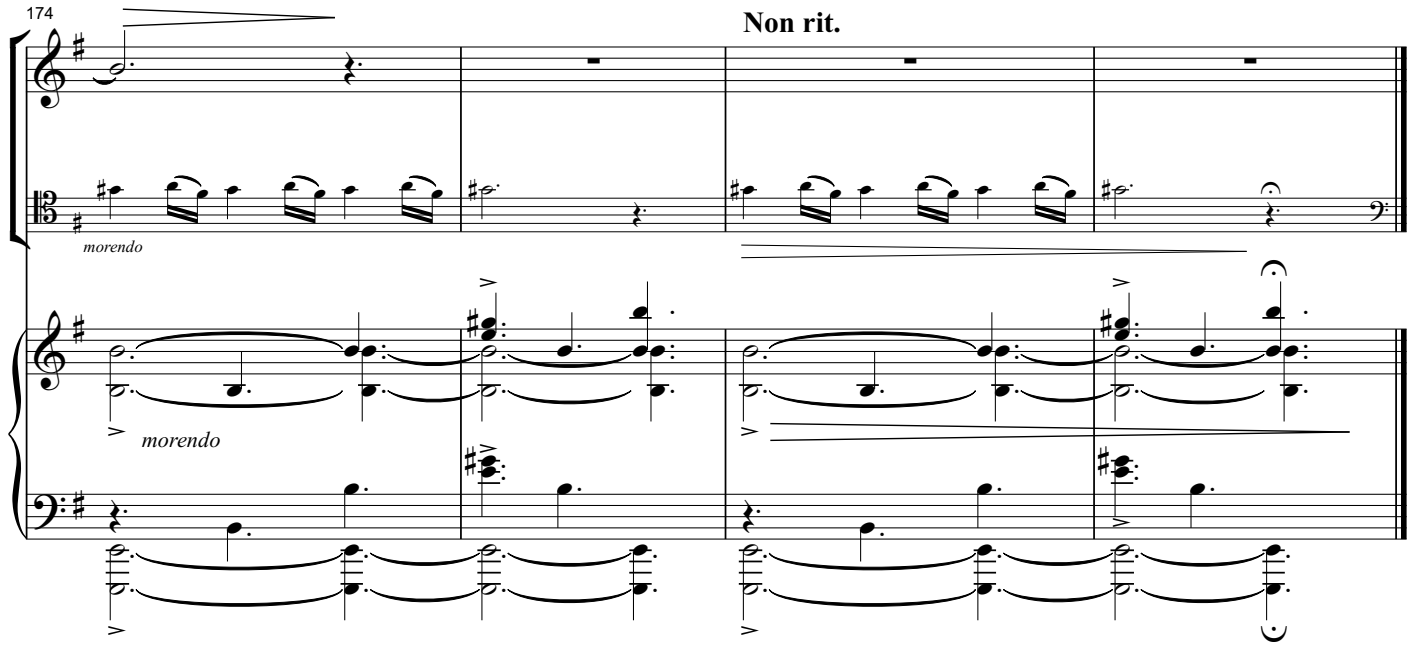

138
Aa-ron Hat-field's farm when the frosts be - gin? For
mf
140
ma-ny times with the laugh-ing girls and boys Played I a-long the road and o-ver the
mf
3
143
hills When the sun was low and the air was cool,
mp poco a poco cresc.
mp poco a poco cresc.
mp poco a poco cresc.


146
Stop-ping to club the wal-nut tree Stand-ing leaf-less a-gainst a flam - - ing
f
f
f
Ped.


149
calando
west.
calando
p
calando
p
Ped.


153
Poco meno mosso
pp
Now, the smell of the au - tumn smoke,
And the drop - ping a - corns,
157
And the e -choes a-bout the vales
Bring dreams of life.
They ho - ver
f
160
o - ver me.
They ques - tion me:
p
Ped.


163
p
mp
Where are those laugh-ing_com-rades?
How ma-ny are with me,
how
mp
mp
Ped.
Ped.
167
mf
f
ma - ny In the old or-chards
a -
long the way to Sie- ver's,
And
mf
mf
f
f
171
p
in the woods that o-ver-look
The
qui - et wa - ter?
p
p


174
Non rit.
morendo
morendo

178

Agitato (♩ = 144)

pizz.

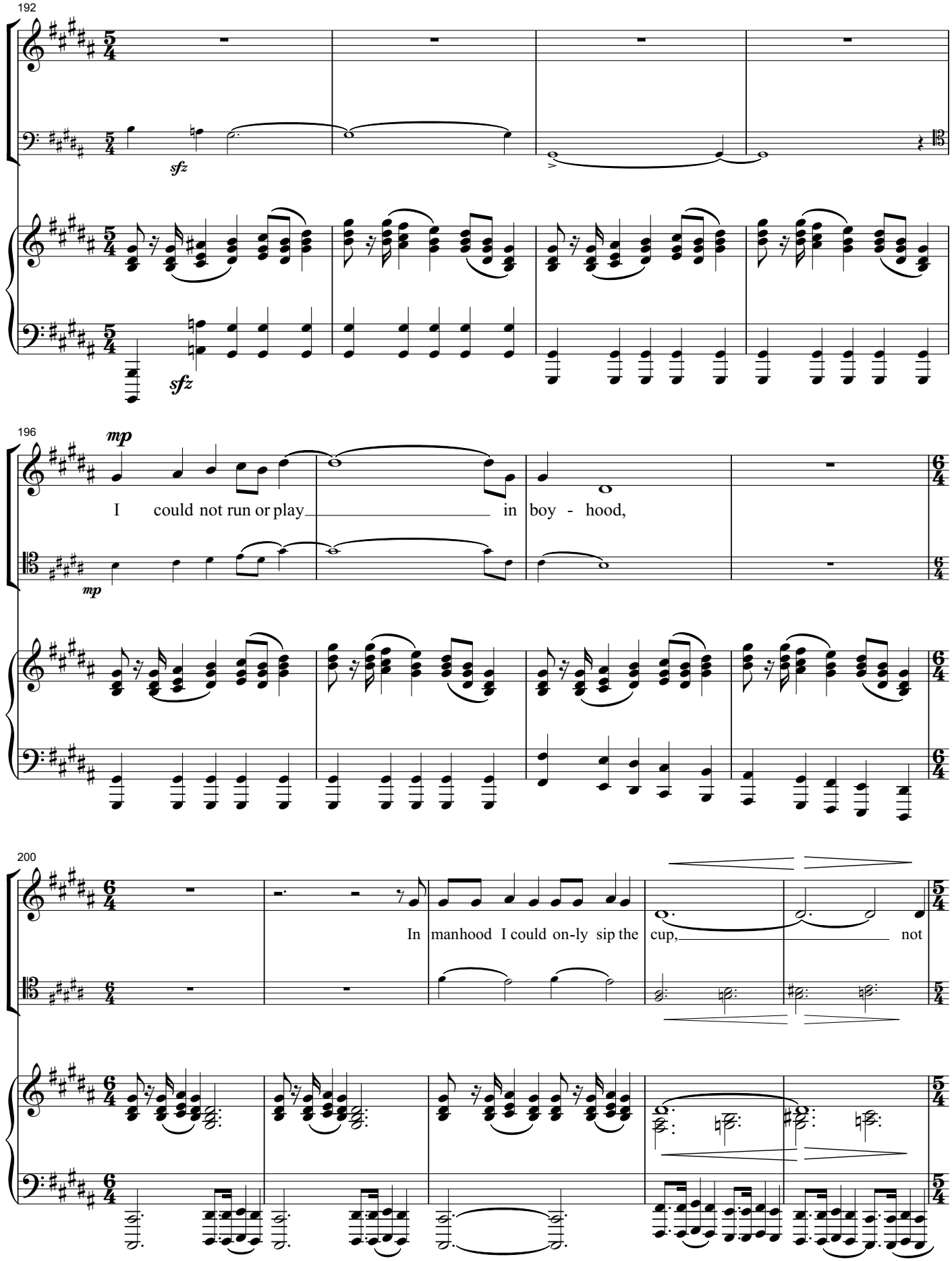
mp

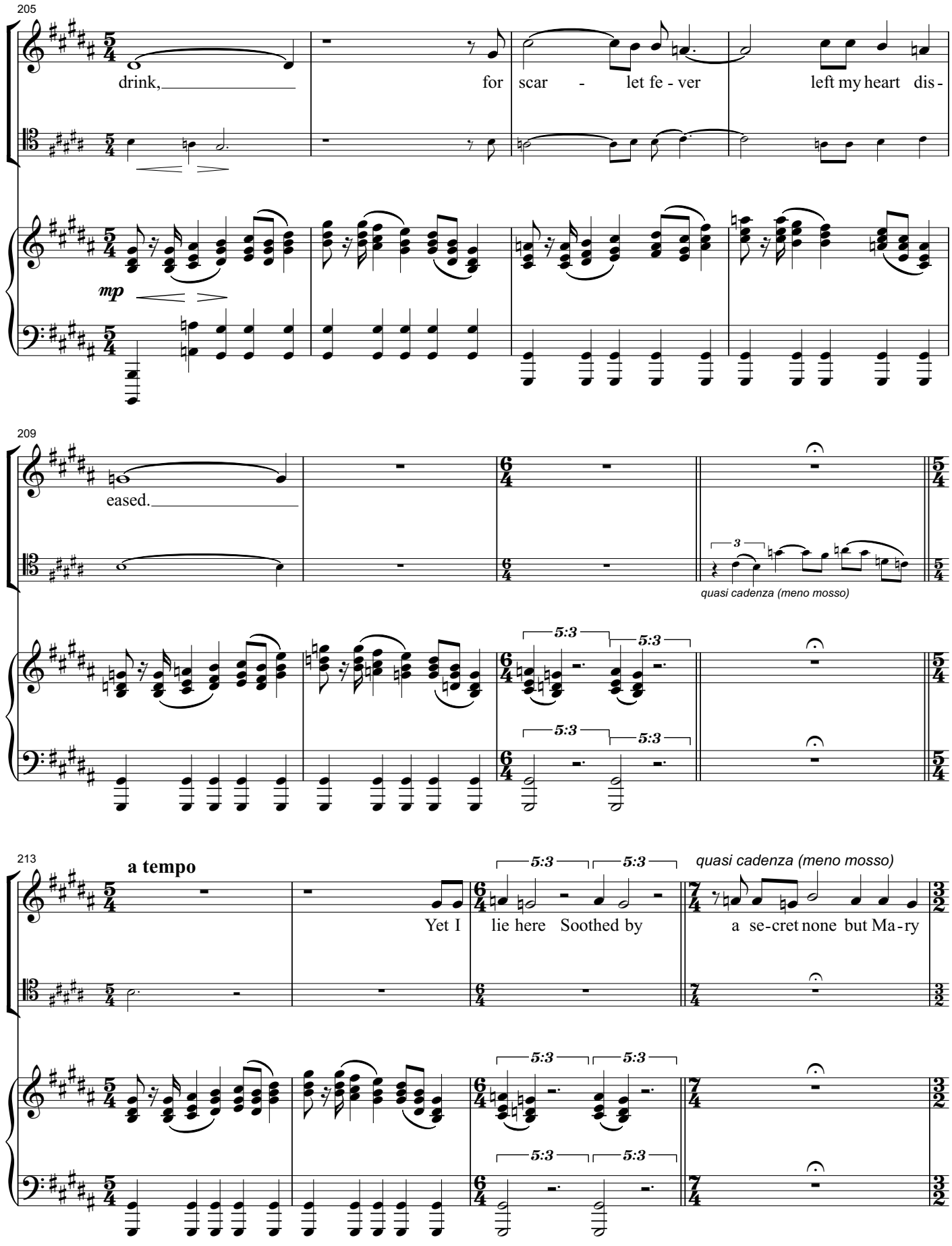
mp

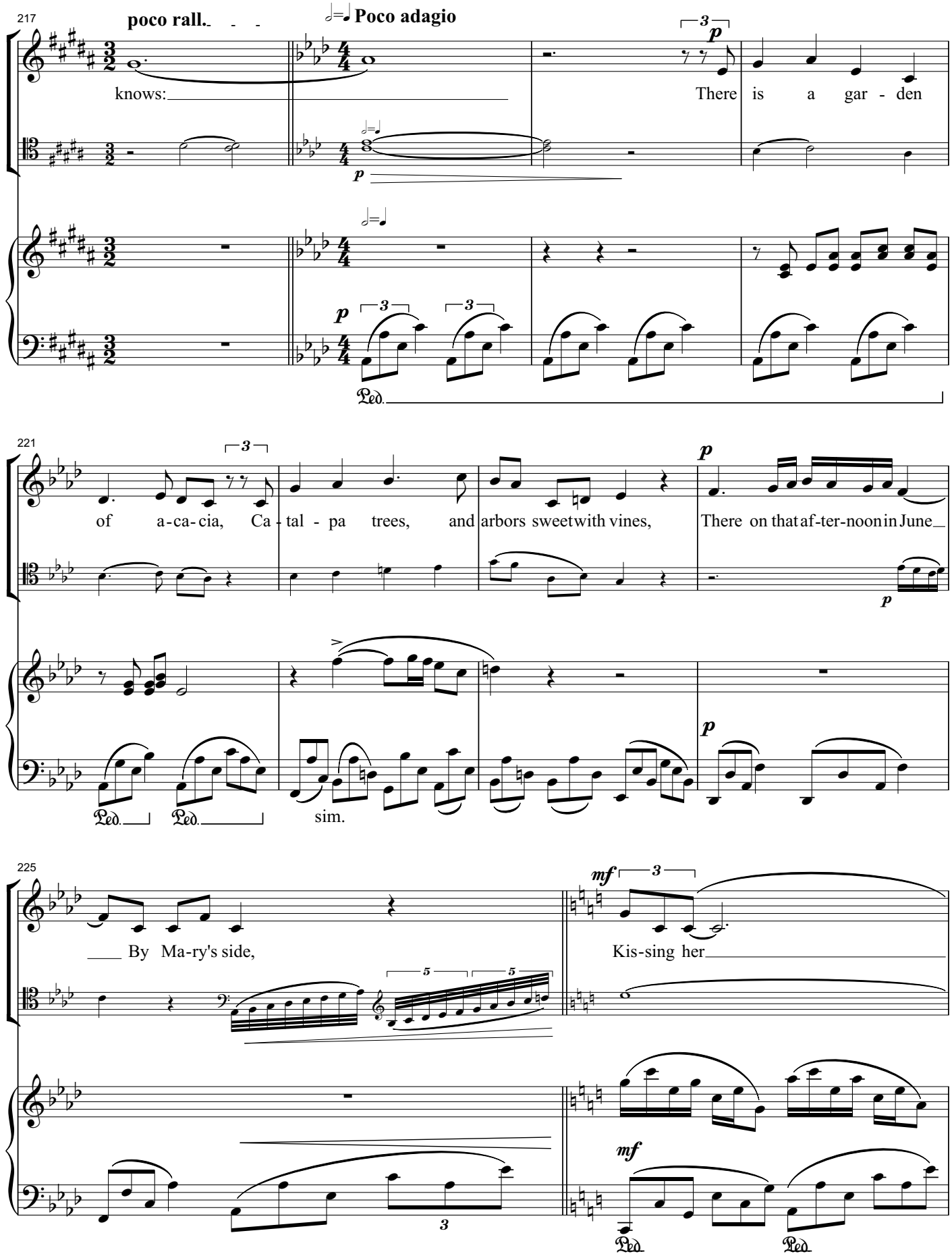
183

187

arco


192
sfz
sfz
196
mp
mp
I could not run or play in boy - hood,
200
In manhood I could on-ly sip the cup, not


205
drink,
for scar - let fe - ver left my heart dis -
mp
209
eased.
3
quasi cadenza (meno mosso)
5:3
5:3
5:3
5:3
213
a tempo
Yet I lie here Soothed by
5:3
5:3
quasi cadenza (meno mosso)
a se-cret none but Ma-ry
5:3
5:3
5:3
5:3


217
poco rall.
Poco adagio
knows:
There is a gar - den
221
of a - ca - cia, Ca - tal - pa trees, and arbors sweet with vines,
There on that af - ter - noon in June
sim.
225
By Ma - ry's side,
Kis - sing her

227

poco accel.

with my soul up-on my lips

230

with my soul up-on my lips

233

f *molto*

3

It sud-den-ly took flight.

Widow McFarlane

Maestoso (♩ = 60)

235

f

I was the Wid - ow Mc

mf

mf

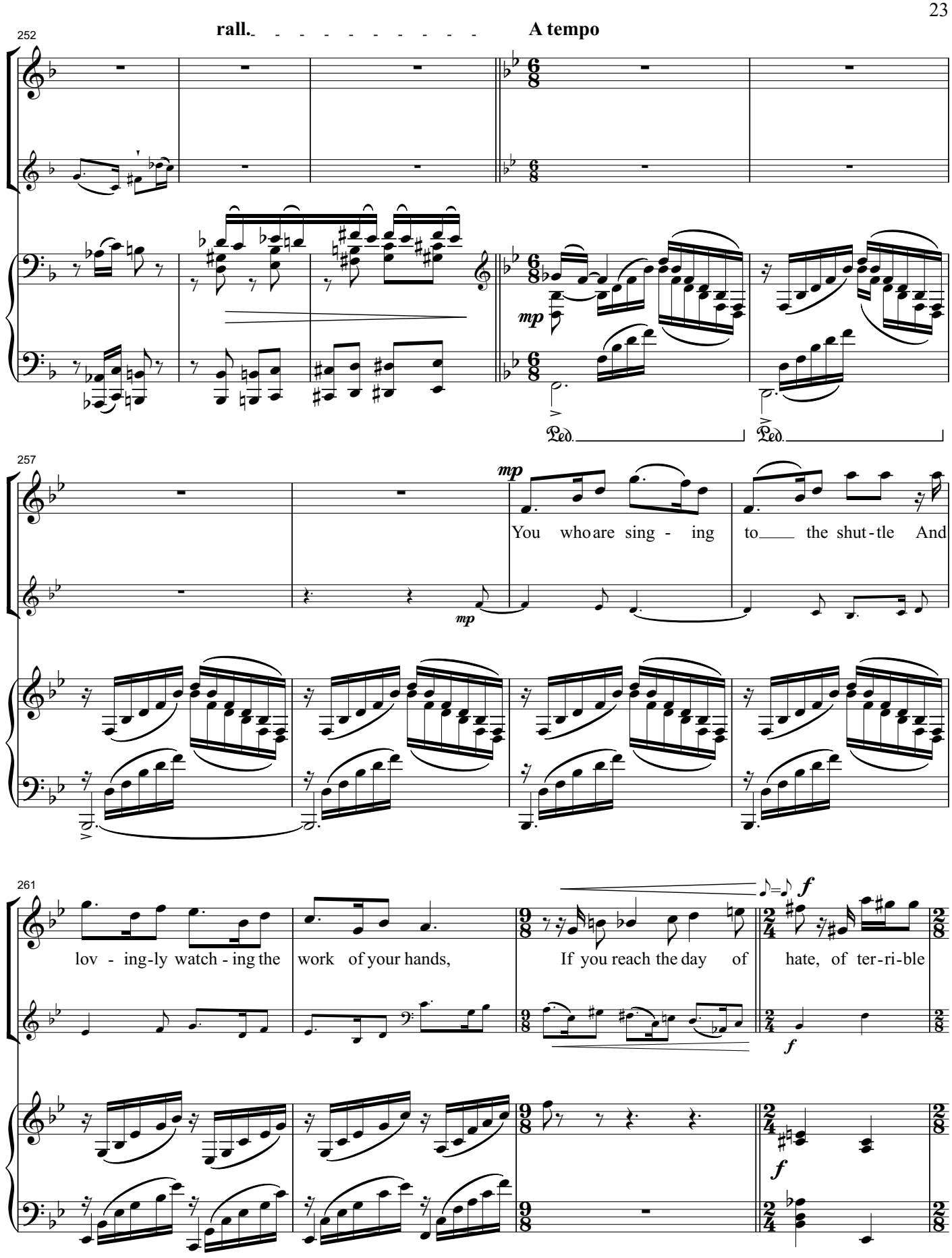
f

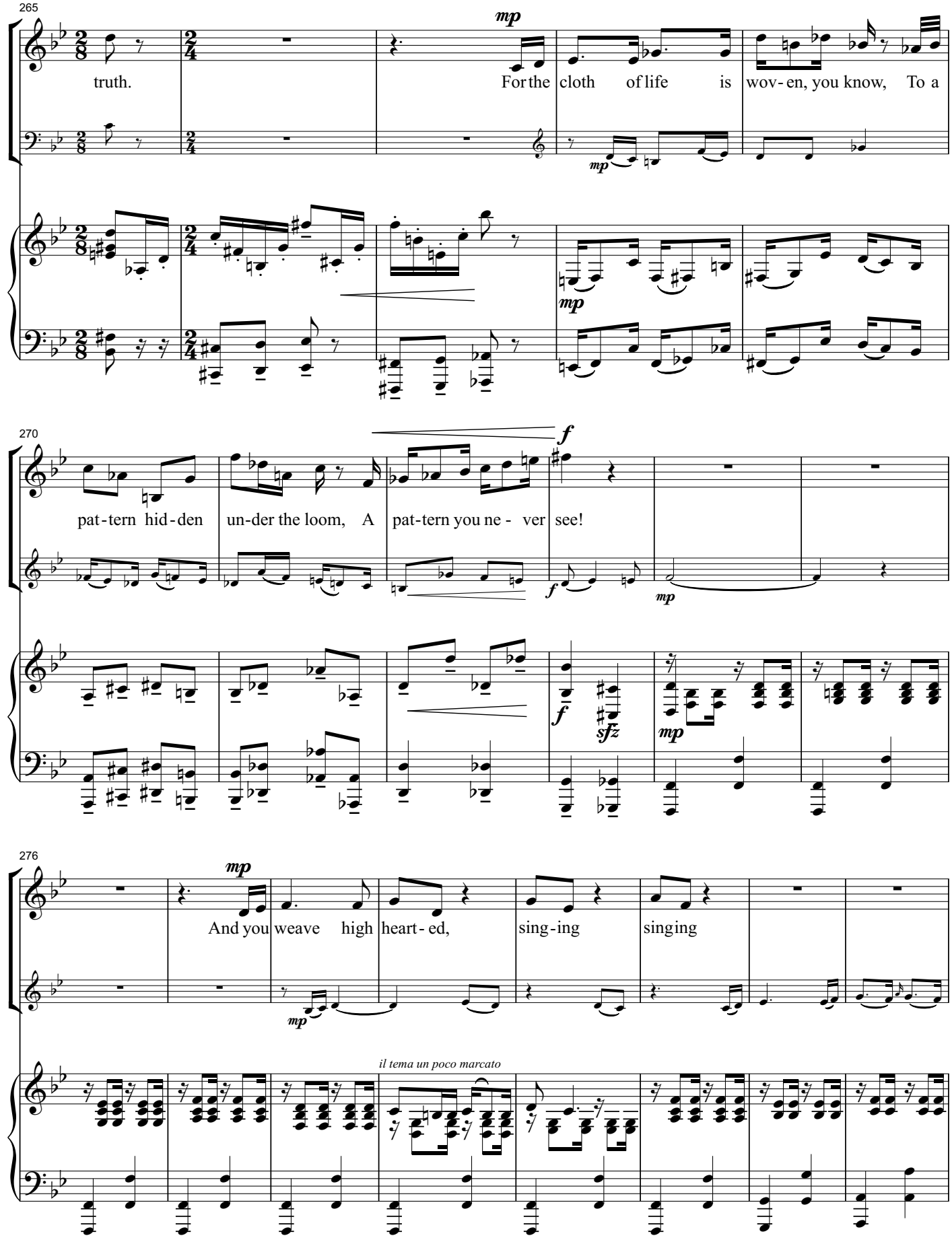
241

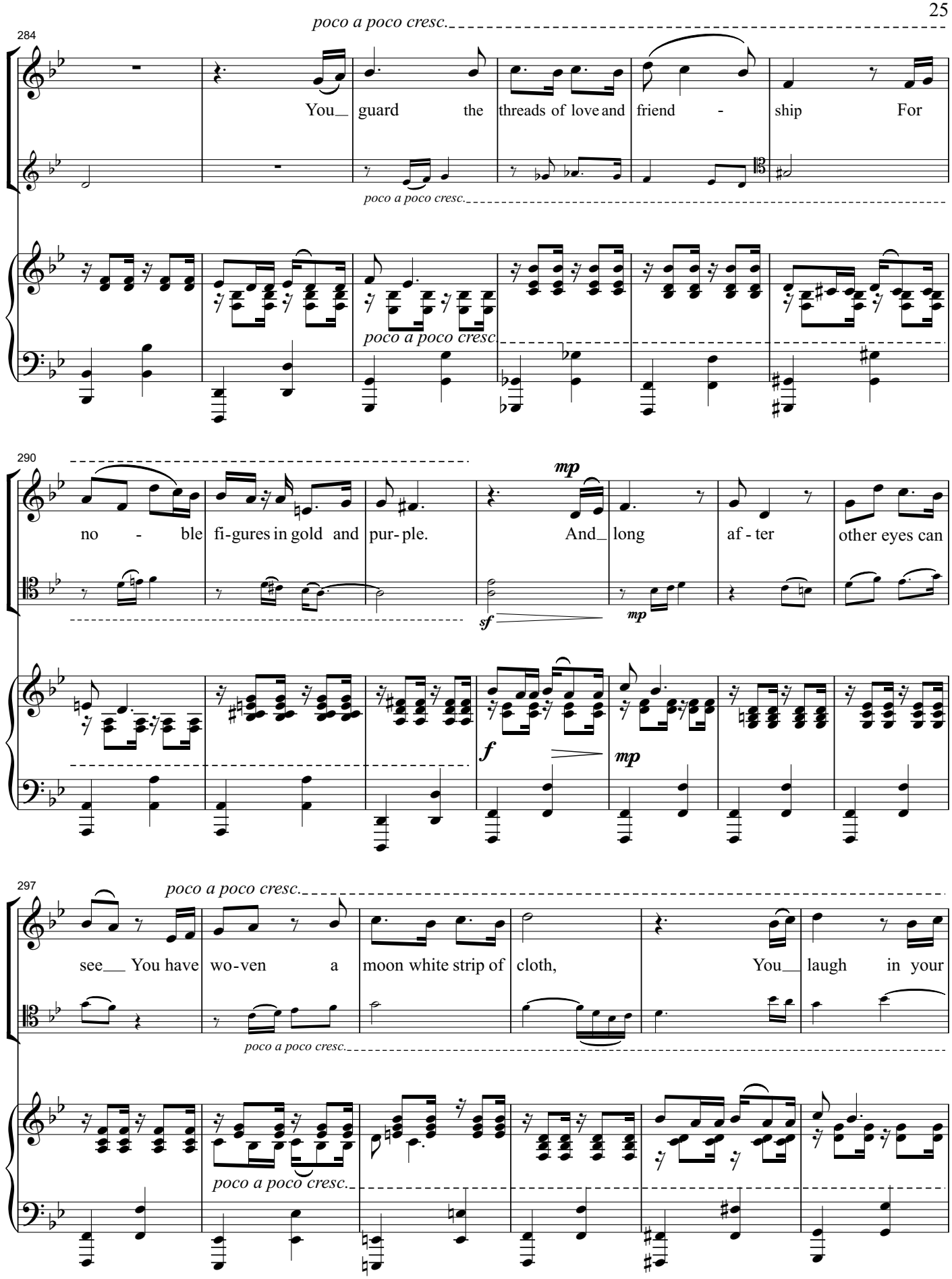
Far - lane, Weav - er of car - pets for all the vil - lage. And I

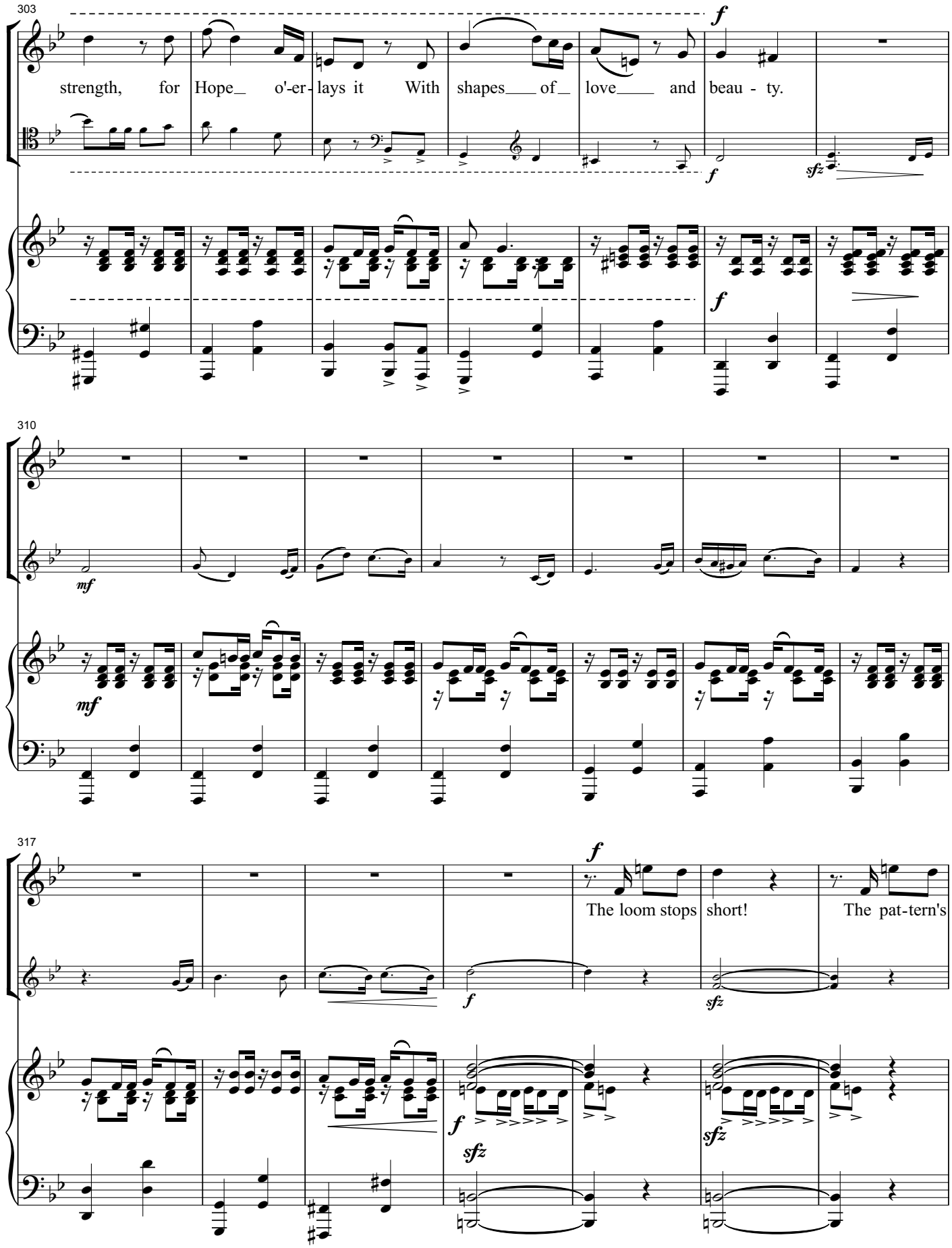
246

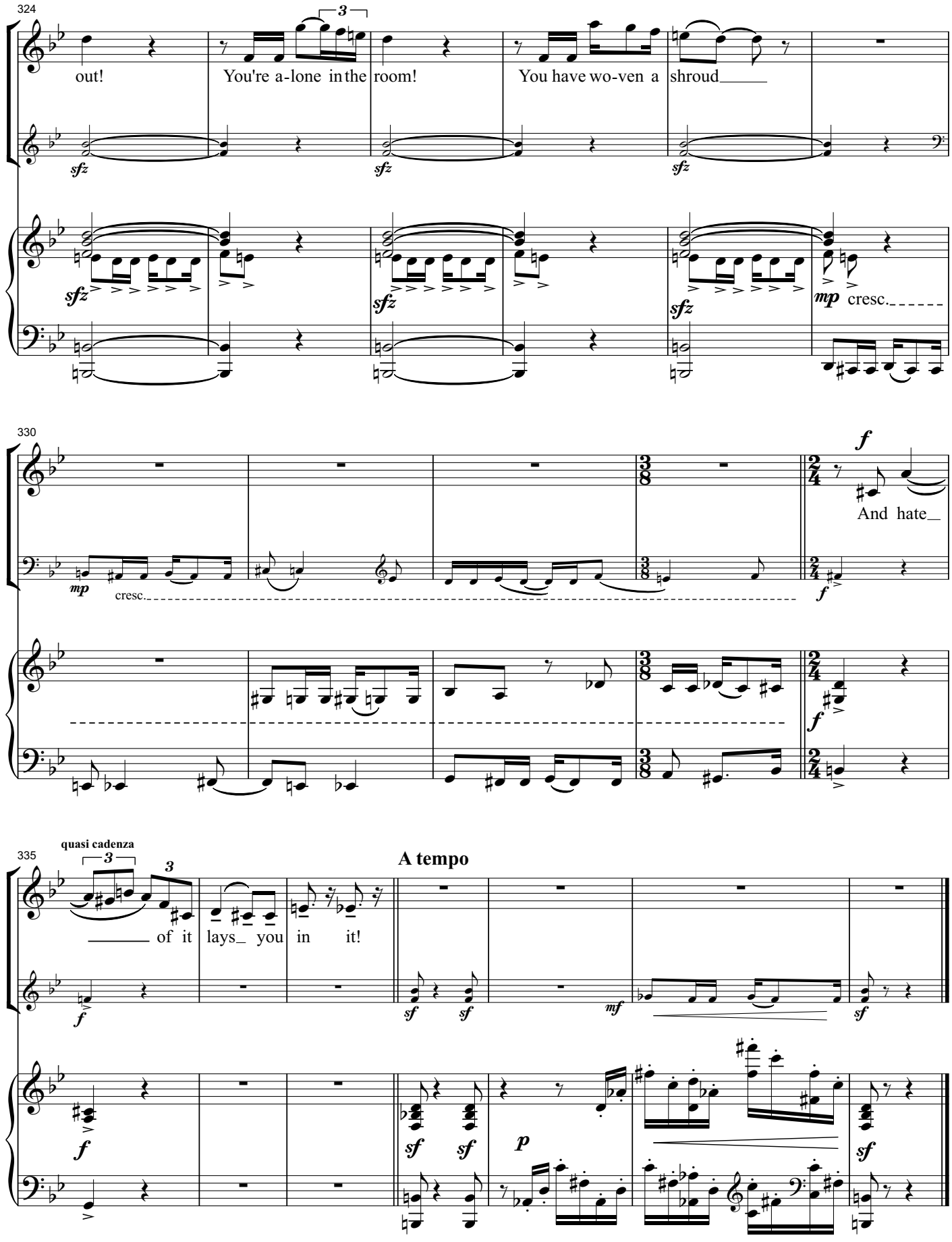
pi - ty you still at the loom of life,

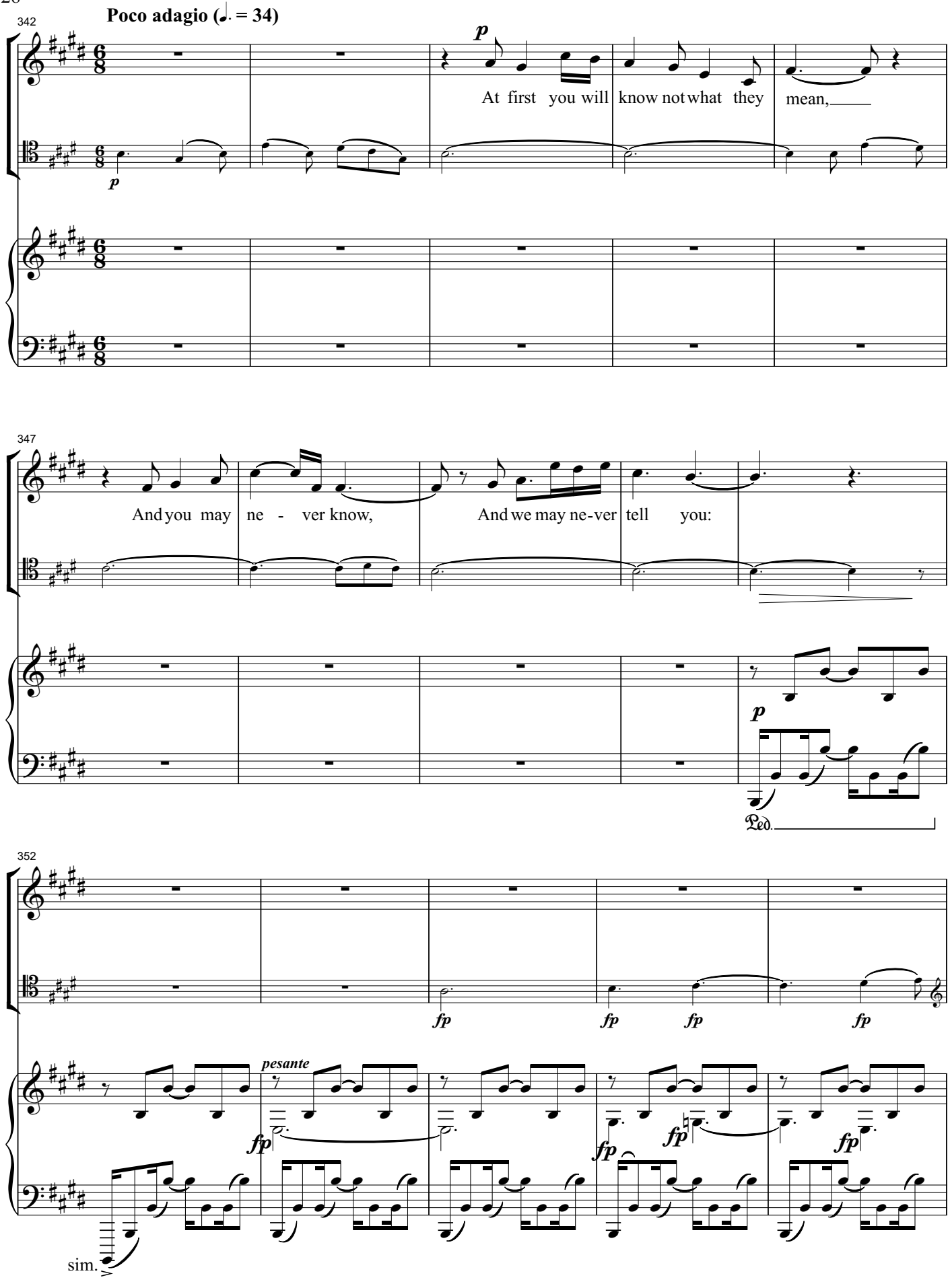

252
rall.
A tempo
mp
Ped.
Ped.
257
mp
mp
You who are sing - ing to the shut - tle And
261
lov - ing-ly watch - ing the work of your hands,
If you reach the day of
hate, of ter-ri-ble
f
f
f
f

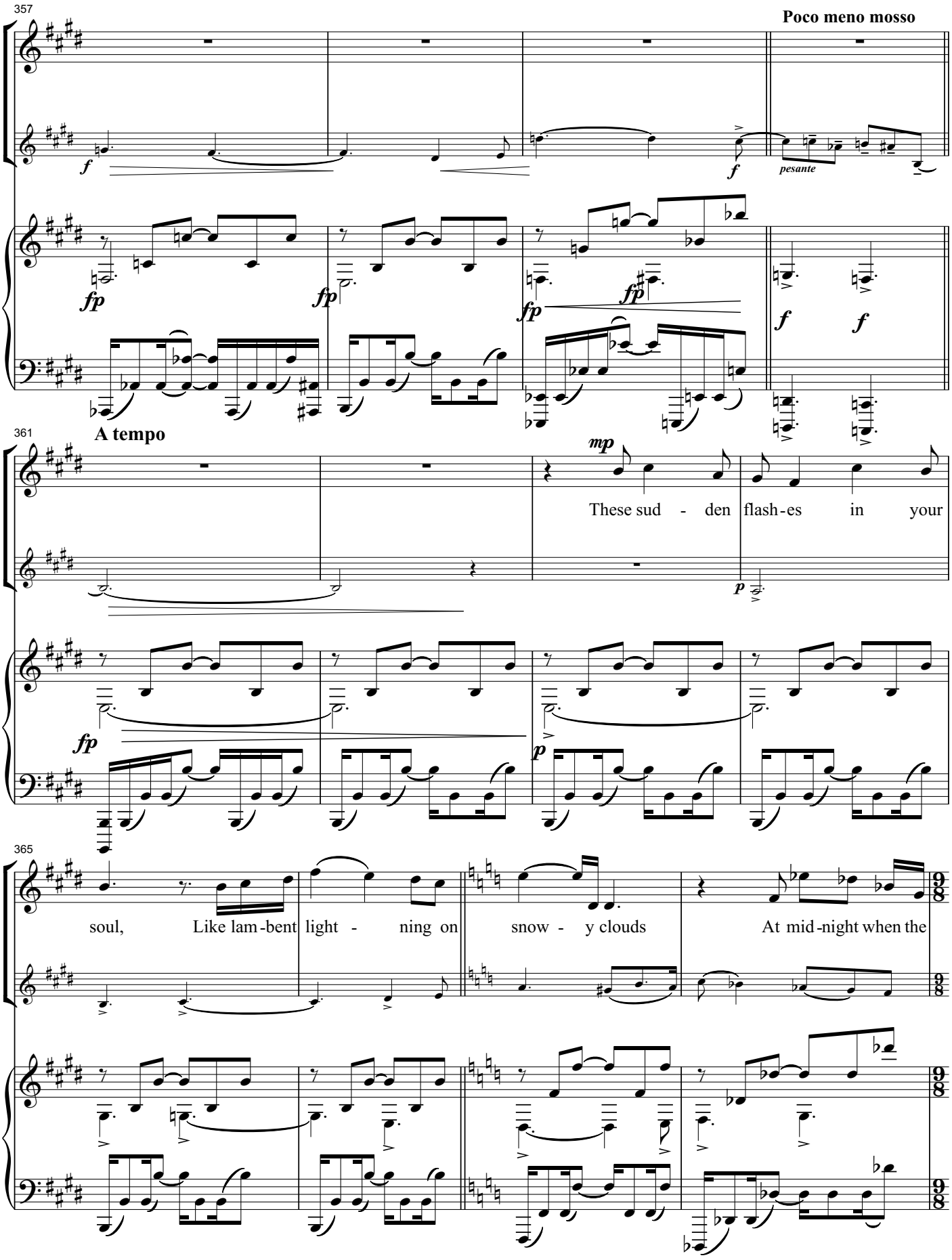

265
truth.
mp
For the cloth of life is wov- en, you know, To a
mp
mp
270
pat - tern hid - den un-der the loom, A pat-tern you ne - ver see!
f
f
mp
f
sfz
mp
276
mp
And you weave high heart - ed, sing - ing singing
mp
il tema un poco marcato

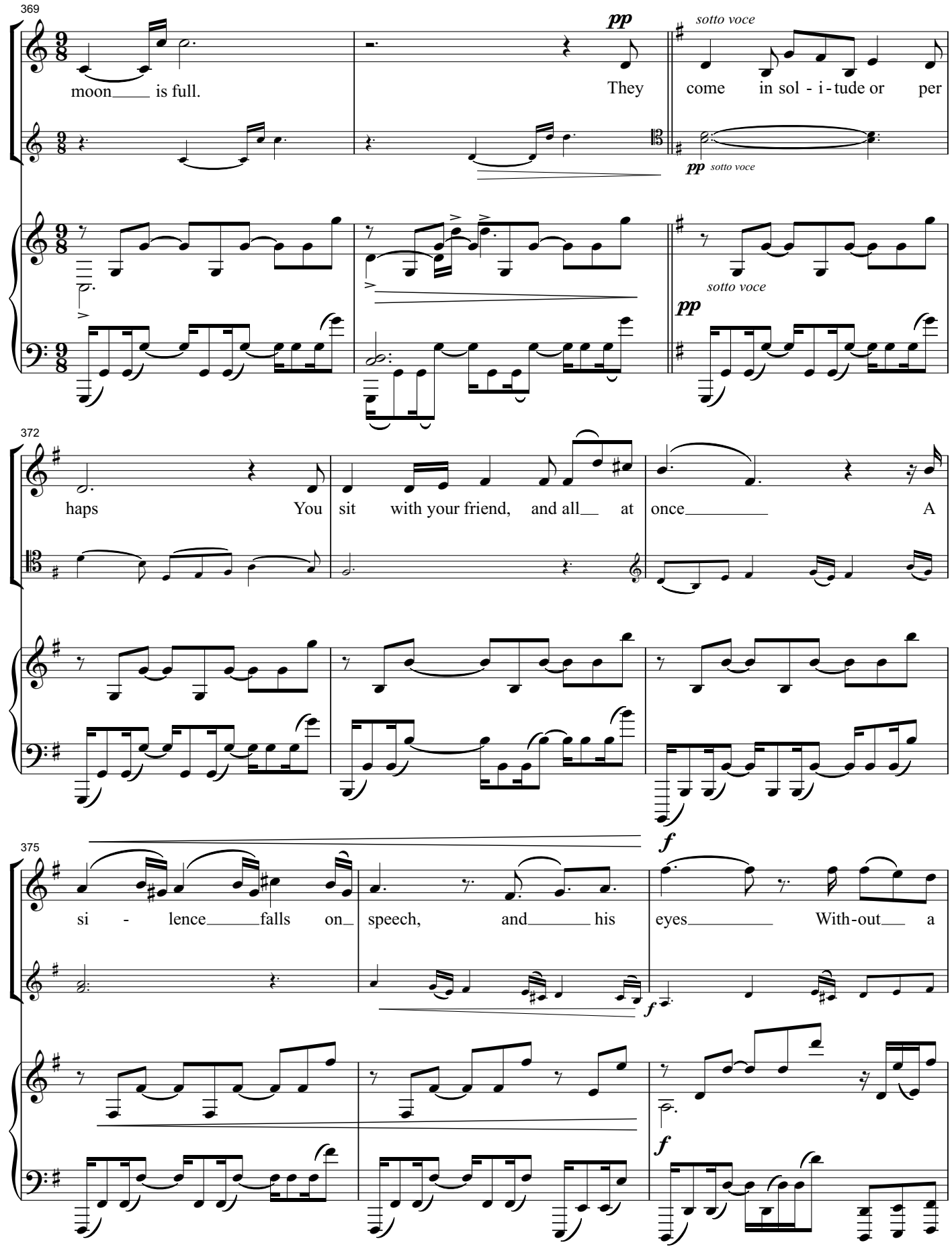

poco a poco cresc.
284
You_ guard the threads of love and friend - ship For
poco a poco cresc.
poco a poco cresc.
290
no - ble fi-gures in gold and pur-ple. And_ long af - ter other eyes can
mp
sf
mp
f
mp
297
poco a poco cresc.
see___ You have wo-ven a moon white strip of cloth, You___ laugh in your
poco a poco cresc.
poco a poco cresc.

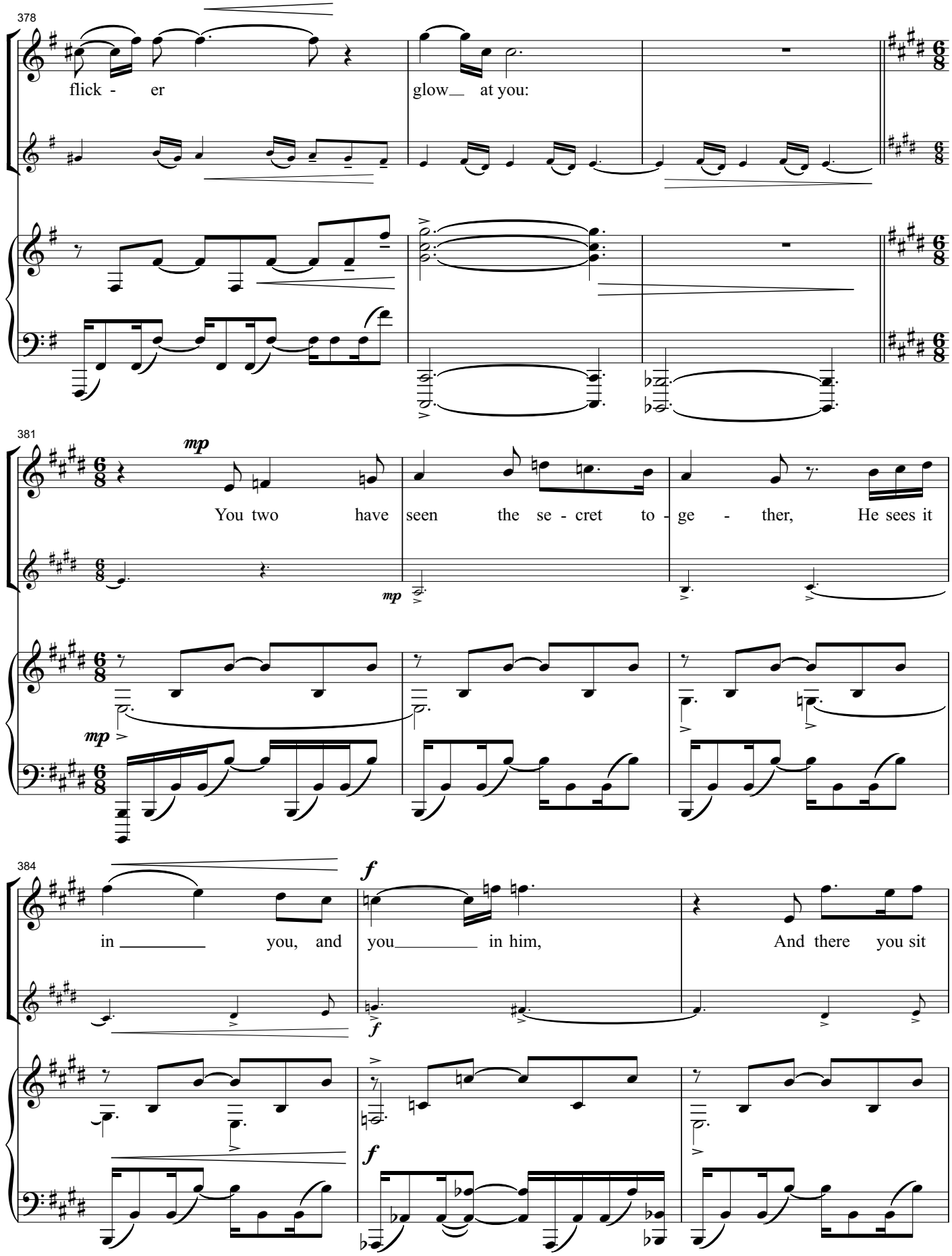

303
strength, for Hope o'-er- lays it With shapes of love and beau - ty.
f
f
sfz
f
310
mf
mf
317
f
The loom stops short! The pat-tern's
f
sfz
f
sfz
sfz
sfz

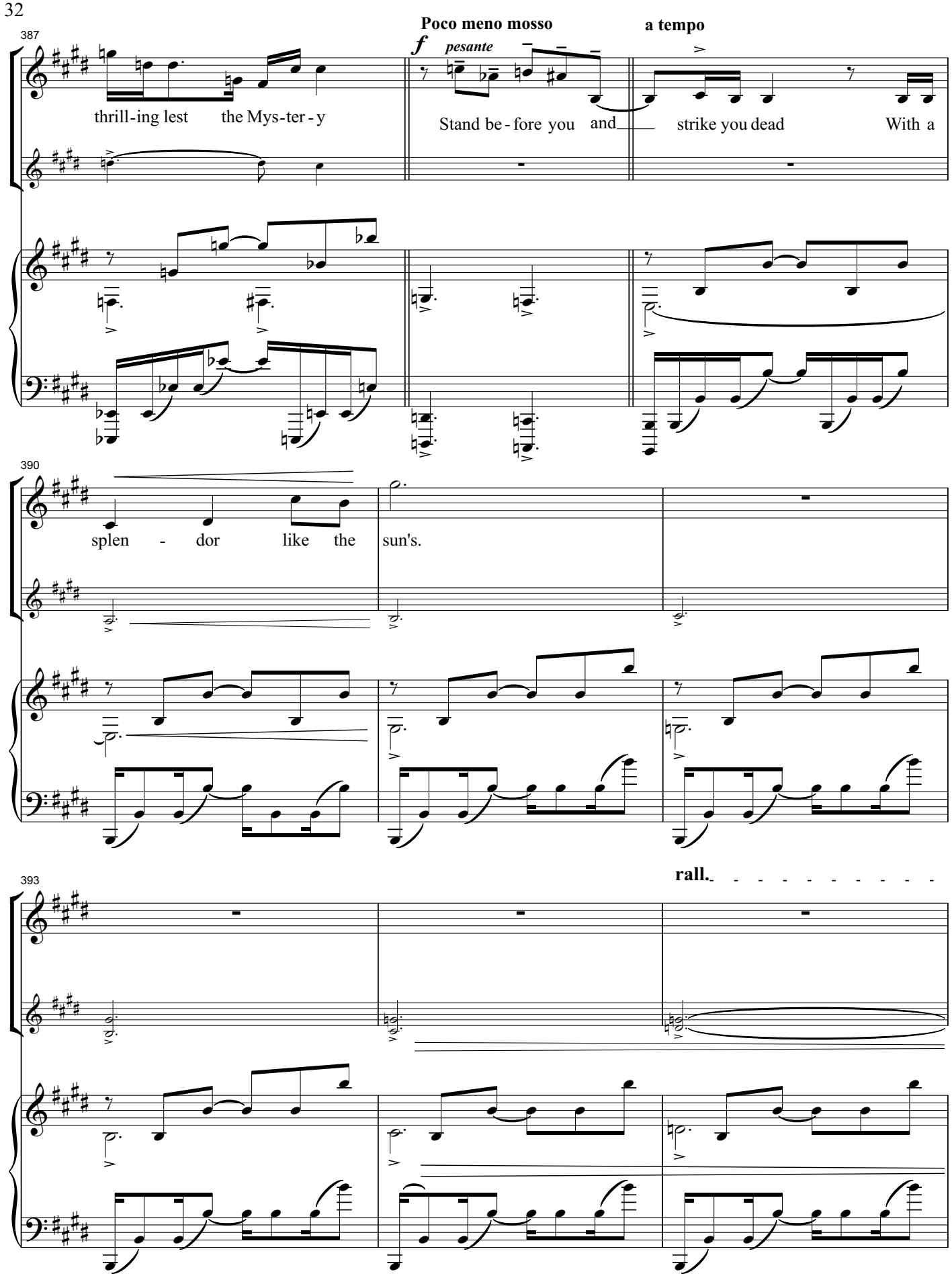

324
out!
You're a-lone in the room!
You have wo-ven a shroud
sfz
mp cresc.
330
cresc.
f
And hate
quasi cadenza
335
of it lays you in it!
A tempo
mf
p

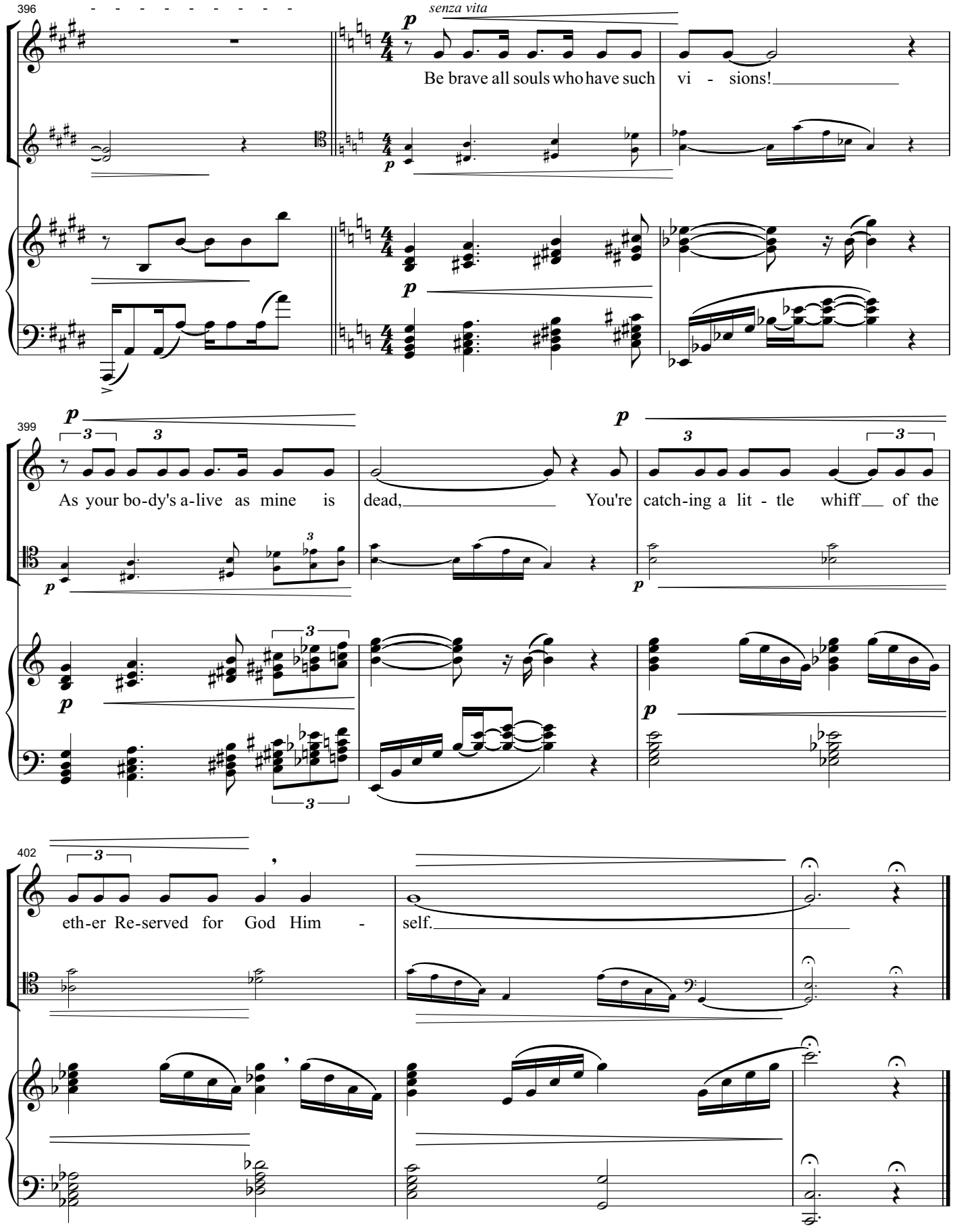

342
Poco adagio (♩. = 34)
p
p
At first you will know not what they mean,
347
And you may ne - ver know,
And we may ne-ver tell you:
p
Ped.
352
fp
fp
fp
fp
pesante
fp
fp
fp
fp
sim.


357
Poco meno mosso
f
f
pesante
fp
fp
fp
fp
f
f
361
A tempo
mp
These sud - den flash - es in your
p
fp
p
365
soul, Like lam - bent light - ning on snow - y clouds At mid - night when the


369
moon is full.
pp
They
sotto voce
come in sol - i - tude or per
pp sotto voce
sotto voce
pp
372
haps You sit with your friend, and all at once A
375
si - lence falls on speech, and his eyes With-out a
f
f
f


378
flick - er
glow__ at you:
381
mp
You two have seen the se - cret to - ge - ther, He sees it
mp
mp
384
f
in ____ you, and
you____ in him,
And there you sit
f
f


387
Poco meno mosso
a tempo
f
pesante
thrill-ing lest the Mys-ter-y
Stand be-fore you and
strike you dead
With a
390
splen - dor like the
sun's.
393
rall.


396
senza vita
Be brave all souls who have such vi - sions!
399
As your bo-dy's a-live as mine is dead, You're catch-ing a lit - tle whiff of the
402
eth-er Re-served for God Him - self.