

Yarns

From day, or week, or year, or night,
The ballad of the north and the
The dew shall weep the fall to-night,
For thus must die.

From now, when her wings and hair
Bids the east gate wipe the eye,
The west is over in its gear,
And thus must die.

From spring, full of sweet days and tears,
A day when waters compassed the,
My music shows ye how your tears,
And all must die.

Only a name and memory end,
Like woman's shadow never given,
But though the whole world were to end,
Thus shall they live.

George Herbert

Duration: c. 5 minutes

Commissioned by Wilshire County and
Ludlow Festival for 1982/3

Virtue

Gregg Rolie

Justin Day

Very quiet $\text{♩} = 60$

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Piano

Lyrics: Virtue, she is not, is not, is high.

