

A SONG OF ENCHANTMENT

BENJAMIN BRITTEN



Moderately slow

rall. . . .

6/8 *pp*

2 2

a tempo p

A Song of En-chant-ment I sang me there, In a green-green wood, by

always pp and smooth

2 2

2 *p*

wa - ters fair, Just as the words came up to me I sang it un-der the

2 *p*

2

wild wood tree. Wid-der-shins turn'd I, sing-ing it low,

pp *p smooth*

2 2

One by one the case-ments catch Her beams be - neath the sil - ve - ry

express.

thatch; Couched in his ken - nel, like a log, With paws of

pp trem.

p

sil - ver sleeps the dog; *

3/4 r.h.

rapid

2/4

pp lively

A har - vest mouse goes scam - per - ing by,

2/4 pp

3/4

*Two lines omitted here. See Prefatory Note.

f

Lug you home o - ver his fence, Tom Nod-dy, Of thorn-stocks* nine yards high, With your

f sustained

broadening

bent knees strung round his old iron gun And your head dan - dan - gling by: And

f

più rall.

hang you up stiff on a hook, Tom Nod-dy, From a stone-cold pan - try shelf, Whence your

f broadly

tremendous

eyes will glare in an emp - ty stare, Till you are cook'd your - self!

f

(1928)

*See Prefatory Note.