YEATS SONGS
For TTBB Chorus and Piano

I. The Wheel
II. To a Squirrel at Kyle-Na-No
III. Drinking Song

Poems by
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Music by
BRUCE TRINKLEY
Yeats Songs
Poems by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

I. The Wheel
Through winter-time we call on spring,
And through the spring on summer call,
And when abounding hedges ring
Declare that winter’s best of all;
And after that there’s nothing good
Because the spring-time has not come –
Nor know that what disturbs our blood
Is but its longing for the tomb.

II. To a Squirrel
Come play with me;
Why should you run
Through the shaking tree
As though I’d a gun
To strike you dead?
When all I would do
Is to scratch your head
And let you go.

III. A Drinking Song
Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That’s all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

Yeats Songs was composed during a composer residency at the Ragdale Foundation in Lake Forest, Illinois, in January 2010. The composer expresses his appreciation to Ragdale for the time and inspiration to compose the work.

Yeats Songs is dedicated with admiration and affection to the men in the Huntington Men’s Chorus of Huntington, Long Island, New York, and to Thomas Jones, Director, and Dimitri Dover, pianist.
1. The Wheel

William Butler Yeats
For Men’s Chorus and Piano

Bruce Trinkley

Allegro moderato \[ \begin{array}{c}
Tenor 1 \\
Tenor 2 \\
Bass 1 \\
Bass 2 \\
Piano
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{mf always very well-articulated} \\
\text{Through winter-time we} \\
\text{Through winter-time we} \\
\text{Through winter-time we} \\
\text{Through winter-time we}
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{call on spring,} \\
\text{And through the spring on summer call,}
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{call on spring,} \\
\text{And through the spring on summer call,}
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\text{call on spring,} \\
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\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{call on spring,} \\
\text{And through the spring on summer call,}
\end{array} \]

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And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
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And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And when a-bound-ing hedg-es ring De-clare that win-ter's best of all;
And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
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And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
And after that there's noth-ing good Be-cause the spring-time has not come Nor
know that what disturbs our blood Is but its longing

for the tomb.

opt. div.

for the tomb.

February 1, 2010  Ragdale Foundation, Lake Forest, Illinois
Come play with me; Why should you run Through the

shaking tree As though I'd a gun To strike you dead? When

shaking tree As though I'd a gun To strike you dead? When

shaking tree As though I'd a gun To strike you dead? When

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all I would do is to scratch your head and let you go.

all I would do is to scratch your head and let you go.

All I would do is to scratch your head and let you go.

And let you go.

And let you go.

And let you go.

non. ritard.

February 1, 2010 Ragdale Foundation, Lake Forest, Illinois
3. A Drinking Song

For Men's Chorus and Piano

William Butler Yeats

Bruce Trinkley

Adagio espressivo $ \textstyle \frac{\varphi}{\varphi} = 58$  

$mp$ sempre molto legato

Wine comes in at the

Wine comes in at the

Wine comes in at the

Wine comes in at the

$mp$ sempre molto legato

Bass 1

Bass 2

Piano

$mp$ sempre molto legato

sonore

5

mouth

And love comes in at the eye;

poco cresc.

5

mouth

And love comes in at the eye;

poco cresc.

mouth

And love comes in at the eye;

poco cresc.

mouth

And love comes in at the eye;

poco cresc.

© 2010 Bruce Trinkley
That's all we shall know for truth

fore we grow old and die.

That's all we shall know for truth

fore we grow old and die.

That's all we shall know for truth

fore we grow old and die.

That's all we shall know for truth

fore we grow old and die.
glass to my mouth, I look at you, and I
glass to my mouth, I look at you, and I

glass to my mouth, I look at you, and I

glass to my mouth, I look at you, and I

sigh. I lift the glass to my mouth,
sigh. I lift the glass to my mouth,
sigh. I lift the glass to my mouth,
sigh. I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

I look at you, and I sigh.

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