



# **To a Skylark**

**Sidney C. Durst**  
**(1870-1957)**

# To a Skylark

Sidney C. Durst

*Allegro moderato*

S  
A  
T  
B

Hail to thee, blithe  
Hail to thee, blithe  
Hail to thee, blithe  
Hail to thee, blithe

*Allegro moderato*

Piano

S  
A  
T  
B

spir - - - it! Bird thou nev - er wert—  
spir - - - it! Bird thou nev - er wert—  
spir - - - it! Bird thou nev - er wert—  
spir - - - it! Bird thou nev - er wert—

Pno.



7

S That from heav - en or near it Pour - est thy full heart In pro - fuse

A That from heav - en or near it Pour - est thy full heart In pro - fuse

T That from heav - en or near it Pour - est thy full heart In pro - fuse

B That from heav - en or near it Pour - est thy full heart.

Pno. *leggiero*

10

S strains of un - pre - med - i - tat - ed art. High - er still and

A strains of art. High - er still and

T strains of un - pre - med - i - tat - ed art. High - er still and

B High - er still and

Pno. *p*

## To a Skylark

13 *cresc.* *cresc.* *f* *p*

S high - er From the earth thou spring - est, Like a cloud of fire; The

A high - er From the earth thou spring - est, Like a cloud of fire; The

T high - er From the earth thou spring - est, Like a cloud of fire; The

B high - er From the earth thou spring - est, Like a cloud of fire; The

Pno. *cresc.* *cresc.* *f* *p*

16 *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.*

S blue deep thou wing - est, And sing - ing still dost soar, and

A blue deep thou wing - est, And sing - ing still dost soar, \_\_\_\_\_

T blue deep thou wing - est, And sing - ing still dost soar, \_\_\_\_\_

B blue deep thou wing - est, And sing - ing still dost soar, \_\_\_\_\_

Pno. *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.* *cresc.*

To a Skylark

19 *rit.* *a tempo*

S  
soar-ing ev - er sing - est. In the gold - en light - - - 'ning

A  
— In the gold - en light - - - 'ning

T  
— In the gold - en light - - - 'ning

B  
— In the gold - en light - - - 'ning

Pno.  
*rit.* *a tempo* *f* 9

22

S  
Of the sunk - en sun, O'er which clouds are

A  
Of the sunk - en sun, O'er which clouds are

T  
Of the sunk - en sun, O'er which clouds are

B  
Of the sunk - en sun, O'er which clouds are

Pno.  
*sf*

25

S  
bright - 'ning, Thou dost float and run, Thou dost float and run, Like an

A  
bright - 'ning, Thou dost float and run, Thou dost float and run, Like an

T  
bright - 'ning, Thou dost float and run, Thou dost float and run, Like an

B  
bright - 'ning, Thou dost float and run, Thou dost float and run, Like an

Pno.  
*p* *leggiero* *mf*

28

S  
*cresc.* un - bod - ied joy \_\_\_\_\_ whose race is just be - gun. *ff* *rall.*

A  
*cresc.* un - bod - ied joy \_\_\_\_\_ whose race is just be - gun. *ff* *rall.*

T  
*cresc.* un - bod - ied joy \_\_\_\_\_ whose race is just be - gun. *ff* *rall.*

B  
*cresc.* un - bod - ied joy \_\_\_\_\_ whose race is just be - gun. *ff* *rall.*

Pno.  
*ff* *rall.*

To a Skylark

32

S With thy clear keen joy - - - - - ance Lan-guor can - not

A With thy clear keen joy - - - - - ance Lan-guor can - not

T With thy clear keen joy - - - - - ance Lan-guor can - not

B With thy clear keen joy - - - - - ance Lan - guor can - not

Pno.

35

S be: Shad - ow of an - noy - - - - - ance

A be: Shad - ow of an - noy - - - - - ance

T be: Shad - ow of an - noy - - - - - ance

B be: Shad - ow of an - noy - - - - - ance

Pno.

38

S  
Nev - er came near thee: — Thou lov'st, but ne'er knew love's sad sa - tie - ty.

A  
Nev - er came near thee: — Thou sa - - - - tie - ty.

T  
Nev - er came near thee: — Thou lov'st, but ne'er knew love's sad sa - tie - ty.

B  
Nev - er came near thee:

Pno.  
*leggiero*

41

S  
Wak - ing or as - leep, — Thou of death must deem — Things more

A  
Wak - ing or as - leep, — Thou of death must deem — Things more

T  
Wak - ing or as - leep, — Thou of death must deem — Things more

B  
Wak - ing or as - leep, — Thou of death must deem — Things more

Pno.  
*p* *cresc.* *cresc.*

44 *f* *p* *cresc.*

S true and deep Than we mor - tals dream, Or

A true and deep Than we mor - tals dream, Or

T true and deep Than we mor - tals dream, Or

B true and deep Than we mor - tals dream, Or

Pno. *f* *p*

47 *rit.* *a tempo* *f*

S how could thy notes flow in such a crys - tal stream? Teach me half the

A how could thy notes flow? Teach me half the

T how could thy notes flow? Teach me half the

B how could thy notes flow? Teach me half the

Pno. *rit.* *a tempo* *f*

50

S  
glad - - - - - ness That thy brain must know;

A  
glad - - - - - ness That thy brain must know;

T  
glad - - - - - ness That thy brain must know;

B  
glad - - - - - ness That thy brain must know;

Pno.  
50 *f*

53

S  
Such har - mo - nious mad - ness From my lips would flow,

A  
Such har - mo - nious mad - ness From my lips would flow,

T  
Such har - mo - nious mad - ness From my lips would flow,

B  
Such har - mo - nious mad - ness From my lips would flow,

Pno.  
53 *p* *leggiero*

56 *mf* *cresc.*

S From my lips would flow, The world should lis - ten then,

A From my lips would flow, The world should lis - ten then,

T From my lips would flow, The world should lis - ten then,

B From my lips would flow, The world should lis - ten then,

Pno. *mf*

58 *ff* *rall.*

S — as I am lis - t'ning now.

A — as I am lis - t'ning now.

T — as I am lis - t'ning now.

B — as I am lis - t'ning now.

Pno. *ff* *rall.*

**Sidney Caldwell Durst** (1870-1957) was born in Hamilton, Ohio. He was educated in Cincinnati and in Munich. He was a piano and organ teacher at the Cincinnati College of Music and organist for the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert—  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden light'ning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know;  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

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