

Cycle for Declamation

from 'Devotions' John Donne

tenor or soprano solo

PRIAULX RAINIER

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Cycle for Declamation

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I. Wee cannot bid the fruits

For Tenor Solo 

Soprano, Alto or Baritone should transpose to suit the tessitura of the voice.



♩ = 60

f Wee cannot bid the *fruits* come in May, nor the *leaves* to sticke on in De-cem-ber. —

— There are of *them* that will *give*, that will do *jus-tice*, that will

par-don, but they have their owne *sea-sons* for al these,

and he that knows not *them* shall *starve* —

— be-fore that gift come. *Re-ward* is the *sea-son* of one man,—

— and *im-por-tun-i-tie* of a-noth-er; *Feare* — is the

sea-son of one man, and *fav-our* — of an-

mf —oth-er; *friend-ship* the *sea-son* — of one man, and *na-tur-all* — af-

f —fec-tion of an-oth-er; and hee — that knows not their *sea-sons* —, nor can not

stay — them, — must lose — the *fruits*.

II. In the Wombe of the Earth

p $\text{♩} = 58$

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 2/4 time. It begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 58 and a dynamic marking of *p*. The melody is characterized by long, sweeping lines and includes several triplet markings. The lyrics are: "In the wombe of the earth, wee di-min-ish and when shee is de-liv-ered of us our grave o-pened for a-noth-er, wee are not trans-plant-ed, but trans-port-ed, our dust blowne a-way with profane dust, with ever-y wind". The score concludes with a final cadence.

In the wombe of the earth,
wee di-min-ish
and when shee is de-liv-ered of
us our grave o-pened for a-noth-er,
cantabile
wee are not trans-plant-ed, but trans-
port-ed,
our dust blowne a-way with pro-
fane dust, with ever-y wind

III. Nunc, lento sonitu

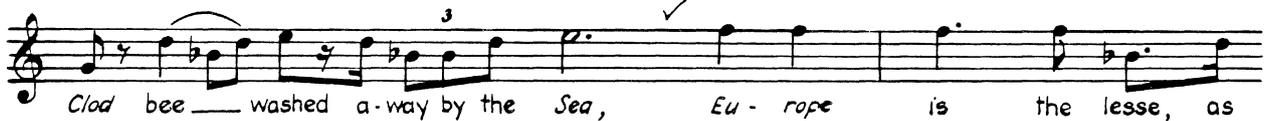
$\text{♩} = 76$

Nunc, len-to — son-i-tu di-cunt, Mor-i-e-ris. The
 Bell doth toll — for him — that think-es it doth;
 Mor-i-e-ris. Who casts not up his Eye to the Sunne when it
 ri - - ses? but who takes off his Eye from a Com-et when that breakes out?
 Who bends not his eare- to an-y bell, which up-on an-y oc-ca-sion rings?
 Mor-i-e-ris. But who can re-move it from that bell which is pas-sing a
 pece of him-selfe out of this world? —
 Nunc, len-to — so-ni-tu di-cunt, Mor-i-e-ris.
 No man is an I-land, — in-tire of it self; No man is an

$(\text{♩} = 80)$ *animato*



1-land in-tire of it self ; every man is a peece of the Con-ti-ment a part of the maine; — if a



Clod bee — washed a-way by the Sea, Eu- rope is the lesse, as



well as if a Pro-mon-to-rie were, as well as if a Man-nor of thy friends or of thine —



— owne were, — Mor-i - e - ris. An-y



man's death di - mi - ni - shes me — be - cause I am



in - volved in Man - kinde, Mor - i - e - - ris. And therefore



ne - ver send to know — for whom the Bell tolls; — It tolls for



thee. — Nunc, len - to son -



- i - tu di - cunt, Mor - - i - - e - - ris.