Score

With movement   الليبي  =  76

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green. And many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen. Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I a lone have been, whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a growing. Growing, growing, whilst my bonny boy is young he's a growing. O father, dearest father, you've done to me great wrong. You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young. O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while, A lady you shall be while he's growing.
The trees they grow so high

Growing, growing whilst you shall be while he's growing. I'll send your love to college, all for a year or two. And then, in the meantime he will do for you; I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonny.
The trees they grow so high

wait to let the ladies know that he's married. Married, married let the ladies know that he's married. I went up to the college and I looked over the wall. Saw
The trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high

four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball. I called for my true love but they would not let him come. All because he was a young boy and growing. Growing, growing, all because he was a
The trees they grow so high

young boy and growing. At the age of sixteen he was a married man. And at the age of seventeen he was father to a son. And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him. Cruel
The trees they grow so high

Fl.

B-Cl.

Vib.

H.

Vla.

Vc.

death soon put an end to his growing. Growing, growing cruel death soon put an end to his growing. Had now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie. The
The trees they grow so high

green grass grow o'er hom so very very high. I'll sit and I'll mourn his fair un-til the day I die and I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing, growing, growing, and I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing.
Il est quelqu'un sur terre
(from Folk Songs)

Grave $\frac{1}{4} = 44$

Arranged by Benjamin Britten
Instrumentated by Bernhard Elsner
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

ci le_tour_ne, va ton train, et dis_tout_bas, ton doux_refrain. Il est dans la val_lé_e, un moulin près du pont.

L’amour y moud’ sa...
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

grai - ne, Va, mon rou et! L’à - mour y moud’ sa grai - ne, Va, mon rou et! Do - ci - le, tour - ne, va ton train, et dis _ tout _ bus, ton
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

doux refrain. L'a mour y moud sa graine, tant que le jour est long. La nuit vers les étoiles, Va, mon rue-t!
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

La nuit vers les étoiles, Va, mon rou-blé! Doucement tourne, va ton train, et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain. La

Fl.

Cl.

Perc.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

cresc.
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

nuit vers les étoiles, Sou- piston. La rou' s'y est bris- ée, Va, mon rou-et! La rou' s'y est bris- ée.

senza vibr.
Il est quelqu'un sur terre

Va, mon rou-es-ti-

Do-ci-le, tour-ne, va ton

Doux re-frain. La rou'e s'y est brise-

Fi-nie est la chan-

sion.
The Miller of Dee
from Folk Songs

Arranged by Benjamin Britten
Instrumentation by Bernhard Elsner

Slow and steady $\frac{\text{b}}{\text{4}} = 70$

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from the mill by the stream.

Vibraphone

Harp

Viola

Cello

Contrabass
morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.

And this the burden of the song forever used to be.

"I"
The Miller of Dee

15

Vib. with more sound

Hp. marked

V. p

Vla. no bo dy no, not I, since no bo dy cares for me.

Vc. I love my mill, she is to me, like

Cb.
parent, child and wife, I would not change my station for any other life. Then push, push, push the

parent, child and wife, I would not change my station for any other life. Then push, push, push the

col legno

arco

col legno

heavy

heavy

Vib.

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

The Miller of Dee
bowl, my boys, and pass it round to me. The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.
So sang the jolly miller who lived on the river Dee; He worked and sung from morn till night, no
lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of the song forever used to be. I care for nobody no, not I, since

The Miller of Dee
The Miller of Dee

52

52

52

no bo dy cares for me. I care for no bo dy no, not I, since no bo dy cares for me."

52