

A winter dawn

Music: Michiel Verfaillie
Lyrics: Lucy Maud Montgomery

d = 72

Soprano Alto Tenor 1 Tenor 2 Baritone Bass

A-bove the marge of night a star, a star still shines.

A-bove the marge of night a star, a star still shines.

A-bove the marge of night a star still shines.

S. A. T.1 T.2 Bar. B.

the fros - ty, fros - ty hills the som - bre pines har-bor an

the fros - ty, fros - ty hills the som - bre pines har-bor an

And on the fros - ty, fros - ty hills the som - bre pines

S. A. T.1 T.2 Bar. B.

14 wind that croo-neth low

ee - rie *mp* that croo-neth low

ee - rie that croo-neth low wind that croo - neth low

ee - rie that croo-neth low wind that croo - neth ee - rie low

21 $\text{♩} = 66$ O'er i.p.v. o'r? *mp*

S. A. $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ $\begin{cases} \text{3/2 time} \\ \text{4/4 time} \end{cases}$ O'er the glim - m'ring glim - m'ring wastes of

T.1 T.2 $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ $\begin{cases} \text{3/2 time} \\ \text{4/4 time} \end{cases}$ O'er _____ the glim - m'ring glim - m'ring wastes of

Bar. B. $\begin{cases} \text{Bass clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ $\begin{cases} \text{3/2 time} \\ \text{4/4 time} \end{cases}$ O'er _____ the glim - m'ring glim - m'ring wastes of

26

S. A. $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ vir - gin snow. Through the pale arc of orient the morn comes

T.1 T.2 $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ vir - gin snow. Through the pale arc of orient the morn comes

Bar. B. $\begin{cases} \text{Bass clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ vir - gin snow. Through the pale arc of orient the morn comes

33 *f* *sub. mp* poco accel. $\text{♩} = 72$

S. A. $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ in a mil - ky white splen - dor new - ly born. A sword of

T.1 T.2 $\begin{cases} \text{G clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ in a mil - ky white splen - dor new - ly born. A sword of

Bar. B. $\begin{cases} \text{Bass clef} \\ \text{B flat} \end{cases}$ in new - ly born. A sword of

Winter mountain morning

music and lyrics:
Michiel Verfaillie

p

Soprano Gli _____ Gli *legato* glim-m'ring veil, all co-v'ring grail, paints

Alto - *p* Gli *legato* glim-m'ring veil, all co-v'ring grail, paints

Tenor - 8

Bass -



mp *molto legato*
(solo) Ah_____

S. morn' mys - t'ry pale _____

A. morn' mys - t'ry pale

T. *mf* (*ma non troppo*) Win - ter moan cuts to the bone. Winds so

B. *mf* (*ma non troppo*) Win - ter moan cuts to the bone. Winds so

14

S.

A.

T.

B.

blown make moun-tains groan. Slow - ly mist's 'vei- ling,night crea-tures

blown make moun-tains groan. Slow - ly mist's 'vei- ling,night crea-tures

legato
mp

Slow-ly the mist's un-vei-ling, night crea-tures

legato
mp



20

S.

A.

T.

B.

la-ment's wai-ling, on-ly migh-tymoun-tain peaks pre-

all are quai-ling what'neath wint-ter's la-ment's wai-ling, on-ly migh-tymoun-tain peaks pre-

all quai-ling what 'neath la-ment's wai-ling, on - ly moun-tain peaks pre-

all quai-ling what 'neath la-ment's wai-ling, on - ly moun-tain peak pre-

S. *vai - ling.*

A. *vai - ling.*

T. *vai - ling.* *pre-vai - ling.*

B. *vai - ling.*

do do do do do do do do*

do do do do do do do do*

do do do do do do do do*

do _____*

* 'do' as in 'to do'



A winter dawn

Above the marge of night a star still shines
and on the frosty hills the somber pines
harbor an eerie wind, that crooneth low
over the glimmering wastes of virgin snow.

Through the pale arc of orient the morn
comes in a milk white splendor newly born.
A sword of crimson cuts in twain the gray
banners of shadow hosts and lo, the day!

Winter Mountain morning

Glimmering veil,
All covering grail,
Paints morn' mystery pale.
Winter moan cuts to the bone.
Winds so blown make mountains groan.
Slowly the mist's unveiling,
Night creatures all are quailing,
What 'neath winter's lament's wailing,
Only mighty mountain peaks prevailing.
Snow so cold makes mountains bold.
Heart of stone o'r centuries grown.
Oh mighty peaks undying
For ever worlds allying
All elements unifying
Time, even death itself defying!
Mountain morn'.
Maiden snow worn.
Winter's newly born.

Op het randje van de nacht schijnt nog een ster
en op de bevroren heuvels huizen de sombere
naaldbomen het griezelige wind die zacht huilt
over de schitterende uitgestrekte maagdelijke sneeuwvlaktes.

Door de bleke oosterboog wordt de morgen in
een melkwitte pracht opnieuw geboren.
Een donkerrood zwaard snijdt de grijze
spandoeken die de schimmen huizen in twee en
kijk, de dag breekt aan.

Een schitterende sluier, alles bedekkende graal
kleurt de ochtend een mysterieus vaal.
De winterwind snijdt door merg en been,
doet de bergen kreunen als nooit voorheen.
De mist ontsluiert langzamerhand,
terwijl de nachtschepsels angstig de dag ontvluchten,
wat onder Winters klaagzang ligt te zuchten:
enkel de machtige bergtoppen houden stand.
De sneeuw zo koudbloedig, maakt de bergen stoutmoedig.
Hart van steen, gegroeid over eeuwen heen.
O machtige pieken het eeuwig leven gegeven
die sinds eeuwen werelden naar verbondenheid doen streven
en alle elementen tot één weet te weven
de tijd, ja zelfs de dood kunnen doen beven.
Bergketens in het ochtendgloren
onder maagdelijke sneeuw bijna verloren.
De winter is opnieuw geboren.