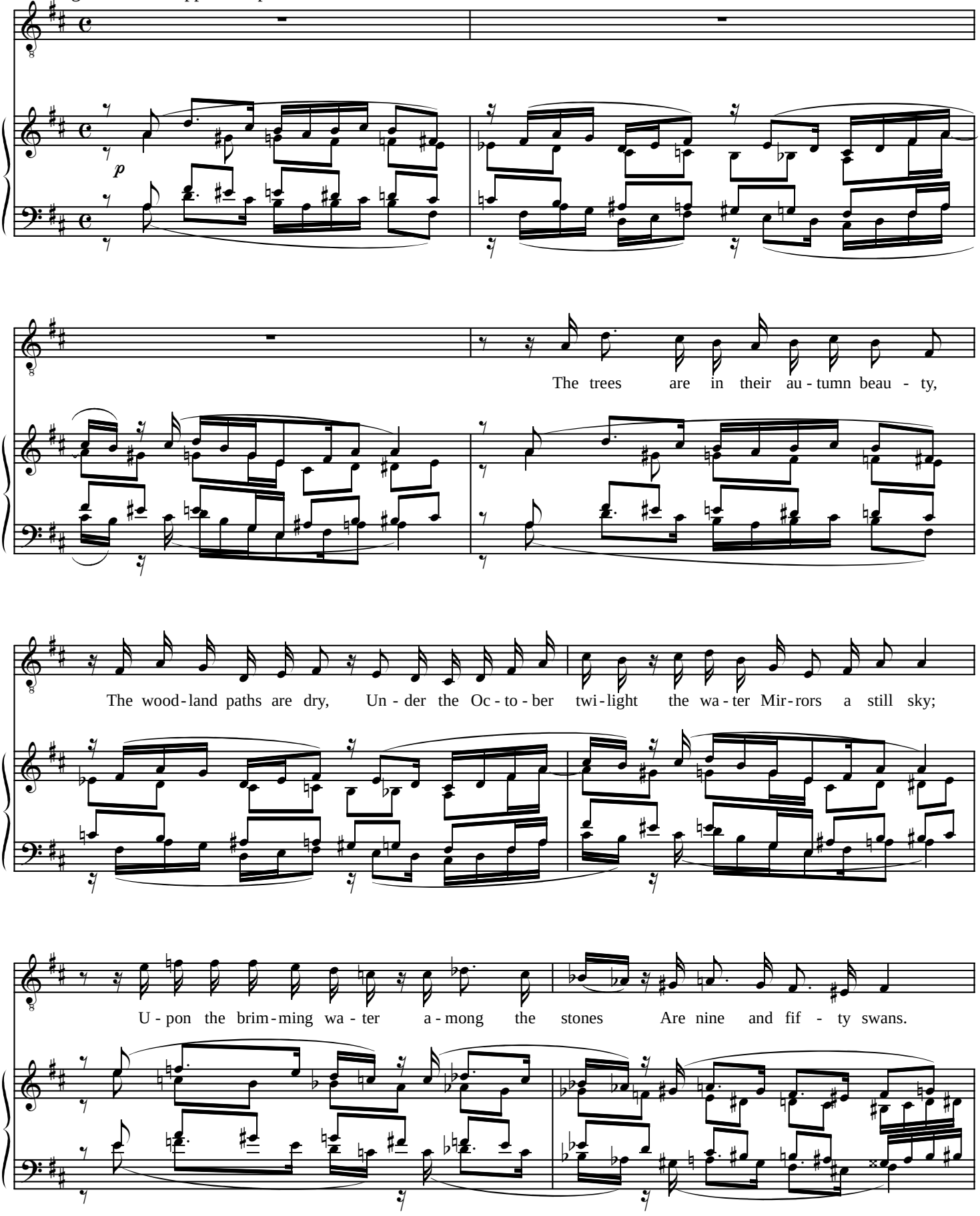
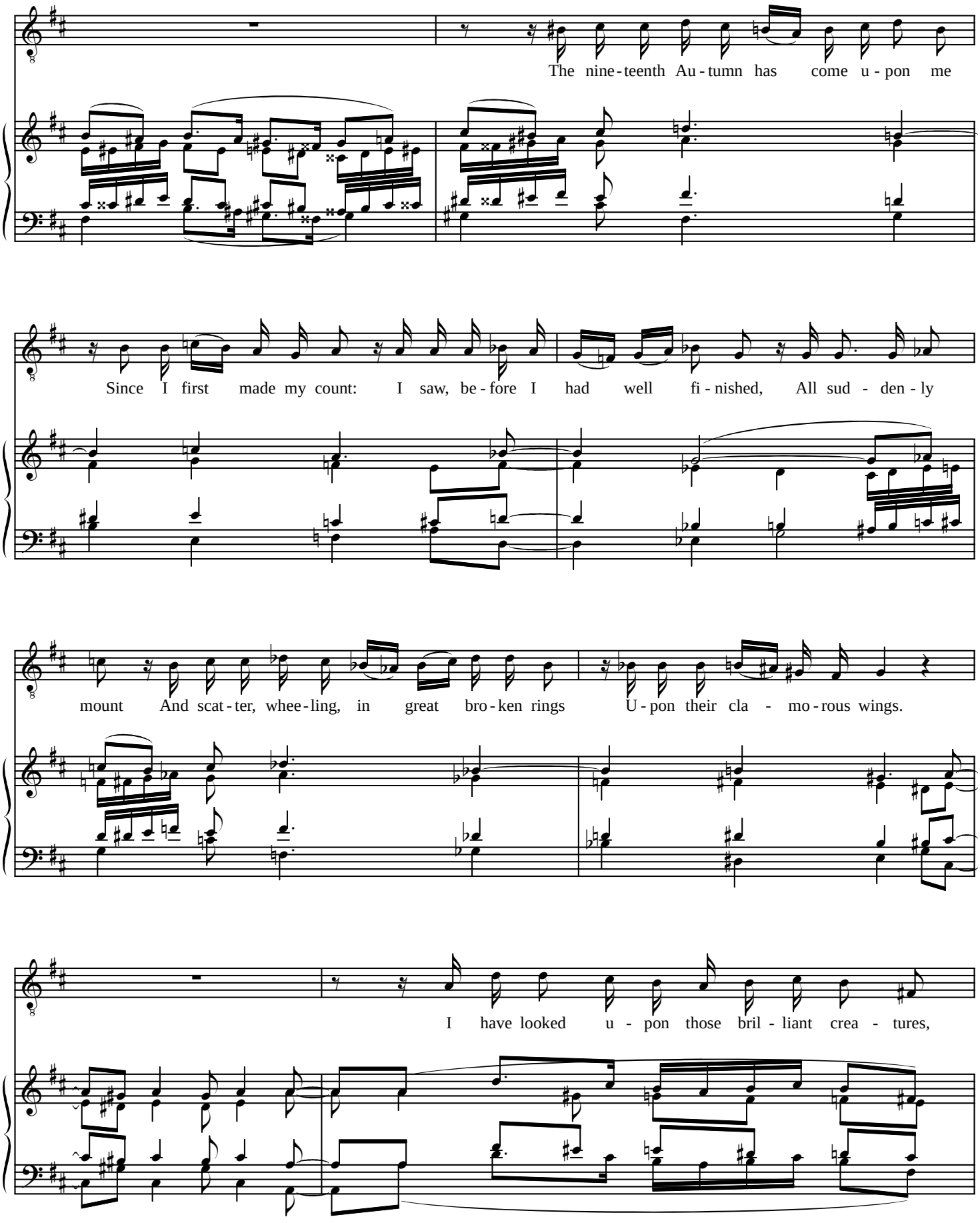
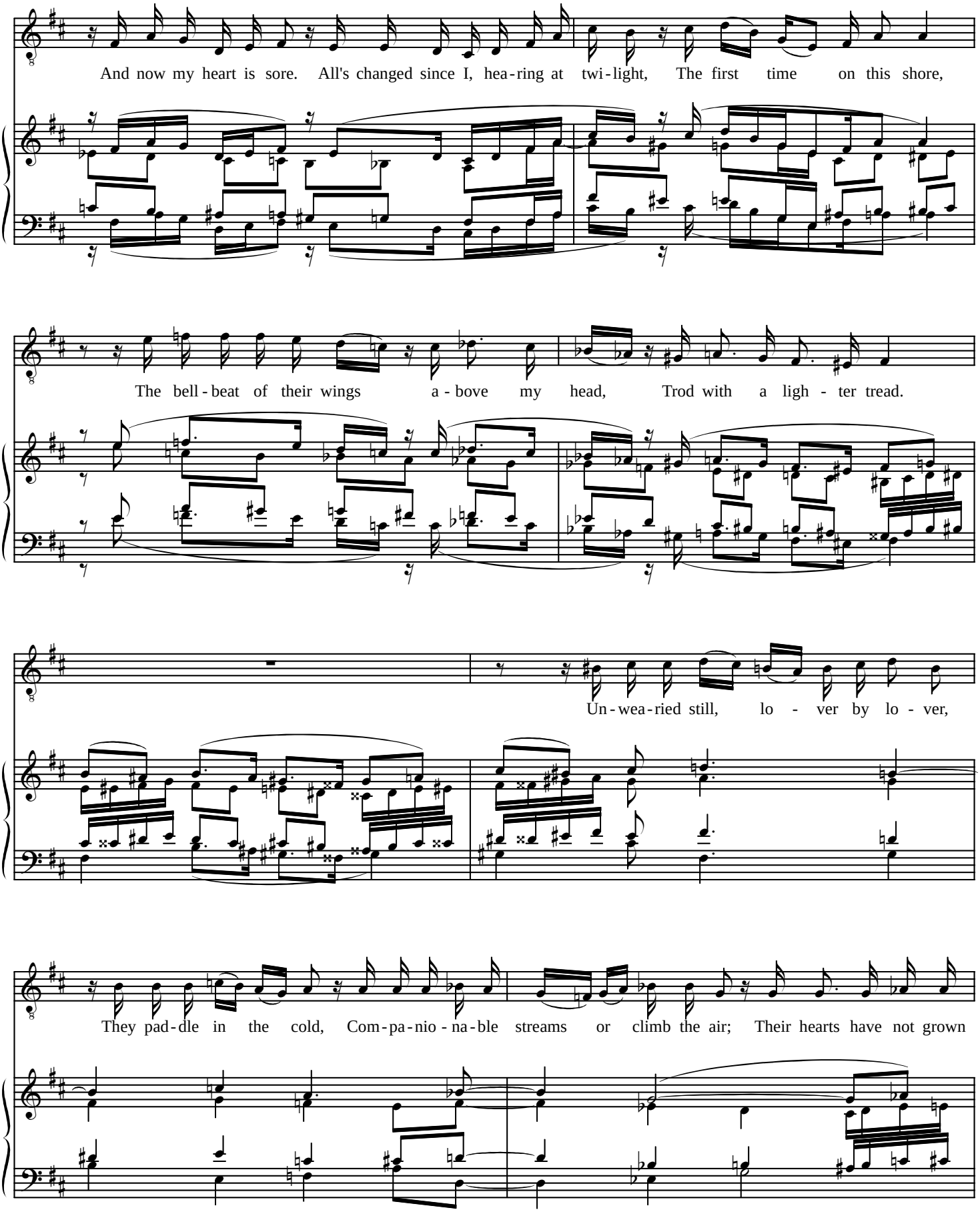
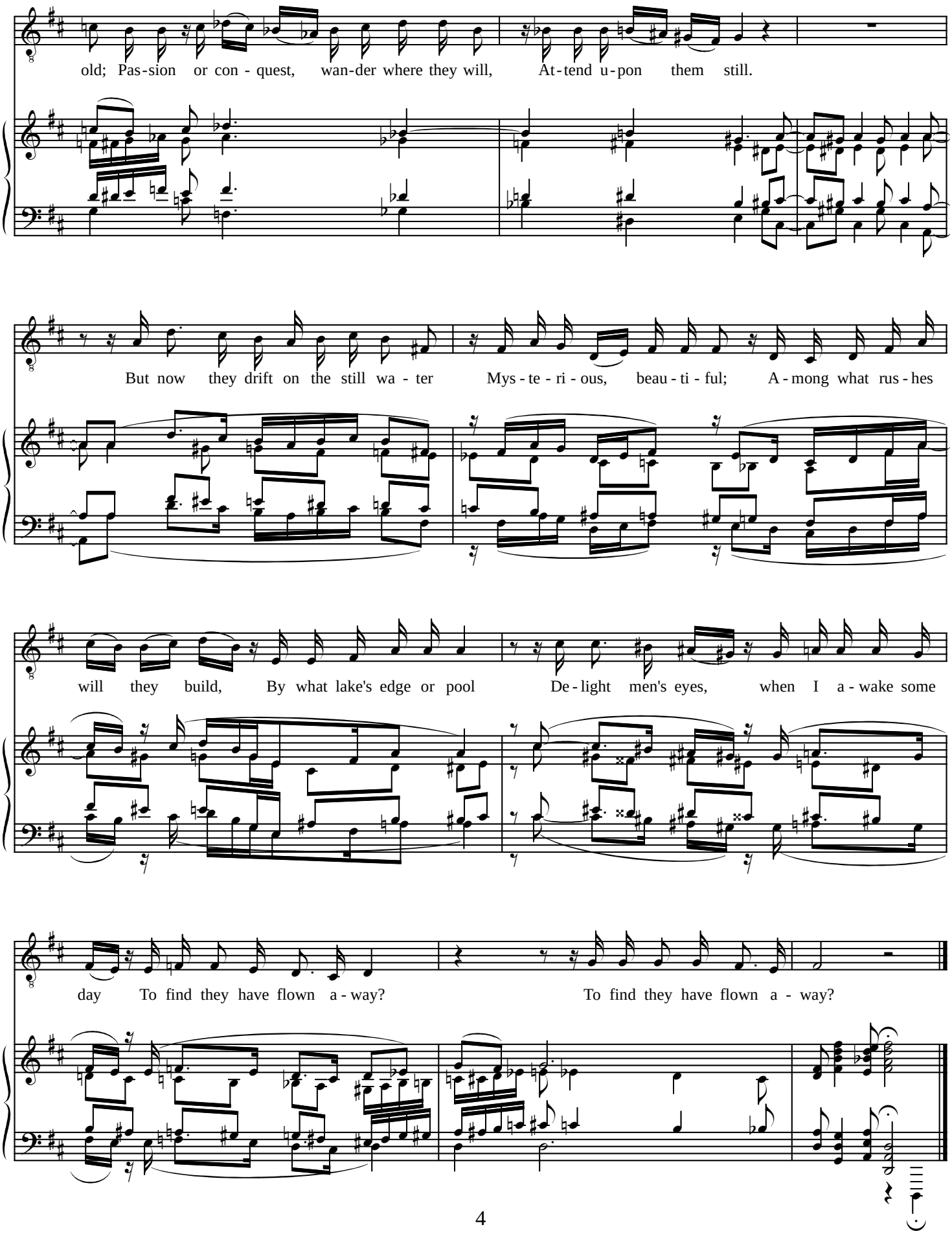
6. The Wild Swans At Coole

adagio ma non troppo ed espressivo




The nine-teenth Au-tumn has come u-pon me
Since I first made my count: I saw, be-fore I had well fi-nished, All sud-den-ly
mount And scat-ter, whee-ling, in great bro-ken rings U-pon their cla-mo-rous wings.
I have looked u-pon those bril-liant crea-tures,


And now my heart is sore. All's changed since I, hea-ring at twi-light, The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings a-bove my head, Trod with a ligh-ter tread.
Un-wea-ried still, lo-ver by lo-ver,
They pad-dle in the cold, Com-pa-nio-na-ble streams or climb the air; Their hearts have not grown


old; Pas-sion or con - quest, wan-der where they will, At-tend u-pon them still.
But now they drift on the still wa - ter Mys - te - ri - ous, beau - ti - ful; A - mong what rus - hes
will they build, By what lake's edge or pool De - light men's eyes, when I a - wake some
day To find they have flown a - way? To find they have flown a - way?