



CAROL BARNETT

Green Magic Songs
for Solo Soprano




BEADY EYES PUBLISHING
www.carolbarnett.net

for Maria Jette

GREEN MAGIC SONGS

Walter de la Mare

Carol Barnett

I. A Song of Enchantment

$\text{♩} = 54$
mf

A song of En-chant - ment___ I sang me there,___ In a green-green wood, by

5
wa - ters fair,___ Just___ as the words came up___ to me___ I

10
sang it, sang it un - der the wild wood___ tree. ah

15
ah Wid-der-shins turned I, sing-ing it

19
low,___ Watch-ing the wild,___ wild birds come and go;___

24
___ ²No cloud___ in___ the deep dark blue to be seen un - der___ the

30
thick-thatched branch - es green. mm

I. A Song of Enchantment

35 *(P)* 2
Twi - light came: si - lence... The

40 *mp* 2
plan - et of Ev - 'ning's sil-ver flame; By dark-en-ing paths I wan -

45 *pp* 2
- dered through thick-ets trem-bling with drops of dew. mm

51 *p* 2
mm But the mu-sic is lost and the words are gone of the

56 *mp* 2 *p* 2
song I sang as I sat a - lone, A - ges and a - ges have fall - en on

61 *pp* 2
me - On the woods and the pool and the el - der tree. mm

66 2
mm

II. Time and Eternity

Emily Dickinson

Carol Barnett

$\text{♩} = 112$; quasi-tango
mp daintily

The on - ly ghost I ev - er saw Was dressed in mech - lin,
 4 —so, He wore no san - dal on his foot, And stepped like flakes of
 8 snow o o o o o o o oh.

12 *more confidently*
 His gait was sound - less, like the bird, but rap - id, like the roe, His
 16 fash - ions quaint, mo - sa - ic, Or, hap - ly, mis - tle - toe
 20 *p* legato, mysterious
 o oh. His con - ver - sa - tion sel - dom, His
 24 *poco cresc.* *mp* *dim.*
 laugh - ter like the bree - eeze That dies a - way in dim - ples A -

II. Time and Eternity

28 *p* *p* *mp*

mong the pen - sive trees. Our in - ter - view was tran - sient, — Of

33

me, him - self was shy; And God — for - bid I look be - hind — Since

37

that ap - pall — ing day — ay!

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 publishing

III. Green Man in the Garden

Charles Causley

Carol Barnett

quirky; ♩ = 76 (♩ constant)
mf

Green man in the gar-den Star- ing from the tree, _____ Why

5
 _____ do you look so long and hard _____ Through _____ the pane at me?

9
p Your eyes are dark as hol - ly, Of syc - a - more your horns, Your *mp*

13
 bones are made of el - der-branch, Your teeth are made of tho - o - o -

17
 - o - o - orns. _____ Your hat is made of i - vy-leaf, _____ Of *mp*


22
 bark your danc - ing shoes, _____ And ev-er - green and green and green Your *mf*

26
 jack-et, shirt and trews. _____ "Leave your house and *mp* *pp* *legato* *mysterious, persuasive*

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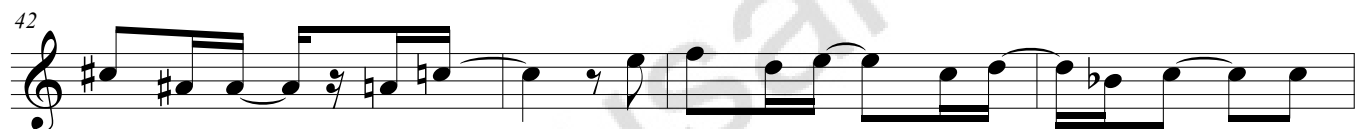
III. Green Man in the Garden

30

 leave your land And throw a - way the key, — And nev - er look be -

34

 hind," he creaked, "And come and live with me." —

38

pp *nervous* *mf*
 I bolt - ed up the win - dow, I


42

 bolt - ed up — the door, — I drew the blind that I — should find — The

46

 green man nev - er mo - o - o - o - o - o - ore.

50

p *mf*
 But when I soft - ly turned the stair as I went up to bed, I

54

f *mysterious* *p* *pp*
 saw the green man stand - ing there. — "Sleep well, my friend," he said.

I. A Song of Enchantment

A song of Enchantment I sang me there,
In a green-green wood, by waters fair,
Just as the words came up to me
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins turned I, singing it low,
Watching the wild birds come and go;
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came: silence came:
The planet of Evening's silver flame;
By darkening paths I wandered through
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me -
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

Walter de la Mare

II. Time and Eternity

THE ONLY ghost I ever saw
Was dressed in mecllin,—so;
He wore no sandal on his foot,
And stepped like flakes of snow.
His gait was soundless, like the bird,
But rapid, like the roe;
His fashions quaint, mosaic,
Or, haply, mistletoe.

His conversation seldom,
His laughter like the breeze
That dies away in dimples
Among the pensive trees.
Our interview was transient,—
Of me, himself was shy;
And God forbid I look behind
Since that appalling day!

Emily Dickinson

III. Green Man in the Garden

Green man in the garden
Staring from the tree,
Why do you look so long and hard
Through the pane at me?

Your eyes are dark as holly,
Of sycamore your horns,
Your bones are made of elder-branch,
Your teeth are made of thorns.

Your hat is made of ivy-leaf,
Of bark your dancing shoes,
And evergreen and green and green
Your jacket and shirt and trews.

“Leave your house and leave your land
And throw away the key,
And never look behind,” he creaked,
“And come and live with me.”

I bolted up the window,
I bolted up the door,
I drew the blind that I should find
The green man never more.

But when I softly turned the stair
As I went up to bed,
I saw the green man standing there.
“Sleep well, my friend,” he said.

Charles Causley

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