O wild west wind
Op. 53, No. 3

Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

Nobilmente (Allegro moderato)

From Ode to the West Wind by
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

*With the greatest animation but without hurry*

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poco allargando
falling like its own!

poco allargando
falling!

poco allargando

Thy leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy might —

poco allargando

what if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy might —

ff

molto sostenuto
Thy mighty harmonies Will take from both a deep, au-

molto sostenuto
harmonies, thy mighty harmonies Take from both a deep au-

molto sostenuto
harmonies, thy mighty harmonies Take from both a deep au-

f

sempre
unalto

f

tum-nal tone, Sweet tho’ in sadness,

tum-nal tone, Sweet tho’ in sadness,

tum-nal tone, Sweet tho’ in sadness,

tum-nal tone, Sweet tho’ in sadness,
new birth._ drive my dead thoughts o-ver the u-ni-verse, Like wi-ther’d
new_ birth!_ Drive my dead thoughts o-ver the u-ni-verse, Like wi-ther’d
new_ birth!_ Drive my dead thoughts o-ver the u-ni-verse, Like wi-ther’d
new birth! Drive my dead thoughts o-ver the u-ni-verse, Like wi-ther’d
leaves, to quick-en a new birth;_ And, by the in-can-ta-tion of this
leaves, to quick-en a new birth! By the in-can-ta-tion,
leaves, to quick-en a new birth! By the in-can-ta-tion,
leaves, to quick-en a new birth! By the in-can-ta-tion,

verse,
by the in-can-ta-tion of this verse,
in-can-ta-tion of this verse, by the in-can-ta-tion of this
by the in-can-ta-tion of this verse, by the in-can-ta-tion of this
by the in-can-ta-tion, by the in-can-ta-tion of this
Scatter, as from an un-extinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks,
my
verse, Scatter, as from an un-extinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks,
verse, Scatter, as from an un-extinguish'd hearth

words among man-kind!
Be through my lips to un-

a-mong man-kind!
Through my lips to un-

sparks, my words among man-kind!
Be through my lips to un-

Ashes and sparks, my words among man-kind!
Be through, be through my lips the

waken'd earth The trumpet of a prophecy!

waken'd earth Drive my dead thoughts o'er the universe, O

waken'd earth The trumpet. Scatter my words o'er the earth,
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**poco stringendo**

Drive my dead thoughts o'er the universe, The trumpet of a

**poco stringendo**

Wild West Wind! Be thro' my lips the trumpet of a

**poco stringendo**

Drive my dead thoughts o'er the universe, The trumpet of a

**poco stringendo**

Wild West Wind! Be through my lips the trumpet of a

**a tempo**

prophesy! O wind, O wind, If

**a tempo**

prophesy! O wind, O wind, O

**a tempo**

prophesy! O wind, O wind, O

**a tempo**

prophesy! O wind, O wind, If

**a tempo**

Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? O Wind, wild

**a tempo**

Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? O Wind, wild

**a tempo**

Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? O Wind, wild
West Wind! If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

West Wind! If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind, if

West Wind! If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind, if
Winter comes, can Spring be far, be far be -

Spring, can Spring be far be -hind, can Spring be far, be far be -

can Spring be far be -hind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far, be far be -

Spring be far, can Spring, can Spring be far, far be -hind, can

Winter comes, can Spring, can Spring be far, far be -hind, can

hind, can Spring be far, can Spring be far be -hind?

hind, can Spring be far, can Spring be far be -hind?

hind, can Spring be far, can Spring be far be -hind?

Spring, can Spring be far, can Spring be far be -hind?

Spring, can Spring be far, can Spring be far be -hind?

Rome, Dec., 1907.