A John Clare Calendar
for
SATB Choir and Piano

Seasonal Poems
by
John Clare

Composed by
James Geoffrey Allan

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED
BY
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1. Autumn

The Spring is gone, the Summer-beauty wanes,
Like setting sunbeams, in their last decline;
As evening shadows, lingering on the plains,
Gleam dim and dimmer till they cease to shine:

The busy bee hath humm’d himself to rest;
Flowers dry to seed, that held the sweets of Spring;
Flown is the bird, and empty is the nest,
His broods are rear’d, no joys are left to sing.

There hangs a dreariness about the scene,
A present shadow of a bright has been.

Ah, sad to prove that Pleasure’s golden springs,
Like common fountains, should so quickly dry,
And be so near allied to vulgar things!—
The joys of this world are but born to die.

2. Winter

The small wind whispers through the leafless hedge
Most sharp and chill, where the light snowy flakes
Rest on each twig and spike of wither’d sedge,
Resembling scatter’d feathers;—vainly breaks

The pale split sunbeam through the frowning cloud,
On Winter’s frowns below—from day to day
Unmelted still he spreads his hoary shroud,
In dithering pride on the pale traveller’s way,

Who, croodling, hastens from the storm behind
Fast gathering deep and black, again to find

His cottage-fire and corner’s sheltering bounds;
Where, haply, such uncomfortable days
Make musical the wood-sap’s frizzling sounds,
And hoarse loud bellows puffing up the blaze.

3. A Spring Morning

The Spring comes in with all her hues and smells,
In freshness breathing over hills and dells;
O’er woods where May her gorgeous drapery flings,
And meads washed fragrant by their laughing springs.

Fresh are new opened flowers, untouched and free
From the bold rifling of the amorous bee.
The happy time of singing birds is come,
And Love’s lone pilgrimage now finds a home;

Among the mossy oaks now coos the dove,
And the hoarse crow finds softer notes for love.
The foxes play around their dens, and bark
In joy’s excess, ’mid woodland shadows dark.

The flowers join lips below; the leaves above;
And every sound that meets the ear is Love.

4. Summer

I love to see the summer beaming forth
And white wool sack clouds sailing to the north
I love to see the wild flowers come again
And mare blobs stain with gold the meadow drain

And water lilies whiten on the floods
Where reed clumps rustle like a wind shook wood
Where from her hiding place the Moor Hen pushes
And seeks her flag nest floating in bull rushes

I like the willow leaning half way o’er
The clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
I love the hay grass when the flower head swings
To summer winds and insects happy wings
That sport about the meadow the bright day
And see bright beetles in the clear lake play.
The Spring is gone, the Summer beauty wanes, 

Like setting sun-beams, in their last decline;
As evening shadows, lingering on the plains,

As evening shadows, lingering on the plains,

As evening shadows, lingering on the, on the plains,

Gleam dim and dimmer till they cease to shine:

Gleam dim and dimmer till they cease to shine:

Gleam dim and dimmer till they cease to shine:
The busy bee hath humm'd him self to rest; Flow'rs dry to seed,

The busy bee that held the sweets of Spring; emp ty is the nest,

Flown is the bird, and emp ty is the nest,

that held the sweets of Spring; Flown is the bird, and emp ty is the nest,
His broods are rear'd, no joys are left to sing.

There hangs a dreariness about the

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm
A present shadow of a bright has been.

Ah, sad to prove that Pleasure's gol-den springs,
Ah, sad to prove that Pleasure's golden springs, Like common
fountains, should so quickly dry.
And be so
should so quickly dry.
And be so near all
should so quickly dry.
And be so near allied to vulgar things!

The joys of this world are but born to die.

The joys of this world are but born to die.

21st April 2022 - 24th April 2022
2. Winter

John Clare (1793 – 1864)

Andante (\( \frac{4}{4} = 75 \))

The small piano

through the leaf-less hedge

aaaah!

Most sharp and chill,

wind whis-pers through the leaf-less hedge

aaaah!

Most sharp and chill,
sharp and chill, snowy flakes
Rest on each twig.

Most sharp and chill, snowy flakes
Rest on each twig.

where the light snowy flakes
Rest on each twig.

on each twig and spike of wi-th'er'd sedge.

on each twig and spike of wi-th'er'd sedge.

on each twig spike of wi-th'er'd sedge.

on each twig spike of wi-th'er'd sedge.
sem-bling scat-ter'd
feath-ers; vain-
ly breaks.

feath-ers; vain-
ly breaks.

The pale split sun-beam

vain-ly breaks.

On Winter's frowns be-
ow from

through the frown-ing cloud,

from

through the frown-ing cloud,

On Winter's frowns be-

from

On Winter's frowns bel-

from
day to day,

- ow from day to day,

day to day,
he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

he spreads, he spreads his hoary shroud.

In dith'ring pride

Who, croodling, has tens

Who, croodling, has tens

di-the-ring pride on travel'ler's way.

on the pale travel'ler's way.
from the storm behind

Fast gathering deep and black,
His cottage fire, all again to find. His cottage fire again to find.

Where, happily, such un-cottage fire and corner's sheltering bounds;

_ cottage fire and corner's sheltering bounds;_ Where, cottage fire corner's sheltering bounds;
_cottage fire corner's sheltering bounds;_
- com-for-ta-ble days

hap-ly, such un-com-for-ta-ble days

Where, hap-ly, such un-com-for-ta-ble days

Where, hap-ly, such un-com-for-ta-ble days

Make mu-si-cal, mu-si-cal the wood-sap's frizz-ling sounds,

mu-si-cal sounds,

mu-si-cal, mu-si-cal the wood-sap's frizz-ling sounds,

mu-si-cal sounds,
frizzling sounds, a musical, musical the wood-sap's frizzling sounds, make musical, musical the wood-sap's frizzling sounds, and hoarse loud bellows puffing up the

And hoarse loud bellows puffing up the

And hoarse loud bellows puffing up the

loud bellows puffing up the
Composed: 28th April - 3rd May 2022
3. Spring

John Clare (1793 - 1864)

Liltingly (\(\text{\textit{\textregistered}}\) =120)

The Spring comes in with

Spring comes

Spring comes

Spring comes
all her hues and smells,

freshness breathing

in hues and smells,

freshness breathing

in hues and smells,

freshness breathing

in hues and smells,

freshness breathing

In freshness breathing o'er hills

In freshness breathing o'er hills

In freshness breathing o'er hills

In freshness breathing o'er hills

hills and dells; O'er woods where

hills and dells; O'er woods where

hills and dells; O'er woods where

hills and dells; O'er woods where
springs.

From the bold ri-fling of the am-

From the bold ri-fling of the am-

Fresh are new o-pen'd flowers, un-touched and free

Fresh are new o-pen'd flowers, un-touched and free
The happy time of a rousing bee.

The happy time of a rousing bee.

hummmmmmm

Hummmmmmm

Hummmmmmm

singing birds is come, is come, is come,

And singing birds is come, is come, is come,

And singing. singing birds is come, is come, is come,

And singing, singing birds is come, is come, is come,
Love's lone pilgrimage now finds a home;
a oaks now coos the dove, And the hoarse crow

accel.

finds sofer notes for love.

accel.
The foxes play around their dens, and bark.

In joy’s excess, ’mid woodland shadows.
above; And ev'ry sound that meets the ear is above; And ev'ry sound that meets the ear is above; And ev'ry sound that meets the ear is

Love,

Love,

Love,
4. Summer

John Clare (1793 - 1864)

Adagio ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 65)

poco a pocoaccel.

Allegro moderato ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 120)

I love to see

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summer beaming forth clouds
summer beaming forth clouds
summer beaming forth And white wool sack clouds sailing
summer beaming forth And white wool sack clouds

And white wool sack clouds

I love to see the wild flow'rs
I love to see the wild flow'rs
I love to see the wild flow'rs

And to the north
And to the north
And to the north

And to the north
And to the north

And water lilies while

As ten on the floods

As ten on the floods

As ten on the floods
Where reed clumps rustle like a wind shook wood, like a wind shook wood,
Where from her hiding place the Moor Hen

wood

Where from her hiding place the Moor Hen

wood,

And seeks her flag nest floating in

pushes

flag nest

pushes

And seeks her flag nest floating in

pushes

And seeks her flag nest floating in
floating in rushes

I like the willow
leaning half way
wil - low - lea - ning half way o'er, o'er
like the wil - low - lea - ning half way o'er
The
The
The
The
The
The

 clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
 clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
 clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
 clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
To sum-mer winds, winds, and winds.

I love the hay grass when the flow'r head swings
To sum-mer winds.

I love the hay grass when the flow'r head swings

When the flow'r head swings

When the flow'r head swings

I love the hay grass when the flow'r head swings

To sum-mer winds, winds, and winds.
That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.

That sport about the meadow.
And see bright beetles -

And see bright beetles -

And see bright beetles -
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