

III. The Photographer

O, All that blooms and moves and breathes and starts
Within the pattern perfect and ordained,
And all the sacred things that do remain
Before the clicking shutter of the heart.

How can I close, or find myself apart
From such effulgence which surrounds me still:
The hidden brook that flows down from the hill
On rocks that glisten gladly in the sun

To shout out that the day is just begun:
That every stone is waking to its life?
Nor war, nor famine, crime, nor civil strife
Can taint the secret music of such things,

Which bloom and move and breathe and sing in this:
That beauty is the sister grace of bliss.

Poem by Margaret Hardy

Glenn Hardy

Slowly

Baritone

Piano

mf sempre legato

With pedal

4

B.

mp *mf*

O, all that blooms and moves and breathes and
How can I close or find my - self a -

P.

7

B.

starts part with - in the pat - tern per - fect and or - dained,
from such ef - ful - gence which sur - rounds me still?

P.

10

B. *And all the sa - cred things that do re - main* *Be - fore the click - ing shut - ter*
The hid - den brook that flows down from the hill *On rocks that glis - ten glad - ly*

P.

13

B. *of the heart,* *To shout out that the*
in the sun

P.

D.C. *f*

16

B. *day is just be - gun:* *That ev - ery stone is*

P.

18

B. *wa - king to its life?* *Nor war, nor fam - - - ine,*

P.

poco

20

B. *mf* crime, nor civ - il strife Can taint the se - cret mu - sic

P. *mf*

22

B. *mf* of such things, Which bloom and

P. *mf* *Meno mosso*

24

B. *mf* move and breathe and sing in this: That beau - ty is the

P. *mf* *rit.*

27

B. *mf* sis - ter grace of bliss.

P. *mf* *rit.*