

5. THE LOOM

Welsh Folk-song
 Arr. GRACE WILLIAMS
 (1906-1977)

Words by the arranger

Andante con moto [e con rubato] ♩ = 96 *mp*

1. One night, as I sat weav - ing at my

loom, at my loom, All my thoughts were filled with dark and win - try

gloom; — My joy had long de - part - ed, My youth - ful years had

p *mp* *mf*

13

mp

flown a - way, Flown a - way — and left me all too — soon, all too —

p

17

mp *p rall.*

soon, And, a - las, up - on my spir - it care was — strewn, — care was —

p *pp*

21

a tempo

strewn. —

mp *mf* *poch. rall.* *a tempo*

p

25

mp *mf*

2. Then slow - ly I a - rose and left my — loom, left — my —

pp *mp* *p*

29

loom, And, in sor-row, wandered from my lone-ly room; A_

33

my - riad stars were shin - ing, And all the heavens were bright and clear,

37

Bright with sil - v'ry ra-diance from the_ moon, from the_ moon, And the

41

night - in - gale poured forth her sil - v'ry tune, sil - v'ry tune._

p rall. a tempo

45 *mp*

poch. rall. a tempo 3. Such

49 *mf*

beau-ty eased my heart, and I came home, I came home to my

p sempre tranquillo *mp*

53 *mp* *p rall.* a tempo

loom, to my loom.

p *mp dolce*

57

rall.

p *pp*