Lines Written in Early Spring

William Wordsworth

Moderato \( \dot{=} \) c.57

Flute

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Piano

I heard a thousand blent notes, While in a

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In that sweet mood where pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the grove I sate reclined, And much it mind. To her fair works did nature link The human soul that through one ran; And much it
grieved my heart to think What man has made of man.

Through prim-rose

grieved my heart to think What man has made of man.

Through prim-rose

grieved my heart to think What man has made of man.

Through prim-rose

Tufts, in that green bower, The periwinkle trailed its leaves, And 'tis my faith that every...

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Tufts, in that green bower, The periwinkle trailed its leaves, And 'tis my faith that every...
flower enjoys the air that it breathes. The buds around me hopped and

played, Their thoughts I cannot measure: but the least motion which they

played, Their thoughts I cannot measure: but the least motion which they

played, Their thoughts I cannot measure: but the least motion which they
Poco Ritenuto

Piu lento e pensoso \( \frac{\text{j}=c.48}{\text{p}} \)


can, That there was pleasure there, If this belief in heav'n be sent

can, That there was pleasure there, If this belief in heav'n be sent, If such be

can, That there was pleasure there, If this belief in heav'n be sent, If such be

Have I not reason to la-

Nature's holy plan, Have I not reason to la-

Nature's holy plan, Have I not reason to la-

Nature's holy plan, Have I not reason to la-

