

# We Are Seven

William Wordsworth

Alto, Tenor, and Piano

Keith M. Bradshaw

Contemplatively, tempo rubato (♩ = 84 ca.)

The musical score is written for Alto, Tenor, and Piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *p* and *ad lib.* The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal parts enter at measure 8. The lyrics are: "A simple Child, — That light - ly draws its breath, And feels its life in ev - ery limb, What should it know of death? I met a lit - tle cot-tage Girl:". The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *mp*, *mf*, and *poco cresc.*, as well as tempo directions like *poco rall.* and *a tempo*. The piano part has a *poco cresc.* marking starting at measure 20. The vocal parts are written in a single line, with lyrics placed below the notes.

8 She was eight years old, she said; Her hair was thick with man-y a curl That clus-tered round her

8 head. She had a rus - tic, wood-land air, And she was light - ly clad: Her

8 eyes were fair, and ve-ry fair; Her beaut-y maade me glad.

43 *mf* "How ma-ny? Sev'n in

*lighter* "Sis-ters and broth-ers lit-tle Maid, How man-y may you be?" "How ma-ny? Sev'n in

48

all"

all" she said, And wond'-ring looked at me. "And where are they? I pray you tell." She

53 *mf*

"Sev'n are we; And two of us at Con-way dwell, And two are gone to  
an- swered, —

58 *rall.* *poco meno* *mp*

sea. "Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sis - ter and my

63

bro-ther; — And, in the church-yard cot-tage, I Dwell near them with my moth-er." —

68 *mf*

"You say that two at Con-way dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are sev'n! I

74

pray you tell, Sweet Maid, how this may be." Then did the lit - tle

79 *mf*

"Sev'n boys and girls are we; Two of us in the church-yard lie, Be - neath the church-yard

Maid re-ply, "Sev'n boys and girls are we;

85 *tempo I mp*

tree." A sim-ple Child, — That light - ly draws its

A sim-ple Child, — That light - ly draws its

92

breath, And feels its life in ev-ery limb, What should it know of death.

breath, And feels its life in ev-ery limb, What should it know of death. *mf* "You

98

run a-bout, my lit-tle Maid, Your limbs they are a - live; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then

*mf*

104

*mf*

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

ye are on - ly five." "Their graves are green, they may be seen," the lit-tle Maid re-

109

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side. "My

plied,

114

stock-ings there I of-ten knit, My Ker-chief there I hem; And there up-on the

119

ground I sit, And sing, sing, sing a song to them. "And oft-en af-ter

*cresc.* *poco f* *mf*

*cresc.* *poco f* *mf*

125

sun-set, Sir, When it is light and fair, I take my lit-tle por-ri-nger, And eat my sup-per

131 *poco rit.* *p* *poco meno* *mf*

there. "The first that died was sis-ter Jane; In bed she moan-ing lay, Till

137 *p*

God re-leased her of her pain; And then she went a-way. "So in the church-yard

143 *mf*

she was laid; And, when the grass was dry, To-gether round her grave we played, My

148 *p* *cresc.*

bro-ther John and I. "And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and

154 *f* *rall.* *mp* *a tempo*

slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies — by her side."

160 *f*

"How man-y are you then" said I, "If they two are in heav'n?" Quick

166 *rall.* *f* *emphatically* *broader*

"O Mas-ter! we are sev'n."

was the lit - tle Maid's re-ply, "O Mas-ter! we are sev'n." "But they are dead; those

*emphatically* *ben. f.* *poco marcato*

*poco marcato*

171 *ord.*

two are dead! Their spir-its are in heav'n!" Twas throw-ing words a - way; for still the



176 *ff*

"Nay, we are sev'n!"

lit-tle Maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are sev'n!" *ff*

*f*

8<sup>vb</sup>

182 *mp*

A sim-ple Child, — That light - ly draws its breath, And feels its life in

*mp*

A sim-ple Child, — That light - ly draws its breath, And feels its life in

*mp*

188 *mf* *rall.* *p* *a tempo* *rit.*

ev-ery limb, What should it know of death.

*mf* *p*

ev-ery limb, What should it know of death.