

# October

*for Voice and Piano*

Text by Robert Frost  
Music by Jaclyn Breeze

2019

## October

O hushed October morning mild,  
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;  
Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,  
Should waste them all.

The crows above the forest call;  
Tomorrow they may form and go.  
O hushed October morning mild,  
Begin the hours of this day slow.  
Make the day seem to us less brief.  
Hearts not averse to being beguiled,  
Beguile us in the way you know.  
Release one leaf at break of day;  
At noon release another leaf;  
One from our trees, one far away.  
Retard the sun with gentle mist;  
Enchant the land with amethyst.

Slow, slow!

For the grapes' sake, if they were all,  
Whose leaves already are burnt with frost  
Whose clustered fruit must else be lost -  
For the grapes' sake along the wall.

# October

Jaclyn Breeze (BMI)

Freely ♩ = 60

*mp*

Voice

O hushed Oc-to-ber morn-ing mild, Thy leaves have ri-pened to the fall; To-

Piano

4

mor-row's wind if it be wild, should waste them all.

Pno.

7

The crows a-bove the for-est call; To - mor-row they may form and

Pno.

10 *p* *a tempo*

go. O hushed Oc-to-ber morn-ing mild, Be-gin the hours of this day slow.

Pno. *p* *a tempo*

14

Make the day seem to us less brief. Hearts not a-verse to being be - guiled, Be - gui-le us in the way you

Pno.

18 *mp*

know. Re - lease one leaf at break of day; At noon re - lease a - noth-er leaf;

Pno. *mp*

21 *mf* *mp*

One from our trees, one far a - way. Re-tard the sun with gen-tle mist; En-chant — the

Pno.

24 *mf*

land with am - e - theyst. Slow, slow! For the grapes' sake,

Pno.

27 *mf*

if they were all, whose leaves al - rea - dy burnt with frost, Whose

Pno.

29 *mp* , *rit.* *p*

clus-tered fruit must else be lost, For the grapes' sake a-long the wall.

Pno. 29 *mp* *rit.* *p*