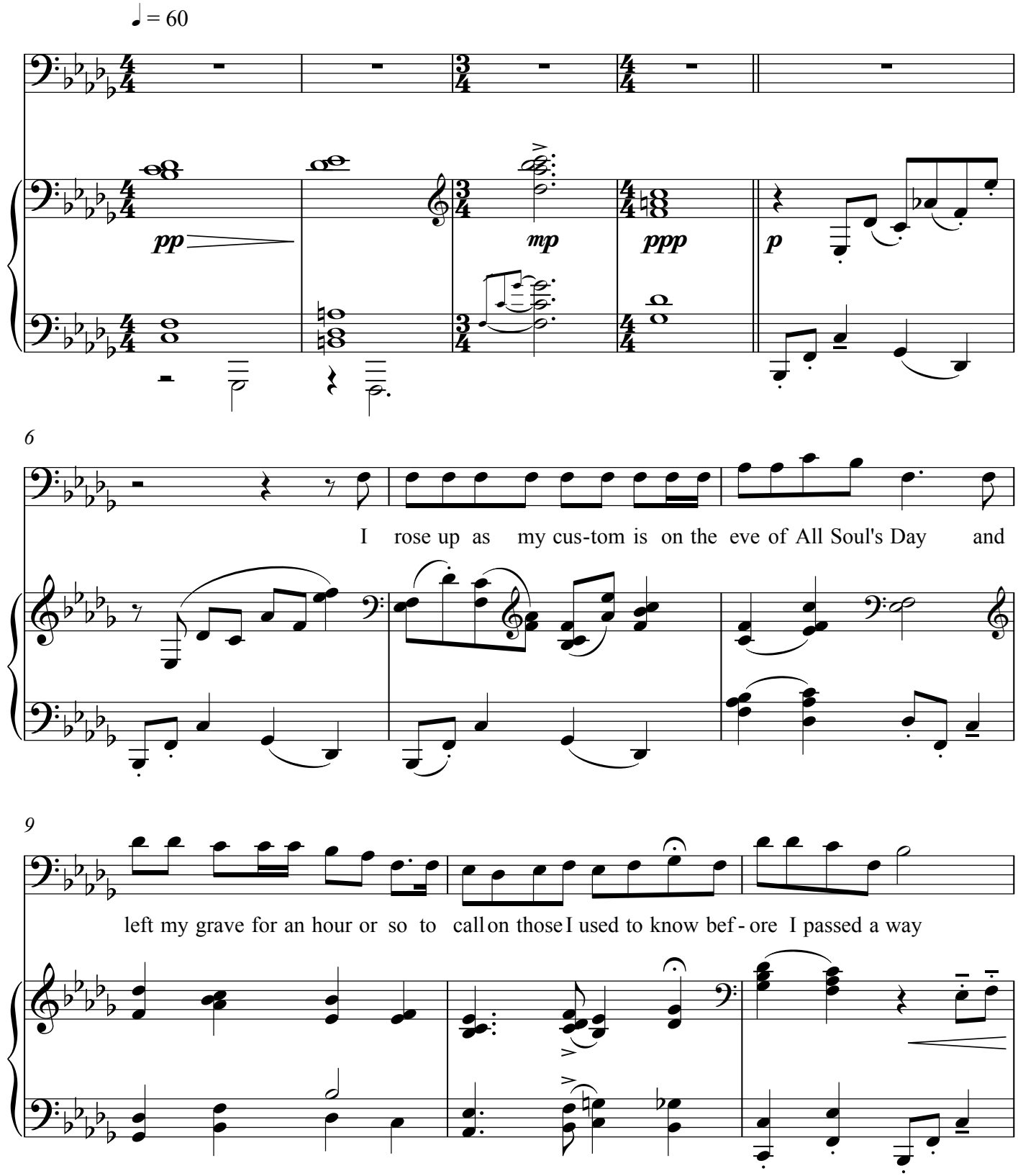
I Rose Up As My Custom Is

Words by Thomas Hardy

Music by Peter Golub



12

I

mf

16

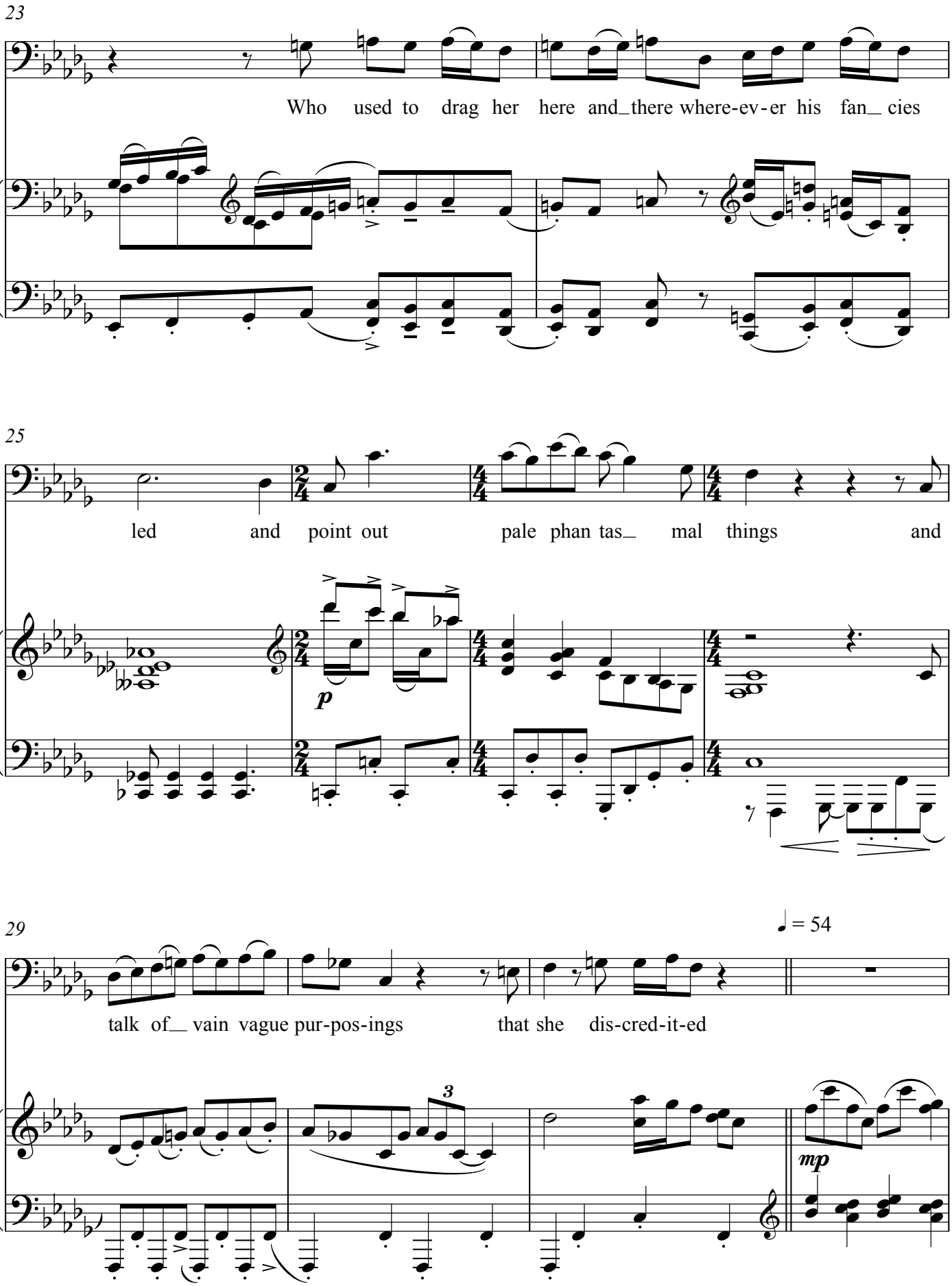
vis-it-ed my for-mer love as she lay by her hus-band's side I asked her if life

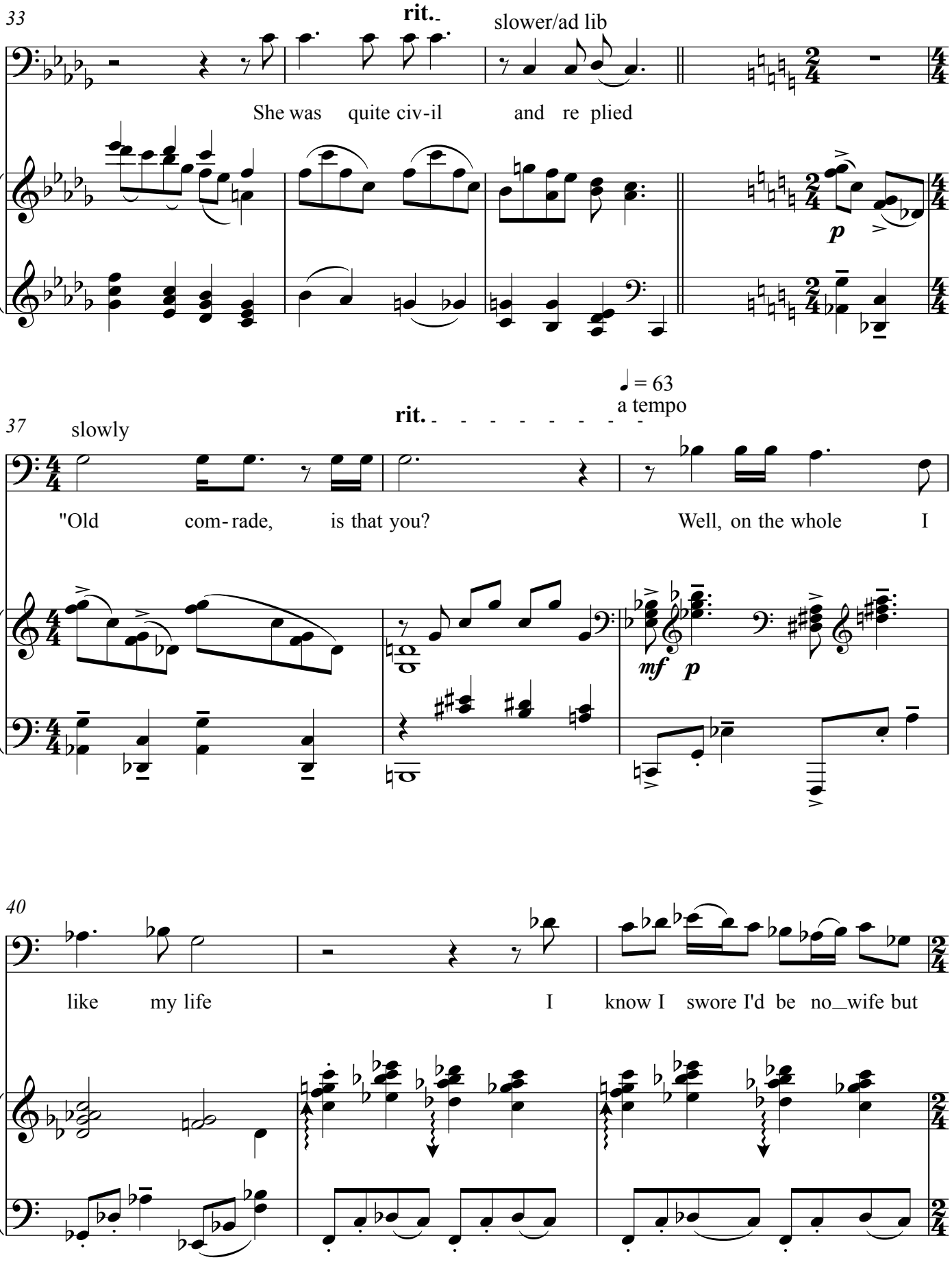
20

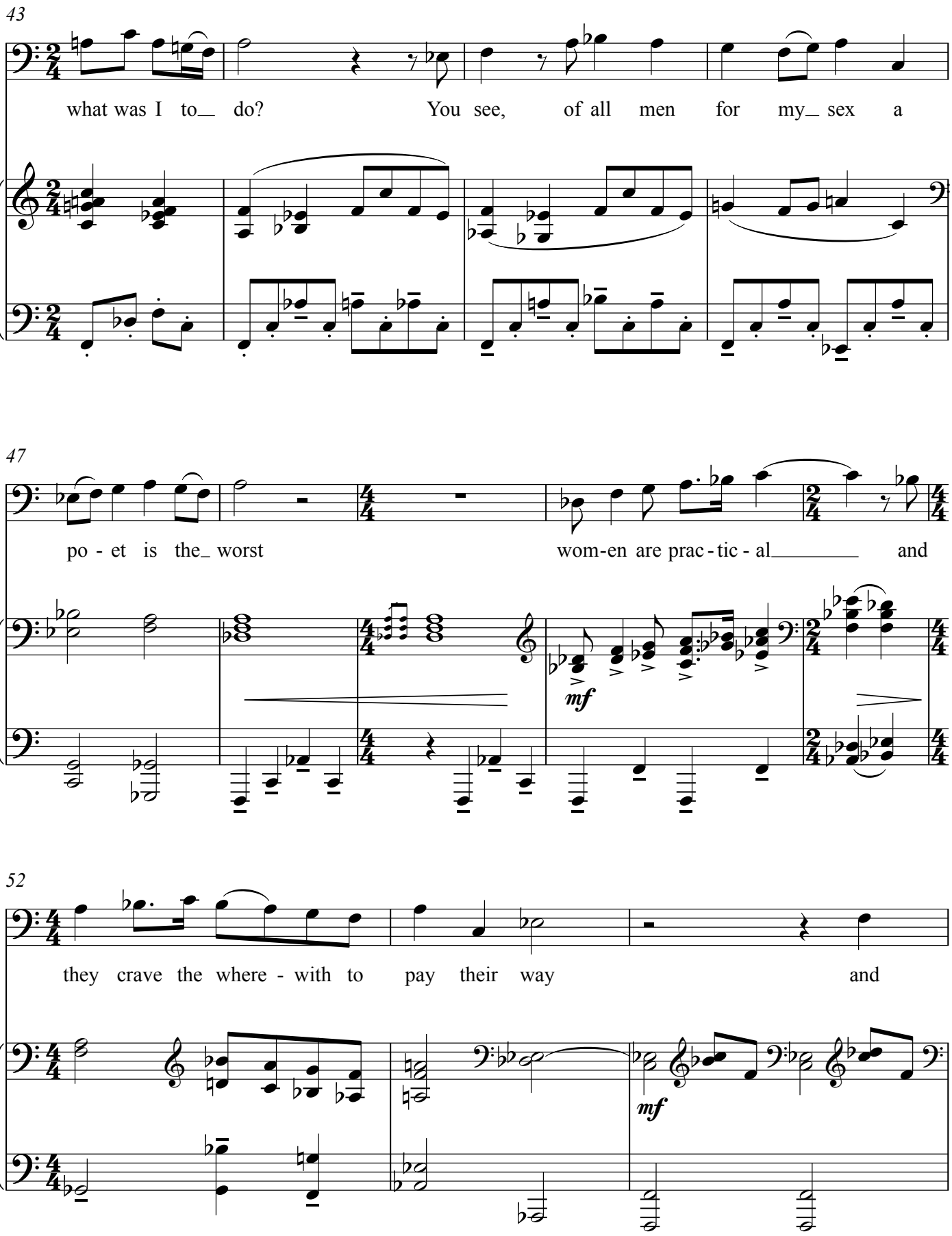
rit. - - - - - a tempo (march-like)

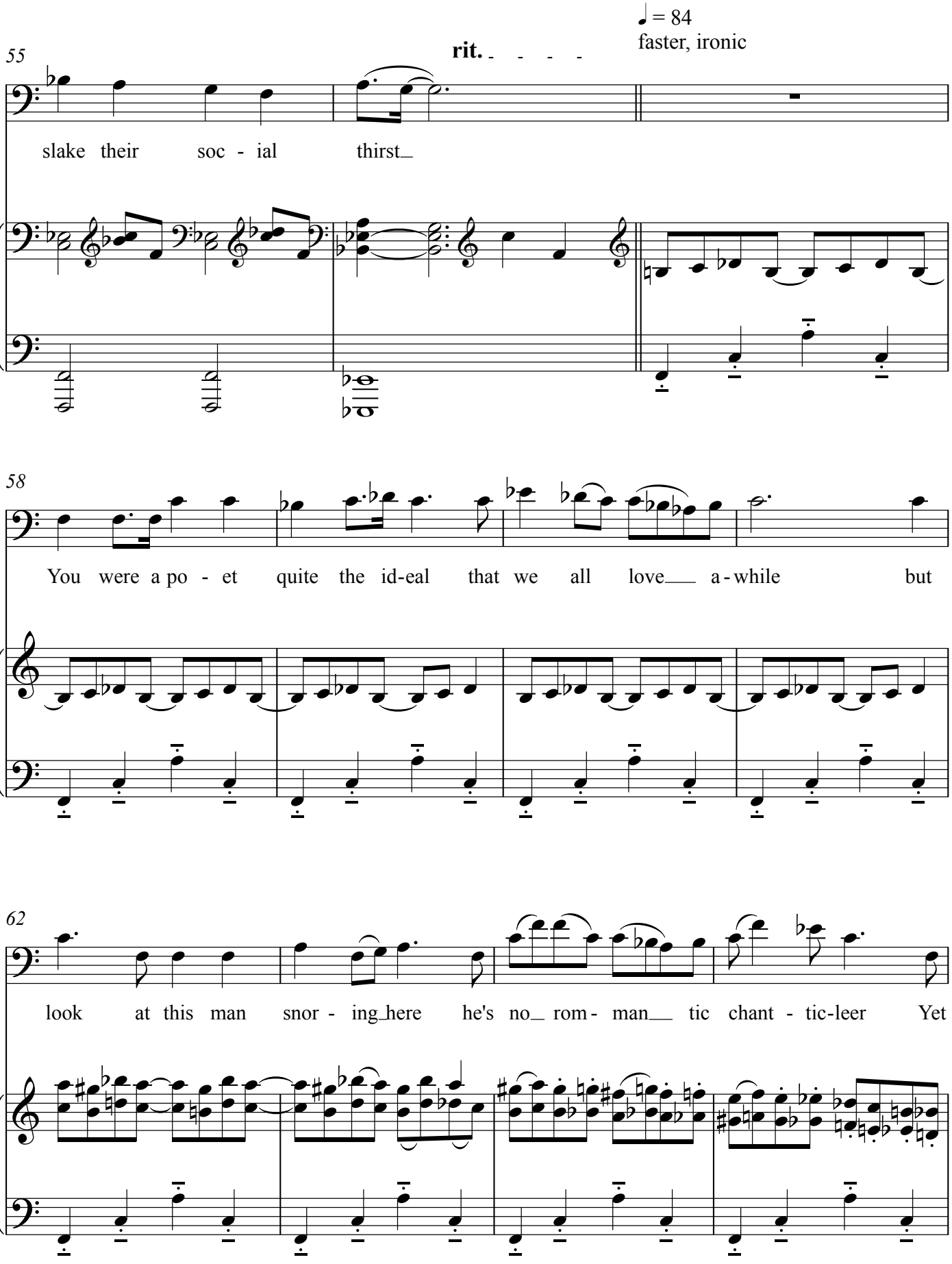
pleased her now she was rid of a po - et wrung in brow and crazed with the ills he eyed

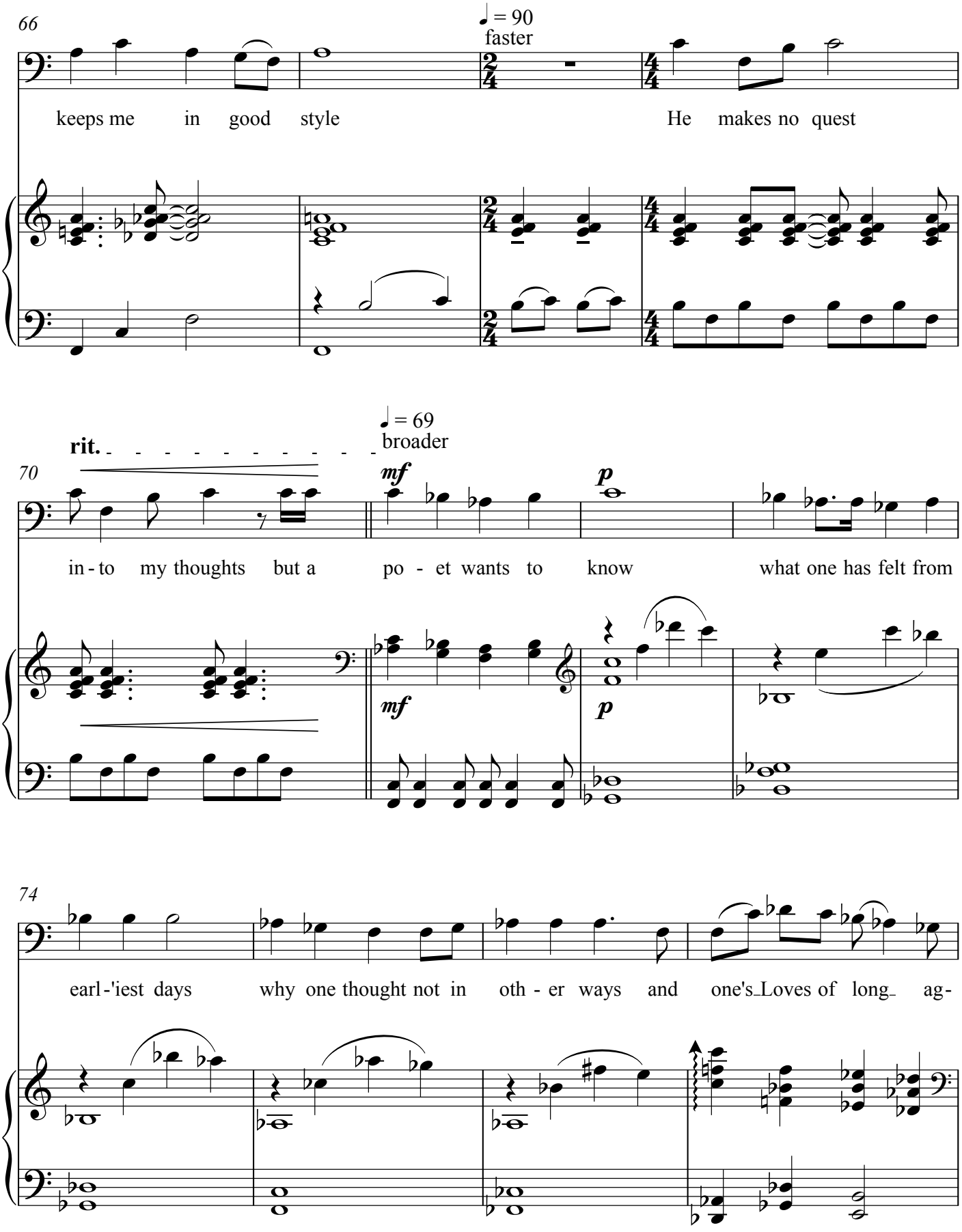
mf *p*


23
Who used to drag her here and there where-ev-er his fan cies
25
led and point out pale phan tas mal things and
p
29
talk of vain vague pur-pos-ings that she dis-cred-it-ed
3
♩ = 54
mp


33
rit.
slower/ad lib
She was quite civ-il and re plied
p
37
slowly
♩ = 63
a tempo
rit.
"Old com-rade, is that you?
Well, on the whole I
mf p
40
like my life
I know I swore I'd be no_wife but


43
what was I to do? You see, of all men for my sex a
47
po - et is the worst wom-en are prac - tic - al and
mf
52
they crave the where - with to pay their way and
mf


♩ = 84
faster, ironic
55
rit.
slake their soc - ial thirst
58
You were a po - et quite the id-eal that we all love a - while but
62
look at this man snor - ing here he's no rom - man tic chant - tic-leer Yet


66
♩ = 90
faster
keeps me in good style
He makes no quest
rit.
70
♩ = 69
broader
mf
p
in - to my thoughts but a
po - et wants to know
what one has felt from
74
earl - 'iest days
why one thought not in
oth - er ways and
one's_Loves of long_ ag-

78

♩ = c 54

o

Her

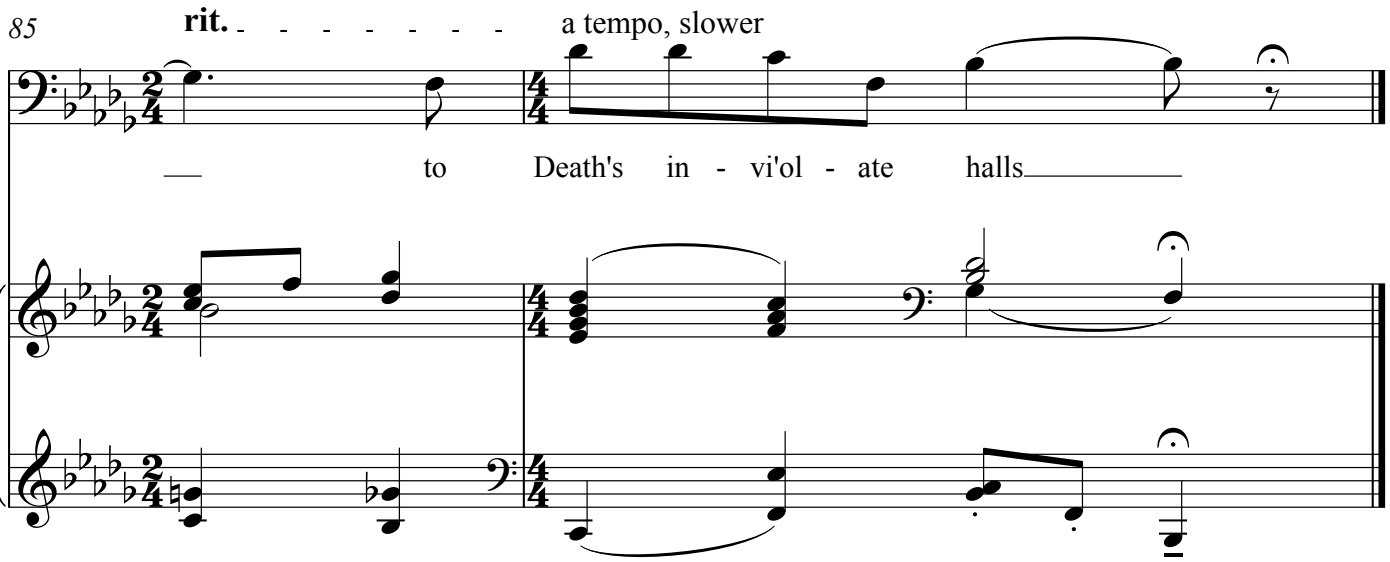
p

81

words be-numbed my fond_ faint_ghost the night-mares neighed from their stalls The

83

vam-pires screeched, the harp - ies flew and un - der the dim dawn I with - drew_


85
rit.
a tempo, slower
to Death's in - vi'ol - ate halls