A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

for Chorus and Piano

Poem by SIDNEY LANIER

Music by BRUCE TRINKLEY

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, forspent, Into the woods my Master came, Forspent with love and shame. But the olives they were not blind to Him, The little gray leaves were kind to Him: The thorn-tree had a mind to Him When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went, And He was well content. Out of the woods my Master came, Content with death and shame. When Death and Shame would woo Him last. From under the trees they drew Him last: 'Twas on a tree they slew Him - last When out of the woods He came.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master

For SATB Chorus and Keyboard

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881)

Bruce Trinkley









