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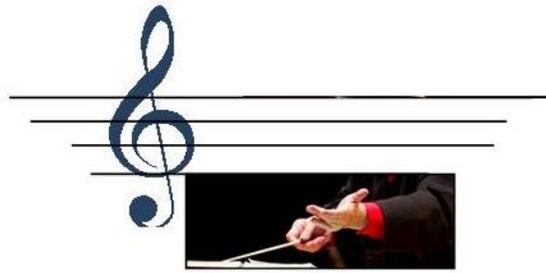
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# **Soon As The Sun**

**two songs to poems of Phyllis Wheatley**

**By Robert W. Butts**

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# Attend My Lays

Voice

1

At-tend my lays ye e-ver hon-our'd nine As-sist my

7

lab - ours and my strains re - fine in smooth-est num - bers pour the notes a -

14

long for bright Au - ro - ra now de-mands my song Au-ro-ra hail! and all the thous - and

19

dies which deck thy pro-gress through the vault-ed skies

*piu moto*

25

the morn a - wakes The morn a - wakes and wide ex -

33

tends her rays on e - 'vry leaf the gen - tle ze - phyr plays Har -

42

mon - i - ous lays, har - mon - i - ous lays the feath - ered race re - sume

50

Dart the bright eye Dart the bright eye and shade the paint - ed plume the paint - ed plume

slightly slower

Attend My Lays

60

ye shad - y groves your ver - dant gloom dis play to shield to shield

68

to shield your po - et from the burn - ing day! the morn a -

76

wakes and wide ex - tends her rays the morn a - wake and my strains re - fine

82

Ca - li - o - pe a - wake the sa - cred lyre Ca - li - o - pe a -

88

wake while thy fair sis - ters fan the pleas - ing fire

**piu moto**

93

Thy bow -'rs thy gales the va - rie - gat - ed skies in all their pleas ures

101

in my bos - um rise Thy bow -'rs thy gales the skies in all their plea - sures in my bo - sum rise

**a tempo**

110

in my bo - sum rise See in the East the il - lust - rious king of

117

day! His ris-ing rad - iance drives the shades a - way But oh! But

123

Oh! But Oh! But Oh! I feel his fer - vidbeams too strong too strong too strong too

130

strong And scarce be - gun, con - cludes the a - bor-tive song



24

Ma-jes-tic grand-eur from the ze-phyr's wing ex-hales the in-cense

30

ex-hales the in-cense of the bloom-ing spring of the bloom-ing spring

*mf*

*p*

con moto

36

soft purl the streams soft purl the

*mf*

43

streams soft soft soft purl the streams the birds re - new their notes the birds re-new their

3

4

51  
8  
notes and through the air their ming-led mu-sic floats floats Their mu-sic their mu-sic floats

59 *rit.* *a tempo*  
8  
*rit.* Soft purl the streams. Through all the heav-n's what beau-teous

68  
8  
dies are spread! But the west But the west glo-ries in the deep-est red:

78  
8  
soft purl the streams soft purl the streams soft

85

soft soft purl the streams the birds re - new their notes the birds re - new their notes and through the air their

93

ming - led mu - sic floats floats - their mu - sic their mu - sic floats

101

so may our breasts with ev - ry vir - tue glow the liv - ing tem - ples of - - -

107

- our God be - low Fill'd with the praise of him who gives the light

114 *rit.*

And draws the sa - ble cur - tains of the night

120 *a tempo*

Let pla - cid slum - bers sooth each

126

wea - ry mind at morn to wake more heav - ' nly more re - fined So shall the

132

la - bours of the day be - gin More pure more pure more pure more guard - ed from the snares of sin

139

night night's lead-en sce-tre seals my

145

drear-y eyes Then cease Then cease , cease, then cease my song till fair Au-ro-ra

152

rise