

# Three Ballads\*

## I

W. B. Yeats

♩. = 63

### The Host of the Air

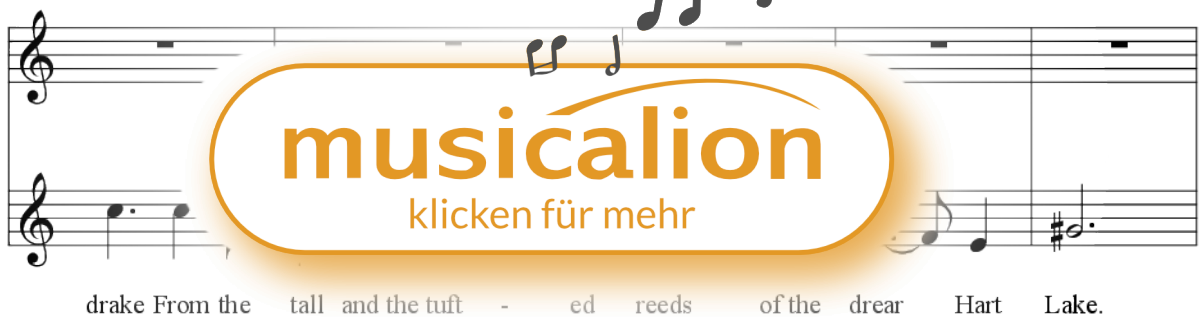
Keith Booker

Flute or recorder

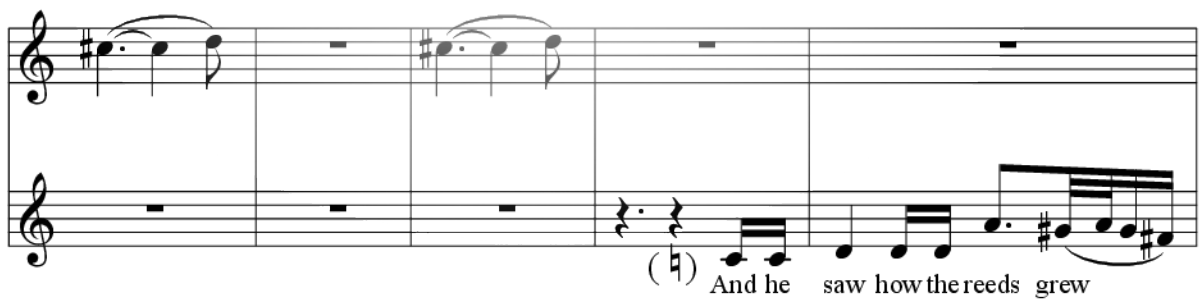
Soprano



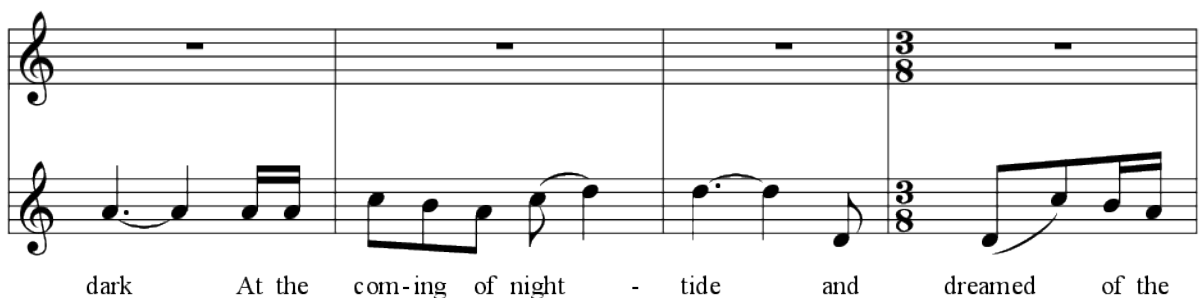
O' Dris-coll drove with a song The wild duck and the



drake From the tall and the tuft - ed reeds of the drear Hart Lake.

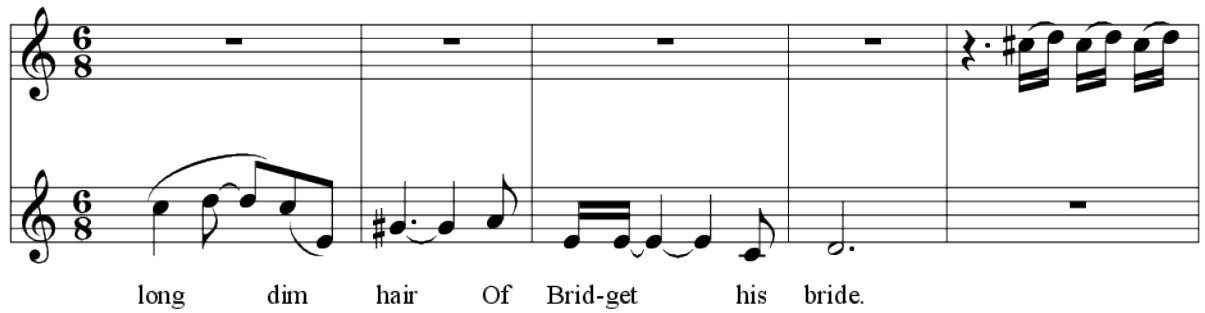


And he saw how the reeds grew



dark At the com-ing of night - tide and dreamed of the

*\*A ballad is first and foremost a narrative. Keep the stories moving except where indicated.  
The host of the air: The aim of this sort of story is to induce a feeling of horror.*



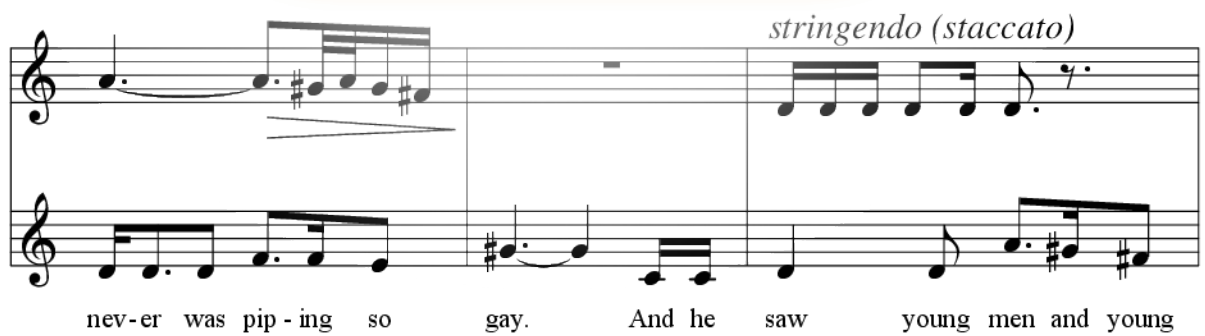
long dim hair Of Brid-get his bride.



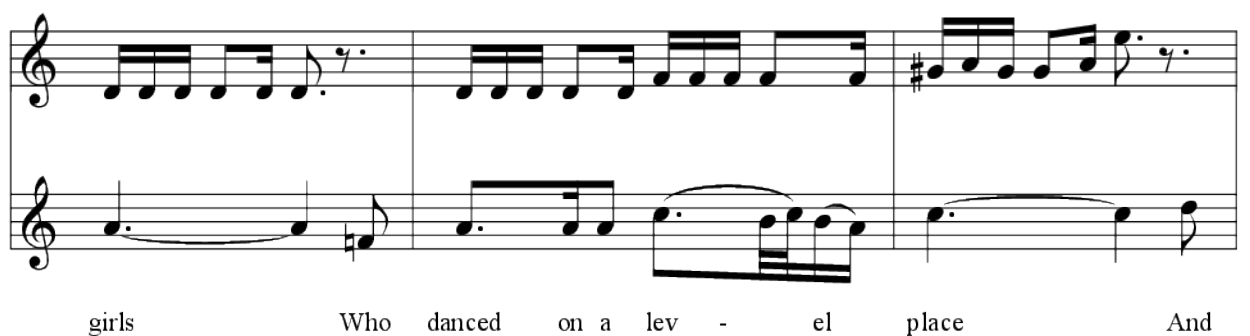
He heard while he sang and dreamed A pip-er pi - ping a -



way, And



nev-er was pip-ing so gay. And he saw young men and young



girls Who danced on a lev - el place And

Brid-get his bride a - mong them, With a sad and gay

*stringendo (staccato)*

face. The danc - ers crowd - ed a - bout him

man - y a sweet thing said, And a

young man brought him red wine And a

young girl white bread, But

*legato*



Brid-get drew him by the sleeve A - way from the mer - ry



bands, To old men play-ing cards With a twinkl-ing of an - cient



hands.

**musicalion**

klicken für mehr

doom,

For



these were the host of the air; He sat and played in a



dream Of her long dim hair. He

*stringendo (staccato)*

played with the mer - ry old men And

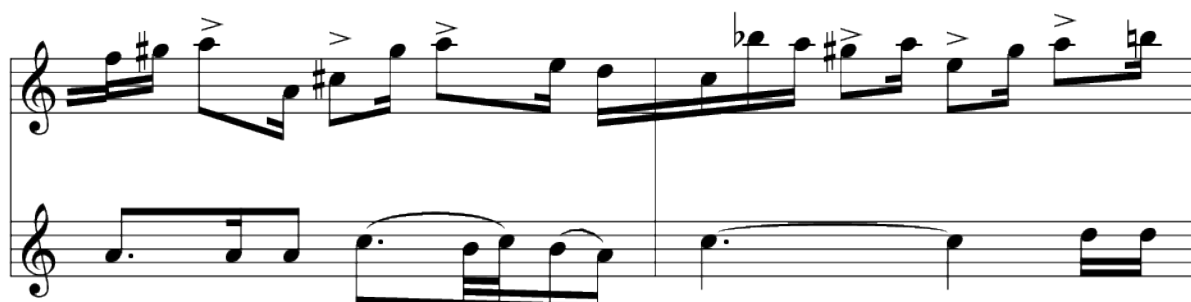
thought not of e - vil chance, Un - til

one bride A -

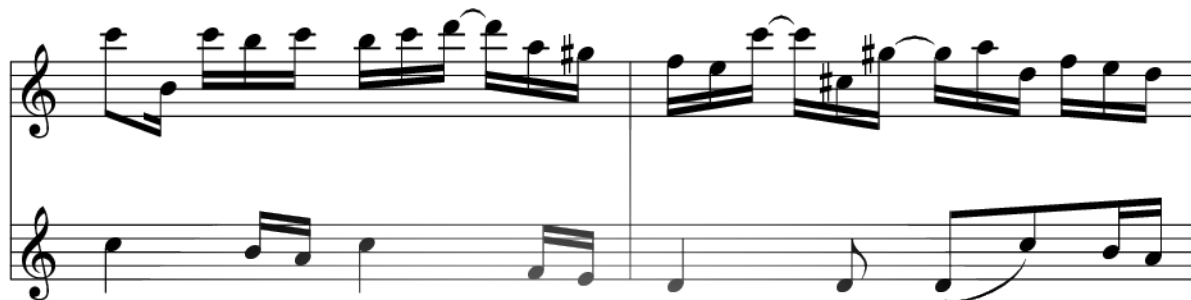
**musicalion**  
klicken für mehr

way from the mer - ry dance. He

bore her a - way in his arms, The



hand - som - est young man there, And his



neck and his breast and his arms Were drowned in her

**musicalion**  
klicken für mehr

long O'



Dris - coll scat - tered the cards And



out of his dream a - woke

*meno mosso*

Old men and young men and young girls were gone like a drift - ing

*legato*

*piu mosso*

smoke; But he heard high up in the air A

**musicalion**  
klicken für mehr

pip - er pip - ing a - way, And nev - er was pip - ing so

sad, And nev - er was pip - ing so gay.

*"The host of the air." - The cries of waterfowl flying unseen at night were thought by the superstitious to be the cries of a large number of ghostly beings, capable, as here, of evil-doing*

*"This poem is founded on an old Gaelic ballad that was sung and translated for me by a woman in Ballisodare in County Sligo".*

W. B. Yeats

# The Host of the Air

W. B. Yeats

Keith Booker

Flute or recorder

Soprano

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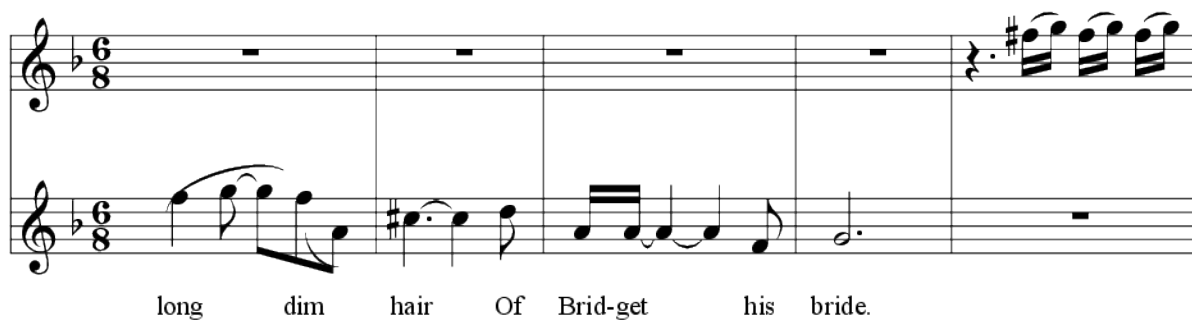
drake

Hart Lake.

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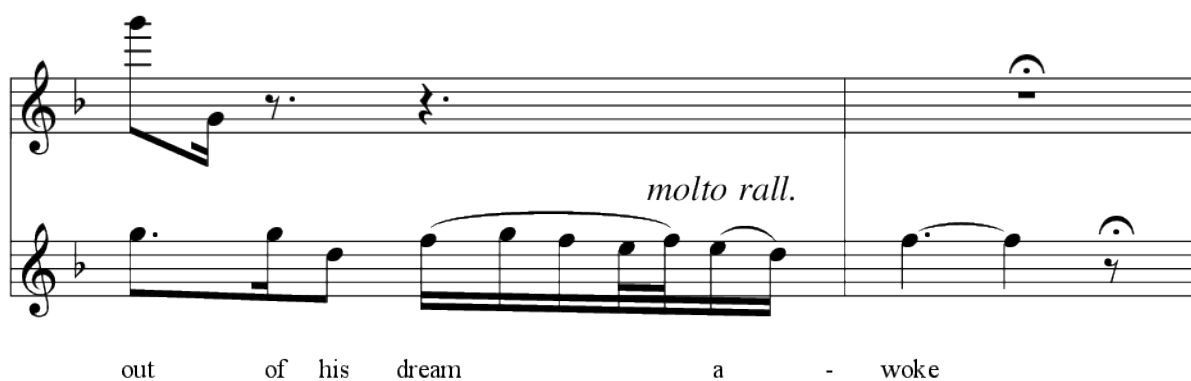
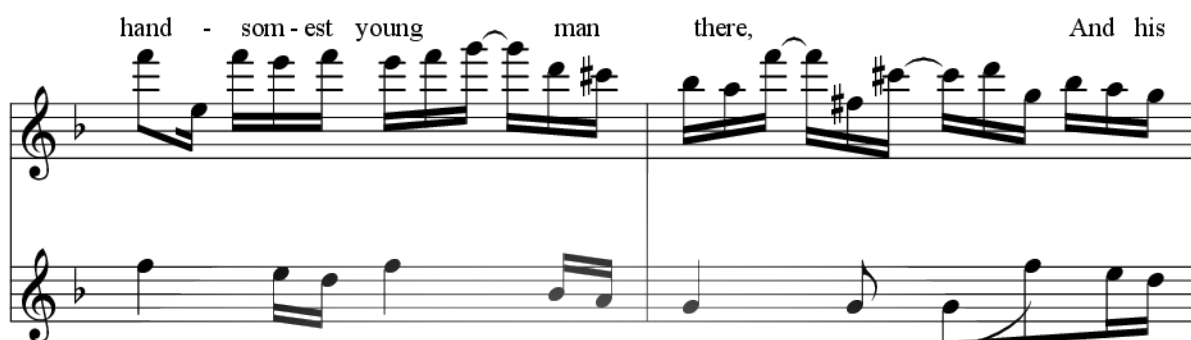
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W. B. Yeats

*Typ:* Digitale Noten zum Download

*Titel:* [1\) The host of the air](#)

*Komponist:* [Keith Booker](#)

*Epoche:* 20. Jahrhundert

*Thema:* .Ohne Thema

*Reihe/Zyklus:* Three ballads to poems of W.B.Yeats

*Schwierigkeit:* Mittel bis schwer

*Instrumentierung Gruppe:* Sologesang mit Einzelinstrument(en)

*Instrumentierung:* Solo>Sop+Blockflöte

*Instrumentierung:* Blockflöte = Bfl(1),Gesang Solo>Sopran(1)

Nr 1 of Three ballads to Poems of W.B.Yeats

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