

# April

## 15. Early Spring: Spring Song

"MAKE me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were,  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir! "

- Bliss Carmen (1861–1929)

Early spring is when new growth begins to appear, when buds begin to grow, when the ground has thawed, when birds come back and sing.

Or as Canadian poet, Bliss Carmen writes: "Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow, Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—  
Every migrant is my fellow, Making northward with the spring."



# Spring Song

for mixed chorus (SATB) and piano

Bliss Carman (1861–1929)

Wally Kleucker

Moderate ♩ = 108 116

Piano

Pno.

9 *f*  
 Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril, —

Pno.

9 *f*  
 Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril —

13 *mp* *f*  
 when the sap be - gins to stir When thy flow -'ry hand de - li - vers all the moun - tain pri - soned

Pno.

13 *mp* *f*  
 when the sap be - gins to stir When thy flow -'ry hand de - li - vers all the moun - tain pri - soned

17

ri - vers. And thy great heart

ri - vers. And thy great heart beats and qui - vers\_\_

Pno.

21 *mp*

beats and qui - vers\_\_ to re - vive the days that were Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril when the

to re - vive the days that were Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril when the

Pno.

25 *f*

sap - begins to stir. Take my dust and all my dream - ing

sap - begins to stir Take my dust and all my dream - ing

Pno.

## Spring Song

29 *p*

count my heart-beats one by one, send them where the win - ters pe - rish; then some gold - en

count my heart-beats one by one, send them where the win - ters pe - rish then some gold - en

Pno.

29 *p*

33 *f*

noon re-che-rish. And re-store them in the sun, flo - wer and scent and dust and dream-ing, with their heart beats ev'-ry

noon re-che-rish. And re store them in the sun, flo - wer and scent and dust and dream ing, with their heart beats ev'-ry

Pno.

37

one!

one!

Pno.

37

Spring Song

41 *f* Set me in the

41 *f*

45 *mp* urge and tide - drift *f* Breast of scar - let *mp*

45 of the stream - ing hosts a-wing! Breast of scar - let *mp*

49 throat of yel-low rau-cous chal-lenge, woo-ings mel-low, *f* ev' ry mi - grant is my fel - low,

49 throat of yel-low, rau-cous chal-lenge, woo-ings mel-low, -ev' ry mi - grant is my fel - low, *f*

Pno.

Spring Song

53 *mp* mak - ing north-ward with the spring Loose me in the urge and tide-drift of the stream ing hosts a - *f*

53 *mp* mak - ing north-ward with the spring Loose me in the urge and tide-drift of the stream - ing hosts a - *f*

57 wing! Shrill - ing pipe or flut - ing whis - tle Fife of frog and call of *p*

57 wing! Shrill - ing pipe or flut - ing whis - tle Fife of frog and call of *p*

61 tree - toad, All of my bro - thers, five or three - toed, with their re - vel

61 tree - toad, All of my bro - thers, five or three - toed with their re - vel

65 *f*

no more ve-toed. Mak-ing mu-sic in the rain, shrill-ing pipe or flut-ing whis-tle, in the val leys come a -

Pno.

no more ve-toed. Mak-ing mu-sic in the rain, shrill-ing pipe or flut-ing whis-tle, in the val-leys come a -

69

gain.

gain.

Pno.

73 *mf*

Make me o - ver

Make me o - ver

Pno.

## Spring Song

77

Mo - ther Ap - ril \_\_\_ when the sap be - gins to \_\_\_ stir! Fash - ion me from \_\_\_

Mo - ther Ap - ril \_\_\_ when the sap \_\_\_ be - gins to stir! Fash - ion me from \_\_\_

Pno.

77

81

swamp \_\_\_ or \_\_\_ mea-dow, gar-den plot or fern-y sha - dow *f* Hy - a-cinth or hum ble burr!

swamp \_\_\_ or \_\_\_ mea-dow, gar-den plot or fern-y sha - dow, hy - a-cinth or hum ble burr!

Pno.

81

85

Make me o - ver, Mo - ther Ap - ril, when the sap be - gins to stir! *mf* Let me hear the

Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril, when the sap be - gins to stir! *mf* Let me hear the

Pno.

85



Spring Song

89

far low sum - mons\_ when the sil - ver winds re-turn. Rills that run and

Pno.

93

*f* streams that stam - mer gold - en wing with its loud\_ ham - mer.

Pno.

97

*p* I - cy brooks\_ that brawl and cla - mor where the Ind - ian wil - lows burn.

Pno.

Spring Song

101

Let me hear-ken to the call - ing when the sil - ver winds re - turn.

Pno.

105

*f*

On - ly make me o - ver Ap - ril

*f*

On - ly make me o - ver Ap - ril

Pno.

109

when the sap be - gins to stir! Make me man or wo-man, oaf or ape or hu - man,

when the sap be - gins to stir! Make me man or wo-man, oaf or ape or hu - man,

Pno.

Spring Song

113  
Cup of flo - wer or cone or fir; make me a - ny thing but neu - ter when the sap \_\_\_\_\_ be-gins to

113  
Cup of flo - wer or cone or fir; make me a - ny - thing but neu - ter when the sap \_\_\_\_\_ be-gins to

Pno.

117  
*ff* stir! Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril when the sap be - gins to stir! *ff*

117  
*ff* stir! Make me o - ver Mo - ther Ap - ril when the sap be - gins to stir! *ff*

Pno.

Slower ♩ = 80

MAKE me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were,  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,  
Count my heart-beats one by one,  
Send them where the winters perish;  
Then some golden noon recherish  
And restore them in the sun,  
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,  
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!  
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,  
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow-  
Every migrant is my fellow,  
Making northward with the spring.  
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,  
In the valleys come again;  
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,  
All my brothers, five or three-toed,  
With their revel no more vetoed,  
Making music in the rain;  
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,  
In the valleys come again.

Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,  
Garden plot or ferny shadow,  
Hyacinth or humble burr!  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,  
When the silver winds return;  
Rills that run and streams that stammer,  
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,  
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor  
Where the Indian willows burn;  
Let me hearken to the calling,  
When the silver winds return,

Only make me over, April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
Make me man or make me woman,  
Make me oaf or ape or human,  
Cup of flower or cone of fir;  
Make me anything but neuter  
When the sap begins to stir!