

The version for men's chorus was commissioned by Cantabile Men's Chorus, Kingston, Ontario, Mark Sirett, Director  
To Tara

# Peace

for SAB Chorus, Piano and optional String Orchestra

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)

Stephen Chatman

Gently flowing ♩ = 80–84

Soprano  
Alto

Baritone

Piano

Gently flowing ♩ = 80–84

*p*

*cresc. poco a poco*

*con pedale*

5

*rit.* *a tempo*

*p*

Peace flows in - to me

*mf* *rit.* *a tempo*

*p*

\* strongly emphasize the upper r.h. part

9 *cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

As the tide to the pool by the shore; It is

*cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

*cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

13 *a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.* *p*

mine for - ev - er - more, It will not ebb like the sea.

*a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.* *p*

*a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.* *p*

17 (accel.) ♩ = 88 *cresc. poco a poco*

I am the pool of blue That

(accel.) ♩ = 88 *cresc. poco a poco*

*cresc. poco a poco*

21 *(cresc.)* *poco f* *mp intense cresc. poco a poco*

wor-ships the viv-id sky; My hopes were heav-en-high, They are

*(cresc.)* *poco f* *mp intense cresc. poco a poco*

*(cresc.)* *poco f* *mp cresc. poco a poco*

25 *(cresc.)* *f rit.* *Slower ♩ = 72-76* *p* *pp*

all ful-filled in you, all ful-filled in you.

*(cresc.)* *f* *p* *pp*

*(cresc.)* *f rit.* *Slower ♩ = 72-76* *p* *pp*

*r.h.* *l.h.*

29 *Tempo primo* *♩ = 80-84* *poco rit.* *a tempo rit.* *a tempo* *p*

I am the pool of gold

*Tempo primo* *♩ = 80-84* *poco rit.* *a tempo rit.* *a tempo* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

33 *cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

When sun - set burns and dies— You are my

*cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

*cresc. poco a poco* *mp* *p* *cresc. poco*

37 *a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.*

deep - en - ing skies; Give me your stars to hold,

*a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.*

*a poco* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *poco accel.*

41 (*accel.*)  $\text{♩} = 88$  *cresc. poco a poco*

When sun - set burns and dies—

*(accel.)*  $\text{♩} = 88$  *cresc. poco a poco*

*(accel.)*  $\text{♩} = 88$  *cresc. poco a poco*

45 *(cresc.)* *f sempre* *rit.* **Slower** ♩ = 72 *p*

You are my deep-en-ing skies; \_\_\_\_\_ Give me your

*(cresc.)* *f sempre* *rit.* **Slower** ♩ = 72 *p*

*(cresc.)* *f sempre* *p*

49 *rit.* *pp* *ten.* *a tempo*

stars to hold. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* *rit.* *a tempo* *8va*

*pp* *ten.* *p* *pp* *(loco)*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Vancouver, BC  
 November 6, 2010  
 3'00"

**Peace**

Peace flows into me  
As the tide to the pool by the shore;  
It is mine forevermore,  
It will not ebb like the sea.

I am the pool of blue  
That worships the vivid sky;  
My hopes were heaven-high,  
They are fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold  
When sunset burns and dies—  
You are my deepening skies;  
Give me your stars to hold.

—Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)  
from *Love Songs* (1917)