

# The Arrow and the Song

## World Choral Day Song

*For high and low voices and piano*

*Duration c. 2' 50"*

Lyrics by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Paolo Orlandi

**Andante moderato** (♩ = 66 ca.)

Voice 1 (Female)

Voice 2 (Male)

Piano

*p dolce ed espr.*

*p*

I

*Red. following the harmonies*

V. 1

V. 2

Pf.

*dolce ed espr.*

shot an ar - row\_ in-to the air, it fell to earth, I knew not where;

10 *p dolce ed espr.* *mf* *rit.*

V. 1  
for, so swif-ty it flew, the sight could not fol-low it in its flight.\_

V. 2  
I

Pf. *mf*

14 **a tempo**

V. 1

V. 2  
breathed a song\_\_\_\_\_ in - to the air, it fell to earth, I

Pf. *mp*

17 *p* *espr.*

V. 1  
I knew not where;\_\_\_\_\_ for who has sight so keen and

V. 2  
knew not where; for who has sight\_\_\_\_\_ so

Pf.

20 *poco rit.* *mf* *f cresc.* 3

V. 1 strong, that it can fol - low the flight of song? Long,

V. 2 strong, that it can fol - low the flight of song? Long,

Pf. *f cresc.*

23 *a tempo* *ff appassionato* 3

V. 1 long af-ter-ward, in an oak, I found the ar-row still un-broke;

V. 2 long af-ter-ward, in an oak I found the ar-row still un-broke;

Pf. *ff appassionato*

27 *p* *mf* 3

V. 1 oh I found a-gain in the heart of a friend. Long

V. 2 *mp* 3 *mp* oh

Pf. *p* 3

31 *f* **poco rit.**

V. 1 long af-ter-ward, in an oak, I found the ar-row still un-broke;

V. 2 long af-ter-ward, in an oak, I found the ar-row still un-broke;

Pf. *f* *dim.*

**a tempo** *mf* **rit.**

V. 1 I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,

V. 2 *mp* and the song, from be-gin-ning to end, —

Pf. *mp*

39 **a tempo** *p* **poco rit.**

V. 1

V. 2

Pf. *mf espr. e cantabile*

**più calmo** *p* **rit.** 5

V. 1  
and the song, from be - gin-ning to end, I found a - gain

V. 2  
and the song, from be - gin-ning to end, I found a - gain

Pf.  
*con calma* *pp*

**a tempo** *p* **poco rit.** **Tempo I°**

V. 1  
in the heart of a friend, a

V. 2  
in the heart of a friend, a

Pf.  
*p* *mp espr.*

**rit.** *pp* **a tempo** **molto rit.**

V. 1  
friend, a friend.

V. 2  
friend, a friend.

Pf.  
*p* *ppp*

# The Arrow and the Song

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.