Luke Havergal

Medium Voice
Duration: 4 min. 3 sec.

Poem by
E. A. Robinson

Music by
JOHN DUKE

Sadly, tenderly (–60)

PIANO

mf

dim.

VOICE

Go—to the west—ern gate, Luke Hav—er—gal.

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Music for Voice & Piano

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Music for Voice & Piano
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,

And in the twilight wait for what will come.

Go to the western gate, Luke Haver-gal.

The leaves will whisper there of her, and some, Luke
Flying words, will strike you as they fall;

But go, and if you listen she will call.

ghost like

Out of a grave I come to

tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to

quench the kiss That flames up - on your

fore-head with a glow That blinds you to the
way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one

way to where she is,
Bitter, but

one that faith may never mix.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Ecstatically

There is the western gate. Luke

Havergal, There are the
crimson leaves upon the well.

more and more urgently.

Go, for the winds are tearing them away,

Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,

But go.
and if you trust her she will call.

There is the western gate,

Havergal.