

Gregory J. Hutter

# Ah! Woe is Me!

*for SATB Chorus*

*Distributed by*  
Subito Music Corporation  
Verona, New Jersey 07044  
SMD.SUBITOMUSIC.COM



### Ah! Woe Is Me!

Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!  
That I must chant thy lady's dirge,  
And death to this fair haunt of spring,  
Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,  
Poor silver-wing! ah! woe is me!  
That I must see  
These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!  
Go, pretty page! and in her ear  
Whisper that the hour is near!  
Softly tell her not to fear  
Such calm favonian\* burial!  
Go, pretty page! and soothly tell,  
The blossoms hang by a melting spell,  
And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice  
Upon her closed eyes,  
That now in vain are weeping their last tears,  
At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,  
Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,  
Alas! poor Queen!

—John Keats (1795–1821)

\* Of or related to the west wind.











37 *mp* *p* *rit.* *calando* *pp*

Rich dow - ry \_\_\_\_\_ from the Spir - it of the Spheres, A - las! poor Queen!

*mp* *p* *calando* *pp*

Rich dow - ry \_\_\_\_\_ from the Spir - it of the Spheres, A - las! poor Queen!

*mp* *p* *calando* *pp*

Rich dow - ry \_\_\_\_\_ from the Spir - it of the Spheres, A - las! poor Queen!

*mp* *p* *calando* *pp*

Rich dow - ry \_\_\_\_\_ from the Spir - it of the Spheres, A - las! poor Queen!

July 3, 2011  
Chicago, Illinois  
3'00"