## THREE TEXTS BY GEORGE ELIOT

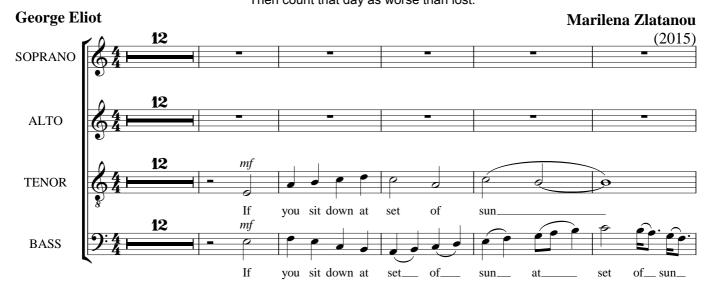
(for SATB choir and string quartet/string orch.)

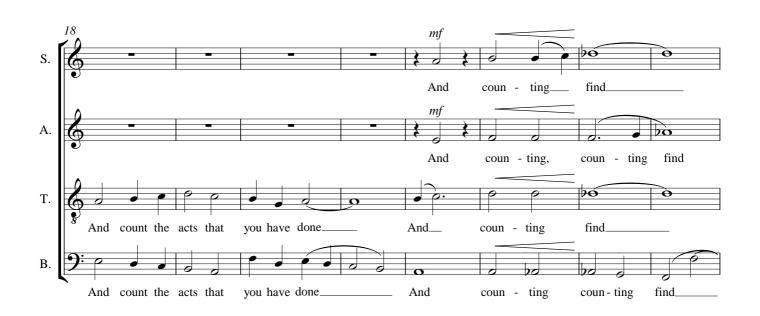
# 1. Count That Day Lost

choir score

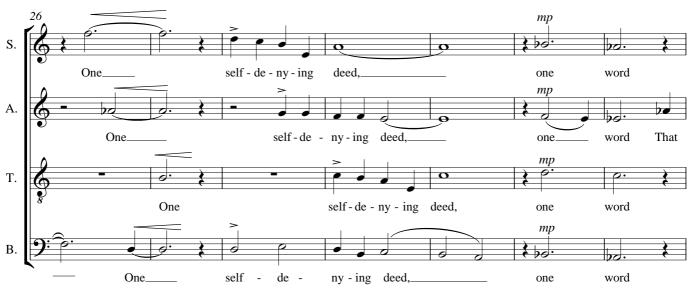
If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went -Then you may count that day well spent.

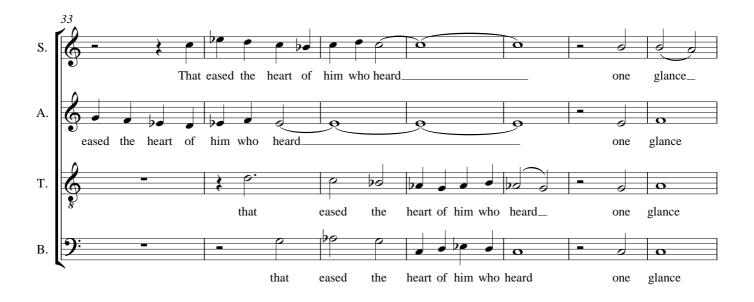
But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay -- If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one faceNo act most small That helped some soul and nothing cost -Then count that day as worse than lost.

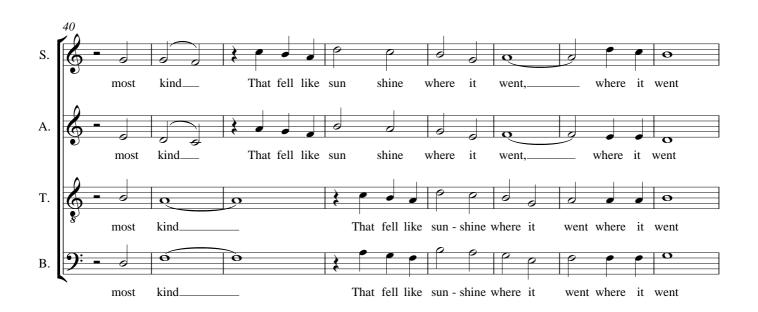


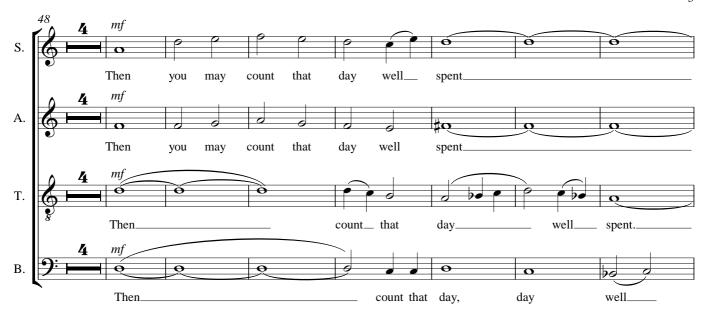


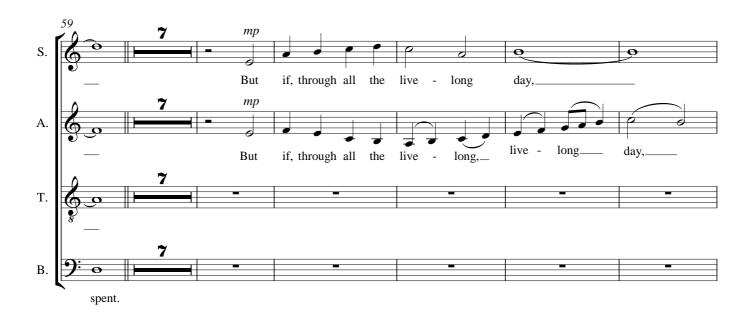


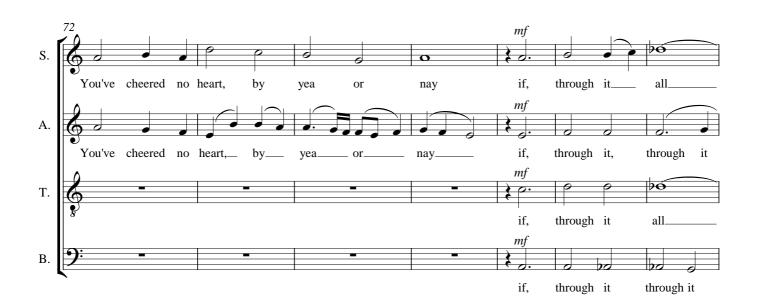




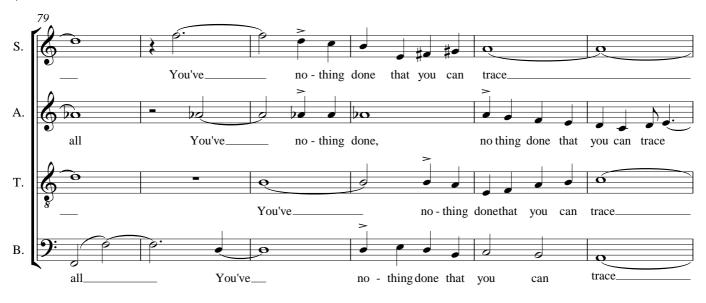


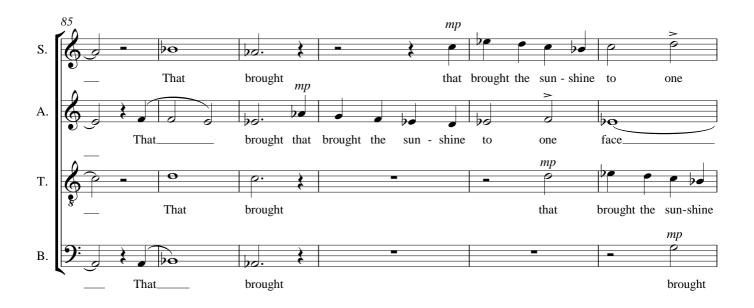


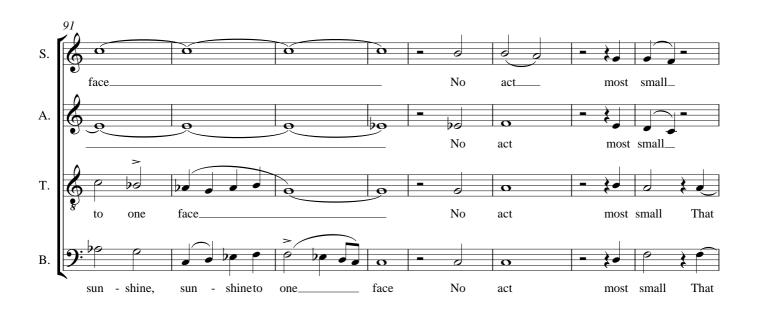


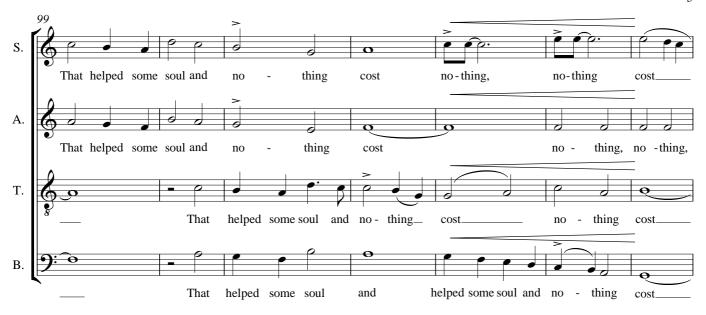


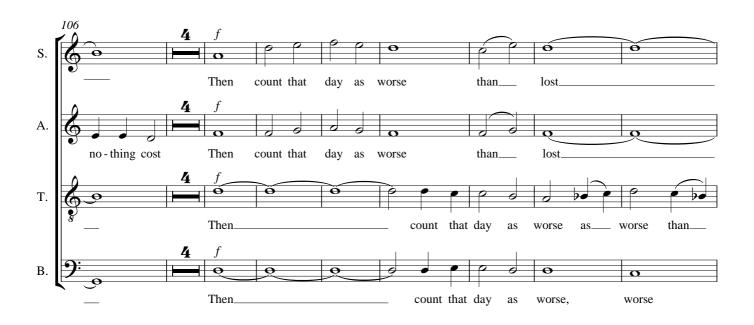


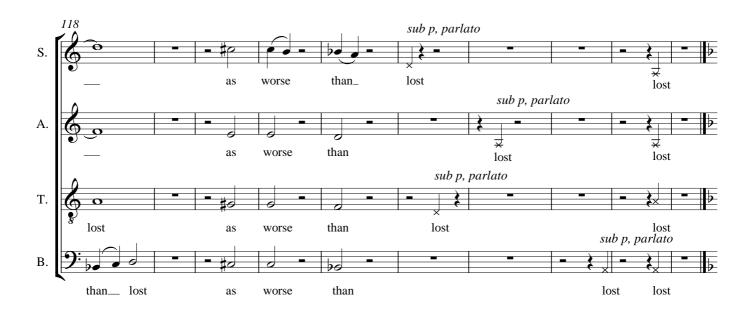












## 2. Sweet Endings Come and Go, Love

#### choir score

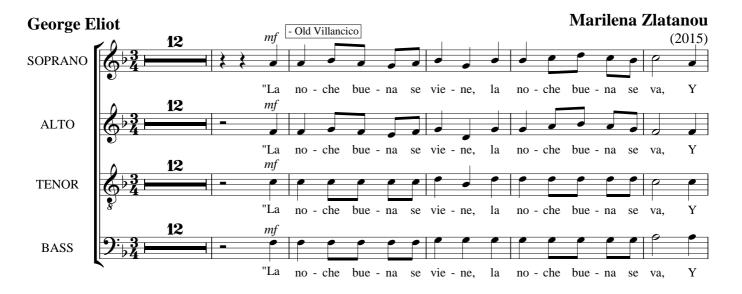
"La noche buena se viene, La noche buena se va, Y nosotros nos iremos Y no volveremos mas." -- Old Villancico.

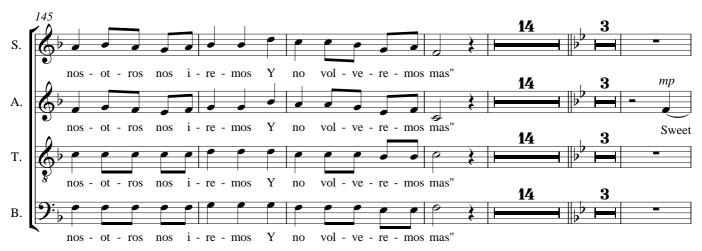
Sweet evenings come and go, love, They came and went of yore: This evening of our life, love, Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love, All things will keep their name; But yet no life on earth, love, With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love, The stars in heaven will shine: I shall not feel thy wish, love, Nor thou my hand in thine.

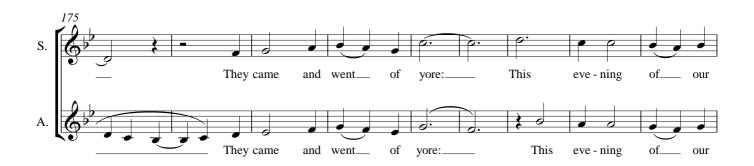
A better time will come, love, And better souls be born: I would not be the best, love, To leave thee now forlorn.

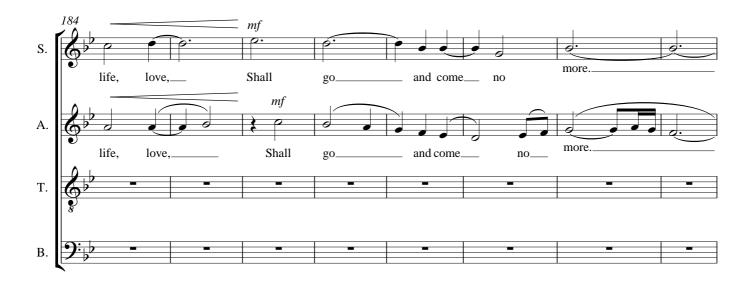


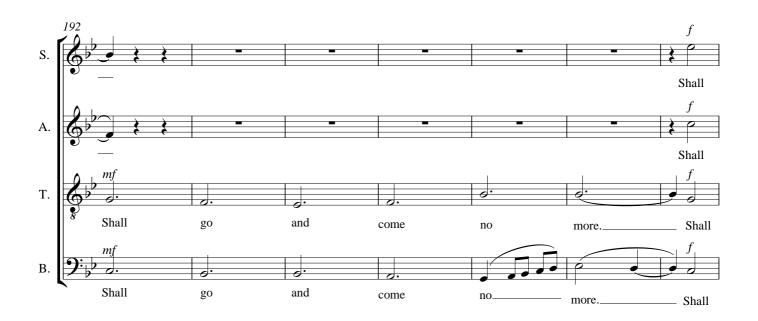


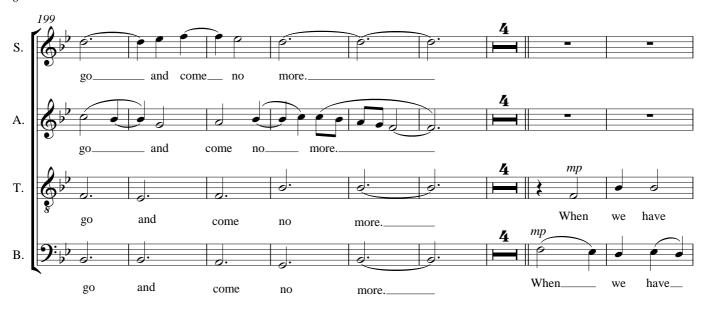
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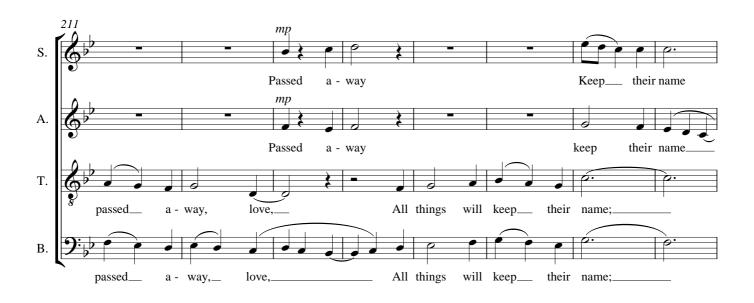


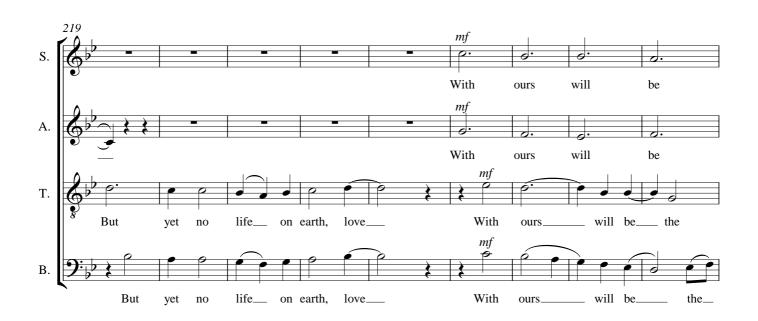




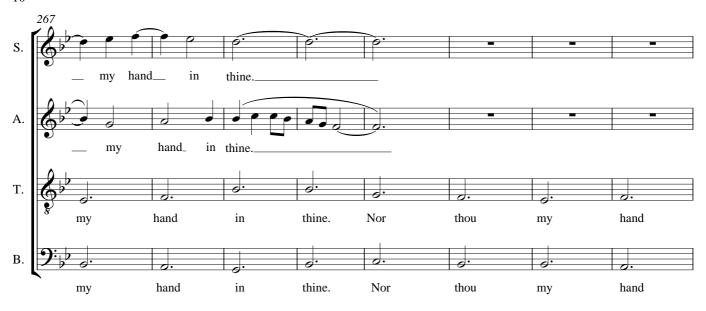


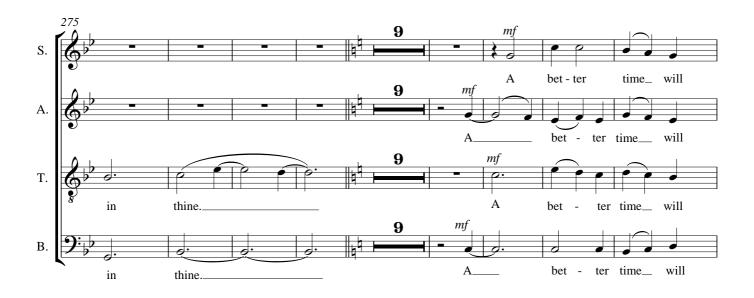


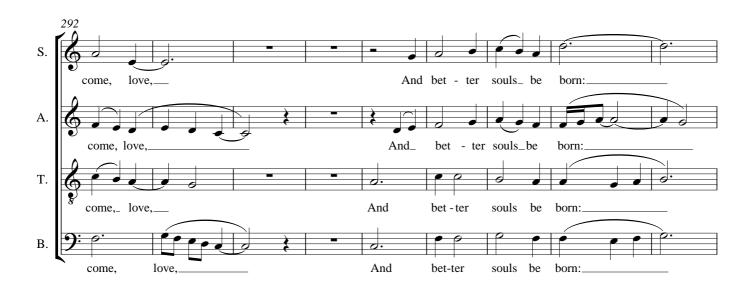


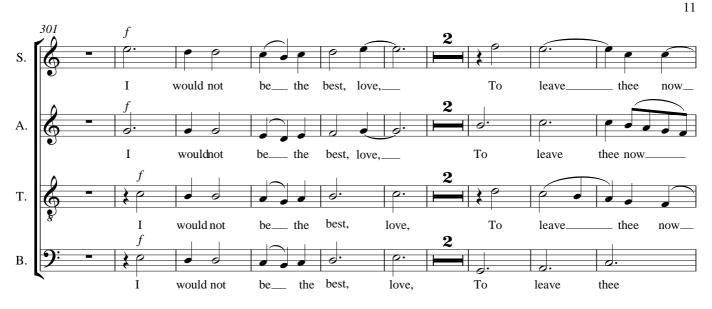


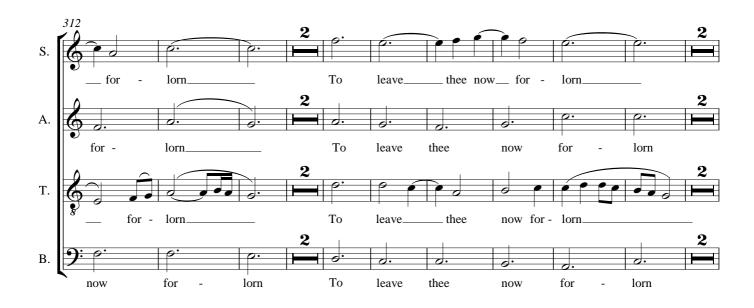


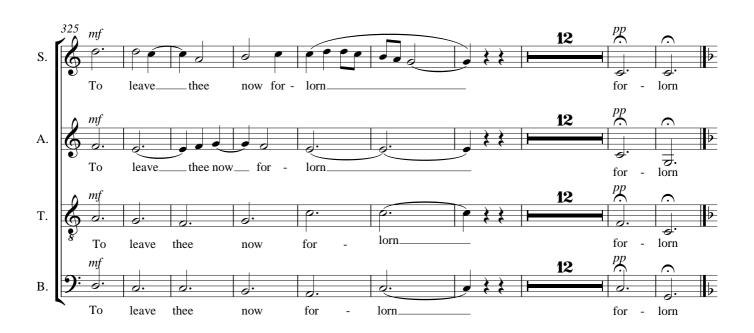












### 3. It is never too late

choir score

It is never too late to be what you might have been.



