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# O World

for SATB chorus

Jonathan Santore

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!  
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!  
Thy mists that roll and rise!  
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag  
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag  
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!  
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,  
But never knew I this;  
Here such a passion is  
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear  
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.  
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall  
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay

Program note:

*O World* was written in late January and early February of 2004, as my family was moving back into our home after a 3½ month absence caused by a fire. It came to me more quickly and more completely than any other piece I've written; I think it's a song of gratitude for this place and for the friends we've made here over the past decade.

-- JCS

Written for the New Hampshire Master Chorale  
Dan Perkins, Music Director

# O World

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Jonathan Santore

Lovingly (♩ = 60)  
*mp*

Soprano  
O WORLD, I can-not hold thee close e - nough! Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!

Alto  
Uh Uh Skies! Thy

Tenor  
Uh Uh

Bass  
Uh Uh

3

S  
Thy mists, rise! Thy woods, this au-tumn day, that ache, And  
(melody through m. 8 -- bring out) - - - - -

A  
mists that roll, rise! Thy woods, this au-tumn day, that ache and sag And

T  
Roll, that roll and rise! Thy woods, this au-tumn day, that ache, And

B  
Rise! Thy woods, this au-tumn day, that ache, And

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17

S stretch - eth me a-part. Lord, I, Thou'st made the world too beau - ti - ful, My  
 through m. 22 -- bring out) -----

A stretch - eth me a-part. Lord, I do fear Thou'st made the world too beau - ti - ful this year. My

T stretch - eth me a-part. Lord, I do fear Thou'st made the world too beau - ti - ful this year. My

B stretch - eth me a-part. Lord, I, Thou'st made the world too beau - ti - ful, My

21

S soul is all but out of me, — No burn - ing leaf; pri - thee, let no bird call. O  
 (non cresc.)

A soul is all but out of me, — let fall No burn - ing leaf; pri - thee, let no bird call.  
 (non cresc.)

T soul is all but out of me, — let fall No burn - ing leaf; pri - thee, let no bird call.  
 (non cresc.)

B soul is all but out of me, — No burn - ing leaf; pri - thee, let no bird call.  
 (non cresc.)

25

S World, I can-not hold thee close e - nough! O World, I can-not hold thee close e - nough!  
*p* *pp*

A Uh \_\_\_\_\_ Uh \_\_\_\_\_ O World, I can-not hold thee close e - nough!  
*p* *pp*

T Uh \_\_\_\_\_ Uh \_\_\_\_\_ O World, I can-not hold thee close e - nough!  
*p* *pp*

B Uh \_\_\_\_\_ Uh \_\_\_\_\_ O World, I can-not hold thee close e - nough!  
*p* *pp*

rall. -----