

# This is the Hay that No Man Planted

♩ = 72c. *strange, mysterious*

*p*

This is the hay— that no man plan-ted, This is the

*pp*

*sfz* *loco* *sfz* *sfz*

*mp* *pp* *Red.* \*

7

ground that ne-ver was plowed, Wa-tered by tides,

*Red.* \*

12

cold and bra-ckish, Sha-dowed by fog and the sea born— cloud.

*Red.* \*

17

Here \_\_\_\_\_ comes no sound \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

*f* *ppp*

21

bo-bo-link's sing \_\_\_\_\_ ing, \_\_\_\_\_ On-ly the wail \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *ppp*

24

\_\_\_\_\_ of the gull's long cry,

*fp* *ppp*

Red. \*

28

Where men now reap \_\_\_\_\_ as they

*ff* *pp*

3:2

32

reap their \_\_\_\_\_ mea\_ dows Heap- ing the great gold stacks to dry. \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *pp*

*f*

*Red.*

3:2

37

All win - ter long when

*p*

*p*

*Red.* \*

43

deep pile the snow-drifts, And cat-tle stand in the

47

dark all day, Ma-ny a cow shall taste pale

52

sea-weed Twined in the stalks of the wild salt hay.