

# At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners

Poem by John Donne

Music by Williametta Spencer

*Winner of the 1968 Choral Competition  
of the Southern California Vocal Association*

**Shawnee Press**

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## HOLY SONNETS VII

*At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow  
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberlesse infinities  
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,  
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.  
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,  
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,  
'Tis late to aske abundance of Thy grace.  
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground.  
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good  
As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with Thy blood.*

John Donne

# At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners

(for mixed voices, unaccompanied)

JOHN DONNE

WILLIAMETTA SPENCER

(♩ = 126 - 138)

**SOPRANO**  
*ff*  
At the round earth's im - a-gin'd cor-ners, Blow your trum-pets,

**ALTO**  
*ff*  
At the round earth's im - a-gin'd cor-ners, Blow your trum-pets,

**TENOR**  
*ff*  
At the round earth's im - a-gin'd cor-ners, Blow your trum-pets,

**BASS**  
*ff*  
At the round earth's im - a-gin'd cor-ners, Blow your trum-pets,

**PIANO**  
*ff (for rehearsal only)*

an-gells, and a - rise, A - rise from death, you num-ber-lesse in -

an-gells, and a - rise, A - rise from death, you num-ber-lesse in -

an-gells, and a - rise, A - rise from death, you num-ber-lesse in -

an-gells, and a rise, A - rise from death, you num-ber-lesse in -

PERFORMANCE TIME: Approx. 2:30

fin - i - ties - of soules, - And to your scat - tered bod - ies

fin - i - ties - of soules,

fin - i - ties - of soules,

fin - i - ties - of soules, - And to your

*mf* *rall.*

goe,

and - - - - - goe, All whom the flood did, and

scat - tered bod - ies goe, All whom the flood did, - - - - - and

*mp*

fire shall o - ver-throw, All whom warre, dearth, age, a - gues, tyr-an-nies, ———

fire shall o - ver-throw, All whom warre, — age, a - gues, tyr-an-nies, ——— Des-

*mp* And you whose eyes,

*molto cresc.* Shall be-hold

Shall be-hold God, ———

*molto cresc.*

paire, law, chance, bath slaine, ——— Shall be-hold God, ———

*mp*

*molto cresc.*

*mf molto cresc.* *f* *ff*

Shall be-hold God, shall be-hold God, and nev-er

*molto cresc.* *f* *ff*

Shall be-hold, shall be-hold God, shall be-hold God, and nev-er  
God,

*f* *ff*

— shall be-hold God, shall be-hold God, and nev-er

*f* *ff*

— shall be-hold God, shall be-hold God, and nev-er

*subito p*

taste death's woe. But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a

*subito p*

taste death's woe. But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a

taste death's woe.

taste death's woe.

*subito p*

space, For, if a - bove all these, my sinnes a - bound, a - bound,

space, For all these, my sinnes a - bound, - a - bound,

This system contains two vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal staves have lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves.

'Tis late to ask a - bun-dance of thy grace, when wee are there;

'Tis late to ask a - bun-dance of thy grace, when wee are there;

when wee are there;

when wee are there;

This system contains two vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal staves have lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. Dynamics like *pp* are indicated.

Here on this low-ly ground, teach mee how to re - pent; For that's as

Here on this low-ly ground, teach mee how to re - pent; For that's as

Here on this low-ly ground, teach mee how to re - pent; For that's as

Here on this low-ly ground, teach mee how to re - pent; For that's as

*mf* *cresc.* *rit.* *ff*

good, thou hadst seal'd my par-don, with thy blood.

*mf cresc.* *ff*

good, as if thou hadst seal'd my par-don, with thy blood.

*mf cresc.* *ff*

good, if thou hadst seal'd my par-don, with thy blood.

*mf cresc.* *ff*

good, as if thou hadst seal'd my par-don, with thy blood.

*mf cresc.* *ff*

good, as if thou hadst seal'd my par-don, with thy blood.



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