

Commissioned by the Choirs of America,  
Geoffrey McQueen, Executive Director and Christopher Olin, Artistic Director

# Dance for Love



William Straub

Z. Randall Stroope

Expressive and Confident ♩ = 60

Piano

4

S A T B

*mp* *mf* *mf*

Soft-ly falls the rain, bare feet dance me home, My

*mp* *mf* *mf*

Soft-ly falls the rain, bare feet dance me home, My

"Softly" is pronounced without the 't'.

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The sil-ver ma - ple sings with  
*mp*

boots were made to stay, but my feet were made to roam. The sil-ver ma - ple sings with  
*mp*

*mf* *mp*

10 *mf* *f*

rhy-thm of my heart, And forms an an - cient song some sage did me im - part. The *f*

rhy-thm of my heart, And forms an an - cient song some sage did me im - part. The *f*

*mf*

13

can - nons are si - lent, no drum o'er the hedge - row, Just the sound of rain on sum - mer

can - nons are si - lent, no drum o'er the hedge - row, Just the sound of rain on sum - mer

*f*

16

wheat, I dance to laugh - ter,  
wheat, I dance to beau - ty,

19

Be-yond the pine - wood, through fur-row'd field I dance for  
through fur - row'd field I dance for

**For Perusal Only**

22

love. love. *mf* Gone, I've three long years,...

*mf*  
Dance me past the old gray mill

mired in mar-tyrs' fields, But now my steps turn ev-er home-ward,

28

and the mea-dow's brow, Home - ward! Dance, dance

and the mea-dow's brow, Dance,

*f* *mf*

31

dance, My boots were made to stay, but my

*mf*

Soft-ly falls the rain, bare feet dance me home, My boots were made to stay, but my

*mf*

34 *p dolce e molto espr.* *mp*

feet were made to roam. My Sar-ah waits for me with (with) eyes of sum-mer sky, Her

feet were made to roam. My Sar-ah waits for me with eyes of sum-mer sky, Her

37 *f*

voice a dul-ci-mer that plays a lul-la-by, The can-nons are si-lent, no

voice a dul-ci-mer that plays a lul-la-by, The can-nons are si-lent, no

*mf* *f*

40

drum o'er the hedge-row, Just the sound of rain on sum-mer wheat,

drum o'er the hedge-row, Just the sound of rain on sum-mer wheat, I

43

I dance \_\_\_\_\_ to laugh - ter, Be-yond the pine - wood,

dance \_\_\_\_\_ to beau - ty,

46

through fur-row'd field \_\_\_\_\_ I dance for love. Be -

© protection

Be -

49

hind the clouds the sun is still shin - ing, Dance!

hind the clouds the sun is still shin - ing Dance!