

When All the World is Young

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

John E. Govedas

Gently and reflectively $\text{♩} = 76$ rit.

Pno.

p

pedal freely

5 A tempo

Tutti

A tempo

When all the world is

Pno.

3 3

10 tenuto

Tutti

young, la And all the trees are green;

Pno.

3 3 3

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15

Tutti

And ev - 'ry goose a swam, lad, And

Pno.

ten.

20

Tutti

e - ve-ry lass a queen; Then hey for

Pno.

mf

25

Tutti

boot, for boot horse, lad, And round the world a -

Pno.

p

pp

30

Tutti

way. Young blood must have its course, ald

Pno.

f

3 3

35

Tutti

And ev - 'ry dog his day.

Pno.

mf

$\text{♩} = 76$

40

Tutti

poco rit.

Pno.

p

poco rit.

45 **B** A tempo ♩ = 76

S. *tenuto*
When all the world is old, lad, —

A. *3*
When all the — world is old, lad, —

Pno. *mp*
3 *3* *3*

50 *tenuto*
— And all the — trees are — brown; — And

A. *3*
— And all the trees — brown; — And

Pno. *3* *3* *3*

55 *espress.*
S. all the sport is stale, lad, — And all the — *3*

A. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*
all — the sport, all — the sport is stale, — lad, — And — all the —

Pno. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

60 *tenuto* *mf* *mf*

S. wheels run down; Creep home, and take your

A. wheels run down; Creep home and take

Pno. *mf*

65 *p*

S. place there, and spent and maimed a - mong:

A. your place there, and spent and maimed a - mong:

Pno. *p*

70 *rit.* *A tempo*

S. God grant you find one face there You

A. God grant you find one face there You

Pno. *rit.* *A tempo*

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY - PLEASE DO NOT COPY

75 *rall.* $\text{♩} = 69$

S. loved when all was young. (hum) *p*

A. loved when all was young. (hum) *p*

rall. $\text{♩} = 69$

Pno. *p*

80 (stagger breathing)

S.

A.

Pno. *ppp*

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and hose, lad,
And round the world to roam;
Young blood must follow its course, lad,
And every dog has his home.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;

Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

The poem contrasts youthful idealism with aging and decline, using natural imagery to frame life's stages; optimism in youth gives way to resignation in old age, with a quiet emphasis on memory and endurance rather than regret.