The Journey,
for voice and piano

words by
Christina Rossetti
(1830-1894)
written 1861

music by
Phyllis Gummer
(1919-2005)
composed Dec. 1938

Andante

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day’s journey take the whole long day?
From noon till

Ped.
night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place? A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin. May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Then must I knock or call when just in sight?

Shall I find comfort travel-sore and weak?

Those who have gone before.

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Of labour you shall find the
Will there be beds for me - and all who seek? Yea, beds for all who come.
Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
    Yes, to the very end.
Will the day’s journey take the whole long day?
    From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
    A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
    You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
    Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
    They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
    Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
    Yea, beds for all who come.

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