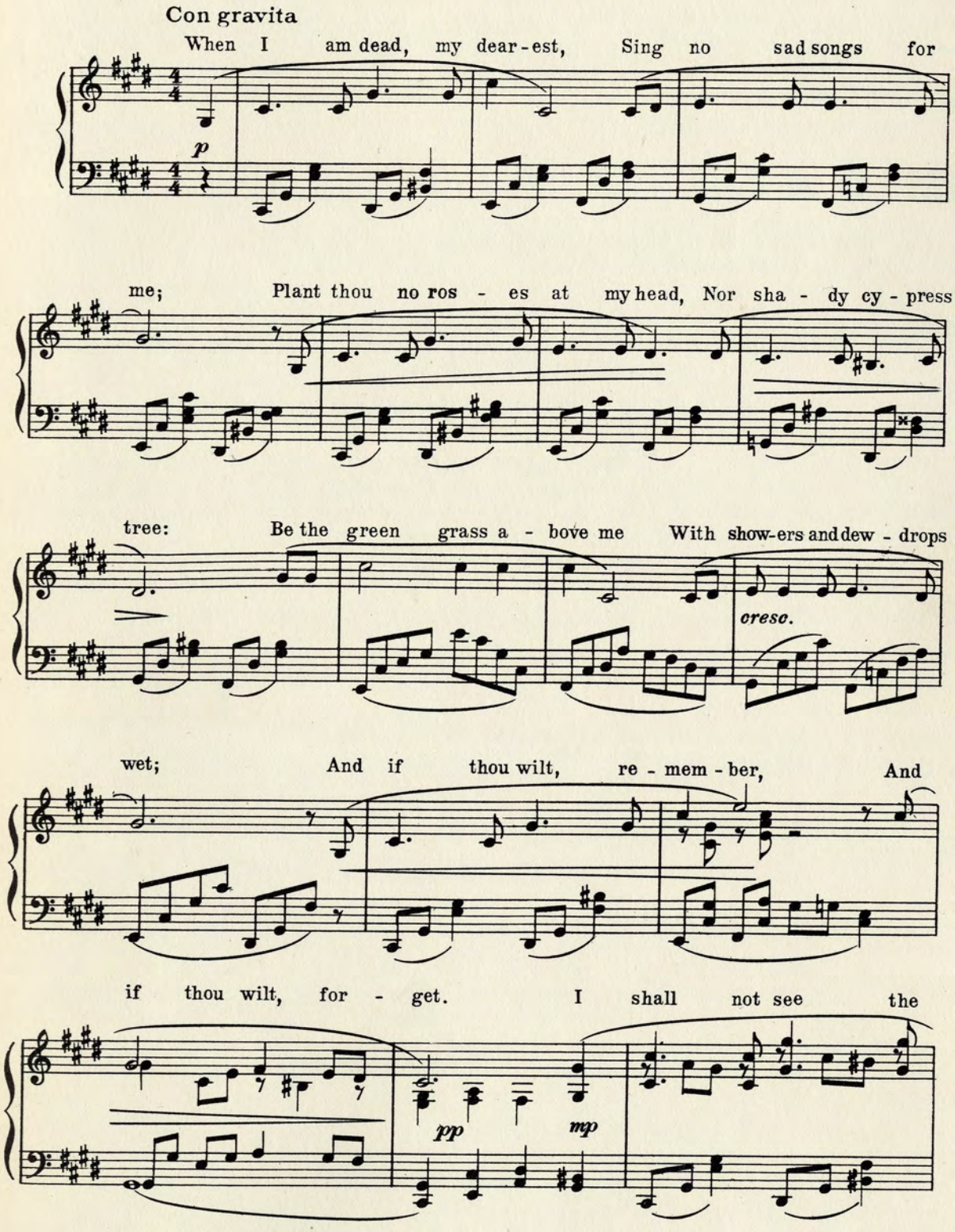
SONG

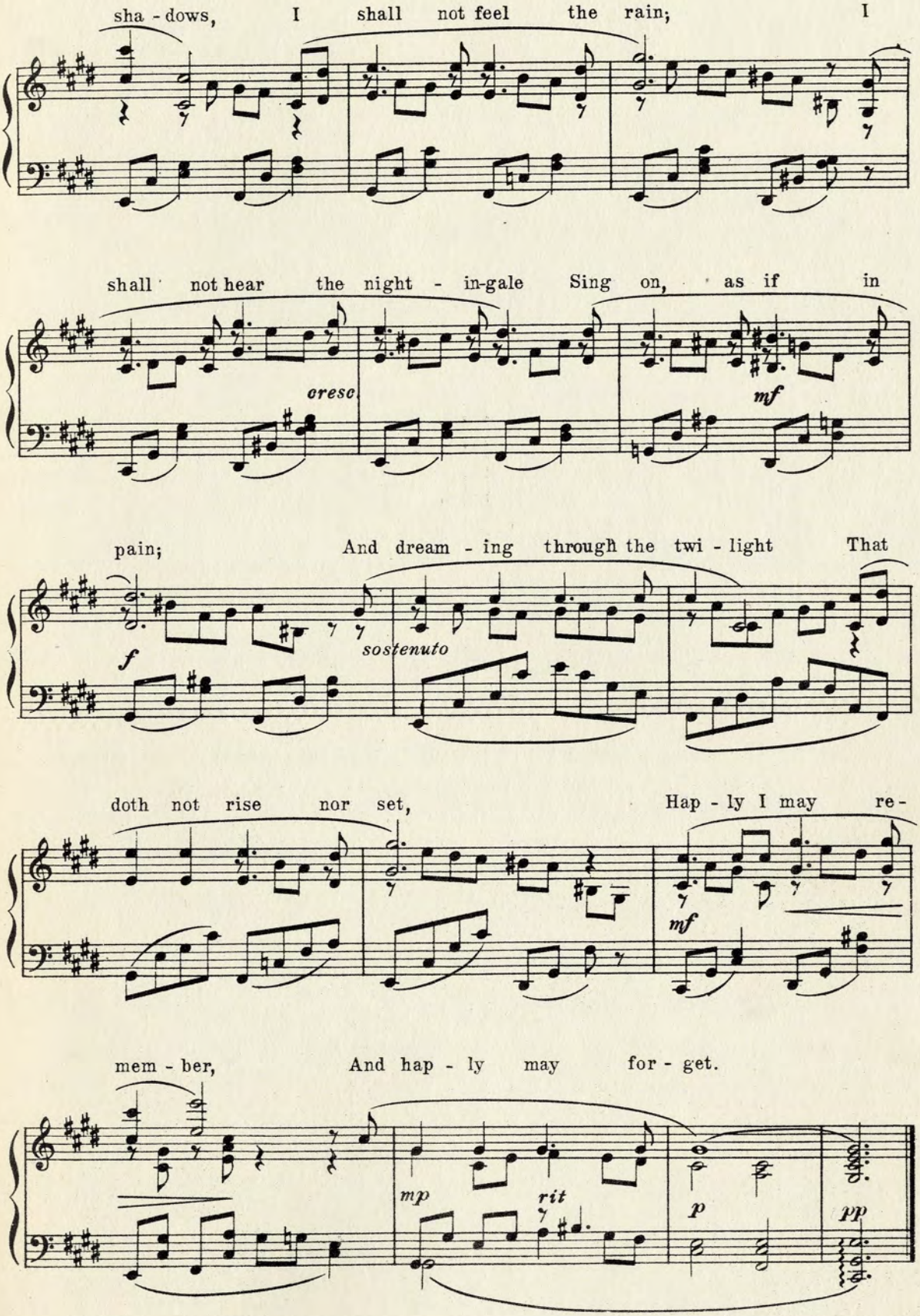
When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

SONG

Poem by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Music by
JULIET RAPHAEL

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
(1830-1894)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mp
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MADRIGAL AND MINSTRELSY

JULIET RAPHAEL

NEW YORK
ALBERT & CHARLES BONI

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

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FOREWORD

In the days of ancient Greece—the days of highest artistic idealism—poetry and music were so closely intertwined that one could scarcely be said to exist without the other. That this belief in the fusion of word and tone still tarried with the world of culture long after the great classical period remained only a glorious memory, is clearly to be seen in the enthusiasm for solo song that became part of the Renaissance.

The matter, literary and musical, that follows this Foreword is another step in the recognition of the fact that the imagination of poets, the emotion which they communicate to their verse, their inspiration, their absorption in beauty may be heightened by appropriate musical accompaniment. The word "accompaniment" is used in this connection for want of a better or more suggestive one, as indeed the musical compositions have a unique and creative value all their own. Although the poems contained in this book may indeed be *sung* and the part for the piano provide a harmonic background, the fundamental idea of the creator of this music is concerned with the provision of compositions which, she hopes, will point and illumine the poems as they are being read.

No apology is needed for the quality of the verses themselves, and it is believed that the charm and worth of the poet's fervor will be enhanced by the music of which it is made a part.

FELIX BOROWSKI.

To My Father

AUTHOR'S COMMENT

In this book I have endeavored to translate the words of the poets into music. The earliest composition is "Fifteen Acres" which I had written one night just after hearing James Stephens chant the verses. I was strongly impressed at this occasion by the close interrelationship of the cadence, rhythm, tone, and accent in his chanting, and in the music which the words had suggested.

Since then I have developed the other settings, always keeping the melody as closely as possible in consonance with the spirit and the metrical form of the verses.

For example, the poem "Up-Hill" consists of eight questions and eight answers. The questions, in a minor tone, modulate successively upward, one-half step—a frantic quest for the solution of the eternal query—whither? The answers are treated in a major key, mysterious, confident, final.

The first two measures of "The Fiddler of Dooney" suggest the gay fiddler tuning up for the dance. In "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," the recurrence of note "E" above middle "C" in the chord of the right hand, although distinct from the melody, suggests the muffled monotone of the tympani, a dirge-like echoing of the poet's repeated motif.

Blake's "Songs of Innocence" are truly permeated with his profound mysticism. Seemingly naïve and child-like, they run the gamut of life and death and all that is eternal.

AUTHOR'S COMMENT

The music has been done only as a setting for the words—sung or chanted. To those who love poetry, and love to hear it read, chanted, or sung, this book is offered.

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

MILTON.