Remembrance

for SATB Chorus, a cappella

Texts by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Music by
WILLIAM HAWLEY

I. A Sonnet

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

II. Spring Quiet

Gone were but the Winter, Come were but the Spring, I would go to a covert Where the birds sing;

Where in the whitethorn Singeth a thrush, And a robin sings In the holly-bush.

Full of fresh scents
Are the budding boughs
Arching high over
A cool green house:

Full of sweet scents, And whispering air Which sayeth softly: "We spread no snare;

"Here dwell in safety, Here dwell alone, With a clear stream And a mossy stone.

"Here the sun shineth Most shadily; Here is heard an echo Of the far sea, Though far off it be."

III. 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 the 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.

IV. 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.

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.

V. A Summer Wish

Live all thy sweet life thro',
Sweet Rose, dew-sprent;
Drop down thine evening dew,
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
I fancy thou wast meant

Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
Glad soaring Bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh that it were with me
As with the flower!
Blooming on its own tree
For butterfly and bee,
Its summer morns:
That I might bloom mine hour,
A rose in spite of thorns.

Oh that my work were done
As birds' that soar
Rejoicing in the sun:
That when my time is run
And daylight too,
I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

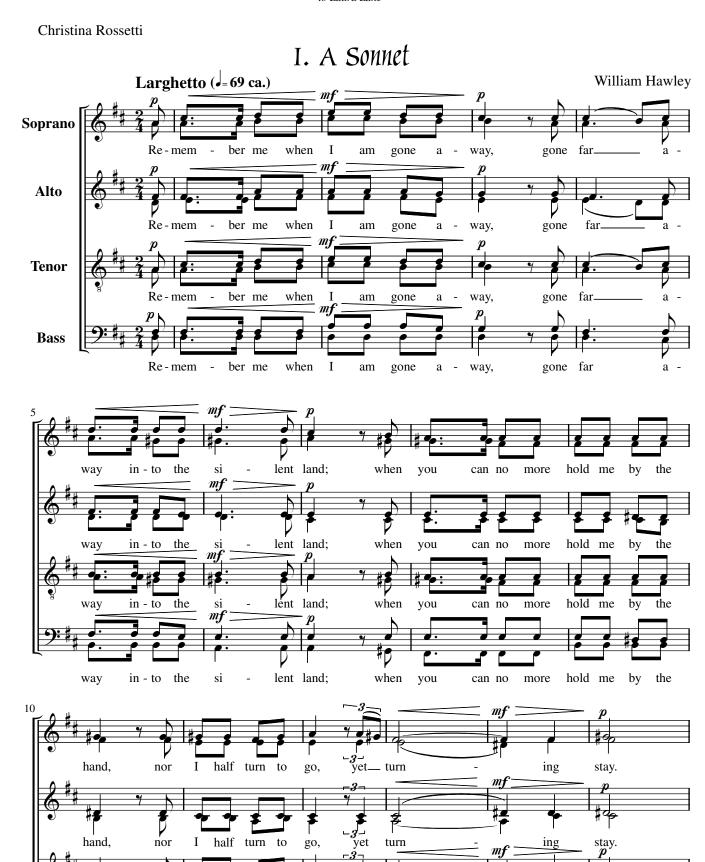
VI. Envoi

O wind, where have you been, That you blow so sweet? Among the violets Which blossom at your feet.

--Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)



Remembrance was Commissioned by
The Lane Family,
In Memory of Erma C. Lane,
and was premiered by Nova Singers,
Laura Lane, Music Director,
on February 21, 1998,
at Knox College.



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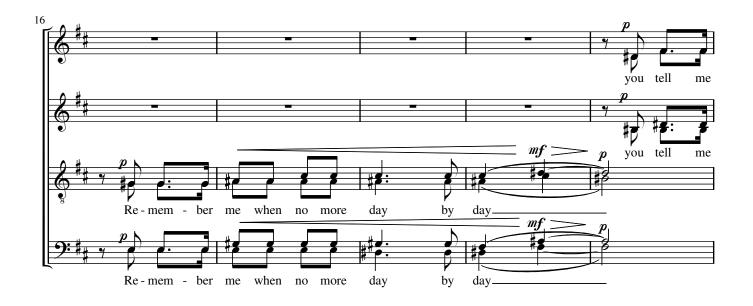
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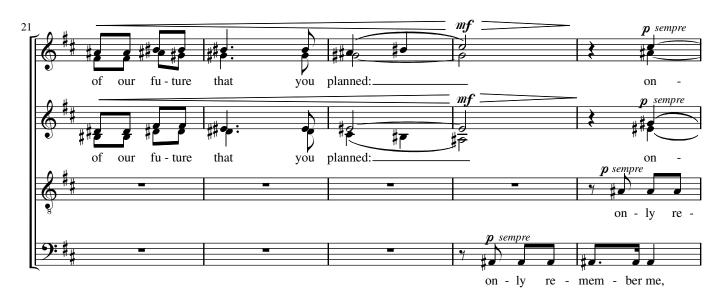
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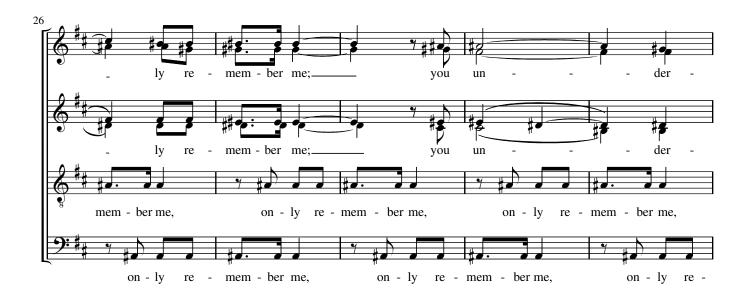
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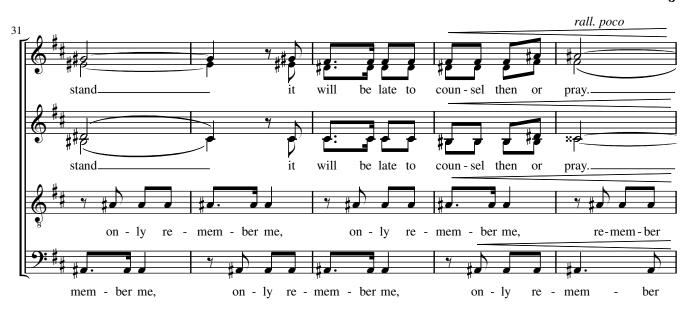
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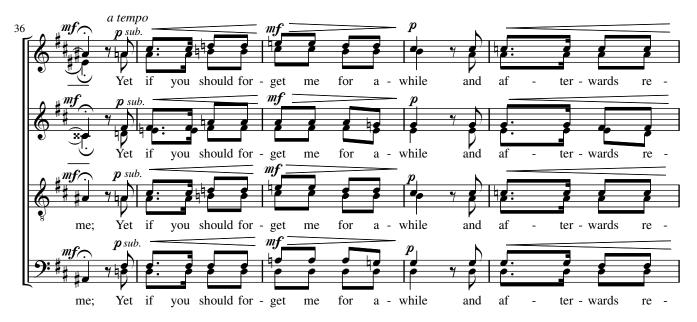
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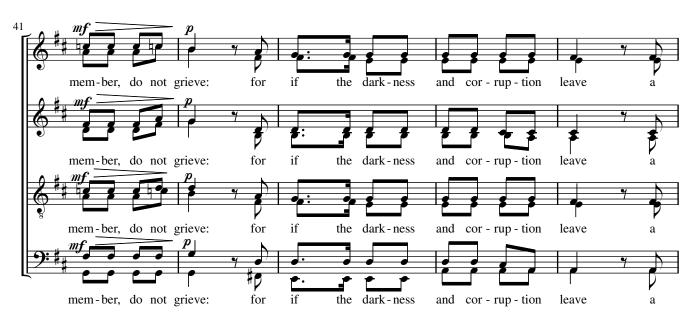






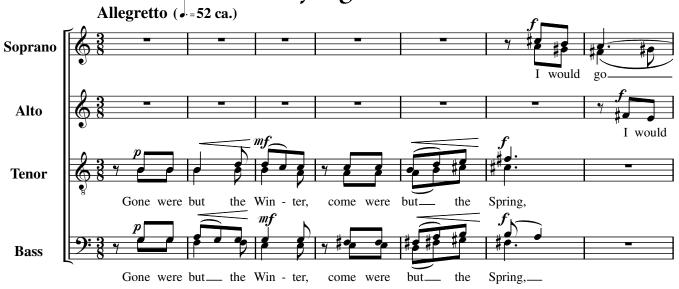


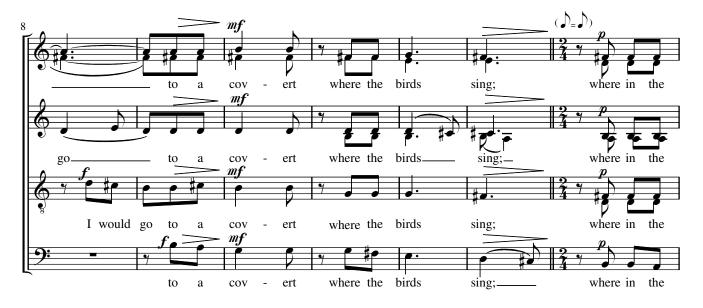


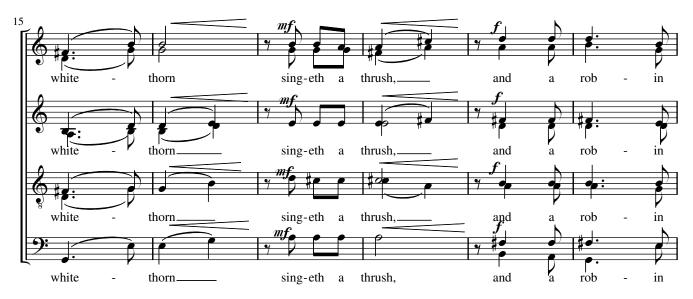


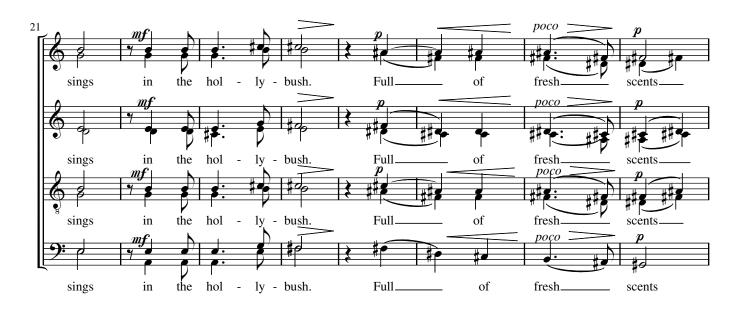


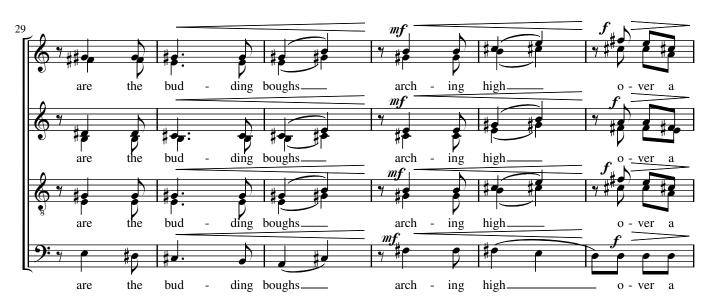
II. Spring Quiet

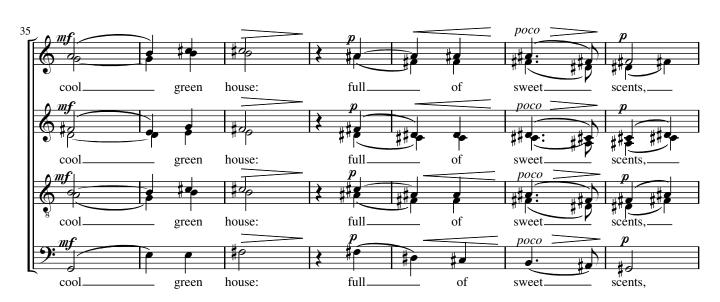


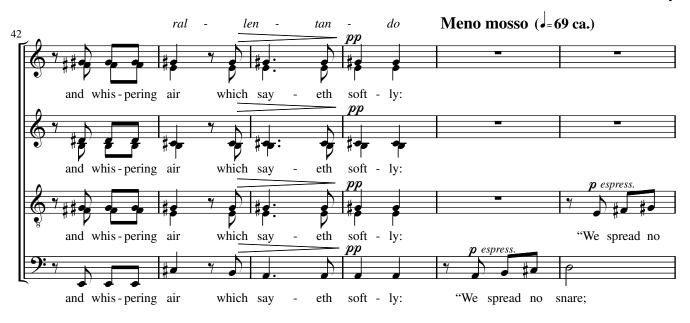




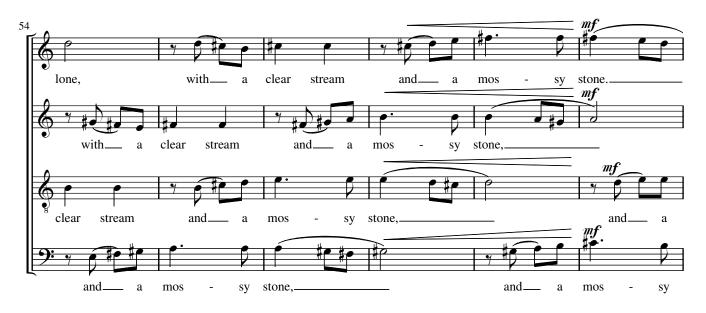












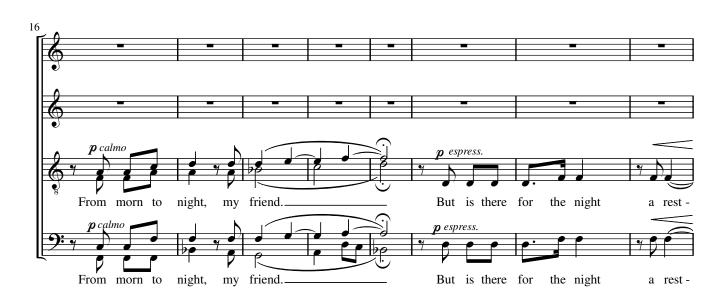






III. Up-Hill







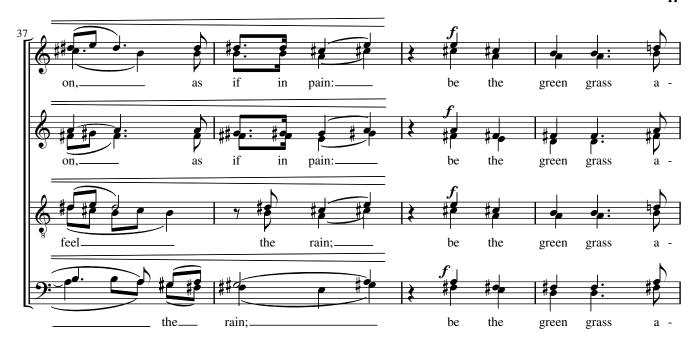


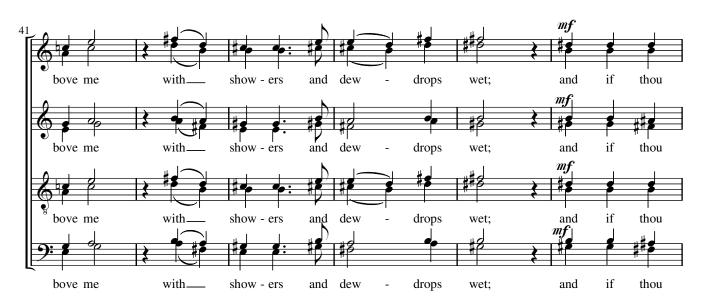


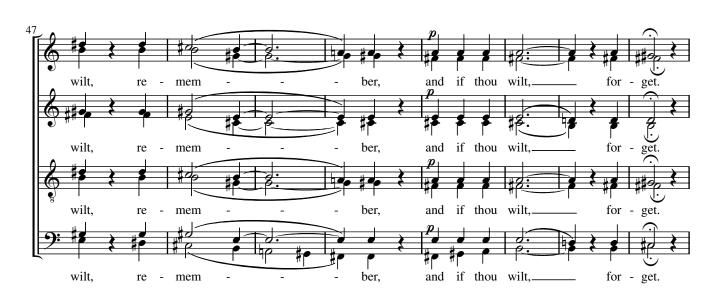


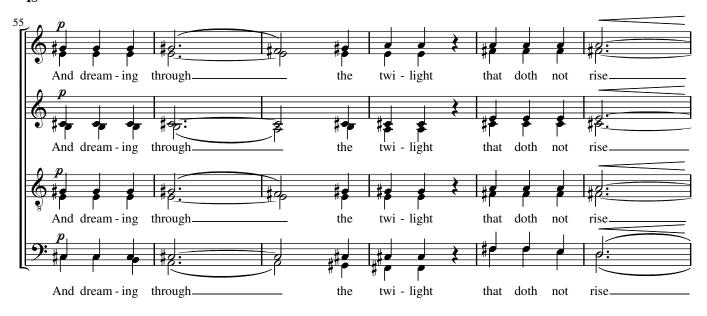


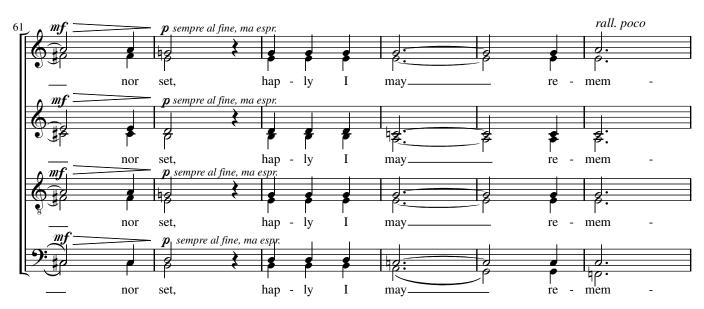


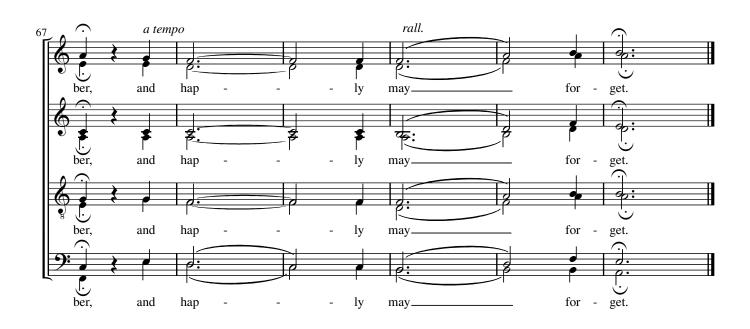




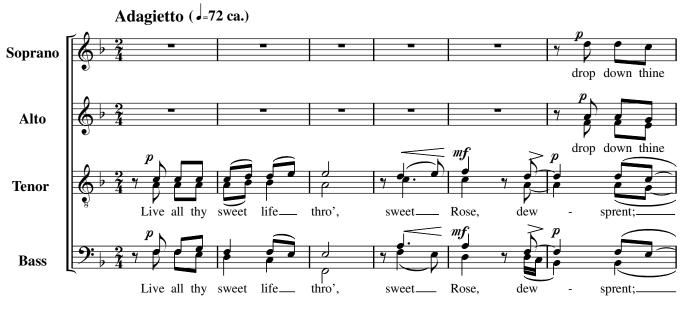


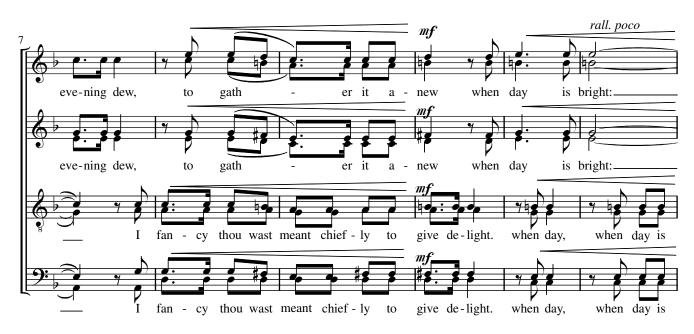


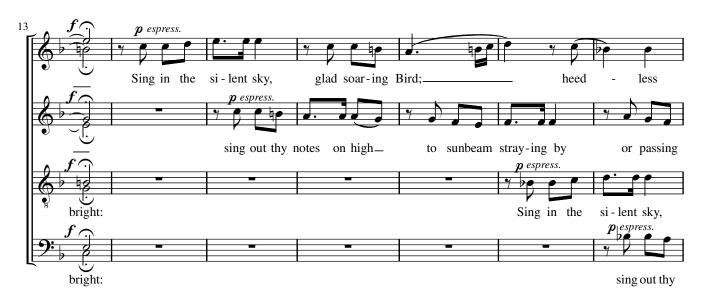


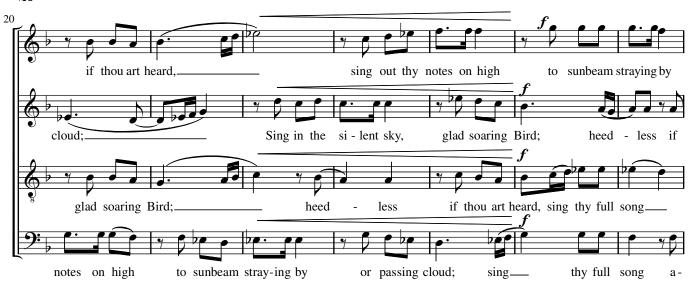


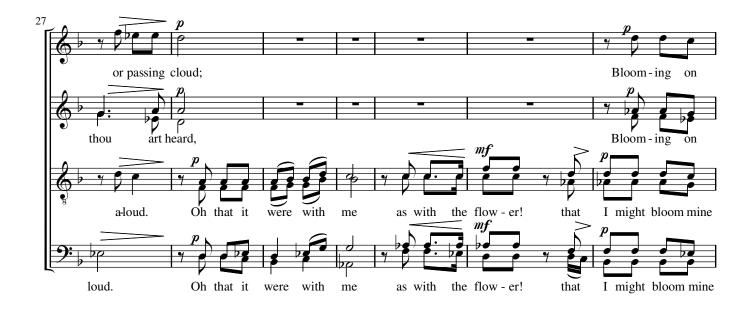
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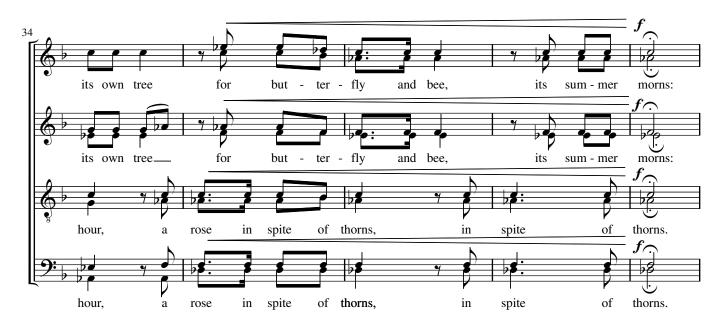


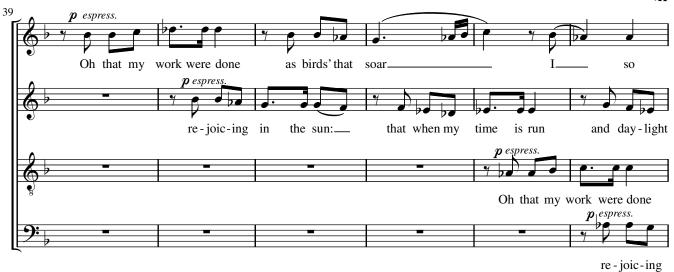


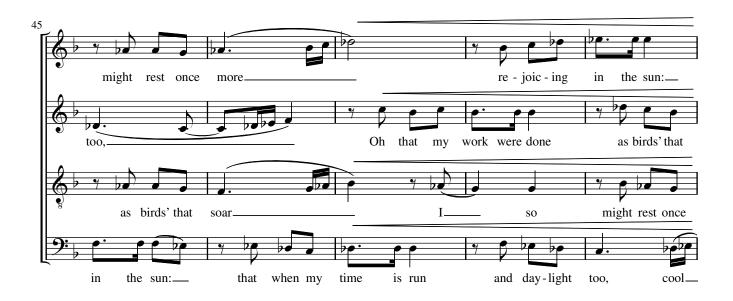


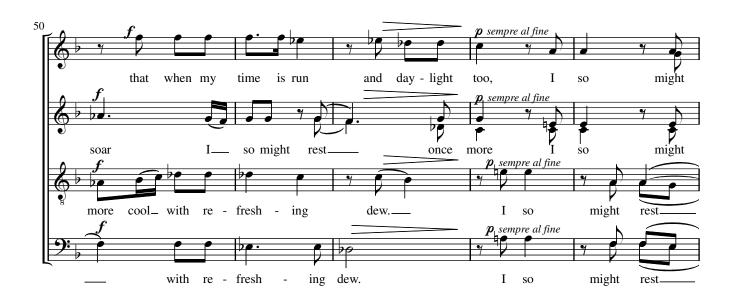


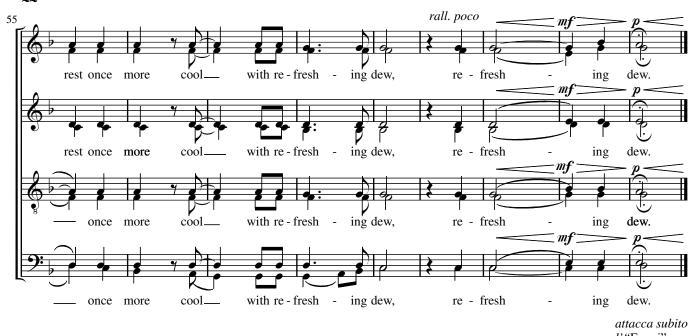


















Program Note For Remembrance

In Remembrance I have set a group of poems by the English poet Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894), taking as my title the pervading spirit of the poetry: a spirit full of fond memories of departed friends, yet mixed with enthusiasm for the beauties of ever-present Nature, exhortations to live and forget the past, and a certain ever-present, bemused detachment. Having set both Christina's poetry and that of her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (painter-poet and founder of the Pre-Raphaelite movement), I find in her work a deep sadness which is balanced by a determination to go on living joyfully, despite the sorrow that life can bring. It is possible that such resignation/affirmation can transcend the attempt to realize, in a direct way, human ideals through the application of art. It is through that application, however, that the artist imparts those very ideals to others.

I wrote these settings with the excellent voices of Nova Singers in mind, as conducted by Laura L. Lane, and I am delighted to have the work premiered by them. *Remembrance* was commissioned for Nova Singers by the Lane Family, In Memory of Erma C. Lane.

William Hawley New York, September 25, 1997