I Aloof

Somberly ca ♩= 60

Soprano

Piano

mf

The ir- re- spon- sive si- lence of the

p

mf

land. The ir- re- spon- sive sound- ing of the sea. Speak both one

mes- sage of one sense to me: — A- loof, a- loof, we

p

stand a- loof so stand Thou too a- loof, bound with thε

p

flaw- less band of in- her sol- i- tude; of in- her sol- i tude;

rit

a tempo, meno p

we bind not thee; But who from thy self- chain shall set thee free? What heart shall touch thy heart?

What hand thy hand? And I am some- times proud and some- times meek,

p

And some- times I re- mem- ber days of old When

gva bassa - - - - - - - - - - - -

fel- low- ship seem'd not so far to seek, And all the world and

più f

poco f

gva - - - - - !

I seem'd much less cold, seem'd much less cold, And at the rain- bow's

foot lay sure- ly gold, And hope felt strong, and

life it- self not weak.

8va bassa

Christina Rossetti

II Cadmus and Harmonia

Allegretto ♩=66

mf

Far, far

8va

p

mf

p

mf

p

from here, The A- dri- a- tic breaks in a warm bay

3

mf

mf

A- mong the green Il- lyr- ian hills; and

p

there The sun- shine in the hap- py glens is fair, And

p

p

by the sea, and in the brakes, The grass is cool, the

8va bassa

sea- side air Buoy- ant and fresh,

mf

mf

the mount- ain flowers As vir-gin-al and

p

mf

sweet as ours. And there, they say, two

mf

bright and a-ged snakes, Who

8va

p

once were Cad- mus and Har- mon- i- a, Bask in the

mf

glens of on the warm sea- shore,

p

poco f

p

p

In breath- less qui- et, af- ter all their

mf

f

p

ills. Nor do they see their coun-try, nor the

f

place where the Sphinx lived a-

f

mong the frown- ing hills,

mf

cresc.

f

Nor the un- hap- py pal- ace of their race,

8va

f

meno f

Nor Thebes, nor the Is- me- nus, a- ny

8va

mf

more, a- ny more, a- ny more,

a- ny more, ny more, a- ny more.

p

pp

Matthew Arnold

III Invictus

Intensely ♩=66

f

f, con picha voce

Out of the night that co-vers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole,

I thank what-ev-er gods may be For my un-con-quer-a-ble soul.

In the fell clutch of cir-cum-stance I have not winced nor cried a-loud:

Un-der the bludg-eon-ings of chance My head is blood-y, but un-

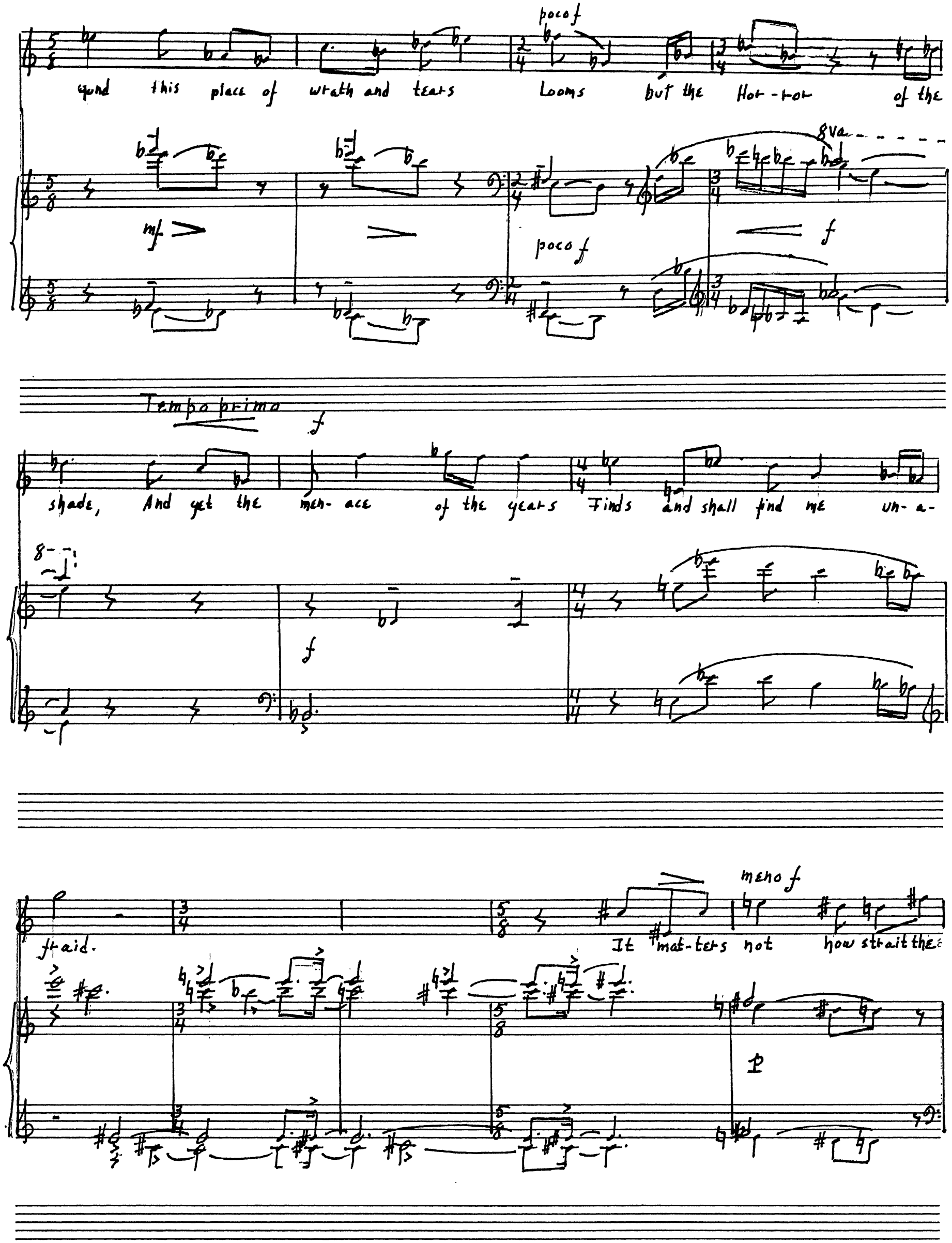
gra - - - - - -

bow'd.

Poco meno mosso ♩= 60

Be-

P quieto


poco f
quod this place of wrath and tears Looms but the Hor-ror of the
8va
mf
poco f
f
Tempo primo
f
shade, And yet the men-ace of the years Finds and shall find me un-a-
8
f
fraid.
meno f
It mat-ters not how strait the
p

gate, How charged with pun- ish- ments the scroll, I am the

f

mas- ter of my fate: I am the cap- tain of my

f

poco rit.

soul.

8va

poco rit.

William Ernest Henley

IV Sonnet from the Portuguese

Allegretto ♩ = 63

mf tenderly

It thou must love me, let it be for naught Ex- cept for

p quasi guitar

love's sake on- ly. Do not say, 'I love her for her smile—

with great delicacy

her smile - her

look - her way of speak - ing gent - ly, — for a trick of

p

thought That fits in well with mine, and cer - tes

brought A sense of pleas- ant ease on such a day? For these things

in them- selves, Be- lov- èd, may Be changed, or change for

thee, and love, so wrought, may be un- wrought so.

mf espress.

Nei- ther love me for Thine own dear pi- ty's

p

wip- ing my cheeks dry: A crea- ture might for- get to weep, who bore Thy

com- fort long, and lose thy love there- by!

f

cl-esc.

f

p

mf

But love me for love's sake,

mf espr.

that ev- er- more Thou

mayst love on, through love's e- ter- ni- ty,

through love's

dim.

e- ter- ni- ty.

f

dim.

pp

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Nov. 1991