

Spherical Editions – Spherical Editions – Spherical Editions

Quickening

A song cycle
for
Mezzo-soprano, viola and piano
to
Poems by Christina Rossetti

Music by

Robert Hugill

When I am dead, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me

1 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 fear 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.

2 – Bitter for Sweet

Summer is gone with all its roses,
Its sun and perfumes and sweet flowers,
Its warm air and refreshing showers;
And even Autumn closes.

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,
And winter comes which is yet colder;
Each day the hoarfrost waxes bolder,
And the last buds cease blowing.

3 – Two Pursuits

A voice said, "Follow, follow": and I rose
And followed far into the dreamy night,
Turning my back upon the pleasant light.

It led me where the bluest water flows,
And would not let me drink: where corn grows
I dared not pause, but went uncheered by sight
Or touch, until at length in evil plight.

It left me, wearied out with many woes.
Some time I sat as one bereft of sense:
But soon another voice, from very far
Called, "Follow, follow": and I rose again.
Now on my night has dawned a blessed star:
Kind steady hands my sinking steps sustain,
And will not leave me till I shall go hence.

4 – Remember

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 plann'd:
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.

5 Withering

Fade, tender lily,
 Fade, O crimson rose,
Fade every flower,
 Sweetest flower that blows.

Go, Chilly autumn,
 Come, O winter cold;
Let the green stalks die away
 Into common mould.

Birth follows hard on death,
 Life on withering;
Hasten, we will come the sooner
 Back to pleasant spring.

6 – The First Spring Day

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
 Sing, robin, sing
I still am sore in doubt concerning spring.

I wonder if the Springtide of this year
Will bring another Spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing;
 Sing hope to me;
Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
So spring must dawn, must dawn again,
dawn again with warmth and bloom,

Or in this world or in the world to come;
 Sing, voice of Spring
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.

1 - Song
from Quickenings,
a song cycle
for Mezzo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
 Words by Christina Rossetti

1 $\bullet = 60$ *Andante, poco lento* *mp*

Voice When

Viola

Piano *mp*

7 $\bullet = 60$ *Andante, poco lento* *mp*

I am dead, my dear-est Sing no sad songs for me; Sing no sad songs for me;

mp

10

Plant thou no ro-ses at my

10

10

10

Red - - - - -

15

head, Nor sha-dy cy-press tree: Be the green grass a-bove me With

15

15

15

pp

p

pp

p

18

sho-wers and dew-drops wet: And if thou wilt, re-mem-ber, And if thou wilt, for-get.

18

18

18

mp

mp

p

21 *p* 3 And if thou wilt, for-get. *mp* 3 I shall not see the sha-dows, I

21 *mp*

21 *mp*

21

Red.

25 shall not fear the rain; *mf* I shall not hear the night-in-gale Sing

25 *mf*

25

25

28 *mp* on as if in pain. And dream-ing through the twi-light

28 *mp*

28 *p*

28 *p*

31 *mp*

that doth not rise nor set, Hap - ly I may re - mem - ber, And

31 *mp*

Duration: 2'30

34

hap - ly may for - get. hap - ly I may for - get.

34

2 - Bitter for Sweet

from *Quickening*,
a song cycle
for Mezzo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
Words by Christina Rossetti

1 $\bullet = 60$ *bleak* *p*

Voice: Sum-mer is gone with all its ro - ses, Sum - mer is gone Its

Viola: 1 *tr* *p* *mp*

Piano: 1 $\bullet = 60$ *bleak* *p* *mp*

5 *piu mosso, Andante con moto*

sun and per - fumes and sweet flo - wers,

5 *mf*

5 *piu mosso, Andante con moto*

9 Its

9 *mf*

9 *mf*

14 *mf*

warm air, warm air and re - fre - shing show - ers; And e - ven Au - tumn,

14

14

14

17 *tempo primo* *f*

Au - tumn clo - ses. Au - tumn clo - ses. Yea, Au - tumn's

17 *tr* *f*

17 *tempo primo* *mf*

17 *mf*

21 *mp*

chil - ly self is go - ing, Sum - mer is gone And win - ter comes which

21 *tr* *mf*

21

21

piu mosso, Andante con moto

25 *p* is yet col - der; *mp* Each day the hoar - frost wax - es bol - der, And win - ter comes

25 *mp* *mp*

25 *piu mosso, Andante con moto*

25 *mp tr* *p*

29 And the last buds cease blow - ing. *p* the last buds cease blow - ing.

29 *tr*

33 *mp* 3 Sum - mer is gone Sum - mer is gone with

33 *p* *mp*

33 *mp*

37

all its ro - ses, Its sun and per - fumes

37

37

37

40

and sweet flo - wers, Sum - mer is gone

40

40

40

Duration: 2'20

3 - Two Pursuits

from *Quickening*,
a song cycle

for Mezzo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
Words by Christina Rossetti

1 $\bullet = 90$ *allegro*

Voice: A voice said, "Fol - low, fol - low": and I

Viola: **1**

Piano: **1** $\bullet = 90$ *allegro*

4 rose And fol-lowed far in - to the dream - y night,

4

7 Turn-ing my back up - on the plea-sant light. It led me where the

7 **3**

7

molto rit.

11

blu - est wa - ter flows, And would not let me would not let me

11

molto rit.

$\text{♩} = 160$
meno mosso, andante con moto

15

drink: It led me where corn grows I

15

15

20

dared not pause, but went un - cheered by sight Or touch, un - til at length in

20

20

25

e - vil plight. It left me, wear - ied out with ma - ny woes.

25

25

31 *poco piu meno mosso* *a tempo*

Some time I sat as one be - ref of sense:

31

31 *poco piu meno mosso* *a tempo*

37

But soon a - no - ther voice, from ve - ry far Called, "Fol - low, fol - low":

37

37

43 *allegro*

"Fol - low, fol - low": Called,

47 "Fol-low, fol-low": and I rose I rose a-gain. Now on my night has dawned

51 *3* Now on my night has dawned a bles-sed star: Kind stea-dy hands my

55

sink - ing steps sus - tain, And will not leave me till I shall go

55

55

55

59

hence.

59

59

59

Duration: 2'00

4 - Remember

from *Quickening*,
a song cycle

for Mezzo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
Words by Christina Rossetti

$\bullet = 60$ gently *mp*

Voice

Re-mem-ber me, Re - mem-ber me when I am gone a - way,

Viola

mp

Piano

$\bullet = 60$ gently

$\text{half note} = \text{half note}$ Andante *mf*

Gone far a-way in - to the si-lent land; When

mf

mf

mf

you can no more hold me by the hand,

mf

15 *mp*

Nor I half turn to go yet turn-ing stay.

15 *mp*

15 *mp*

15 *mp*

21

Re - mem-ber me when no more day by day

21

21

21

26 *mf* *mp*

You tell me of our fu-ture that you plann'd: On-ly re-mem-ber me; On-ly re-mem-ber

26 *mf* *mp*

26 *mp*

26

31

On-ly re-mem - ber re - mem-ber me; you un - der-stand

31

31

mf

mp

36

It will be late to coun-sel then or pray. Yet if you should for - get me for a

36

36

36

42

while And af - ter-wards re - mem - ber, do not grieve:

42

42

mf

mp

42

42

47 *p* *Misterioso* *mp*
do not grieve: For if the dark - ness,

47 *con sordino*
p *pp*

47 *Misterioso*
p *p*

53
dark - ness and cor - rup - tion leave A ves - tige of the thoughts that once I had,

53

53
Bet - ter by far you should for - get and smile smile

59 *mp* *p*
mp *mf* *p*

59 *p*
p

63 *mp*

than that you should re - mem - ber, re -

63 *senza sordino* *mp*

63 *mp*

63 *mp*

67 *mf*

mem - ber and be sad, re - mem - ber and be sad.

67 *mf*

67 *mf* *mp* *p*

67 *mf* *mp* *p*

Duration 3' 00

5 - Withering

from *Quickenings*,

a song cycle

for Meezo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
Words by Christina Rossetti

$\bullet = 90$
andante impetuoso *mp*

Voice

1

Fade, ten-der li-ly, Fade, O crim-son rose,

Viola

1

mf $\rightrightarrows$ *mp* *mf* $\rightrightarrows$ *mp* *mf* $\rightrightarrows$ *mp*

Piano

1

andante impetuoso

p

6

Fade ev-ery flo-wer, Sweet-est flo-wer that blows. Go,

6

mf $\rightrightarrows$ *mp* *mf* $\rightrightarrows$ *mp*

6

mf

11

Chil-ly au-tumn, Come, O win-ter cold; Let the

11

mf $\rightrightarrows$ *mp* *mf* $\rightrightarrows$ *mp* *mf* $\rightrightarrows$ *mp*

11

16

green stalks die a - way In - to com - mon mould.

16

mf *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

16

mp

16

mp

19

Birth fol - lows hard on death, Life on

19

mp

19

19

23

with - er - ing; Has - ten, Has - ten,

23

23

23

26 we will come the soon - er Back to plea - sant

30 spring.

30

30

30

Duration 1' 00

6 - The First Spring Day

from *Quickening*,
a song cycle
for Mezzo-Soprano, Viola and Piano

Music by Robert Hugill
Words by Christina Rossetti

1 $\text{♩} = 60$ *mp*

Voice

1 *p*

Viola

1 $\text{♩} = 60$ *mp*

Piano

5

sap is stir - ring yet, If win - try birds are dream-ing of a

5

9

mate, If fro-zen snow - drops feel as yet the sun And

9

13

cro - cus fires are kind-ling one by one:

17

Sing, ro - bin, sing Sing, ro - bin, sing

21

I still am sore in doubt con-cern-ing spring.

25 *mf*

I won-der if the Spring-tide of this year Will bring a -

25 *mp*

25 *mf*

25 *mf*

29

no - ther Spring both lost and dear; If heart and spi - rit will find out their spring, Or if the

29

29

29

33

world a - lone will bud and sing; Sing

33

33

33

37 *f* *mp*

hope to me; Sing hope to me; Sweet

37 *f* *mp*

37 *f* *pp*

37

41 *p*

notes, my hope, soft notes for me-mo - ry for me - mo - ry

41 *p*

41 *mp* *p*

41

45

45 *p*

45 *p*

45

49 *mp* *p*

The sap will sure - ly quick-en soon or late, The tard-iest

49 *mp* *p*

49

49 *p*

53 *mf* *p* *p*

bird will twit-ter to a mate; So spring must dawn dawn a - gain with

53 *mf* *p* *p*

53

53

57 *mf*

warmth and bloom, So spring must dawn, must dawn a - gain,

57 *mf*

57 *mf*

57 *mf*

61 dawn a-gain with warmth and bloom, Or

66 in this world or in the world to come;

71 Sing, voice of Spring Sing,

75

voice of Spring Sing, Sing, Sing, Till

75

75

75

79

I too blos - som and re - jice and

79

79

79

83

sing.

83

83

83