



IN MEMORIAM

A CYCLE OF SONGS

For Medium Voice

By

JAMES H. ROGERS

The Words By

WALT WHITMAN



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THE CONATUS MUSIC PRESS is the official publisher for "THE COMPOSER IN AMERICA"

To honor the memory of

TOM CARTIER McHUGH (1898-1975)

This composition is presented to the

Library

*In memory of my dear son Henry (1892-1918)
First Lieutenant, U.S. Air Service*

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HOW the flowers of the aspen-plum
flutter and turn!
Do I not think of you? But your
house is distant.
The Master said, "It is the want of
thought about it. How is it distant?"
From the Chinese of Confucius.

JAMES H. ROGERS was born in Fair Haven (now a part of New Haven), Connecticut, on February 7, 1857. His father, Martin Lorenzo Rogers, was an Episcopal minister and his mother, Harriet Elizabeth Hotchkiss, was the granddaughter of the founder of Fair Haven.

James Rogers was educated at Lake Forest Academy in Illinois. In 1875 he went to Europe to complete his musical education. For two years he studied piano and organ in Berlin, then went to Paris where he studied for three years: piano under Fissot, organ under Guilmant and organ and composition under Widor.

He returned to the United States in 1880 and first served for one year as organist in the Congregational church at Burlington, Iowa. He then was offered the position of organist and choirmaster of the Euclid Avenue Temple in Cleveland and held this post for fifty years. Concurrently, he served for nineteen years as organist at the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church and for thirty years held a similar post at the First Unitarian Church.

He was the music editor for the Cleveland News for two years, then continued his career as music editor with the Cleveland Plain Dealer which post he held with distinction for seventeen years (1913 to 1932). Upon his retirement from his various duties, he, with Mrs. Rogers, moved to Pasadena where he died in 1940.

It was as a composer that James Rogers gained a national reputation. He wrote more than five hundred works, large and small. There are thirty-eight organ compositions, including three Sonatas, two Suites and large and small works in various forms, numerous piano works and many choral compositions including five Cantatas. He is probably best known for his songs of which there are more than one hundred and thirty. Many gained a place in the repertory of outstanding singers.

Advised by Victor Herbert, who was one of its organizers, Rogers joined the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, early in its existence and was a member for life.

Much has been written concerning his compositions. In DIAPASON (April 1, 1932) Harold W. Thompson wrote informatively and enthusiastically concerning his organ works and his anthems.

On the 100th anniversary of his birth a memorial service was held at Fairmount Temple in Cleveland. Dr. Arthur Shepherd, for some years associate conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra and member of the musical faculty at Western Reserve University, spoke at length of James Roger's career. Space does not permit a full report of his penetrating and appreciative address, but one brief passage should be included here.

"I feel that it is good and important to recall those figures of the past, (and the not too distant past), who have given their best to our cultural and spiritual well-being. One can never dissociate the realm of music and the domain of the spirit. In this regard, James Hotchkiss Rogers in his person and in his art wrought richly and well. We shall continue to cherish his memory."

With the exception of the last three paragraphs, the substance of this brief biography is taken from one which was written in 1933 by Mrs. James H. Rogers.

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In Memoriam

The Words by Walt Whitman

Dark Mother, always gliding near

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee— I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously
sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep
of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a
whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love.)

Joy! Shipmate—Joy!

Joy! shipmate—joy!
(Pleas'd to my Soul at death I cry;)
Our life is closed—our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last—she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore;
Joy! shipmate—joy!

Sail Forth

Sail forth! steer for the deep waters only!
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with
me;
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to
go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

Dark Mother, always gliding near

Walt Whitman*

James H. Rogers

Molto lento *pp quasi parlando*

Voice

Dark Moth-er, al-ways glid-ing near, with soft

Piano

pp sotto voce *sempre pp*

mp animando e cresc. *mf*

feet, Have none chant-ed for thee a chant of full-est wel-come?

mp colla voce *mf* *f* *animato*

f poco slentando *f*

Then I chant it for thee, I glo-ri-fy thee a-bove all;

ten. *ten.*

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company

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sempre con anima

mf I bring thee a song, that when thou must in-deed come,

f *allarg.* Come un - fal-tring-ly. *maestoso, sempre con forza* Ap - proach, strong De -

liv - er-ess, ap - proach!

ff *rallentando* *molto dim.* *mp* *p*

Tempo I° *pp parlando* When it is so, When thou hast tak - en them,

pp *sempre pp*

mp *p subito, molto tranquillo*

I joy - ous - ly sing the dead, Lost in the

mp *dolce egualmente*

Ad. *

sempre p e tranquillo ma non troppo lento

lov - ing, float - ing o - cean of thee,

sempre p

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O

dim.

Ad. * *Ad.* *

pp

Death!

pp *rall.*

ppp

Ad. *

II The Last Invocation

Walt Whitman*

James H. Rogers

Lento e dolce

Voice

p

mp

poco mosso

At the last, ten-der-ly, From the walls of the

Piano

pp

pp

mp

col canto

mp

pow'r-ful fort-ress'd house, From the clasp of the knit-ted locks, from the

mp

slentando

molto lento

p

keep of the well-closed doors, Let me be waft - ed,

molto lento

col canto

p

pp dolciss.

poco

p

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company

poco più mosso *p* *sempre p*

Let me glide noise-less-ly forth. With the

più mosso *pp ben tranquillo*

key of soft-ness un-lock the

pp dolciss.

mp

locks with a whis-per, Set ope the

sempre p *mp*

Tempo I^o

p dolce

doors, O Soul! Ten-der - ly!

rallentando

molto dim. pp dolce

poco più mosso
mp crescendo

mf

be — not im - pa - tient! (Strong is your hold, O mor - tal flesh!

col canto

mf

molto espressivo
mp rall.

Strong is your hold, O love!)

Tempo I^o

mp col canto

mp

p

pp

III

Joy, shipmate, joy!

Walt Whitman*

James H. Rogers

Animato

Voice *f*
Joy! ship-mate, joy! Joy! ship-mate, joy!

Piano *f* *marcato*

mf meno mosso

Tempo I^o

mf

ten.
Pleas'd to my Soul at death I cry, Joy! ship-mate, joy! Our

mf col canto ten. *f*

poco agitato

pochissimo slentando

life is closed— our life be-gins; The long, long, an-chor-age we

poco agitato *mf* *col canto*

*From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company

Vivo

mf molto animato e sempre crescendo

leave, The ship is clear at last — she

mf molto animato e sempre crescendo

leaps! She swift - - ly cours - es from the

f *l.h.* *l.h.*

shore; Joy! ship-mate, joy! Joy! ship-mate, joy!

f Tempo I^o *poco allarg*

mf *f*

Joy! —

ff molto accelerando *l.h.* *sempre ff*

IV

Sail forth!

Walt Whitman*

James H. Rogers

Spiritoso

Voice *f*
Sail forth! Steer for the deep wa-ters on - ly!

Piano *f*

agitato *mf*
Reck - less, O soul, ex - plor - ing, I with thee, and thou with me;

slentando

meno mosso *f*
Sail forth! — Sail forth! —

meno mosso *f* *sempre f*

* From "Leaves of Grass", published by The David McKay Company

mf *agitato*

For we are bound where mar - i - ner has

molto più mosso

mf *agitato*

marcato il basso

più agitato *sempre crescendo*

not yet dared to go, And we will risk the

più agitato *stridente*

ben articolato

ship, our - selves and all.

ff *molto allargando*

con moto maestoso, sempre con anima

f

O my brave soul! O far - ther, far - ther

f

6

6

6

6

meno f poco più mosso

sail! O dar - ing joy, but safe! O

poco più mosso

meno f

6

6

poco slentando

mf con anima

dar - ing joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of

poco slentando

mf

l.h.

allargando *f* *più allargando*

God? Are they not all the seas of God? O

allargando *più allargando*
non arpeggiato

a tempo, maestoso *allargando* *ten.*

far-ther, far - ther, far - ther sail! O far-ther, far-ther, far - ther

a tempo, maestoso *sempre f* *allarg. col canto*

sail!

molto vivace *ff*

