

# for Piano

by

#### PREFACE

These miniatures are not programmatic. Each quotation purely introduces the spirit of the following piece. The full poems follow for the sake of completeness, to encourage contemplation about the qualities common to both art forms and to reinforce the idea that the music was written as if it were poetry. Though the great song return no more There's keen delight in what we have: The rattle of pebbles on the shore Under the receding wave.

The Nineteenth Century and After W B Yeats 1933

So the spirit bows before thee, to listen and adore thee





```
leggiero
```











There be none of Beauty's daughters With a magic like Thee; And like music on the waters Is thy sweet voice to me: When, as if its sound were causing The charmed ocean's pausing, The waves lie still and gleaming, And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving Her bright chain o'er the deep, Whose breast is gently heaving As an infant's asleep: So the spirit bows before thee; To listen and adore thee; With a full but soft emotion, Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

> Stanzas for Music Lord Byron 1816

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea

Barrie Armstrong









\* Note to bar 14: The pedal should be partially released and depressed again thoughtout the bar (in quick, undetectable snatches)

at intervals of approximately every quaver, the full chord sustained from the previous bar gradually fading away to leave the present chord sounding







It is a beauteous evening, calm and free The holy time is quiet as a Nun Breathless with adoration; the broad sun Is sinking down in its tranquility; The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea: Listen! the mighty Being is awake, And doth with his eternal motion make A sound like thunder – everlastingly. Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here, If thou appear untouched by solemn thought, Thy nature is not therefore less divine: Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year; And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine, God being with thee when we know it not.

> Sonnet William Wordsworth 1802/1807

Seven Poems for Piano - No 3

When I have fears that I may cease to be















When I have fears that I may cease to be Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain, Before high-piled books, in charactery, Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain; When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance, And think that I may never live to trace Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance; And when I feel, fair creature of an hour, That I shall never look upon thee more, Never have relish in the faery power Of unreflecting love; - then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

> Sonnet John Keats 1818

Her peaceful being slowly passes by to some more perfect peace





Fair is her cottage in its place, Where you broad water sweetly slowly glides. It sees itself from thatch to base Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die! Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease. Her peaceful being slowly passes by To some more perfect peace.

> Requiescat Alfred, Lord Tennyson 1864

A widow bird sate mourning for her love

















A widow bird sate mourning for her love Upon a wintry bough; The frozen wind crept on above, The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare, No flower upon the ground, And little motion in the air Except the mill-wheel's sound.

> A Song P B Shelley 1822

You did not come, and marching Time drew on, and wore me numb















You did not come,

And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb -Yet less for loss of your dear presence there Than that I thus found lacking in your make That high compassion which can overbear Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum, You did not come.

#### You love not me,

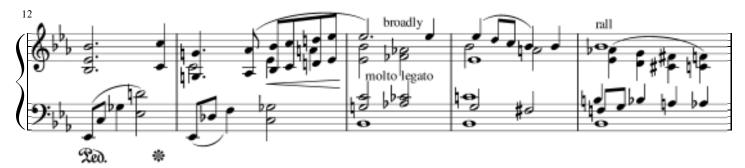
And love alone can lend you loyalty; -I know and knew it. But, unto the store Of human deeds divine in all but name, Was it not worth a little hour or more To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be You love not me?

> A Broken Appointment Thomas Hardy 1902

Seven Poems for Piano - No 7 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever one grand, sweet song

















My fairest child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey; Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever; Do noble things, not dream them, all day long; And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever One grand, sweet song.

> A Farewell Charles Kingsley 1856