

A Hardy Triptych

Three poems of Thomas Hardy
for
tenor or baritone and piano

by

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A Hardy Triptych

Three poems by Thomas Hardy

Shut out that moon

Close up the casement, draw the blind,
Shut out that stealing moon,
She wears too much the guise she wore
Before our lutes were strewn
With years-deep dust, and names we read
On a white stone were hewn.

Step not forth on the dew-dashed lawn
To view the Lady's Chair,
Immense Orion's glittering form,
The Less and Greater Bear:
Stay in; to such sights we were drawn
When faded ones were fair.

Brush not the bough for midnight scents
That come forth lingeringly,
And wake the same sweet sentiments
They breathed to you and me
When living seemed a laugh, and love
All it was said to be.

Within the common lamp-lit room
Prison my eyes and thought;
Let dingy details crudely loom,
Mechanic speech be wrought:
Too fragrant was Life's early bloom,
Too tart the fruit it brought!

Weathers

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly;
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And the sit outside at 'The Travellers' Rest',
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest
And citizens dream of the south and west
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

Men Who March Away

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is going grey,
Leaving all that here can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see -
Dalliers as they be -
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We well see what we are doing.

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
Leaving all that here can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

Thomas Hardy 1840-1928

Shut out that moon

Poem by Thomas Hardy

Music by F L Dunkin Wedd 1998

Poignantly

♩ = 62

f *mp* *legato* *f* *mf*

Close up the case-ment draw the blind Shut out that stea - ling moon She

mp

wears too much the guise she wore Be-fore our lutes were strewn with

mf *mp*

mf

years - deep dust and names we read On a white stone were

mf

hewn.

mp *mf* *f*

Step not forth on the dew-dashed lawn To view the La - dy's Chair Im-mense O -

mp *mf* *f*

mp *p*

ri - on's glit-ter - ing form, The Less and Great-er Bear Stay in; to such sights

mp *p*

pp *f*

we were drawn When fad - ed ones were fair

pp *f*

ff *3* *3*

Brush not the bough for mid - night scents That

mp *3*

come forth lin - ger - ing - ly And wake the same sweet sen - ti - ments They breathed to

mp *3*

f *subito p*

you and me When liv - ing seemed a laugh and love

f *p*

pp *3*

All it was said to be.

pesante *3*

pp *f* *3*

mf

With - in the com - mon lamp - lit room

mf

p

Pri-son my eyes and thought Let din-gy det-ails crude - ly loom Me-chan-ic speech be wrought

p

f

Too frag - rant was Life's ear - ly bloom Too tart the

sempre forte

f

fruit it brought!

2'15"

Weathers

Poem by Thomas Hardy

Music by F L Dunkin Wedd 1998

Lightly♩ = 62
mp

This is the wea - ther the cuc - koo likes And so do I

When showers be - tum - ble the chest - nut spikes and nest - lings fly And the

lit - tle brown night - ing - ale bills his best And they sit out - side

at The Trav - ell - ers Rest

And maids come forth sprig mus - lin drest And

ci - ti - zens dream of the south and west And so do I

cantabile

f

sim

mp 3 3 *n*

This is the wea-ther the shep-herd shuns And so do I

mp

mf 3

When bee-ches drip in browns and duns and thresh and ply And

mf

mp 3

hill - hid tides throb thro on thro And mea-dow ri-vu-lets ov-er-flow

mp

p *mp*

And drops on gate bars hang in a row And rooks in fam-il-ies home-ward

f

go And so do I

mf

Men Who March Away

Poem by Thomas Hardy 1914

Music by F L Dunkin Wedd 1998

Broadly

$\bullet = 54$

f *3*

What of the faith and fire with-in us Men who march a-way

f *3*

Ere the barn - cocks say Night is go - ing grey Leav - ing all that here can win us

3

What of the faith and fire with - in us Men who

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Broadly' with a quarter note equal to 54 beats. The first system begins with a piano introduction in the bass clef, marked 'f' and '3'. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'What of the faith and fire with-in us Men who march a-way'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'Ere the barn - cocks say Night is go - ing grey Leav - ing all that here can win us'. The piano accompaniment continues with a triplet. The third system concludes with the vocal line 'What of the faith and fire with - in us Men who'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

march aw - ay?

mp *3*

Is it a pur-blind prank, O think you Friend with the mus-ing eye Who watch us step-ping by

mp *3*

3

With doubt and dol - or - ous sigh? Can much pond - ering so hood - wink you!

3

f *3*

Is it a pur - blind prank, O think you, Friend

ff

f *3* *ff*

with the mus - ing eye? *mf* Nay. We well see what we are

do - ing, Though some may not see Dall - iers as they be Eng - land's

need are we; Her dis - tress would leave us rue - ing Nay, We well see what we are

do - ing.

f

In our heart of hearts be - lie - ving Vic - to - ry crowns the just

mp

And that brag - garts must Sure - ly bite the dust, Press we to the field un - grie - -

p *pp*

- - ving, In our heart of hearts bel - iev - ing Vic - tory crowns the just.

f *p*

mf

Hence the faith and fire with - in us Men who march a - way

mf

mp *p*

Ere the barn - cocks say Night is go - ing grey Leav - ing

mp *p*

all that here can win us Hence the faith and

pp *ppp*

fire with - in us Men who march aw ay.

pp

Sva bassa