

Three Tennyson Fragments

For Tom Jackman, September 2000

Tennyson

The Eagle

Laurence
Armstrong
Hughes
2000

♩ = c. 96 *ad lib. (dramatic)*

Counter-tenor *f*

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;

Piano *f* *8va* *mf*

Ped.

6 *mp*

C-T. Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ring'd with the azure

Pno *mp*

Ped.

10 *f* *Poco accel.*

C-T. world, he stands. The wrinkled sea beneath him

Pno *f* *mp* *mf* *Poco accel.*

14 *ad lib. (dramatic)*
mf *3* *poco*

C-T. crawls; He wat - ches from his moun - tainwalls, Then_ like a thun -

Pno

*

Poco accel.

18 *p* *f*

C-T. - - - - - der - bolt he

Pno *sfz* *p*

a tempo

19 *sfp* *ff*

C-T. falls.

Pno *vivo* *vivo*

There is sweet music

Tennyson

Laurence
Armstrong
Hughes
2000

Adagio Flowing
♩ = c.52 *mp dolce*

Counter-tenor

There is sweet mu - sic here that sof - ter

Piano

mp dolce, legato sempre

Ped. _____

24

C-T.

falls Than pe - tals from blown ro - ses on the grass,

Pno

27

C-T.

Or night dews on still wa - ters between walls of sha - do-wy granite,

Pno

(sim.)

Rit.

A tempo

♩ = c.52

30

C-T. in a gleaming pass;

Pno

34

C-T. onthespi-rit lies, Than tir'd eye-lids up-on tir'd eyes.

Pno

38

C-T. Mu-sicthat brings sweet sleep down fromthe bliss ful skies.

Pno

42

C-T. Here are cool mos-ses deep,

Pno

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

46

C-T. And through the moss the iv - ies creep, And in the

Pno

49

C-T. stream the long - leaved flow ers weep,

Pno

52

C-T. And from the crag - gy ledge the pop - py hangs in

Pno

54

C-T. sleep.

Pno

ad lib., *Poco recitativo*


57 *mf*

C-T. 

Why are we weigh'd upon with hea - vi - ness,

Pno *mp* *colla voce* *mf* 

60 *mp* *mf*

C-T. 

And ut - ter - ly con - sumed with sharp dis - tress? While all things else have

Pno *mp* 

63 *poco* *Rit.*

C-T. 

rest from wea - ri - ness?

Pno 

66 *Piu mosso* $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 56$ *mp* *mf*

C-T. 

All things have rest: why should we toil a - lone, We on ly

Pno 


68

C-T. 

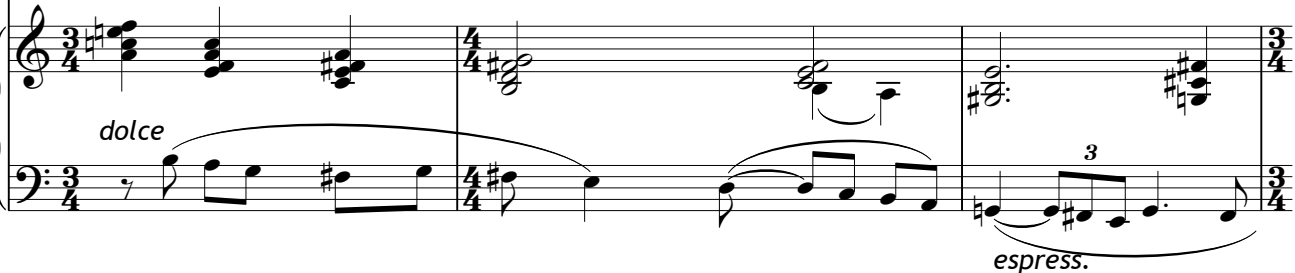
toil, who are the first of things, And make per - pe tual

Pno 

71

C-T. 

moan, Still from one sor - row to an - o - ther thrown:

Pno *dolce* 

espress.

74

C-T. 

Nor ev - er fold our wings, And cease from

Pno 

78

C-T. 

wan der ings, Nor steep our brows in slum ber's ho - ly balm; Nor

Pno 

82 **Rit.** *poco*

C-T. har ken what the in-ner spi - rit sings, 'There is no joy but calm!

Pno

86

C-T. Why should we on-ly toil, the roof and crown of things?

Pno

91 **Poco rit.**

C-T.

Pno

95 **A tempo**
♩ = c. 52

C-T.

Pno *mp*

96 *mp*

C-T. _____

How sweet it were, —

Pno

Ped. Ped. Ped.

98

C-T. _____

Pno

Ped.

99

C-T. _____

hear - ing the down - - ward stream, —

Pno

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

101

C-T. _____

With half-shut eyes — ev - - ver to seem Fall - ing a - sleep

Pno

Ped. Ped. Ped.

104

C-T. *3*
in a half - dream!

Pno

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

107

C-T.
To dream and dream, like yon-der am-berlight, Which will not leave the

Pno

110

C-T. *3*
myrrh bush on the height; *poco rit.* . . . To hear eacho - ther's whis-per'd speech;

Pno

A tempo
p = c.52 (hushed)

114

C-T. *3*
Eat-ing the Lo - tos day_ by_ day, To

Pno

119

C-T. watch the crisp - ing rip - ples on the beach,

Pno

Ped.

121

C-T. *espress.* And ten - der cur - ving lines of crea - my spray. *Poco rit.*

Pno *mp*

Ped.

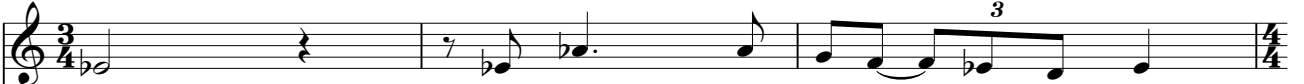
125

C-T. *mp* Sure ly, sure - ly, slum ber is more sweet than

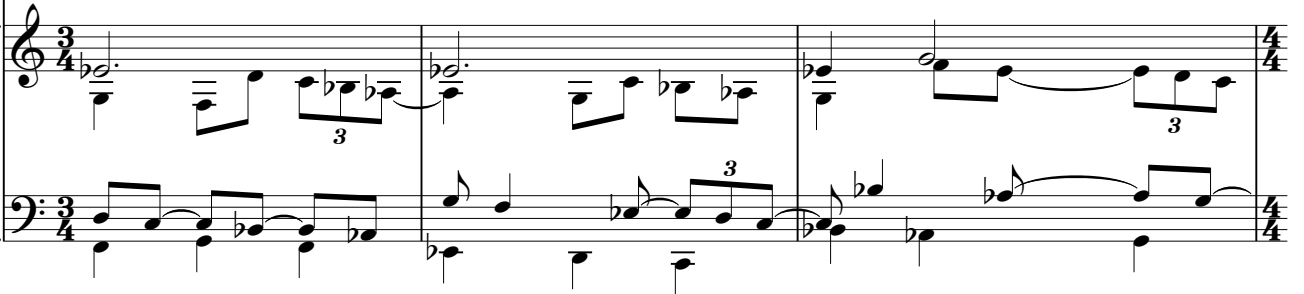
Pno *legato sempre*

Ped.

128

C-T. 

toil, the shore than lab-our in the deep

Pno 

131


C-T. 

mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;

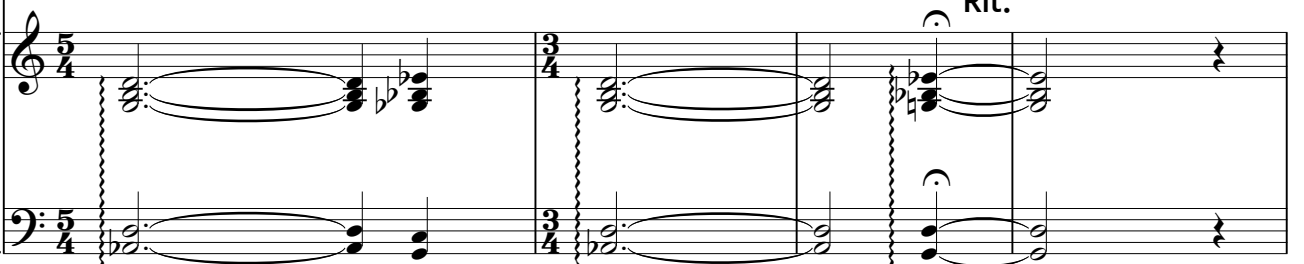
Pno 

Rit.

134

C-T. 

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

Pno 

Rit.

138 **Molto Rit.**

C-T.

Pno

molto legato

pp

Song - The Owl

Tennyson

Laurence
Armstrong
Hughes
2000

$\text{♩} = \text{c.}116$

Counter-tenor

mp

$\text{♩} = \text{c.}116$

Piano

mp

senza Ped.

When cats run home, and light is come

145

C-T.

And dew is cold u - pon the ground, And the far off stream is

Pno

p

148 *con Ped.*

C-T.

dumb And the whir - ring - sail goes

Pno

t

150 *p*

C-T. round, the whir - ring sail_ goes round;_ A - lone and war ming

Pno

153 *mp* *p*

C-T. his five wits, The white owl in the bel-fry sits, sits,

Pno

156

C-T. sits.

Pno

158 *mf* *mp* *espress.*

C-T. When mer - ry milk - maids click the latch, And rare-ly smells the

Pno *mf* *mp*

161 *mf*

C-T. new - mown hay, And the cock hath sung be -

Pno

163

C-T. neath the thatch Twice or thrice his roun - de - lay,

Pno

165 *p*

C-T. Twice or thrice his roun - de lay, A - lone and war - ming his fivewits,

Pno

168 *mp* *p*

C-T. The white owl in the bel - fry sits, sits, sits.

Pno