IN MEMORIAM

A Song-Cycle
for a Solo Voice.
Baritone (or Mezzo-Soprano)
Bass (or Contralto)
with pianoforte accompt.

The words selected from the poem by
Lord Tennyson,
Music by
Liza Lehmann.

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By kind permission of
Maurice MacMillan

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI - CHICAGO -
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In Memoriam.

I sing to him that rests below;
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

* * * * * * * * *

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad: her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad: her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away:

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life.

O Sorrow!

If Sleep and Death be truly one.
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on:

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last.
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn again.
And howlest, issuing out of night.
With blasts that blow the poplar white.
And lash with storm the streaming pane?
Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

* * * * * * * *
Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Three clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarter'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast;
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and pallèd shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought.
Till all at once beyond the will
    I hear a wizard-music roll,
    And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
    Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
    O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
    Thy spirits in the darkening leaf
    And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

To Sleep I give my powers away;
    My will is bondsman to the dark:
I sit within a helmless bark.
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
    That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to enquire.
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost.
    Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears.
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air.
    That rollest from the gorgeous gloom.
Of evening - • • • • • • • • •
- - - fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
    The full new life that feeds thy breath.
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death.
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas.
    On leagues of odour streaming far.
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace!"
Who loves not Knowledge? who shall rail
Against her beauty?

* * * * * * * * * *
- - - - Let her work prevail.
But on her fore-head sits a fire:

* * * * * * * * *

Half grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of Death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain
of Demons?

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thyfoot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Epilogue. (Spoken.)

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho’ there often seem’d to live
A contradiction on the tongue.

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play’d with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix’d in truth.
In Memoriam.

Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano.
(Original Key.)

LORD TENNYSON.

LIZA LEHMANN.

Maestoso.
Moderato, piu mosso, e marcato assai.

Con Ped.

++ primo tempo
piu f

rimando

++ primo tempo
sempre cresce e piu marcato.

un poco ritenuto

un poco ritenuto

un poco ritenuto

++

In this work the Pedal is not indicated except where special effects are desired.

++ This passage each time to be more massive and cresc.
Lento (grave) L'accompagnamento un poco pesante.
assai sostenuto

I sing to him that rests below.
And since the grasses round me wave, I take the grasses of the grave.
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

\( \text{dim.} \)

\( \text{cresc.} \)

\( \text{sempre cresc.} \)

\( \text{L.H.} \)
più dolce, ma non più teso.

I do but sing—_because I

must, And pipe but as the fin- _nets sing; And one is

poco cresc.

...her note is gay, For now her li- tle ones have
ranged; And one is sad; her note is changed, Because her brood is stolen away.

I sing to him that rests be -
m. p. e sempre crescendo

low,
And, since the grass-
es round me wave,
I take the
cresc.

sempre cresc.

ff rall.
a tempo

grasses of the grave
And make them pipes
where-on to blow.
cresc.

sempre cresc.

ff rall.
colleg voce

a tempo

sf

arcel.

fff rall.
p
Un poco mosso. Impetuoso.

O,
sorrow wilt thou live with me, No casual mistress, but a

wife, My bosom-friend and half of life. O, sor-

O.
Più lento. \( \textsc{(} \text{-} 104 \text{)} \)

_dolce._

\[ \text{un poco rubato.} \]

\[ \text{rall.} \]

**trascquivo assai.**

\[ \text{\( \text{-} 54 \text{)} \} \]

If Sleep and Death be truly

**Andante piuosto ritenuto.**

\[ p \]

one. And ev'ry spirit's folded bloom Thro' all its
in·ter·vi·tal
gloom—— in some long trance should slum·ber

roll.
sempre, p
a tempo.

on;
Un-con-sci·ous of
the slid·ing
hour,
L.H.

roll.
colla voce.
a tempo.

poco cresc.
P
Bare of the bod·y, might it last,
L.H. — And si·lent tra·ces of the

4: These four quaters strictly in time.
poco rall.
poco a poco

Be all the color of the flower. Un-conscious

of the slumber hour. Bare of the body, might it

And silent traces of the past.

Be all the color of the flow -

accel. sempre

L.H.

R.H.

accel. sempre

dim. poco rall. pp

R.H.

L.H. R.H.

dim. poco rall. colla voce. pp a tempo

rall. ppp
Piuttosto mosso, quasi allegro.

un poco meno mosso dal
Introduzione.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, a-

And howl'est issuing out of

cresc.

The first verse mf, with contained horror; the second verse f, more marked; the third, almost under one's
breath, expressing unavailing grief; the fourth, bursting out ff with passionate despair.
With blasts that blow the popular white.

And lash with storm the streaming pane?

Ah!
Day, when my crown'd estate begun To pine,

in that reverse of doom.

Which sicken'd ev'ry living bloom.
And blurr'd the splendor of the sun;

Ah!

Lift as thou may'st thy burden'd brows Thro'
clouds that drench the morning star,

And

whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,

And

sow the sky with flying boughs.

Ah!
Un poco più lento e sempre più marcato.

And up thy vault with roaring sound.

ceto e cresc.

Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;

Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray.
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

L.H. con la voce; a tempo.
Quasi lento, tranquillo un poco pesante.

When on my bed the moon-light falls, I know that in thy place of rest

By
that broad water of the west, There comes a glory on the walls:

marble bright in dark appears. As slowly steals a silver flame

Along the letters of thy name. And
semplice.

o'er the number of thy years.

Più lento. (– 80)

come recit.

The mystic
Glo-ry swims a-way; From off my bed the moon-light dies; And
clos- ing eaves of wea-ried eyes I sleep till dusk is dipt in
gray:

And then I know the

Glise into the change of harmony
mist is drawn A lucid veil from coast to coast; And in the darkchurch

like a ghost Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.
Più mosso. (\( \dot{\text{r}} \) = 138.)

I cannot

Impetuoso.

mazione.

see the features right. When on the gloom I strive to paint The face I

know: the hues are faint And mix with hollow masks of
night;          Cloud towers by ghostly masons

wrought,        A gulf that ever shuts and

gapes,          A hand that points, and
pall-ed shapes

In shadowy thorough-fares of

accel.

thought.

Till all at

accel.

Andr' ritenuto molto espress.

once beyond the will I hear a wizard's

music.
roll, And thro' a lattice on the soul.

 Looks thy fair face and makes it still.
Preludiendo, un poco rubato.

* If a short pause is desired, make the interruption here. The vocalist could sit down and remain seated till the commencement of Introduction to next number, page 37.
Un poco meno mosso.

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings

subito

Eden thro' the budded quicks,

poco cresc.

O tell me where the senses mix,

poco cresc.

Very evenly flowing—harplike.
O tell me where the passions meet.

O tell me where the passions meet.

Where passions meet.

Where passions meet.

Where passions meet.
poco rall.  a tempo.  sotto voce.

- di - ate:  fierce ex - tremes em - ploy  Thy

colla voce.  p a tempo.

spir - it in the dark'ning leaf,  And in the

accel.  con passione.

mid - most heart of  grief  Thy
passion clasps a secret joy:

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings.

Eden thro' the burred quicks.
O tell me where the senses mix,

O tell me where the passions meet,

O tell me

sempre più cresc. e accel.

where the pas-

accel. e sempre più cresc.
sions

meet.

And to be held right on throughout the next four measures till it dies away.
Tell me where the passions meet.
Quasi adagio. (d. 51)

molto legato, un poco meno tenuto dal introdazione.

To sleep I give my powers a-way; My will is bonds-man to the
dark: I sit with-in a helm-less bark. And with my
heart I muse and say: O heart, how

fares it with thee now, That thou shouldest fail from thy desire, Who

scarce ly dar est to en quire, "What is it makes me beat so

"
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears, Which grief has shaken into frost.

accel.

a tempo.

a tempo.

collo voce. mf

appassionato ed un poco più mosso.

Lnf rall. sf
Andante, un poco mosso. ($\cdot 60,$)

(Dreamily.)

Con Due Ped tenui.

Andante cantabile.

quasi sempre a mezzo voce.

pp cantabile dolcissimo.

($\cdot 60,$)

Sweet after-tows.

pp dolcissimo.

* This entire passage very piano; the cresc. indicated being only comparative and very slight.
brosial air,
That roll-est from the gorgeous gloom of

espress dolce.

ev-er-ning.
fan my

dolce.

brows... and blow The fever from my cheek... and
poco accel. e poco cresc.
sigh The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my

f espressato
frame, till Doubt and Death Ill brethren, let the fancy

accel.
fly From L.H. R.H.

poco accel. L.H. —— L.H. pp R.H. rall. colla voce
bell to bell of crimson seas, On leagues of

odor streaming far,

To where in yonder orient star...
A hundred spirits whisper.

mormorato.

"Peace."

R.H.

rall.
Quasi lento; maestoso. (d = 72.)  

serioso.

Who loves not knowledge?

Who shall rail against her beauty?  Let her work pre-

vail;  (d = 80.)

Più mosso e cresc.
But on her forehead sits a fire: Half grown as yet, a child, and vain, She cannot fight the fear of Death: What is she, cut from love and faith. But some wild Pallas from the...
Lento, maestoso assai (as slow as possible)

Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace.

Believing where we cannot see,

*A shade faster (63) but keeping a very measured effect. The quarters to have an equal value exactly*
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;

Thou madest life in man and brute; Thou madest Death; and

Lo, thy foot is on the skull which thou hast made.

\* The same effect as in first verse.
un poco meno ma sempre con grandezza.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest

man he knows not why. He

4 con conciuzione.

thinks he was not made to die:

4 No faster this time.
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou hast made him, Thou art just.

Almost double time now till nearly the end.
con espressione profonda.

Thou art just.

(come campana)

Like a knell.

(The work may end here.)
Epilogue.

(May be omitted.)

Dolcissimo, come in meditazione. (>). 58.)

Con Due Ped.
Spoken: (slow and measured) Calmly, as in meditation.

Whatever I have said or sung, Some bitter notes my harp would give,

Yea, tho' there seemed to live A contradiction on the tongue.
(Spoken) Yet Hope had never lost her youth; She did but look thro’ dimmer eyes; Or Love but play’d with gracious lies, Because he...
felt so fix'd in truth.

sempre accel. e cresc.

primo tempo.

colta corte dim.

p dolce

rall. e dim.

sempre dim.

(lento. sempre rall. morendo.

L.H. R.H.

pp L.H. ppp L.H.