Apollo and the Seaman

POEM

BY HERBERT TRENCH

MUSIC

BY J. HOLBROOKE

AN ILLUMINATED SYMPHONY.

APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN

A POEM ON IMMORTALITY

BY

HERBERT TRENCH

SET AS A DRAMATIC SYMPHONY

WITH CHORAL EPILOGUE

BY

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.
(Op. 51.)

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY THE COMPOSER

Price Eight Shillings and Sixpence net.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

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DIRECTIONS

FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRAL SCORE OF

"APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN"

I.

The following Symphony with Choral Epilogue has been called "An Illuminated Symphony," and is intended for performance in a large Hall or Theatre.

The object to be obtained is an effect of dignity, mystery and solemnity, by a combination of poetry and music simultaneously concentrated upon the same ideas.

The Theatre or Hall should be in darkness, if possible, both previous to and during the performance of the Orchestra. The Orchestra is intended to consist of 85 to 100 performers, together with about 150 to 200 Men's Voices, and should, as far as possible, be invisible, behind a screen of plants, palms, or foliage—or thin, extremely lofty, decoratively hung festoons and columns of dark, richly-coloured veilings designed not to destroy the sound—and behind the Screen for the Poem.

The lights on the music-stands should be closely and heavily shaded. The choir should learn their short part by heart, in order to dispense with lights.

II.

The Screen for the Poem should be about 17½ feet square, in a large hall such as the Queen's Hall.

From the Galleries, or some other position behind the Audience, Limelight or Electric Light from Dissolving Lanterns should cast the words of the poem on the Screen, in exact time with the changes of the music of the Orchestra as the Symphony proceeds. The words should slightly precede the corresponding music.

The Audience should if possible be ushered, at the opening of the performance, into darkness. It is important that the whole mise-en-scène should be so arranged as to present a scene of decorative beauty, even if the lights are turned up at the close, which is by no means desirable. While in darkness, the margins of the Screen may represent some simple columnar design, in the classic style, enclosing the words of the Poem. This marginal design might be projected upon the Screen from one lantern; but it would be more artistic (where possible) to make the actual supports and framings of the text themselves real and decorative, by an arrangement of dark simple draperies round the text on the Screen. These draperies should harmonise in colour with the colour of the lettering.

The lantern slides will probably be found to contain, as a rule, two stanzas or about twelve lines; and the magnified type should be about eight inches high. Pale green lettering on a black ground is effective. In changing the slides great care should be taken to do so in smooth and easy fashion, avoiding awkward jerks.

Other details respecting the proper manner of performance may be obtained upon application to Messrs. Novello. Veilings and slides may be obtained from the Owner of the Proprietary Rights, through Messrs. Novello.

The Symphony was first performed, before Royalty, at the Queen's Hall on January 20, 1908, together with the Symphonic Poem "The Shepherd," by Herbert Trench and W. H. Bell, which served as Prelude, and the Song, "Come, let us make love deathless," by Joseph Holbrooke, which served as Interlude.

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APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.

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THE ORCHESTRA.

Strings ... Violini I., Violini II., Viole, Violoncelli and Contra-Bassi.
Wood-Wind ... Piccolo, 3 Flauti, 3 Oboi, Corno Inglese, 2 Clarinetti, Clarinetto
             in E flat, Alto Clarinetto, Clarinetto Basso, 3 Pogotti and
             Contra Pogotto.
Brass ... 4 (or 8) Corni, 4 Trombe, 3 Tromboni, Contra Tuba, Euphonium,
             2 Saxophones (ad lib.), 2 Sarrusophones (ad lib.).
Percussion ... 3 Timpani, Gran Cassa, Piatti, Side Drum, Triangle, Tambourine,
              Bells, Glockenspiel, Gong and Tabor,
              2 Harps, Celesta and Xylophone.
**APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.**

I.

A **P** **O** **L** **L** **O** through the woods came Apollo's coming.
Palmed as a merchant fine,
And sate with a Sailor at an Inn
Sharing a jug of wine.

Had sun-rays, spilt out of a storm,
Thither the God conveyed?
Or some green and floating cloudlet caught
On the fringes of a glade?

For none had known him by his gait
Descending from the hills,
Though far and wide before him blew
The friendly daffodils:

No shepherd had discovered him
On upland pasture bare
By dew-pond or green Roman camp;
No voice aloft in air

Along lone barrows of great downs
With kine in rolling coombes,
Where bells blow up from all the plain
To headlands spring perfumes,

Proclaimed him to those coombes and folds
Of little lambs unyeaned,
Or sung him to the billowy woods
With spray of buds begreened,
Where spreads in haze the snowy maze
Of orchards deep-ravined—

Telling the dingles of the thrush
To overflow with sound,
Warning the grassy commons all
In vales for miles around:

"Wake! shady forest-coverts wide!
Wake! sylvit river-ward!
Chases and meres and misty shires
Be ready for your lord!"

But he would not stay nor tarry there
On the blithe edge of the down,
To the sea-coast his errand was
And the smoke-hanging town.

Far off he saw its harbours shine
And black sea-bastions thronged
With masts of the sea-traffickers
For whom his spirit longed.

Far off he heard the windlass heaved
And the creaking of the cranes,
Gay barges hailed and poled along,
And the rattling fall of chains,

Till by the windows of that Inn
He sate and took his ease
Where the bewsprits of the swarthly ships
Came thrusting to the quays.

II.

Apollo. "And why are you cast down, sailor?
And why are you cast down?
With lapfuls of the guineas light
Come you not back to town?
Your feet that must have run in air
Aloft the slippery mast
Are they not glad to land, my lad,
On steady ground at last?"

Seaman. "If you had cruised as I have cruised
The world for many a year,
Your blood like mine it would have struck
At the strange news I hear.
O the Moon went riding high last night
And the dance along the quays,
But I could not find it in my heart
To care for shows like these;
For while still I felt the rollers' lift
Bear on through the dark land
And the little houses here still rock
And sway—they would not stand—
I heard them calling in the streets
That the ship I serve upon—
The great ship Immortality—
Was gone down, like the sun... ."

Apollo. "And whence did that craft hail, sailor, The Ship
Of which you seem so fond?"

Seaman. "It was some harbour of the East,
Back o' beyond, back o' beyond!"

Apollo. "What shipwrights' hammers rang on her,
The stout ship and the keel?
In what green forest inlet lay
Her cradle and her keel?

Seaman. "I think some arm of the sea-gods
Framed us her stormy frame,
And ribbed and beamed and stanchioned her,
And gave her strength a name.
Never, Sir Traveller, have you seen
A sight the half as fine
As when she hove up from the East
On our horizon-line!"

Apollo. "I have seen a dead god on the Nile,
Paddled by tribes of bronze,
Under mud-built villages of palms
Glide, statelier than swans,
And isis' frail moon-golden skiff
Restore him to that barque of life
Whose years are millions.

*From: "New Poems, including Apollo and the Seaman. The Queen of Gothland, Seamas to Toksay, and other Lyrics." by Herbert Trench. (Methuen & Co.)*
I have seen Jason and his men
Into bows of Argo piece
Oak of Dodona, ere she slid
To find the golden fleece;
Ay, and triremes of the marble isles
Pursue from Salamis.
I have seen master-galleys rise
Dipping in mass the oar,
And centaur-carven caravels,
And galleons big with ore,
Dromonds, and mountain'd argosies
That sack the globe no more:
Great sails, like yellow weeping clouds,
Heap'd thunder, roaring squall—
And their fadings, like the fleet of stars
That floateth over all."

Seaman. "Well—ask all navies such as these—
Was she not more divine
Who, challenged by Death's muffled drums,
Gave Death the countersign?
Ah, to serve on her in time of war!
Why set aflame your blood
To feel her in the slack of peace
Come booming up the flood,
Thousands of wings about her bows
As she cast away the deep.
The morning star swung from a spar
And every sail asleep.
And her masts! Land-locked and shut away
From the sea-winds' scud and psalm,
Her masts, they trembled in a leash—
You laid on them your palm,
And they quivered over with great life
That never could be calm.
No frothings in your purple wake
On the lone path to the pole
White as the spread of sail on her
That lent wings to your soul—"

Apollo. "What was her build, that boat of yours
So proud upon the sea?
What was her make of hull and deck,
What suit of sails had she?"

Seaman. "O her stretch of sail so white, so white,
By no man's hand unfurled,
Was Heaven!"

Apollo. "And the decks you kept so bright?"

Seaman. "Were like this bustling World."

Apollo. "And the hold and cockpit out of sight,
Pitp dark and ill to smelt,
Full of the friends of your delight?"

Seaman. "That was the pit of Hell!"

IV.

Seaman. "How think of her, gone down, gone the tidings.
How think of her decayed!
Or that the maker of that ship
Could let his creature fade!
More unbridled — unforgettable — was never creature made.

Gone by the board, those swinging spars
That seemed through storm to climb!
Sent down, like any cockle-shell,
To the tangle and the slime!
Did he that takes the narrow sounds
His monstrous hands between
Whirl her among his crazy locks
Into an eddy green?
Was it fog-bound, on a foul coast,
With not enough sea-room,
Or clear of land that she was lost,
Where the hard gale can blow home?
Was it ice-floe in the sheeted foam
Ambushed her? or some edge
Of false lights—or uncharted reef—
Broke her back upon its edge?
Perhaps even she was seized at last
Off some island precipice
With weariness, like man's weariness,
Of everything that is,
And stranded so till the fresh flood
That through the channel swings
Crumbled that side like a sea-cliff
As one crumbles little things."

Apollo. "Her end was none, my lad, of these;
But first, if you must know,
Mutiny of those friends of yours
In irons down below."

Seaman. "And how got you, Sir Merchantman,
This news—or bitter jest?"

Apollo. "Sir, my trade is bringing light to all
From the East unto the West.
Nay, he that built your famous boat
From the old coasts to fly
And bear you ever out and on,
Was I, and none but I!"

With that the sailor clutch'd the board;
Wine spilt out of his glass
Dripp'd to the floor, but not a sound
From his parch'd mouth would pass.

V.

Apollo (musing). "There was no whisper out of space,
Searcely a ripple ran
From thine incommensurable side
O dim levithian,
When from afar I came in flight,
Rumors' gainst thee to probe,
Leaving far off, engraved in shade,
Many a dreaming silver globe
And approaching thee on the middle sea
Wraight in my darkling robe.
From that Ship becalm'd, that triple-tier'd
Of Heaven and Earth and Hell,
Spread strange commotion as I near'd
Over the starred sea-swell."
Arcturus, I remember, shone—
That rebel! mirror’d bright,
And Saturn in his moat of moons
Glass’d in unsounded night;
All the million-litten vault below
Breathed, in a slumber light.
As in some mountain forest glade
When frosts ere dawn are brisk
And early spring boughs knitted close
Across the red moon’s disk,
And the riny turf rings hard to hoof
Of the light branch-feeding deer,
One sees upflushing some glen’s brow
Camp-fire of mountaineer—
Bivouack’d below; shag-bearded pines,
All gaured, loom down estranged
At the wanton fire about their knees
With the moon-fire interchanged—
So strange her gaunt dishevelled spars
Loomed down out of the sky;
Sails that had drunk Earth’s soul immense
Hung pierced and slung away,
My invovn eternal blaze\naries
An idle tattered shame.
Was this the keen fire-spirited prow
Ark of the heaving flame
That sun-stamp’d and illumined ship,
That keel of mystery,
Loosed, after toings beyond count,
To plunge from the Daedalian mount
And to stem fate’ry?
Now, because mine own insignia
Badged
Each white celestial vail,
Rage seized me, like your emperor
Trajan—how goes the tale?—
Who on Tigrit, twice defeated, tore
His gold wolves from the sail. . . .
And as from forge doors in her decks
Escaped, lulled, rose again,
Confused blasts—in solent uproar
From torch’d and naked men.
As it were some wind from Africa’s
Tropic and demon’d fen.
And beast-like shadows ran and flush’d;
Knotted at goips they swayed
And with bled. Unkennelled Hell was loose
And swarmed in escadale.

Hard-pressed my righteous stood at bay;
But when Hell’s desperate brood
Saw me, they shouted, ‘Lord of light, Release!’ And ruinous stew’d,
Fell on their faces on the decks
In breathless multitude.

But their leader, with inverted torch,
Stepp’d through them. Stern he comes,
Stirring their night-bound forest hearts
Like distant savage drums,
And cries aloud, ‘In this, in this—
Shaking his torch—is peace!
Not thou, tardy deliverer,
But I, confer release!
Mighty shall be the high sea-flame!
Superb the funeral pyre
Of Heaven and Earth! . . . Kindle it,
Hell! To glut this God’s desire!’
He paused, with black distorted arms
Rear’d, long before the crash—
Like some hollow oak that long outliveth
Coil of the lightning’s lash;
Then fell. Majestic enemy,
Time with thy falling rang!
He, first of all the ship, was free
And fled without a pang.
. . . . . . . . . . . . .
Out of the throg’d expanse, skull-bare
Heads rose and dropped again.
They quelled, they finched before my gaze,
My light to them was pain,
Shadows of wreckagr on the masts
Went streaming down the main.
Stooping above one cowring shape,
I raised it by the chin.
Upturned the pallid chronicle
And read the tale therein;
Read the thing purposed, by the bone,
And the thing done, by the skin.
The lecherons, ran, with eyelid lined,
Heavy-soul’d, torn with vice,
The murderons with the flitting smile,
The drunkard blue as ice;
Incomplete and colourable things
Whose breathings must be lies.

All the sweet neighbours that men take
Within their breasts to thrive
Had blown like glass the body’s case
Or stamped its clay alive.
So I mused—(All hung upon a hair!)
Why need the dead survive?
In one face, stony, white and bleak,
Had passions scooped their bed;
Old lavas down the rigid cheek,
Meseemed, were still unshed;
And I read the eyes of him that thirsted
Only for things beyond;
Whose strata, tossed in molten dreams,
Would never correspond
With things about him, for he willed
To die unparagoned.
. . . . . . . . . . . . .
Unseen above them so bowed down
Like bent and sullen corn,
Should I cast them with derision back,
That throng of the forlorn.

Herding them with derision cold
As with a hand of steel,
Condemn them to endurance back
And still to think and feel,
While the tears that might not fall for them
Did on my cheek congeal?

And in that pause their mournful hope
Swelling like the undertone
That dins within the wildest gale
Utter'd aloud mine own.

Blindly they stretched their scarry hands,
Their piteous hands, to me:
"Since bonds we cannot bear, nor sight
Be thou our sanctuary!
Open again the narrow gate—
Let us no longer be!"

Then lo! my righteous, whose wounds still
With bitter conflict bled,
Ve'er'd in their wrath, hoarsely unjust,
Arraigned me for these dead—
Spat on their own high bliss, and craved
To stand in Hades' stead.

Had all white-priested Egypt, then,
Not taught thee to perjure,
My Boat of Years? Lo, in man's dust
So mixed—so long impure—
Came light! Then I summoned up each soul
And round its neck secure
Fastened this token: 'Judge thyself,'
That justice might be sure.

... . . . . .

Alfo, long since, I saw, had fled
That viewless sanctuary
Of presences starry-cresseted
Who erst through waters dim
Had breathed the towering sails along,
My faithful saphprit.

And I turned about in mournfulness
Steadfastly to behold
Bulwarks charred, ay, and drunken masts
And slow deep-labouring hold,
And the heeling of age-crumbled beams
And helmless spars divine—
Beheld the horror of those decks
Bloodied with mystic wine;
Even the little fluttering genius rest
From the wrecked and flameless shrine.

And I cried to the white shape on the prow
Ascendant by my skill,
'O winged ardour, headless now,
To sound what wild sea-victory

Swing'st there, triumphant still?
Why spared they wholly to shatter thee?
Thy ripples from feet to breasts
Winds from the future fill

But I know my handiwork outworn,
And this bolted fabric vast
That disciplined through many wars
Man's courage in the past,—
And well, well, hath she served her Lord—
Unseaworthy at last!'

Then from ocean's frothy hazardous
Dream-element I caught
Her crew—every half-founndered soul
Wherewith her hold was fraught;

And I sang them back to steady Earth
After their wanderings long,
Both quick and dead. Hangs on thy breast
The token of my song?"

(He fumbled in his hairy breast
Yes—the 'Judge thyself' hung there)

"And remembering then their mad outburst
Of quaint hope and despair
Who deemed each puny life should last
When nothing else escapes,
And the nations and the planets melt
Like breakers on the capes,

From laughter, from tears unquenchable,
Scarce able to forbear,
I smote the great hull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air."

... . . . . .

Seaman. "What! is there not even left enough
Of that so noble craft,
A gang-board or a plank or two,
To lash into a raft?"

Apollo. "No, lad; you shall not ride in her;
But then you shall not weep;
Nor hear aloft her pipes of cheer
Nor the wail under the deep.

Yet sometimes like the Northern Lights
Hull-down—a radiance dim—
Loftier than air of Earth, up-sprung
To planes beyond its rim,

At hours when you are fever-struck
A phantom you may see,
Derecit—drifting out of hail—
Lost Immortality!"

vi.

When the man knew the ship he loved
Had melted to a lie
He fronted him upon his feet
As who should Gods defy—
Syllables choked not in his throat,
He met him eye to eye.
Refreshed was he through long forborne anger. His spirit swelled
Manful—the stronger in his grief
By all that he had quelled.

Seaman. "This is your world-discovery!
This is the great landfall!
This coil of warehouses and quays
And taverns—this is all!

Well was it that we trusted you!
Else—how had we achieved
Good luck? But then we had a friend
Wholly to be believed.

This is the country we have gained,
This land of milk and balm!
For this our innocent took wounds
And died without a qualm,
Drawn on as by a ghost, that ends
Like a cats paw in a calm!

Stay! I have heard, how in action's heat
A captain in his tent
Sealed a despatch; and the rider died
That with the letter went;
But the letter—saved—was found a blank.
You, who the message sent,
Say, how will you now make amends
For what was vainly spent!"

Fell off, fell off the ensnaring furs—
The beamwork of the room
To its last crevices was lit;
So terribly illumine
The God's eyes—all his presence seemed
Outwardly to consume.
As though all burning sovereignties
And throbings of the mind,
Condensed into a single flame,
Across that board confined
Shot the human shade, a skeleton,
Clean on the wall behind
The man.

Apollo. "Ah, fragment of my soul,
When I invented thee
To utter Mind, as guest and mate
Of a voiceless family,
And gave thee selfhood, barred with sleeps,
On yon ship's heaving shelves,
Selfhood that never can contrive—
However lightning-like it strive—
To escape, in its immost, deepest dive
My Self beneath your selves,
I built through deniurgic powers,
Myriad human hopes and fears,
And laboured at this shipwright's task
A hundred thousand years.
Think'st thou I framed a vessel vain
As earthly ships of wood?
Or that thy voyage never was,
And wasted all your blood?
What! Hast not felt the invisible
Nor faintly understood?
Thou hast seen armies serve a name,
A rag, a tomb forlorn;
And the tides of men obey a ghost,
The ghost of the unborn.
Thou hast felt the Passions' blindest roots
Quake up man's silly crust,
And rock thy reason from its state
And crack its towers to dust.
Thou hast seen the Gods figure forth races,
Surging out of the vast
On the crest of wave after wave, for aye
To sweep till time be past:

Feel'st thou no wind behind those waves
All washing on one way?
Organs of the invisible
Yes, thou hast felt their sway!

Deem'st those old faceless images,
'Truth,' 'Justice,' 'Liberty,'
Heralding symbols thou employ'st?
They are employing thee!
Organs of the invisible
Yes, thou hast felt their sway.
All the buried city of thy heart
Knows thou art less than they,
But now get back upon high seas
Unknown and dear indeed,
Thou, the adventure of my cloud
And sailing of my seed!"

Seaman. "Lord, I confess the things unseen
Closer the fountain-head
Than the wooden table in my grasp
Or yonder loaf of bread;
But must we, ever-living one,
Go out when we are dead?
When the arms that held us close and dear,
When the love that we are used
To mingle with, were wrenched away
And the body's kiss is loosed?"

The God smiled, and with 'haviour soft
Leaning across the wise
Heavily took those shoulders young
Into his grasp divine.

Apollo. "Hearken! I put you to the touch
My son, my prodigal—
Since every brave song hath its close
Your own life, end it shall;
Yes, utterly shall meet an end.
Be it heroical!
And, born aboard, my rover stark,
Dread you to die aboard?
To lay you down beside your love
With the sunset on your sword? . . .
VII.

Apollo (continuing).

"Voyage after voyage, how else, how else
Should I man's soul prepare
For the new venture, bolder yet,
On which he now must dare?—"

See! from the voyage whence you come now
You come not back the same;
Behind the door of your dull brow
Hath sprung up doubt and blame—

Defiance of me. That I praise.
This once low-cabin'd pate
Hollows deep-chambered—is become
Tribunal—hall of state
For the assembled thrones of angels—

For an assize of fate!

Thou hast forgotten, whom I took
From lap of things inform
And flung to embraces of the sea
And caresses of the storm!
Now electrified, subtler-energized,
Starker-willed, battle-warm.

Thou comest, thou comest again to me! . . .
Son of tumult, gloom enorm,
I have new jeopardy for thee
And new eyes yet to form!

O wrestler into consciousness
Staad upon Earth! Away!
Long hath the journey been by night,
But roseate breaks the day;
Like a scroll I unfold the mountain-tops
And the windings of the bay.

Awake! thou're already on the cruise
And shalt not see its end.
Earth is the ship! Thou shalt have time
To find the Earth thy friend!"

Seaman.

"Is there a hand upon her helm?"

"Weigh thou thine own heart fires,
And her wash of overwhelming dawns,
And her tide that never tires—
Her tranquil heave of seasons—flowers—
All that in thee aspires!

How like an eagle on the abyss
With outspread wing serene
She circles!—thought rolls under her
And the flash from the unseen.
Here's to her mission, winged rock,
Bluff-bowed and heavy keel'd
Through the night-watches swinging on
Still under orders sealed!

No crystal gives a peep, my son,
Of her errand far and surgy;
No witch's magic brew of sleep
Nor smoke of thamaturgy;
Nor, for the future, shall you reap

Much benefit of clergy.
For when once the whole consummate strength
Of thy slow-kindling mind
Can see in the heart's light at length
All the strange sons of mankind,
Then the Earth—that else were but a strait
Rock-sulpachre—is new:
Of what account to it is death?
It is glowing, through and through,
It moveth, alive with a God's breath,
Translucent as the dew!"

VIII.
The last words in the rafters rang
And the bright haze sounded on;
Walls, air and shadows vibrant still,
But the God himself was gone.

Was the thing dreamed? The Tavern wall
Solid? Still it rang.
Febrile he threw the lattice back
Outside fluttered and sang
Trees of a tract of narrow yards
Behind dark teguments,
The nearest garden vacant—rope
Eeked out its broken fence.
Naked it lay—brown mould bestrew'n
With refuse crockery—yet
A pear-tree in its darkest nook
Bower'd it in delicate Whiteness. Beyond its further pale
Above a wallflower bed,
Women were hanging linen out:
One stoo'p'd a kerschief'd head.
In lime trees idle rooks were cawing;
Even to his upper room
came wafted from some distant plot
Fragrance like thyme's perfume;
And, adrift from zigzag chimney-stacks
And ancient courtyards, soft
Blue smoke was breathed amongst the trees;
Dazzling clouds moved aloft;
Even to the window where he stood
A cherry stretched its limb,
Half the diaphanous clusters clear
Eclipsed, and half dim,
Green swift immortal Spring was here—
Spring in her lovely trim—
And whether it were ship or no,
The Earth seemed good to him,
Had he been Greek, or nurtured well
In lore of sages gone,
He would have felt her like that ship
Ascribed to Hieron
Which, beside its deck-house luxuries
Of baths and bronze's fine,
Carried a pergola's green walk,
Shade-galleries of vine,
And for awnings fruit espaliers
From buried ures in line.

Quitting the Inn he made for home,
And by many a cobbled wynd
Beheld with mariners' wares, uphill
He strode with seething mind.
Above in the shady market-place
Unwonted silence reigned.
Under their patched umbrella stalls
Few flower-sellers remained;
But one, with old face like a map
Wrinkled by good and evil lap,
Stretched forth her palm. It rained.
Ah, yes, it rained—sudden acold
The sky lowered overcast.
Soon the pavements leapt with splashing drops;
And as he hastily passed
He heard a burst of chanted sound,
And glanced up at the vast
Shadow that over huddled roofs
Loomed, pinnacle and grey... 

The spired cathedral thunderously
And widely seemed to sway;
Like Earth upon her pilgrimage
Buffeting on from age to age
It still was under way.

And on he trudged with peace at heart,
Rain pelting on his cheeks,
But the shower half-ceased before he found
The bourne he seemed to seek.

A small house in a by-way dark
Beneath that April cloud,
And nigh the doorway he looked up
Keen-eyed. He could have vowed
It was his wife stood shining there,
Yon, where the lintel dripped,
With soft, profound, familiar look,
Low-laughing forth she slipped;

Her mute nod warned him (while her hair
Released bright drops that fell)
And bade him watch, but not disturb,
A happy spectacle.

Now vapour'd were the cobbles stones,
And the tunnel where they stood
Fleeter adown the middle street,
Rays gleaming on its mud,
When lo! he saw a boy, their son,
Squatted beside the flood,

Like the city's sole inhabitant
And lost to aught beside,
Wholly absorbed, aloof, intent.
Upen that ruffling tide

The boy embarked a faery ship
Of paper, white and gay,
And watched, with grave ecstatic smile,
Its glories whirled away.

THE END.
"APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN"

by

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE,

(Op. 51.)

NO. I.
SECTION I.
"APOLLO'S COMING."

("Apollo thro' the woods came down Furred like a merchant fine,")

Allegro molto moderato, maestoso.

Copyright, 1905, by Herbert Trench.
("For none had known him by his gait Descending from the hills.")

Animato, marcato.

Allegro molto, marcato.
Along lone barrows of great downs With kine in rolling coombes"
7 (Wake! shady forest - coverts wide!)
Meno mosso.
("Far off he heard the windlass heaved")

Poco a poco slentando  dim.
SECTION II.
"THE RUMOUR."

("And why are you cast down, sailor?")
L'estesso tempo. Andante.

("O the Moon went riding high last night.")
Allegro.
SECTION III.
"THE SHIP."

("And whence did that craft hail, sailor?")

Maestoso Allegro.

12
("I think some arm of the sea-gods Framed us her stormy frame,"
"I have seen master galleys rise—Dipping in mass the oar,"

14 a tempo

15

("I have seen master galleys rise—Dipping in mass the oar,"
Poco meno, espressivo.
("Ah, to serve on her in time of war!"")

Allegro bravado.
"O, her stretch of sail so white—

Was Heaven!"

\[ \text{a tempo} \]
Presto.

("That was the pit of Hell!")

ff poco slentando ff  dim.  f

mp

più p

pp

pppp
"How think of her, gone down!""

Molto Allegro, misterioso. (d = 176)

No. II.
SECTION IV.
"THE TIDINGS."
"Like man's weariness, Of everything that is")

Meno messo molto.

("As one crumbles little things")---
"Her end, my lad, was none of these."

Tempo I.

(Tr.) "How got you this news?"
("Was I, and none but I")

Molto moderato.

("With that the sailor clutched the board,")

31
NO III.
SECTION V.
"THE TALE OF APOLLO"

("There was no whisper out of space.")
Andantino molto agitato. ($\frac{6}{8}$-120)

32

Presto.

Meno mosso.-Lento.
("From that Ship becalm'd, spread strange commotion as I near'd over the starred sea-swell")

Allegro agitato. (♩ = 192)
("So strange her gaunt dishevelled spars.")

("Now, rage seized me?")
("Kindle it, Hell, To glut
cresc.
f\text{marc.}

this God's desire!")
"Then fell. Majestic enemy?"
("Out of the throng'd expanse")

Poco Andante.

("So I mused—why need the dead survive?")

Tempo molto meno mosso, espressivo. (Andantino.)
("Unseen above them so bowed down")

Poco Animato.

("Blindly they stretched their scary hands")

a tempo
8: ("Then lo! my righteous, whose wounds still With bitter conflict bled, ")
55
("And I cried to the white shape on the prow."

Poco meno mosso.

56

Andantino.

(dim.)
sang them back to steady Earth?

Andante.

Tempo
58

("I smote the great hull to a ghost")

58

(cresc.)

(What! is there not even left enough?")

Andantino.

semprè pp
SECTION VI.

"THE REBUKE"
("This is your world-discovery!")

poco a poco morendo

Vivace. (Allegro.)

("This is the country we have gained, This land of milk and balm!")

Poco Allegro. (\_\_60.)
65 "Say, how will you now make amends For what was vainly spent!\[2\]"
Maestoso, con moto.

(Other fragment of my soul;)

My molto esp. sostenuto.
Poco Andantino.

74

(What! Hast not felt the invisible Nor faintly understood?)
Andante.

75

appassionato

lunga

76

("Deemst those old faceless images, Truth,

accent.

dim.

pp

b
Justice! Liberty!..."

"Lord, I confess the things unseen!"

Andante.
Più Allegro, agitato.

("Hearken! I put you to the touch My son,

my prodigal")

80
N° IV and FINALE. (Coro)
SECTION VII.
"THE NEW SHIP"

("Voyage after voyage, how else, Should I man's soul prepare For the new venture?")
Allegro molto maestoso. (f: 120)
("Thou hast forgotten, whom I took From lap of things inform."

Moderato Allegro.)
"O wresler into consciousness Stand upon Earth!"

87

88
Più mosso.

89 (Awake! th' Art already on the cruise And shalt not see its end!)

(Coda CL)
"Is there a hand upon her helm?"

Tempo Moderato.

("How like an eagle on the abyss")
(Tempo Primo) Allegro.

("And I shall stream into their life").

Tempo maestoso.
("What matters, if self ends?")

99

pp espress.

(Sax.)

100

morendo

ppp

Adagio solenne.

("I shall tell thee, but as music tells.")

(Vla.)

pp sostenuto

pizz.
("Through the death-veil—looming silverly")

105

106
("It is glowing through and through")

"morendo"
SECTION VIII - FINALE.

THE EMBARCATION.

108 Tempo majesta. ($=126$)

Tenors.

Basses.

The last words in the rafters rang. And the bright haze sounded on;

Walls, air and shadows vibrant still. But the God himself was gone.

Was the thing dreamed?
Allegro moderato.

The Tavern wall stood? Still it rang.

Allegro moderato.

Feverish he threw the lattice back

Out -

110

-side fluttered and sang

Trees of a tract of narrow yards

Be -
hind dark ten - ements, The near - est gard - en vac - ant

rope tried out its broken fence. Naked it lay. Brow a mould bestrewn

re - fuse crockery yet a peartree in its darkest nook Bowered in delli - cate White - ness
Beyond is further pale
Above a wallflowerbed,

Women were hanging linen out:
One stoop'd akerchiefthhead. In

Line trees idle rooks were cawing,
Even to his upper room came

wafted from some distant plot Fragrance like thyme's

Perfume; And, a-drift from zig-zag chimney-stacks and
ancient courtyards,
soft blue smoke was breathed a-

amongst the trees;
Dazzling clouds moved aloft;

Even to the window where he stood,
A cherry stretched its
limb, Half the diaphanous clusters

clear En-lumined and half dim. Green swift immortal

Spring was here. Spring in her lovely trim. And
whether it were ship or no, The Earth seemed good to him.

Had he been Greek, or nurtured well In lore of sa - ges gone,

He would have felt her like that ship Ascribed to Hieron Which, beside its deck-house
luxuries of baths and bronzes fine, Carried a pergola's green walk,

Shade-galleries of vine, And for awnings fruit-es-pa-li-ers From buried urns in

116

line.
Allegretto.

Quitting the Inn he

made for home, And by many a cob-led wynd Behung with mariners' wares, up-

express. (Corz)

hill He strode with seething mind. Above in the shady market-place Un-

pp
-wont-ed sil-ence reigned. Un-der their patched um-brel-la stalls few flowersel-lers re-

mained; But one, with old face like a map Wrinkled by good and e-vil hap,
Allegro moderato.

It rained. Ah, yes, it rained.

Allegro moderato.

Soon the pavements leapt with plashing drops; And

sudden a-cold The sky loured over-cast. Soon the

as he has-ty passed He heard a burst of chant-
ed

pavements leapt with plashing drops; And as he has-ty passed He
heard a burst of chant - ed sound, And glanced up at the vast Shadow huddled roofs Loomed, pin - na - cled and grey....
The spired ca-thedral thundrrously And widely seemed to sway.

Lento.

Like Earth up-on her pil-grim-age Buffetting on from age to age.

Lento.

It still was under way.
Molto maestoso. Adagio non troppo.

And on he trudged with peace at heart,
Rain pelting his cheek,
But the shower half-ceased before he found The bourne he seemed to seek.
A small house in a by-way dark Beneath that April cloud,
And nigh the
door-way he looked up Keen-eyed. He could have vowed It was his

wife stood shining there, Yon, where the liz-tet dripped. With soft, pro-

cresc.

123

-found, familiar look Low-laughing forth she slipped; Her mute nod warned him
Più Animato.

(while her hair Released bright drops that fell)  And bade him watch, but

Più Animato.

not disturb, A happy spectacle. Now vapour'd were the cobble-stones,

And the run-net where they stood  Fleet-ed a-down the middle street,
Rays gleaming on its mud, When lo! he saw a boy, their son, Squatted beside the flood, Like the city's sole inhabitant And lost to aught be-
white and gay, And watched, with grave ecstatic

smile. Its glories whirled away, Its glories

Adagio.

Adagio.
Its glo-ries whirled a-way,
Its glo-ries whirled

(Vio)

{Pizzetto)