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WA-WAN SERIES OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

THREE SONGS

THE LAMENT
OF
DEIRDRE

BY
HENRY F. GILBERT



I LOOK INTO
MY GLASS

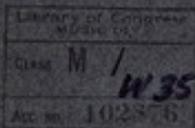
BY
ALFRED E. LITTLE



LOVE'S SECRET

BY
ARTHUR FARWELL

VOLUME II [SUMMER QUARTER] PART I: JUNE
THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS, 1903



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INTRODUCTION.

AMERICA demands not only a new art, but a new art-life as well. Her artists, composers, have new conditions, new ideals to meet. Not only must art-appreciators here expect shocks to their appreciating mechanism, but artists also must expect shocks in realizing an appropriate conduct of life. (No, worthy Reader, we are not about to enter upon the weary way of art and morals.) We all enjoy tales of romance, but we do not, like Don Quixote, set out to encounter evil knights, snorting dragons, or what not, and end by fighting windmills. Likewise the artist, remembering the now famous brother artist of the past, and remembering especially (a little too especially) his garret and his starvation, will not reach the goal of modern art-life by re-creating about himself the conditions of misery. To go a step farther still, he will not reach that goal by allowing others, allowing his environment, his nation, to re-create those conditions. Although mental persecution by the Philistine (no personal allusions!) may still be in order, the day of physical torture in the arena is over, and to seek, or even to admit martyrdom of this sort nowadays, savors of the green-room and the lime-light. And let it not be thought that these are hard words. For we would fain clasp in warm fellowship the hands of many we know and have known, men of rare worth and talents, wandering in wretchedness on the brink of starvation. There are, necessarily, periods in the life of every young artist without means, when there stands something less than a five-cent piece between himself and eternity. But if he allows this condition of affairs to continue indefinitely, he has erred either in the choice of a calling, or in the conduct of life, or both.

Feudal, monarchical Europe has bred certain conditions, as well as traditions, of artistic life, which still have an all-powerful grip upon the old world. The two chief modes of life open to the artist have been, on the one hand patronage, and on the other, absolute Bohemianism, the first a life of concessions, the second a life of dreams. Confronted by the necessity for this choice between the forfeiture of independence on one hand, and the forfeiture of action on the other, any healthy American would take to the woods. Of course there is the possibility of teaching, but this is so time- and energy-consuming, so limited in the possibility of its returns, and, moreover, presents so baleful an aspect of routine, that the best artists have not allowed the indiscriminate teaching habit to become fixed upon them. Of course the master of any art should, upon occasion, be willing to teach that art, the "occasion" being a pupil whose chief value consists in being something more than a mere source of income.

Patronage, in Europe, originally meant the support of kings, popes, petty princes, and other similar persons who would not find America a congenial spot. Under this régime, the artist could not be the man of liberal thought that he has become to-day. He was obliged to make concessions to the prevalent traditions of church and state. The composer had an advantage, since music uttered its heresies in a cipher code that took a couple of generations to unravel; nevertheless the composer was often "organist of the royal chapel of Duke So and So," and must conform to churchly musical modes. It is significant of progress, that Beethoven, the democrat, the iconoclast, was supported not by princes, but by private individuals. While it is true that patronage in Europe is infinitely more

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liberal toward art than formerly, from a spiritual and intellectual standpoint, nevertheless it still exerts its restrictions. For example, it is an unwritten law in Europe to-day that no aid will be given to a struggling artist *if he is married*. Of course no struggling artist should be married; but being married, he should not be obliged to admit the impossibility of salvation. Patronage, even at its best, means a certain slavery to the patronized (unless the latter be, like Wagner, a born despot) and stock in slavery is below par in America.

As for Bohemianism, there is freedom, complete freedom to follow artistic ideals,—but, unfortunately, often there is also the impossibility of exercising that freedom. For the Bohemian, proudly scorning to soil his fingers with the world's work, ostentatiously wedding hardship and misery for the sake of his Ideal, oftentimes boiling the pot in ways which he would blush to disclose to his artistic associates, has neither the happiness nor the peace of mind necessary for the creation of important works of art. Exceptions to this only prove the rule, and the fact remains that absolute Bohemianism is one of the infernal circles that spends its force to no purpose other than the fostering of an absurd and quixotic pride. It is one of the experiences of life, not life itself: as one Murger has it, "Bohemia is a stage in artistic life; it is the preface to the Academy, the Hôtel Dieu, or the Morgue." This Henri Murger has left, in his "Scenes de la Vie de Bohême," the one incomparable study of Bohemian artistic life. He lived in Paris, that Mecca of modern Bohemia, in the early part of the century, knew whereof he wrote, and had the grace of heaven in his style. In the preface to the original edition of this book, one has a lucid and thrillingly interesting analysis of the true nature of this unproductive underworld of Bohemia, where the long hours spent in courting Providence, and in hunting "that wild beast called a five franc piece," leave but little opportunity for serious and prolonged artistic work. Like patronage, this Bohemianism fails also to solve the problem of American art-life, which demands, as the final result of dreams,—action, productiveness, results.

Passing safely between this Scylla and Charybdis, certain European artists have found their way to an art-life both independent and productive by engaging in some practical work more or less closely related to their art. Important among these were Hans Sachs, who made shoes and wrote poems; William Blake, who engraved, and wrote poems, and made drawings and paintings; Spinoza, who made lenses and wrote philosophy (which is an art); and William Morris, who founded the Kelmscott Press, made furniture and type, as well as books, and wrote poetry and prose. We believe it quite possible that in the ideal developed by these pioneers lurks the suggestion for a more normal and expansive art-life in keeping with American conditions. And in accordance with such a belief the work of The Wa-Wan Press has been undertaken, and is being conducted by composers who do not imagine themselves to be "gleaming in their obscurity," who realize that America is large, and that if their work is to be known they must make it known. We know that this is in direct opposition to an unwritten law that artists shall not advertise their work. But let us examine that law, which we believe to be based upon a medieval, sentimental, and obsolete idea. That idea is the supposed necessity for preserving a romantic atmosphere about artists and poets. Both patronage and bohemianism are based upon a false artistic pride, a blind worship of the unsullied halo of bards, a fear lest any should think the artist willing to violate his artistic sanctity to the extent of earning his living as anybody else does. The artist and his work are as sacred as he can make them; but to insist upon surrounding his life with an affectation of the

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golden glow of a Homeric epoch, is a folly which it is time to abandon here in America,—America that respects all workers, practical or ideal, who are properly paid for their work. It is not that the artist places any false value upon his work, but he does place a high value upon a sympathetic and critical response to it, which he can expect in a broad manner only as he makes his work broadly known. The silent, remote, romantic worker is a picturesque ideal, but it is only a part of the whole. The artist must include that as one aspect of his nature; and whether he advertise his product by the secret and underground method, in order to preserve his halo, or frankly and openly, he must still have innumerable hours when he is the silent, remote worker, forgetting this world in his radiant dreams of a better. The more real the contact with this world, the more definite and real become the dreams of the dreamer. The American artist, like his nation, must have independence, artistic and material, and a self-respect not too far removed in kind from that of his fellow-men. The mistake of the past in similar endeavors has been in a final forgetting of the dream altogether. But America waits for those who shall find the true balance.

Anyone will think himself in a dream who reads the history of Ireland from 50 B.C to 50 A.D. From a background of darkness and doom, weirdly lit by a mystic and golden twilight, stand forth single heroic deeds of valor, love, and hate, single moments of passionate joy and despair, with a vividness which rivets our gaze upon each discernible detail, and calls up in the sea of our emotions the ghosts of storms that were stilled two thousand years ago. Then was Deirdré, blue eyed and golden haired, reared from childhood in secret, far from the knowledge of men, to avert the doom which the Druids had laid upon her at birth; and there was Concoobar, the king, reserving her for the object of his black love, and Naisi, one of the sons of Usnac, who discovered and betrothed her. By night, together with the other sons of Usnac, they fled northward, crossed to Scotland, and lived together like happy children in the Loch Etive. Thence Concoobar, with a treacherous message of forgiveness, recalled them, invited the sons of Usnac to a banquet, set fire to the hall, and slew them as they sought to make their escape. Ferguson's "Lament of Deirdré for the Children of Usnac" has furnished Mr. Gilbert the text for the song in this issue, which needs the legendary background for its fuller understanding. "Ireland, Historic and Picturesque," by Charles Johnston, contains a beautiful and thrilling history of these early times, and a reading of it will well repay anyone who cares to work the rich mines of Celtic lore.

The compositions for oboe and piano in the instrumental part of the current issue can, of course, be performed with effect by other instruments, either string or wind, though originally written with the peculiar quality of the oboe in mind. The subjects for both were paintings by Mr. Arthur Davies. One, a pastoral landscape, yet rich in imagination and mystery, suggested the composition by Mr. Rudolph Gott, whose name will be new to our readers. The other is a representation of Morfydd, a Welsh maiden who was betrothed to the outlaw bard, Davydd ab Gwilym, whose name figures prominently in the poetry of Wales. Morfydd is represented as at a woodland trysting-place, seated upon a mossy bank, and dreamily plaiting her flowing hair, while a youth by her side strikes the strings of a small harp. The works by Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill and Mr. Alfred E. Little, whose names also appear in our editions for the first time, are sufficiently self-explanatory to need no further comment.

A. F.

THE LAMENT OF DEIRDRE.

Words translated from the Gaelic
by Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON.

HENRY F. GILBERT.

Allegro Moderato.

VOICE. *con rabbia.*

PIANO. *f* *mf* *cresc.*

ff *p* *mf* *mf* *pp*

marcato.

dim. *pp*

The

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The story of Deirdre and the sons of Usnach is well told in the fifth chapter of Charles Johnston's "Ireland: Historic and Picturesque." (Coates & Co., Phila.)

lugubre.
li - ons of the hill are gone, And I am left a - lone.
slowly but regularly.

p lugubre.
* * * segue

f = furioso. *p*
Dig the grave both wide and deep, For I am sick, and fain would sleep.

f *smf* *p*

furioso.

mf marcato.

p
The fal - cons of the wood are flown, And

smf *p* *marcato.*

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I am left a - lone. Dig the grave both

deep and wide, And let us slum - - ber side by side.

The dra-gons of the rock are

sleep - ing Sleep that wakes not for our weep - ing. Dig the grave both

mp *p* *marcato.* *ff furioso.*

p *dim.* *c* *rit.* *ad lib.*

pesante. *a tempo.* *rit.* *p a tempo sostenuto.*

p *ff con rabbia.* *f*

Lament 4

7

rit. molto rit. p ad lib. recitante.

deep and wide Lay me by my true love's side.

ff rit. f molto rit. mf sostenuto. p PP

rit. colla voce.

con rabbia.

marcato.

Lament 4

To William S. Mason.

I LOOK INTO MY GLASS.

THOMAS HARDY.*

ALFRED E. LITTLE.

Andante mosso, tempo rubato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with notes like G4, A4, Bb4, and C5, often beamed together. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Performance markings include *sonore.*, *accel.*, and *tempo.* The piece concludes with a *ff* dynamic marking.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "I look in - to my". The piano accompaniment includes a *mf parlato.* marking and a *ten.* (tenuto) marking. The key signature is three flats and the time signature is 4/4.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "glass, And view my wast - ing skin, And say,". The piano accompaniment features a *poco ten.* marking and a *f* dynamic marking. The key signature remains three flats.

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics "Would God it came to pass, ——— Would God it came to pass My". The piano accompaniment includes a *Piu mosso.* marking, a *mf poco a poco cresc.* marking, and a *ff* dynamic marking. The key signature is three flats.

*From "Wessex Poems and Other Verses," Copyright, 1903, by the Wa-Wan Press. Copyright, 1898, by Harper and Brothers.

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heart had shrunk as thin!"

calmatq.

calmato.

f quasi presto.

lunga.

Andantino sostenuto, molto semplice.

For then, I, un - dis-trest By

p

cresc.

hearts grown cold to me, Could

f

dim.

sotto voce e

lone - ly wait my end - less rest With

senza cresc.

dolce sempre.

e - qua - ni - mi - ty,

pp piu largo.
With e - qua - ni - mi - ty.
rit. *a tempo.* *rall. e smorz.* *ppp*

Come prima. *mf*
But Time, - to make me grieve,

mp
Part steals, lets part a - bide; - And shakes this fra-gile frame at

cresc. molto e con abbandono. *ff*

eve ——— With throb-bings throb-bings — of noon-tide.

cresc. molto. *colla voce.* *ff* *veloce.* *strepitoso*

p ad lib.

I look, and say, "Would God my

dim. e rall. sub.

pp sospirando.

heart, my heart — had shrunk as thin!"

p leggiero. *pp* *ten.* *p*

ten. *ff* *f* *pp*

I look 4

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LOVE'S SECRET.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

Moderato.

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *p*

Ne - er seek to tell thy love, Love that nev - er told can be;

For the gen - tle wind doth move — Si - lent - ly, in - vis - i - bly. I *mp*

p cresc. *poco rit.* *dim.*

told my love, I told my love, I told her all my heart,

a tempo. *cresc.* *appassionato.* *f* *appassionato.*

p *cresc. f sempre*

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p ritard *p* *pp* *p*

Trem-bling, cold, in gha-st-ly fears, Ah! she did . de-part. Soon

ritard *p* *pp*

misterioso. *mf*

af-ter she was gone from me, A trav-el-ler came by,

misterioso. giusto. *subito p e rit.*

calmato *poco agitato* *f* *p*

Si-lent-ly, in-vis-i-bly; He took her with a sigh. _____

più lento *accel.* *poco rit.* *pp*

p calmato *poco agitato* *f* *pp*

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THE WA-WAN PRESS

NEWTON CENTER
MASSACHUSETTS

THE OBJECT OF THE MOVEMENT

THE WA-WAN PRESS, at Newton Center, Massachusetts, is an enterprise organized and directly conducted by composers, in the interest of the best American composition. It aims to promote by publication and public hearings, the most progressive, characteristic, and serious works of American composers, known or unknown, and to present compositions based on the melodies and folk-lore of the American Indians.

Many persons are already aware not only of the resource and promise, but of the increasing ripeness of the composer's art in this country. For these, and all who wish to enjoy the fruits of our undertaking as a whole, and who wish to add the unit of their personal force to the work of building up a musical art that shall represent the highest talents and ideals of American composers, our works are issued quarterly by subscription, to the amount of eighty to one hundred pages per year, at six dollars. This is a liberal reduction from sheet music prices. For artists, teachers, and others who may wish to procure single copies of our compositions, they are also obtainable in this form, at sheet music prices.

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