

**MEG BLANE: A RHAPSODY
OF THE SEA FOR
MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO,
CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA**

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Meg Blane: A Rhapsody of the Sea for Mezzo-Soprano Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra by Robert Buchanan & S. Coleridge-Taylor

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ROBERT BUCHANAN & S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

**MEG BLANE: A RHAPSODY
OF THE SEA FOR
MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO,
CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA**

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

TO MISS WAKEFIELD.

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MEG BLANE

A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA

FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

(OP. 48.)

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G. SCHIRMER, JR.,

(Boston Music Co.)

26 WEST ST., --- BOSTON.

MEG BLANE

A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA.

PROLOGUE.

"Lord, hearken to me!
Save all poor souls at sea!
Thy breath is on their cheeks—
Their cheeks are wan with fear;
No man speaks,
For who could hear?

The wild white water screams,
The wind cries loud;
The firefaught gleams
On tattered sail and shroud!

Under the red mast-light
The hissing surges slip;
Thick reeks the storm of night
Round him that steers the ship—
And his eyes are blind,
And he knows not where they run.
Lord, be kind!

Whistle back Thy wind
For the sake of Christ Thy Son!"

. . . Black was the cozy lift,
Black were the sea and land;
Hither and thither, thick with foam and drift,
Did the deep waters shift,
Swinging with iron clash on stone and sand.
Faintlier the heavy rain was falling,
Faintlier, faintlier the wind was calling,
With hollower echoes up the drifting dark!
While the swift rockets shooting through the
night
Flash'd past the foam-fleck'd reef with phantom
light,
And shewed the piteous outline of the bark,
Rising and falling like a living thing,
Shuddering, shivering,
While, howling beastlike, the white breakers
there
Spat blindness in the dank eyes of despair.

Then one cried, "She has sunk!"—and on
the shore
Men shook, and on the heights the women cried;
But, lo! the outline of the bark once more!
While flashing faint the blue light rose and died.

Ah, God, put out Thy hand! all for the sake
Of little ones, and weary hearts that wake
Be gentle! chain the fierce waves with a chain!
Let the gaunt seaman's little boys and girls
Sit on his knee and play with his black curls
Yet once again!

And breathe the frail lad safely through the
foam
Back to the hungry mother in her home!
And spare the bad man with the frenzied eye;
Kiss him, for Christ's sake, bid Thy death
go by—
He hath no heart to die!

Now faintlier blew the wind, the thin rain ceased,
The thick cloud cleared like smoke from off
the strand,
For, lo! a bright blue glimmer in the East—
God putting out His hand.

And overhead the rack grew thinner too,
And through the smoky gorge
The wind drave past the stars, and faint they
flew
Like sparks blown from a forge.

And now the thousand foam-flames o' the sea
Hither and thither flashing visibly;
And gray lights hither and thither came and
fled,
Like dim shapes searching for the drowned dead;
And where these shapes most thickly glimmer'd
by,

Out on the cruel reef the black hulk lay,
And cast, against the kindling Eastern sky,
Its shape gigantic on the shrouding spray.

MEG BLANE.

Silent upon the shore, the fishers fed
Their eyes on horror, waiting for the close,
When in the midst of them a shrill voice rose :
"The boat! the boat!" it said.
Like creatures startled from a trance, they
turned

To her who spake : tall in the midst stood she,
With arms uplifted, and with eyes that yearned
Out on the murmuring sea.

Some shrugging shoulders, homeward turned
their eyes,
And others answered back in brutal speech ;
But some, strong-hearted, uttering shouts and
cries,
Followed the fearless woman up the beach.

A rush to seaward—black confusion—then
A struggle with the surf upon the strand—
Mid shrieks of women, cries of desperate men,
The long oars smite, the black boat springs
from land!

Around the thick spray flies ;
The waves roll on and seem to overwhelm,
With blowing hair and onward gazing eyes
The woman stands erect, and grips the
helm. . . .

Now fearless heart, Meg Blane, or all must die !
Let not the skilled hand thwart the steadfast
eye.

The crested wave comes near—crag-like it towers
Above you, scattering round its chilly showers :
One flutter of the hand, and all is done !
Now steel thy heart, thou woman-hearted one !
Softly the good helm guides ;

Round to the liquid ridge the boat leaps light—
Hidden an instant—on the foaming height,
Dripping and quivering like a bird it rides.
Athwart the ragged rift the moon looms pale,

Driven before the gale,
And making silvern shadows with her breath,
Where on the shining sea it shimmereth ;
And, lo ! the light illumines the reef ; 'tis shed
Full on the wreck, as the dark boat draws nigh.
A crash !—the wreck upon the reef is fled ;
A scream !—and all is still beneath the sky,
Save the wild waters as they whirl and cry.

EPILOGUE.

"Lord, hearken to me !
Save all poor souls at sea !
Thy breath is on their cheeks—
Their cheeks are wan with fear ;
No man speaks,
For who could hear ?

The wild white water screams,
The wind cries loud ;
The fireflaught gleams
On tattered sail and shroud !

Under the red mast-light
The hissing surges slip ;
Thick reeks the storm of night
Round him that steers the ship—
And his eyes are blind,
And he knows not where they run.
Lord, be kind !
Whistle back Thy wind
For the sake of Christ Thy Son !"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

MEG BLANE
A Rhapsody of the Sea.

PROLOGUE.

Robert Buchanan.

S. Coleridge-Taylor Op.48.

Allegro molto agitato. Mezzo-Soprano Solo. *appassionato*

"Lord,"

hearken to me! Save all poor souls at

seal Thy breath is on their cheeks,

Their cheeks are wan with fear;

(Timp.) *sf* *mf* *dim.* *p* *f* *sf* *poco rit.* *poco accel.* *ppp* *poco rit.* *poco accel.*

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B

No man speaks, _____ For who could hear? _____

1^o a tempo

mf a tempo

The wild white wa - - ter

sf

mp

screams, _____ The wind cries loud, _____

sf

mf

pp

f

The fire - flaught gleams On tat - ter'd sall and

mp

dim. .

mp

dim. .

shroud

mf *f*

Un-der the red

rall. *p* *p a tempo*

mast - - light The his - ing sur - ges slip;

mf *dim.*

Thick reeks the storm of night Round

p

3 ^A

him that steers the ship And his eyes

are blind, And he knows not where they

4

run.

mf *cresc.* *accel.*

a tempo

Lord, be kind!

accel. *sf* *mf* *f* *largamente*