

**THE SWAN AND THE
SKYLARK:
CANTATA**

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The Swan and the Skylark: Cantata by Various

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VARIOUS

**THE SWAN AND THE
SKYLARK:
CANTATA**

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK

CANTATA

Hp 169

THE WORDS BY

HEMANS, KEATS, AND SHELLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR GORING THOMAS

(POSTHUMOUS WORK).

ORCHESTRATED FROM THE PIANOFORTE SCORE OF THE COMPOSER BY
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

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DEDICATED TO
THE COMPOSER'S FRIEND
PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA
BY HIS FRIENDS
THE EDITOR (C. V. S.) AND THE PUBLISHERS.

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

*A Grecian poet I, but born too late;—
For me no nymph sings from the upland wood
Her antique song; nor in bright hurrying brook
Is seen and lost her sweet illusive smile.*

*Gone is the shell that Phæbus, long ago,
Strung for the music that should never die;
Gone is the shell whereon sedately, slow,
The comely Aphrodite floated by;*

*And gone the maids who ran the ordered race,
Or stopped to bathe them by Actæon's rill,
Narcissus brooding o'er his own fair face,
And Echo laughing from the distant hill.*

*Only o'er sullen world of stock and stone
The ball of fire sends down his daily light,
And, when the measured hours are come and gone,
Lake, field, and sky are lost in gloomy night.—J. S.*

'Midst the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet's thought
This was their language:—

“Summer! I depart—
O light and laughing summer! fare thee well:
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

“And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

“And ye, bright founts! that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters! I must die.

“Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

“No! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
Waves, joyous waves! flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

“But thou, sweet boon! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

"Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies !
O life and love ! farewell."

Thus flowed the death-chant on ; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond : and all the air was filled
With that one sighing sound—*Farewell ! Farewell !*

*"Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades."*—KEATS.

Filled with that sound ? High in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung ; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quivered with song : such free, triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below ; and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly :—

"The summer is come ; she hath said *Rejoice !*
The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice ;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high :
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

"There is joy in the mountains ! The bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep ;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song !"

*"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest."*—SHELLEY.

"There is joy in the forests ! The bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven !

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born :
Only young rapture can mount so high—
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !"

So those two voices met ; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents ; and, amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
"Oh ! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious nature ! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blindest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival ;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones,
To startle and to pierce !—the dying swan's,
And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair."—MRS. HEMANS.

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THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

A. GORING THOMAS.

Moderato assai.

PIANO.

The first system of music is for piano. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The tempo marking 'Moderato assai' is written above the treble staff.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands, maintaining the established rhythmic and harmonic structure.

The third system shows further development of the piano part, with more complex chordal textures and melodic fragments in both staves.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment, showing a steady progression of the musical ideas.

The fifth system concludes the piano accompaniment on this page. It features a final cadence with chords in both hands. The word 'cres.' is written below the bass staff in two places, indicating a crescendo.

1 *Ben.*
ff

BASS SOLO.

A Gre - cian

po - et, I . . . but born too late,

but born too late.