112348

Josef Holbrooke

Ulalume

Poem for Orchestra No. 4

Op. 35

2/6 Sh.

Eigentum der Verleger für alle Länder

Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig

P. B. 2653

Printed in Germany

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber.
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the sun-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendour is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of a vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried—"It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here!
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,—
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

WRITTEN IN 1847. (EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

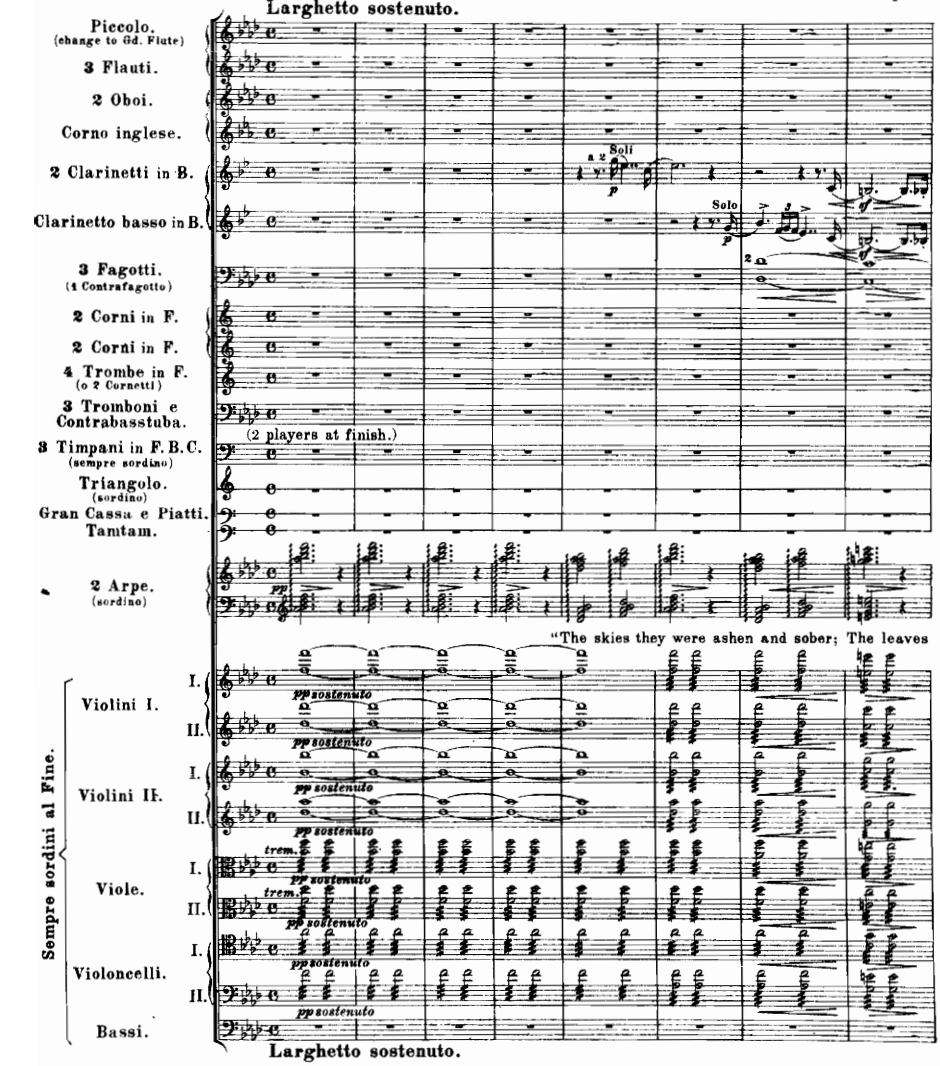
To my dear friend W. Donald.

Ulalume.

Poem for Orchestra No. 4

after Edgar Allan Poe.

Josef Holbrooke, Op. 35.



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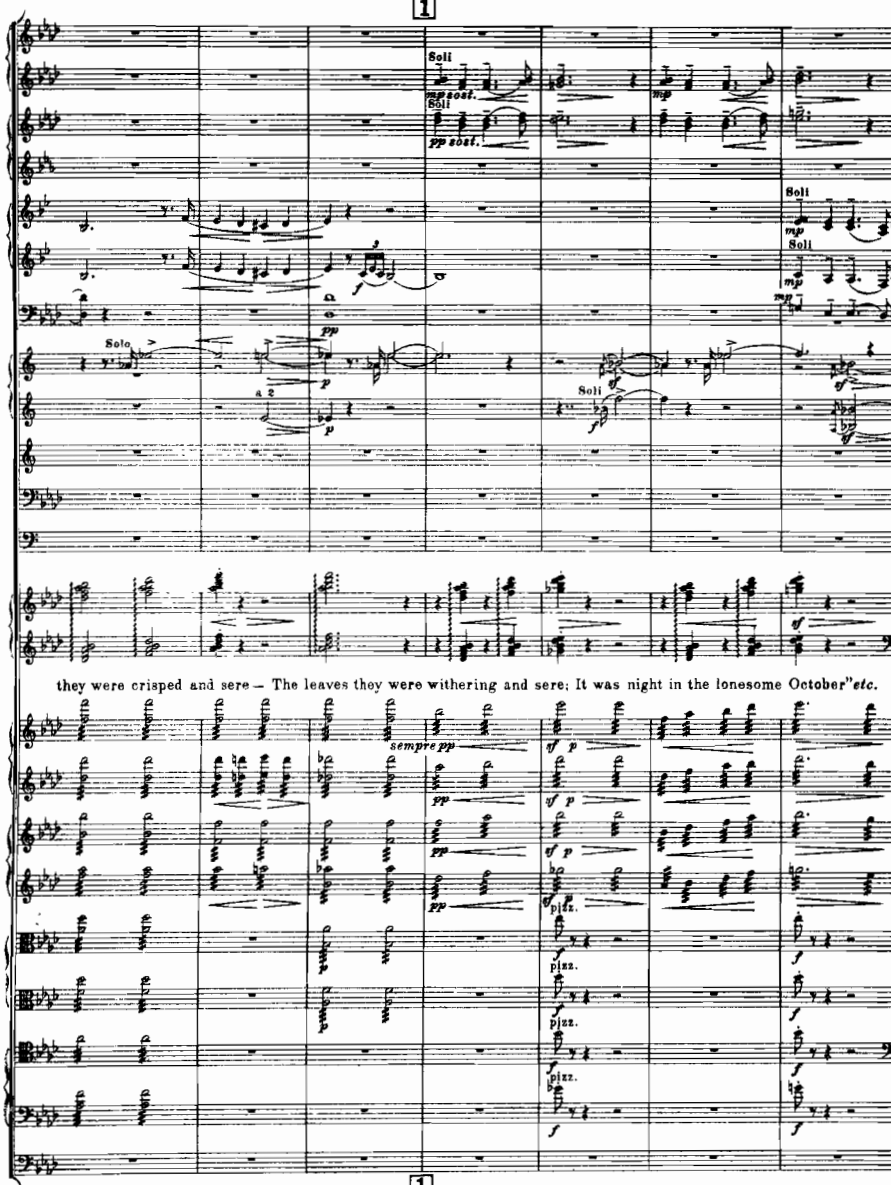
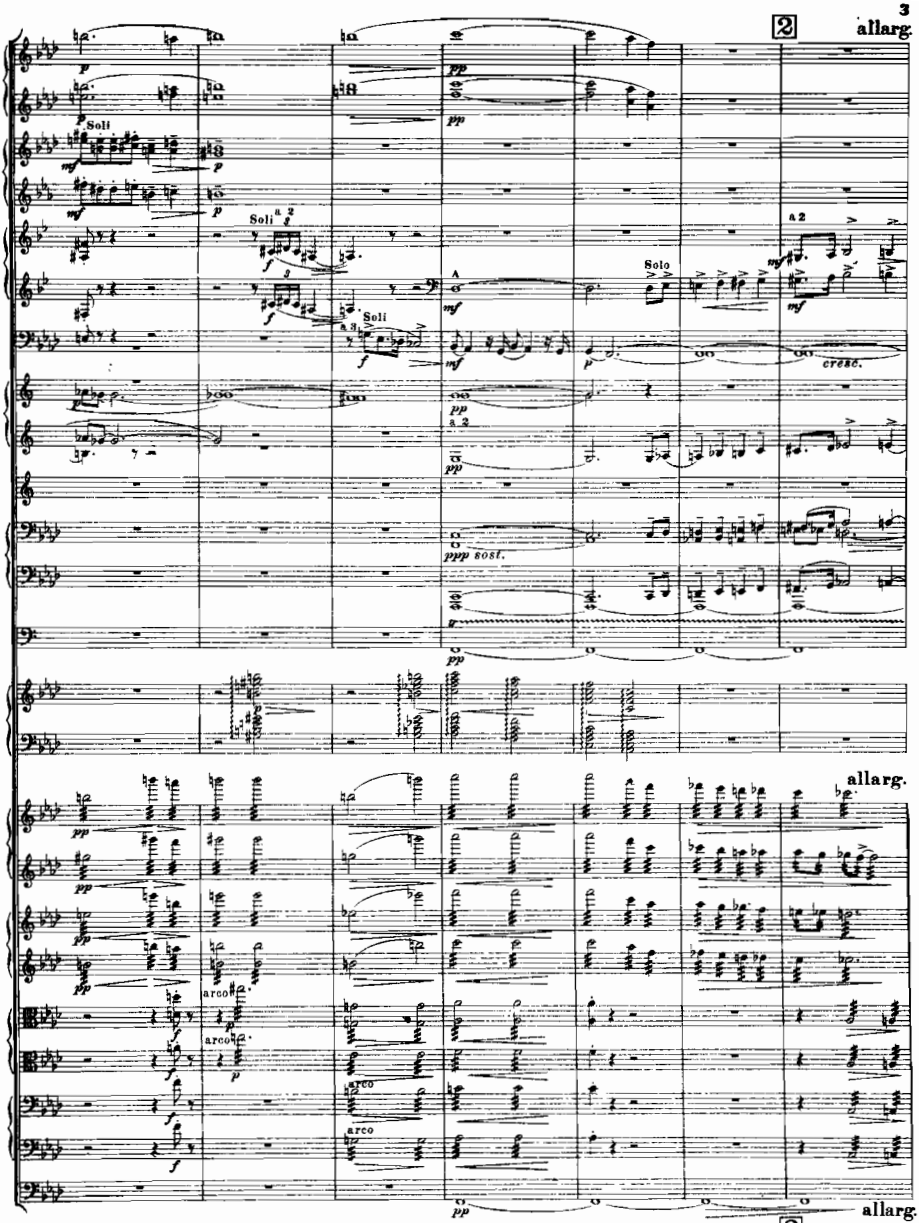
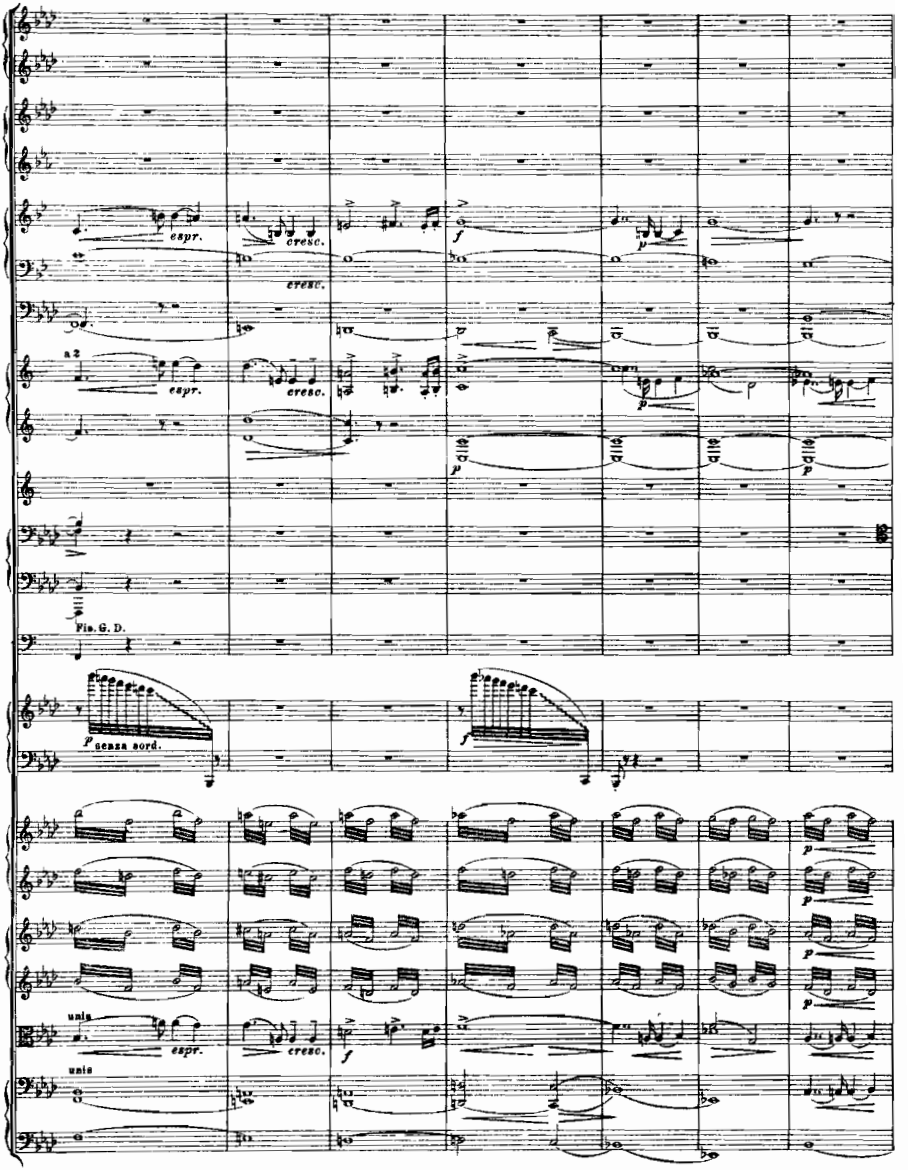
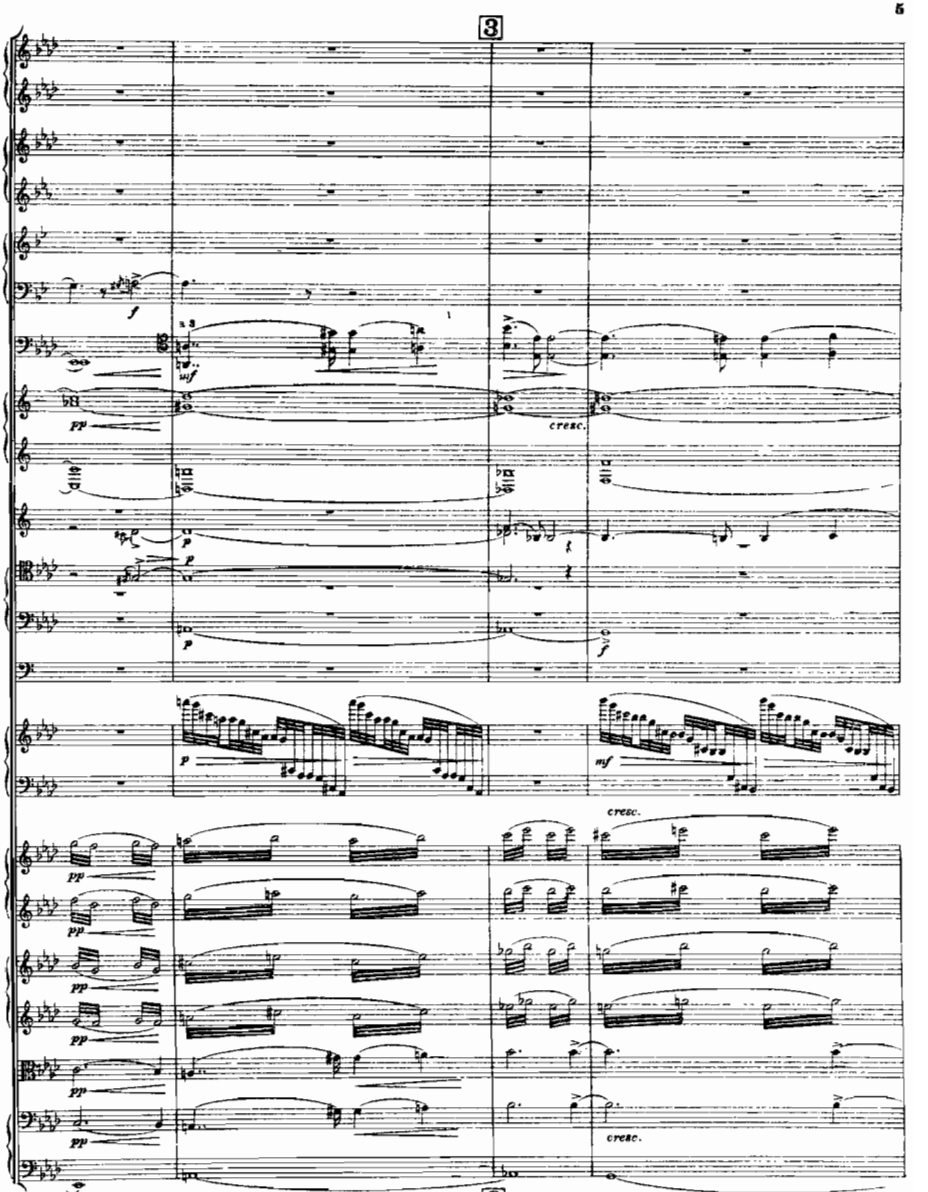
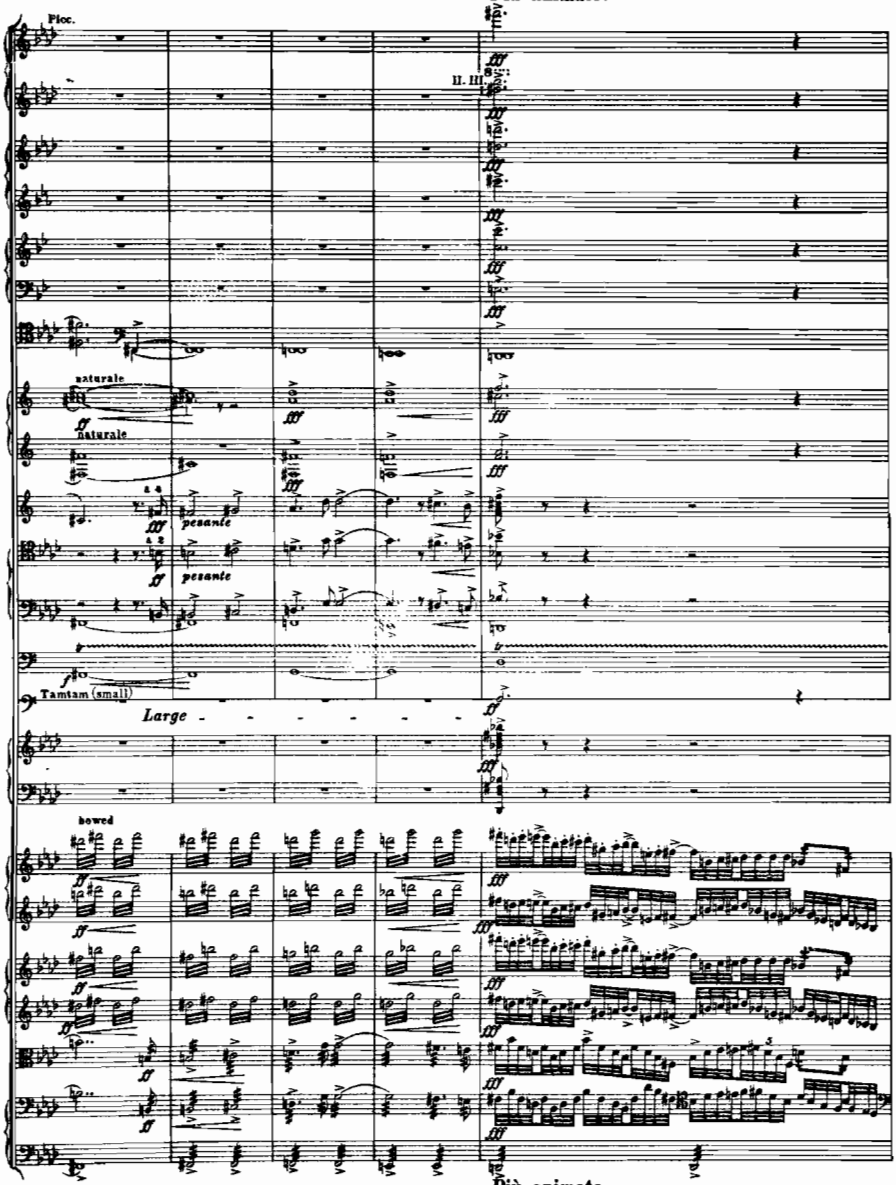

1
Soli
mp sost.
Soli
pp sost.
mp
Soli
mp
Soli
mp
mp
Solo
pp
p
a 2
p
Soli
f
ff
ff
they were crisped and sere — The leaves they were withering and sere; It was night in the lonesome October" etc.
sempre pp
pp
pp
pp
ff p
ff p
ff p
pizz.
pizz.
pizz.
f
f
f
f
f
1


2
allarg.
Soli
Soli
Soli
Solo
a 2
a 3
cresc.
ppp sost.
allarg.
arco
arco
arco
arco
allarg.
2

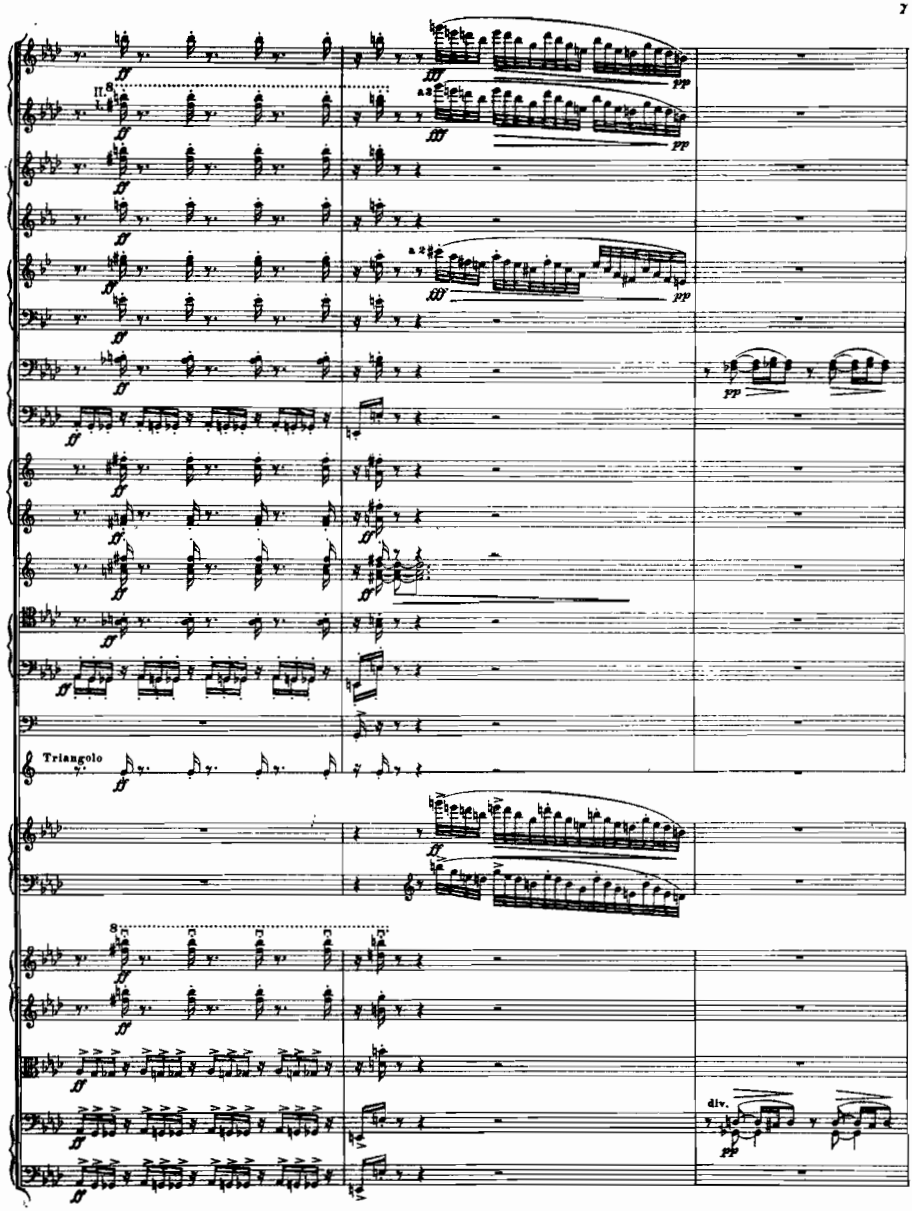

espr.
cresc.
a 2
Fls. G. D.
p senza sord.
unis

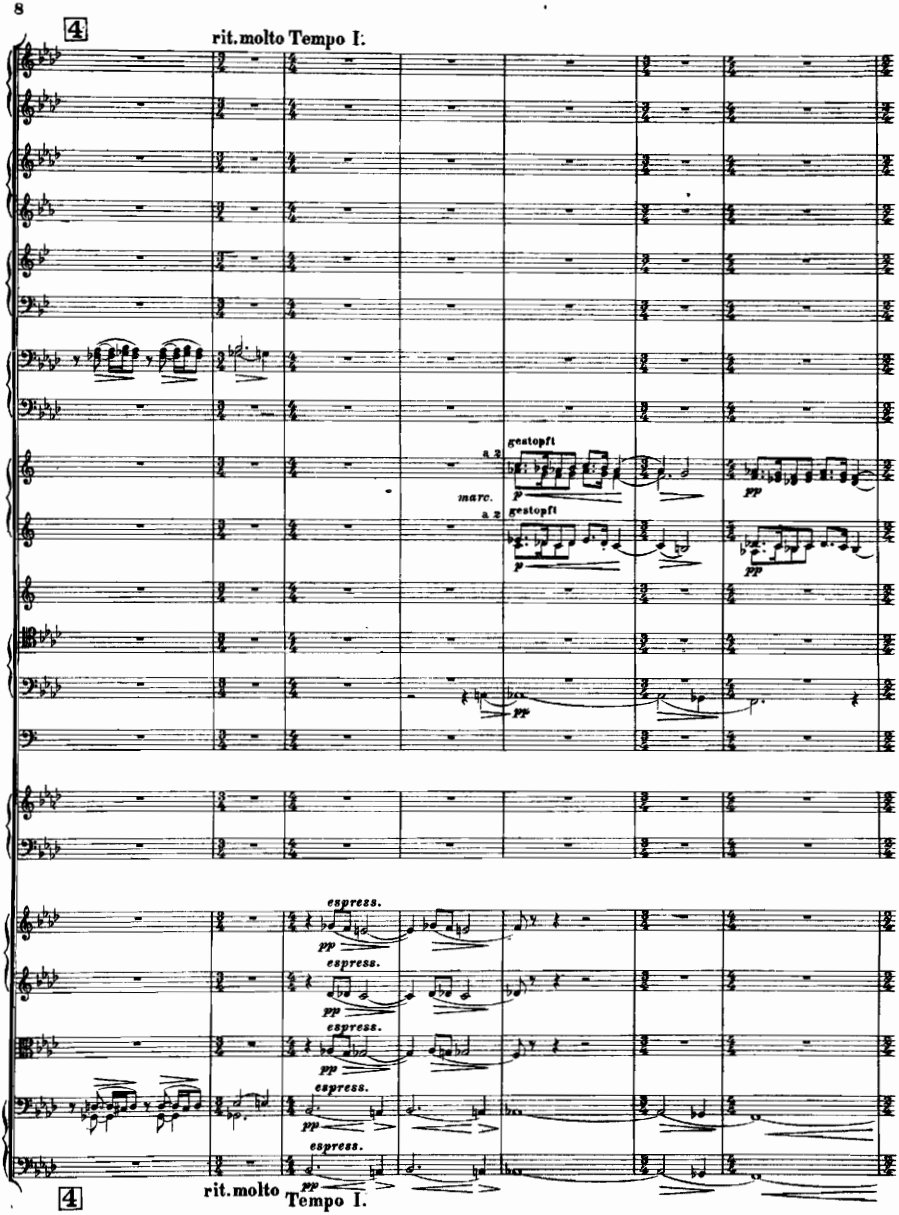

3
f
sf
pp
cresc.
p
f
mf
cresc.
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
cresc.
3

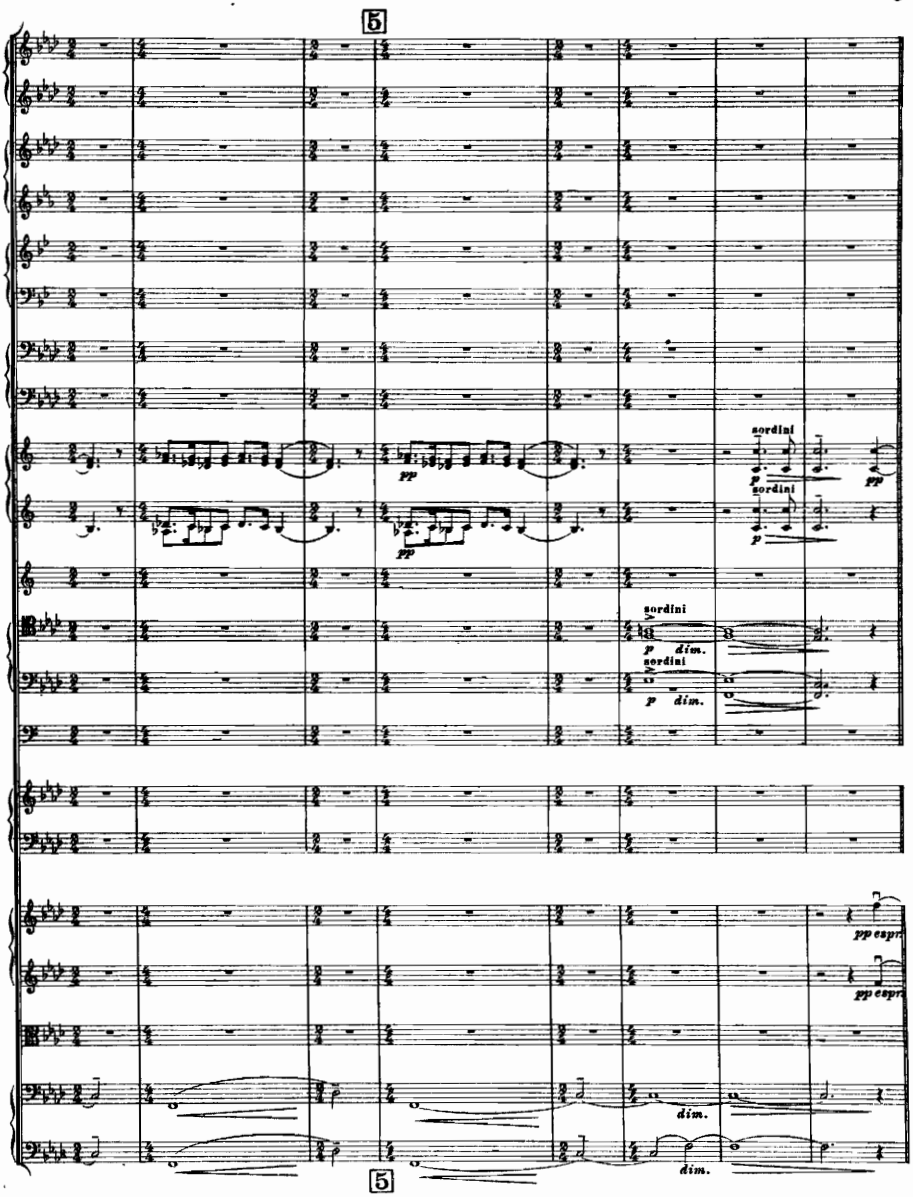
Più animato.

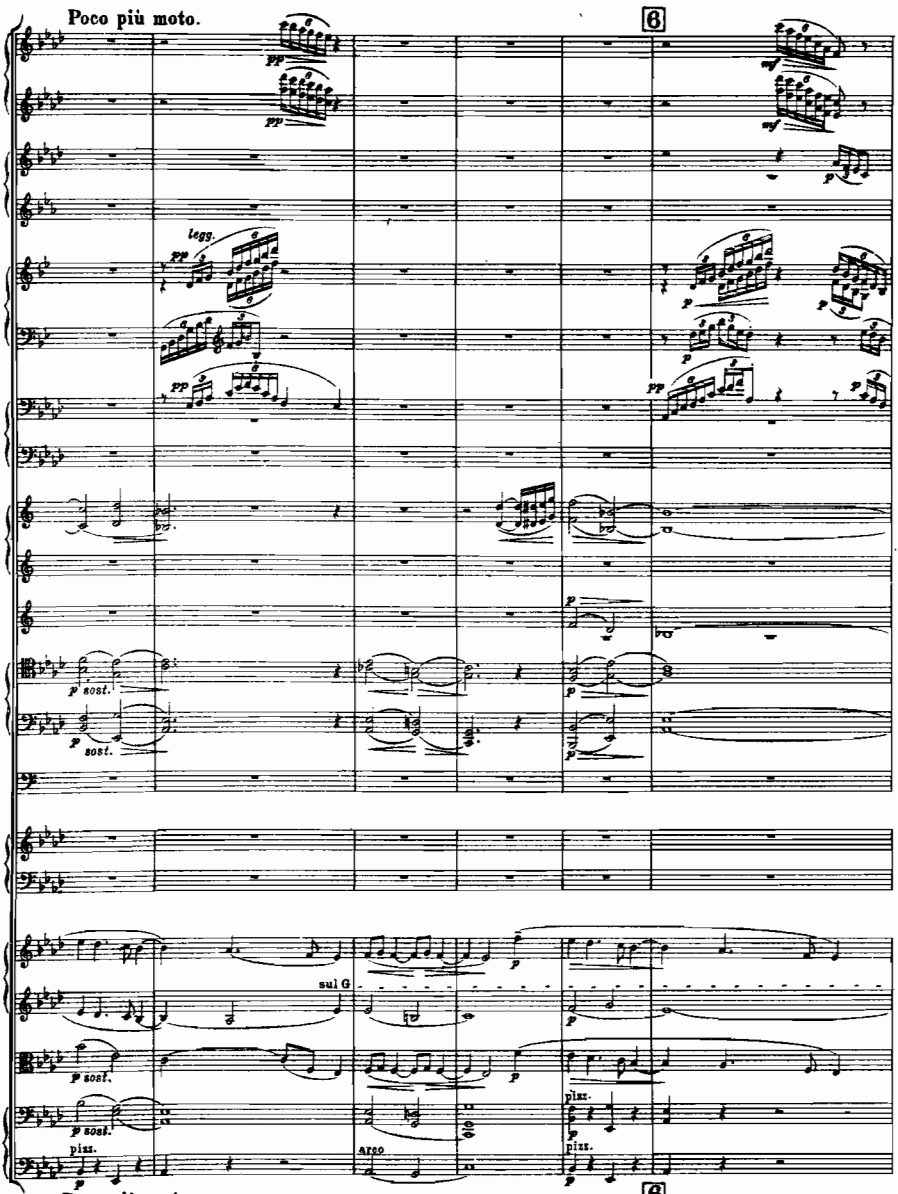


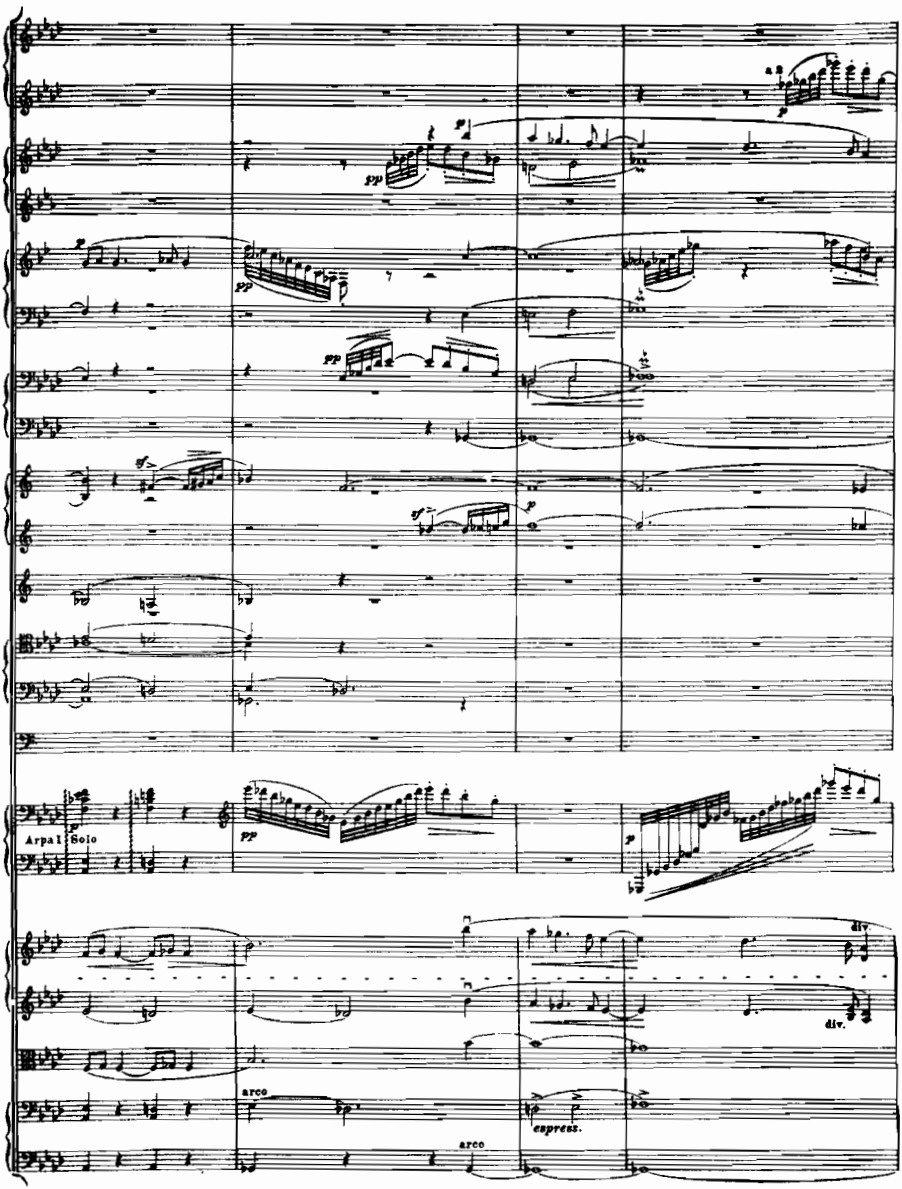
Più animato.

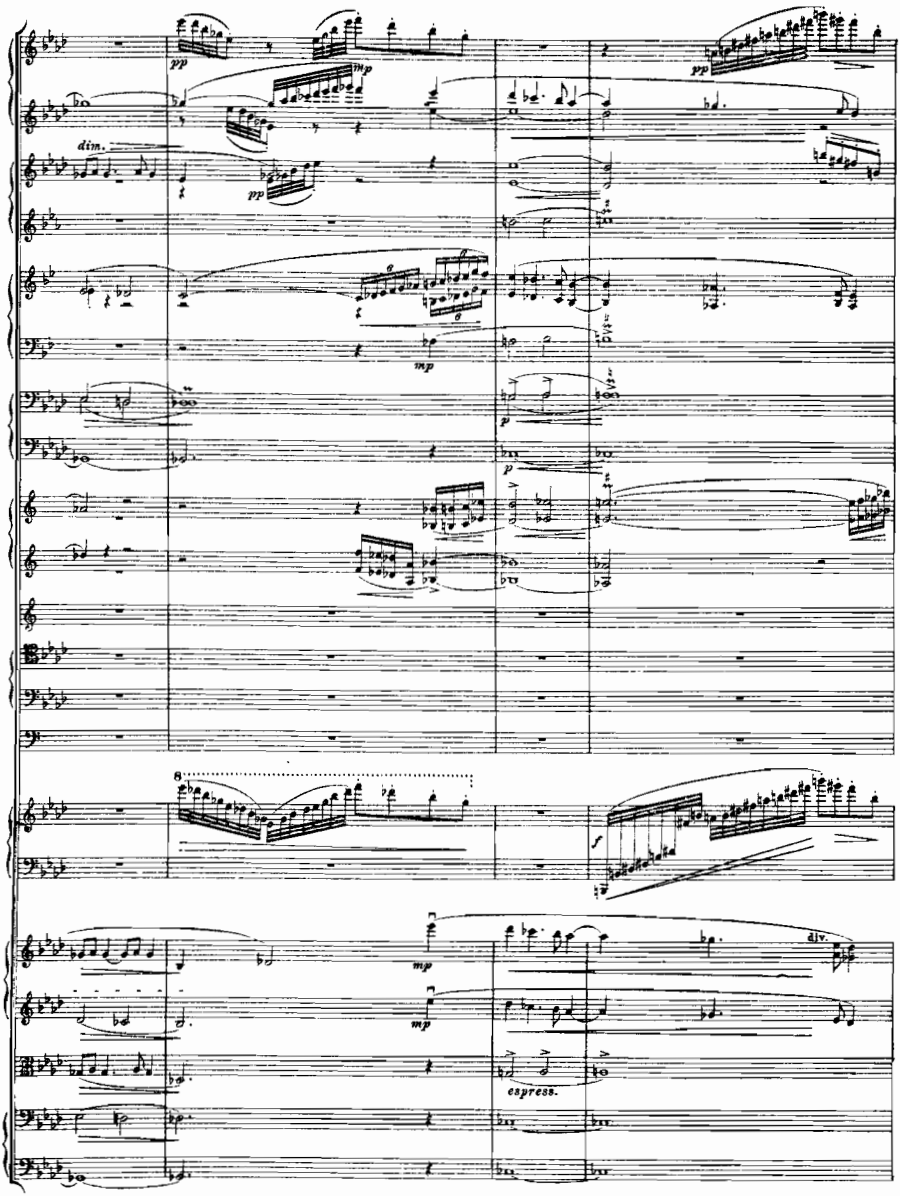

Triangolo
div.

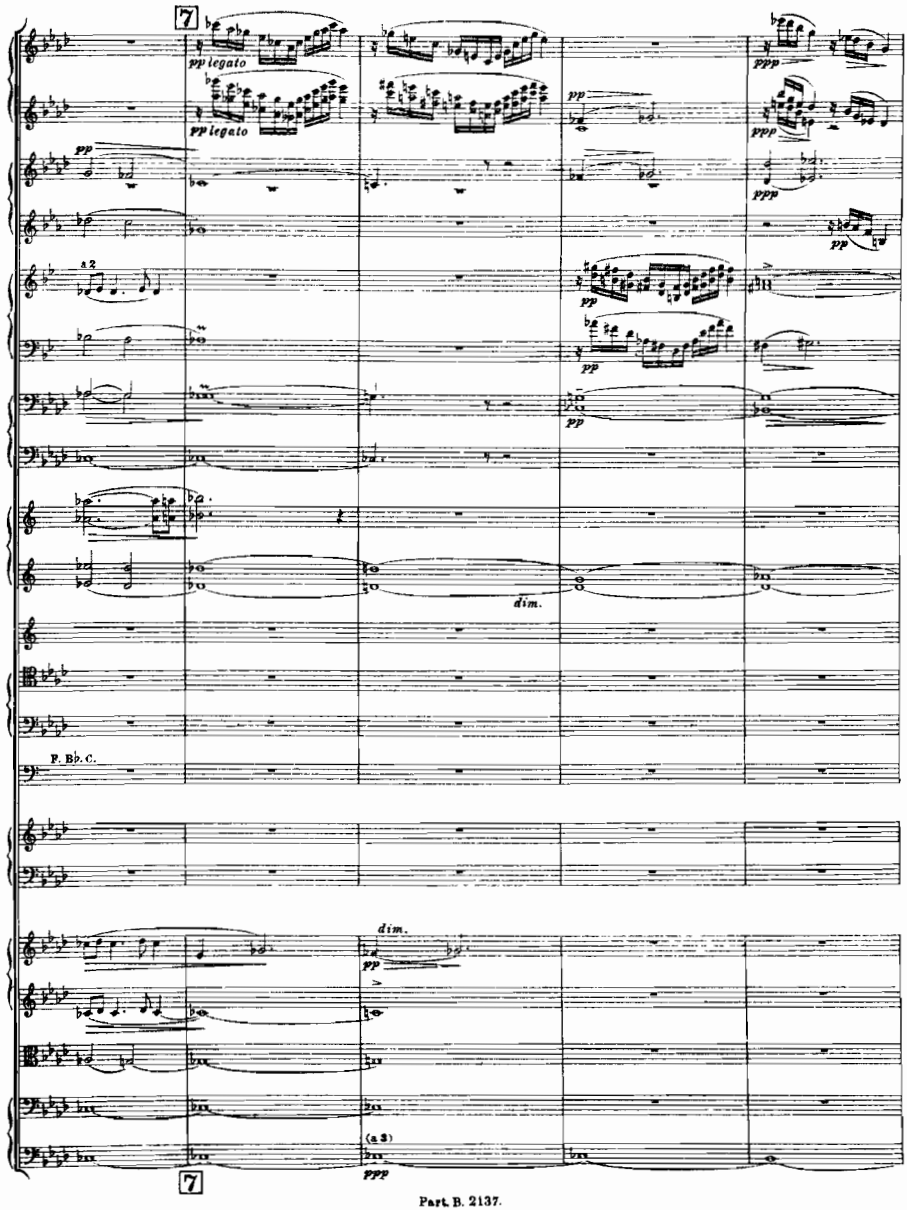

4
rit. molto Tempo I.
gestopft
a 2
p
marc.
pp
espress.
4
rit. molto Tempo I.

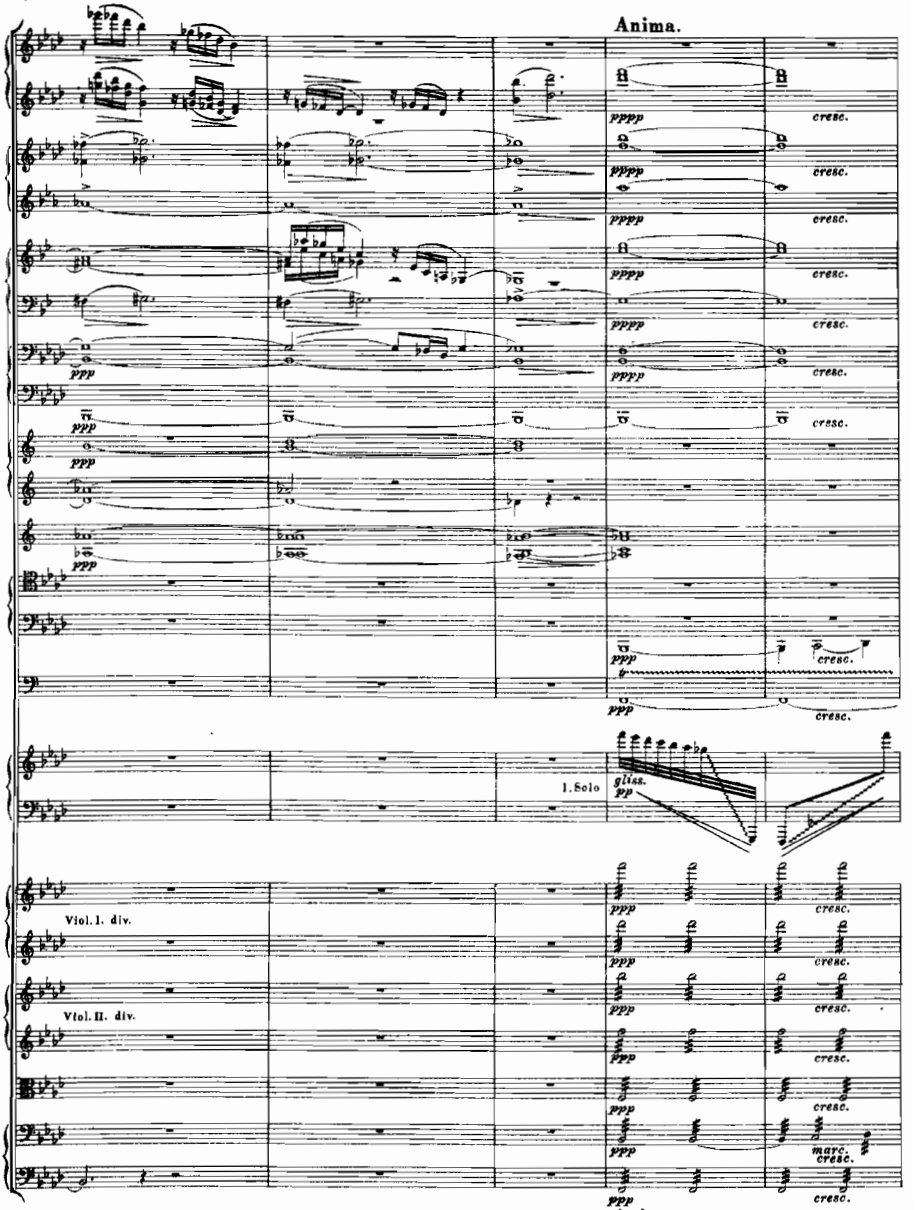

5
pp
pp
sordini
p
sordini
p
pp
sordini
p dim.
sordini
p dim.
pp espr
pp espr
dim.
dim.
5

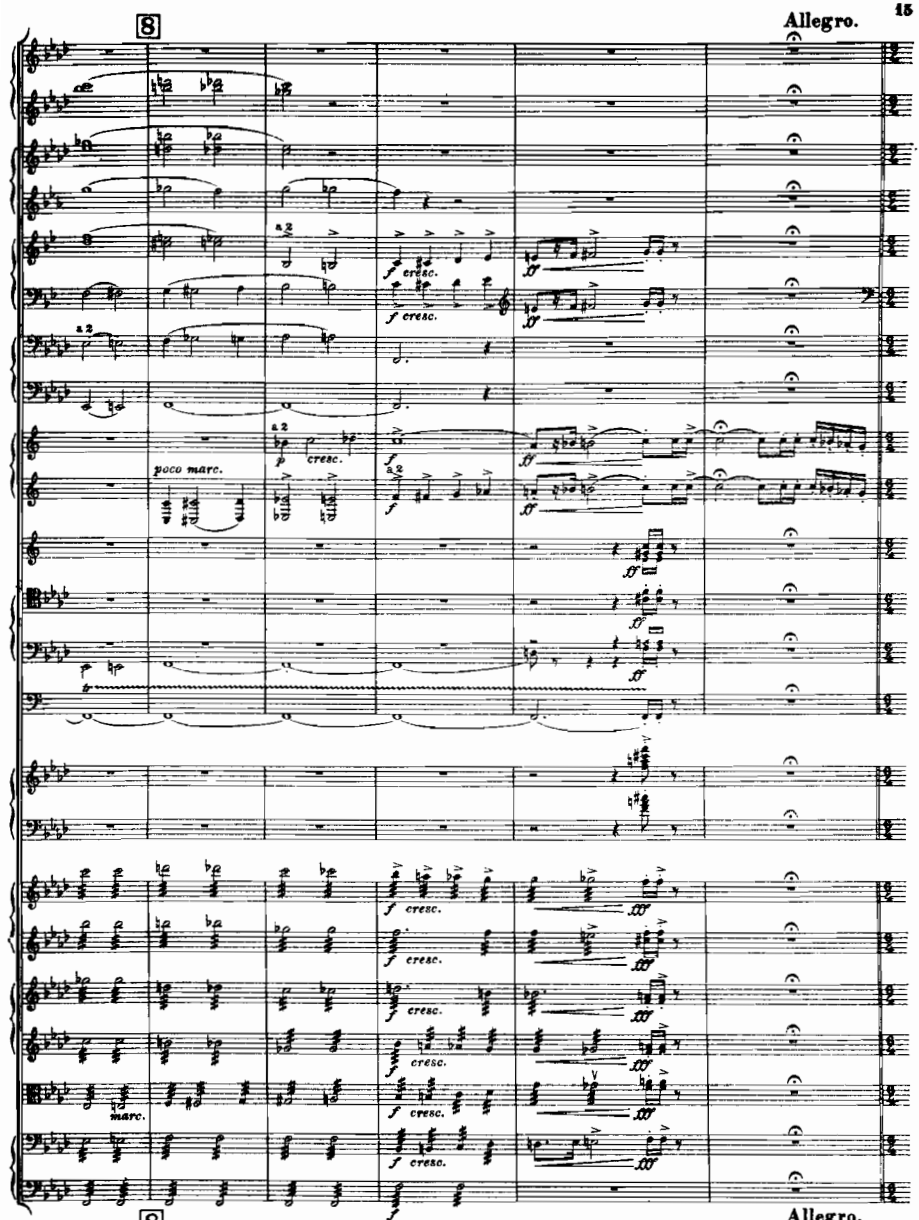

Poco più moto.
6
legg.
sul G
Arco
pizz.
Poco più moto.
6


a 2
Arpa I
Solo
div.
div.
arco
arco
espress.


pp
mp
dim.
pp
mp
p
p
pp
8
f
mp
mp
espress.
div.


7
pp legato
pp legato
pp
ppp
ppp
pp
a 2
pp
pp
pp
dim.
F. Bb. C.
dim.
pp
(a 2)
ppp
7


Anima.
pppp
cresc.
ppp
1. Solo
gliss.
pp
Viol. I. div.
Viol. II. div.
marc.
Anima.


8
Allegro.
a2
f cresc.
poco marc.
p cresc.
ff
marc.
8
Allegro.

Allegro feroce.

Piano picc.

Flauti

a 2

a 3

Sordini

Sordini

natural

natural

6 Tamtam.

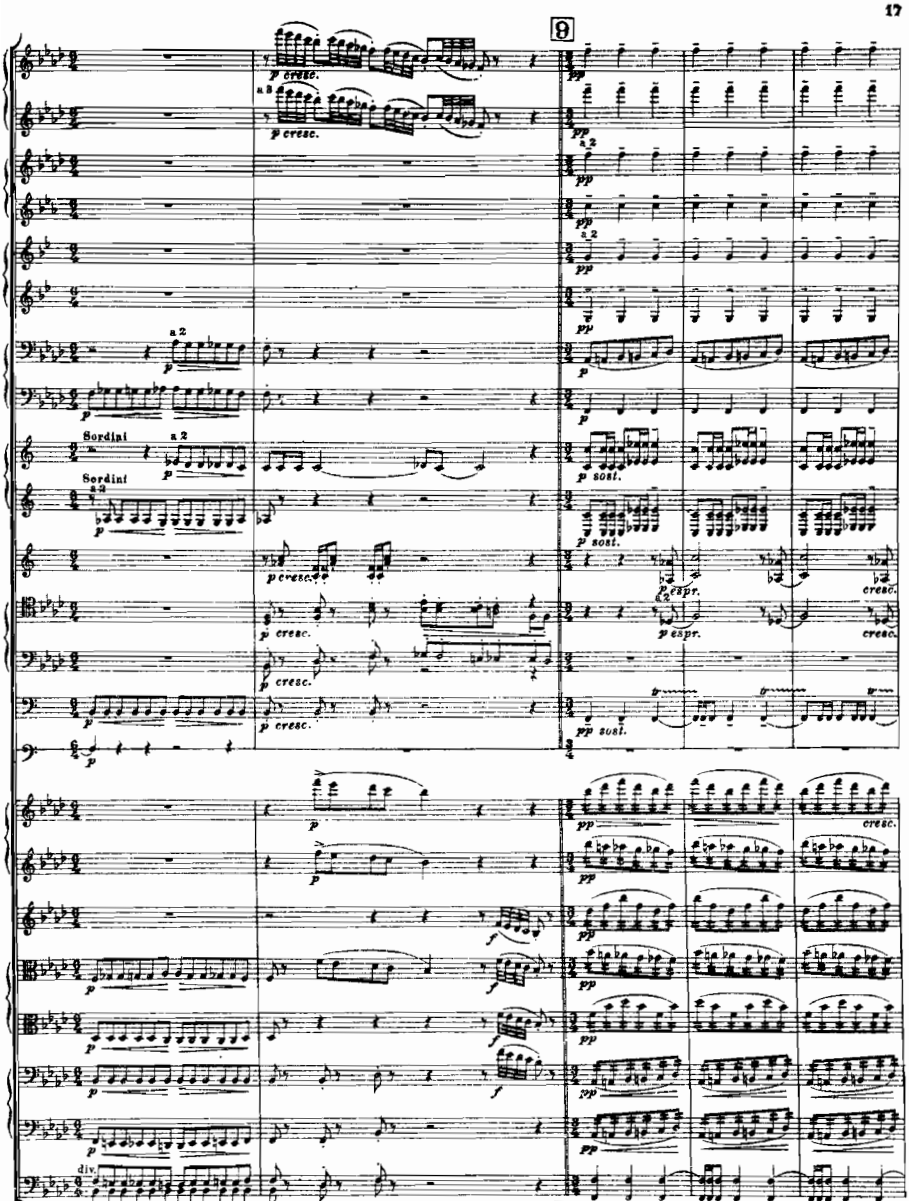
Solo

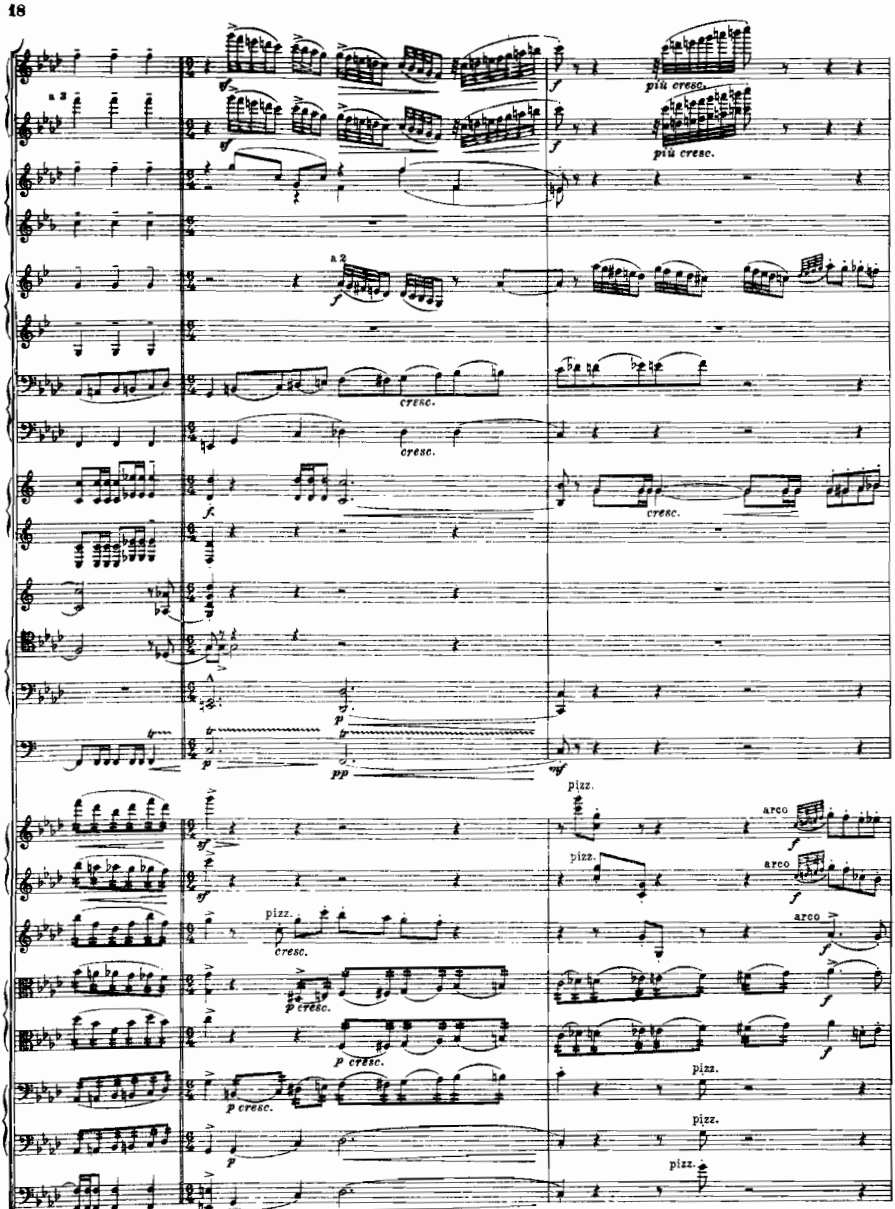
"These were days when my heart was volcanic As the scoriac rivers that roll"— *etc.*

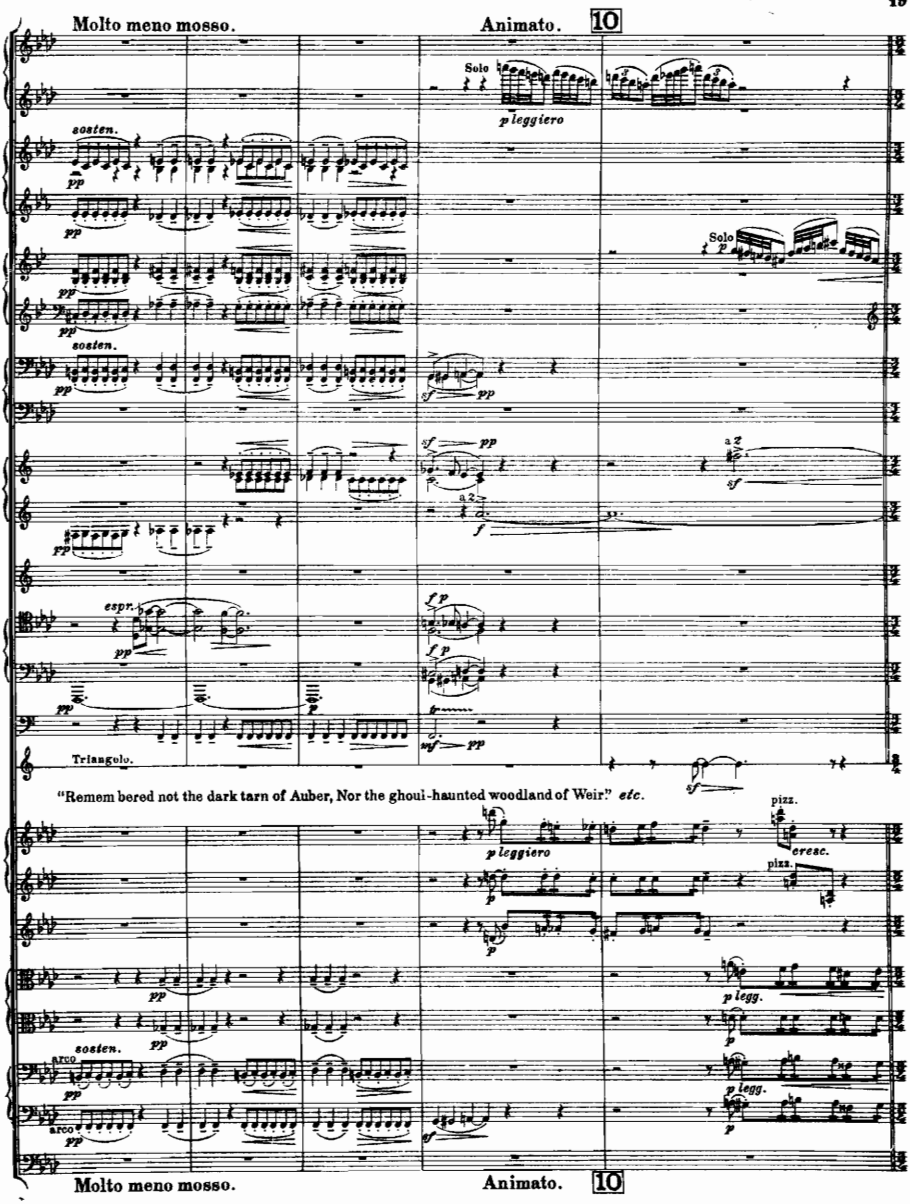
div.

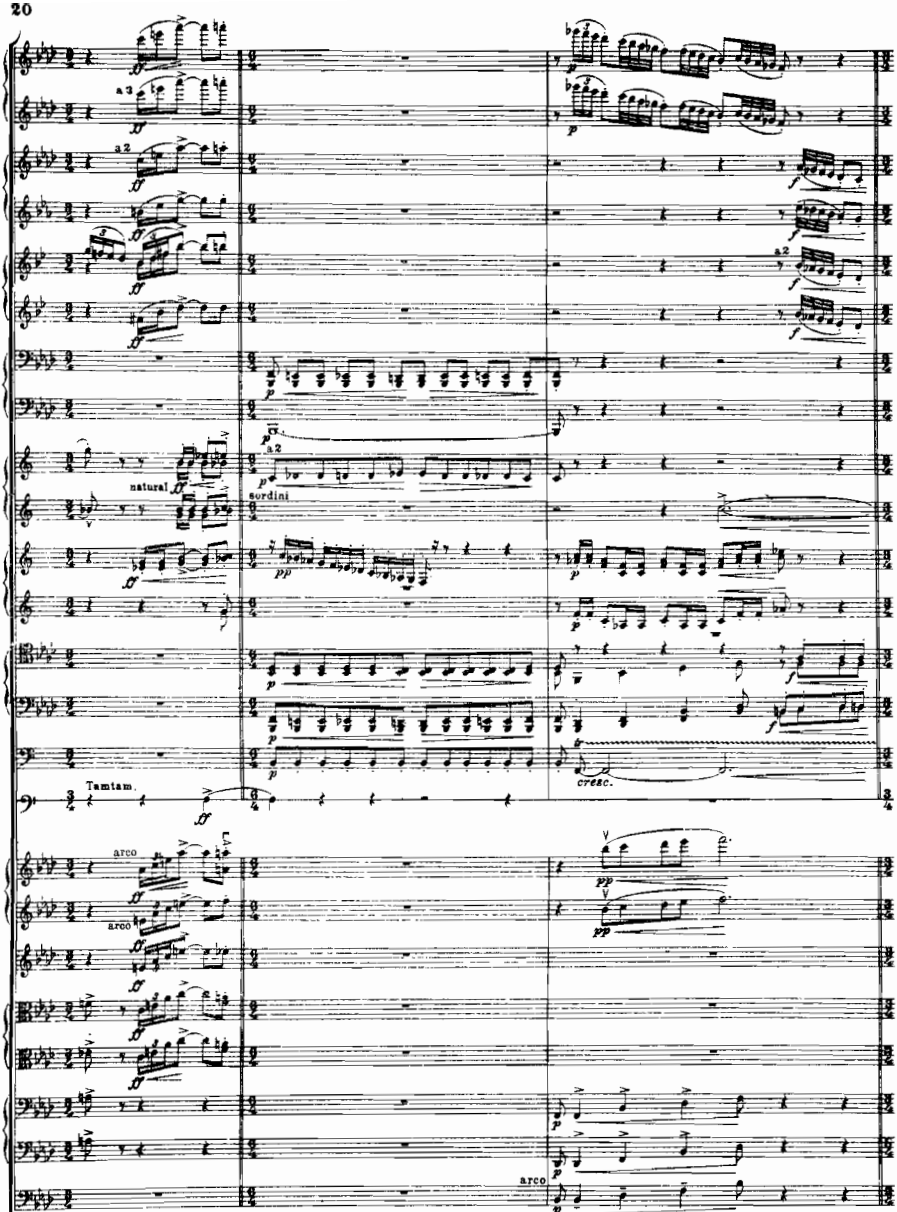
div.

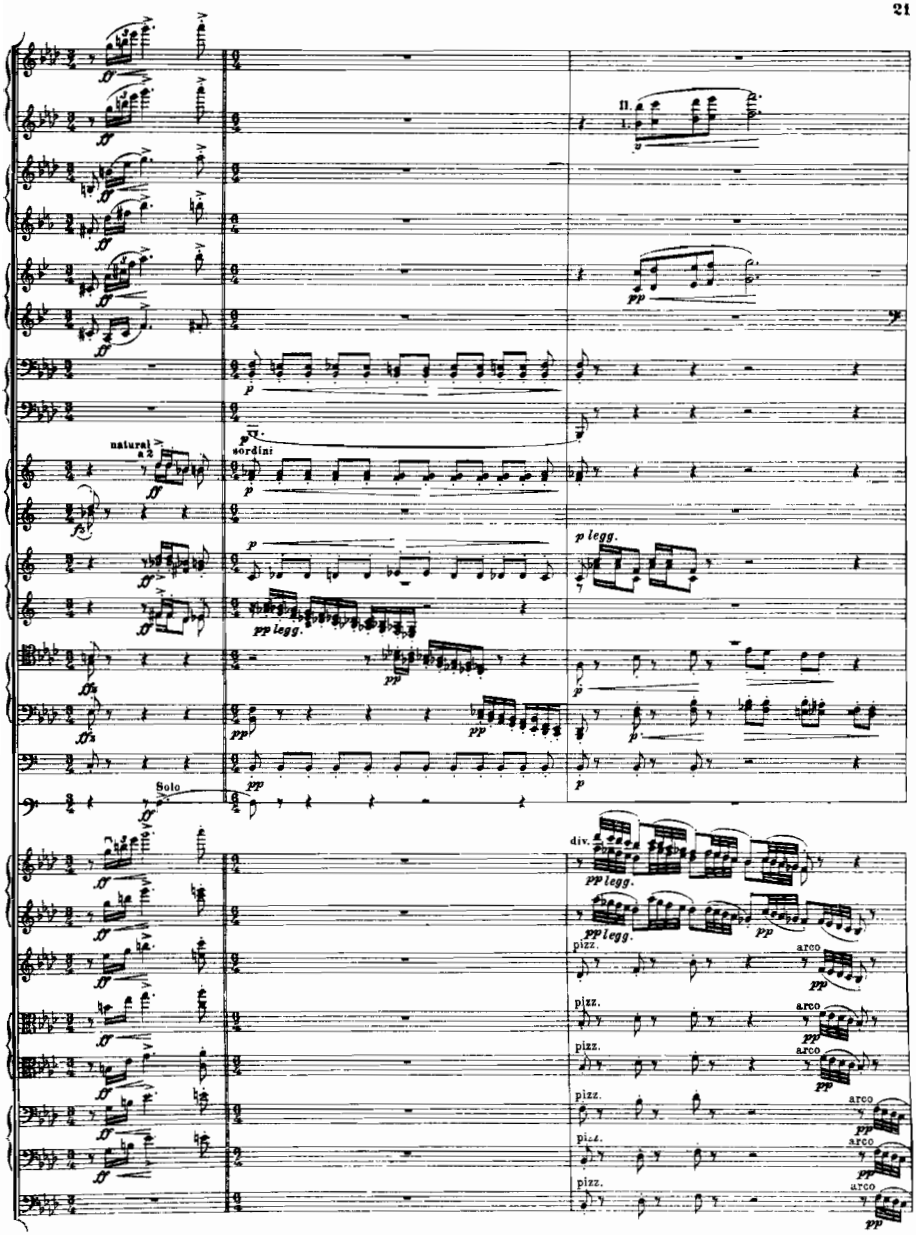
Allegro feroce.

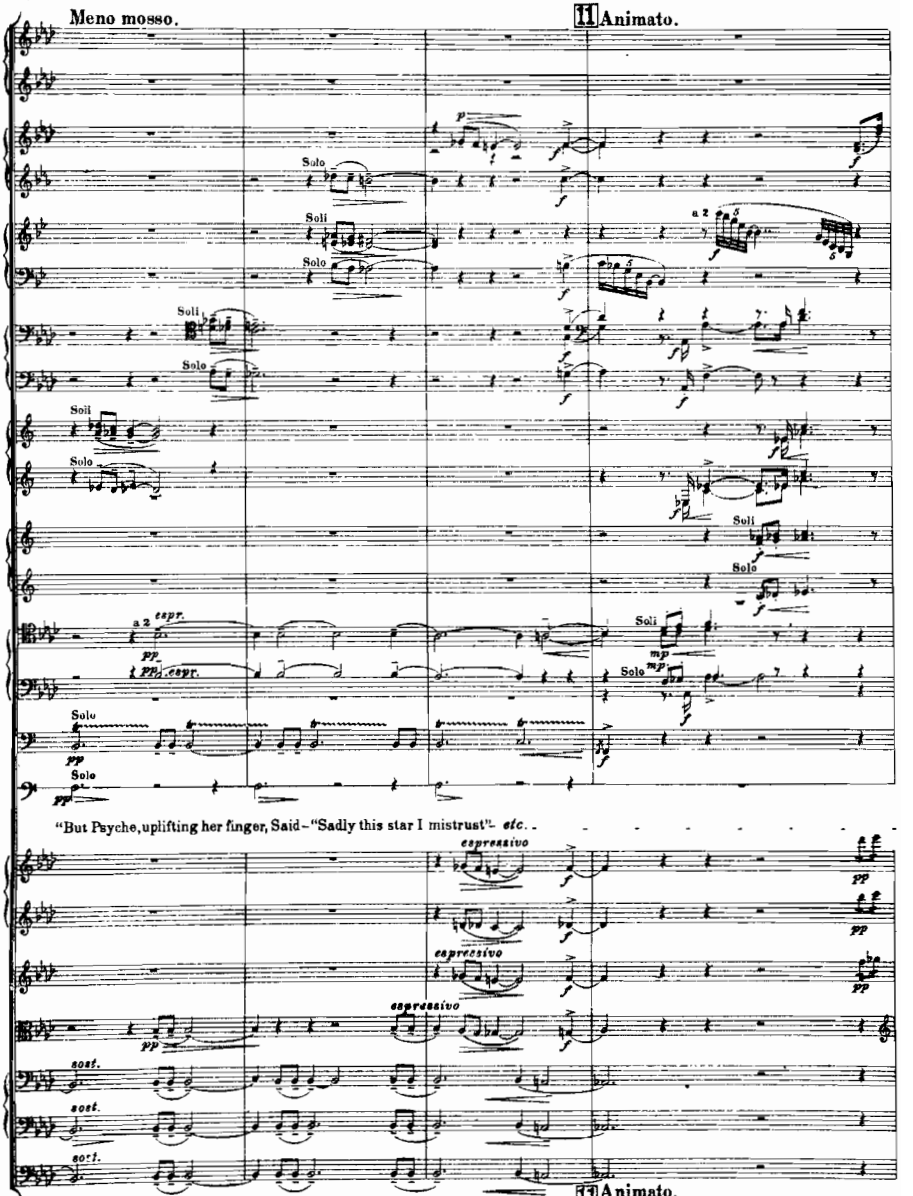

9
p cresc.
a 3
p cresc.
a 2
pp
a 2
pp
a 2
pp
a 2
p
p
Sordini
a 2
p
Sordini
a 2
p
p sost.
p sost.
p cresc.
p espr.
cresc.
p cresc.
p espr.
cresc.
p cresc.
p cresc.
pp sost.
p
p
pp
cresc.
p
pp
f
pp
p
f
pp
p
f
pp
p
f
pp
p
pp
div.
p
9
pp

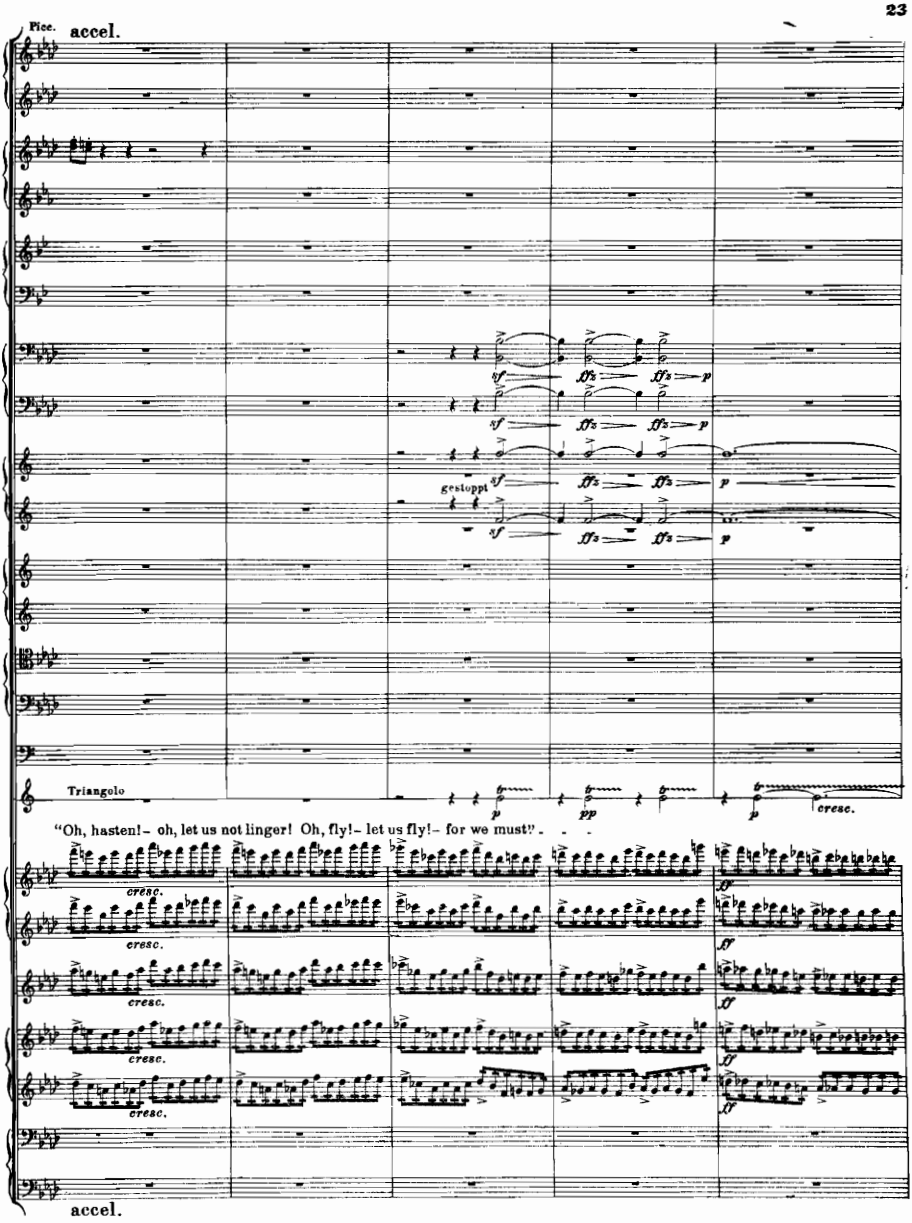

a 2
più cresc.
più cresc.
a 2
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
pizz.
arco
pizz.
arco
pizz.
cresc.
arco
pizz.
pizz.
pizz.

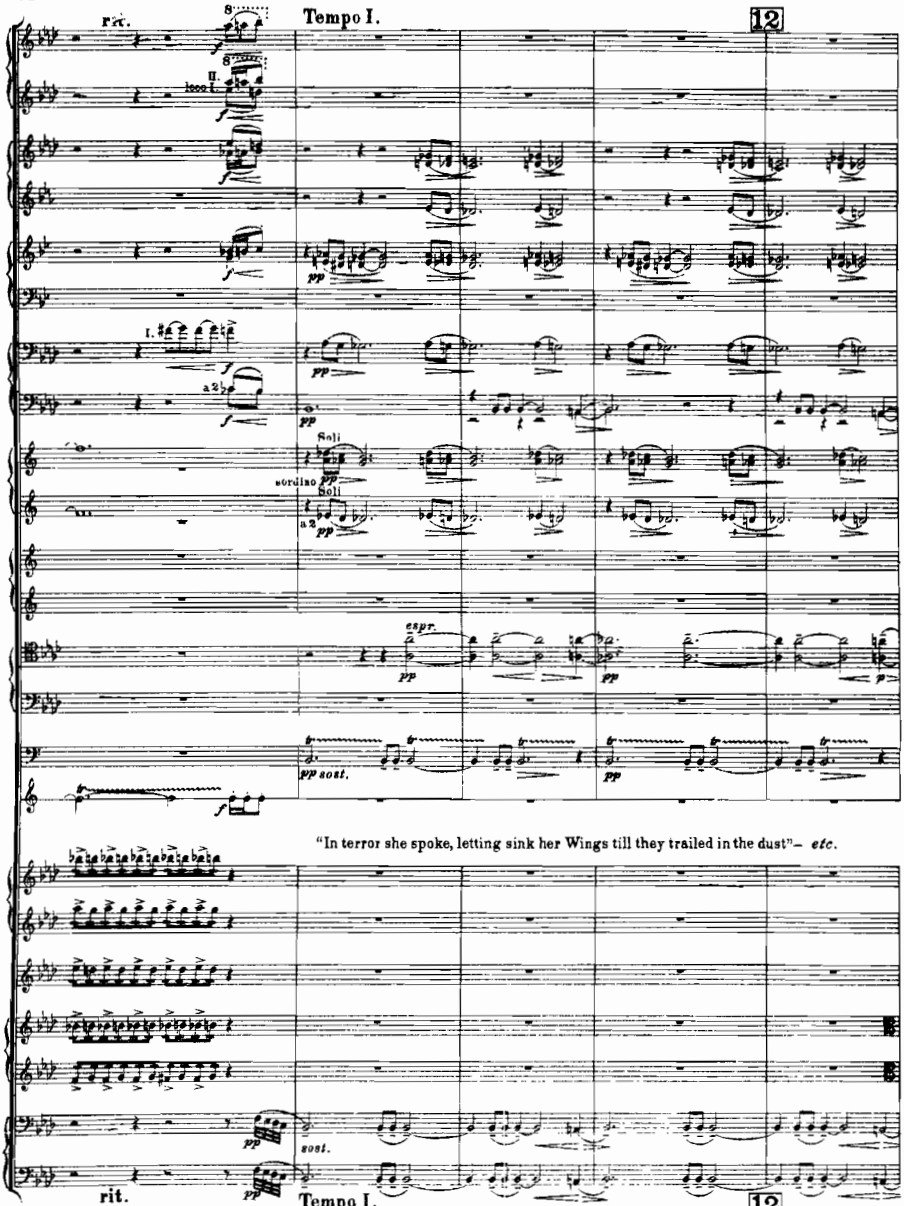

Molto meno mosso.
Animato.
10
Solo
p leggiero
sosten.
pp
Solo
p
sf
pp
espr.
Triangolo.
"Remem bered not the dark tarn of Auber, Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." etc.
pizz.
cresc.
p legg.
arco
Molto meno mosso.
Animato.
10

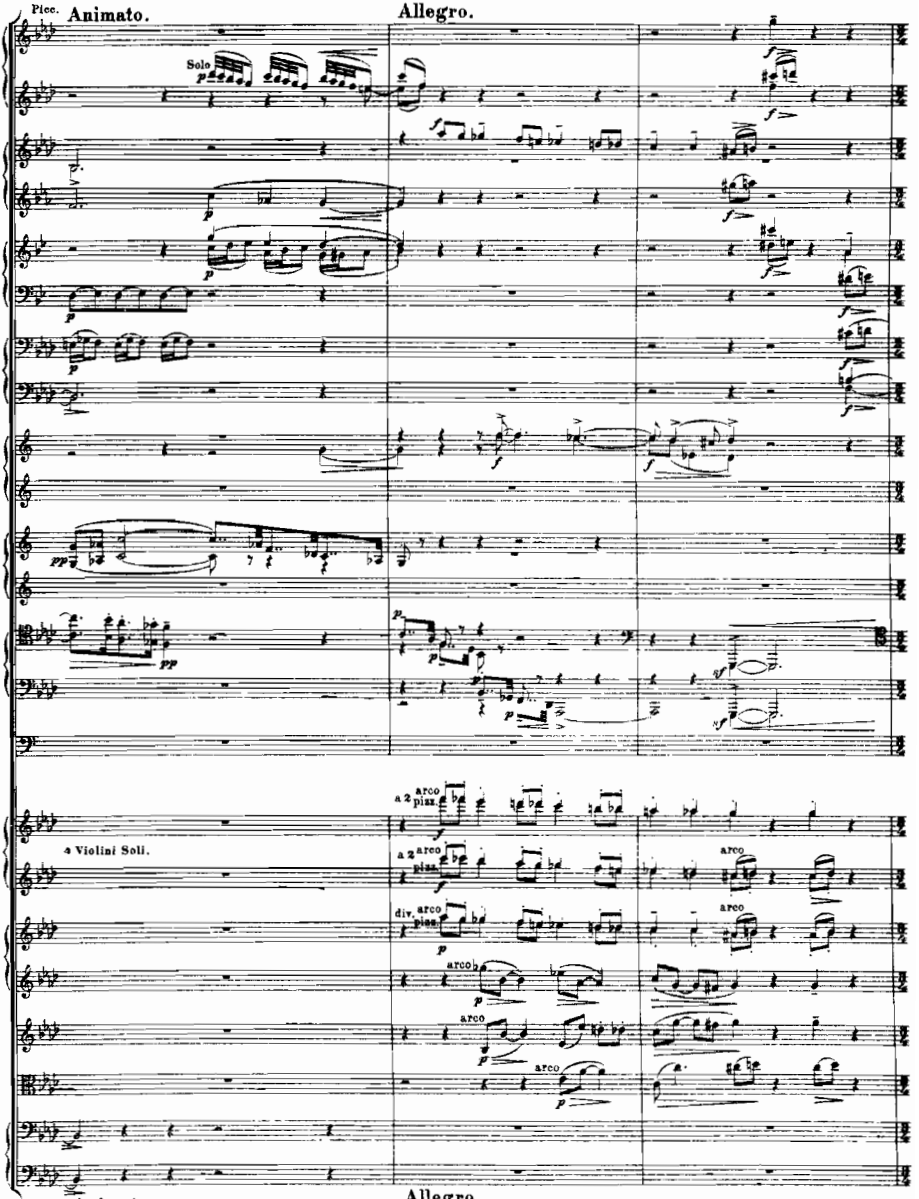

a 3
a 2
natural
sordini
Tamtam.
arco
cresc.

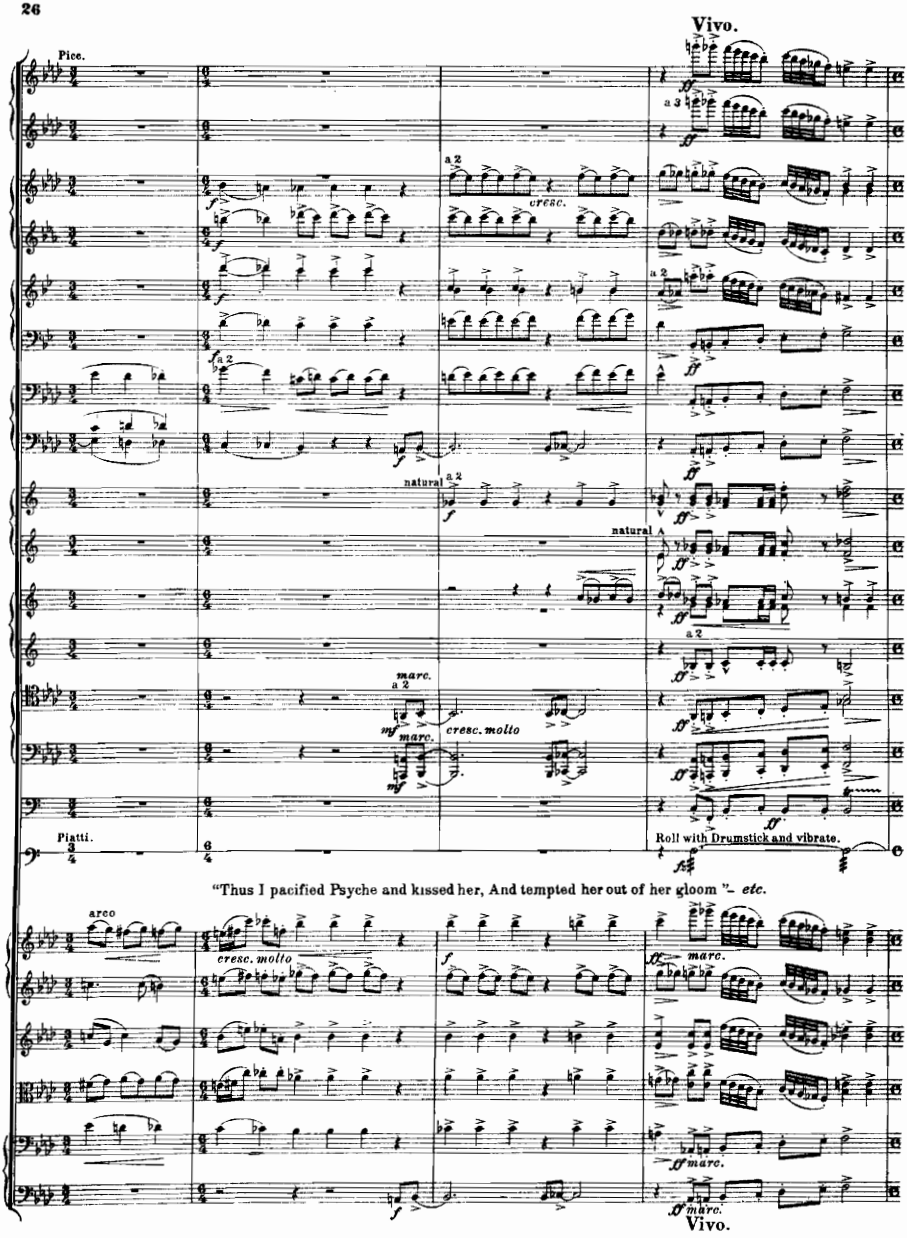

natural
a 2
sordini
Solo
div.
pizz.
arco

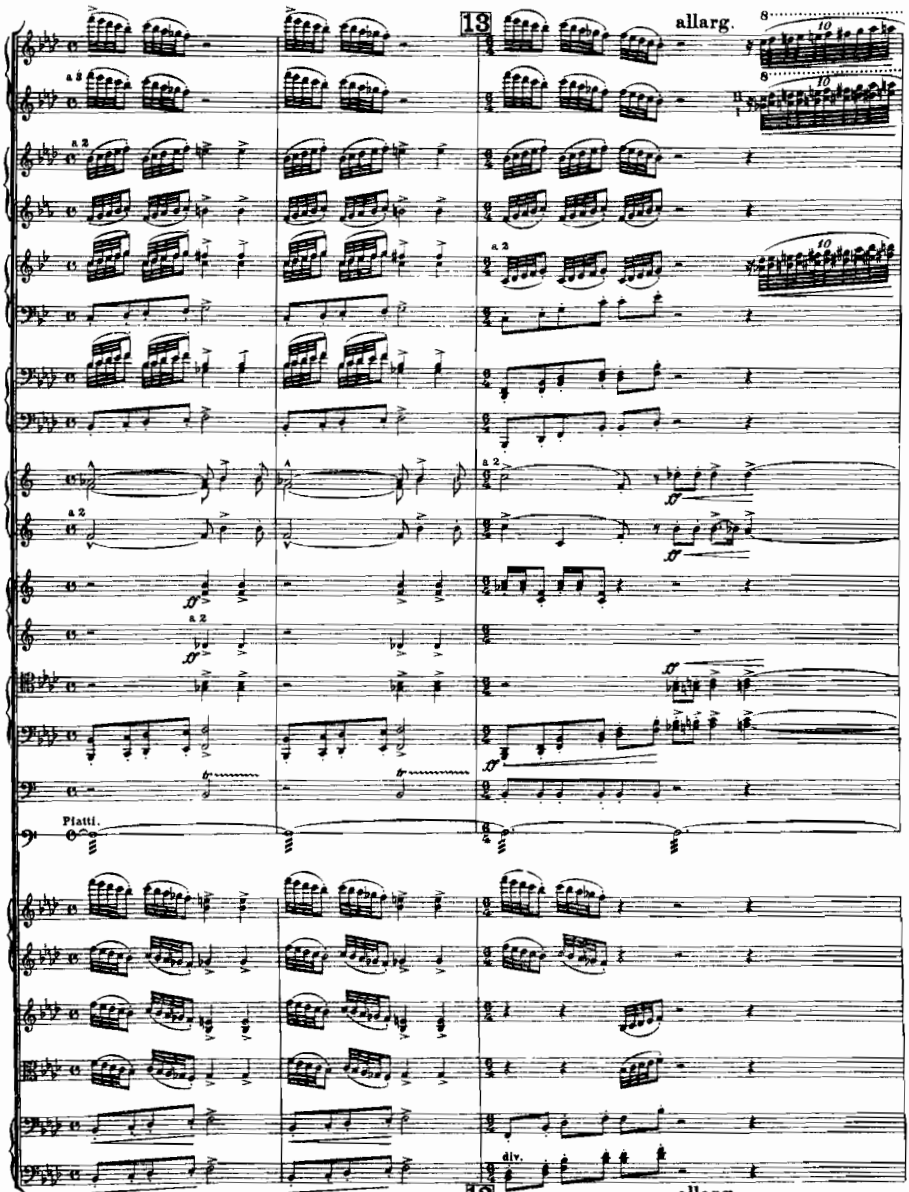

Meno mosso.
11 Animato.
Solo
Soli
Solo
Soli
Solo
Soli
Solo
a 2
espr.
pp
pp. espr.
Solo
pp
Solo
ff
Soli
Solo
mp
Solo
"But Psyche, uplifting her finger, Said - "Sadly this star I mistrust" - etc. .
espressivo
espressivo
espressivo
pp
sost.
sost.
sost.
Meno mosso.
11 Animato.

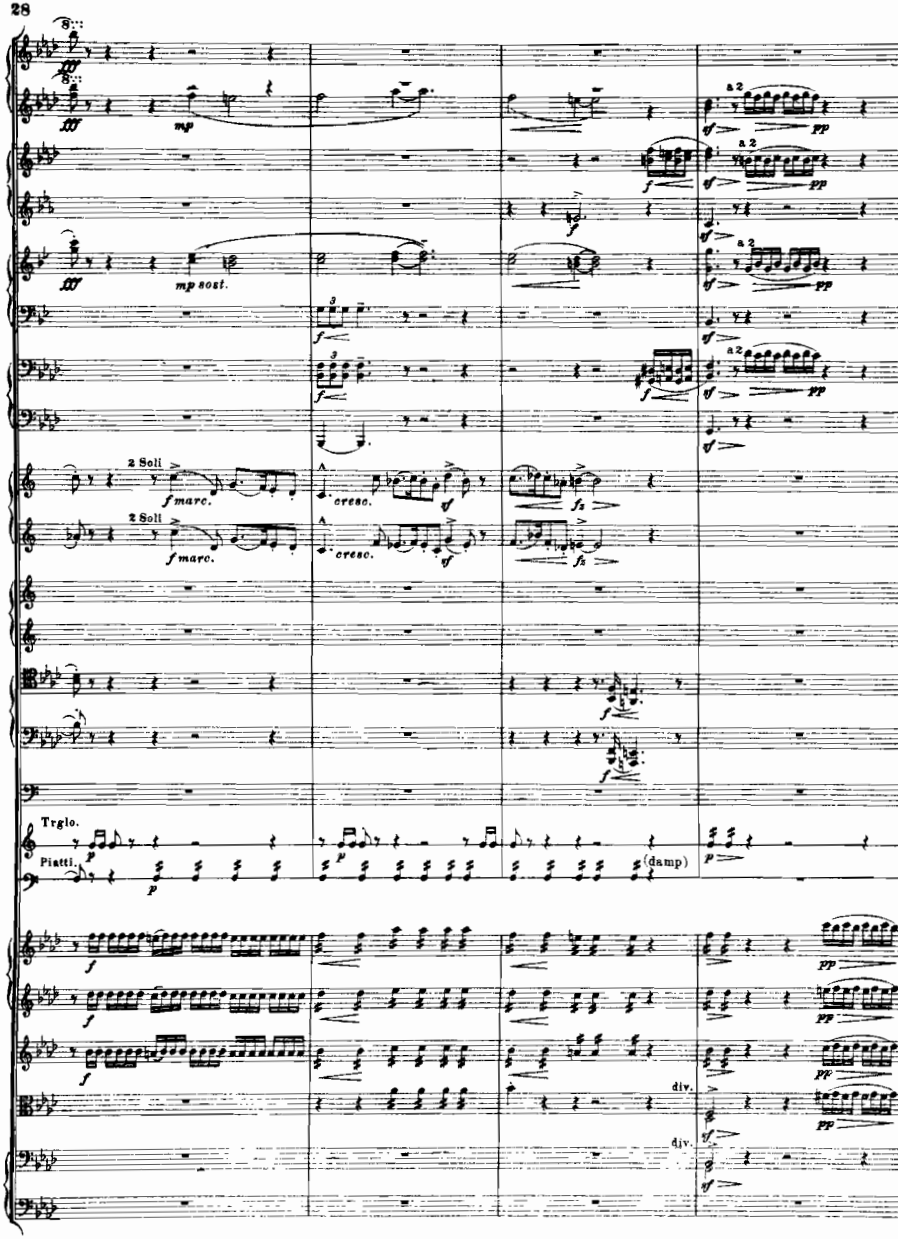

Picc.
accel.
gestoppt
Triangolo
"Oh, hasten!- oh, let us not linger! Oh, fly!- let us fly!- for we must!"
cresc.
accel.

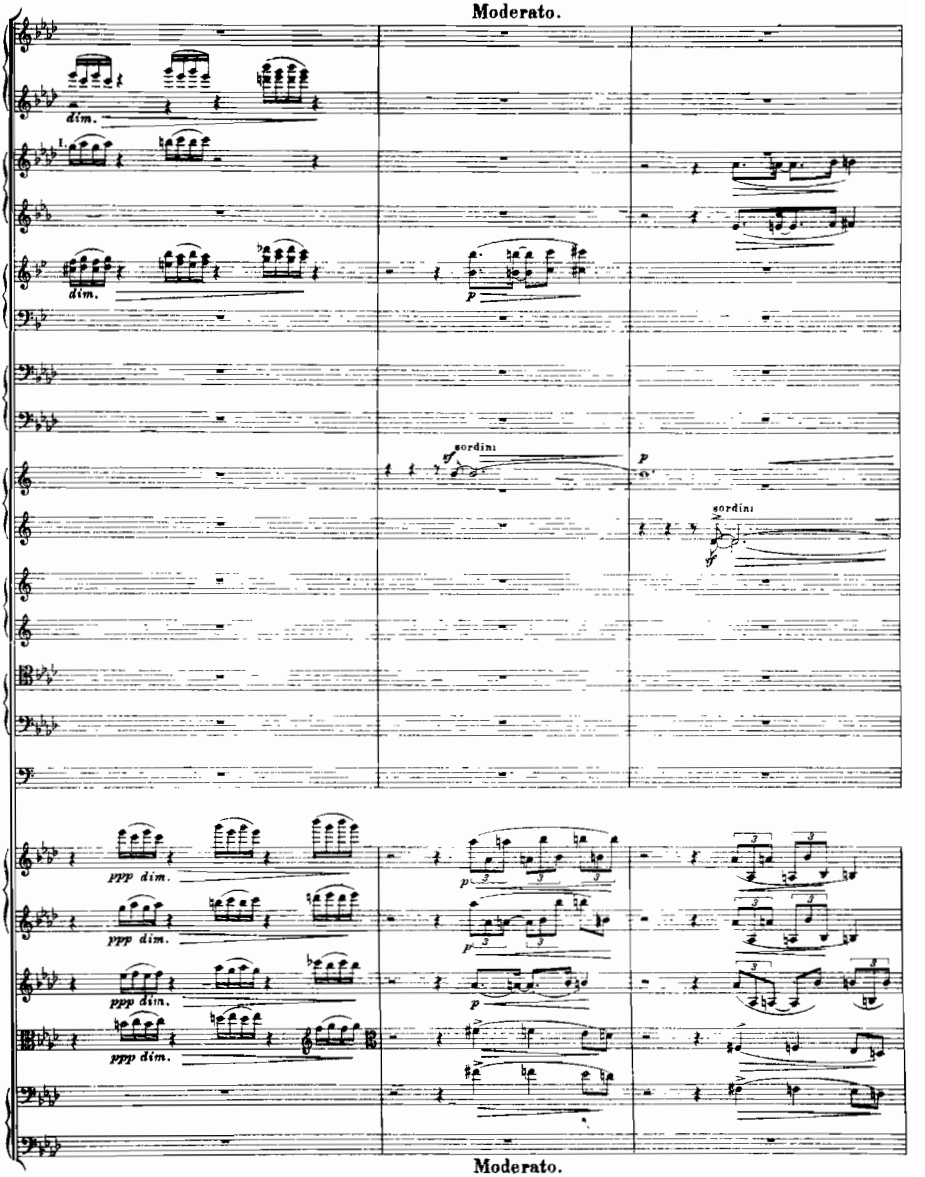

rit.
Tempo I.
12
II.
loco I.
I.
a 2
Soli
sordino
Soli
a 2
espr.
pp sost.
"In terror she spoke, letting sink her Wings till they trailed in the dust"– etc.
sost.
rit.
Tempo I.
12

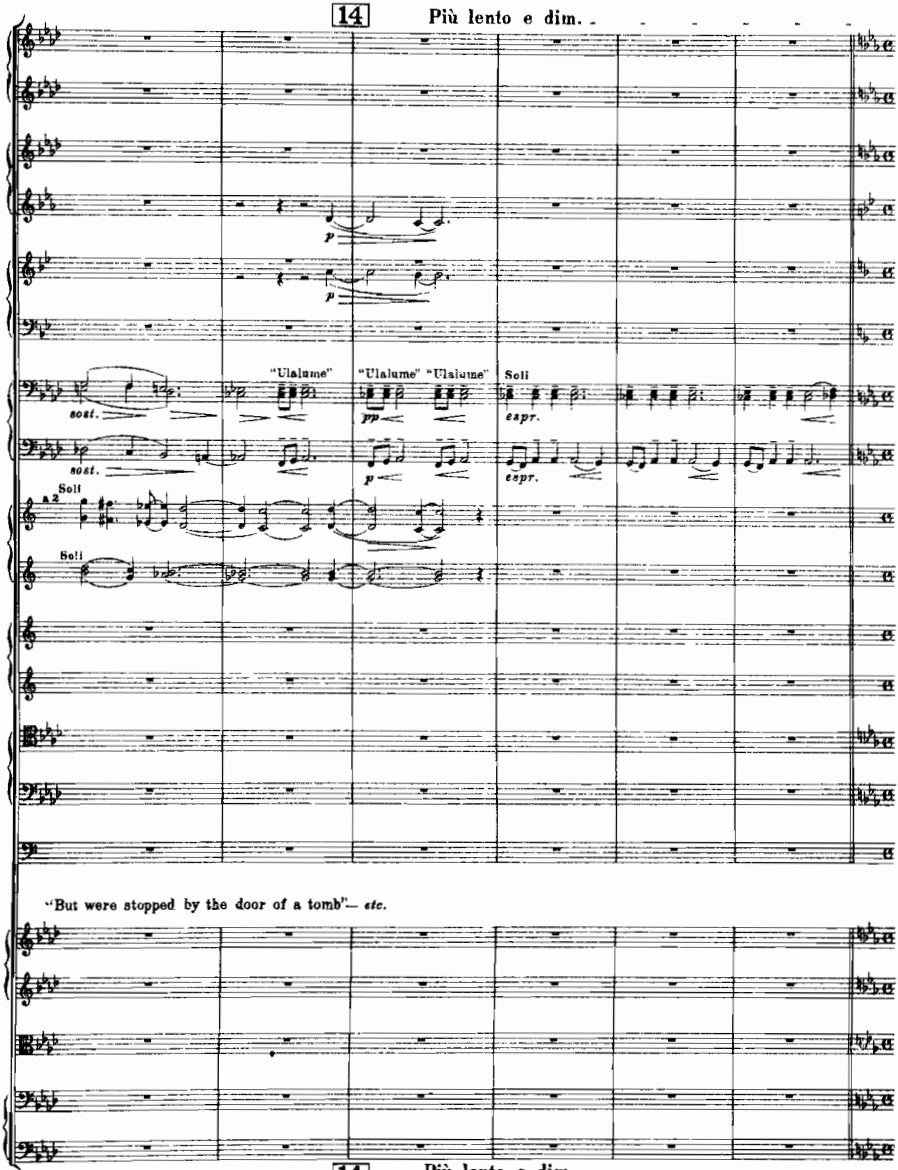

Picc.
Animato.
Allegro.
Solo
4 Violini Soli.
a 2 arco
pizz.
div. arco
arco
Animato.
Allegro.

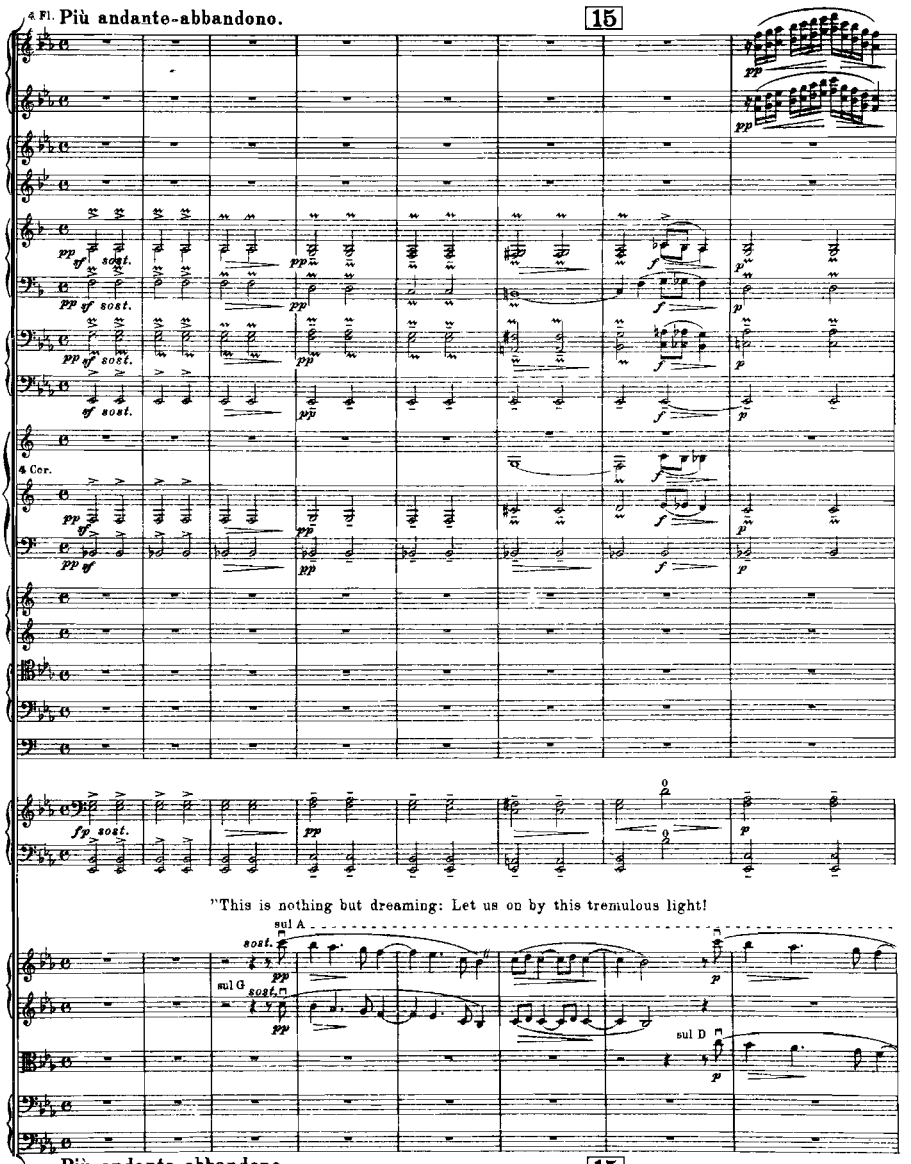

Vivo.
Pice.
a 2
cresc.
a 3
a 2
natural
a 2
natural
a 2
marc.
a 2
mf
marc.
mf
cresc. molto
Piatti.
Roll with Drumstick and vibrate.
"Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her, And tempted her out of her gloom "- etc.
arco
cresc. molto
f
marc.
ff marc.
ff marc.
Vivo.


13
allarg.
a 2
Platti.
div.
13
allarg.

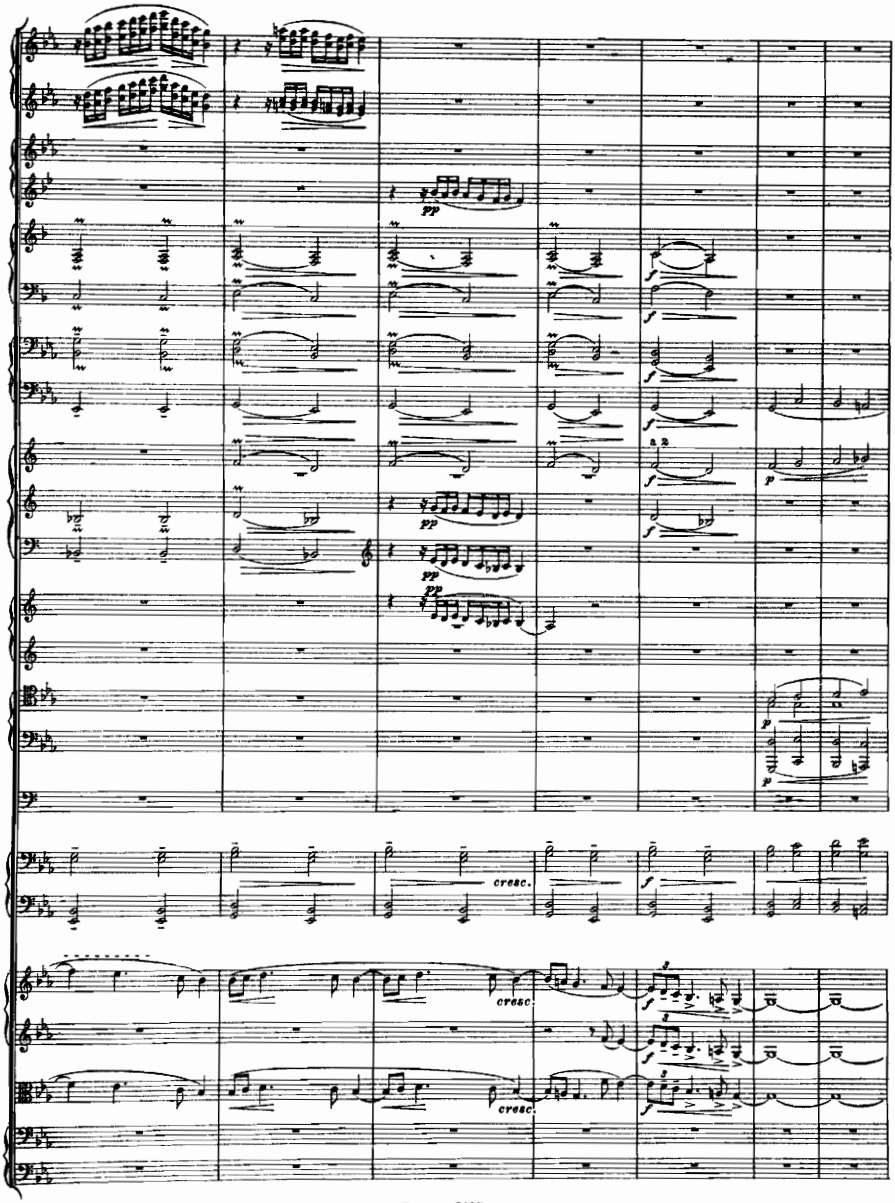

mp
mp sost.
2 Soli
f marc.
cresc.
Trglo.
Piatti.
(damp)
a 2
div.

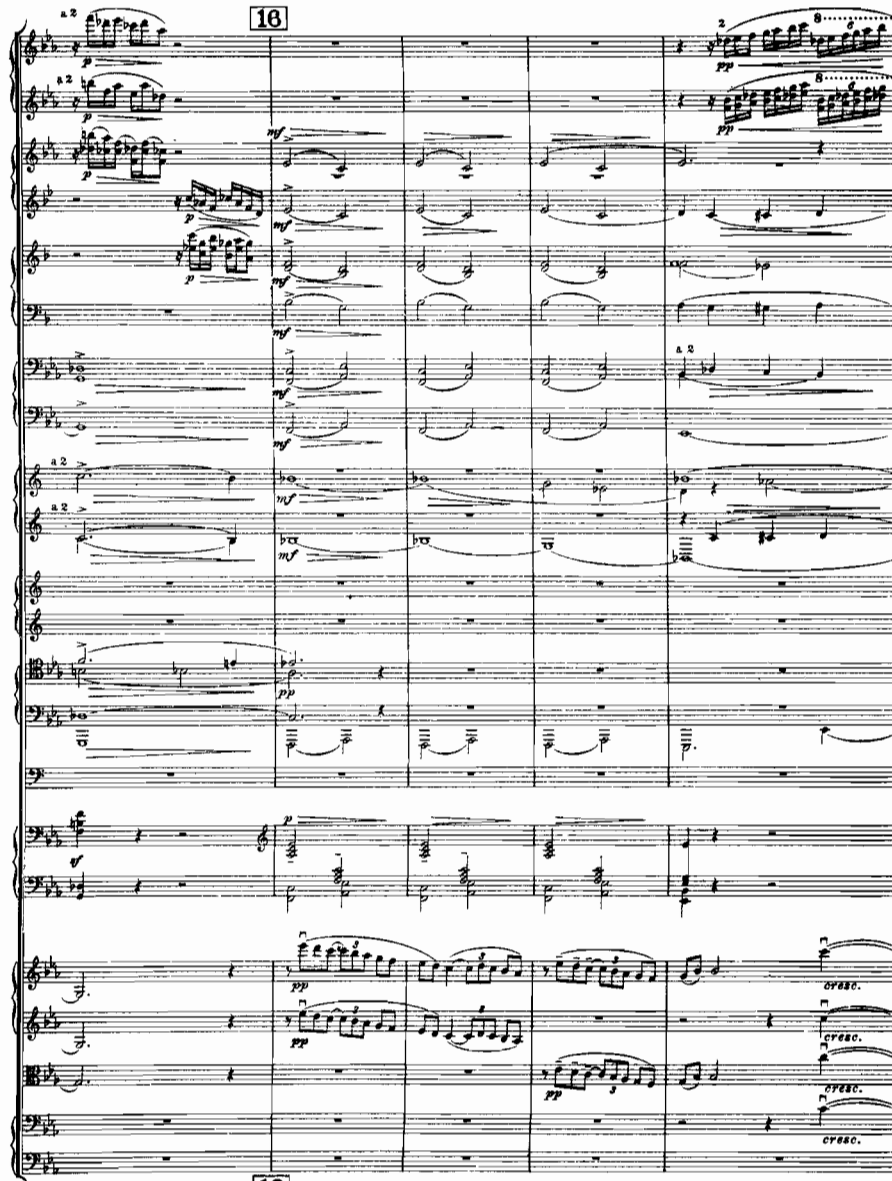

Moderato.
dim.
dim.
p
sordini
sordini
ppp dim.
ppp dim.
ppp dim.
ppp dim.
Moderato.

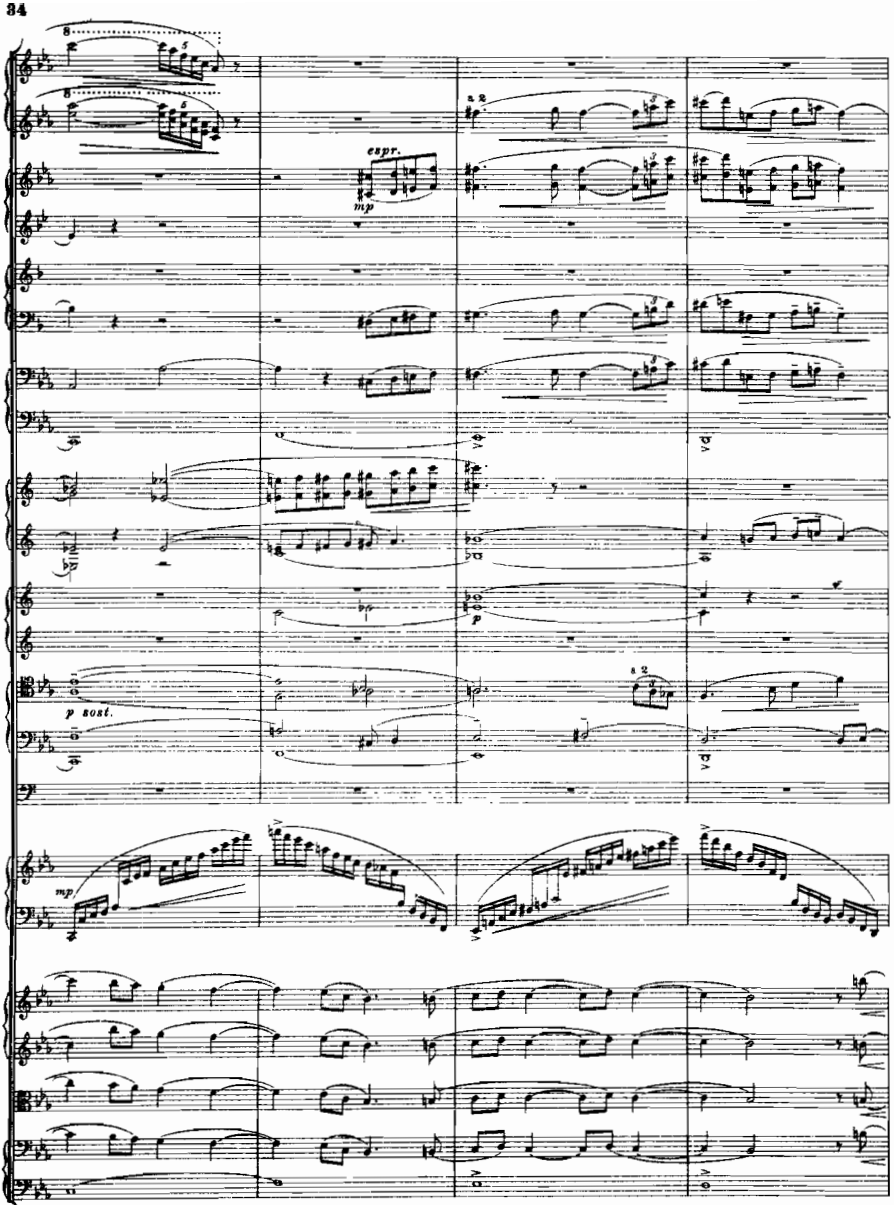

14
Più lento e dim.
"Ulalume"
"Ulalume"
"Ulalume"
Soli
sost.
espr.
Soli
Soli
"But were stopped by the door of a tomb"— etc.
14
Più lento e dim.

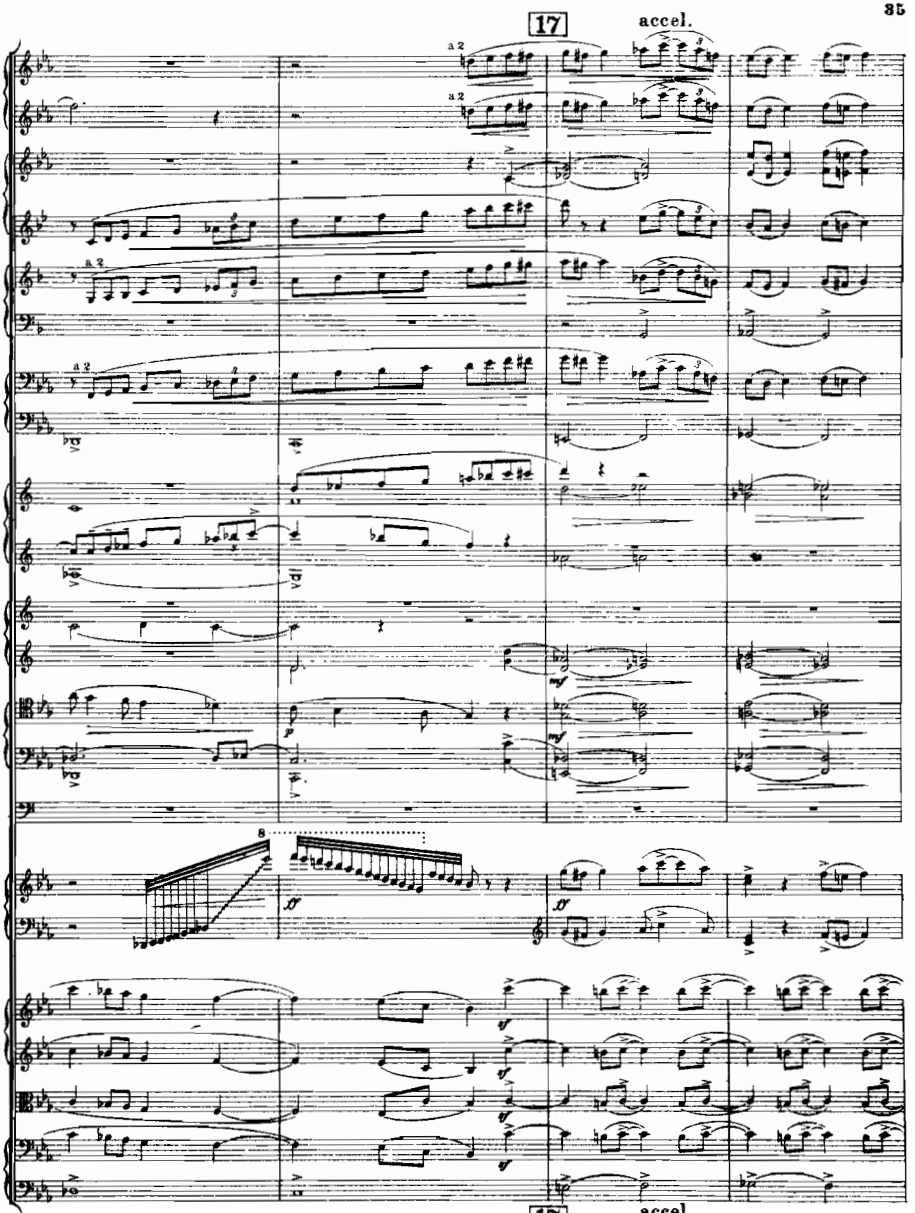

4 Fl.
Più andante-abbandono.
15
4 Cor.
"This is nothing but dreaming: Let us on by this tremulous light!
sul A
sul G
sul D
Più andante-abbandono.
15

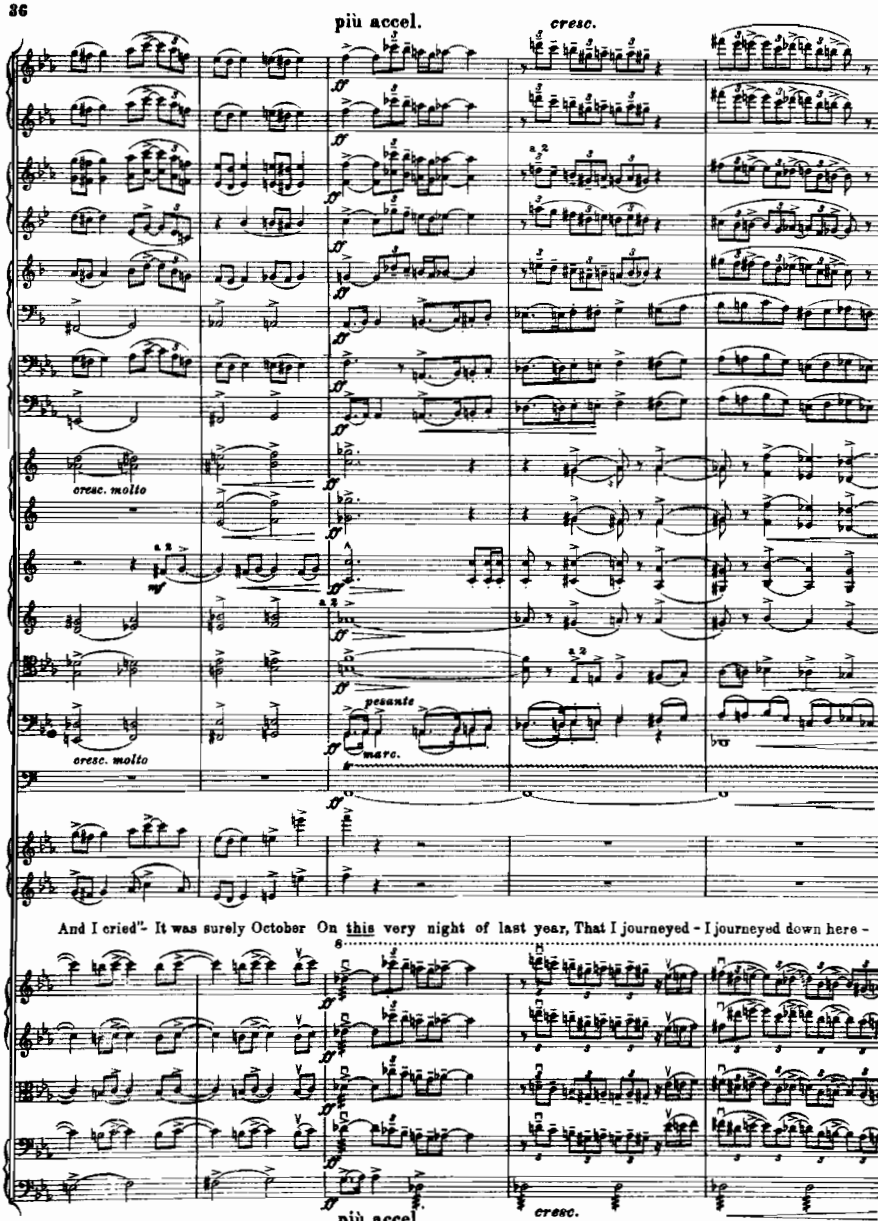
128548


pp
f
a 2
p
cresc.

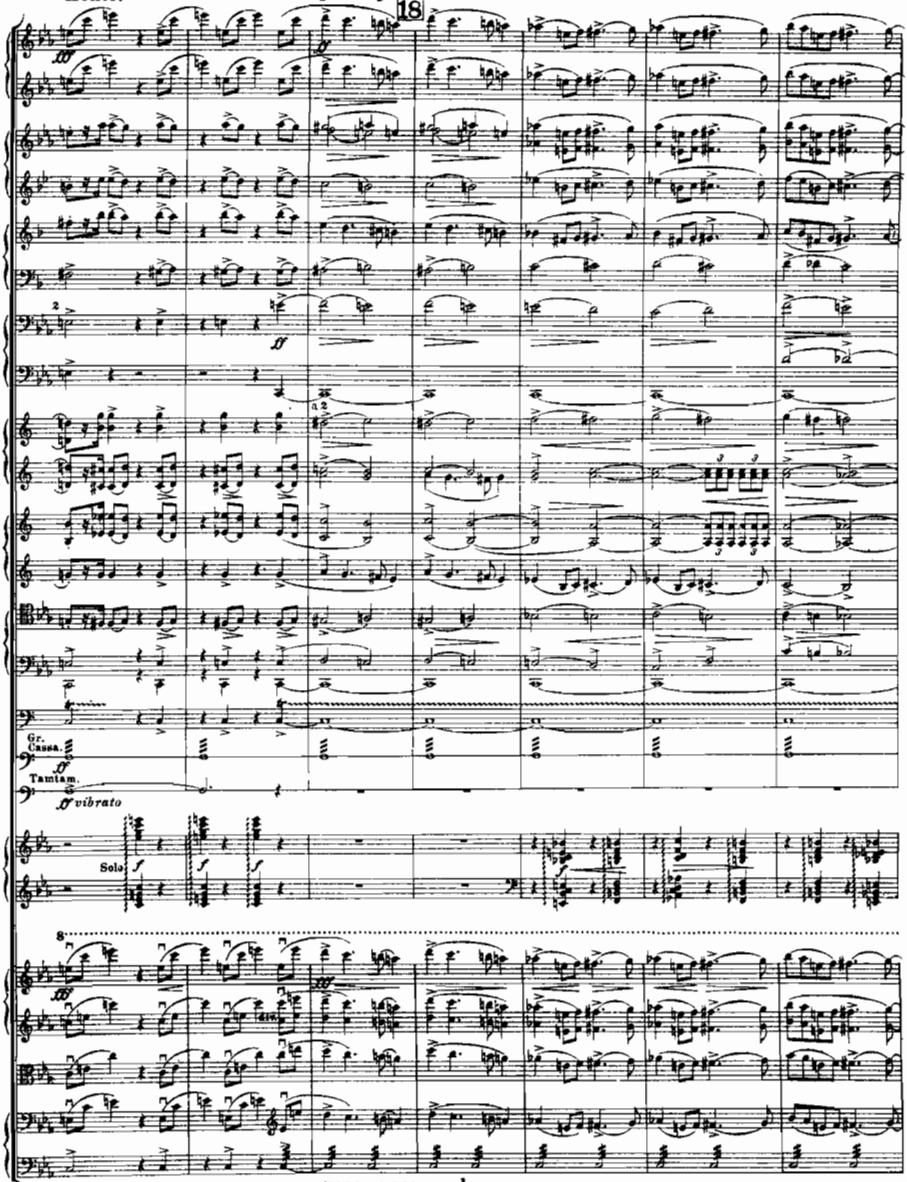

16
a 2
mf
pp
cresc.
16


espr.
mp
a 2
p
p sost.
a 2
mp

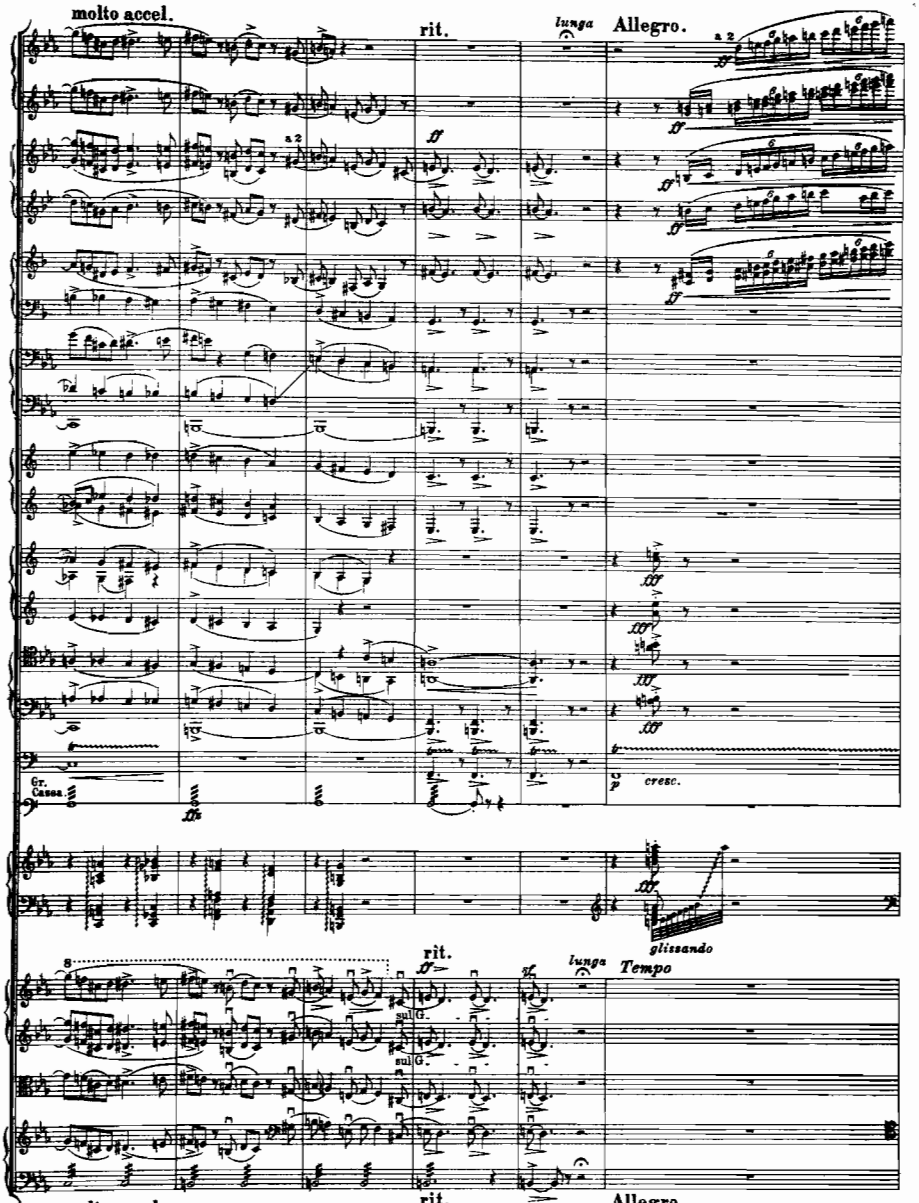

17
accel.
a 2
a 2
a 2
a 2
8
sf
sf
17
accel.


più accel.
cresc.
cresc. molto
mf
pesante
marc.
cresc. molto
And I cried"- It was surely October On this very night of last year, That I journeyed - I journeyed down here -
più accel.
cresc.

Lento. poco a poco accel. 18



Lento. poco a poco accel. 18


molto accel.
rit.
lunga
Allegro.
a 2
ff
Gr. Cassa.
cresc.
glissando
rit.
lunga
Tempo
sul G.
molto accel.
rit.
Allegro.

19 Maestoso molto.

Gr. Cassa.

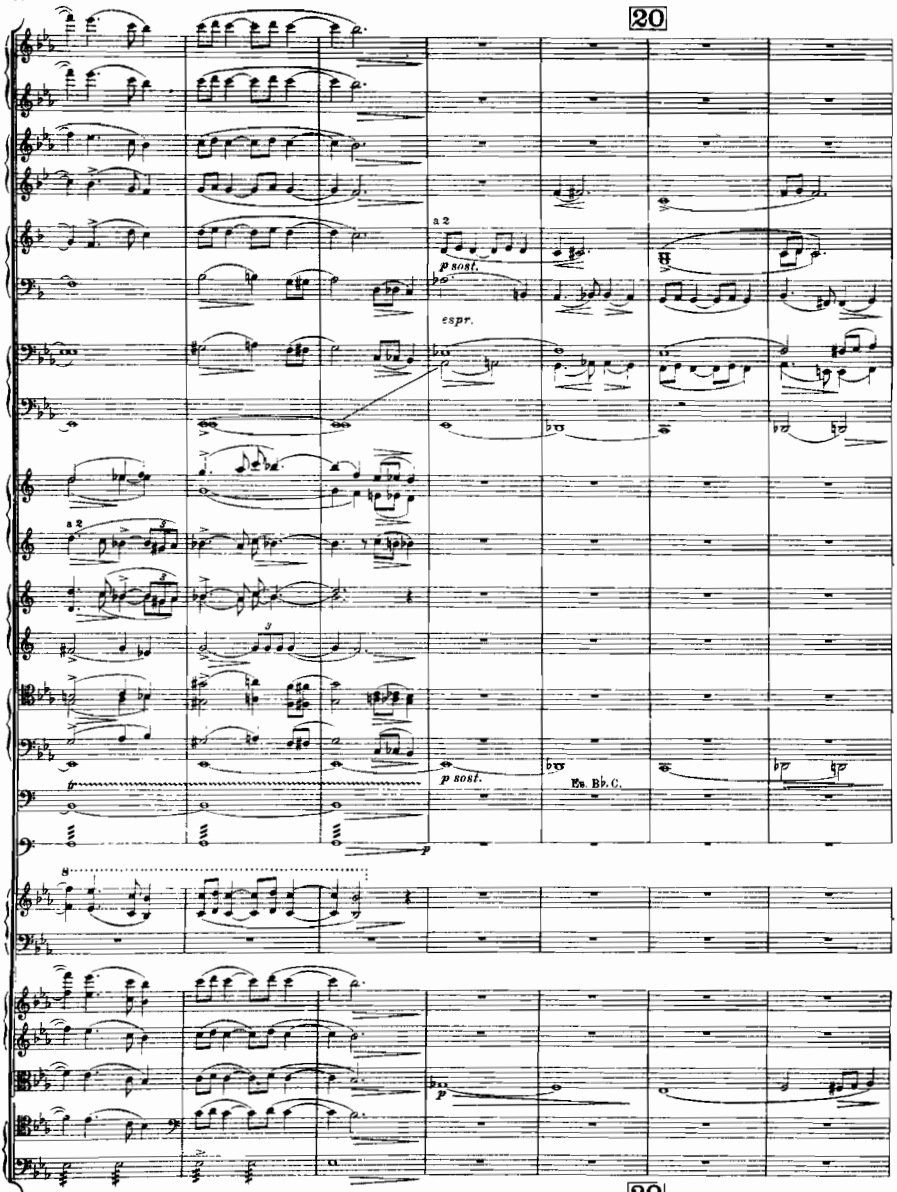
Tamtam. vibrato

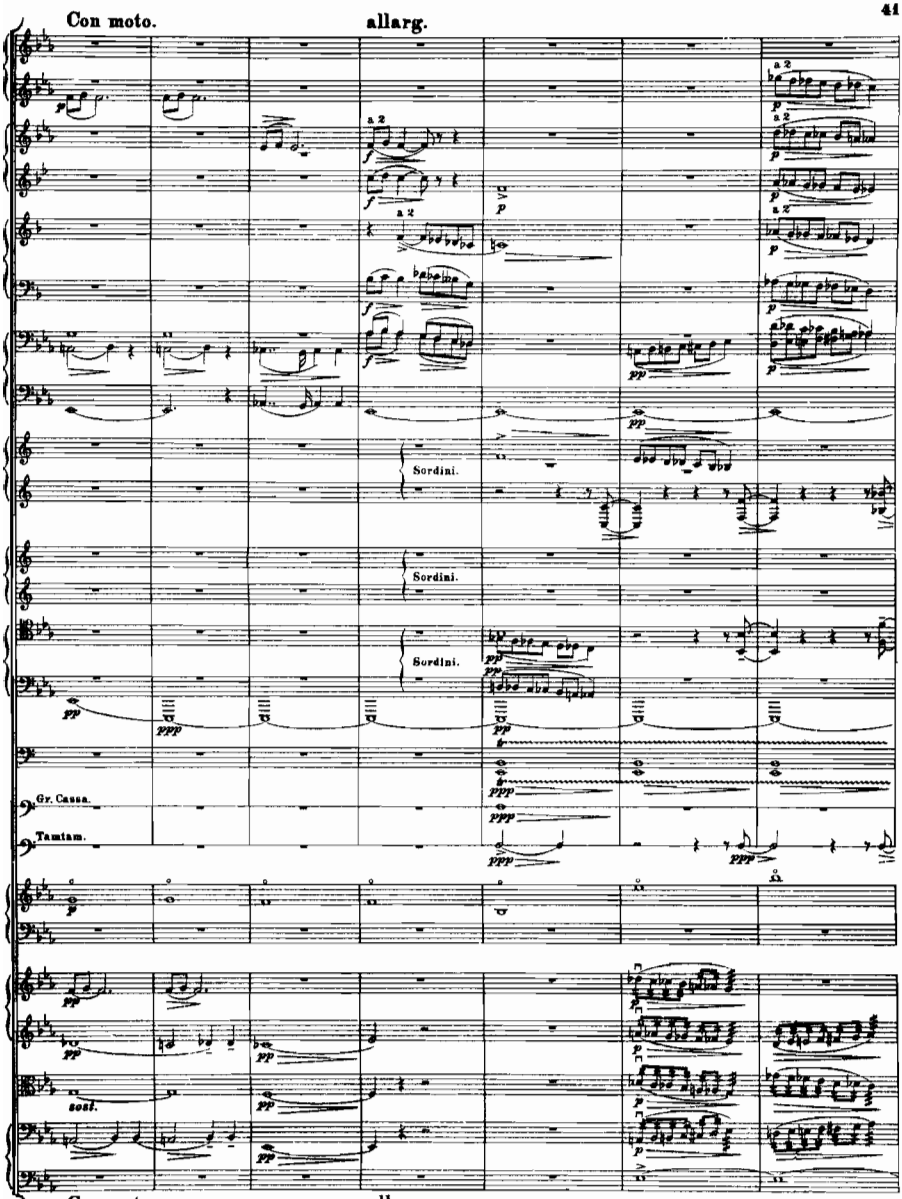
ten.

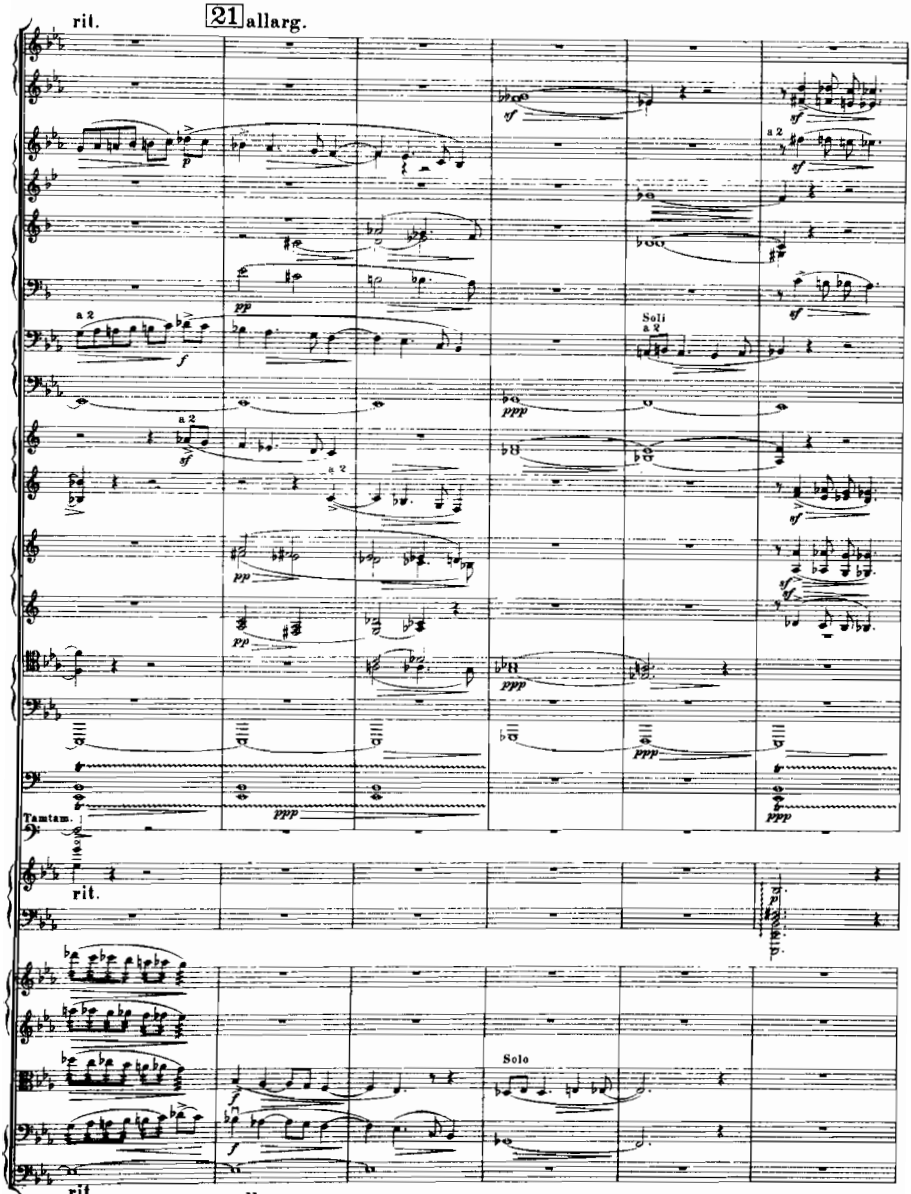
div.

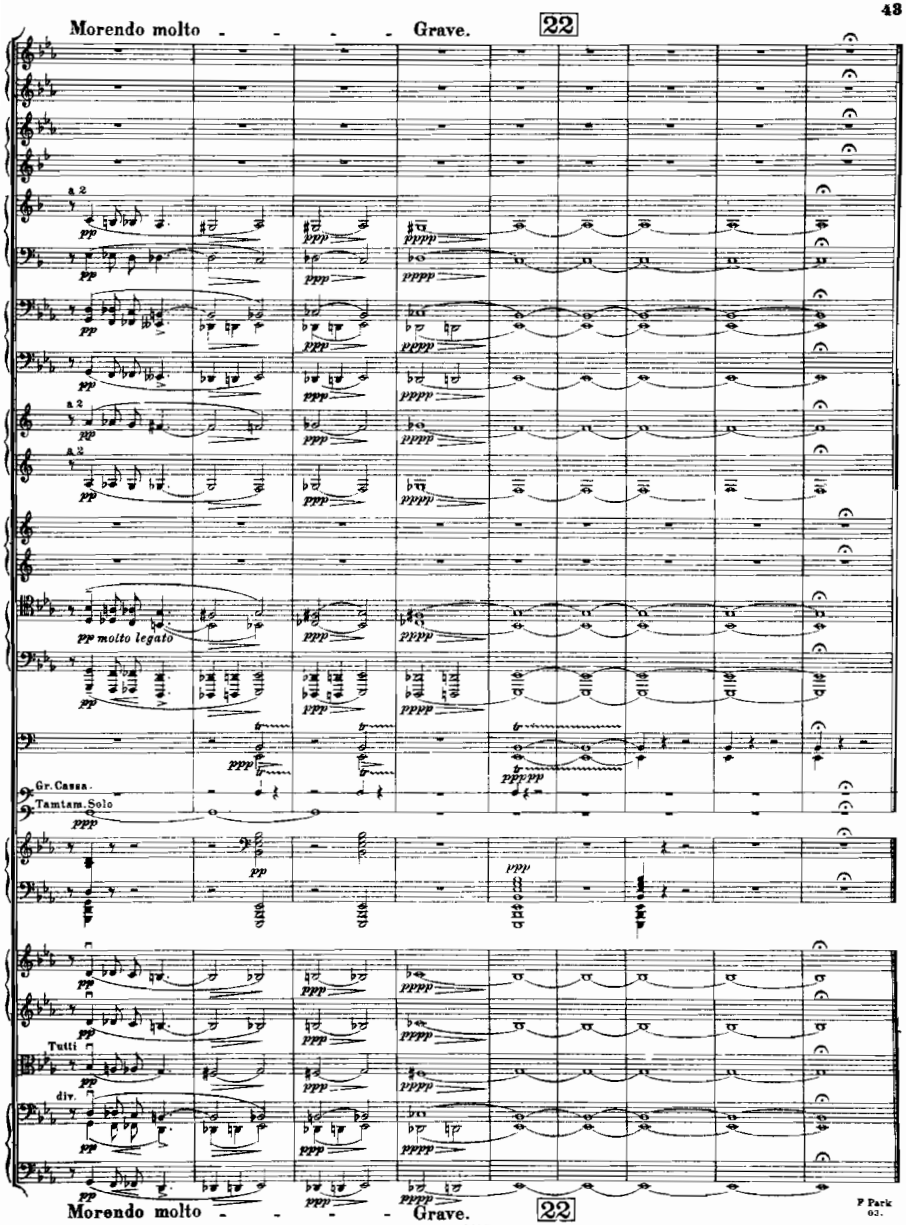
ten.

19 Maestoso molto.


20
a 2
p sost.
espr.
a 2
p sost.
Es. Bb. C.
p
20


Con moto.
allarg.
a 2
Sordini.
Sordini.
Sordini.
Gr. Cassa.
Tamtam.
sost.
Con moto.
allarg.


rit.
21 allarg.
a 2
Soli
a 2
Tamtam
rit.
Solo
rit.
21 allarg.


Morendo molto - - - - Grave.
22
a 2
pp molto legato
Gr. Cassa.
Tamtam. Solo
Tutti
div.
Morendo molto - - - - Grave.
22

JUL 27 1926

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendour is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of a vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried—"It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here!
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,—
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

WRITTEN IN 1847. (EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

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