John Ireland

Marigold

Impression *for* Voice *and* Pianoforte

Youth's Spring Tribute

Penumbra

Spleen

3/-

net

Winthrop Rogers, Ltd.

18 Berners Street, London, w.

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YOUTH'S SPRING TRIBUTE

On this sweet bank your head thrice sweet and dear
I lay, and spread your hair on either side,
And see the newborn woodflowers bashful-eyed
Look through the golden tresses here and there.
On these debateable borders of the year
Spring's foot half falters; scarce she yet may know
The leafless blackthorn-blossom from the snow;
And through her bowers the wind's way still is clear.

But April's sun strikes down the glades to-day;
So shut your eyes upturned, and feel my kiss
Creep, as the Spring now thrills through every spray,
Up your warm throat to your warm lips: for this
Is even the hour of Love's sworn suitservice,
With whom cold hearts are counted castaway.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

PENUMBRA

I did not look upon her eyes,
(Though scarcely seen, with no surprise,
'Mid many eyes a single look),
Because they should not gaze rebuke,
At night, from stars in sky and brook.

I did not take her by the hand,
(Though little was to understand
From touch of hand all friends might take),
Because it should not prove a flake
Burnt in my palm to boil and ache.

I did not listen to her voice,
(Though none had noted, where at choice
All might rejoice in listening),
Because no such a thing should cling
In the wood's moan at evening.

They told me she was sad that day,
(Though wherefore tell what love's soothsay,
Sooner than they, did register?)
And my heart leapt and wept to her,
And yet I did not speak nor stir.

So shall the tongues of the sea's foam
(Though many voices therewith come
From drowned hope's home to cry to me),
Bewail one hour the more, when sea
And wind are one with memory.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

SPLEEN

Around were all the roses red,
The ivy all around was black.

Dear, so thou only move thine head,
Shall all mine old despairs awake!

Too blue, too tender was the sky,
The air too soft, too green the sea.

Always I fear, I know not why,
Some lamentable flight from thee.

I am so tired of holly-sprays
And weary of the bright box-tree,

Of all the endless country ways;
Of ev'rything alas! save thee.

ERNEST DOWSON.

After Verlaine.

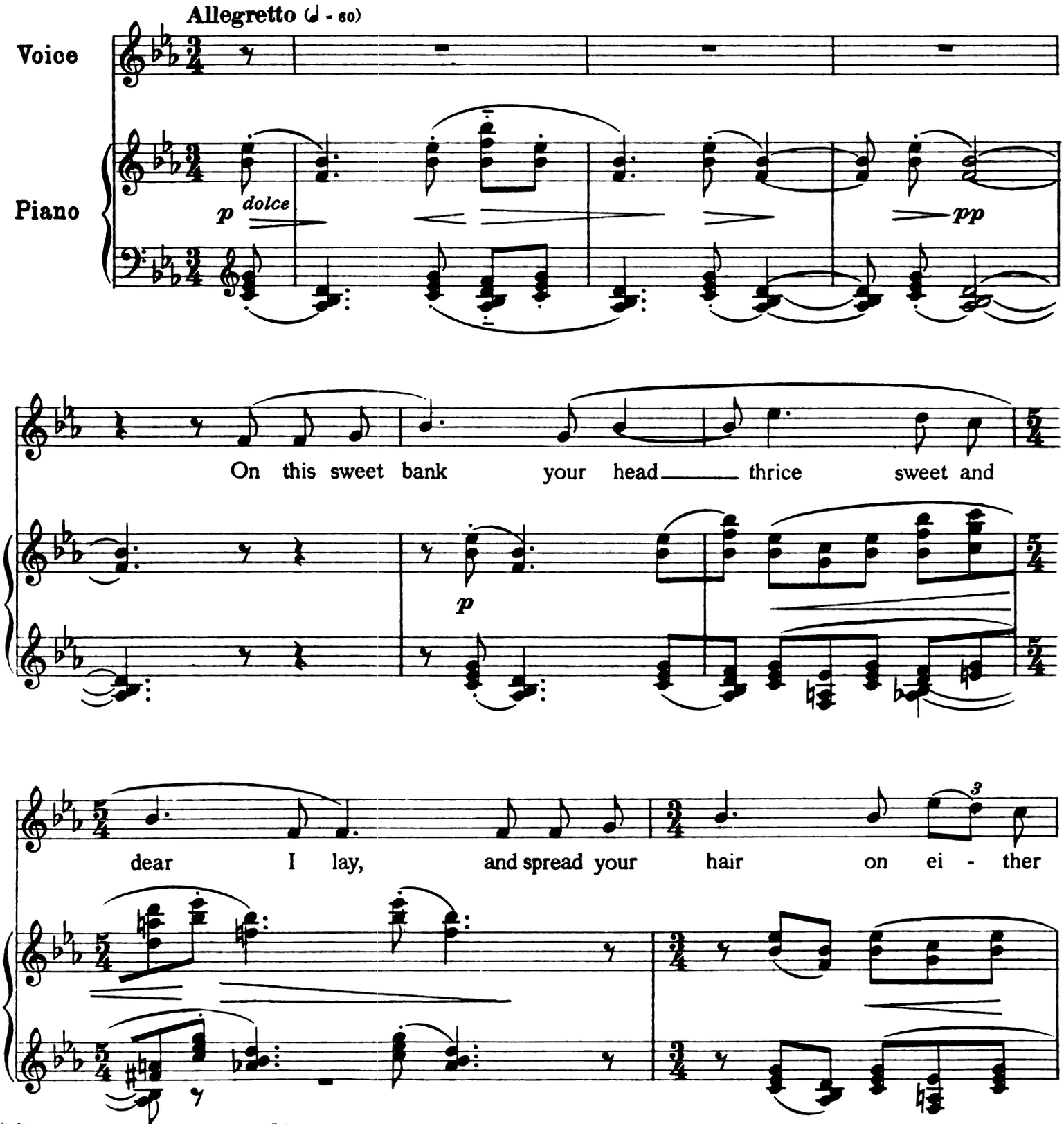
Rossetti's poem "Youth's Spring-Tribute" is used by kind pemission of Messrs. Ellis, New Bond Street, W., and Dowson's poem "Spleen" is used by kind permission of Mr. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

I

Youth's Spring-Tribute

D. G. Rossetti

John Ireland



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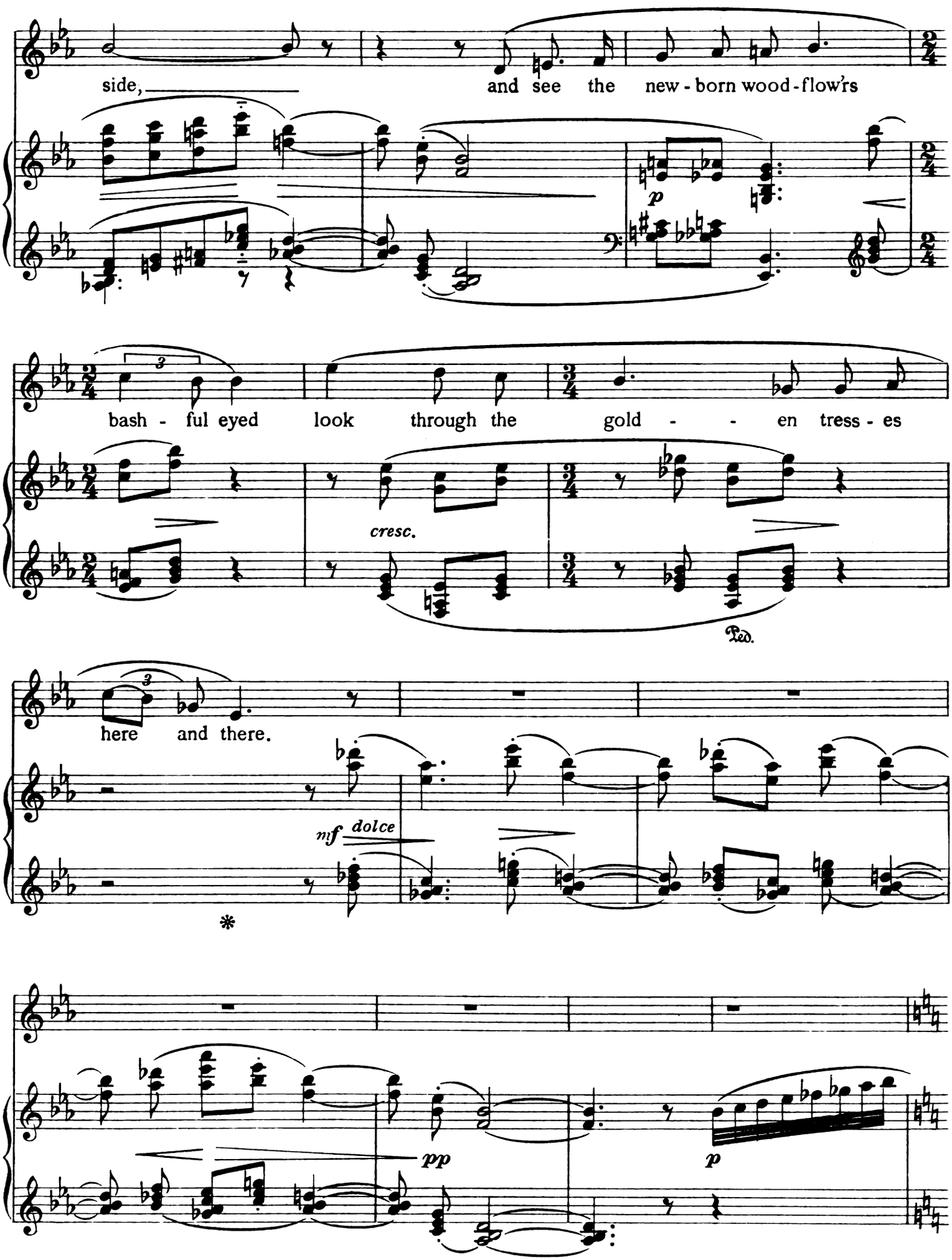
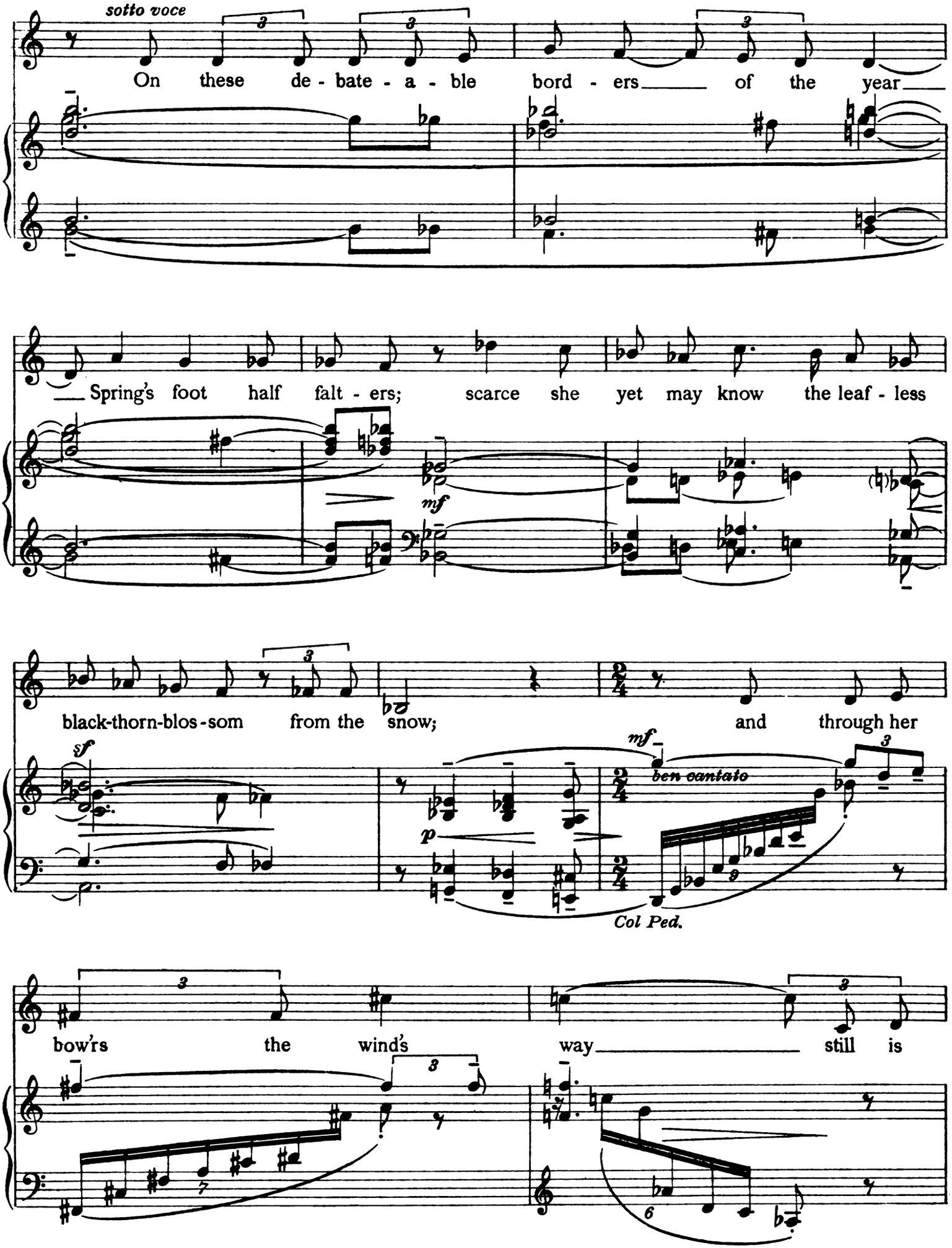
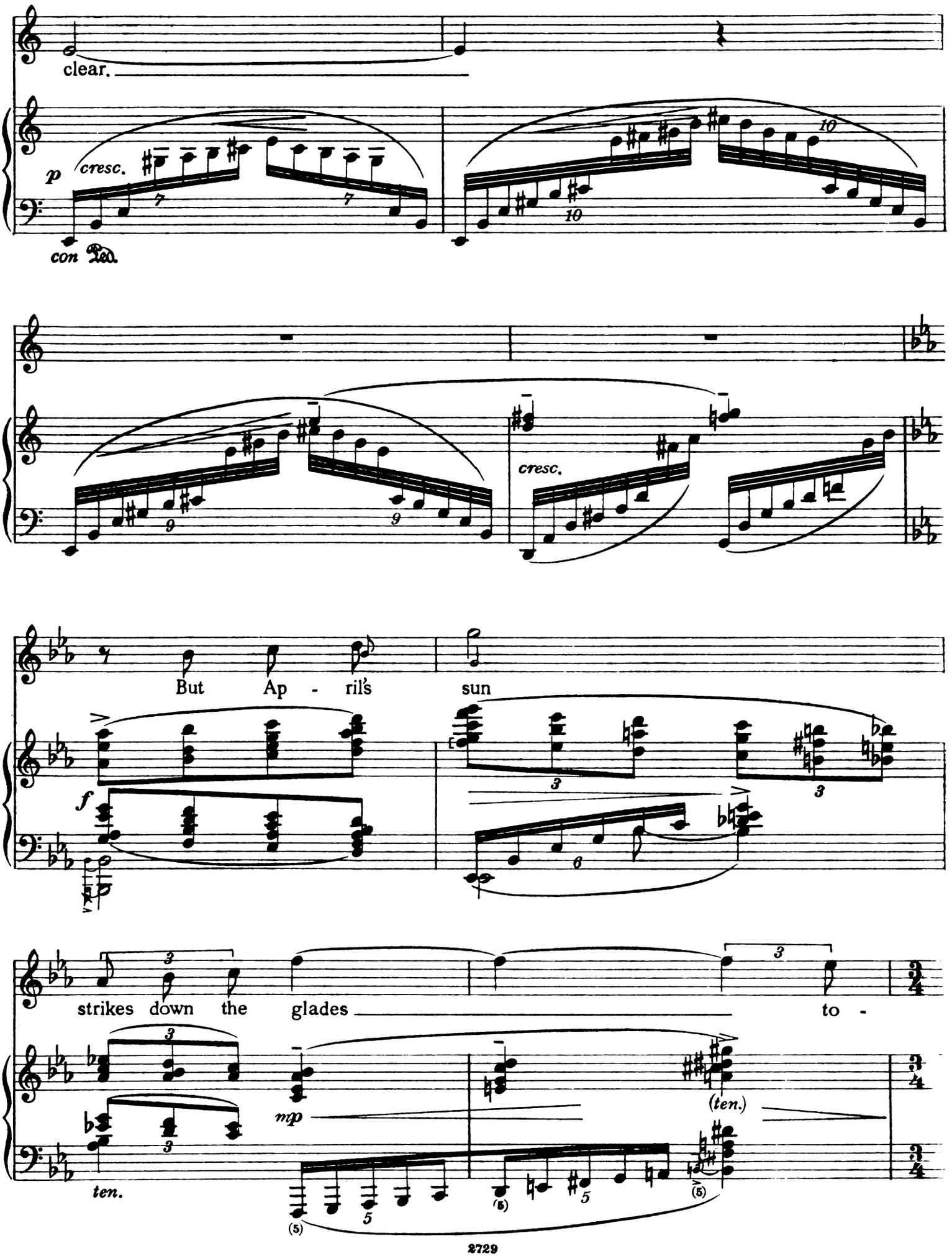
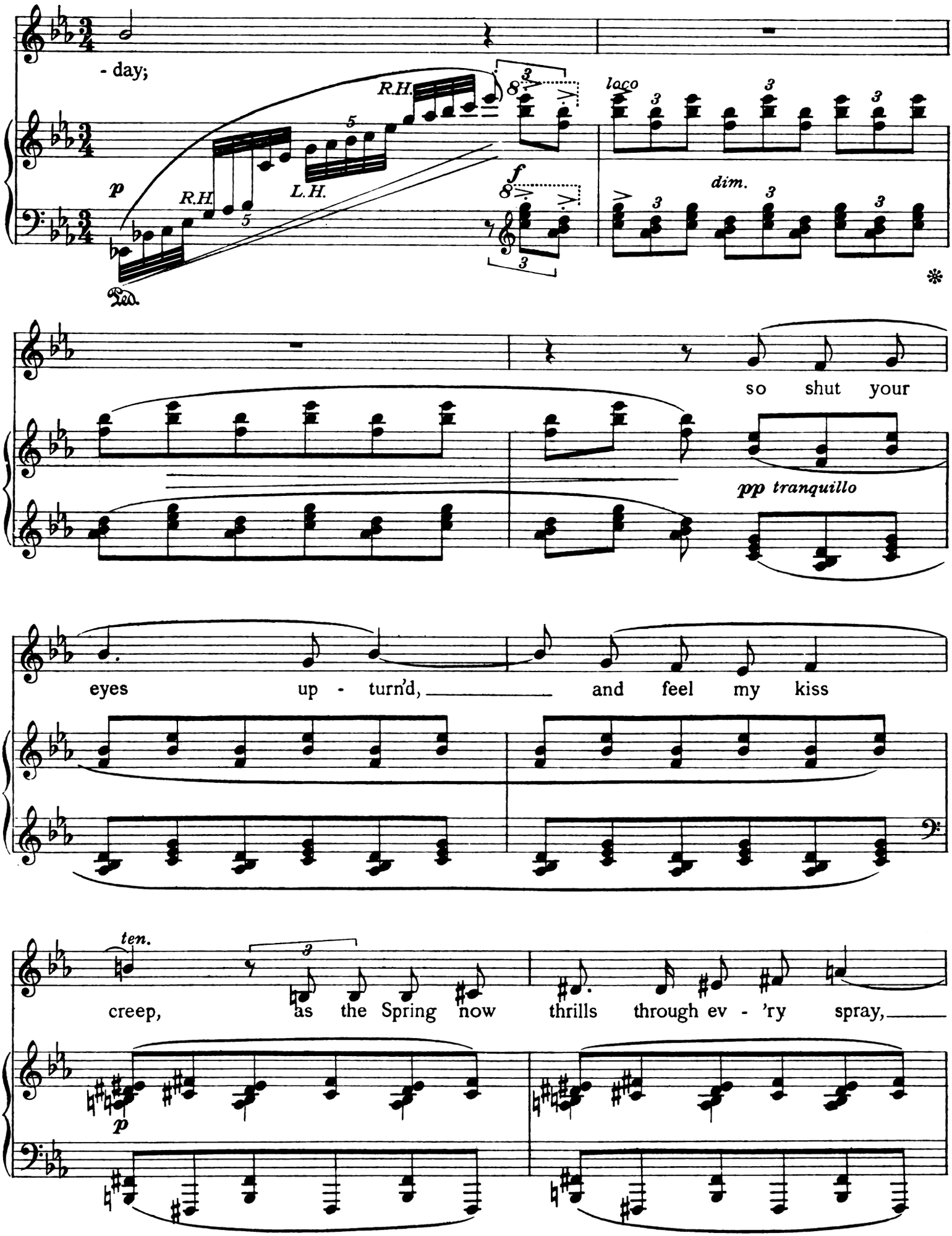
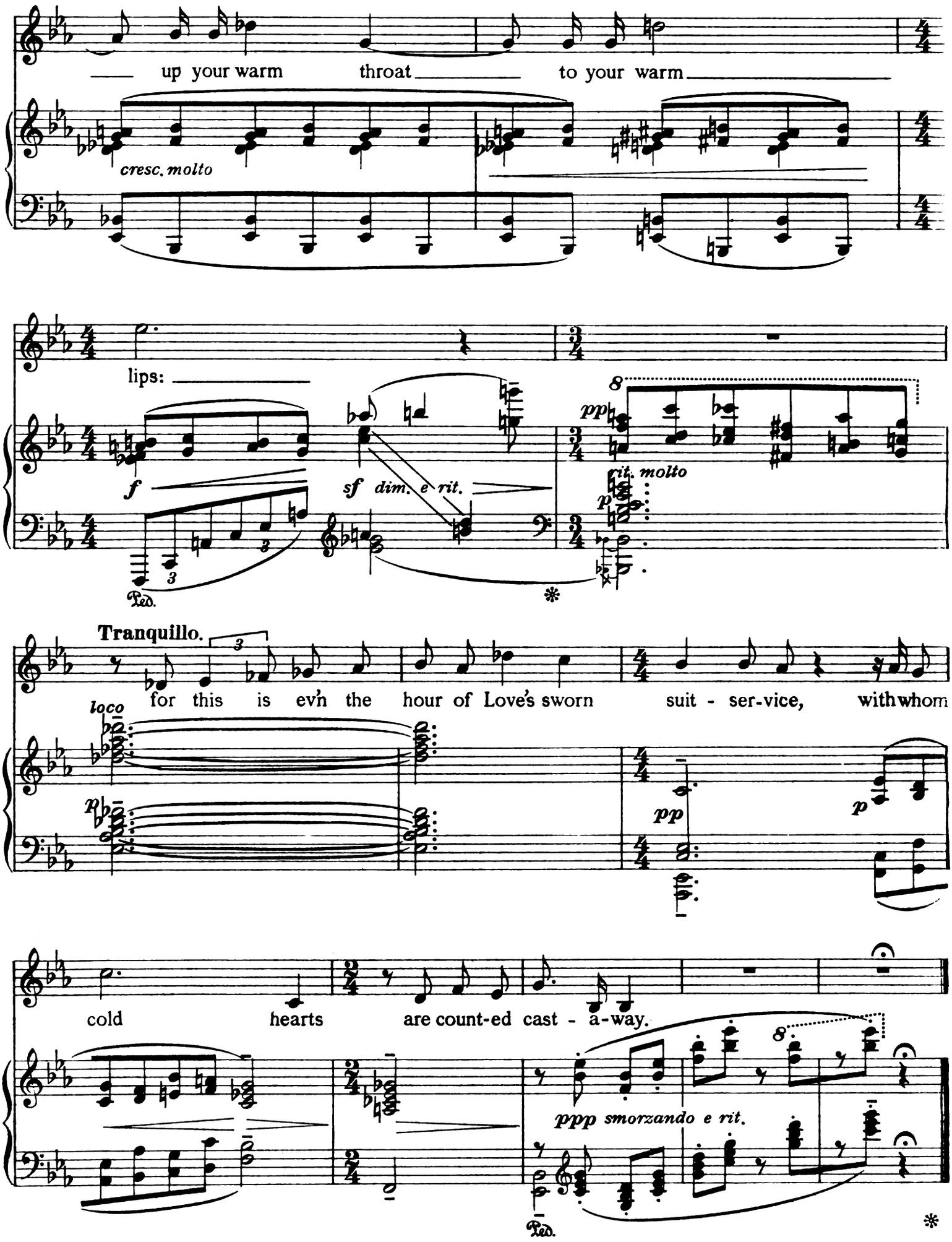

side, and see the new - born wood - flow'rs
p
bash - ful eyed look through the gold - - en tress - es
cresc.
Ped.
here and there.
mf dolce
*
pp
p


sotto voce
On these de - bate - a - ble bord - ers of the year
Spring's foot half falt - ers; scarce she yet may know the leaf - less
mf
black-thorn-blos - som from the snow; and through her
sf
mf
ben cantato
p
Col Ped.
bow'rs the wind's way still is


clear.
p
cresc.
con Ped.
cresc.
But Ap - ril's sun
f
strikes down the glades to -
mp
ten.
(ten.)


- day;
R.H.
L.H.
p
f
laco
dim.
Ped.
so shut your
pp tranquillo
eyes up - turn'd, and feel my kiss
ten.
creep, as the Spring now thrills through ev - 'ry spray,
p

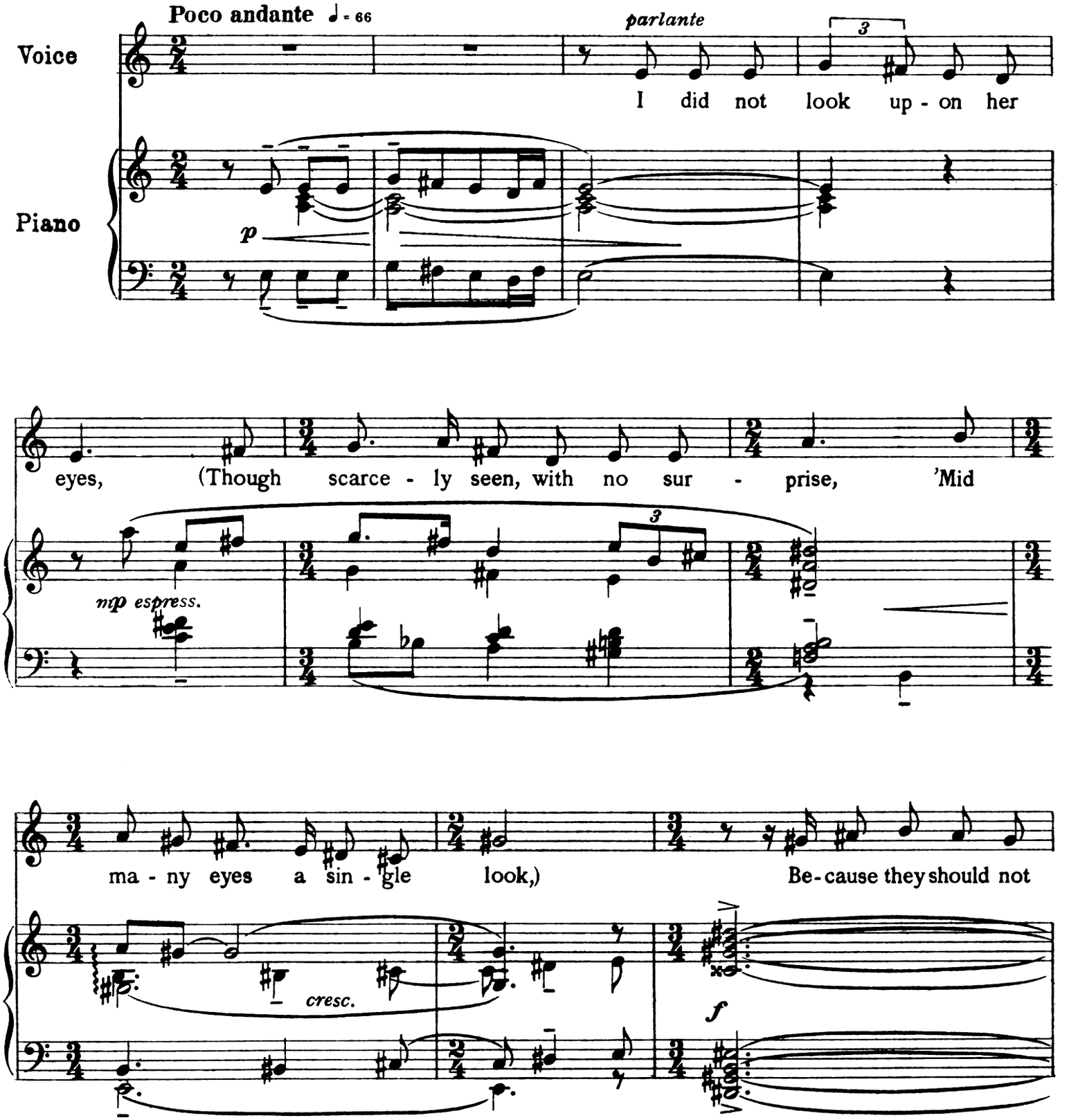

up your warm throat to your warm
cresc. molto
lips:
f
sf dim. e rit.
Ped.
pp
rit. molto
p
Tranquillo.
for this is ev'n the hour of Love's sworn suit - ser-vice, with whom
loco
p
pp
p
cold hearts are count-ed cast - a-way.
ppp smorzando e rit.
Ped.

II

Penumbra

D. G. Rossetti

John Ireland



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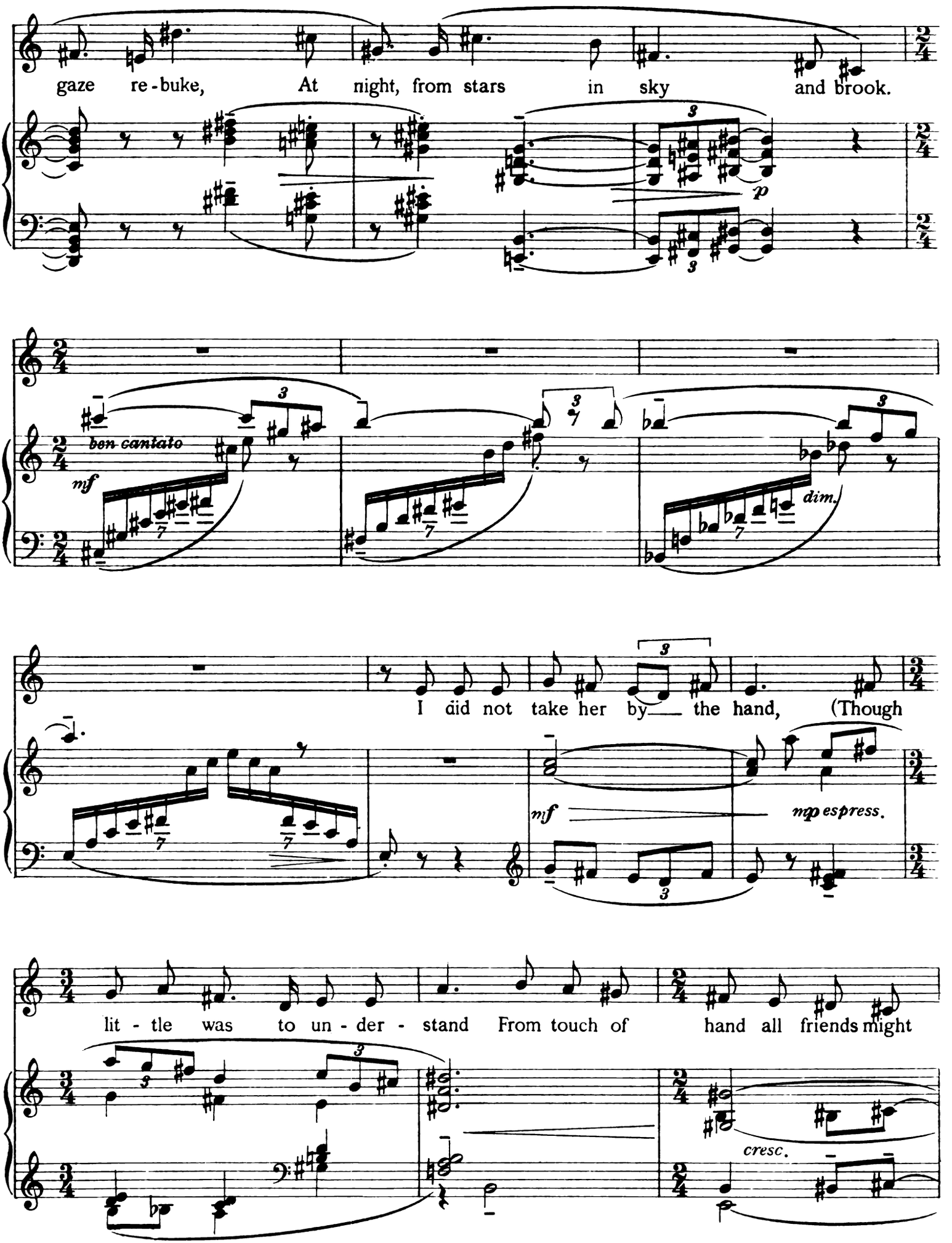
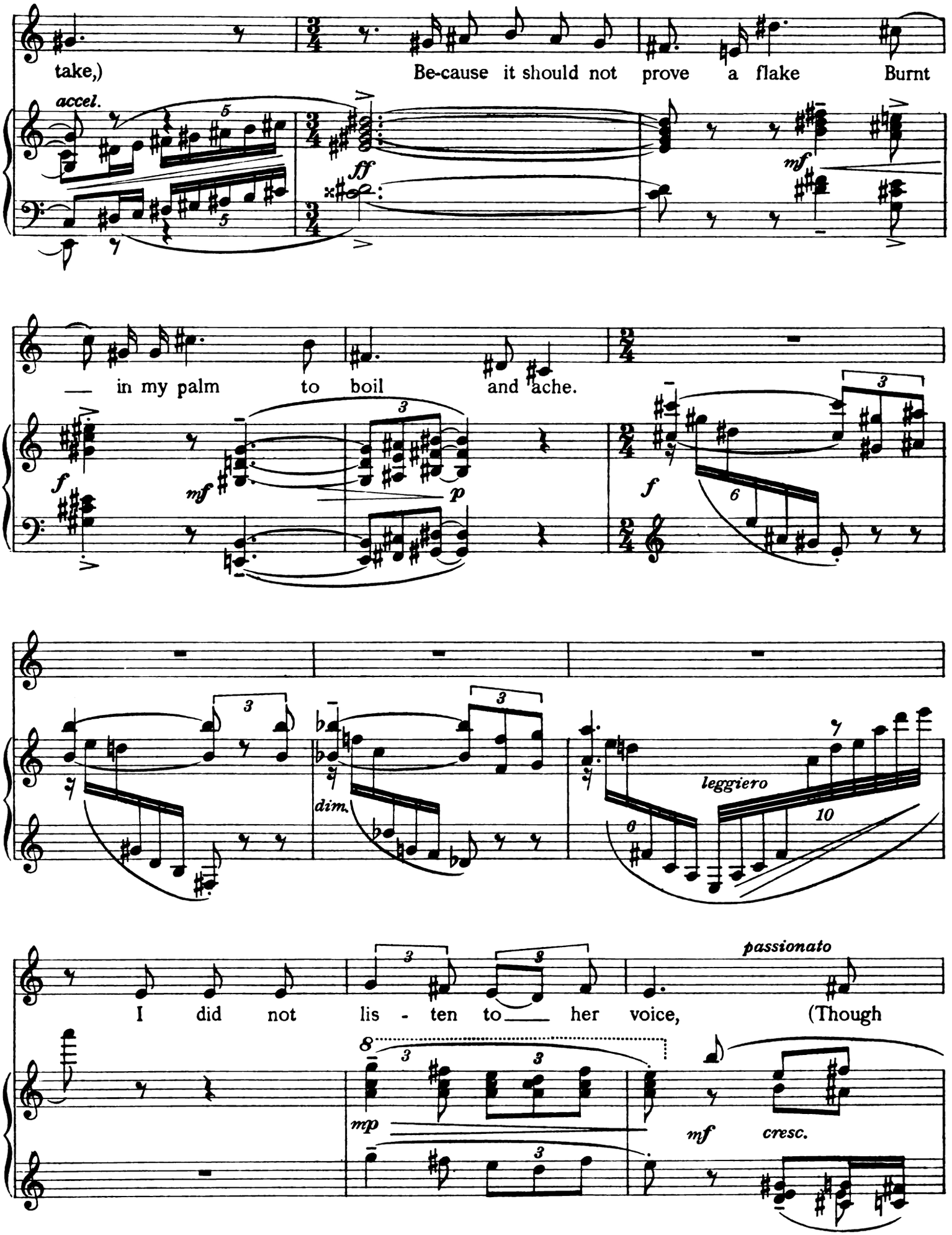
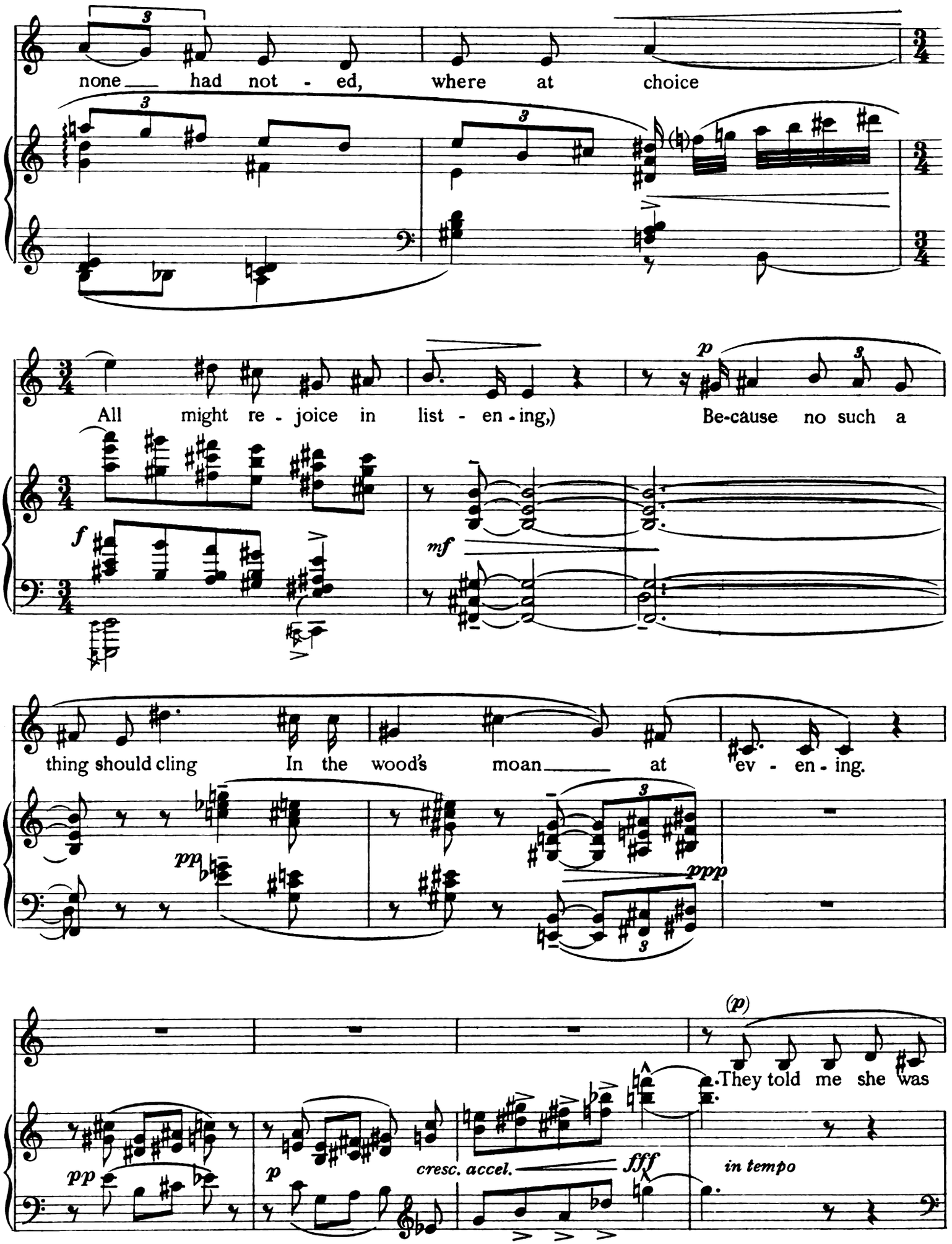
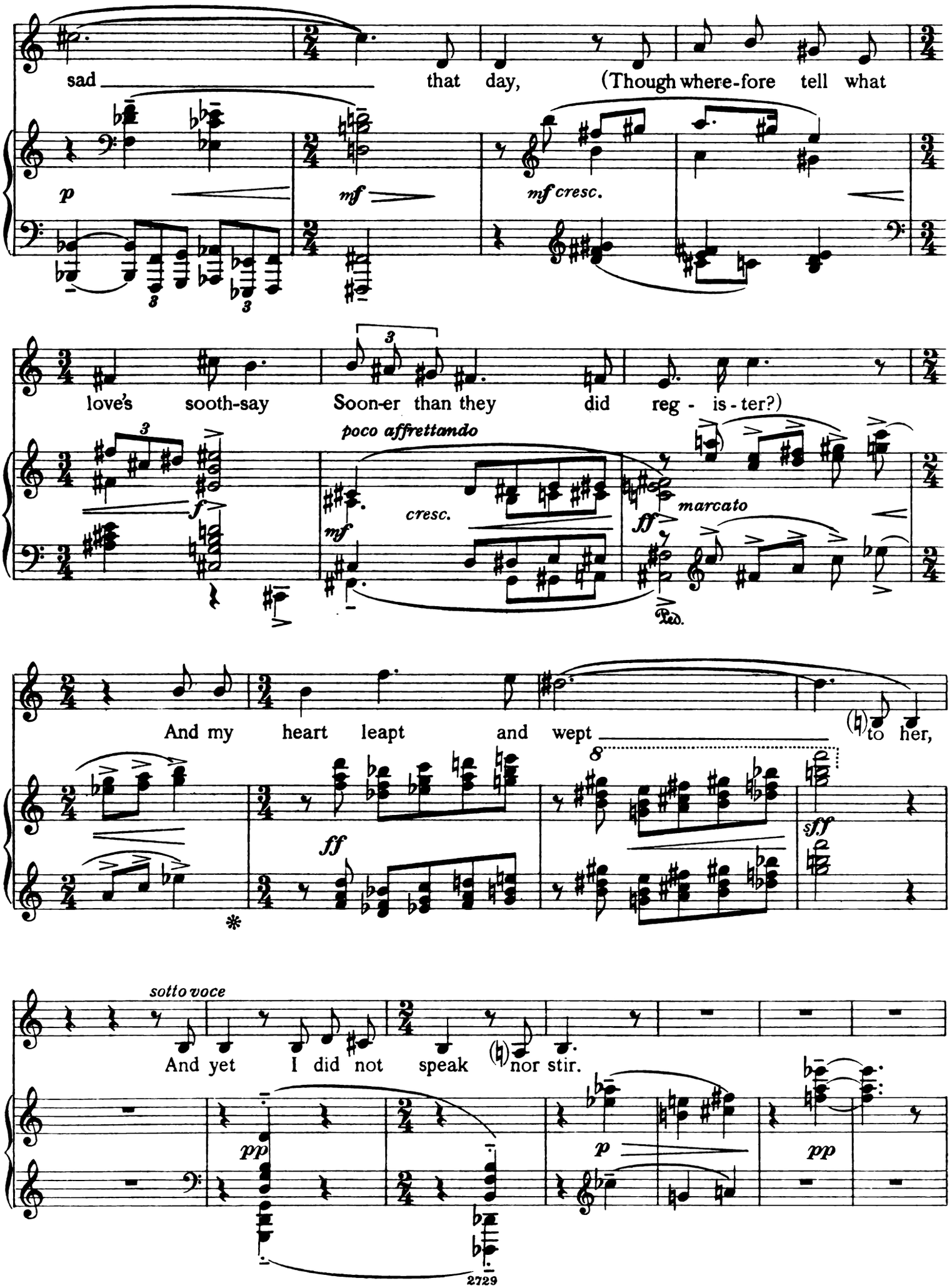
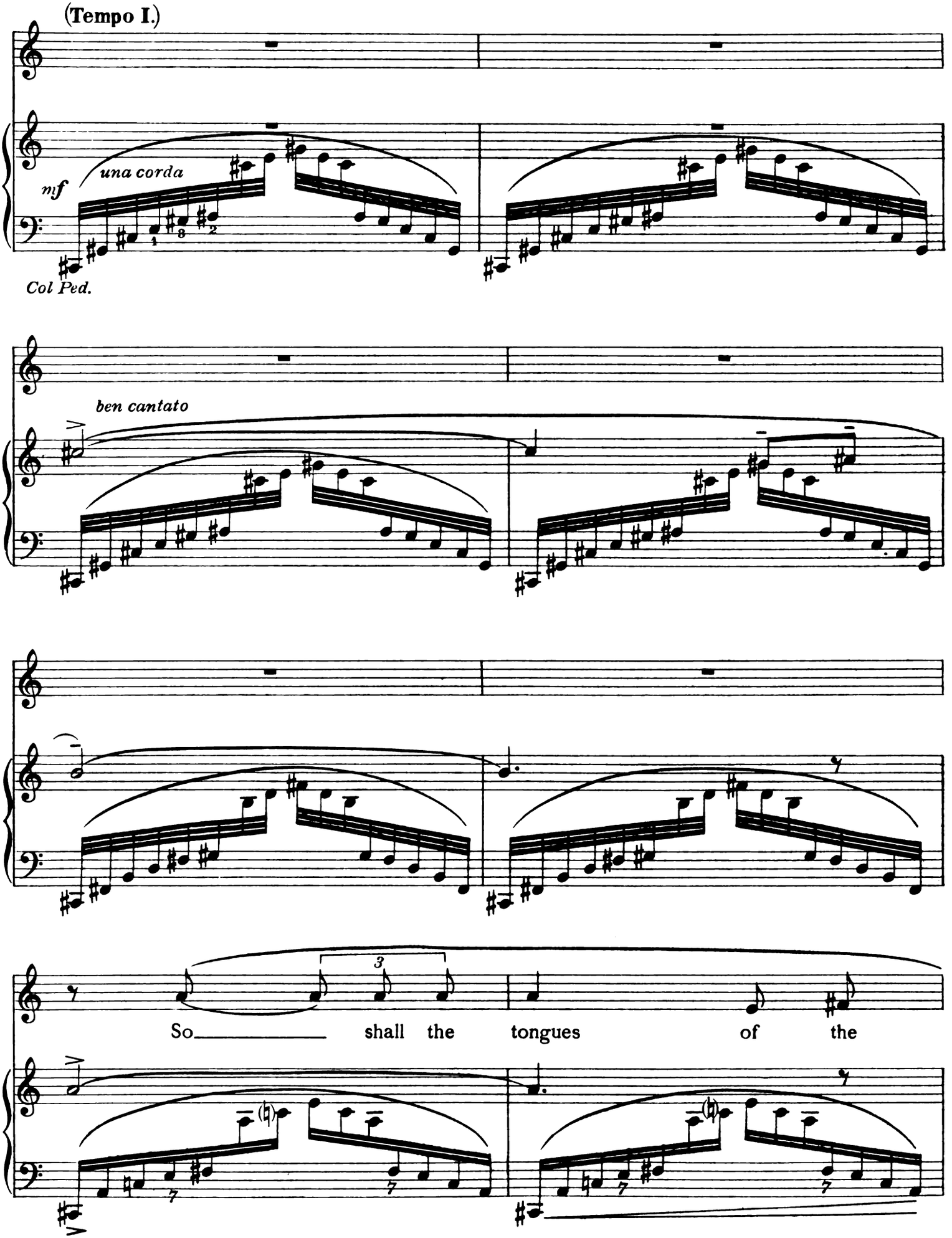
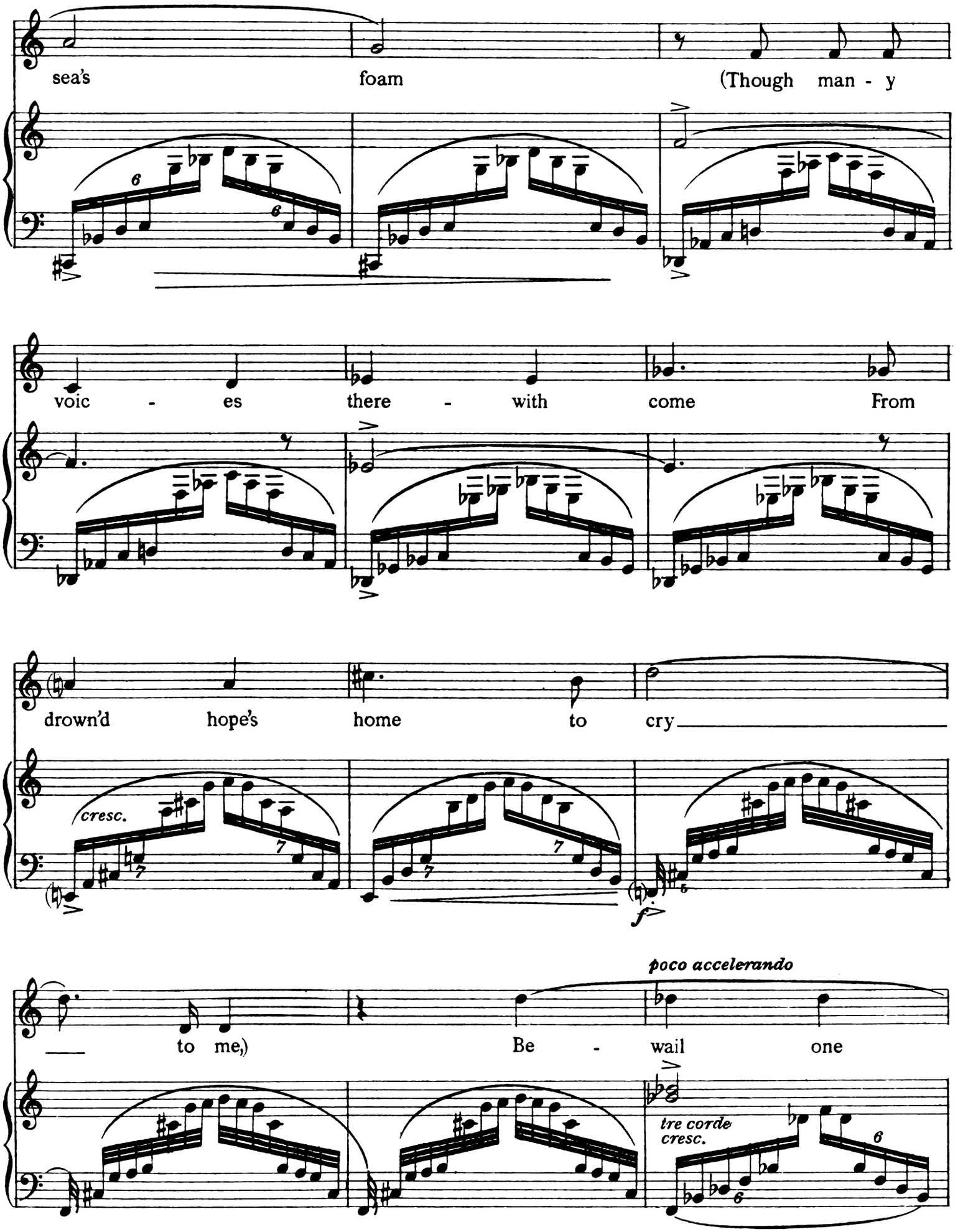

gaze re-buke, At night, from stars in sky and brook.
p
ben cantato
mf
dim.
I did not take her by the hand, (Though
mf
mp espress.
lit - tle was to un - der - stand From touch of hand all friends might
cresc.

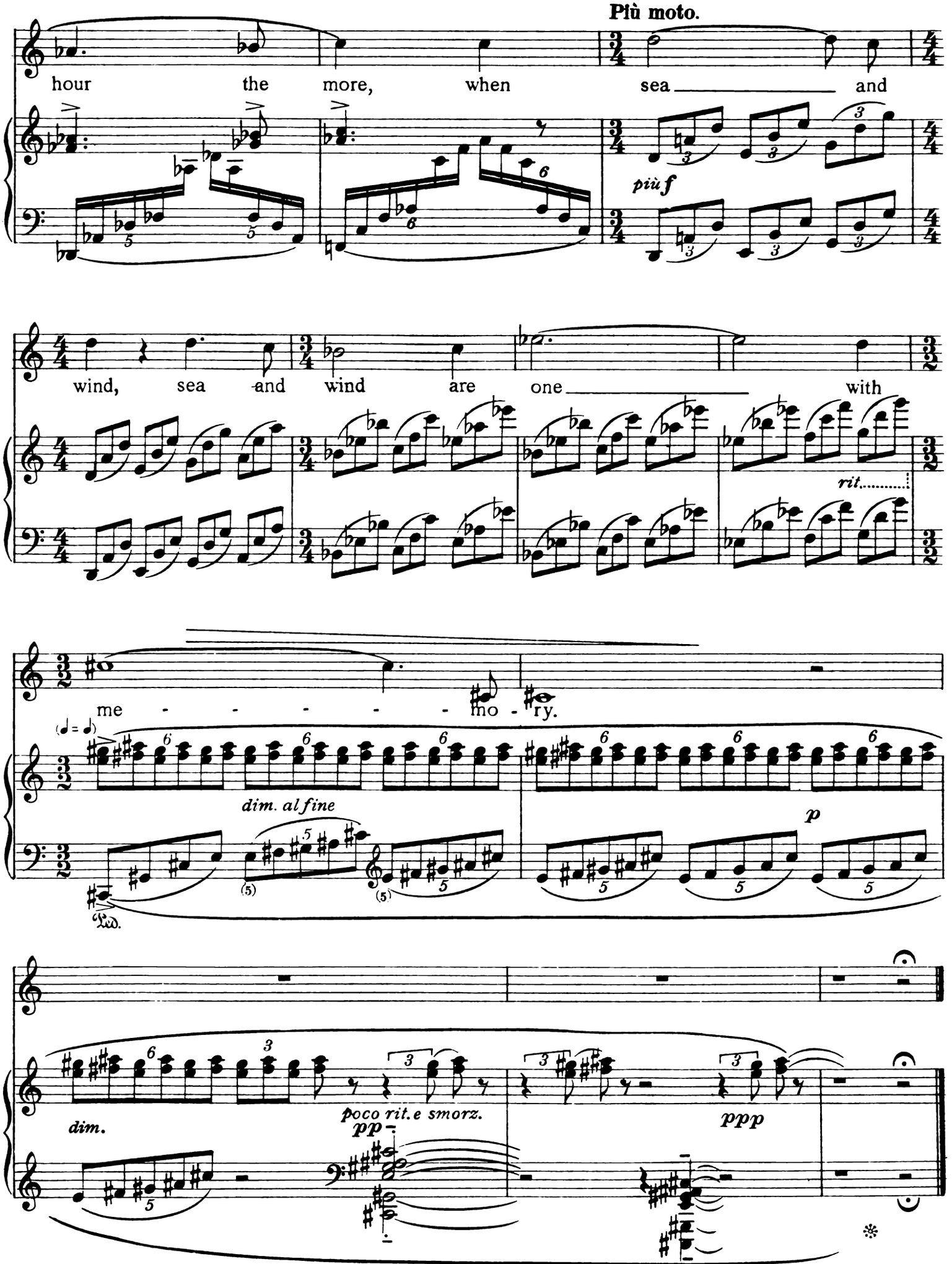

take,) Be-cause it should not prove a flake Burnt
accel.
ff
mf
— in my palm to boil and ache.
f
mf
p
f
dim.
leggiero
passionato
I did not lis - ten to — her voice, (Though
mp
mf
cresc.


none had not - ed, where at choice
All might re - joice in list - en - ing,) Be-cause no such a
thing should cling In the wood's moan at ev - en - ing.
They told me she was
cresc. accel.
in tempo


sad that day, (Though where-fore tell what
p
mf
mf cresc.
love's sooth-say Soon-er than they did reg - is - ter?)
poco affrettando
f
mf
cresc.
ff
marcato
Ped.
And my heart leapt and wept to her,
ff
8
sff
sotto voce
And yet I did not speak nor stir.
pp
p
pp
2729


(Tempo I.)
mf
una corda
Col Ped.
ben cantato
So shall the tongues of the


sea's foam (Though man - y
voic - es there - with come From
drown'd hope's home to cry
cresc.
f
poco accelerando
— to me,) Be - wail one
tre corde
cresc.

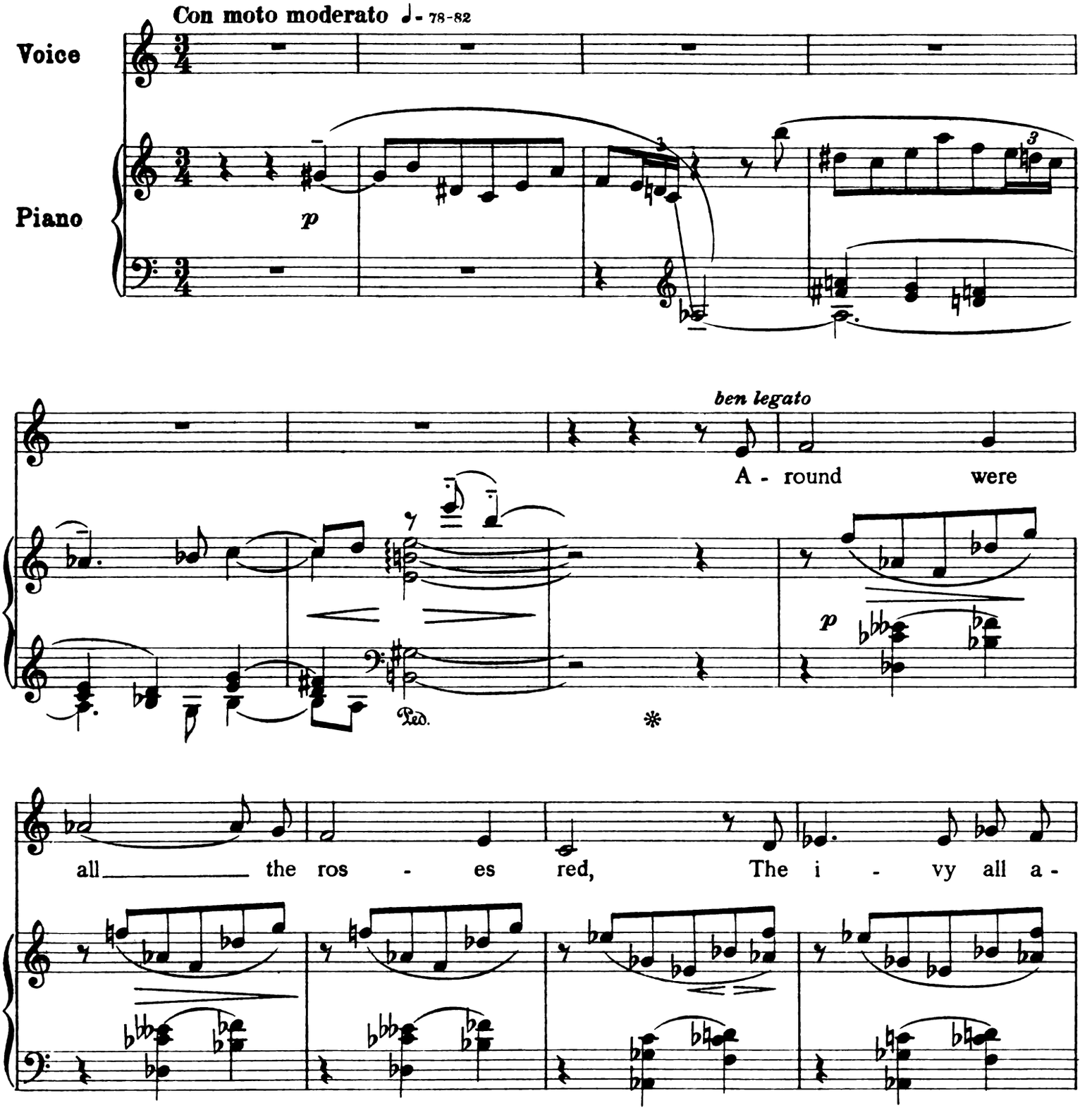

Più moto.
hour the more, when sea and
più f
wind, sea and wind are one with
rit.
me - - - - - mo - ry.
dim. al fine
p
Ped.
dim.
poco rit. e smorz.
pp
ppp

III

Spleen

Ernest Dowson
after VERLAINE

John Ireland



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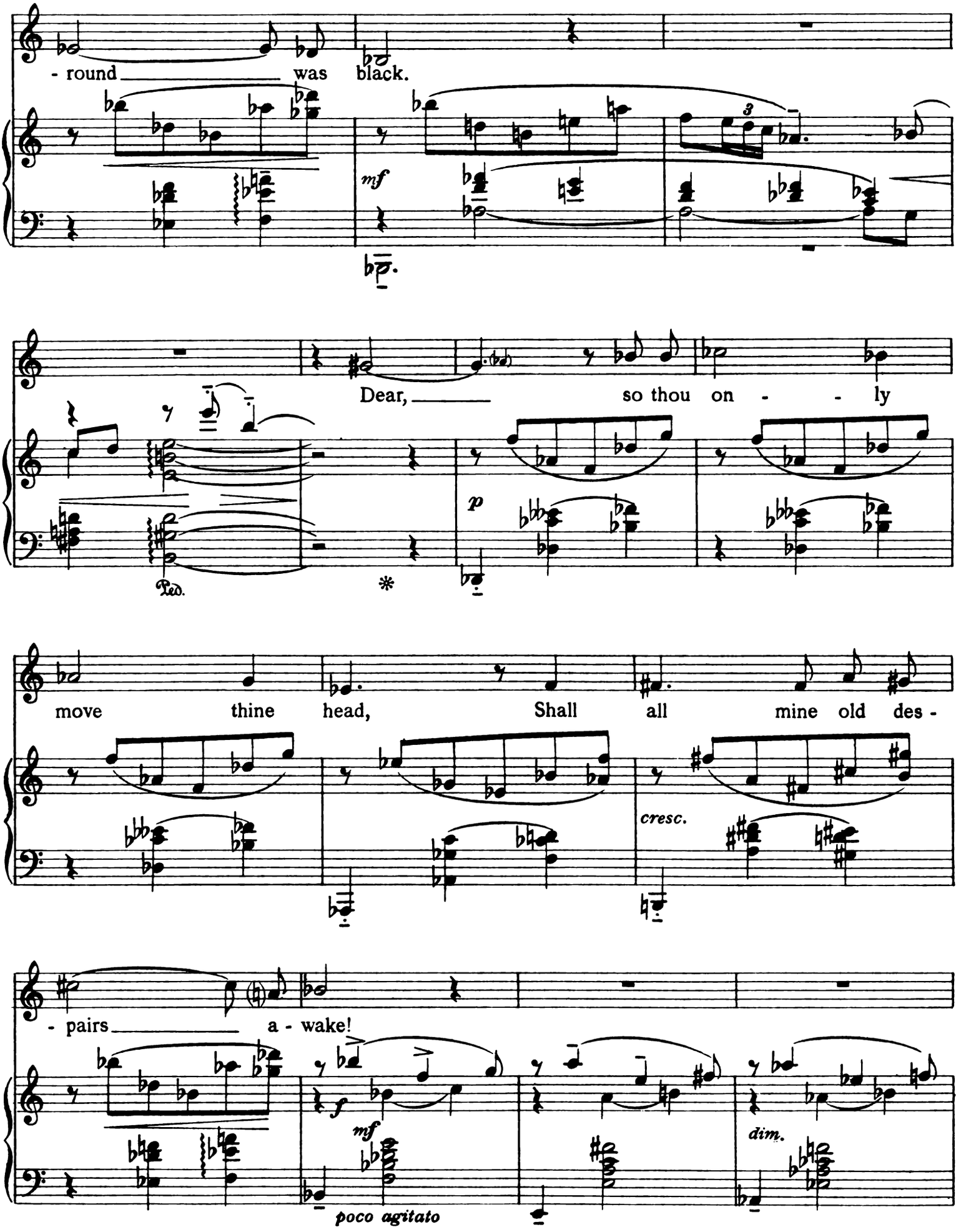
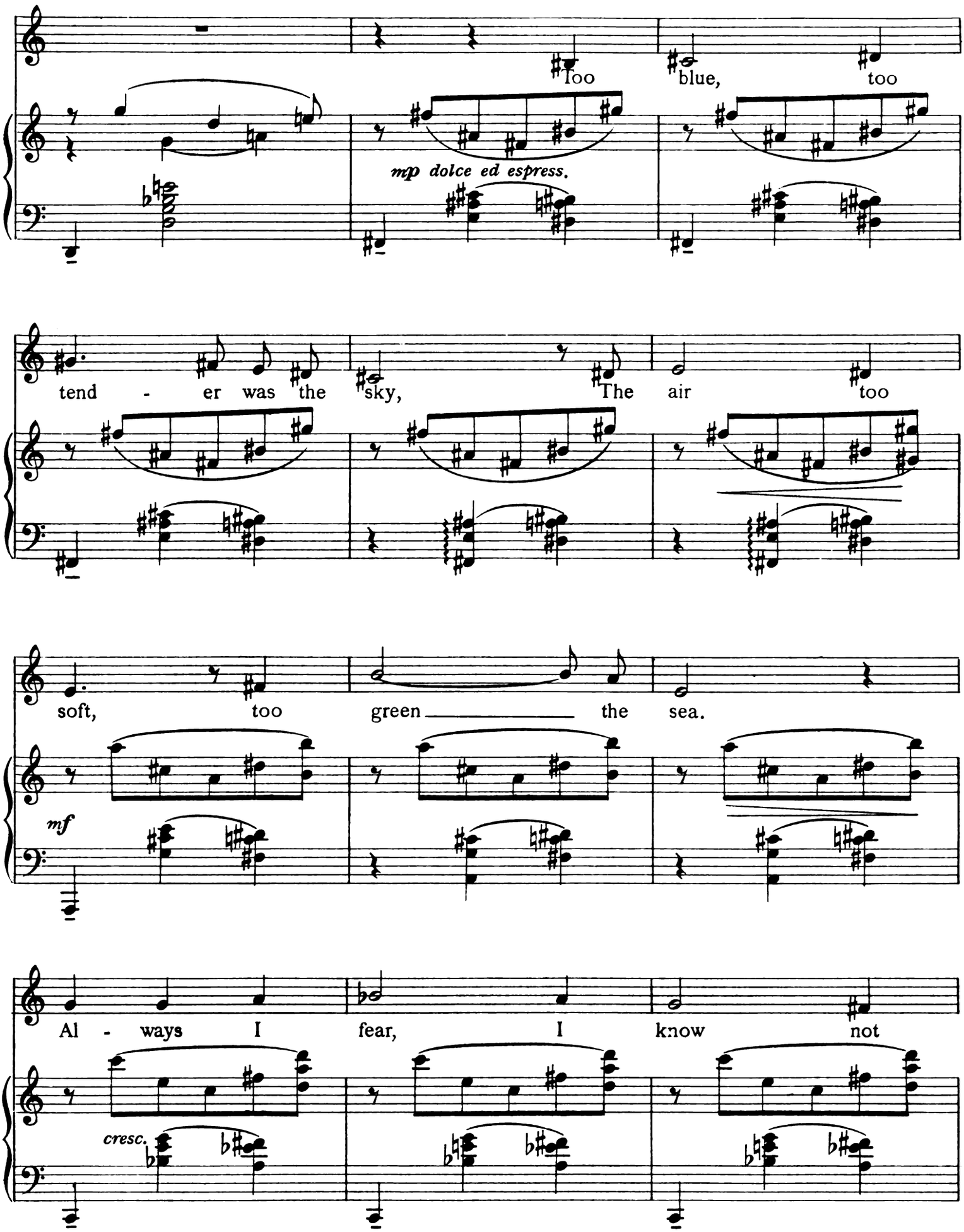
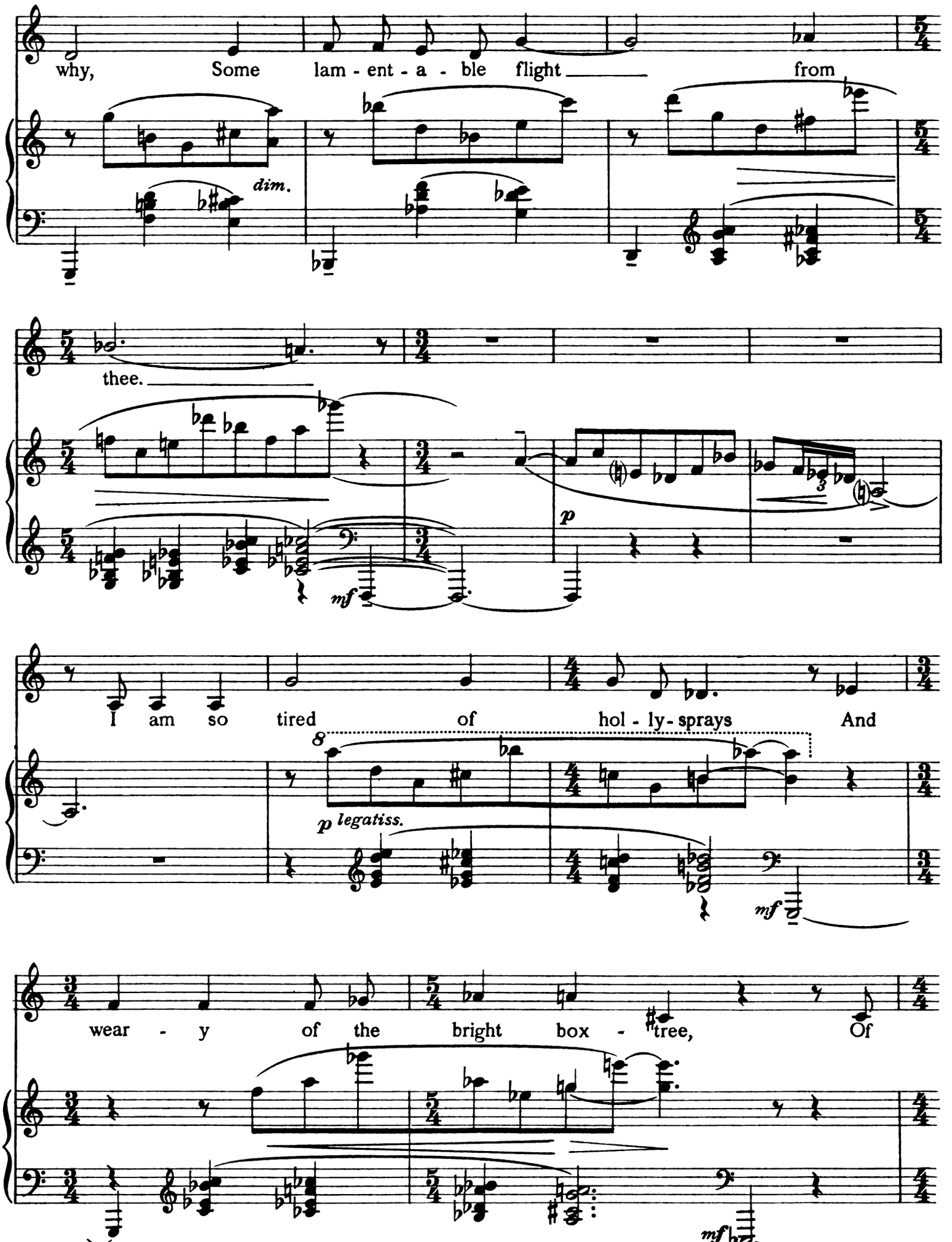
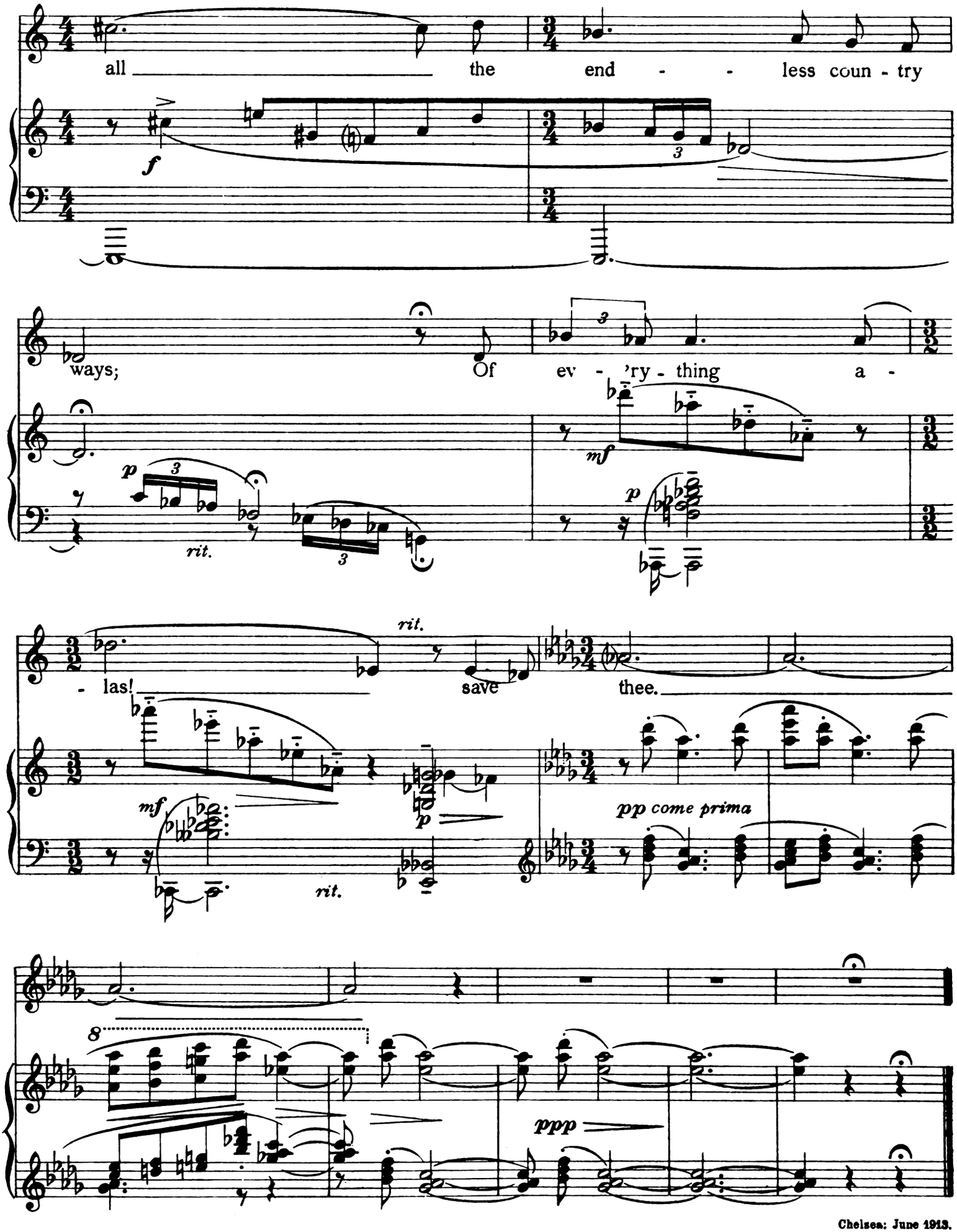

- round was black.
mf
Dear, so thou on - - ly
Ped.
p
move thine head, Shall all mine old des -
cresc.
- pairs a - wake!
f
mf
poco agitato
dim.


Too
blue,
too
mp dolce ed espress.
tend - er was the sky,
The air
too
soft,
too
green
the
sea.
mf
Al - ways I
fear,
I
know
not
cresc.


why, Some lam - ent - a - ble flight from
dim.
thee.
mf
p
I am so tired of hol - ly - sprays And
8
p legatiss.
mf
wear - y of the bright box - tree, Of
mf



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