Alexander Feht

Shelley, Byron and Keats Songs

Alexander Feht © 2011
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means without permission in writing from the author.
FEHT, Inc. PO Box 5396 Pagosa Springs CO 81147 e-mail: afeht@aol.com

Cover photo by Dimitri Sokolenko © 2011

Percy Bysshe Shelley

2011 © Alexander Feht

OZYMANDIAS

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Con moto, misterioso

1

p

Con ped.

7

pp

Meno mosso, rubato

13

mf I met a tra - vel-ler from an an - tique land, *p* who said:

13

ppp

mf

rit.

p

2011 © Alexander Feht

A tempo

18

f *mf* *mp*

23

f Two vast and trunk - less legs of stone *mf* stand in the

23

f *mf*

27

de - sert. *f* Near them, on the sand, half sunk, *mf* a

27

mp *f*

31 shat - tered vi - sage lies, *p* whose frown, and wrin - kled lip, *mf* and

mf *mp* *pp*

35 sneer of cold com - mand *f* tell that its sculp - tor well those pas - sions read,

mp *mf*

38 which yet sur - vive, *ff* stampt on this life - less things the hand that mockt them, and the heart that fed.

f *ff*

2011 © Alexander Feht

43

(*ff*)

f

48

p

53

p And on the pe des - tal *pp* these

53

pp

pp

Meno mosso, rubato

57 words ap - pear: *fff* "My name is O - zy-man - di -

ppp *fff*

61 as, King of Kings! Look on my works, ye Migh-ty, and de - spair! and des -

65 pair!"

A tempo

ff

Meno mosso, rubato

A tempo

70

pp No - thing be - side re - main. Round the de - cay *p* of that co-los - sal wreck,

f *pp* *p*

74

bound - less and bare the

79

lone and le - - - - vel sands *pp* stretch

pp

sub. molto rit.

a tempo

84

far a - way...

84

ppp

89

pppp

Adagio

Ped.

2011 © Alexander Feht

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht
Edited January 31 1999 in Colorado

Molto sostenuto ♩= 44

1

pp

pp

pp

Con ped.

7

p

mp

10

p

pp

voce rubato, legatissimo

13

mf The foun - tains min - gle with the ri - ver, and the ri - ver with the

mp

mf

2011 © Alexander Feht

o - cean, the winds of hea - ven mix for - e - ver with a sweet e - mo - tion;

16

accelerando

19

mp

mf

Molto piu mosso

molto accelerando

22

p

mp

Agitato

25

mf

senza ritenuto

A tempo

f No - thing in the world is sin - gle; all things by a law di - vine in

28

f

mf

one an - o - ther be - ing min - gle— *mf* why not I with thine? *pp* Why not I with thine?

31

mp

p

pp

pp

mf Why not I with thine?

34

mp

2011 © Alexander Feht

37

mf See the moun - tains kiss high hea - ven, and the waves clasp one an -

p

mf

3

o - ther; no sis - ter flower would be for - gi - ven, if it dis - dained its bro - ther;

40

43

accelerando

mp

mf

Molto piu mosso

molto accelerando

46

p

mp

Agitato

49

mf

A tempo

senza ritenuto

f

And the sun - light clasps the earth, and the moon beams kiss the sea —

52

f

mf

3

2011 © Alexander Feht

What are all these kis - sings worth, *mf* if thou kiss not me? *pp* If thou kiss not me?

55

mp *pp*

p *pp*

mf If thou kiss not me?

58

mp *p*

Molto sostenuto

62

pp *pp* *pp* *ppp*

Con ped.

2011 © Alexander Feht

MUTABILITY I

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Andante, rubato

a tempo *rit.*

1 *mp* The flower that smiles to-day, *p* to - mor - row

rit.

p *mp* *p*

a tempo *a tempo*

5 dies, *mf* all that we wish to stay, tempts, and then flies; *f* What is this world's de-light? Light-ning that mocks the

f *rit.* *p* *f* *ff* *mf*

mf *f* *p* *f* *ff* *mf*

rit. *a tempo* *a tempo*

9 *p* night, brief even as bright. *mf* Vir - tue, how

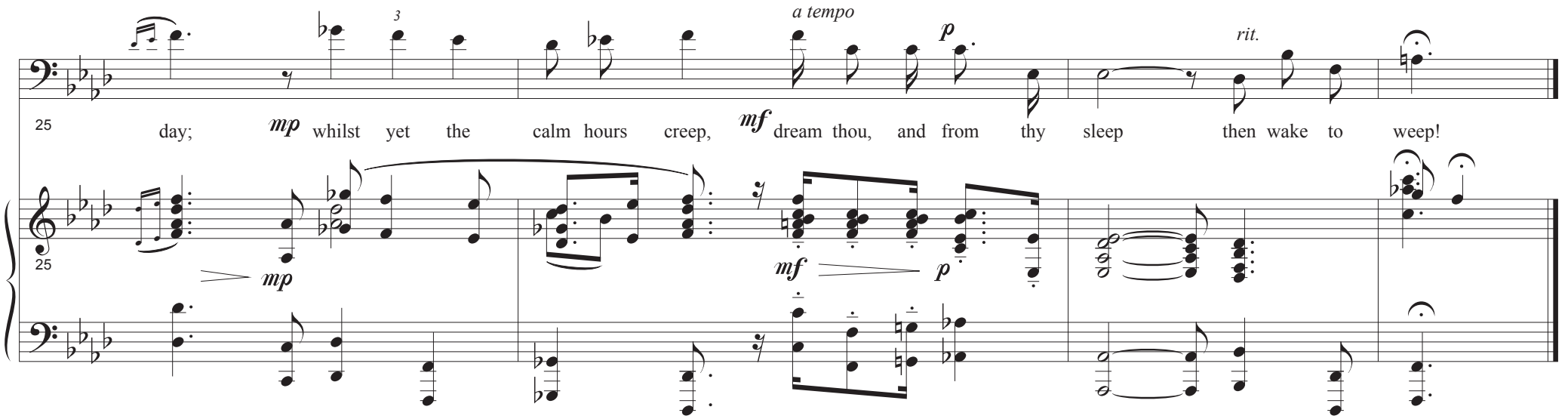
p *p* *rit.* *mf*

2011 © Alexander Feht

13 frail it is! Friend - ship too rare! Love, how it sells poor bliss for proud dis - pair! But we, though

17 soon they fall, sur - vive their joy and all which ours we call.

21 Whilst skies are blue and bright, whilst flowers are gay, whilst eyes that changed ere night make glad the



2011 © Alexander Feht

MUTABILITY II

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Andante con moto, legato

pochissimo stringendo

1

p We are as clouds that veil the mid - night moon: how rest - less - ly they speed, and gleam, and

pp

p *sempre legatissimo*

pp

sfz

Con ped.

Ped.

a tempo

5

qui - ver, *mp* strea - king the dark - ness ra - di - ant - ly! *p* yet soon *pp* night clo - ses round, and they are

poco piu tranquillo

p

mp

p *pp*

p

rit.

Piu vivo che andante

9

lost for - e - ver: *pp* Or like for - got - ten lyres, whose dis - sonant strings give

p

pp

sfz

13 vari - ous res - ponse to each va - ry - ing blast, *mp* to whose frail frame no se - cond mo - tion brings *mf* one

17 mood or mo - du - la - tion like the last. *mf* We rest — *p* a dream has power to poi - son sleep; *mf* we rise — one wan-dering

21 thought pol - lutes the day; *mf* we feel, con - ceive or rea - son, laugh or weep; *mp* em - brace fond woe, *p* or

Andante con moto, legato

25

p

cast our cares a - way;

f It is the same! for, be it joy or sor - row, the

mf

pochissimo stringendo

29

path of this de - par - ture still is free!

a tempo

f Man's yes - ter - day may ne'er be like his mor - row;

sfz *sfz*

Ped.

32

f nought may en - dure but Mu - ta - bi - li - - - ty.

rit.

mp *mp* *p* *pp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

HYMN OF APOLLO

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Molto tenuto

1 *mp* The slep - less hours, who watch me as I lie, cur-tained with star - en - wo-ven ta - pe-stries,

pp

f *pp* *mp* *pp* *mp*

Con ped.

Poco piu mosso

6 *mp* from the broad moon - light of the sky fan - ning the bu - sy dreams from my dim eyes —

Piu mosso

f wa - ken me, when their mo-ther, the grey Down

legato *f*

rit.

Con moto

9 tell them that dreams and that the Moon is gone. *ff* Then I a - rise, and climb-ing Heavens blue Dome, *mf* I walk o - ver the moun-tains and the waves,

ff *leggiero* *mf*

2011 © Alexander Feht

13 *mp* lea - ving my robe u - pon the o - cean foam; my foot - steps pave the clouds with fire, the caves are filled with my bright pre - sence, and the air

ff *mf*

Allegro

16 *mp* leaves the green Earth to my em - bra - ces bare; the sun-beams are my shafts, with which I kill de - ceit that loves the night and fears the

p

poco meno mosso

20 day; all men who do or even i - ma - gine ill fly me, and from the glo - ry of my ray, *ff* good

mf *f* *ff*

a tempo

Molto tenuto

25 minds and o - pen ac-tions take new might, *mf* un - til di - mi-nished by the reign of night. *mp* I

25

mf *f* *pp* *mp*

Poco piu mosso

31 feed the clouds, the rain-bows and the flowers *pp* with their e - the - real co - lors, the Moons globe, *mf* and the pure stars in their e - ter - nal bowers are

31 *legato*

pp *mf*

Poco piu mosso

34 cinc-tured with my power as with a robe; *f* what - e - ver lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine, are por-tions of mypower, which is

34

f

2011 © Alexander Feht

Con moto

rit.

37 mine. I stand at ***ff*** noon u - pon the peak of Heaven, ***mp*** then with un - wil - ling steps I wan - der down,

Meno mosso

40 ***p*** in - to the clouds of the At - lan - tis even; ***pp*** for grief that I de - part them weep and frown: what look is more de - light - ful then the smile

Allegro

43 with which I soothe them from the wes - tern isle? ***f*** I am the eye with which the U - ni - verse be - holds it - self, and knows it - self di -

Molto moderato

47 vine, all har - mo - ny of in - stru - ments or verse, all pro - phe - cy, all me - di - cine are mine, *ff* all light of art or na-ture —

ff

Allegro

Molto tenuto

Allegro

53 to my song Vic - to - ry and praise in their own right be-long!

ff *pp* *fff* *sfz* *sfz*

2011 © Alexander Feht

HYMN OF PAN

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Vivace

p

Con ped.

mp

mf

mp

mf

f *mp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

18

mp From the fo - rests and high - lands we come, we come;

21

from the ri - ver - girt *mf* is - lands where land waves are dumb,

mf

23

mp liste-ning to my sweet *mf* pi - pings.

mp *mf* *mp*

poco rit.

Poco meno mosso

26

mp The winds in the reeds

26

p *pp* *p*

p

31 and the ru - shes, the bees on the

31

mf *mp* *p*

p

poco acc.

Poco piu mosso

36 bells of thyme,

mf the

36

mp

2011 © Alexander Feht

40 birds in the myr - - - - tle bu - - - shes, the ci -

ancora acc.

44 cale a - bove in the lime,

Piu mosso

47 *mf* and the li - zards be - low in the

mf

50 grass, *mp* were as si - - - - lent as

poco rit.

53 e - ven old Tmo - - - lus was, *mf* liste - ning to

piu rit.

56 my sweet pi - pings.

2011 © Alexander Feht

Molto meno mosso

59

mp

p

Tempo primo (Vivace)

62

mp

Li - - - - - - - - quid Pe - - - - -

rallentando

62

p

mp

p

65

ne - - - - - - - - us was flow - - - - - - - -

65

68 ing, and all dark Tem - - - - pe

acc. **Poco piu mosso**

72 lay *mf* in Pe - - - - - - - - li - - - on's

mp *mf* *mp*

75 sha - - - - - - dow, out - - - grow - - - - - - ing *f* the

mf *f* *mf*

2011 © Alexander Feht

acc.

79 light of the dy - - - ing day,

Ancora piu mosso

molto rit.

Poco piu mosso di tempo primo

83 *mp* speed - ed by my *mf* sweet pi - pings. *p* The Si -

86 le - ni, and Syl - vans, and Fauns, *mp* and the Nymphs of the winds and

poco accelerando

89 waves, *mf* to the edge of the moist ri - ver lawns, and the

mf *mp* *mf* *mf*

poco rit.

Poco meno mosso

92 brink of the dew - - - y caves, *f* and all that did then at -

f *mf*

Ancora meno mosso

ritenuto

95 tend and fol - low, *p* were si - lent with love, as *mf* you now, *f* A - pol - lo, with

p *mp* *mf* *f* *pp* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

2011 © Alexander Feht

molto ritenuto

Tempo primo (Vivace)

98 en - vy of my sweet pi - pings! *ff* I sang of the

98

ff

101 dan - - - - - cing stars! I

101

3 3 3

104 sang of the doe - - - - - - dal Earth!

104

3 3

Poco meno mosso

poco rit. *piu rit.*

107 *fff* and of Heaven, and of gi - antwars, *ffff* and

rallentando

Poco piu animato

molto ritenuto

110 Love, and Death, and Birth! *p* and then I chan - ged my pi - pings…

Adagio doloroso

114 *mp* Sing - ing how down the vale of Me - na - lus I pur - sued a mai - den, and clas - ped a reed: *f* gods and

lento, cantando

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu mosso

118 men, we are all de - lu - ded thus, *f* it breaks in our bo-som, *mf* and then we bleed: all

122 wept, *pp* as I think both ye now would if en - vy or age had not fro - zen your blood, *mp* at the

Ancora piu mosso

126 sor - row of my sweet pi - pings…

130

rallentando

pp

p

Tempo primo (Vivace)

133

136

mp

139

mf

f

ff

mf

142

p

145

mp *mf* *f* *mp*

148

pp From the fo - rests and high - lands *ppp* we

poco rit.

148

pp *ppp*

molto ritenuto

Adagio

150

come, we *pppp* come…

150

pppp *pp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

LIBERTY

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Precipitato, grave

1

pp *p* *p* *mp* *mf*

Con ped.

14

ff The fi - e - ry moun - tains ans - wer each o - ther, their thun - derings are

14

f *ff*

22 e - choed from zone to zone, the tem - pes - tous o - ceans a - wake one a - no - ther, and the ice - rocks

22

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu sostenuto

fff

30 are sha - ken round win - ter's zone when the cla - ri - on of the Ty - phoon

30

fff

A tempo

38 is blown —

38

ff

46

54

fff

61 *ff* From a sin - gle cloud the ligh - tening

70 fla - - - shes whilst a thou - sand isles are il - lu - mined a -

79 round; *f* Earth - quake is tramp - - ling one ci - ty to a - - - shes. *ff* and hund - red are shud - dering and

2011 © Alexander Feht

88 tot - tering; *ff* the sound is bel - - - - lowing un - der ground.

ff *f*

97

f *mf*

Sostenuto, solenne

poco rit.

106 *mp* But kee - - - - - ner

mp *p*

115 thy gaze than the light - - - - - tening's glare,

2 gliss.

125 *p* and swif - - - - - ter thy step *pp* than the earth -

2

pp

ppp

135 quake's tramp, *p* thou deaf - - - - - nest the rage of

p *mp* *mf*

mp *mf*

2011 © Alexander Feht

145 *f* the *ff* o - - - - - cean, *mf* thy stare makes

145 *f* *ff* *f* *mf*

154 blind the vol - - *f* ca - - - - - - - - - noes;

154 *f*

163 the sun's bright lamp

163

171 *ff* to thine is a fen - - - - fire damp.

171 *ff*

A tempo

178 *ff* From bil - low and moun - - tain and ex - ha - la - tion the

178 *fff* *ff secco*

184 sun - light is dar - ted through va - pour and blast, from spi - rit to spi - rit, from

184

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu sostenuto

190 na - tion to na - tion, from ci - ty to ham - let thy dow - ning is cast, *f* and

190

f

196 ty - - - rants and slaves are like sha - - - -

196

201 dows of night

201

206

ff in the van of the mor - - - - - - ning

206

ff

212

light!

212

rit.

218

Meno mosso

A tempo

p

ff

2011 © Alexander Feht

226

232

ff

mf

Con ped.

239

f

mf

f

247

mf

mf

mp

256

mf

f

2

265

fff in the van of the mor - - - - ning light!

265

ff

2

(falzetto)

rallentando

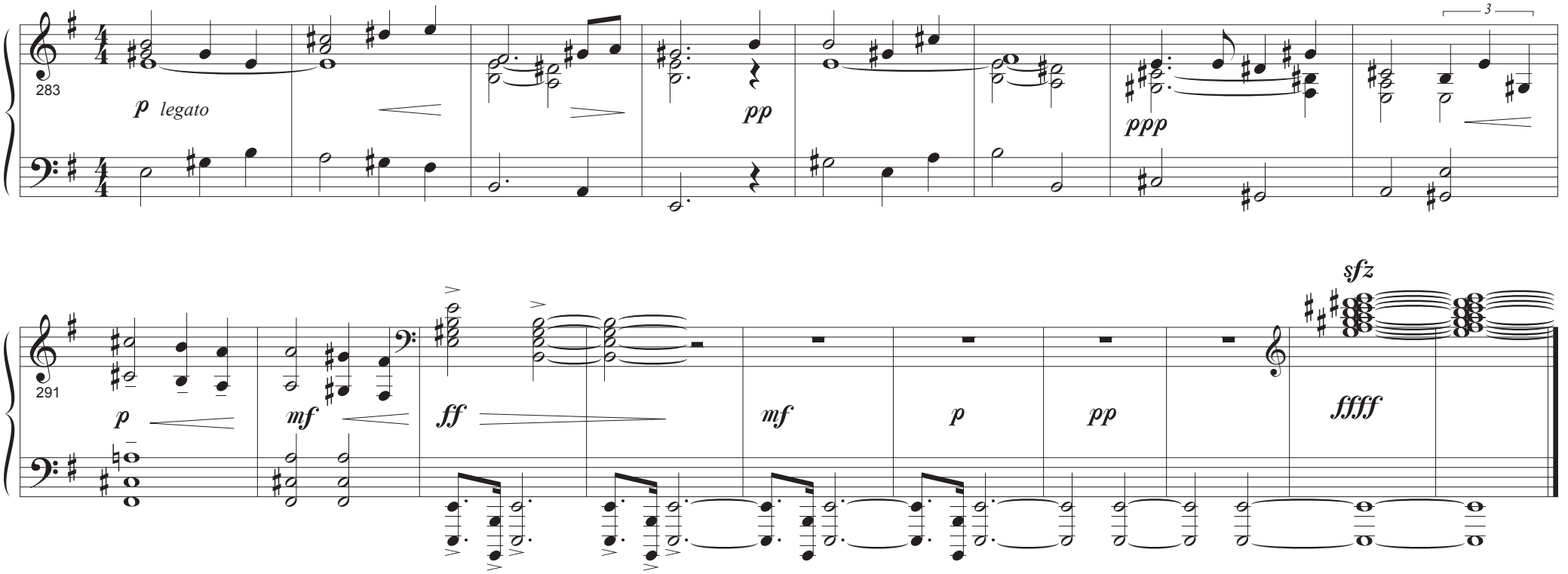
274 *p* in the van *pp* of the mor - - - - ning light!

274

pp

2011 © Alexander Feht

Adagio



2011 © Alexander Feht

DEATH

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Tardo, desolato ma con moto

pp

Con ped.

p

mp *mf* *f*

Poco piu mosso

ff

Ancora piu mosso

mf

f

Tempo primo

f They die — *mf* the dead re - turn not; *p* Mi - se - ry *p* sits

ff

f

mf

p

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu mosso

18 near on o - pen grave, *mf* and calls them o - ver, *mf* a Youth with hoa - ry hair and hag - gard eye — *mp* they

Ancora piu mosso

23 are the names of kind - red, friend, *mf* and lo - ver, which he so feeb - ly called, — *p* they all are gone! *mp* Fond wretch,

Con moto

28 *mf* all dead, those va - cant names *f* a - lone, *ff* this most fa - mi - liar thing, my pain, those tombs a - lone re - main.

ff cantando

Meno mosso

34

mf

p

pp

p

40

rit.

Tempo primo

p

Ped.

Ped.

Poco piu mosso

47

mp

mf

f

ff

52

f

Ancora piu mosso

mf

2011 © Alexander Feht

Tempo primo

55

mf Mi - se - ry, *p* my swee - test friend, *pp* oh, weep no more!

55

ff *f* *mf* *p* *pp* *mp*

Poco piu mosso

62

mp Thou wilt not be con - soled — I won - der not! *f* *p* For I have seen thee from thy dwel - ling's door watch the

62

f *p* *pp*

67

p calm sun - set with them, and this spot *mf* was even as bright and calm, *p* but *pp* tran - si - to - ry, and

67

p *mf* *p* *pp*

Ancora piu mosso

Con moto

72 now, *mp* thy hopes *mf* are gone, *f* thy hair is hoa - ry: *ff* this most fa - mi - liar scene, my pain — these

mp *mf* *f* *ff* *cantando*

Meno mosso

77 tombs a - lone re - main.

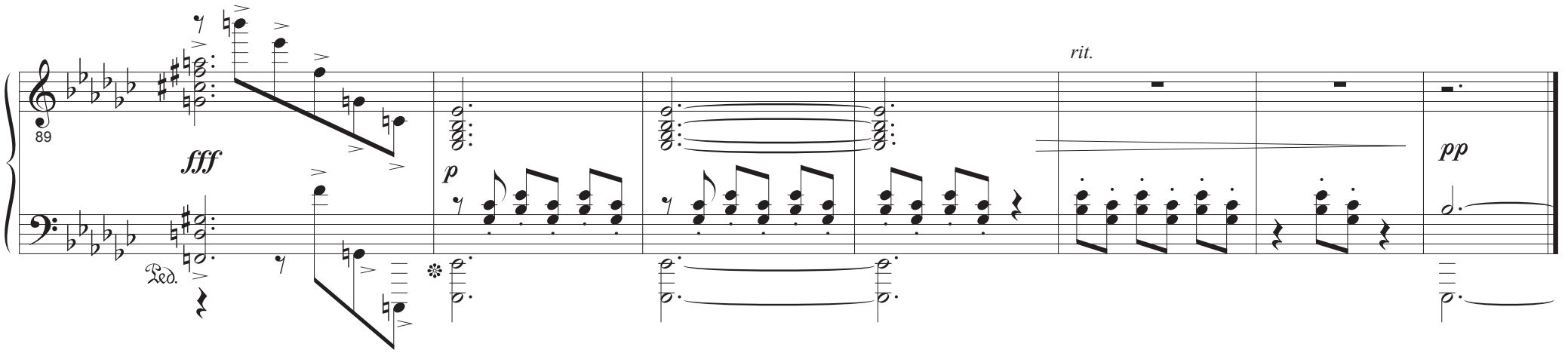
f *mp* *mf* *f*

Tempo primo

82 *p* *p* *p*

Ped. Ped.

2011 © Alexander Feht


89
fff
Ped.
p
rit.
pp

2011 © Alexander Feht

MY FAINT SPIRIT

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Con moto

pp *molto leggiero*

6 *p* My faint spi - rit was sit - ting in the light of thy looks, *p* my love:

mf *mf* *p*

11 it pan - ted for thee *mp* like the hind at noon, *f* for the brooks *mp* my love: *f* thy

mp *f* *mp* *f*

2011 © Alexander Feht

Pochissimo meno mosso

15 barb whose hoofs out - speed the tem - pest's blight *p* bore thee far *pp* from me; *pp* my heart for

rit.

A tempo

20 my week feet were wea - ry soon did com - pa - nion thee; *ppp* Ah... *mf* Flee - ter for the flee - test storm or

26 *f* steed, *p* or the Death they bear; *f* the heart which ten - der thought clo - thes like a dove with the wings of

acc. rit. poco rit.

32 care! ff in the bat - tle, mf in the dark-ness, in the need mf shall my cling to f thee! mf nor claim one smile for all the

piú rit. A tempo

38 com - fort, love p it may bring to thee...

rit.

2011 © Alexander Feht

BRIDAL SONG

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Semplice, largo

pp *p* *mp* *pp*

Con ped.

7 *p* The gol - den gates of sleep un - bar *mp* where Strength and Beau - ty

p *mp*

13 *mf* met to - ge - ther — *pp* kind - ly their i - mage like a star in a sea *ppp* at glos - sy wea - ther... *mp* Night, with all thy stars look

Poco piú mosso

mf *pp* *ppp* *mp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

19

down! Dark - ness, weep thy ho - liest dew! *mf* Ne - ver smiled the in - con - stant moon *mp* on a pair so

rit.

p *p* *mf* *mp* *p* *mp*

A tempo

24

true. *pp* Let eyes not see their own de - light — *mp* Haste, swift Hour, *mf* and thy flight aft re - new...

pp *mp* *mf*

Poco piú mosso

30

f

3

36

f Fai - ries, sprites, and an - gels, keep her! Ho - ly stars, per - mit no wrong! *mf* And re - turn to

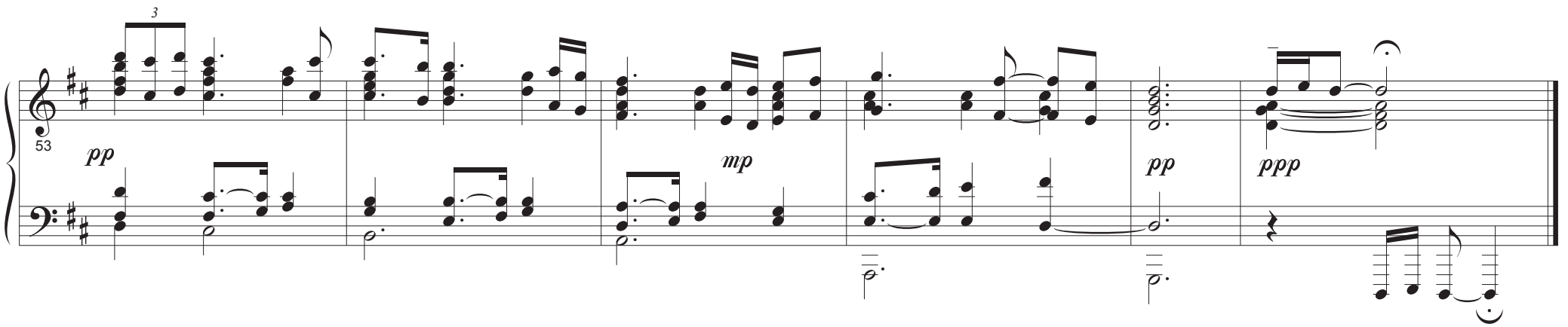
42

wake the slee - per, *mp* Dawn, ere it be long. *pp* O joy, o fear! What will be done

47

in the ab - sence of the sun — *ppp* Come a - long! *pppp* Come a - long...

2011 © Alexander Feht


3
53
pp
mp
pp
ppp

2011 © Alexander Feht

MUSIC

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Moderato, con moto

1 I pant for the mu - sic, which is di - vine, my heart in its thirst is a dy - ing

5 flo - wer. Pour forth the sound, like en - chan - ted wine, loo - sen the notes in a

Piu mosso

9 sil - ver shower; like a herb - less plain, for the gen - tle rain, I gasp—

2011 © Alexander Feht

ritenuto

a tempo di piu mosso

12 I faint, till they wake a - gain — Let me drink of the spi - rit of

15 that sweet sound, More, o more, I am thirs - - ting yet! — It

Poco meno mosso

Piu mosso

18 loo - sens the ser - pent, which care has bound up - on my heart to stifle it — The dis -

ritenuto

22 sol - ving strain thro' eve - ry vein pas - ses in - to my heart and brain!

f

Tempo primo

stretto *a tempo*

25 *pp* As a scent of a vio - let with-ered up, which grew by the brink of a sil - ver lake —

pp

Piu mosso

p *stretto* *mp* *mf* *piu mosso* *f* *pp*

30 when the hot noon has drained its dew - y cup, and mist there was none its thirst to slake — and the

p *mp* *mf* *f* *pp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

ritenuto

34 vio - let lay dead, while the o - dor flew on the wing of the wind o'er the

pp *pp*

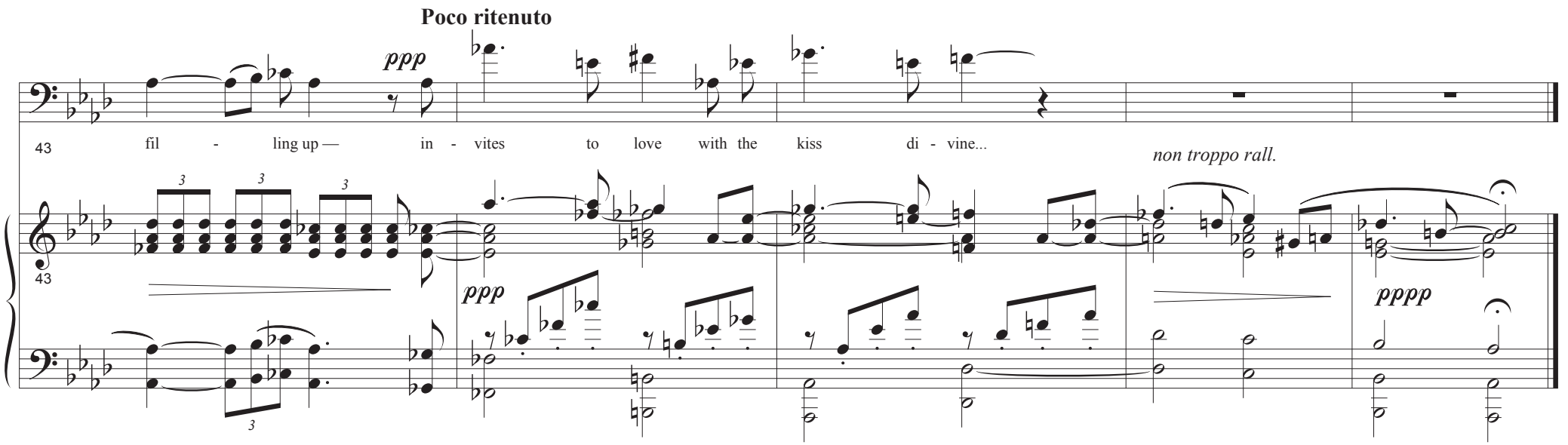
a tempo di piu mosso

37 wa - ters blue... As one, who drinks from a char - med cup of

p *mp* *pp* *p*

40 foa - - - ming and spark - - - ling and mur - - - mur - ing wine, whom a migh - ty En-chan - - - tress

mp *pp* *p*



2011 © Alexander Feht

SERENADE

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Andante con moto

pp *ppp*

Con ped.

11 *p* The keen stars were twink - ling, and the fair moon was ri - sing a - mong them, dear

p *pp*

Piu mosso *poco accelerando*

20 *pp* Jane! The gui - tar was tink - ling, *p* but the notes *mp* were not *mf* sweet till you sung them a - gain —

ritenuto

pp *p* *mp* *mf* *mp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

A tempo

Piu mosso

28 *p* As the moon's soft splen - - - - dor, o'er the faint cold star - light of

28 *p*

Meno mosso

Piu mosso

35 hea - ven is thrown — *mp* so your voice most ten - - - - der *mf* to the strings with-out soul had then

35 *mp* *mf*

Molto piu mosso

43 gi - ven its own.

accelerando

43 *f*

Meno mosso

A tempo

51

ff

pp

61

mp The stars will a - wa - ken, thou' the

61

ppp

mp

p

Piu mosso

poco accelerando

72 moon - sleep a full hour la - ter to - night — *pp* no leaf will be sha - ken *p* whilst the dews *mp* of your

72

pp

p

mp

2011 © Alexander Feht

A tempo

80 me - lo - dy *mf* scat - ter de - light. *ritenuto* *f* Tho' the sound o - ver -

Piu mosso

Meno mosso

87 po - - - - - wers sing a - gain with your dear voice re - vea - ling a tone *mp* of some world

Piu mosso

Molto piu mosso

94 far from o - - - - - urs, *mf* where mu - sic and moon - light and fee - ling are one...

accelerando

102

Meno mosso

A tempo

110

ff

pp

Piu mosso, alla capelli

123

fff

f

mf

p

pp

2011 © Alexander Feht

EPITAPH

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Lento funebre

Piu mosso

1

pp These are two friends, whose lives were un - di - vi - ded: *mp* So

1

pp *p* *pp* *mp*

8

let their me - mo - ry be — *p* now they have gli - ded un - der the grave... *f* Let no their bones be par - ted, *ff* for their two hearts in

8

p *f* *ff*

A tempo

15

life *mf* were sin - gle - hear - ted...

15

mf *p* *pp* *ppp* *pppp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

A LAMENT

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Adagio maestoso

voce glissando

1 *mp* Oh, world! oh, life! *p* oh, time! on whose last steps I climb, *mp* tremb - ling at that

mp *p* *mp*

Con ped.

5 where I had stood be - fore; *mf* When will re - turn the glo - ry of my prime? *pp* No more,

mf *pp*

9 o, ne - - - - ver more!

ppp *p*

2011 © Alexander Feht

13 *mp* Out of the day and night *p* a joy has ta - ken flight; *mp* fresh spring and sum -

13 *mp* *p* *mp*

16 mer, and win - - - - ter hoar, *mf* more my faint heart with grief, but with de-light — *pp* No more,

16 *mf* *pp*

20 o, ne - - - - ver more! *pppp* No more, o, ne - - - - ver more...

20 *pppp* *p*

2011 © Alexander Feht

STANZAS

Words by P. B. Shelley
Music by Alexander Feht

Allegretto chiaro

1 *mp* The sun is warm, the sky is clear, the waves are dan - cing

f *mp*

Con ped.

4 fast and bright, blue isles and sno - wy moun - tains wear the pur - ple noon's tran -

Poco piu mosso, allegro

7 pa - - - - - - - rent might, *mf* the breath of themoist

p *mf*

2011 © Alexander Feht

piu animando

10 earth is light, *mp* a - round its un - - - - ex - pan - - - - ded buds, *mf* like

mp *mf*

Molto piu mosso

13 ma - - - - ny a voice of one de - light — *p* the winds,

p

16 the birds, *mp* the o - cean floods, *mf* the ci - ty's voice it -

mp *mf*

Presto

20 self *mp* is soft like So - *mf* li - tude's.

A tempo I

24 *p* I see the Deep un - tram - pled

27 floor with green and pur - ple sea - - - weeds strown; *mp* I see the waves up - on the

2011 © Alexander Feht

30 shore, like light dis - solved in star - showers, thrown — *mf* I sit up - on the sands a -

33 lone, *mp* the light - ning of the noon - tide o - - - - - cean *mf* is fla-shinground me, and a

36 tone *mf* a - ri - ses from its mea - sured mo - tion: how sweet! did

39 a - ny heart *mp* now share in my e - mo - tion.

mp *p*

42 *mf* A -

p *f* *mf*

46 las! I have nor hope nor health, nor peace with - in nor calm a - round, nor

2011 © Alexander Feht

49 that con - tent sur - pas - sing wealth, the sage in me - di - ta - - - - - - - - tion

Poco piu mosso, allegro

52 found, *f* and wal - - - - - - ked with in - - - ward glo - ry

55 crowned, — *mp* nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor lei - sure. O - - - - thers I

piu animando

58 see whom these sur - round — *mf* smi - ling they live and call life plea - sure: to

p

mf

p

A tempo I

61 me that cup has been dealt in an - o - ther mea - sure. *mp* Yet now de - spair it - self is

mp

64 mild, even as the wind and wa - - - - ters are: *mf* I could lie down, like a ti - red

mf

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu mosso, allegro

67 child, and weep a - way the life of care, *p* which I have borne and

70 yet must bear, *pp* till death like sleep might steal on me, *mp* and

Molto piu mosso

73 I might feel in the warm air *mf* my cheek grow

76 old, and hear the sea *f* breathe o'er my dy - ing

f

Presto

80 brain its last mo - no - to - ny.

A tempo I

84 *f* Some might la - ment that I were

f

2011 © Alexander Feht

87 cold, as I when this sweet day is gone, which my lost heart, too soon grown

Poco piu mosso, allegro

90 old, in - sults whoth its un - time - - - - - - ly moan; they

93 might la - ment for I am one, whom men love not, — and

piu animando

96 yet re - gret, un - like this day, which, when the sun

A tempo I

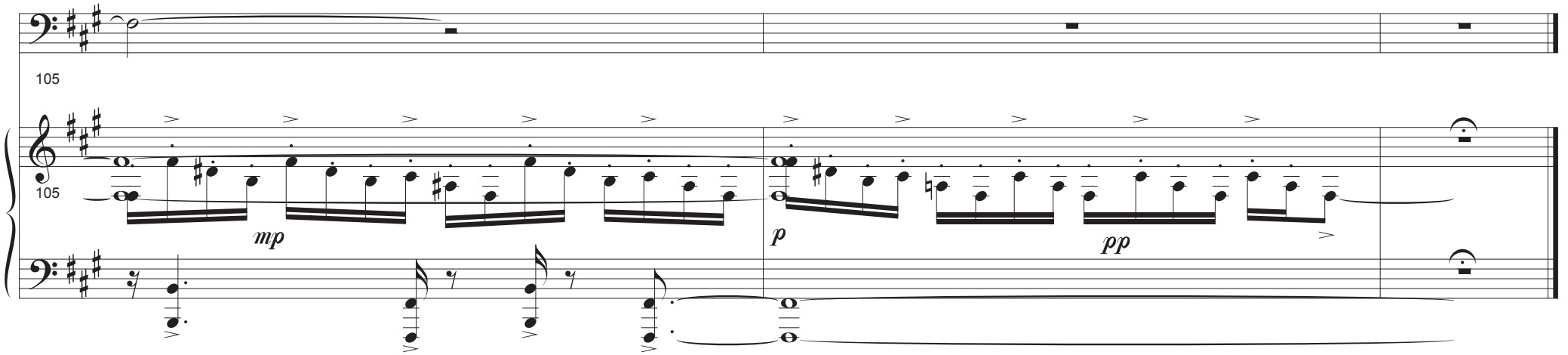
99 *mp* shall in its stain - - - - - - less *mf* glo - - - - - - - ry

Meno mosso

A tempo I

102 *f* set, *mf* will lin - ger, though en - joyed, like joy in me - mo - ry yet…

2011 © Alexander Feht


105
105
mp
p
pp

2011 © Alexander Feht

George Gordon Byron

2011 © Alexander Feht

IT MIGHT BE MONTHS...

Words by Byron
Music by Alexander Feht

Adagio, da lontano

ppp *alla capelli*

Con gran ped.

rit. - - - - - - -

Andante marciale

grave

mp It might be months, or years, or days, — I

ppp *mp*

meno ped.

tenuto

kept no count, I took no note: *pp* I had no hope my eyes to raise, and

misterioso

pp

piu ped.

2011 © Alexander Feht

pochissimo piu mosso

grave

clear them of their drea ry mote. **mf** At last men came to set me free, I

mf

mf

mf

ancora piu ped

tenuto

asked not why, I reck'd not where, — **f** It was at length the same to me — I

f

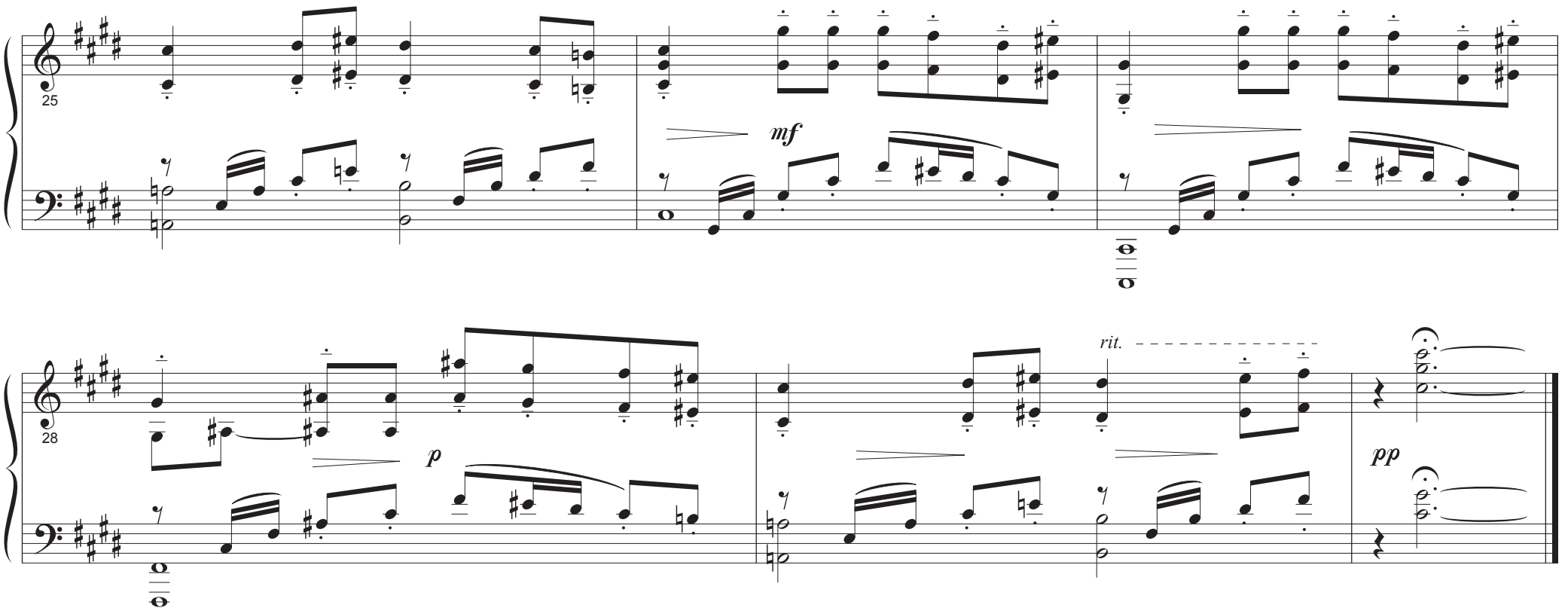
accel. - - - **Molto piu mosso**

learned to love — **ff** de - spair!

ff

ff

ff



2011 © Alexander Feht

MY SOUL IS DARK

Words by Byron
Music by Alexander Feht

Non troppo allegro, ma agitato

f My soul is dark — *mf* Oh! qui - ckly string the

f *sfz* *mf*

Con ped.

harp I yet can brook to hear; *mp* and let thy gent - - - le

mp

fin - gers fling it's mel - ting mur - murs o'er *mf* mine ear.

rit. - - - - - -

mf

2011 © Alexander Feht

Meno mosso, rubato

11

f

f

sub pp

Poco meno mosso

Piu mosso

8

p If in this heart *cresc.* a hope *f* be dear, *mp* that sound shall charm it forth a - gain:

14

p

f

mp

sfz

sfz

mf if in these eyes there lurk a tear,

f 'T will

16

mf

cresc.

f

Ancora piu mosso

flow, and cease *ff* to burn my brain

A tempo

f grave But bid the

18

ff

f grave

strain be wild and deep, nor let thy notes of joy be

20

sfz

first — I tell thee, min - strel, I must weep, *ff* or

23

2011 © Alexander Feht

rit. - - - - -

Meno mosso, rubato

else this hea - vy heart will ***ff*** burst;

ff

f

Poco meno mosso

p *cresc.* ***f***

for it has been by sor - row nursed, and

f

sub pp

p

f

sfz

Piu mosso

ached in sleep ***mf*** less si - lence long, and now it's doom'd to know the worst, ***f*** and

mf

sfz

f

Ancora piu mosso

8

break at once, or yield to song!

34

cresc.

accelerando

37

cresc.

Maestoso, meno mosso

ff

rit.

Tempo di "Meno mosso, rubato"

40

pp

rit.

2011 © Alexander Feht

IN THAT HIGH WORLD...

Words by Byron
Music by Alexander Feht

Allegro non troppo, rubato

mp In that high world, which lies be - yond our own, sur - vi - ving love en -

dures; if there the

mp

che rished heart be fond, *p* the eye the same, *pp* ex - cept in tears —

p

pp

2011 © Alexander Feht

tranquillo, da lontano

p How wel - - - - - - come these un - trod - den spheres!

26

p

Con gran ped.

p How sweet this ve - ry hour to die! To soar from earth, and

33

find all fears *mp* lost in thy light — *mf* e - ter - ni - ty!

40

mp

mf

47

mp

mf

52

mp

mp It must be so: 't is not for self that we so trem - ble on the brink; and,

57

ppp *mp*

2011 © Alexander Feht

stri - ving to o'er - leap the gulf, *p* yet cling to being's *pp* se -

65

p *pp*

ve - ring link. *mp* Oh! in that

72

mp

Con gran ped.

fu - - - - - - ture let us think to hold each heart the heart that shares;

78

with them the im - mor - - - tal wa - - - ter drink, and soul in

soul *mf* grow death - - - less theirs!

mf

mp

mf

ppp

2011 © Alexander Feht

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE...

Words by Byron
Music by Alexander Feht

Allegretto macabre

1

pp

5

pp Oh! Weep for those that wept by Ba - bel's stream, whose shrines are

8

pp

de - so - late, whose land a dream, *mp* weep for the harp of Ju - da's bro - ken shell, mourn —

11

mp

2011 © Alexander Feht

Poco piu mosso

where their God hath dwelt, the god - less dwell! *mf* And where shall Is - rael lave her

blee - ding feet? And when shall Zi - on's song a - gain seem sweet? And Ju - da's me - lo -

dy once more re - joice the heart that leaped be - fore its heaven - - ly voice? *f* Tribes

Ancora piu mosso

of the wan - dering foot and wea - ry breast, how shall ye flee a - way, and be at

rest! The wild dove has her nest, the fox his cave, man - kind their coun - try —

ff Is - rael but the grave!

2011 © Alexander Feht

John Keats

2011 © Alexander Feht

MY WINE

Words by Keats
Music by Alexander Feht

Andante
Da lontano; poco rubato

poco stretto

a tempo

poco stretto

con moto

a tempo

poco stretto

mp My wine o - ver - brims a whole

2011 © Alexander Feht

a tempo

poco stretto

sum - mer; *p* my bowl is the sky, and I drink with my eye, till I feel in the

cresc.

sfz *p*

sfz

cresc.

brain a Del - phi - an pain — then fol - low, my Cai - us, then fol - low; —

con moto

f *ff* *mp*

a tempo

ppp on the green of the hill,

pp *pp*

poco stretto

we will drink our fill *cresc.* of gol - den sun - shine, ***f*** till our

brains in - ter - twine ***ff*** with the glo - ry and grace of A - pol - lo!

a tempo

28

cresc.

f

31

ff

sfz

pp

34

ppp

ritenuto

2011 © Alexander Feht

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1. Ozymandias 5
2. Love's philosophy 13
3. Mutability I 21
4. Mutability II 25
5. Hymn of Apollo 29
6. Hymn of Pan 35
7. Liberty 51
8. Death 65
9. My faint spirit 73
10. Bridal Song 77
11. Music 83
12. Serenade 89
13. Epitaph 95
14. A Lament 97
15. Stanzas 101

George Gordon Byron

16. It might be months... 117
17. My Soul is Dark 121
18. In that high world... 127
19. Oh! Weep for those... 133

John Keats

20. My Wine 139