Peter Schaffter

♦

Three Cantos from

In Memoriam A.H.H.

(Tennyson)

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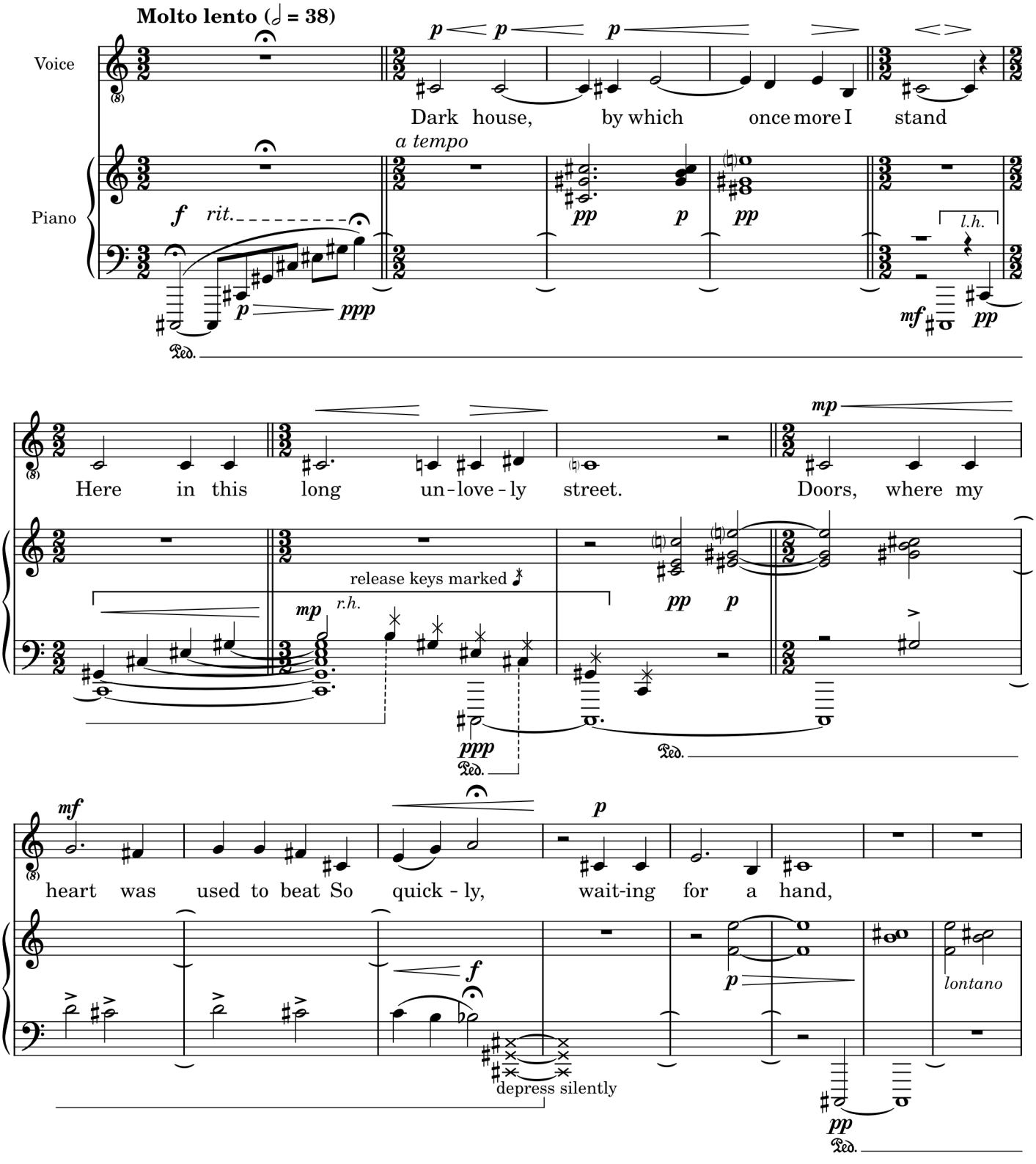
Three Cantos from
In Memoriam A.H.H.

1. Dark House



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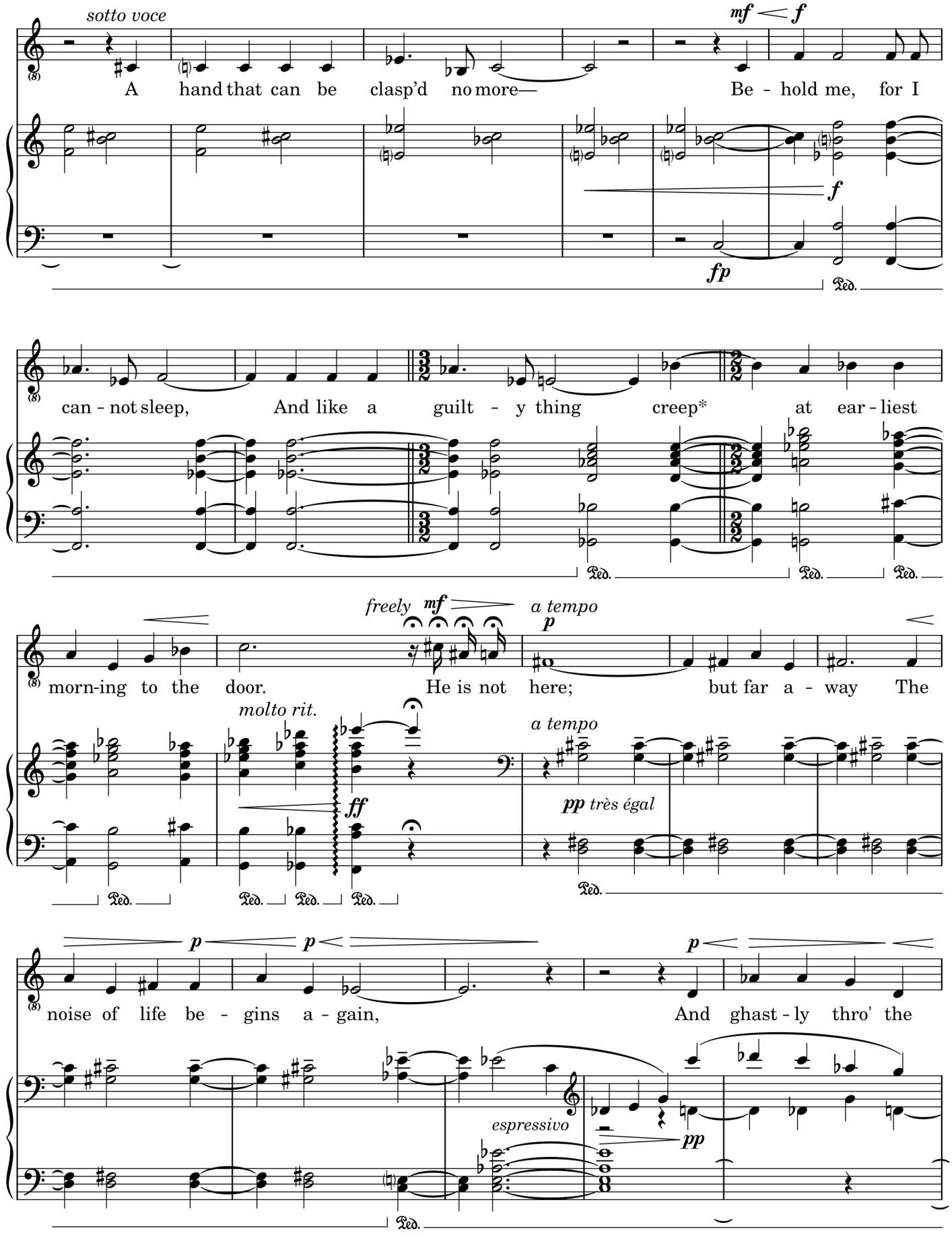
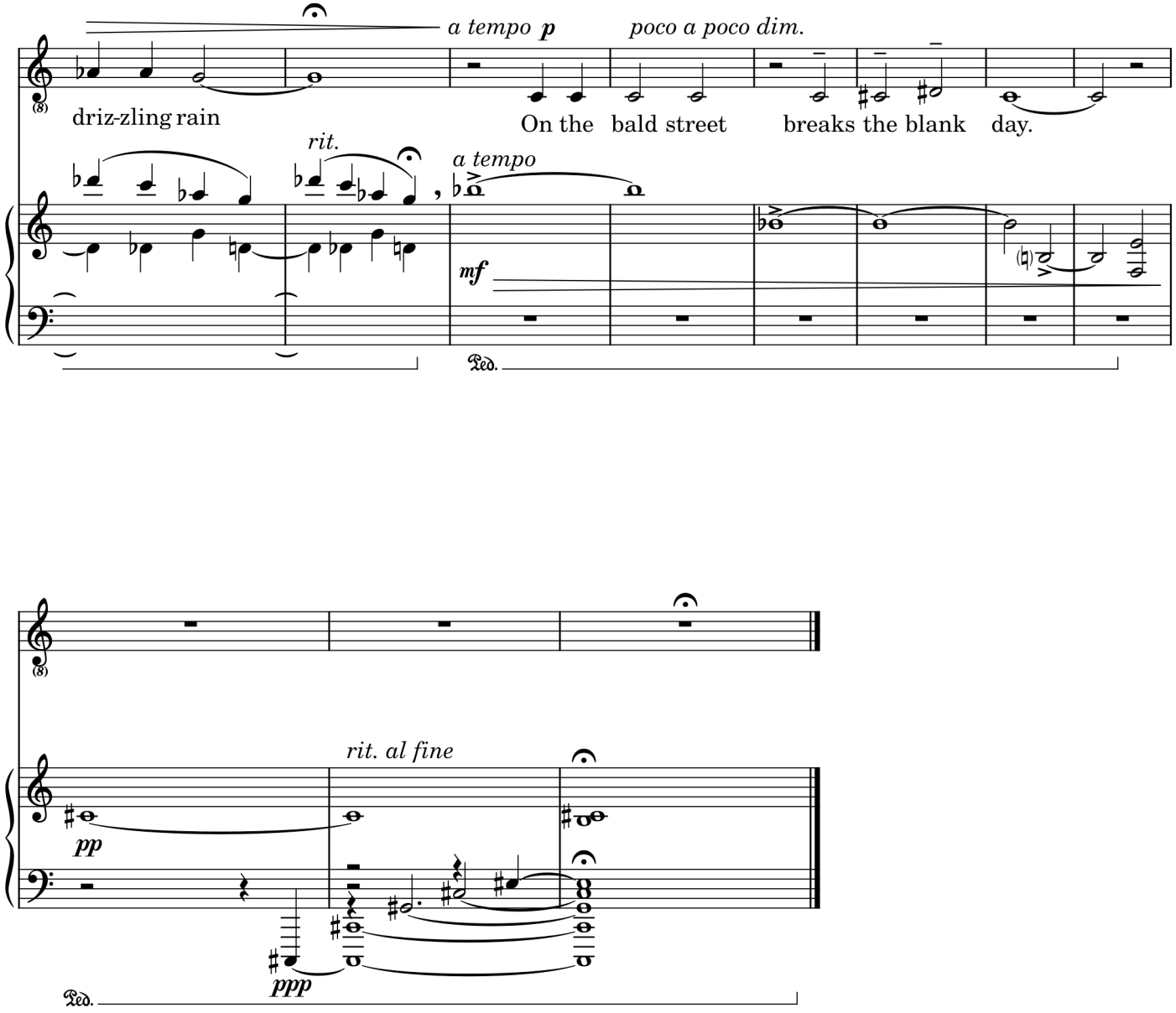
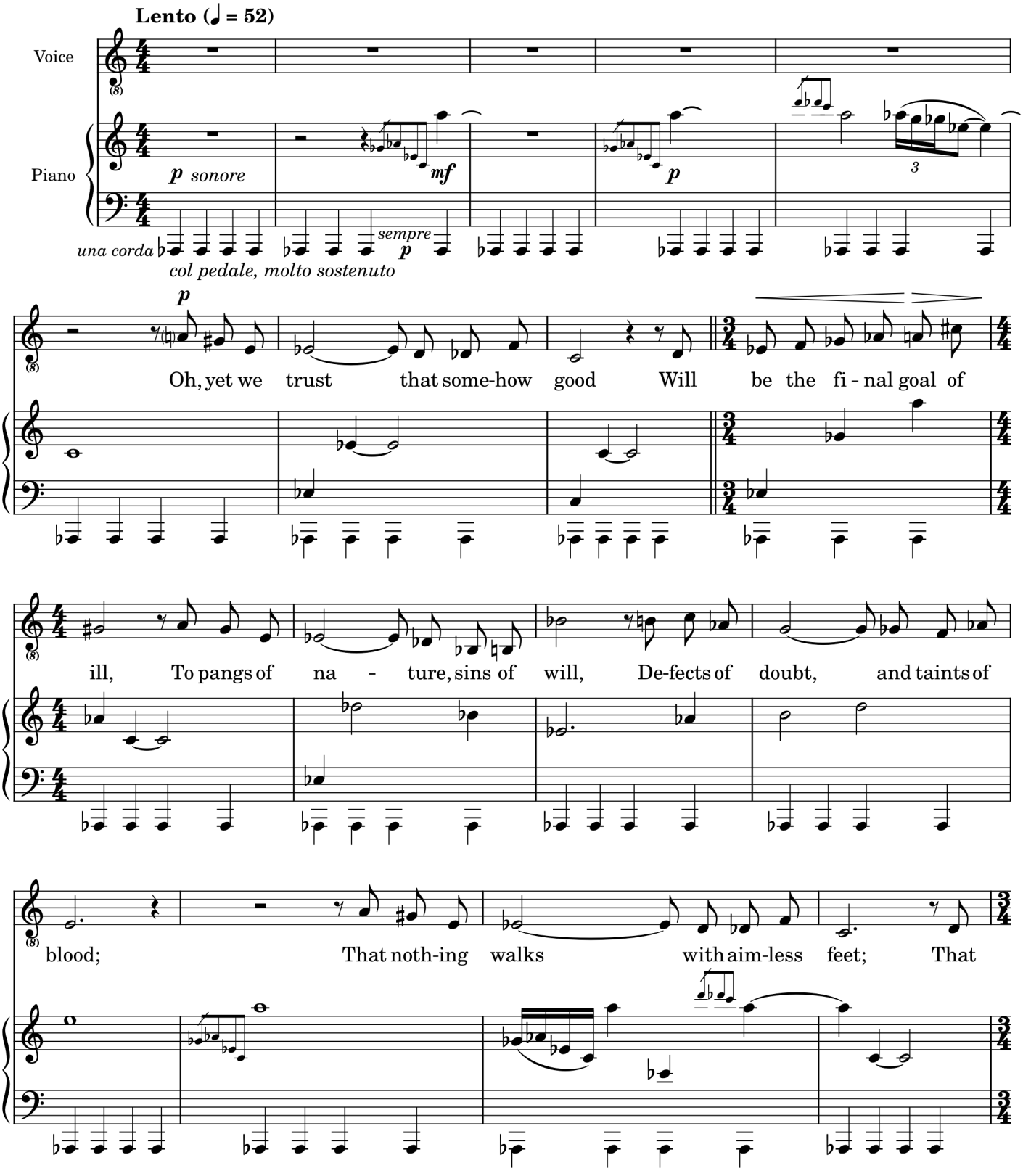
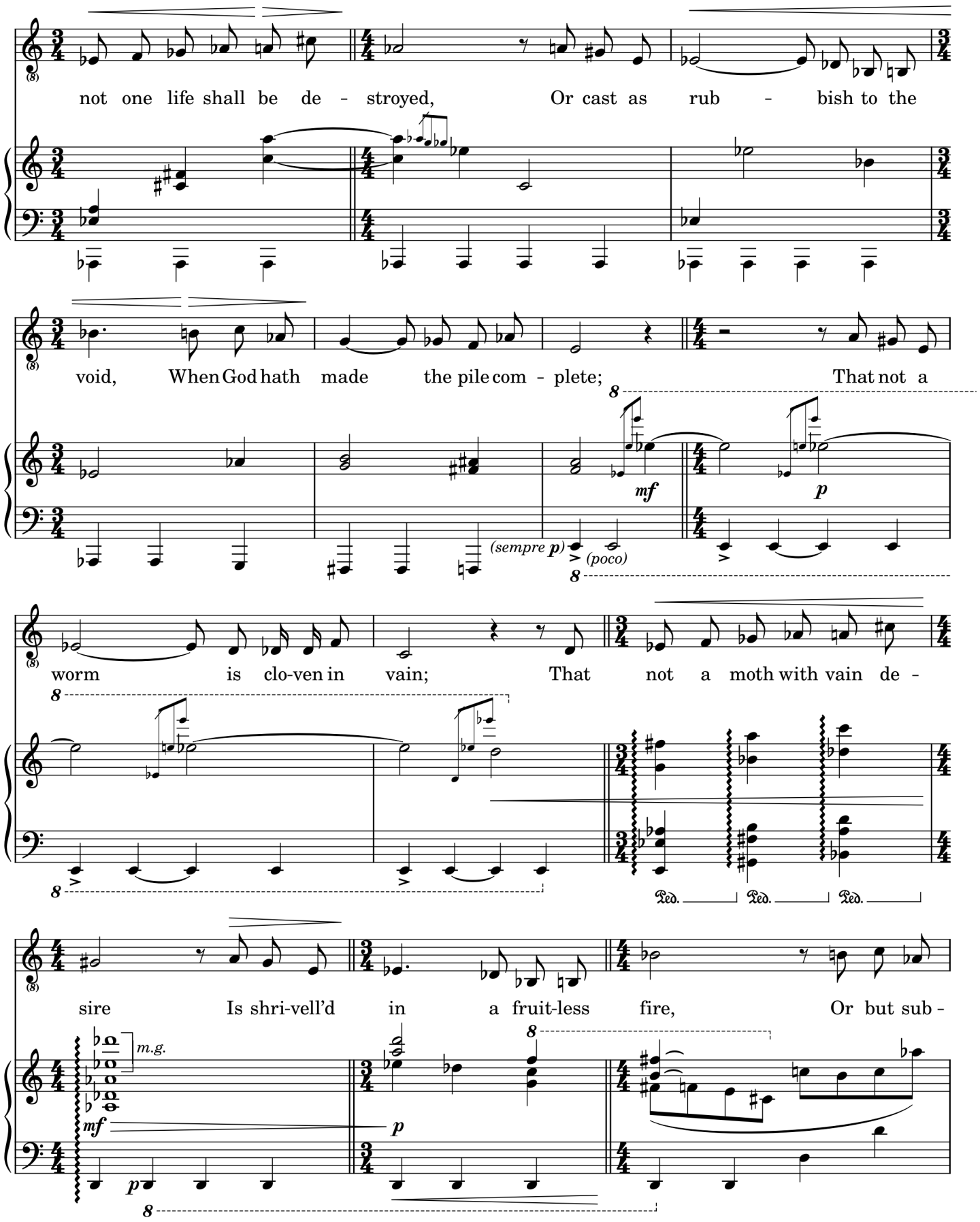


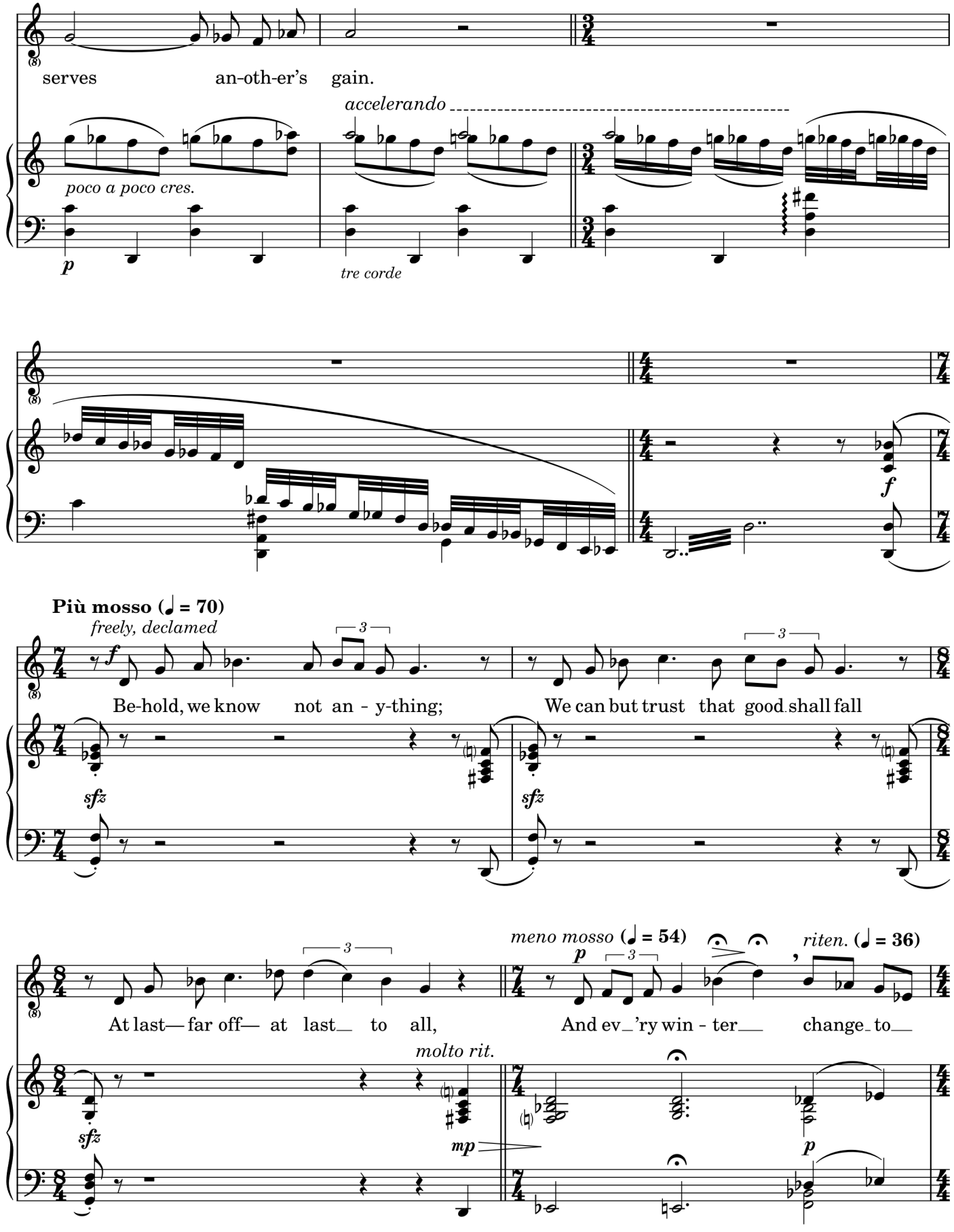
* Original text: *And like a guilty thing I creep...*

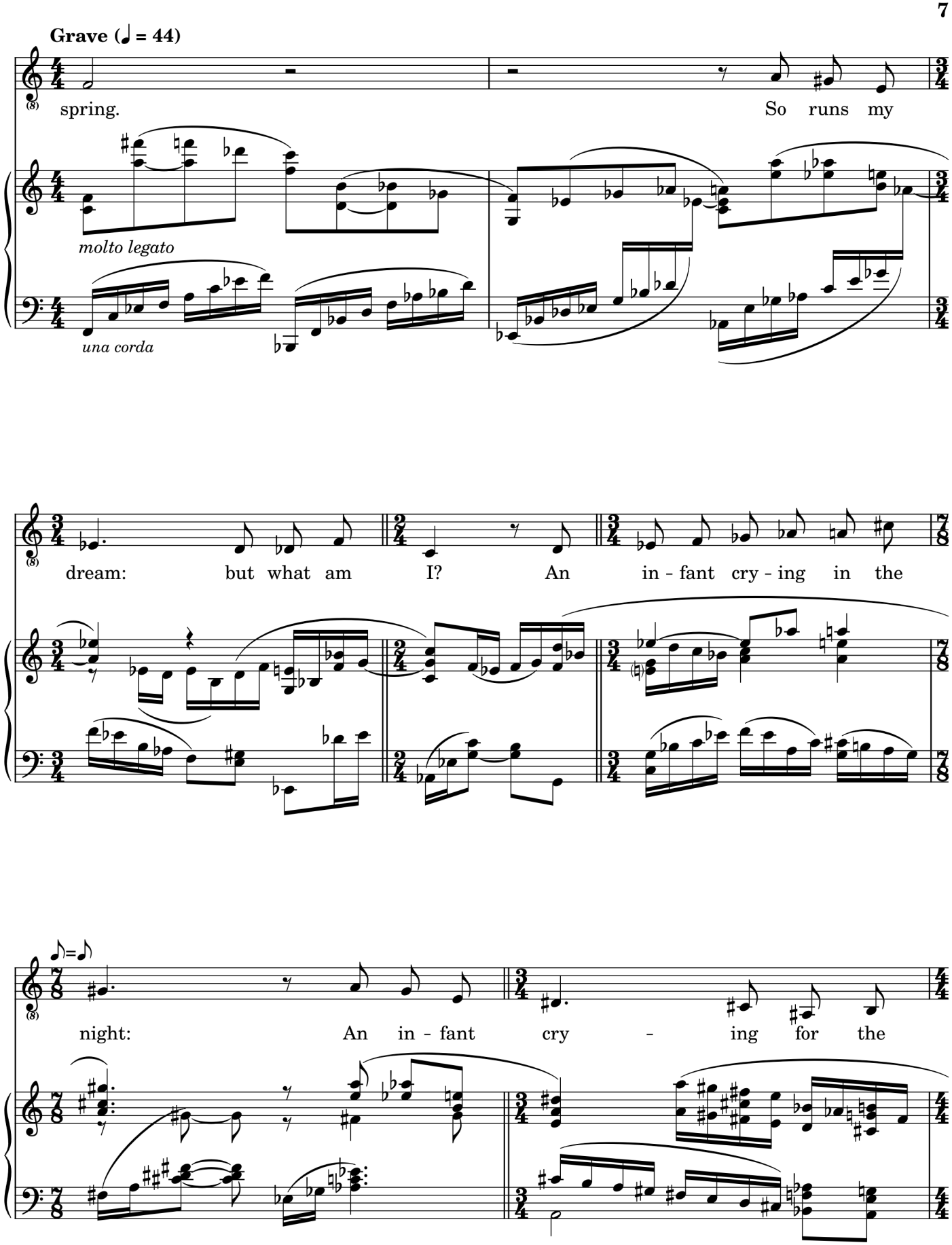

a tempo p
poco a poco dim.
driz-zling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.
rit.
a tempo
mf
Ped.
rit. al fine
pp
ppp
Ped.

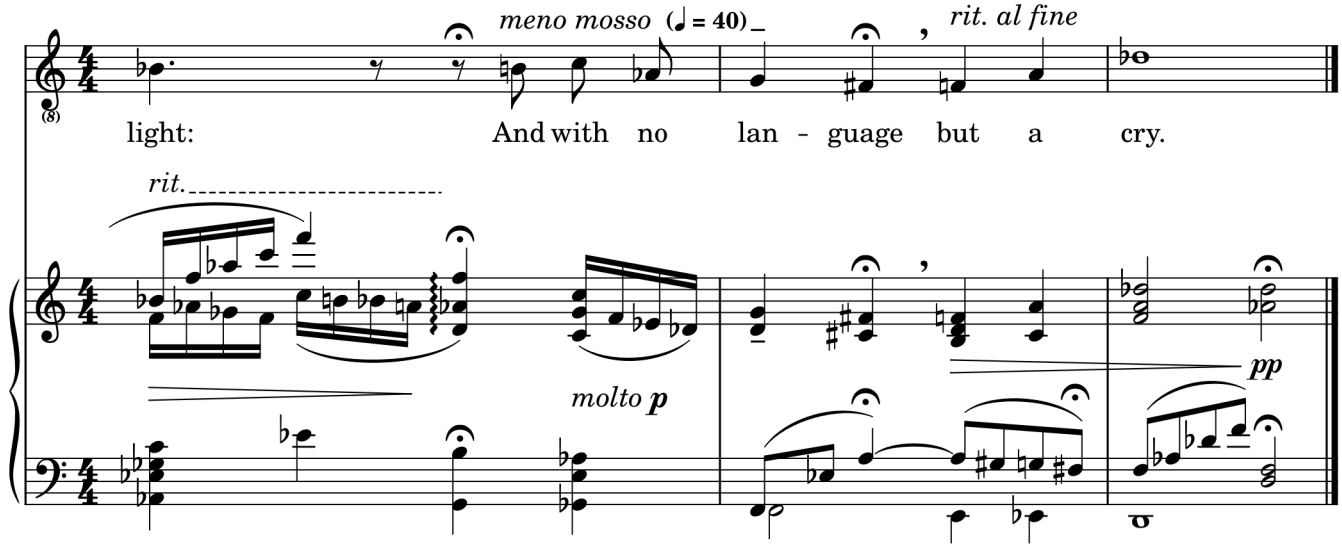
2. Oh, yet we trust



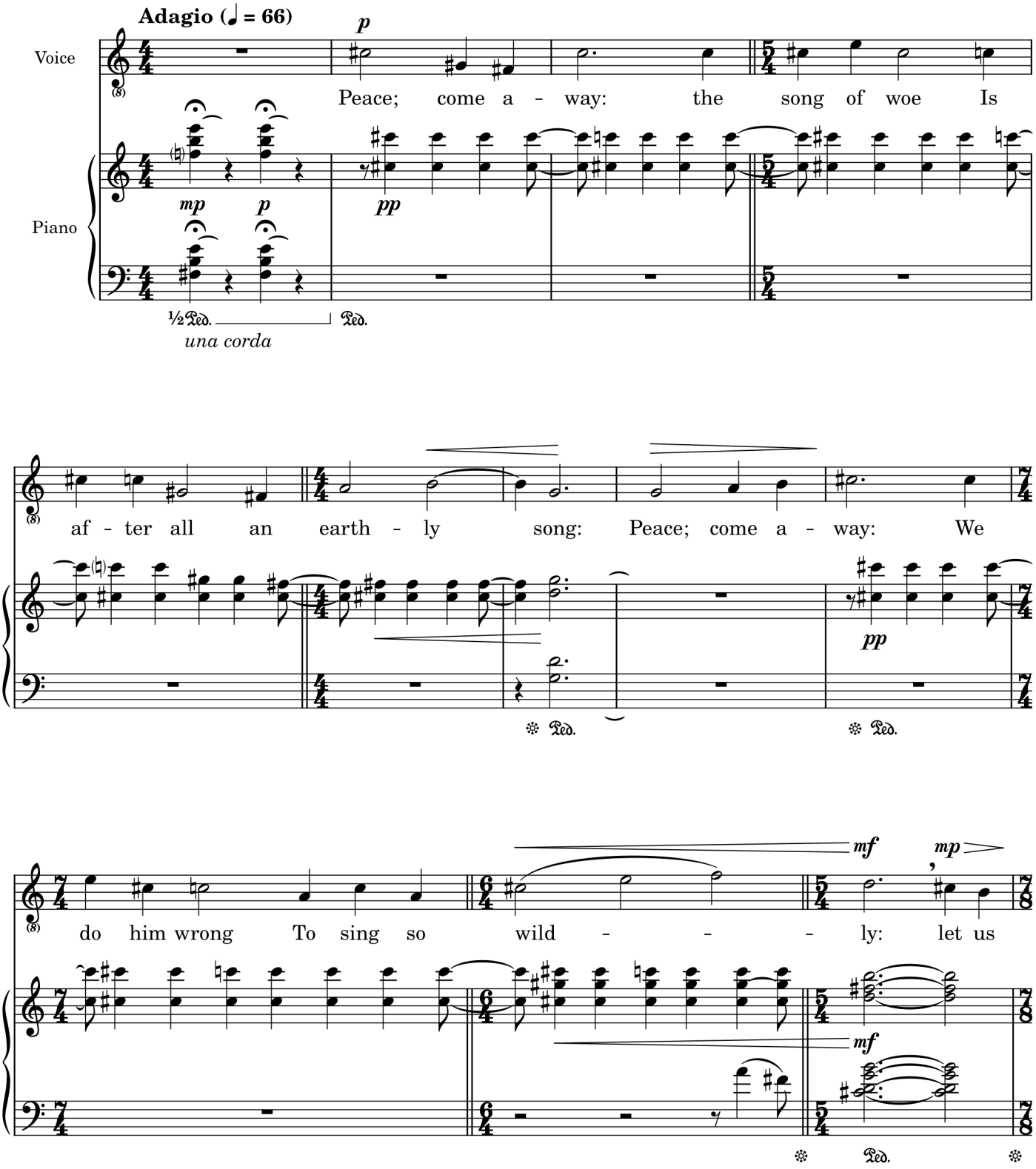

not one life shall be de - stroyed, Or cast as rub - bish to the
void, When God hath made the pile com - plete; That not a
worm is clo-ven in vain; That not a moth with vain de -
sire Is shri-vell'd in a fruit-less fire, Or but sub -
mf
p
(sempre p)
(poco)
m.g.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


serves an-oth-er's gain.
accelerando
poco a poco cres.
p
tre corde
f
Più mosso (♩ = 70)
freely, declamed
f
Be-hold, we know not an - y-thing;
We can but trust that good shall fall
sfz
sfz
meno mosso (♩ = 54)
p
riten. (♩ = 36)
At last— far off— at last to all,
And ev'ry win - ter change to
molto rit.
sfz
mp
p


Grave (♩ = 44)
spring.
So runs my
molto legato
una corda
dream:
but what am
I?
An
in - fant cry - ing in the
night:
An in - fant
cry
- ing for the


meno mosso (♩ = 40)
rit. al fine
light: And with no lan - guage but a cry.
rit.
molto p
pp

3. Peace; come away



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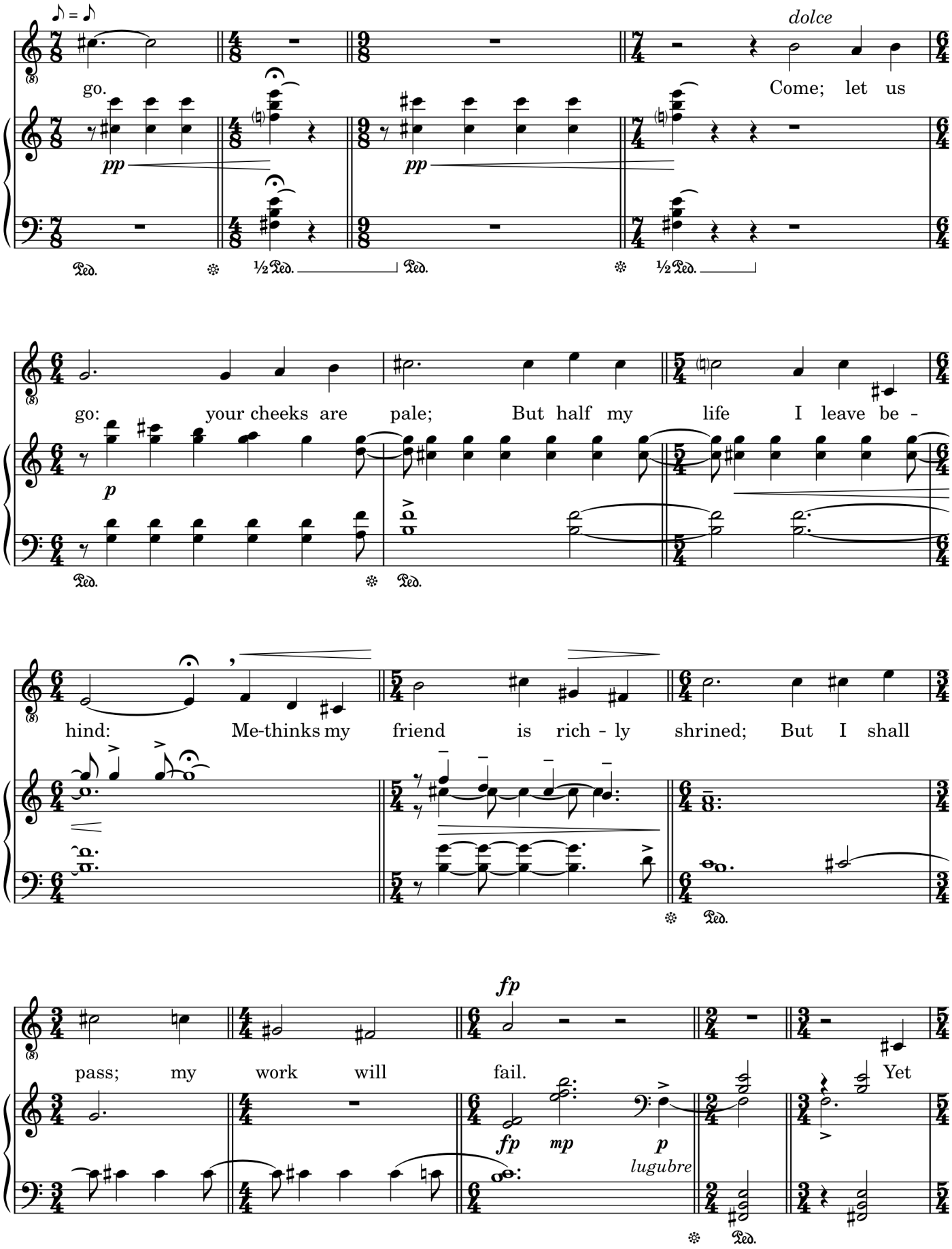
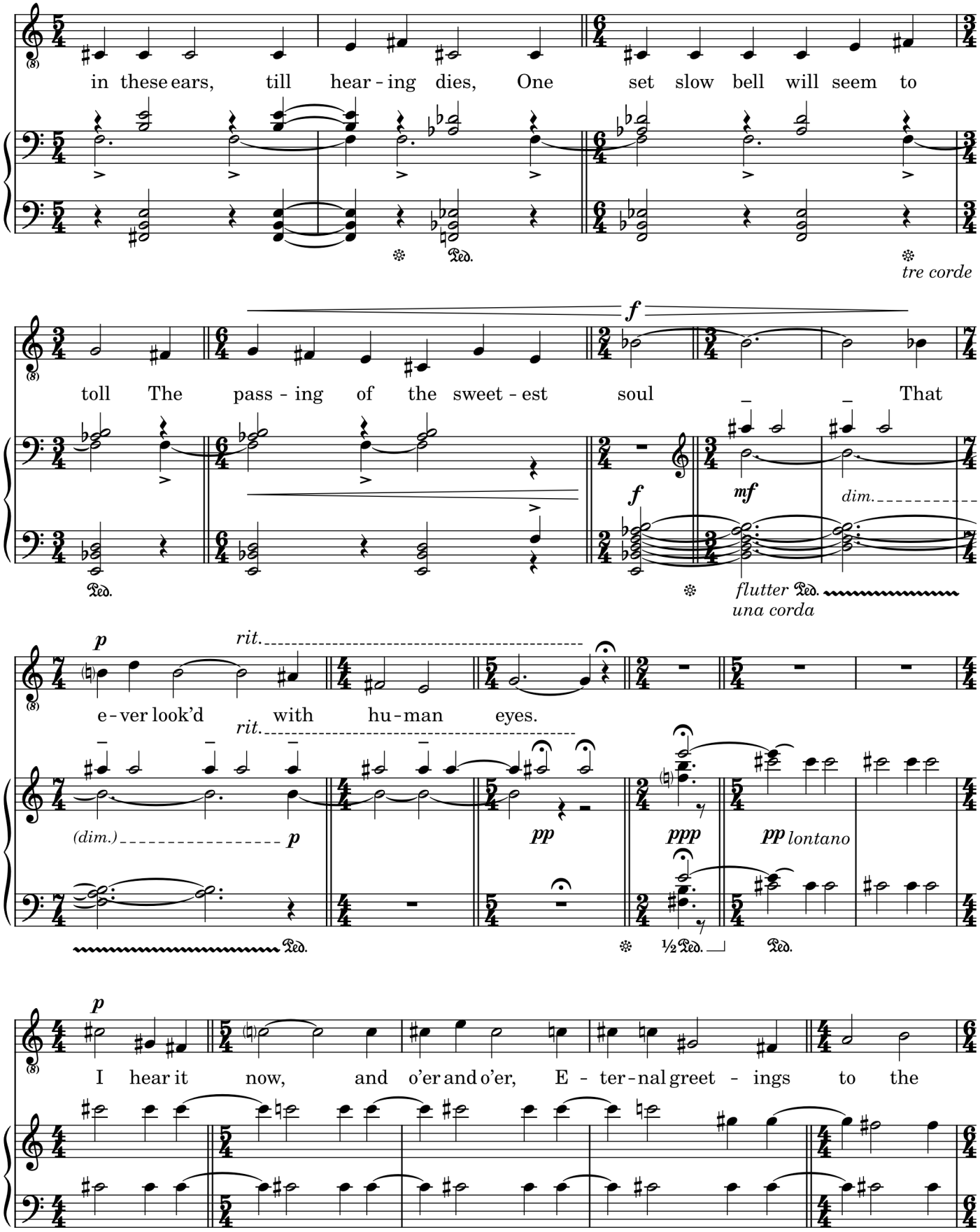
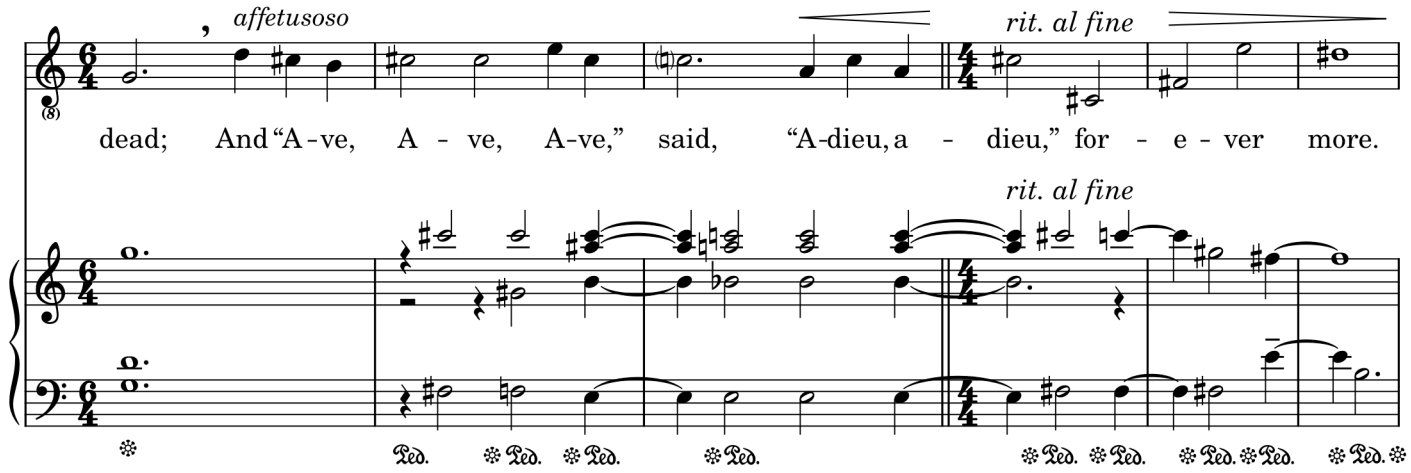
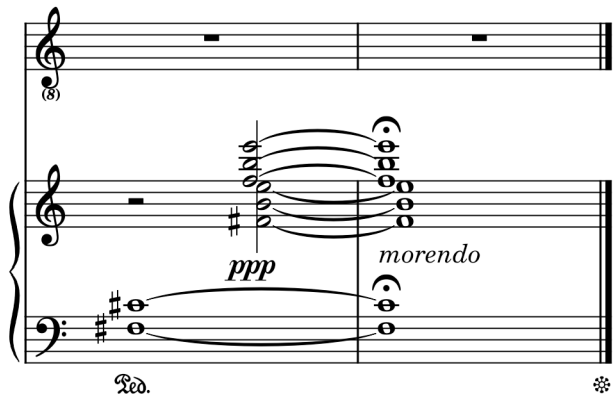

dolce
go.
Come; let us
pp
pp
Ped.
½ Ped.
Ped.
½ Ped.
go: your cheeks are pale; But half my life I leave be -
p
Ped.
Ped.
hind: Me-thinks my friend is rich - ly shrined; But I shall
Ped.
fp
pass; my work will fail. Yet
fp
mp
p
lugubre
Ped.


in these ears, till hear - ing dies, One set slow bell will seem to
Ped.
tre corde
toll The pass - ing of the sweet - est soul That
f
mf
dim.
flutter
una corda
e - ver look'd with hu - man eyes.
rit.
(dim.)
pp
ppp
pp lontano
I hear it now, and o'er and o'er, E - ter - nal greet - ings to the


affetusoso
rit. al fine
dead; And "A - ve, A - ve, A - ve," said, "A - dieu, a - dieu," for - e - ver more.
rit. al fine
Ped.


ppp
morendo
Ped.