

**Peter Dyson.**

...  
**FIVE**  
...  
**SONGS**  
...  
**FOR**  
...  
**MARIAN**

**Poems by James Elroy Flecker .**

# Five Songs for Marian

Peter Dyson  
1986

Five Songs for Marian  
Poems by James Elroy Flecker

1. The Piper
2. Stillness
3. From Jean Moréas' "Stances"
4. Pannyra of the Golden Heal
5. Fountains

# 1. The Piper

Poem by James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)

Peter Dyson

Light & Lively (♩ = 115)

*mf*

Soprano

1. A lad went pi-ping through the  
2. He kissed the girls that sat a-

Piano

S.

Earth, lone Glad - ly, mad - ly, merr - i - ly,  
With none to whis - per none to woo;

Pno

S.

With a tune for death and a tune for birth.  
Fi-red at his touch their fa - ces shone,

Pno

S.

(♩ = 110) *poco rall.* A tempo  
And a tune for lo-ver's re - vel - ry.  
And beau-ty drenched them as the dew.

Pno

4

(♩ = 105) (♩ = 100) (♩ = 95)

14 **Slower and dramatically**

S. *mf*

Pno **rallentando.** *mf*

Old men who heard him danced a -

17 (♩ = 85) *mf*

S. *mf*

Pno *sfz* *mf*

gain, \_\_\_\_\_ And shu-ffled round \_\_\_\_\_ with ca-tching breath,

20 (♩ = 90) lightly (♩ = 95)

S. *mf*

Pno

And those that lay on beds of pain went dan- cing, dan - cing

23 (♩ = 100) *ff* (♩ = 105)

S. *ff*

Pno *ffz* *fffz* **pesante**

dan - cing, dan - cing through the gates \_\_\_\_\_ of death. \_\_\_\_\_

(♩ = 115) A tempo primo

26

S.

Pno

29

S.

Pno

*mf*

If on - ly he could make us

31

S.

Pno

thrill once more with mirth and me - lo - dy!

34

S.

Pno

*p*

I li - stened \_\_\_\_\_ but the

36 (♩ = 110) **slower** *mf*

S. street was still, And no - one

Pno

38 (♩ = 105) **poco rall.** (♩ = 100) (♩ = 95) Great Bardfield 1986

S. played for you and me.

Pno

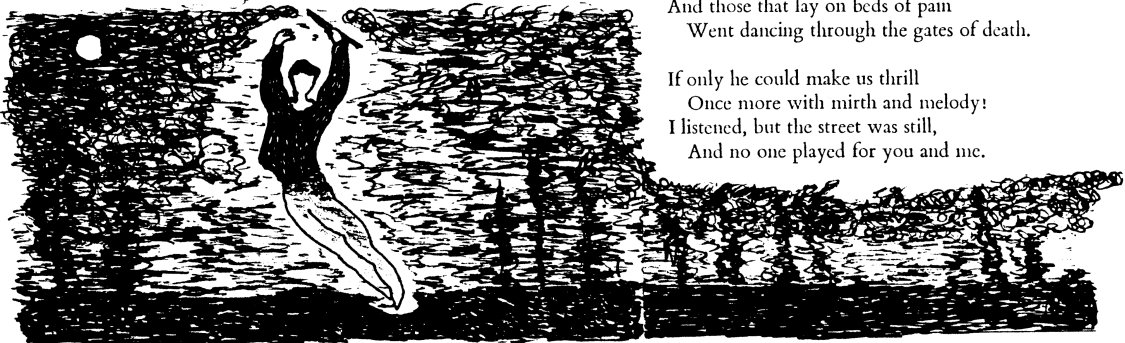
### THE PIPER

A LAD went piping through the Earth,  
Gladly, madly, merrily,  
With a tune for death and a tune for birth,  
And a tune for lover's revelry.

He kissed the girls that sat alone  
With none to whisper, none to woo;  
Fired at his touch their faces shone,  
And beauty drenched them as the dew.

Old men who heard him danced again,  
And shuffled round with catching breath,  
And those that lay on beds of pain  
Went dancing through the gates of death.

If only he could make us thrill  
Once more with mirth and melody:  
I listened, but the street was still,  
And no one played for you and me.



## 2. Stillness

Poem by James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)

Peter Dyson

**Andante** (♩ = 52)

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is a whole rest. The piano accompaniment begins with a *pp* dynamic and the instruction "Very evenly". The music is in 5/8 time and features a series of changing time signatures: 5/8, 6/8, 5/8, 7/8, 6/8, 5/8, 6/8, and 5/8. The piano part has a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic line in the left hand.

The second system begins at measure 48. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics: "When the words ru-stle no more, and the last work's". The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic and a *crescendo poco a poco* instruction. The time signatures are 5/8, 6/8, 5/8, 4/8, and 6/8. The piano part features a *mf* dynamic in the right hand.

The third system begins at measure 53. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "done, When the bolt lies deep in the door, And". The piano accompaniment maintains a *mf* dynamic. The time signatures are 6/8, 9/8, 6/8, and 6/8. The piano part includes a *mf* dynamic and a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction at the end of the system.

56 *f*

S. Fire, our Sun, Falls on the dark laned mea-dows of the

Pno

*sfz*

Ped.

60

S. floor;

Pno

*p*

3

slightly slower (♩ = 46)

65 *ppp*


S. When from the clock's last chime to the next chime si-lence beats his drum. And


Pno

*ppp*




69

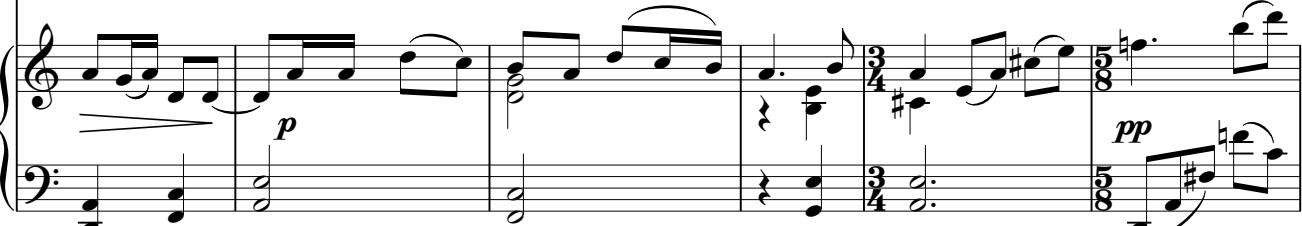
S.    
 Space with gaunt grey eyes and her bro-ther Time Whee-ling and whisp' ring come;

Pno    
*mf*

==

74 *p* A tempo (♩ = 52)

S.    
 She \_\_\_\_\_ with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme.

Pno    
*p* *pp*

==

80

S.    
 (Silent vocal line)

Pno    
*mf*


86 *mf* 3 3 *mp*

S. 


Then twi-tter-ing out in the night my thought birds flee, I am emp-tied of all my

Pno 

90 *mf* 2

S. 

dreams: I on-ly hear Earth tur-ning, on-ly

Pno 

93

S. 

see E-ther's long bank-less streams,

Pno 

*fz*

Ped.

96 **ad libitum** (♩ = 46)

S.

And on - ly know I should drown if you laid not your hand on

Pno. **ffz**

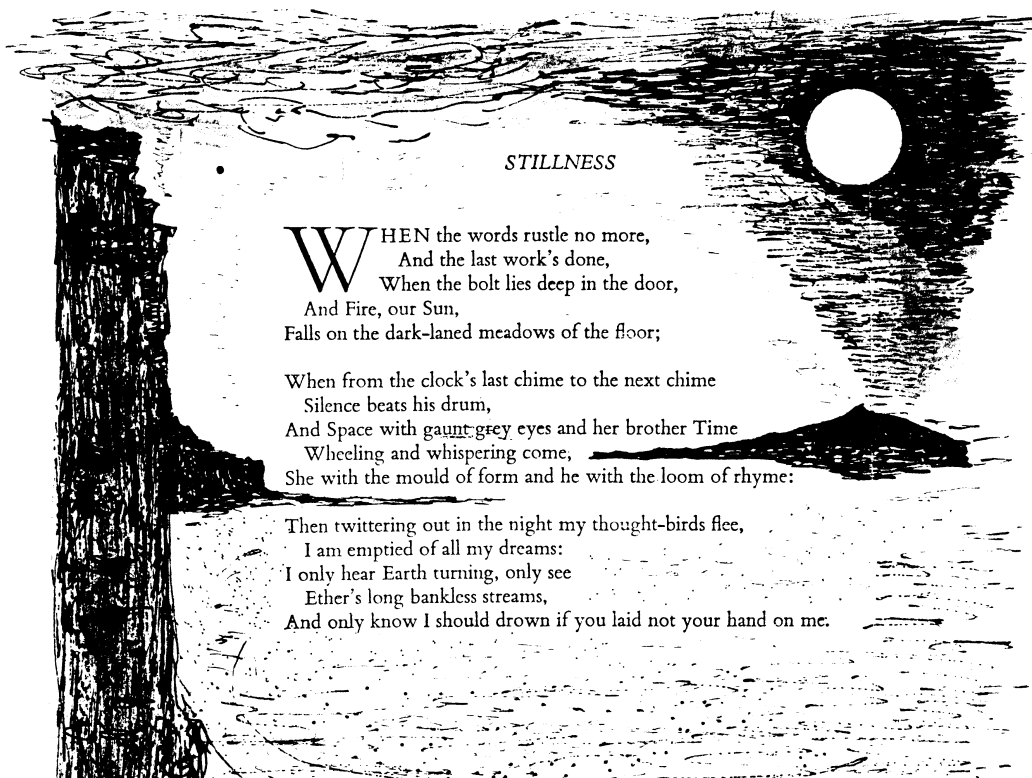
97 Great Bardfield 1986

S.

me.

Pno. **pp** **ppp** **ppp**

Ped.



### STILLNESS

WHEN the words rustle no more,  
 And the last work's done,  
 When the bolt lies deep in the door,  
 And Fire, our Sun,  
 Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;

When from the clock's last chime to the next chime  
 Silence beats his drum,  
 And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time  
 Wheeling and whispering come,  
 She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,  
 I am emptied of all my dreams:  
 I only hear Earth turning, only see  
 Ether's long bankless streams,  
 And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand on me.

## 3. From Jean Moréas 'STANCES'

Poem by James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)

Peter Dyson

**With drama** (♩ = 52) *p*

The gar-den rose I paid no hon-our to, So hum-bly

*f*

105 *mf*

S. poised and fa-shioned on its spray, Has now by wind un-kissed, un-drenched by dew, Lived

109 *p*

S. cap-tive in her vase be-yond a day. And tired and pale, be-reft of earth and

112 *f*

S. sun Her blos-som o-ver and her hour of pride. She has dropped all her pe-tals,

116 *mf* *p*

S. one by one, Un-mind-ful if she lived or how she died. When doom is

119 *pp* *mf*

S. pas-sing in her dus-ky glade Let us learn si-lence. In this eve-ning

122 *f*

S. hour, O heart bowed down with my - stery and shade, Too

125 *f* Great Bardfeld 1986

S. hea - vy lies the spec - tre of a flower.

Piano *p*

Ped.

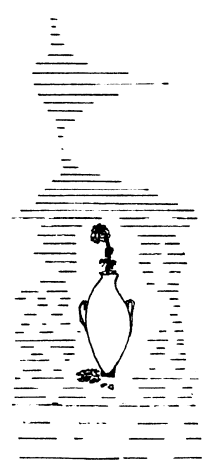


FROM JEAN MORÉAS' 'STANCES'

THE garden rose I paid no honour to,  
 So humbly poised and fashioned on its spray,  
 Has now by wind unkissed, undrenched by dew,  
 Lived captive in her vase beyond a day.

And tired and pale, bereft of earth and sun,  
 Her blossom over and her hour of pride,  
 She has dropped all her petals, one by one,  
 Unmindful if she lived or how she died.

When doom is passing in her dusky glade  
 Let us learn silence. In this evening hour,  
 O heart bowed down with mystery and shade,  
 Too heavy lies the spectre of a flower!



# 4. Pannyra of the Golden Heel

Poem by James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)

Peter Dyson

128 **Lightly** (♩ = 112) *mf*

The re - vel pau - ses and the

134 *p*

room is still: The sil - ver flute in - vites her with a trill.

139

And, bu - ried in her great veils fold on fold, Ri -

144 *f*

-ses to dance Pan - ny - ra, Heel of Gold.

148

*p*

Her light steps cross; her subtle arm im -

152

*mf*

pels the cling - ing dra - pe - ry; it shrinks and

156

swells, Ho - llo - ws and floats, and bursts in - to a whirl;

160

*f*

She is a flower, a moth, a fla - ming girl. —

165

*pp* *p*

All lips are si - lent; eyes are all in

170

*mf* *ff*

trance; She slow - ly wakes the mad - ness of the dance,

175

*mf*

Win - dy and

180

wild the gol - den tor - ches burn; She turns,



184

*f*

and swi - fter yet she tries to turn, then stops

188

*mf*

*p*

a su - dden mar - ble stiff she stands. The veil that round her

(♩ = 104)

192

**gradually getting slower and louder**

coiled its spi - ral bands, Checked in its course, — brings

196

(♩ = 96) *mf*

all its folds to rest, And cling - ing to bright limb and poin - ted breast shows, as

202

be - neath silk wa - ters wo - ven fine, Pan - ny - ra na - ked

### Tempo primo

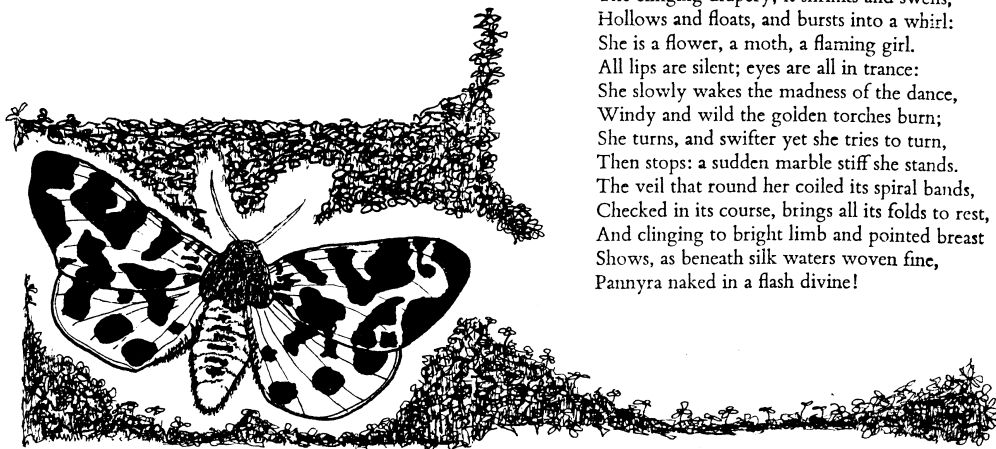
Great Bardfield 1986

207 (♩ = 112)

in a flash di - vine! \_\_\_\_\_

### PANNYRA OF THE GOLDEN HEEL

(From Albert Samain)



THE revel pauses and the room is still:  
 The silver flute invites her with a trill,  
 And, buried in her great veils fold on fold,  
 Rises to dance Pannyrus, Heel of Gold.  
 Her light steps cross; her subtle arm impels  
 The clinging drapery; it shrinks and swells,  
 Hollows and floats, and bursts into a whirl:  
 She is a flower, a moth, a flaming girl.  
 All lips are silent; eyes are all in trance:  
 She slowly wakes the madness of the dance,  
 Windy and wild the golden torches burn;  
 She turns, and swifter yet she tries to turn,  
 Then stops: a sudden marble stiff she stands.  
 The veil that round her coiled its spiral bands,  
 Checked in its course, brings all its folds to rest,  
 And clinging to bright limb and pointed breast  
 Shows, as beneath silk waters woven fine,  
 Pannyrus naked in a flash divine!

## 5. Fountains

Poem by James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)

Peter Dyson

214 **Very smoothly** (♩ = 75)

*p*

S. 

Soft is the col - lied night and cool the wind a -

Pno 


218

S. 


- bout the gar - den pond. Here will I dip my bur - ning

Pno 

220

S. 

hand And move an inch of drow - sy sand, And pray the

Pno 

(♩ = 70)  
**p poco rall.**

223

S. dark re-flec-ted sky to fas-ten with their seal mine eyes. A mi-llion mi-llion leagues a-

Pno

227

S. - way a - mong the stars the gold - fish play, And

Pno

(♩ = 65) **poco rall.**

229 **p**

S. high a - bove the sha-dowed stars Wave and float the ne - nu -

Pno **p**

232 (♩ = 60) Great Bardfield 1986

S. - phars.

**rall.**

Pno

*FOUNTAINS*

**S**OFT is the collied night, and cool  
 The wind about the garden pool.  
 Here will I dip my burning hand  
 And move an inch of drowsy sand,  
 And pray the dark reflected skies  
 To fasten with their seal mine eyes.  
 A million million leagues away  
 Among the stars the goldfish play,  
 And high above the shadowed stars  
 Wave and float the nenuphars.

