

LOVE SONGS

Eric Lemmon

To Mary

Beloved! Amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path
(Drear path, alas! Where grows
Not even one lonely rose)
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

Hymn

At morn at noon at twilight dim
Maria! Thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe in good and ill
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Edgar Allan Poe

Sonnet 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
On both side thus is simple truth suppress'd:
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

William Shakespeare

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Edgar Allen Poe

To Mary

Eric Lemmon

Andante ♩=56

Mezzo-soprano

Piano

p

4

poco rit. . . A tempo

M-S.

pp *cresc.*

Be lo - ved! . . . Be - lo - ved! a - mid the

Pno.

mf *p* *pp*

mp \Rightarrow *p*

9

M-S.

earn - est woes . . . That crowd a - round my earth - ly

Pno.

11 *mp cresc.* *mf* *p*

M-S. path (Drear path, a - las! where grows — Not e-ven one lone-ly

Pno. *cresc.* *mf* *p*

14 *mf*

M-S. rose) My soul at least a so-lace hath In dreams of thee, and there-in

Pno.

17 *f* *p* *p*

M-S. knows An E - den of bland re - pose. And thus —

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

21 *cresc.* *mp* *mf*

M-S. *thy me-mo-ry is to me Like some en - chant - ed far off Isle In*

Pno.

24 *cresc.* *f*

M-S. *some tu mul - tuos sea Some o - cean throbb - ing far and*

Pno. *mf*

27 *p sotto voce* *f molto cresc.*

M-S. *free With storms*

Pno. *mf*

29 *ff* *f*

M-S. _____ but where mean- while Ser-ene-est skys_____ con - tin-u - al-ly Just o'er that one

Pno. *f* *mf*

mf dim.

31 *p*

M-S. bright is land smile.

Pno. *p*

33

M-S. _____

Pno. *mp* *pp*

William Shakespeare

Sonnet 138

Eric Lemmon

Scherzo $\text{♩} = 72$

Mezzo-soprano

Piano

ppp *sffz* *f*

8^{vb} Ped. * Ped. *

*Dry pedaling unless otherwise indicated.

rit. **Meno mosso** ($\text{♩} = 56$)

M-S.

8

pp

my love swears that she is made of

Pno.

pp

8^{vb} Ped. * Ped. *

Tempo Primo ($\text{♩} = 72$)

Meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 56$)

M-S.

15

f *p*

truth I do believe her,

Pno.

f *pp*

8^{vb}

22 *mp* *afoso*
Tempo Primo (♩=72)
cresc. *mf*
 M-S. *mp* *afoso*
 though I know she lies, That she

Pno. *cresc.* *mf* *pp*
8va
*Red. ** *Red. **

29
 M-S. might think me some un - tu - tor'd youth, Un - learned in the world's

Pno. *Red. ** *Red. ** *Red. ** *Red. **

37 *dim.* *mp*
 M-S. false sub - tle - ties. Thus _____ vain -

Pno. *ppp* *molto cresc.* *sfz* *p*
8va *senza pedal* *8va*

46 **poco rit.** **Meno mosso** (♩=56)

M-S. *f* *p*

- ly — thi - nk - ing that she thinks me young,

Pno. *cresc.* *cresc.*

8^{vb} 8^{vb} 8^{vb}

53 **Tempo Primo** (♩=72) **poco rit.** **Meno mosso** (♩=56)

M-S. *sf* *pp*

Al - though — she — knows — my days are past the

Pno. *f* *sfz* *sfz* *pp*

8^{vb} 8^{vb}

60 **Tempo Primo** (♩=72)

M-S. best,

Pno. *fff*

8^{vb}

66

M-S. *p*
Sim - - ply I

Pno. *subito pp* *f*

8^{vb}] 8^{vb}] 8^{vb}] 8^{vb}]

73 *f* *p* *mp mezza voce*

M-S. Cre - dit her false speak-ing tongue: On

Pno. *Legato pp*

Half Pedal * Half Pedal

79 *p*

M-S. both side thus is

Pno.


85 *mp con colore*

M-S. 

sim - ple truth su - press'd;

Pno. 

91 *mf* *rit.* **Meno mosso** (♩.=56) *f* *p* **accel.**

M-S. 

But where - fore says she not she is un - just?

Pno. *cresc.* *f* *pp* 

97 **Tempo Primo** (♩.=72) *poco cresc.*

M-S. 

And where fore say not I that I am

Pno. 

104 *sf* *sf* *p*

M-S. old?— O!— love's best ha - bit is in seem - ing

Pno. *sf* *sfz* *p*

*Red ** *Red ** *Red **

112 *cresc.* *ff*

M-S. trust, and age in love loves not to have years told:— There - fore

Pno. *cresc.* *ff*

*Red ** *Red ** *Red ** *Red ** *Red **

poco rit. **Meno mosso** (♩=56) **Vivace** (♩=144)

120 *pp* *f*

M-S. — I lie — with her and she — with me, — And

Pno. *pp* *ff*

8th *8th*

126 *dim.* $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

M-S. *dim.*

in our faults by lies we flat - ter'd

Pno. *dim.*

130 *pp*

M-S. *pp*

be.

Pno. *ppp* *secco*

8^{va}

Edgar Allen Poe

Hymn

Eric Lemmon

Molto Adagio ♩=50

Mezzo-soprano

dolce e sotto voce
pp

*Balance the chords so that the bottom fifths and fourths are louder, it will give the sound more depth.

6
M-S.

p dolce
At morn at noon.

13
M-S.

poco accel. poco rit. A tempo
at twigh-light dim Ma-ri - a! thou hast heard my hymn! In joy

20

M-S. *mp* *sub. pp* *mp dim.* , *p*

and_ woe in good and ill _____ Mo-ther of God, be with me still! _____

Pno. *cresc.* *mp dim.*

27

M-S. *mp* *poco cresc.* ,

_____ When the Ho-urs flew bright-ly by, And not a cloud ob-scured the sky, _____

Pno. *pp*

33

M-S. *mf* *subito pp con color*

_____ My soul, lest it _____ should tru-ant be, _____ Thy grace did guide to thine _____

Pno. *subito pp*

38 *p dolce* *cresc.* *mf dim.* *pp*

M-S. and thee; Now, when storms of Fate o'er - cast Dark-ly my

Pno. *p dolce* *cresc.* *mf dim.* *pp*

44 *ppp* *molto cresc.* *ff*

M-S. Pre - sent and my Past, Let my Fu - ture ra - di - ant

Pno. *ppp* *molto cresc.* *ff*

46 **Tempo** *p dolce*

molto rit. **rit.**

M-S. shine With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Pno. *p dolce*

*Let sound clear a little before beginning next phrase.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow **The Arrow and the Song**

Eric Lemmon

Vivace $\text{♩} = 80$ *p* *cresc.*

Mezzo-soprano

I shot an arrow in

Vivace $\text{♩} = 80$

Piano

sf

M-S.

4 *mf* *f* *dim.* *p*

to the air, it fell to earth, I knew not

$\text{♩} = \text{♪} \text{ 2+2+2+3}$

Pno.

sfz

M-S.

9 *mp*

where; For, so swift-ly it flew, the sight could not fol- low

$\text{♩} = \text{♪} \text{ 2+2+2+3}$

Pno.

ppp

13 **Poco Rubato** *mf*

M-S. *it in its flight.*

Poco Rubato

Pno. *pp*

16

M-S.

Pno. *cresc.* *mf* *p*

19

M-S.

Pno. *cresc.*

22

M-S. *mf*

Pno. *f* *p* *sf*

24 *giacoso* *cresc.* *f*

M-S. *breathed a song in - - to*

Pno.

27 *cresc.* *accel.* *Poco Adagio* *Tempo primo* *p triste*

M-S. *the air, it fell to earth,*

Pno. *accel.* *Poco Adagio* *Tempo primo* *cresc.* *sfz* *pp*

31 *niente* *p* *mp* *p* *mf*

M-S. *I knew not where; For who*

Pno.

36 *p cresc.* *mf*, *cresc.*


M-S. 

has sight so keen and strong, that

Pno. *cresc.* *mp dim.* *p*

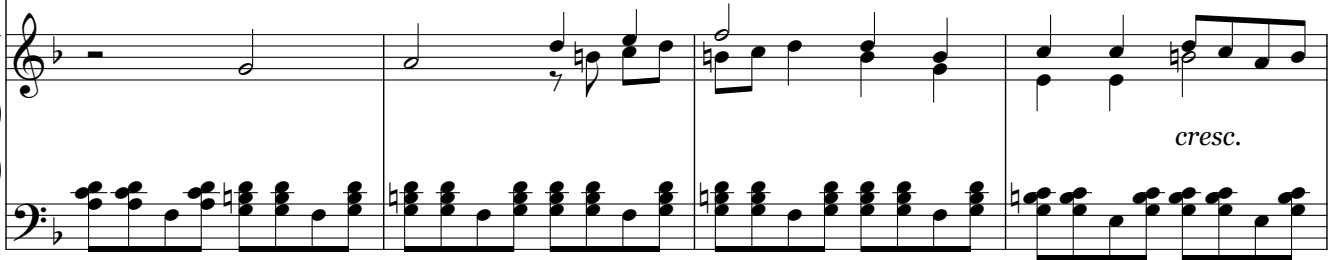


41 *f*

M-S. 

it can follow the flight of song?

Pno. *cresc.*



45

M-S. 

Pno. *mf dim.* *mp cresc.*



49

M-S.

Pno.

8va

ff

molto dim.

53

M-S.

Pno.

dolce
p

Long, long af - ter

ppp *p*

57

M-S.

Pno.

mp *mp*

ward, in an oak, I found the

Giocososo

61 *dim.* *p* *mf*

M-S. ar - row, still un broke; and the song,

Pno. *dim.* *pp*

65 *f*

M-S. from be - gin - ing to end, I found a-gain

Pno.

69 *ff*

M-S. in the heart of a friend.

Pno. *ff*