

RICHARD MILES JACKMAN

Nine Poems

for Voice and Guitar

1. Spring Goeth All in White
2. Fountains
3. Pity Me Not
4. Song for Lorry
5. The Moon
6. To the Night
7. Music when Soft Voices Die
8. Golden Slumbers
9. Sleep

Nine Poems

(1969 - 1974)

1. Spring Goeth All in White

Poem by Robert Bridges

Richard Miles Jackman

(1974)

Spring go-eth all in white, Crown - ed with milk-white may: In flee-cy
flocks of light O'er heaven the white clouds stray: White but-ter-flies — in the air:
White daisies prank the ground: The cherry and the hoary pear Scat-ter their snow a-round.

Tempo: ♩ = 60, 2/4 time signature, *mp* dynamic.

2. Fountains

Poem by James Elroy Flecker

Richard Miles Jackman

(1969)

Soft is the col-ried night, and cool The wind a-bout the gar-den pool.
Here will I dip my bur - ning hand And move an inch of drow-sy sand, And
pray the dark re-flec-ted skies — To fas-ten with their seal mine eyes.
A mil-lion mil-lion leagues — a-way — A - mong the stars the — gold-fish play, — And
high a-bove the sha-dowed stars — Wave and float the ne - nu - phars. —

Tempo: ♩ = 56, 3/4 time signature, *mp* dynamic.

Tempo: ♩ = 72, 3/4 time signature, *mf* dynamic.

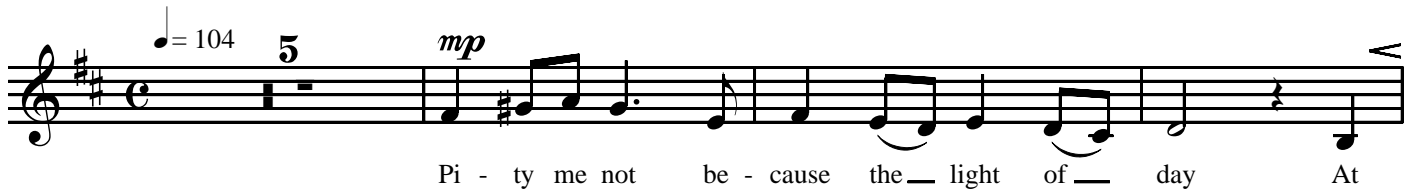
Tempo: ♩ = 80, 2/4 time signature, *f* dynamic.

3. Pity Me Not

Poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay

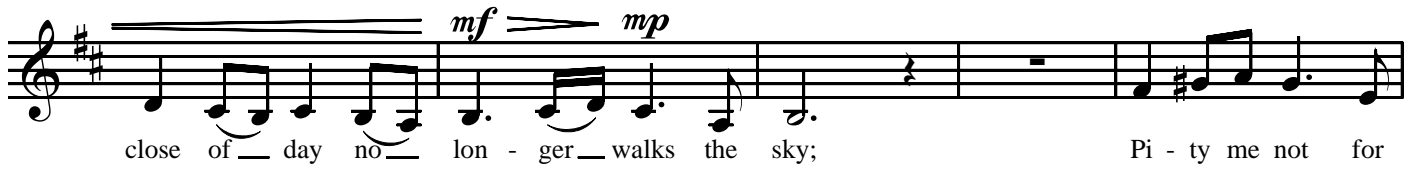
Richard Miles Jackman
(1971)

$\text{♩} = 104$ **5** *mp*



Pi - ty me not be - cause the light of day At

mf *mp*




close of day no lon - ger walks the sky; Pi - ty me not for

mf



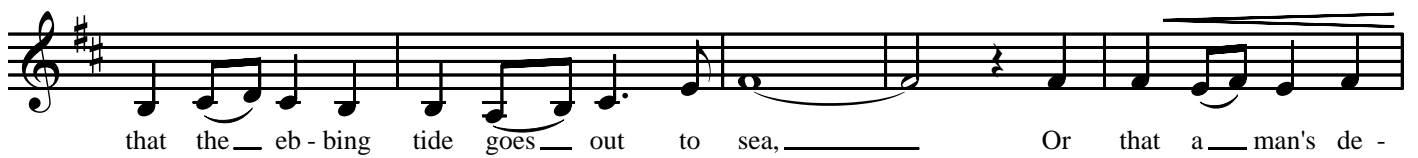
beau - ties passed a - way From field and thick - et as the year goes by.

mf



Pi - ty me not the wan - ing of the moon, Or

mf *mp*



that the eb - bing tide goes out to sea, Or that a man's de -

mf *mp* $\text{♩} = 80$



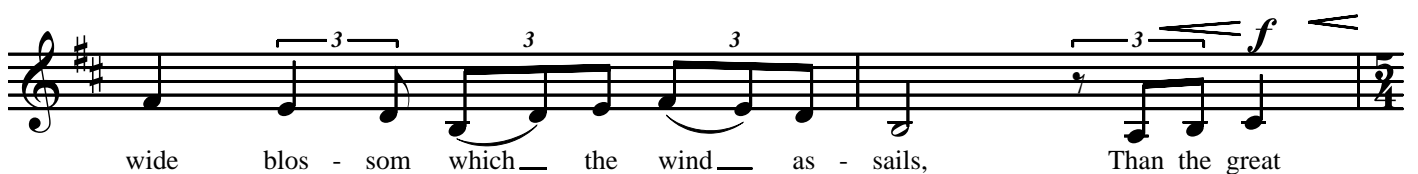
sire is hushed so soon, And you no lon - ger look with love on

p *f* *mf* *mf* 3 3



me. This have I al - ways known: Love is no more Than the

3 3 3 3 *f*



wide blos - som which the wind as - sails, Than the great

ff *mf* *mf* *mp* ♩ = 104
 tide that treads the shift-ing shore, Strew-ing fresh wreck-age gath-ered in the gales.
f a tempo
 Pi - ty me that the heart is slow to learn What the swift mind be -
mf 6
 holds at eve - ry turn.

4. Song for Lorry

Richard Miles Jackman
(21, March, 1972)

♩ = 88
mf
 Salt and the sands, The wind and the wood, Love in your hands,
p
 Find me you could. Sighs of the sea, The crying of the sea - gulls,
mp
 Cal-ling for thee, Cal - ling for me. Late in this day, We shall
 But 'till that hour, We shall
mf *mp*
 meet a - gain And walk through our mem - or - ies 'Till time doth end.
 go our ways And dance by the ri - ver While mu - sic plays.

5. The Moon

Poem by P. B. Shelley

Richard Miles Jackman

(March 1974)

$\text{♩} = 56$

mp *mp*

And, like a dy - ing la - dy — lean and pale, —

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

Who — tot - ters forth, — wrapp'd — in a gauz - y veil, Out of her cham - ber,

f *mf* *p*

led by the in - sane — And feeb - le wan - der - ings of her fad - ing brain,

mf *f* *mf* *mp*

The moon a - rose up in the mur - ky east A white and shape - less

f *mp*

mass. Are you pale — for wear - i - ness — Of

f *mp*

clim - bing heaven and gaz - ing on the earth, Wan - der - ing — com - pan - ion - less A -

mf *mp* *mf* *mp*

mong the stars that have a differ - ent birth, And e - ver chang - ing, like a joy - less eye That

3

finds no ob - ject worth its con - stan - cy?

6. To the Night

Poem by P. B. Shelley

Richard Miles Jackman

(1974)

$\bullet = 72$ **5** *mf* **3** **3**

SWIFT-LY walk o-ver the west-ern wave, Spi-rit of Night!

3

Out of the mis - ty eas - tern cave Where, all the long and lone day - light,

3 **3**

Thou wo-vest dreams of joy and fear Which make thee ter-rib-le — and dear,— Swift be thy flight!

3

— Wrap thy form — in a man - tle gray, Star - in-wrought;

3 **3** **3** **3**

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day, Kiss her un - til she be wear - ied out: Then

3 **3** **3**

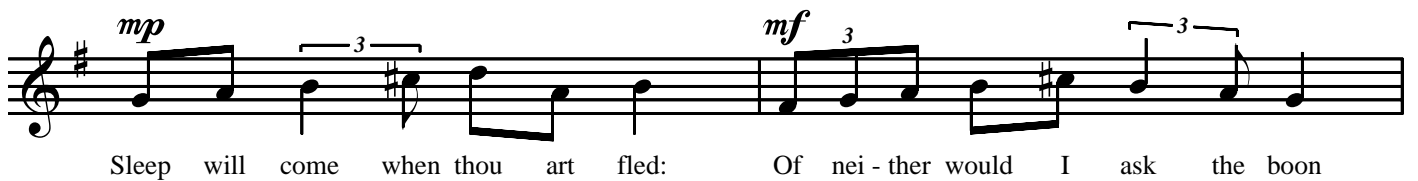
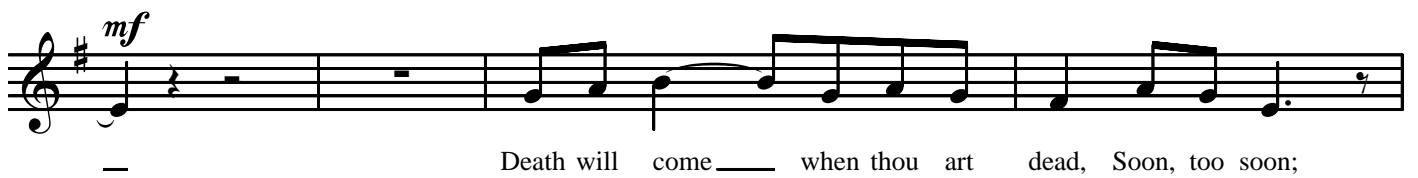
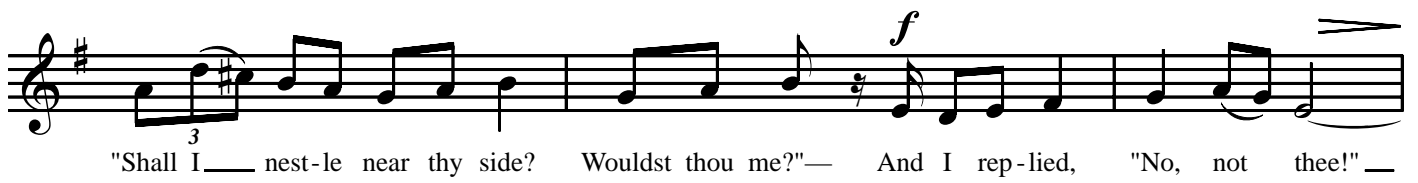
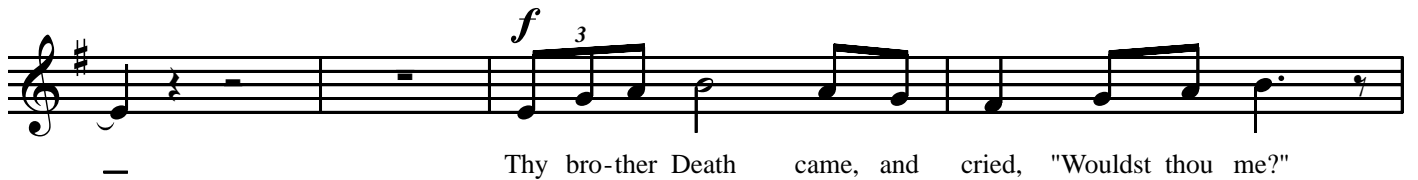
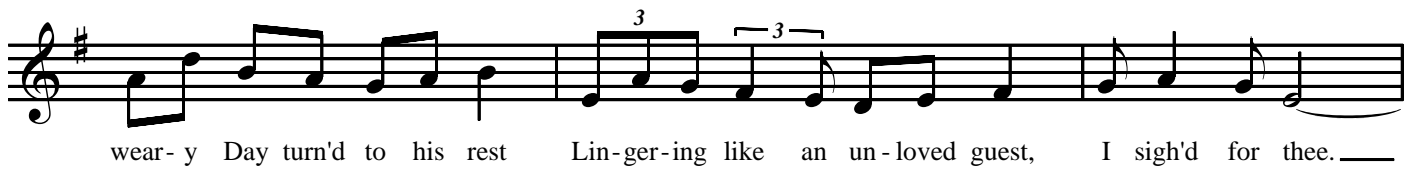
wan-der o'er ci-ty and sea and land, Touch-ing — all with thine op-iate wand— Come, long - sought! —

3 **3** **3**

— When I a - rose — and saw the dawn, I sigh'd for thee;

3 **3** **3**

When light rode high, and the dew was gone, And noon lay hea-vy on flower and tree, And the



7. Music when Soft Voices Die

Poem by P. B. Shelley

Richard Miles Jackman

(1974)

MU - SIC, _____ when soft voi - ces _____ die, _____

Vi-brates in the me-mor-y; _____ O-dours, when sweet vio-lets _____ sick-en, _____

Live with - in the sense they quick - en. _____

Rose leaves, _____ when the rose is _____ dead, _____ Are

heap'd for the be - lo-vèd's bed; _____ And so thy thoughts, when thou art _____

_____ gone, _____ Love it-self shall slum - - - ber on. _____

8. Golden Slumbers

Poem by by Thomas Dekker (1603)

Richard Miles Jackman

$\text{♩} = 80$ *mp*

Gol-den slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you
 when you rise; Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a
 lul - la - by, Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by. Care is hea - vy,
 there - fore sleep you, You are care, and care must keep you;
 Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by, Rock them, rock them,
 lul - la - by.

9. Sleep

Richard Miles Jackman

$\text{♩} = 56$ *mp*

On the man - tle of the Earth, To the mu - sic of the stream, We shall sleep here 'till the
 day breaks, Swaying soft - ly in a dream. And the wind sighs through the night, Tel - ling tales of far a -
 way, Whisp - ring words that will pro - tect us, 'Till the break - ing of the day.