THREE SONGS

FOR A

NEW MILLENIUM

VOICE AND PIANO

JOHN MITCHELL

OP. 106

(2001)

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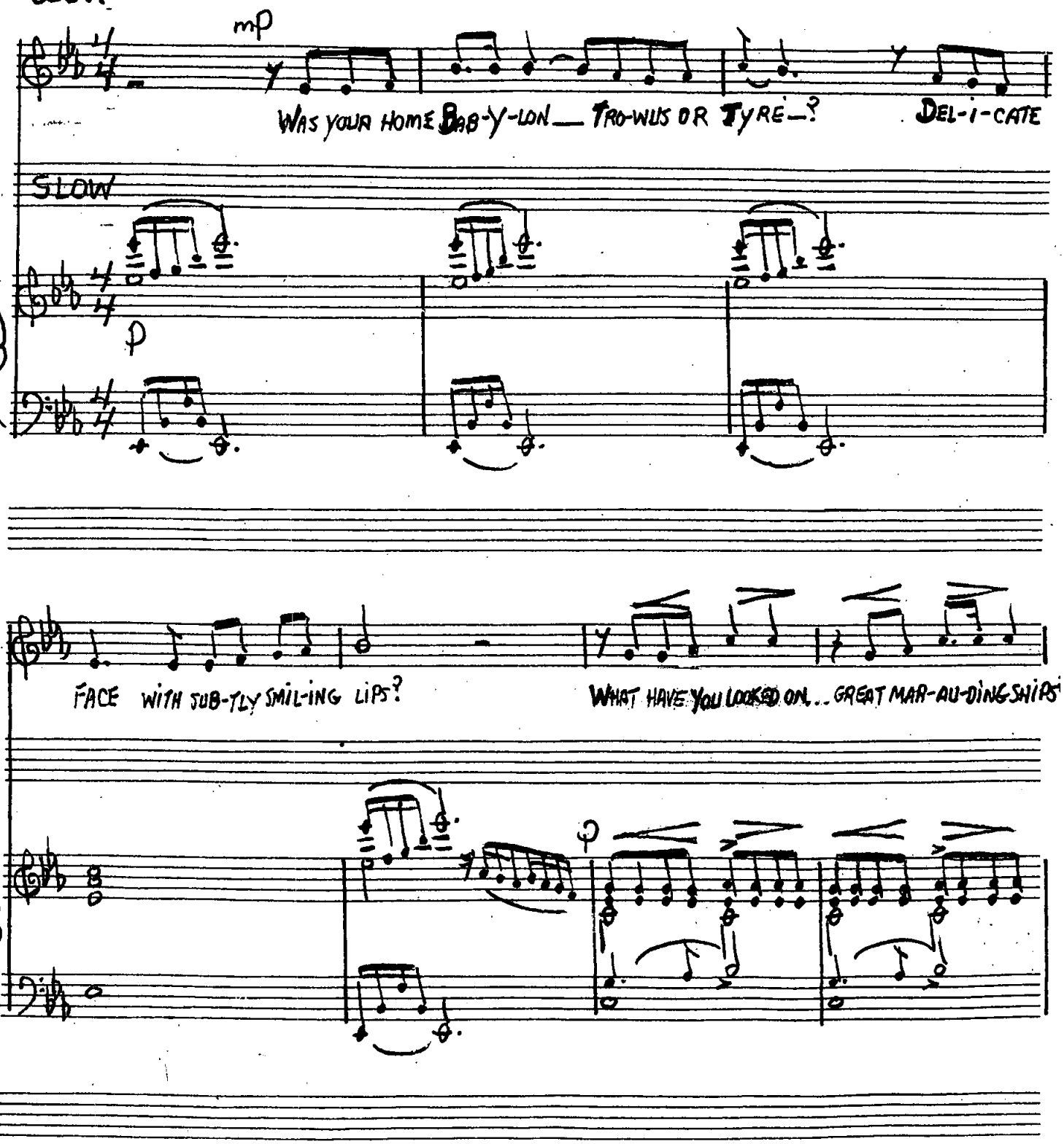
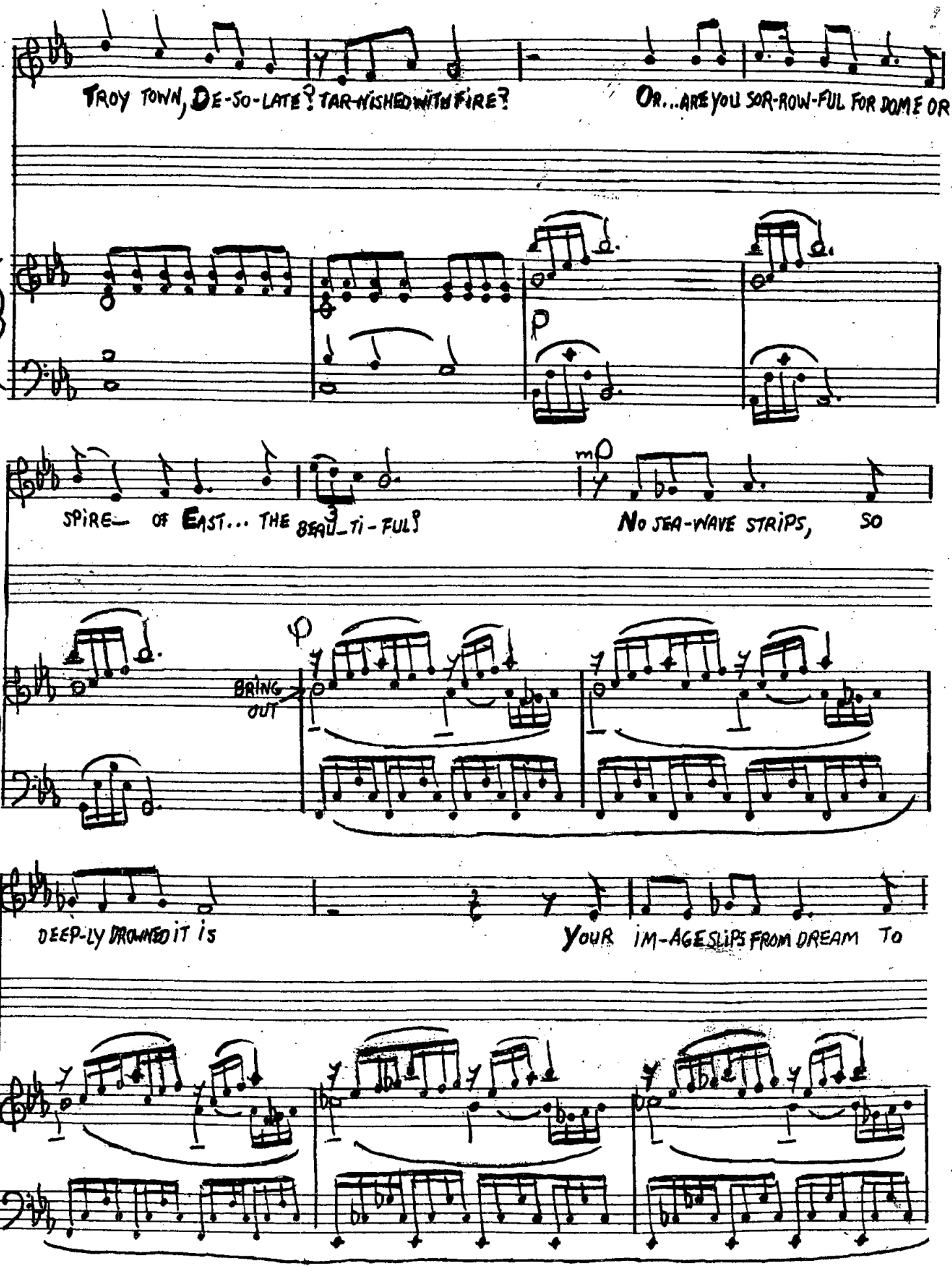
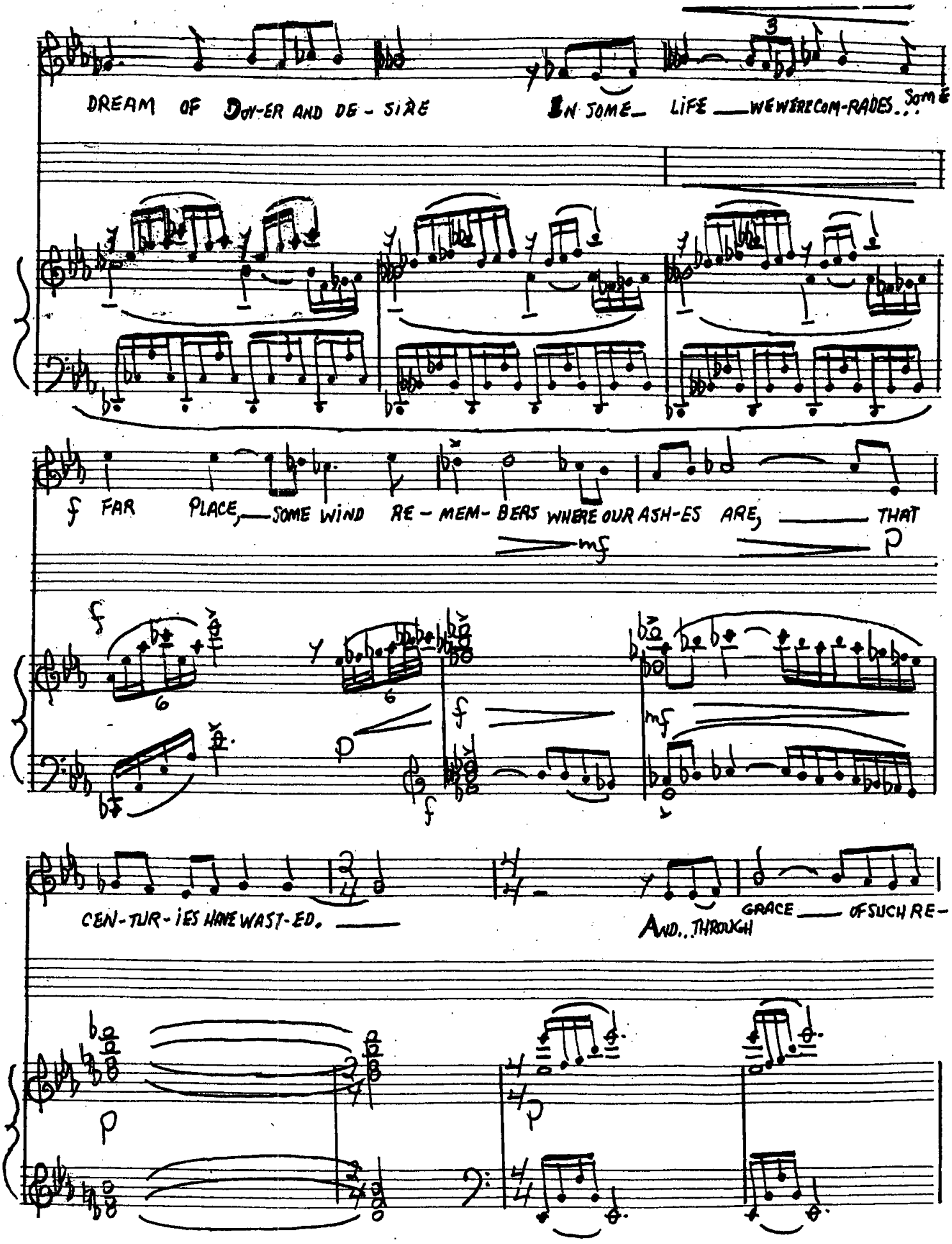
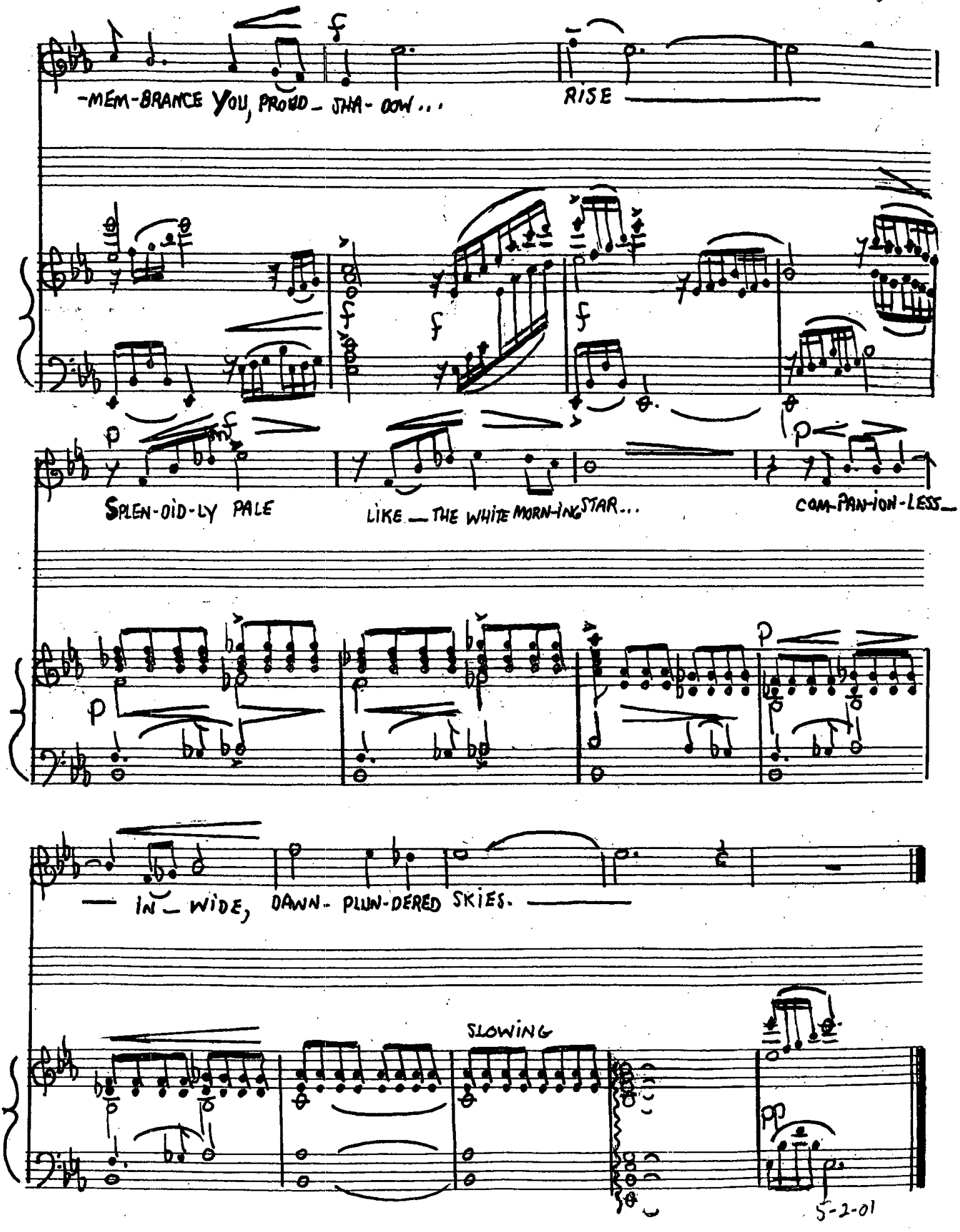
1. A FACE REMEMBERED

STEPHAN CLARK ROSE




TROY TOWN, DE-SO-LATE? TAR-NISHED WITH FIRE?
OR... ARE YOU SOR-ROW-FUL FOR DOME OR
p
SPIRE— OF EAST... THE BEAU-TI-FUL?
mp
NO SEA-WAVE STRIPS, SO
BRING OUT
DEEP-LY DROWNED IT IS
YOUR IM-AGE SLIPS FROM DREAM TO

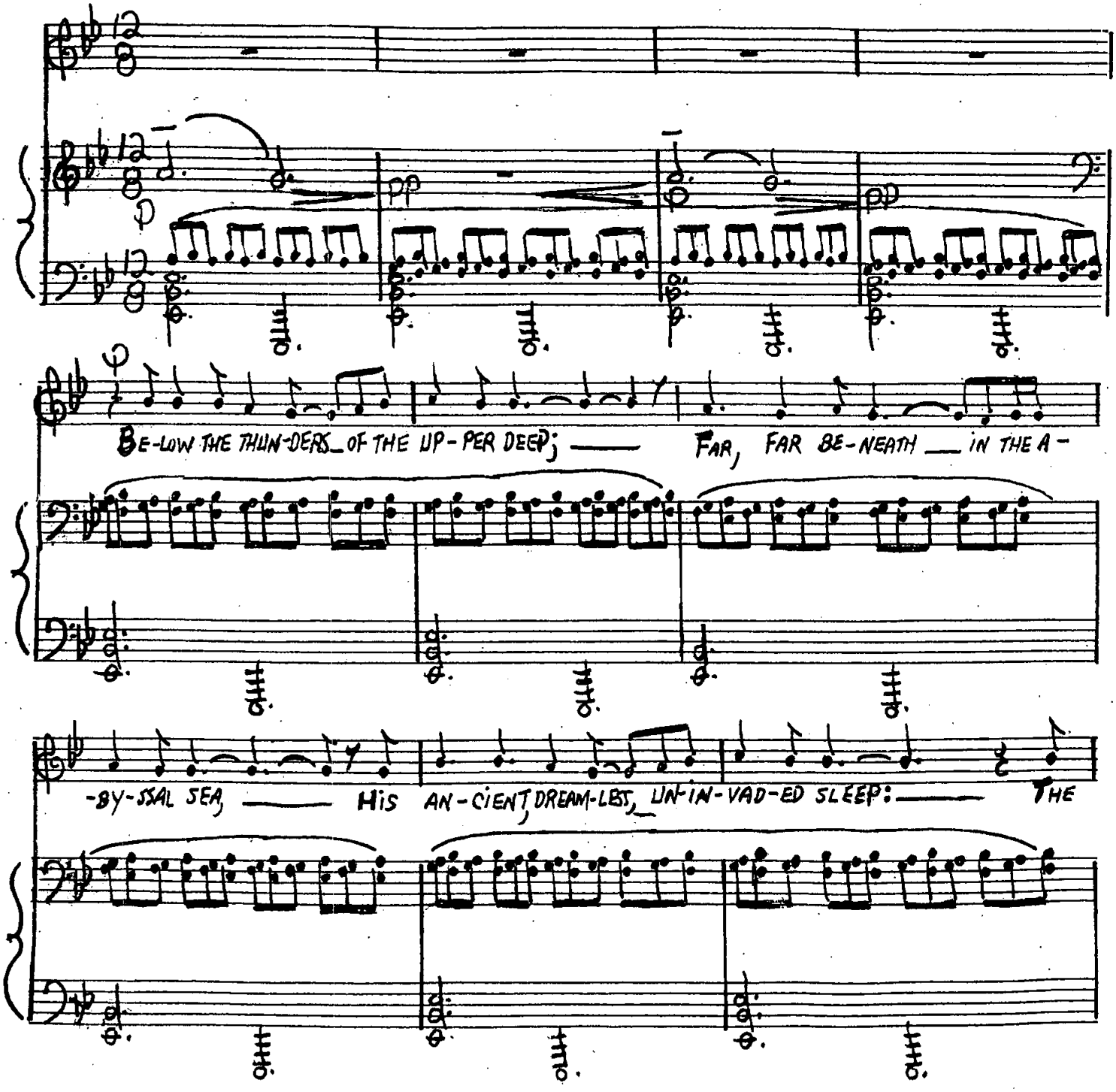

DREAM OF DOV-ER AND DE - SIRE
IN SOME LIFE WE WERE COM-RADES... SOME
f FAR PLACE, SOME WIND RE - MEM - BERS WHERE OUR ASH-ES ARE, THAT
mf
p
CEN-TUR-IES HAVE WAST-ED.
AND... THROUGH
GRACE OF SUCH RE-

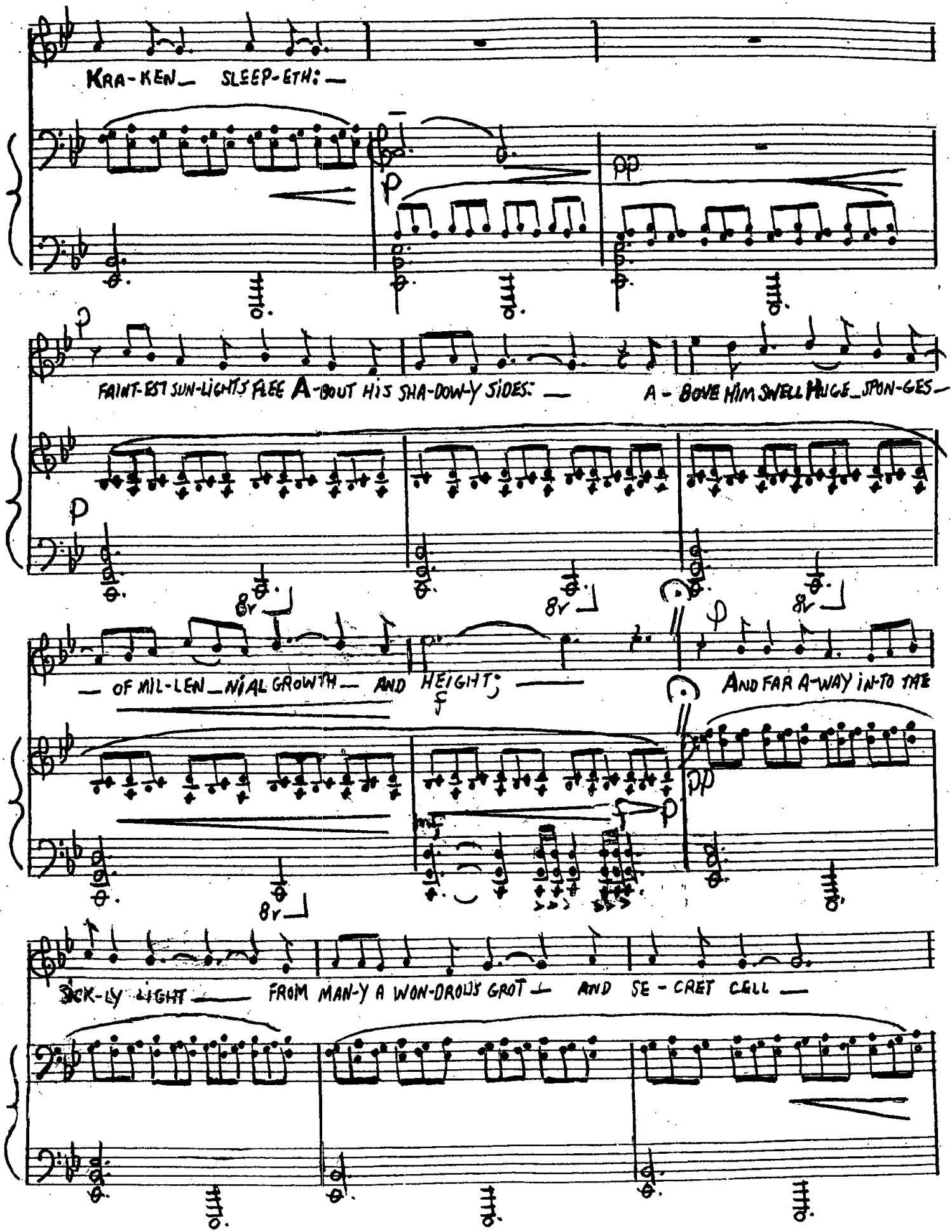

-MEM-BRANCE YOU, PROUD- SHA- OOW...
RISE
SPLEN-OID-LY PALE
LIKE THE WHITE MORN-ING STAR...
COM-PAN-ION-LESS
IN WIDE, DAWN- PLUN-DERED SKIES.
SLOWING
5-2-01

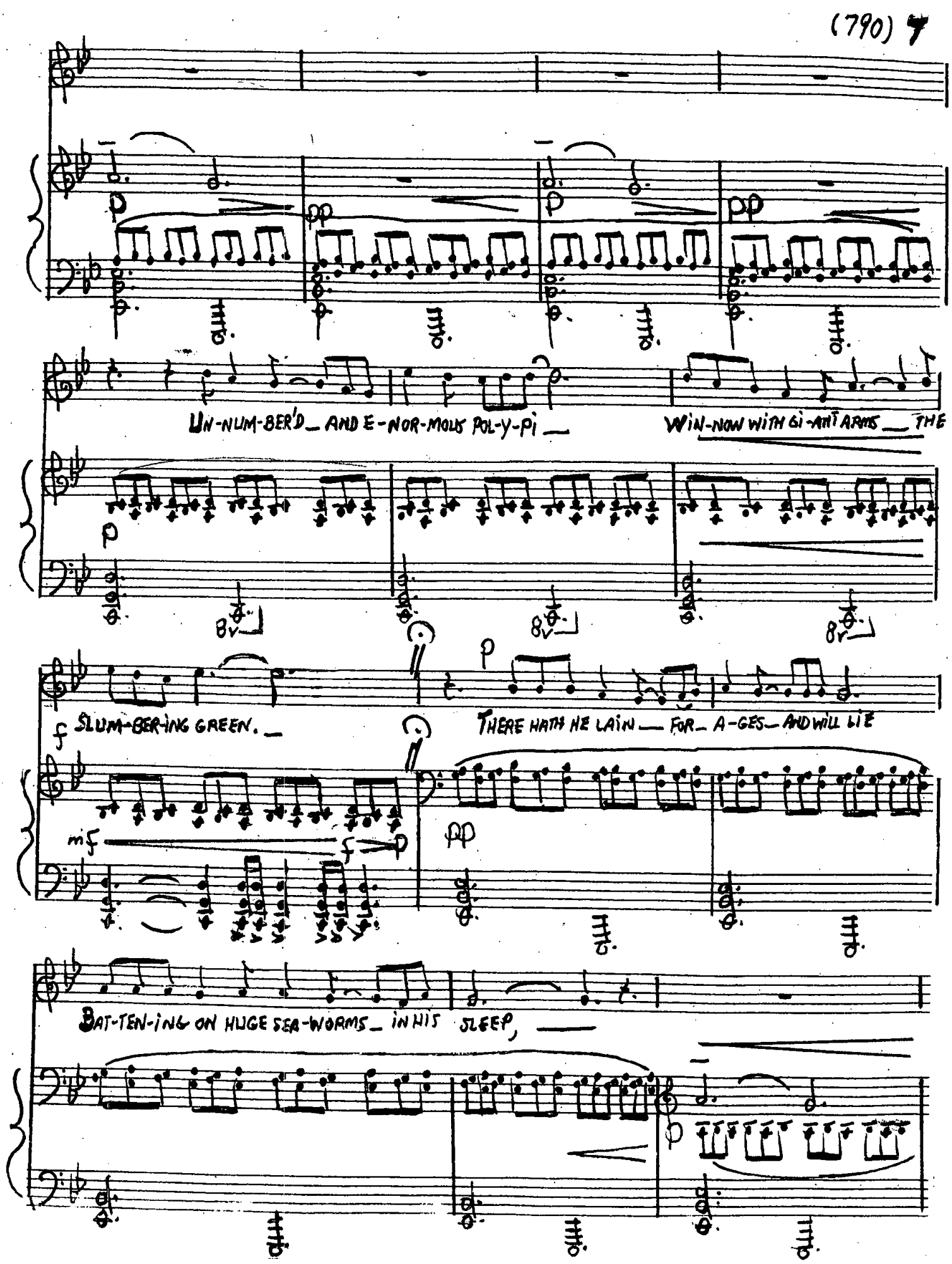
2. THE KRAKEN

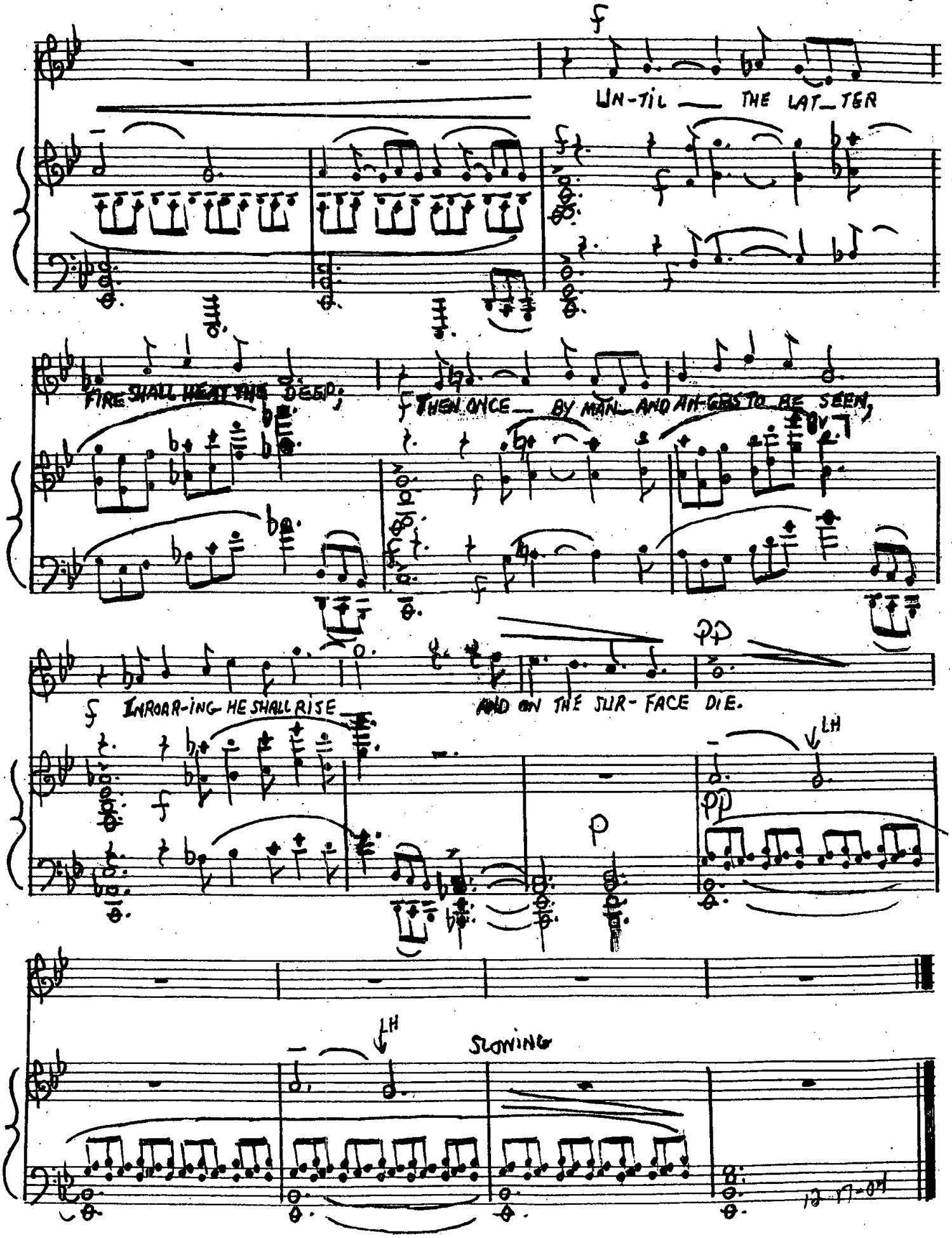
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SLOW MEDIUM




KRA-KEN_ SLEEP-ETH: —
p
pp
p
FAINT-EST SUN-LIGHTS FLEE A-BOUT HIS SHA-DOW-Y SIDES: —
A-BOVE HIM SWELL HUGE_SPON-GES—
p
8v
8v
8v
— OF MIL-LEN_NIAL GROWTH — AND HEIGHT; —
f
AND FAR A-WAY IN-TO THE
pp
mf
f
p
8v
SICK-LY LIGHT — FROM MAN-Y A WON-DROUS GROT — AND SE-CRET CELL —

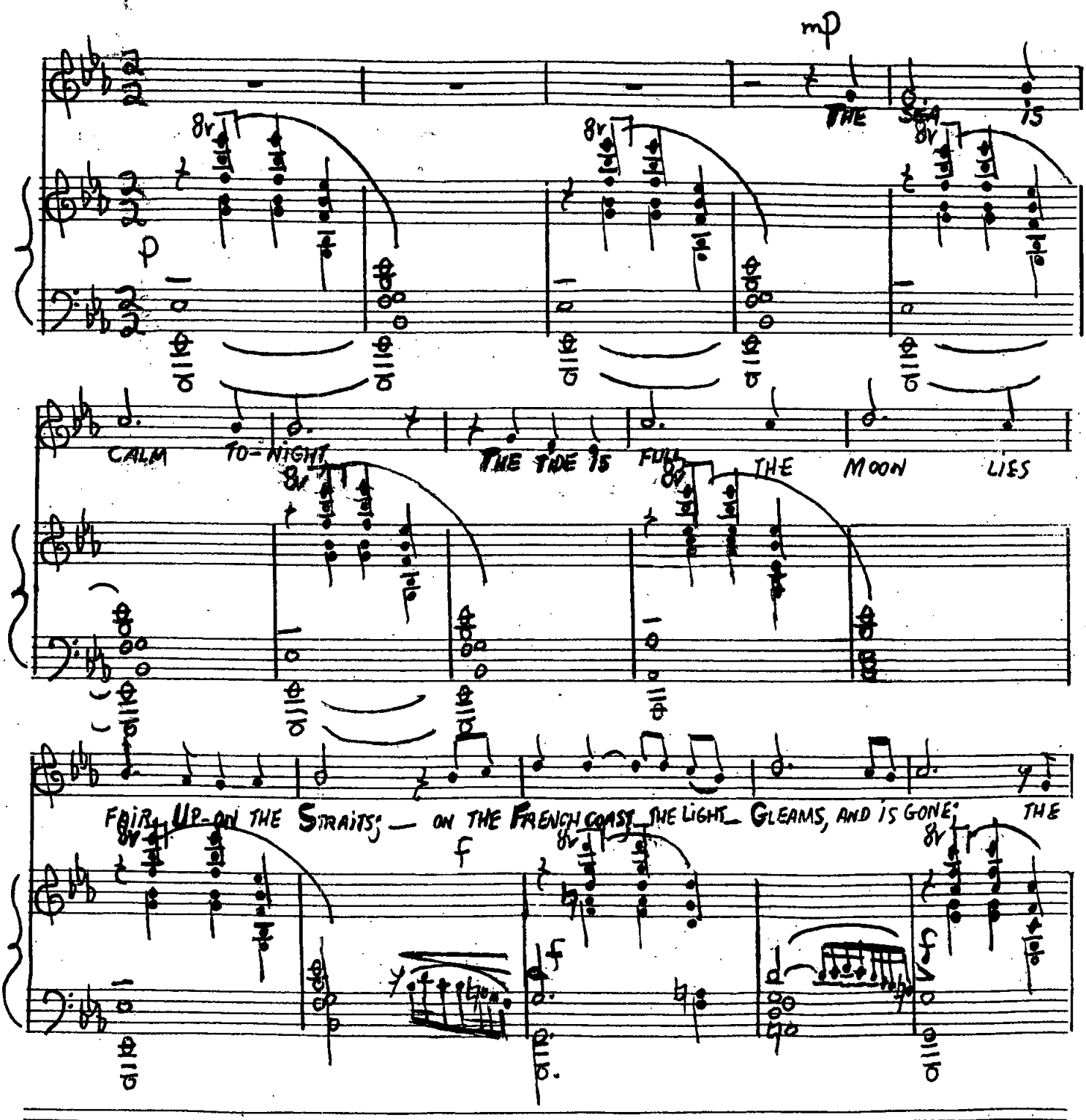

UN-NUM-BER'D AND E-NOR-MOUS POL-Y-PI
WIN-NOW WITH GI-ANT ARMS THE
SLUM-BER-ING GREEN.
THERE HATH HE LAIN FOR A-GES AND WILL LIE
BAT-TEN-ING ON HUGE SEA-WORMS IN HIS SLEEP,

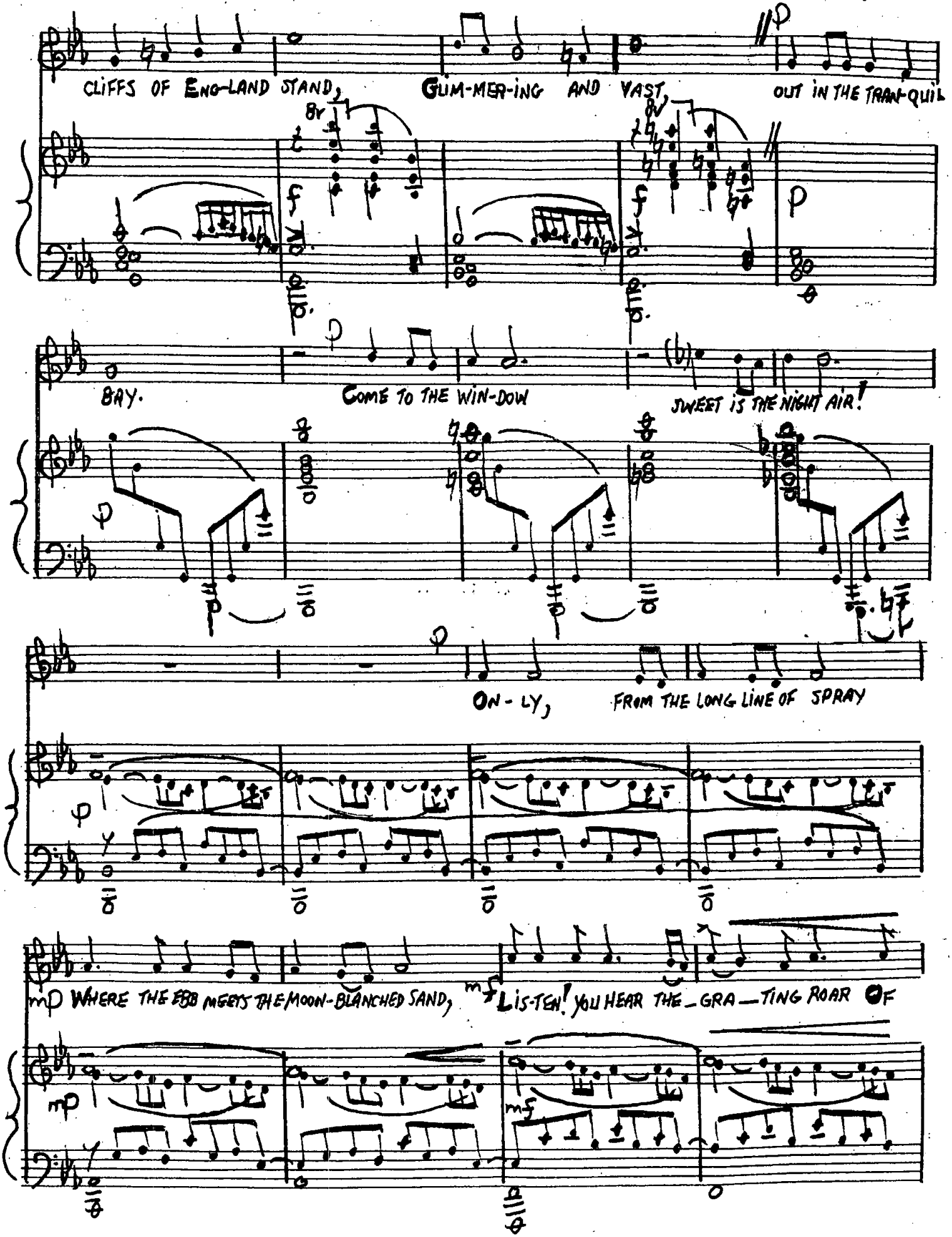

f
UN-TIL THE LAT-TER
FIRE SHALL HEAT THE DEEP;
f THEN ONCE BY MAN AND AN-GELS TO BE SEEN,
pp
f IN ROAR-ING HE SHALL RISE
AND ON THE SUR-FACE DIE.
LH
p
pp
LH
SLOWING

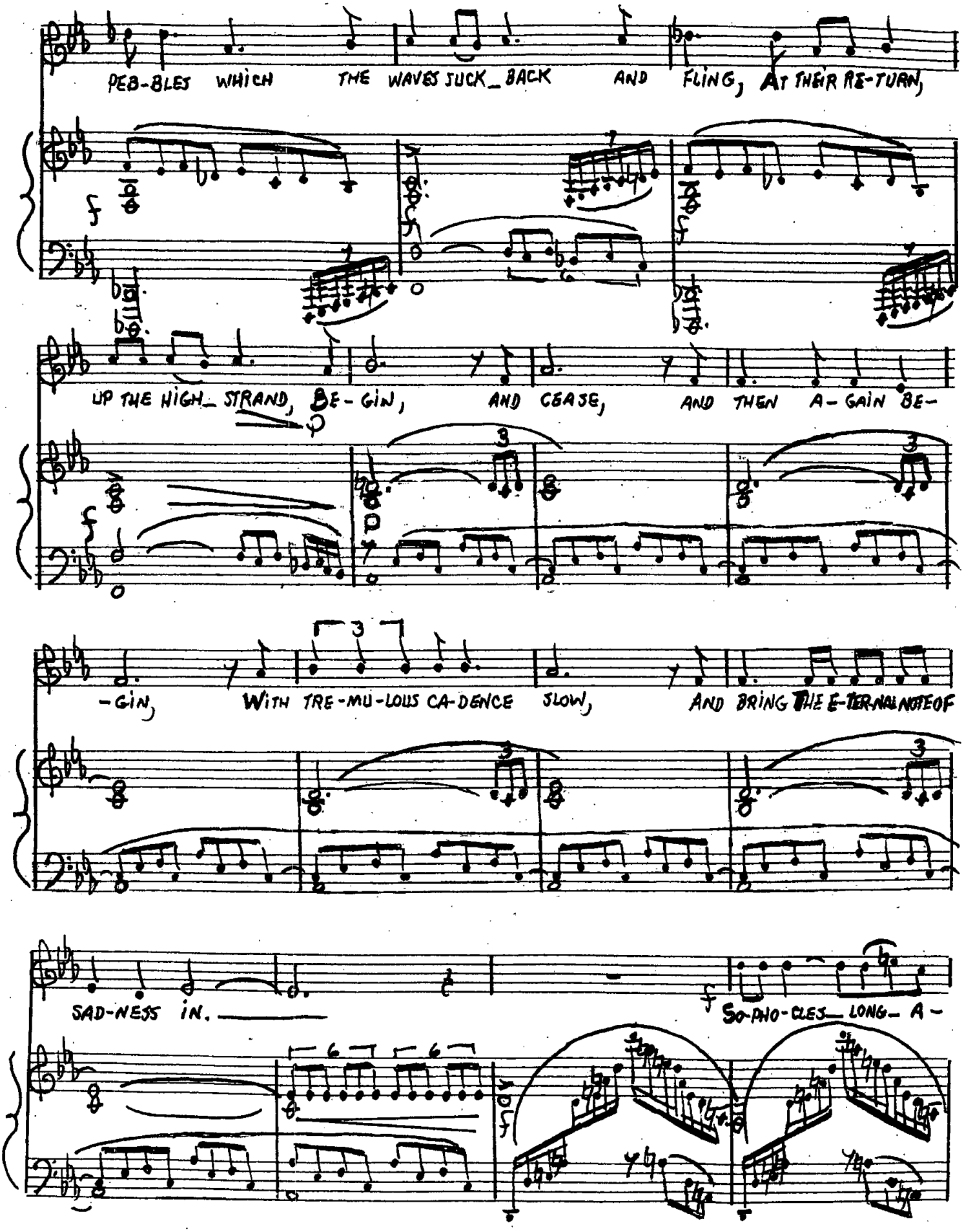
3. DOVER BEACH

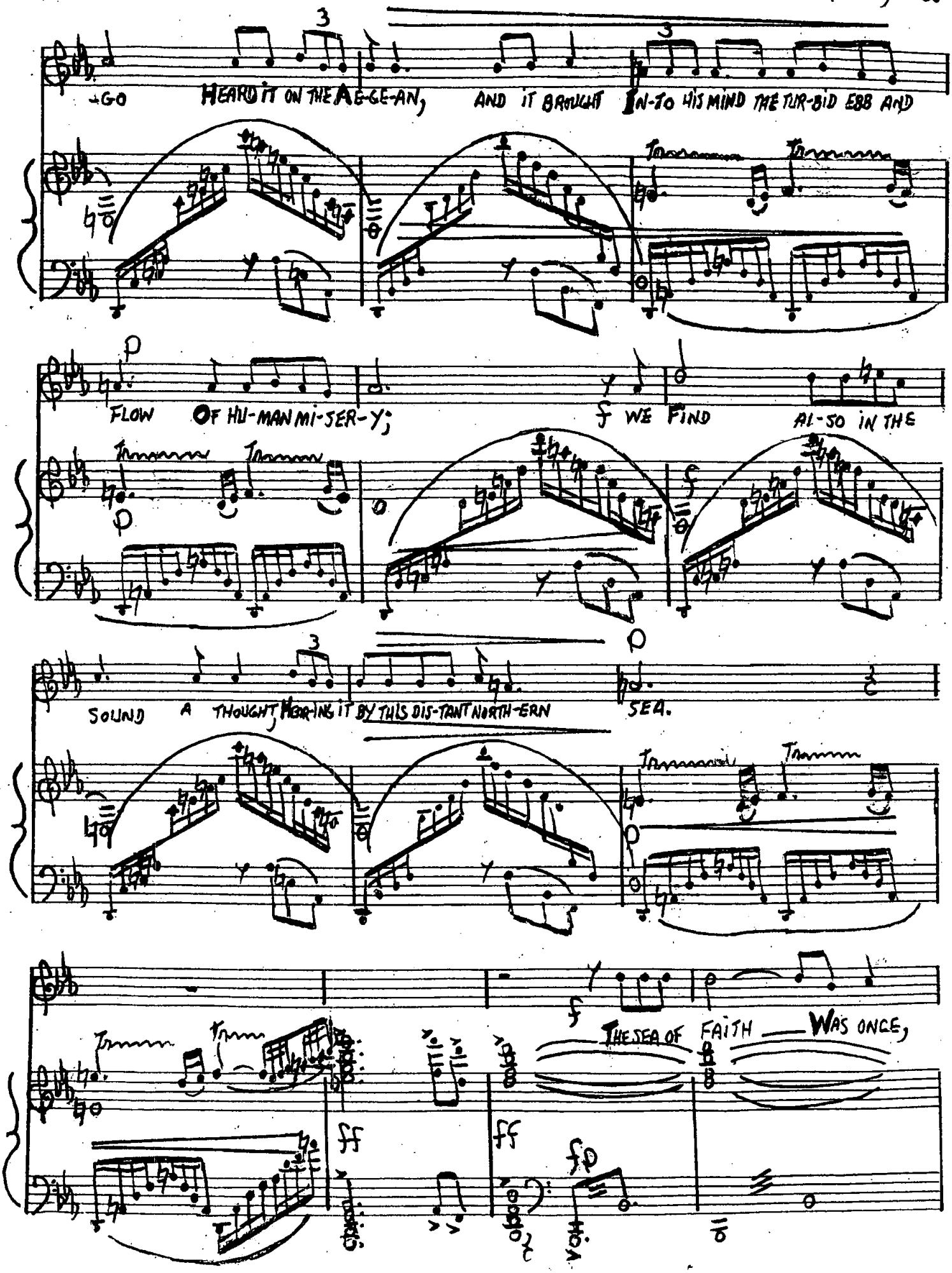
MATTHEW ARNOLD

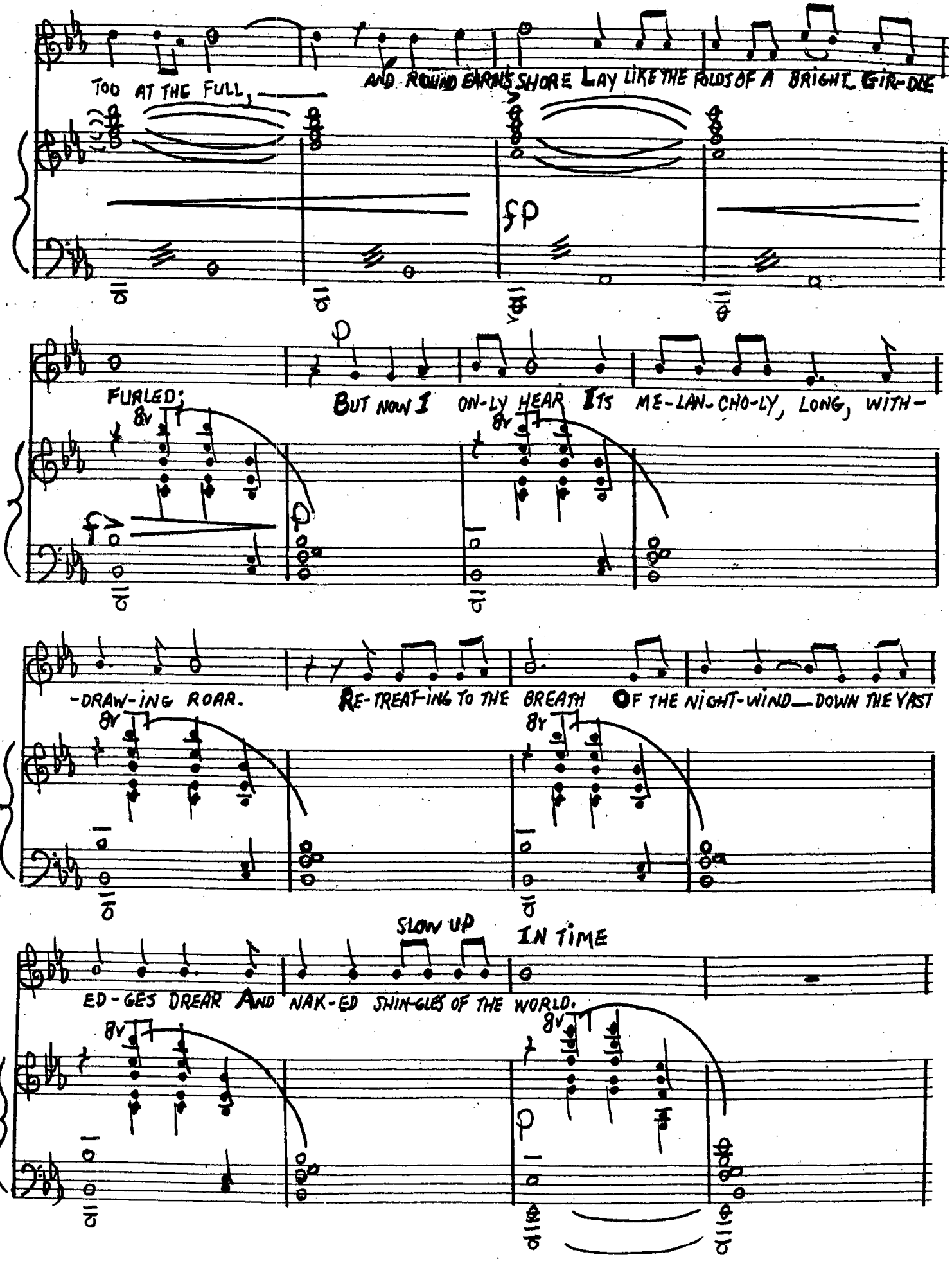
SLOW MEDIUM

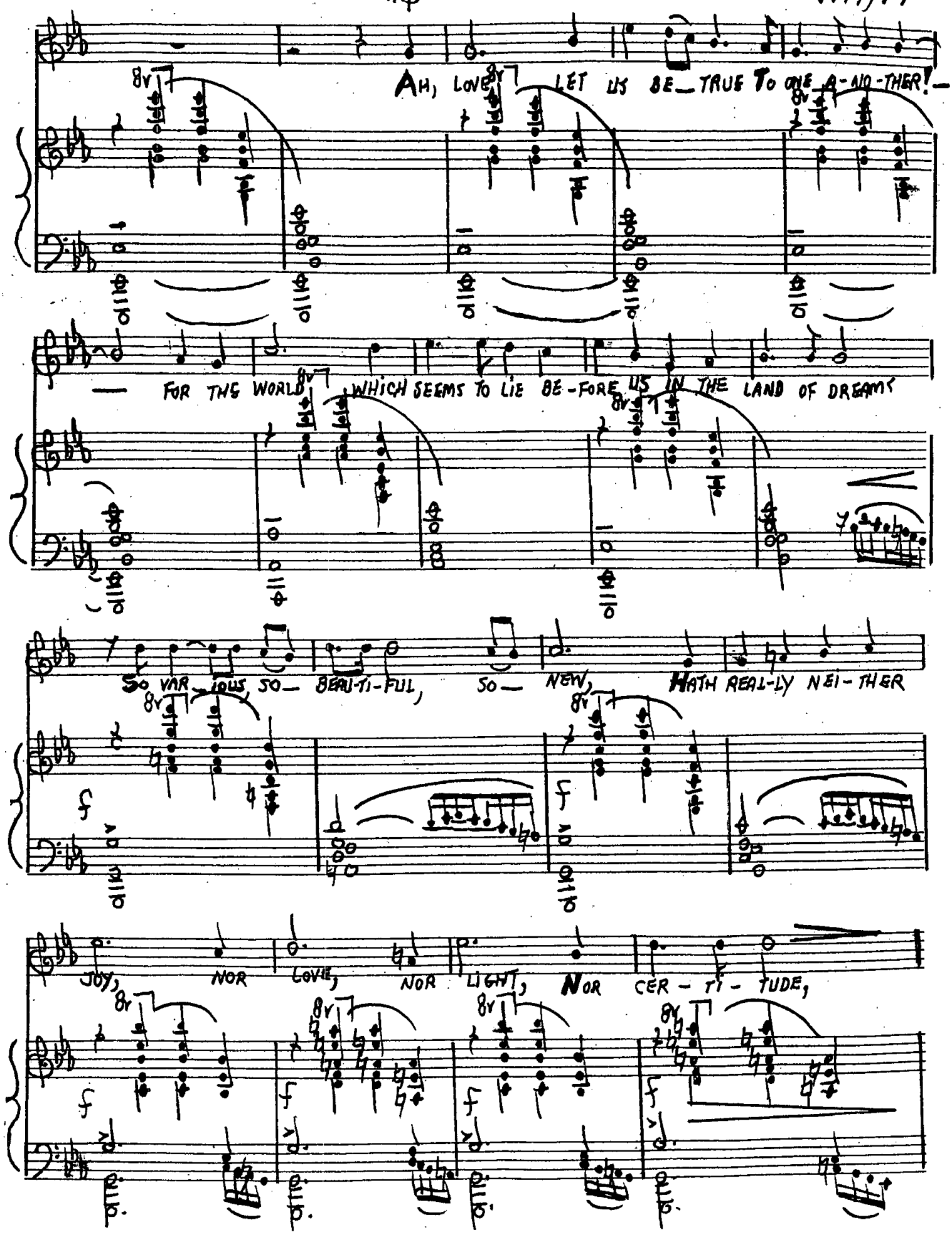


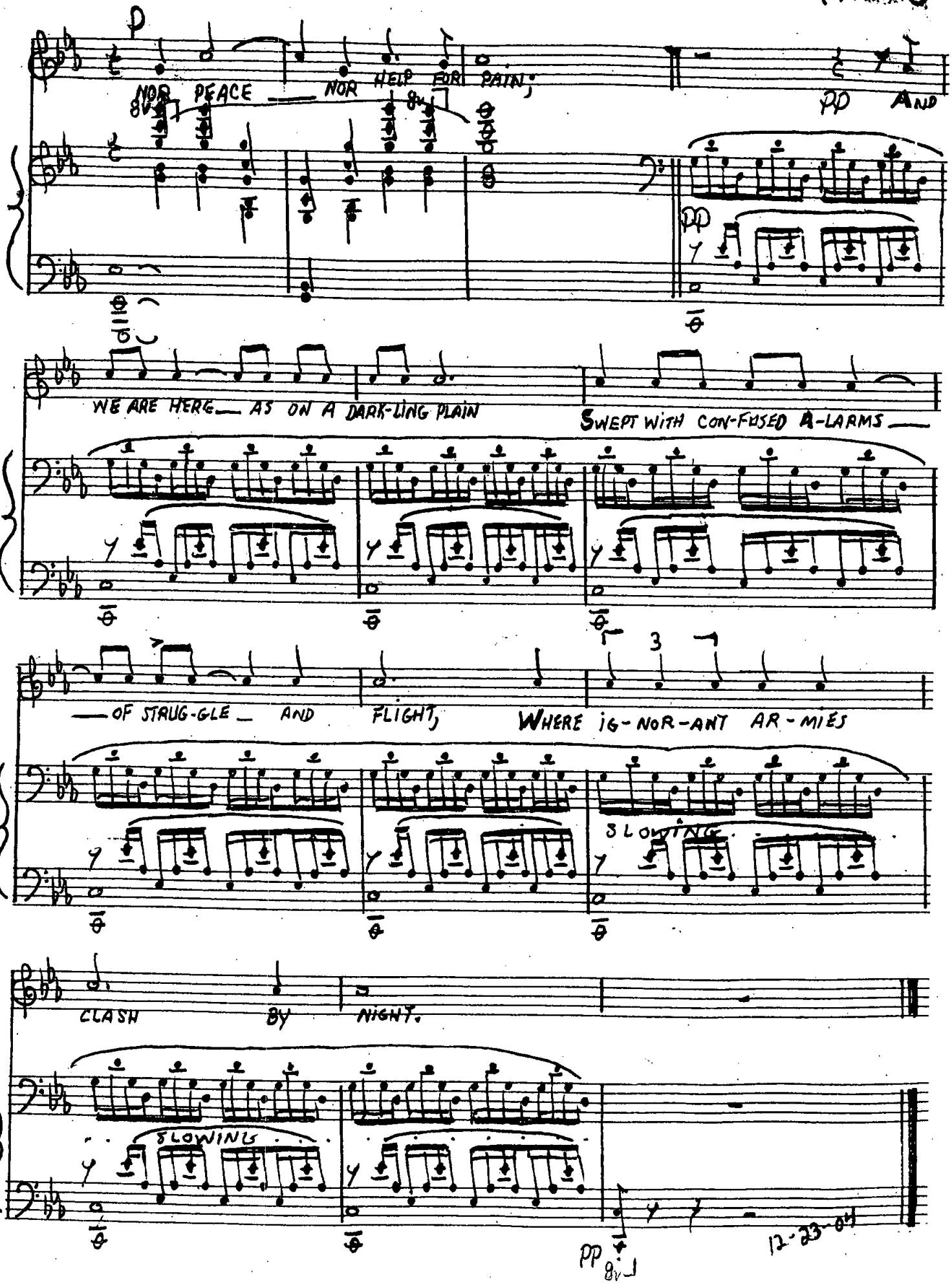

CLIFFS OF ENG-LAND STAND, GLIM-MER-ING AND VAST, OUT IN THE TRAN-QUIL
BAY. COME TO THE WIN-DOW SWEET IS THE NIGHT AIR!
ON - LY, FROM THE LONG LINE OF SPRAY
WHERE THE EBB MEETS THE MOON-BLANCHED SAND, LIS-TEN! YOU HEAR THE - GRA - TING ROAR OF


PEB-BLES WHICH THE WAVES SUCK_BACK AND FLING, AT THEIR RE-TURN,
UP THE HIGH_STRAND, BE-GIN, AND CEASE, AND THEN A-GAIN BE-
-GIN, WITH TRE-MU-LOUS CA-DENCE SLOW, AND BRING THE E-TER-NAL NOTE OF
SAD-NESS IN. SO-PHO-CLES_LONG_A-


-GO HEARD IT ON THE AE-GE-AN, AND IT BROUGHT IN-TO HIS MIND THE TUR-BID EBB AND
FLOW OF HU-MAN MI-SER-Y; WE FIND AL-SO IN THE
SOUND A THOUGHT, HEAR-ING IT BY THIS DIS-TANT NORTH-ERN SEA.
THE SEA OF FAITH WAS ONCE,


TOO AT THE FULL,
AND ROUND EARTH'S SHORE LAY LIKE THE FOLDS OF A BRIGHT GIR-DLE
FURLED;
BUT NOW I ON-LY HEAR ITS ME-LAN-CHO-LY, LONG, WITH-
-DRAW-ING ROAR.
RE-TREAT-ING TO THE BREATH OF THE NIGHT-WIND DOWN THE VAST
SLOW UP
IN TIME
ED-GES DREAR AND NAK-ED SHIN-GLES OF THE WORLD.


AH, LOVE! LET US BE TRUE TO ONE A-NO-THER!
FOR THE WORLD WHICH SEEMS TO LIE BE-FORE US IN THE LAND OF DREAMS
SO VAR-IOUS, SO BEAU-TI-FUL, SO NEW, HATH REAL-LY NEI-THER
JOY, NOR LOVE, NOR LIGHT, NOR CER-TI-TUDE,


p
NOR PEACE
NOR HELP FOR PAIN;
pp AND
WE ARE HERE AS ON A DARK-LING PLAIN
SWEPT WITH CON-FUSED A-LARMS
OF STRUG-GLE AND FLIGHT,
WHERE IG-NOR-ANT AR-MIES
SLOWING
CLASH
BY
NIGHT.
SLOWING
pp
12-23-04