FOUR FANTASTIC SONGS

(1) TO JULIA words by John Keir Cross

(2) THE DANCER words by Joseph Campbell

(3) MAZEMBRA PREED words by Anne Johnson

(4) THE CHILDREN words by Robert Browning

Set for soprano, mezzo-soprano or tenor voice and pianoforte

by ELAINE HUGH-JONES

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Preview

1 TO JULIA

O she thought she was in China
And a million miles away,
All among the tall pagodas
Where the shining geishas play
And the mocking birds were singing
And the lanterns burning red,
And the temple bells were ringing
Softly, softly in her head.
And those high and frozen mountains
Brought her comfort in the night,
Golden fish in silver fountains
Wove her garments of delight.
And the rich mimosa blossoms
Scented all the shining air,
And the mocking birds were nesting
Quietly, quietly in her hair.

John Keir Cross
(from the story "The Glass Eye")
published Faber & Faber

2 THE DANCER

The tall dancer dances
With slowly taken breath:
On his feet music
And on his face death.
His face is a mask,
It is so still and white,
His withered eyes shut
Unmindful of light.
The old fiddler fiddles
The merry 'Silver Tip'
With softly beating foot
And laughing eyes and lip.
And round the dark walls
The people sit and stand,
Praising the art
Of the dancer of the land.
But he dances there
As if his kin were dead:
Clay in his thoughts
And lightning in his tread.

Joseph Campbell
(Oxford Book of Modern Verse)

3 Mazembra Preed, Mazembra Preed
Sowed her lawn with parsley seed
Telling her friends who asked her why
"It goes so well with a mackerel sky"

When "Pooh!" they said "First catch your fish"
Down they'd plop at Mazembra's wish
And her parsley thrived as no Christians should
"That maid Mazembra's up to no good"

So went the clack
"She'll come to lack"
"You'll see" said the Village
But the rooks in the College
elms as one bird
Cawed
ABSURD.

So when the cockerel shrilled "Who's for mackerel?"
And the old grasshopper tick-tockerel
Tuned up his zither as the raindrops ceased
Out ran the children to Mazembra's feast.
and all were blest -

Her small black cat as surely as the rest.

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Anna Johnson

4 The Children

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And e'er he blew three notes, (such sweet, soft notes
As yet musician's cunning never gave the enraptured air),

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling.
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children, running.
All the little boys and girls with rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The magical music, with shouting and laughter.

(From "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"" by Robert Browning)

"To Julia"

Elaine Hugh-Jones

Slowly, dreamily
(♩=40)

PP

she thought she was in China and a million miles

Ped.

Poco più mosso

poco rit.

away.

mp

All a-long the tall pag-o-das where the shining geishas play,

poco rit.

dim.

p

Ped.

And — the mocking birds were sing-ing, and the lanterns burn-ing red, —

leggiero

PP

legatiss.

mf

p

mf

and the temple bells were ringing softly, softly in her head. And those high and frozen mountains

mf

p

mf

(Ped)

brought her comfort in the night, Golden fish — in sil-ver fountains

(mf)

f

f

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accel.

wove her garments of delight.

accelerest.

mp

Ped.

TEMPO I

Rit.

A Tempo

mp

And the rich mimosa blossoms

Tempo I

ff

mp sub.

mark inner part

Rit.

dolce

P

Ped.

simile

mf

scented all the shining air —

P

mp

And the mocking birds — were nesting

cresc.

mf

P

leggiero

mp

poco Rit:

A Tempo

quietly, quietly, in her hair.

A Tempo

poco Rit.

dim.

pp

pp

pp

P

pp

ppp

Ped.

mf

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From "Oxford Book of Modern Verse"

Joseph Campbell

The Dancer

Elaine Hugh-Jones

(♩ = 60)

Tempo giusto (gentle dance rhythm)

p (legatiss.)

The tall dan — cer

pp

Ped. simile

dances with slowly ta — ken breath:

cresc.

In his feet mu — sic

mp (senza rall.)

and on his face —

mf (senza rall.) mp

death His face is a mask, It is so still and white,

Preview Eye only

mf

His withered eyes shut unmindful of light. The old fiddler fiddles The

mp

poco accel.

merry 'Silver Tip' With softly beating foot and laughing eyes and lips

mp

mf

poco accel.

mf

cresc.

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Preview

mf

And round the dark walls the people sit and stand

mf

poco allarg.

cresc.

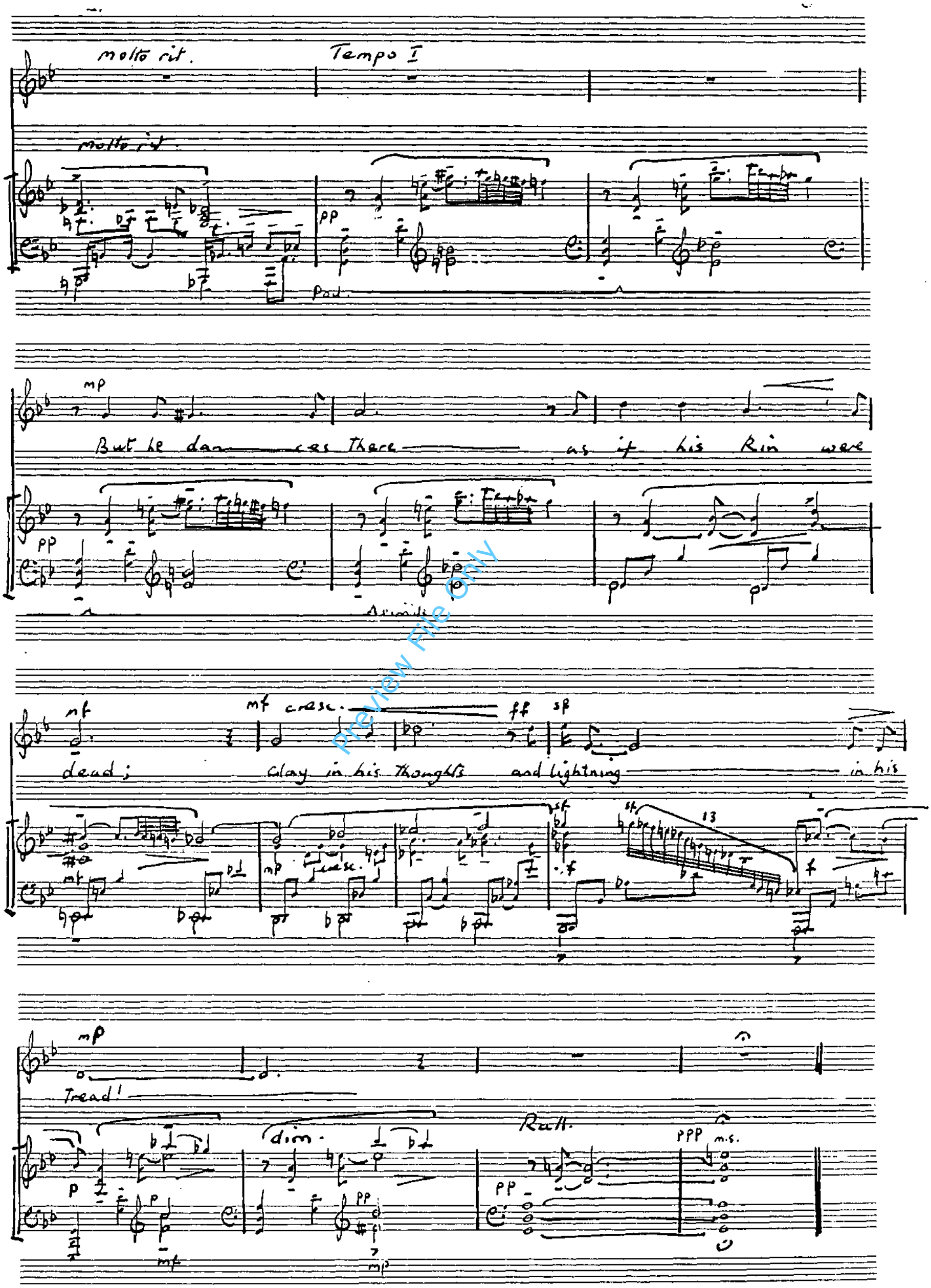
praising the art of the dancer of the land.

poco allarg.

cresc.

f

f



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Anne Johnson

"Mazembra Preed"

Light and flowing
(not too fast)

Elaine Hugh-Jones

(approx. ♩ = 68)

mp

Mazem—bra Preed, Ma—zem—bra

pp

Con Ped

etc.

Preed Sowed her lawn with pars—ley seed,

espress.

Telling her friends who asked her why, "It goes so well—

mf

mf

—with a mackerel sky." When

mf

Ped. etc.

"Pooh" they said, "first find your fish!" Down they'd plop

mf)

Ped.

mf

Ped.

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Rit.

at Mazem—bra's wish.

mp

And her

Rit.

mp

Ped

Slow and leisurely

(♩ = 56)

mp

par—sley thrived

mf

as no Christian's should.

slow and leisurely

mf

PP

PP

mf

mf

PP

Ped.

subito più mosso

mf

"That maid Mazembra's up to no

(♩ = 66)

(mp)

PP

(PP)

PP

sf

Leggiero

good!"

mf

mp

So went the

mf

mp

poco rit.

mp

clack, "She's sure to lack, You'll see" — said the Village. But the

poco rit.

mf

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Tempo
♩ = 52

rooks in The College elms as one bird cawed 'ABSURD.'

(♩ = 52)

Più mosso
(♩. = 100) mf

So when the cockerel

(♩. = 100)

shrilled 'Who's — for mackerel?'

And the old grasshopper

ten

tick tockerel tunes up his zither as the

RALL.

rain-drops ceased. Out ran the children — to Mazemba's feast.

Tempo
(♩. = 88)

(RALL.)

(♩. = 88)

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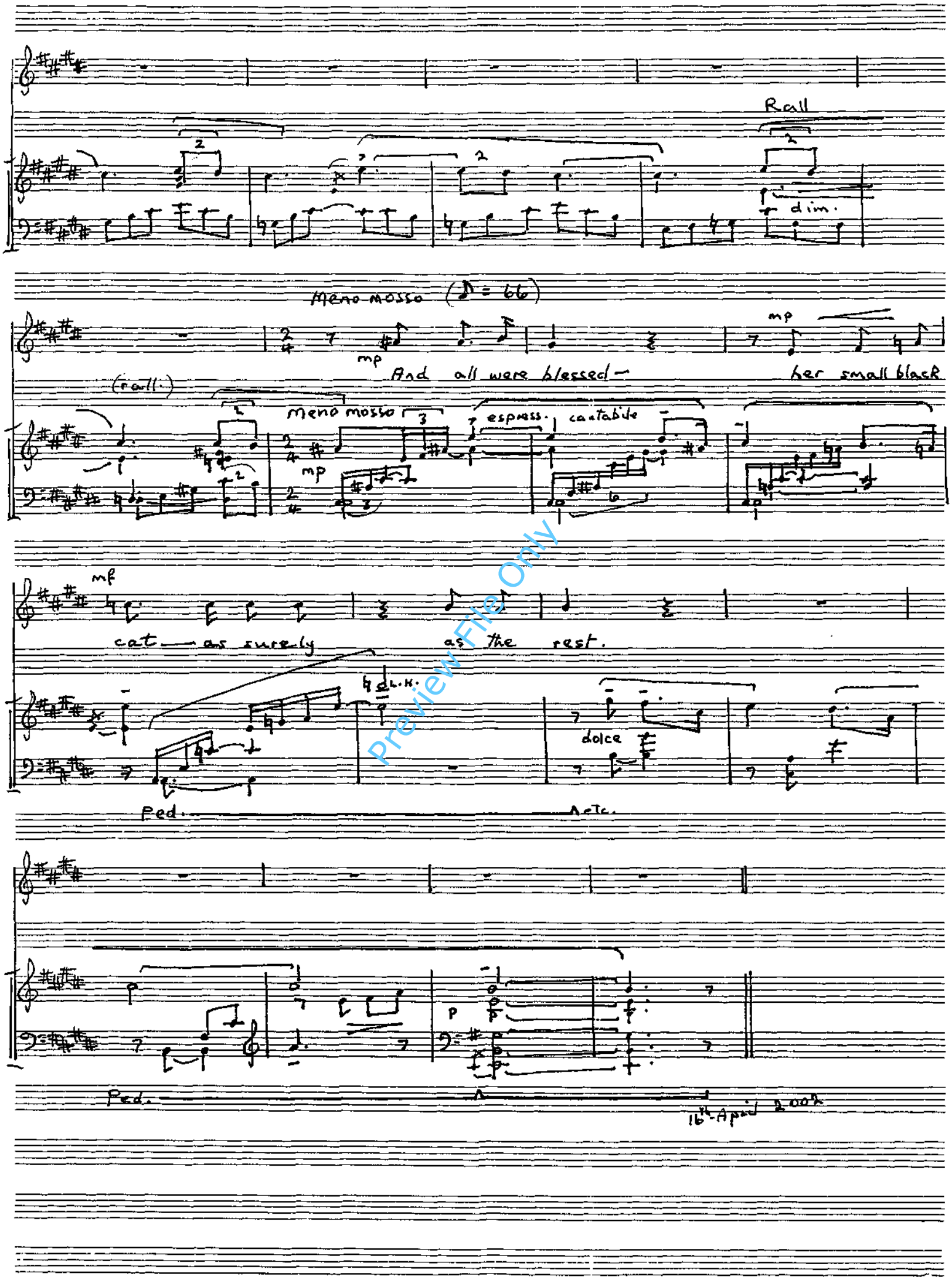

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"The Children"
(from "The Pied Piper of Hamelin")

Robert Browning

Elaine Hugh-Jones

Slow and deliberate
(♩. = 50)

mp
Once more he stepped in to the street,
f LH.
mp
p

and to his lips a - gain laid — his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
p
3
mp

And e'er he blew three notes, (such sweet, soft notes as yet Mu-
3
2

- sician's cunning — never gave the en - raptured air),
2
p
mp
p

Più mosso, agitato
(♩. = 92)
mp
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling of
Più mosso, agitato
(♩. = 92)
pp
marc.
(pp)

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merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling. Small feet were pattering,

Wooden shoes clattering, Little hands clapping and Little Tongues chattering,

and like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the li-ttle boys and girls, with rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, and

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leggiero e cresc.

sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping ran merrily after the

cresc.

magical music with shouting and laughter.

(cresc.)

Ped.

accel.

decresc.

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