
Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye
A sonnet by
Susan Evance
Set to music and performed by
nion



Susan Evance

Little is known about Miss Evance, apart from her two volumes of poetry, published in 1808 and 1818, respectively. Somewhere between these publications she married a Mr. Hooper, and it is suggested she had children and a brother in the navy. Although reviews of her first collection were favourable, her second volume received little attention and, sadly, she dropped out of sight - and was quickly forgotten. This song is a tribute to her beautiful, melancholic poetry.

nion

The artist has released several albums: Lost In Love (2007), The Void (2009), Quest (2011) and the poetry cycle Thy Delightful Shade (2013-2014). Although he started out as a 'pop' musician, his musical style has developed towards piano-based songs, often inspired by English poetry from the 18th and 19th century.

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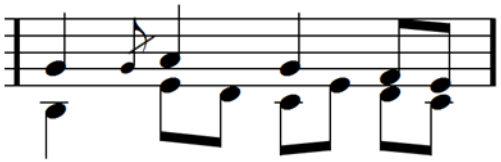
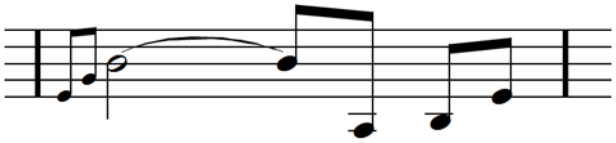
Front cover painting: Stilleven met bloemen en fruit (Still life with flowers and fruit) - Georgius Jacobus Johannes van Os (1782–1861)

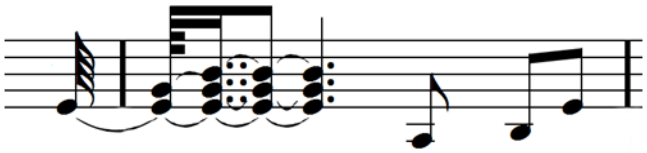
Notation

In this book, alternative notation has been used to display arpeggios.
A crossed grace note should be played as a (short) grace note:



An uncrossed grace note should be played as a (sustained) arpeggio:



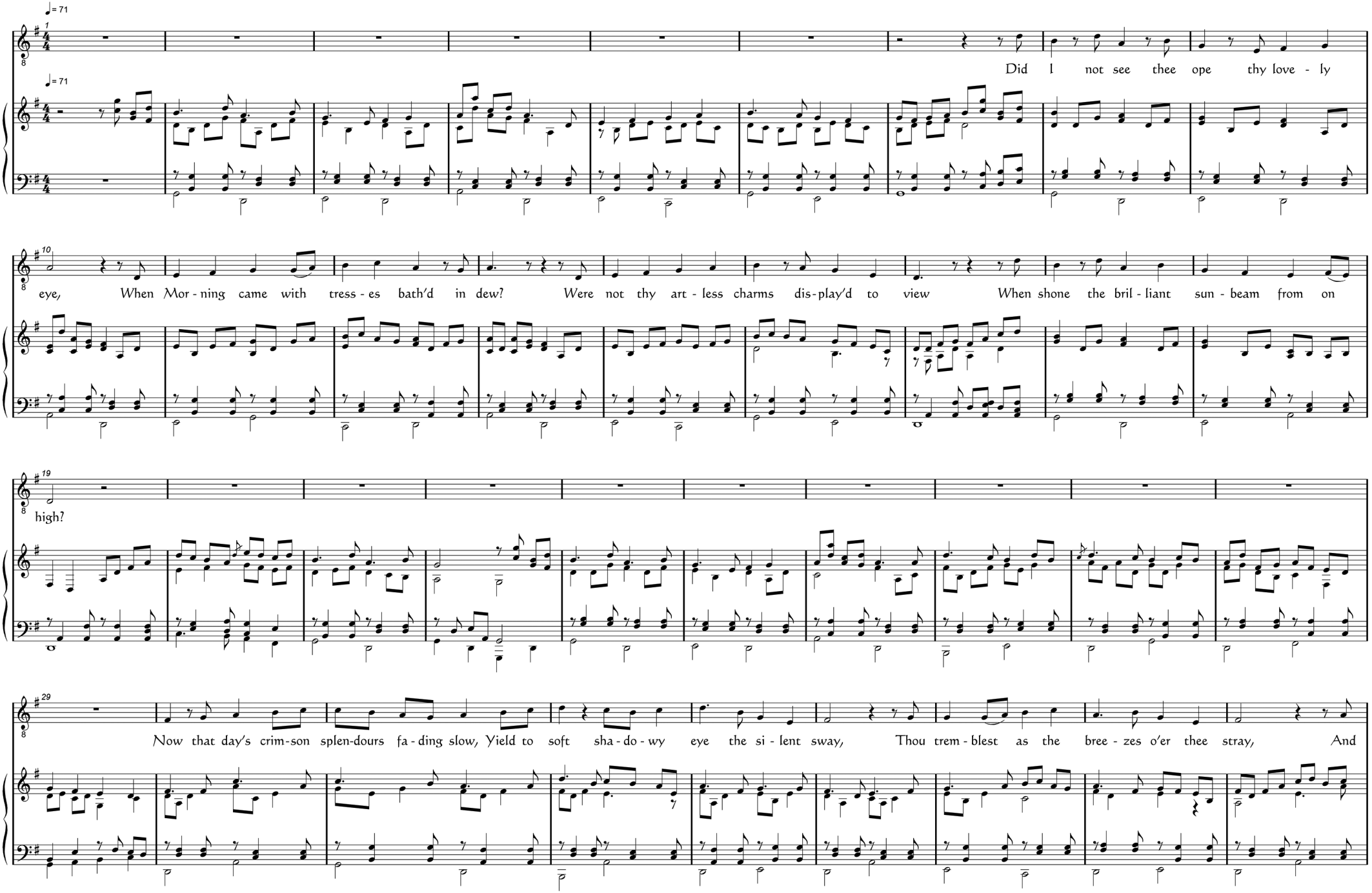


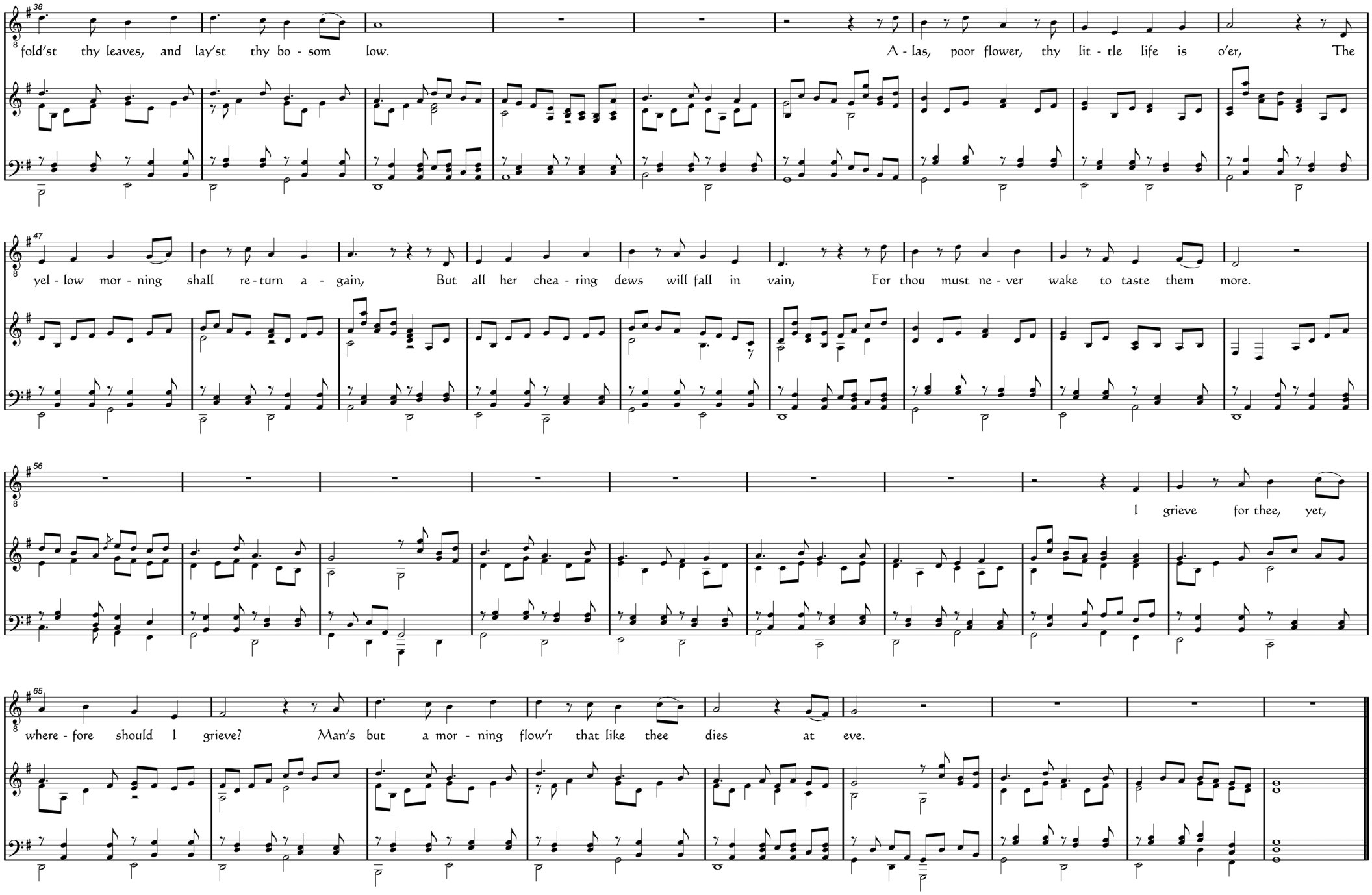


Sonnet

To a Convolvolus.

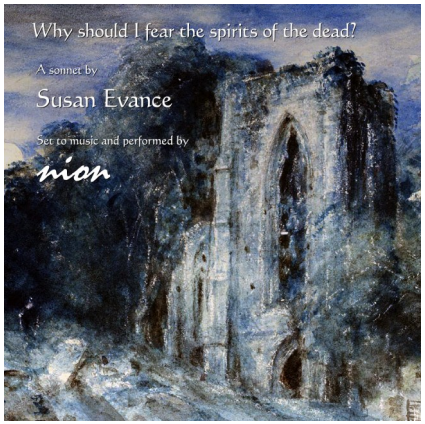
Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye,
When Morning came with tresses bath'd in dew?
Were not thy artless charms display'd to view
When shone the brilliant sun-beam from on high?
Now that day's crimson splendours fading slow,
Yield to soft shadowy eye the silent sway,
Thou tremblest as the breezes o'er thee stray,
And fold'st thy leaves, and lay'st thy bosom low.
Alas, poor flower, thy little life is o'er,
The yellow morning shall return again,
But all her chearing dews will fall in vain,
For thou must never wake to taste them more.
I grieve for thee, yet, wherefore should I grieve?
Man's but a morning flow'r that like thee dies at eve.

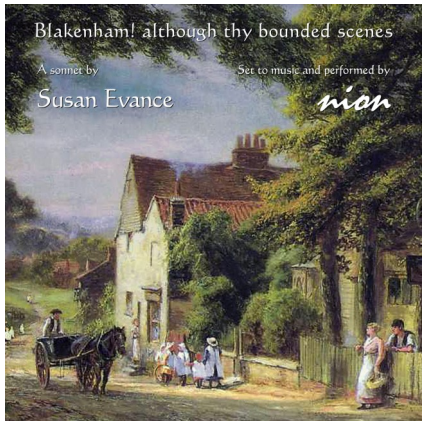

♩= 71
1
Did I not see thee ope thy love - ly
10
eye, When Mor - ning came with tress - es bath'd in dew? Were not thy art - less charms dis - play'd to view When shone the bril - liant sun - beam from on
19
high?
29
Now that day's crim - son splen-dours fa - ding slow, Yield to soft sha - do - wy eye the si - lent sway, Thou trem - blest as the bree - zes o'er thee stray, And

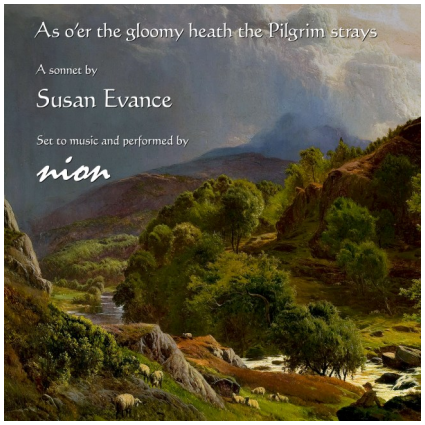

38
fold'st thy leaves, and lay'st thy bo - som low.
A - las, poor flower, thy lit - tle life is o'er,
The
47
yel - low mor - ning shall re - turn a - gain,
But all her chea - ring dews will fall in vain,
For thou must ne - ver wake to taste them more.
56
I grieve for thee, yet,
65
where - fore should I grieve?
Man's but a mor - ning flow'r that like thee dies at eve.

Singles

Free downloads from www.nion.eu.



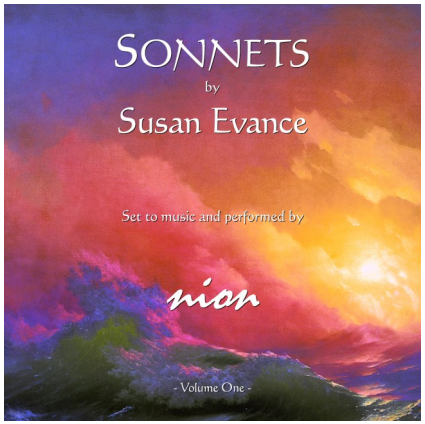


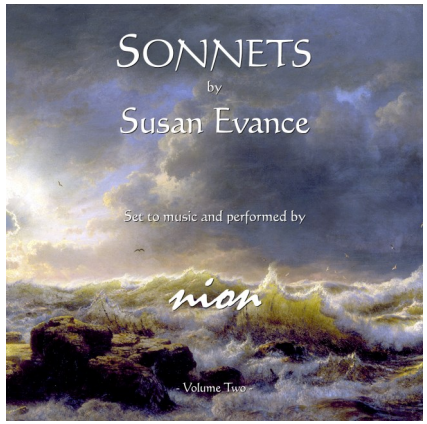




Albums

'Volume One' and 'Volume Two' are available from iTunes, Amazon, Google Play and CD Baby. 'Highlights' is available from Bandcamp.







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