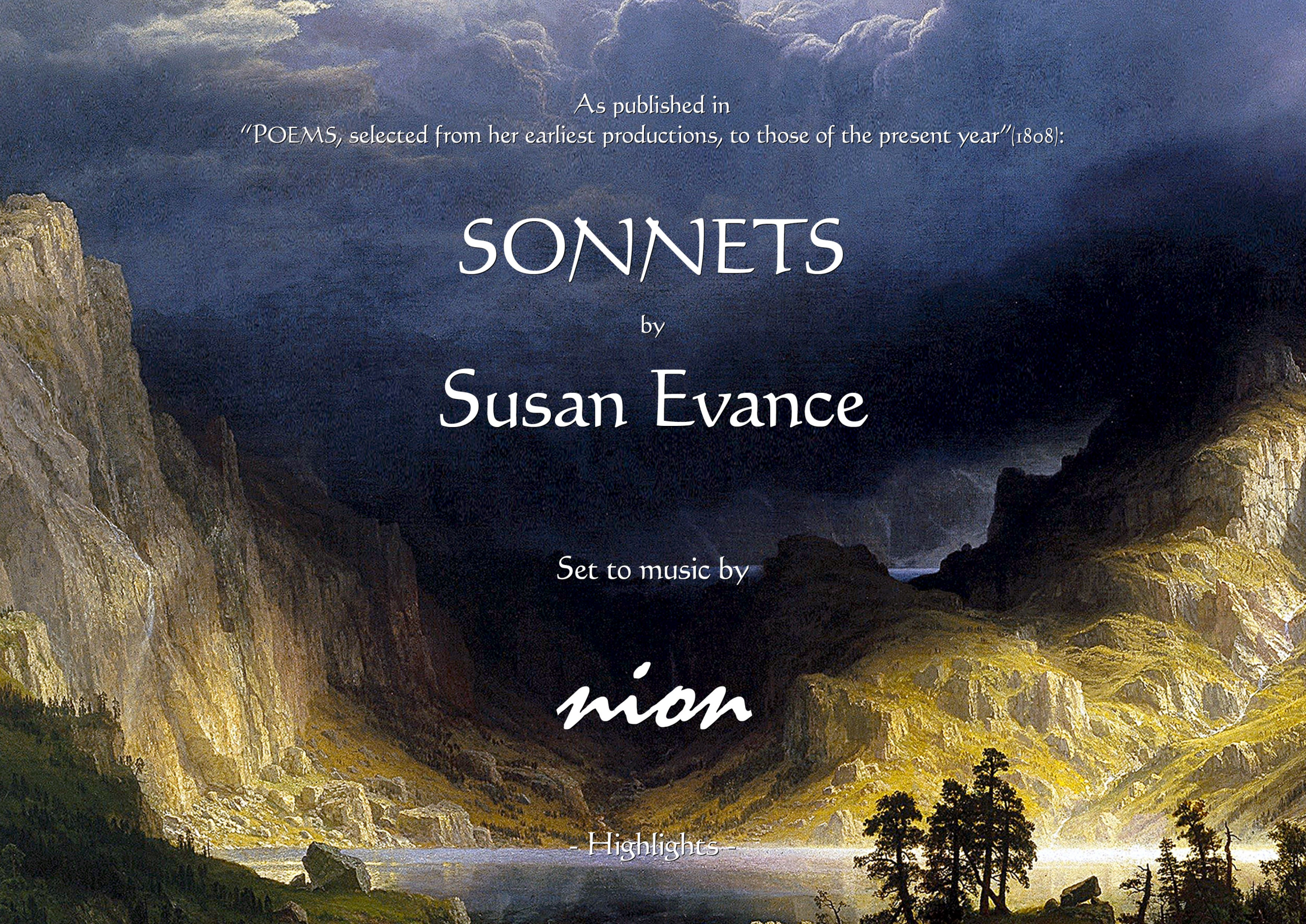

As published in
"POEMS, selected from her earliest productions, to those of the present year"(1808):

SONNETS

by

Susan Evance

Set to music by

nion

- Highlights -



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 album 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.

This volume, based on the 1808 publication by Susan Evance, contain ten sonnets from the book. The musical performance of these Sonnets is available from Bandcamp.

More information: www.nion.eu.

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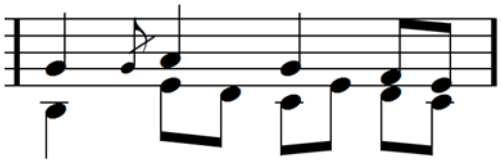
Sonnets by Susan Evance, Highlights

Released: September 2016

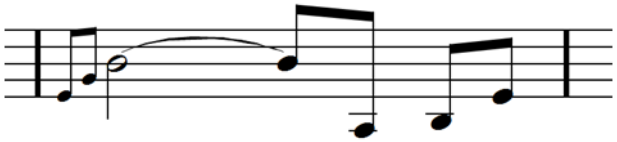
1. Why should I fear the spirits of the dead? (edit) (3.18)
2. As o'er the gloomy heath the Pilgrim strays (edit) (3.25)
3. Pale ruthless Demon! terrible Despair! (edit) (2.53)
4. O leave me not, Content! I cannot bear (edit) (3.37)
5. With weeping tenderness once more I gaze (edit) (3.55)
6. Blakenham! although thy bounded scenes (edit) (2.49)
7. O take me from the hated haunts of man (edit) (3.05)
8. Ah no--enthusiasm's hour is fled (edit) (3.42)
9. Why do I muse on moments that are past (edit) (3.07)
10. Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye (edit) (4.16)

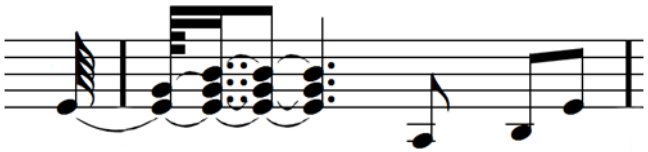
Notation

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:







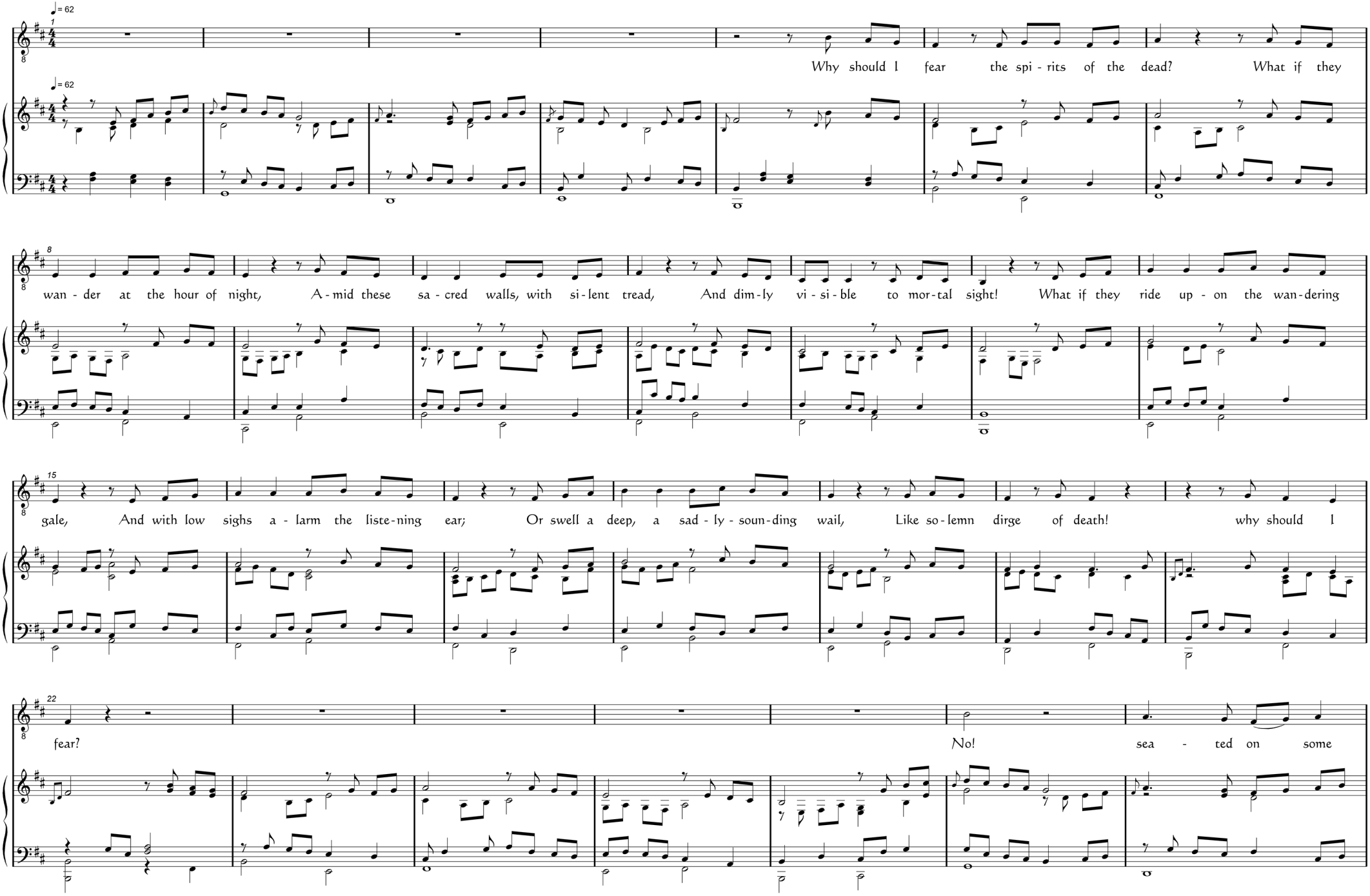


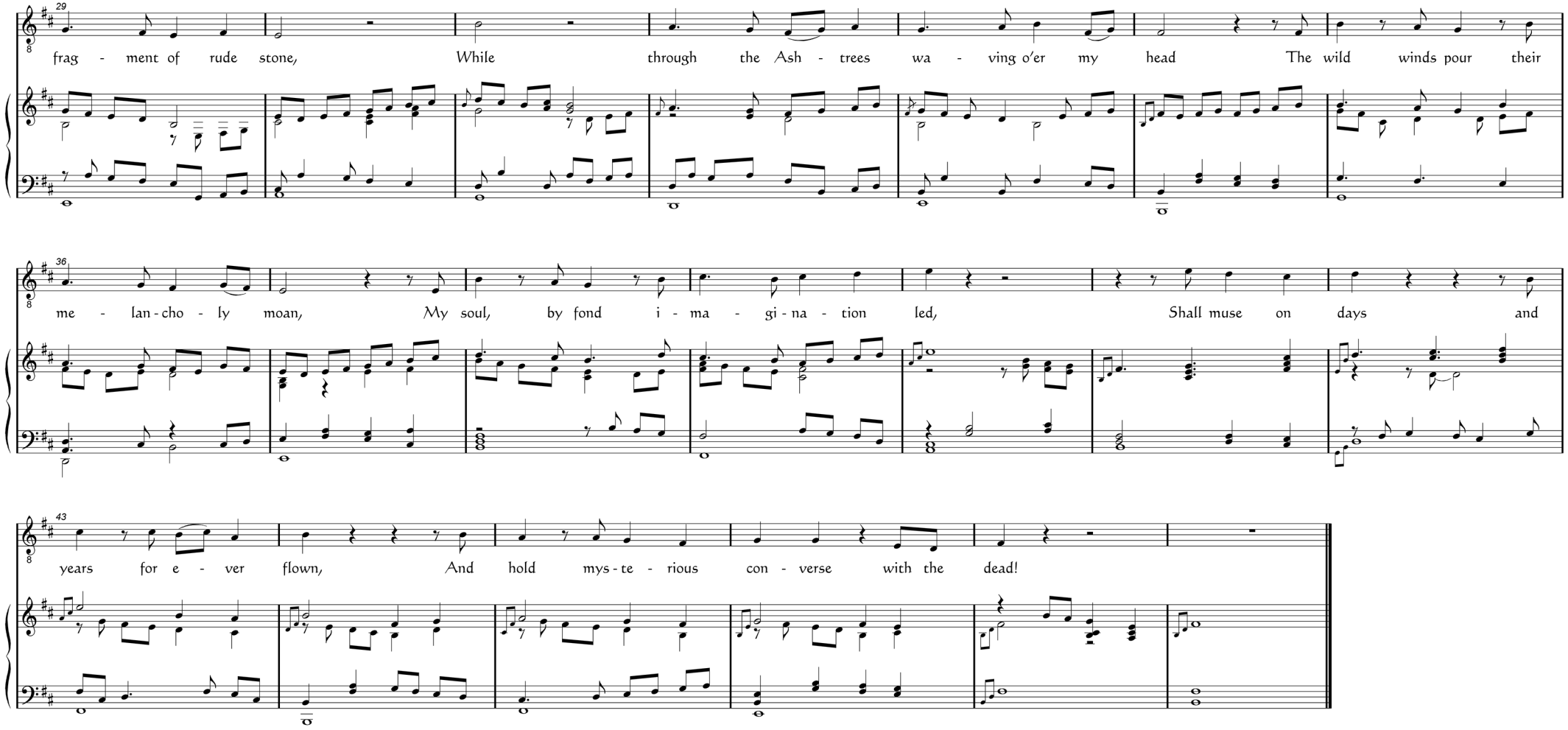
Sonnet

Written at Netley Abbey.

Why should I fear the spirits of the dead?
What if they wander at the hour of night,
Amid these sacred walls, with silent tread,
And dimly visible to mortal sight!
What if they ride upon the wandering gale,
And with low sighs alarm the listening ear;
Or swell a deep, a sadly-sounding wail,
Like solemn dirge of death! why should I fear?
No! seated on some fragment of rude stone,
While through the Ash-trees waving o'er my head
The wild winds pour their melancholy moan,
My soul, by fond imagination led,
Shall muse on days and years for ever flown,
And hold mysterious converse with the dead!

◀ Painting: Netley Abbey by moonlight - John Constable (1776-1837)


♩= 62
1
Why should I fear the spi - rits of the dead? What if they
8
wan - der at the hour of night, A - mid these sa - cred walls, with si - lent tread, And dim - ly vi - si - ble to mor - tal sight! What if they ride up - on the wan - dering
15
gale, And with low sighs a - larm the liste - ning ear; Or swell a deep, a sad - ly - soun - ding wail, Like so - lemn dirge of death! why should I
22
fear? No! sea - ted on some

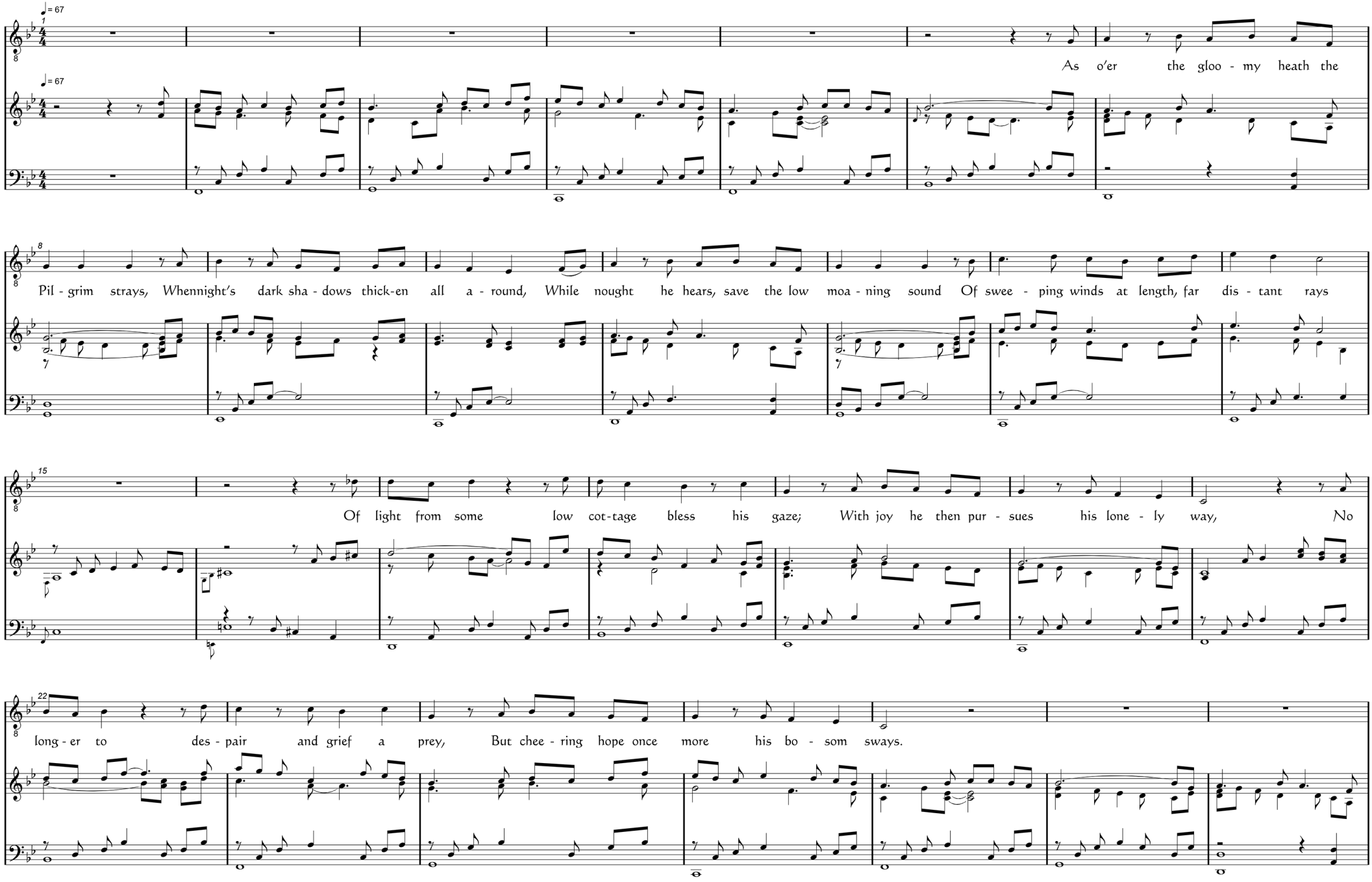

29
frag - ment of rude stone, While through the Ash - trees wa - ving o'er my head The wild winds pour their
36
me - lan - cho - ly moan, My soul, by fond i - ma - gi - na - tion led, Shall muse on days and
43
years for e - ver flown, And hold mys - te - rious con - verse with the dead!

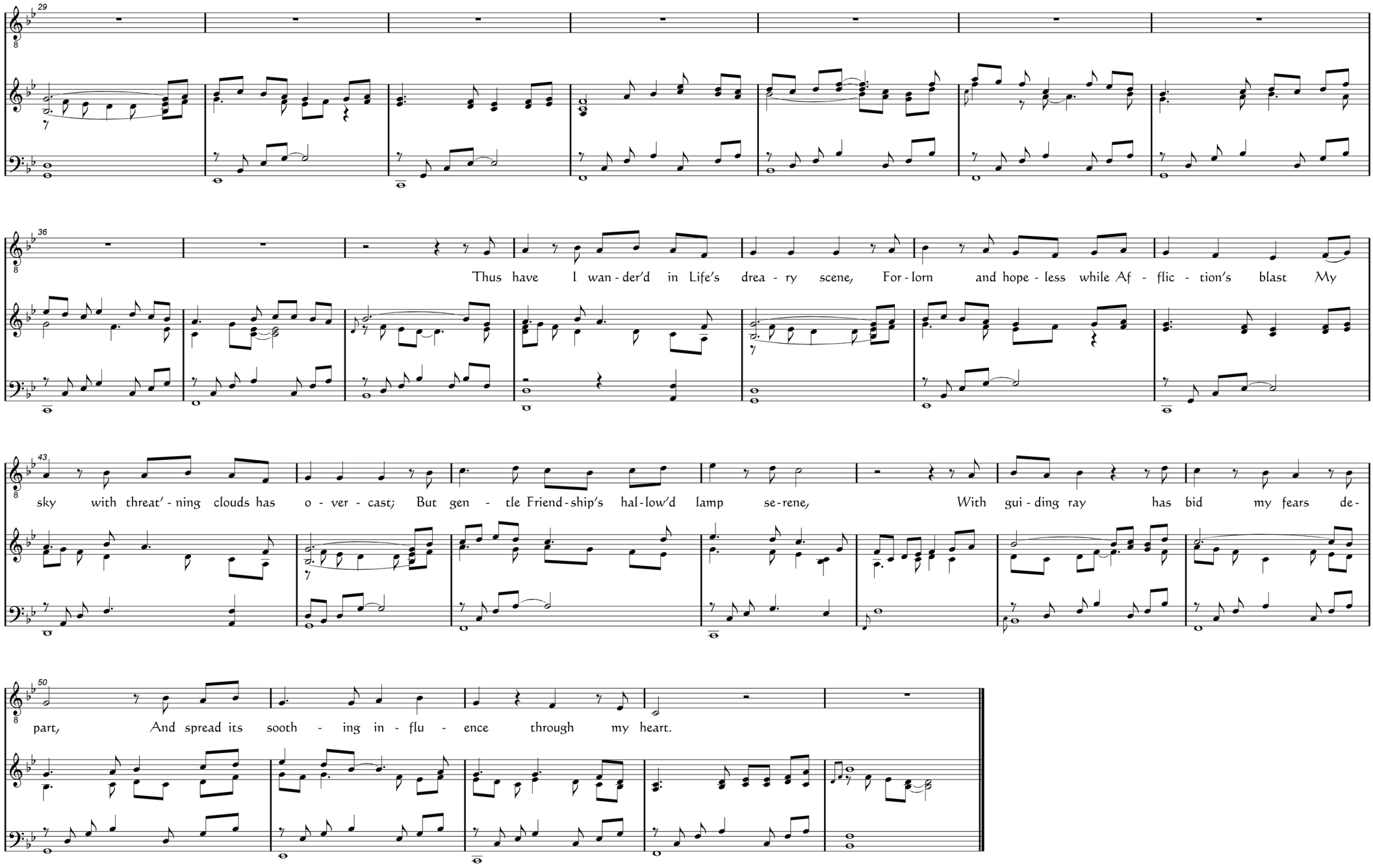


Sonnet

As o'er the gloomy heath the Pilgrim strays,
When night's dark shadows thicken all around,
While nought he hears, save the low moaning sound
Of sweeping winds--at length, far distant rays
Of light from some low cottage bless his gaze;
With joy he then pursues his lonely way,
No longer to despair and grief a prey,
But cheering hope once more his bosom sways.
Thus have I wander'd in Life's dreary scene,
Forlorn and hopeless--while Affliction's blast
My sky with threat'ning clouds has overcast;
But gentle Friendship's hallow'd lamp serene,
With guiding ray has bid my fears depart,
And spread its soothing influence through my heart.

◄ Painting: The river Llugwy at Capel Curig - Sidney Richard Percy (1821-1886)


♩= 67
As o'er the gloo - my heath the
Pil - grim strays, Whennight's dark sha - dows thick-en all a - round, While nought he hears, save the low moa - ning sound Of swee - ping winds at length, far dis - tant rays
Of light from some low cot-tage bless his gaze; With joy he then pur - sues his lone - ly way, No
long - er to des - pair and grief a prey, But chee - ring hope once more his bo - som sways.


29
36
Thus have I wan - der'd in Life's drea - ry scene, For - lorn and hope - less while Af - flic - tion's blast My
43
sky with threat' - ning clouds has o - ver - cast; But gen - tle Friend - ship's hal - low'd lamp se - rene, With gui - ding ray has bid my fears de -
50
part, And spread its sooth - ing in - flu - ence through my heart.

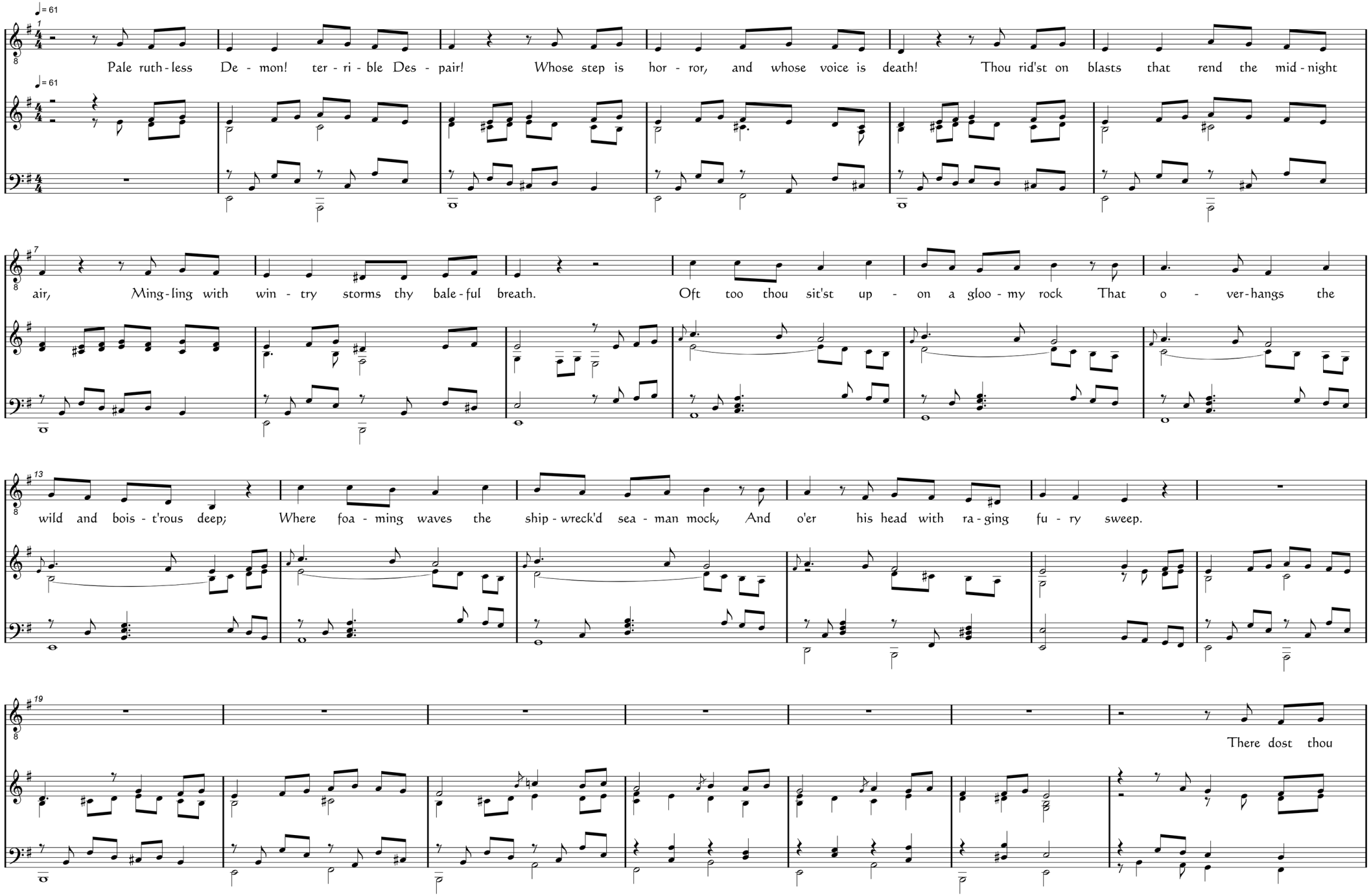


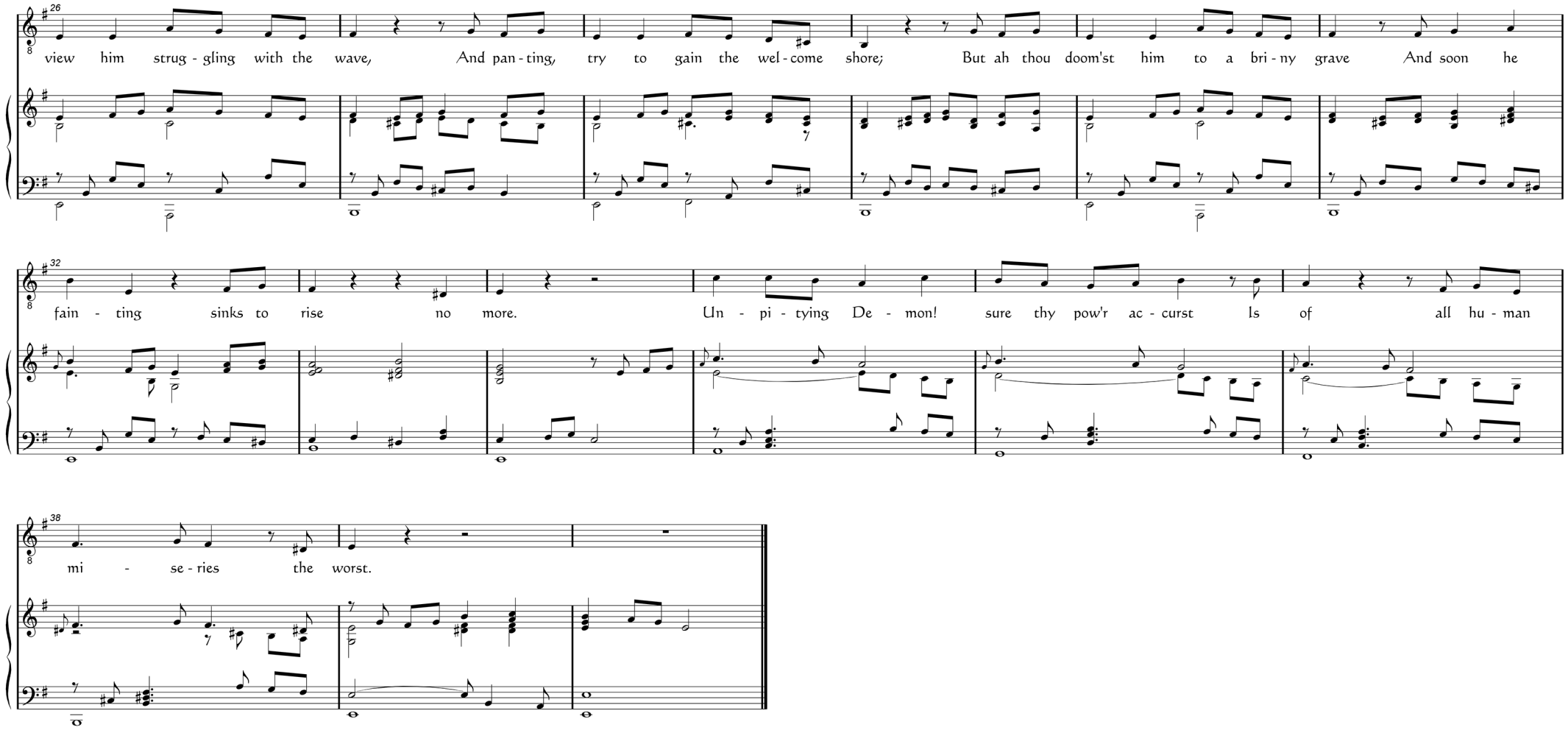
Sonnet

To despair.

Pale ruthless Demon! terrible Despair!
Whose step is horror, and whose voice is death!
Thou rid'st on blasts that rend the midnight air,
Mingling with wintry storms thy baleful breath.
Oft too thou sit'st upon a gloomy rock
That overhangs the wild and boist'rous deep;
Where foaming waves the ship-wreck'd seaman mock,
And o'er his head with raging fury sweep.
There dost thou view him struggling with the wave,
And panting, try to gain the welcome shore;
But ah thou doom'st him to a briny grave–
And soon he fainting sinks--to rise no more.
Unpitying Demon! sure thy pow'r accurst
Is of all human miseries the worst.

◀ Painting: The ninth wave - Ivan Konstantinovich Aivazovsky (1817-1900)


♩= 61
Pale ruth-less De-mon! ter-ri-ble Des-pair! Whose step is hor-ror, and whose voice is death! Thou rid'st on blasts that rend the mid-night
air, Ming-ling with win-try storms thy bale-ful breath. Oft too thou sit'st up-on a gloo-my rock That o-ver-hangs the
wild and bois-t'rous deep; Where foa-ming waves the ship-wreck'd sea-man mock, And o'er his head with ra-ging fu-ry sweep.
There dost thou


26
view him strug - gling with the wave, And pan - ting, try to gain the wel - come shore; But ah thou doom'st him to a bri - ny grave And soon he
32
fain - ting sinks to rise no more. Un - pi - tying De - mon! sure thy pow'r ac - curst Is of all hu - man
38
mi - se - ries the worst.

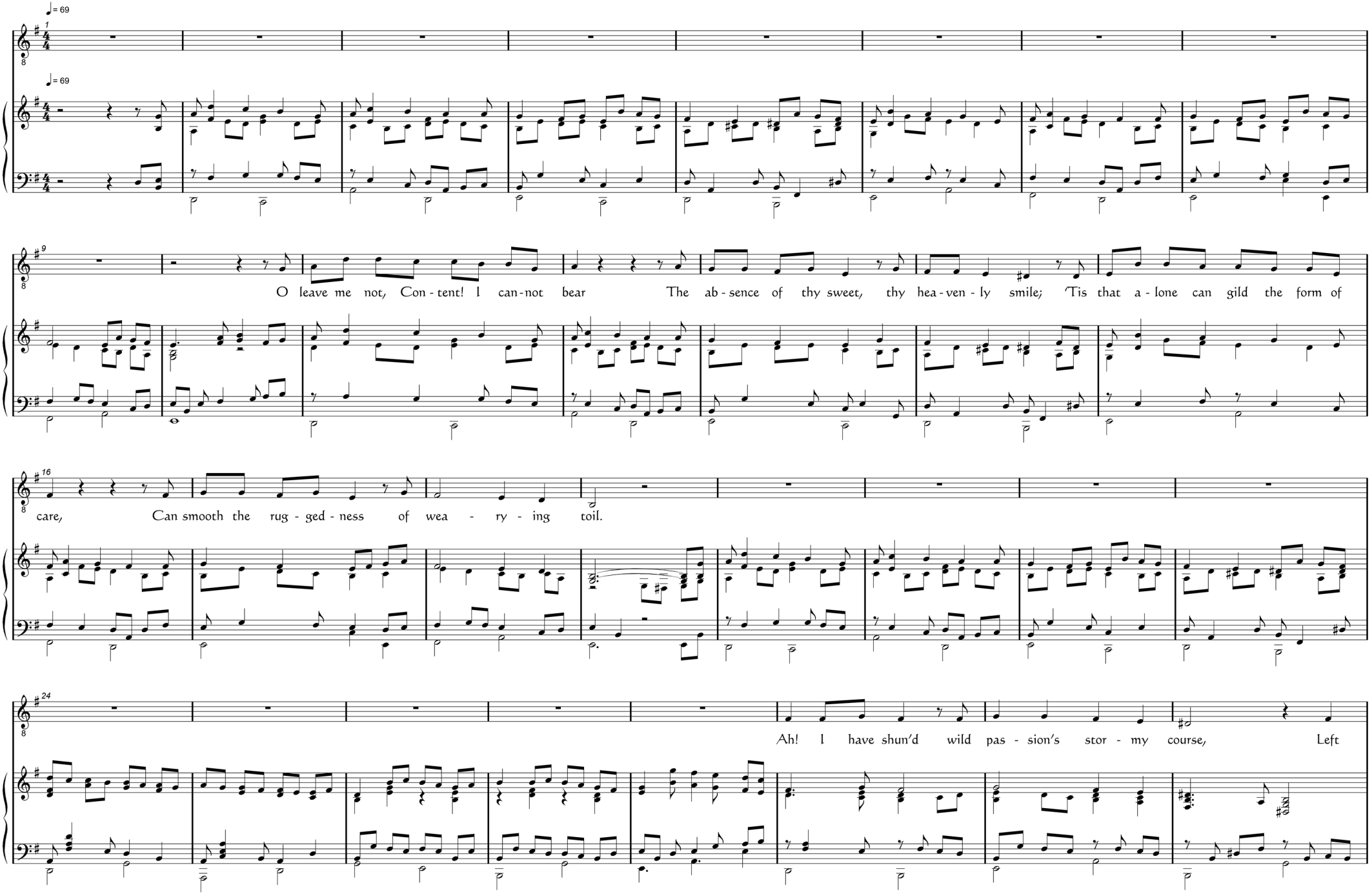


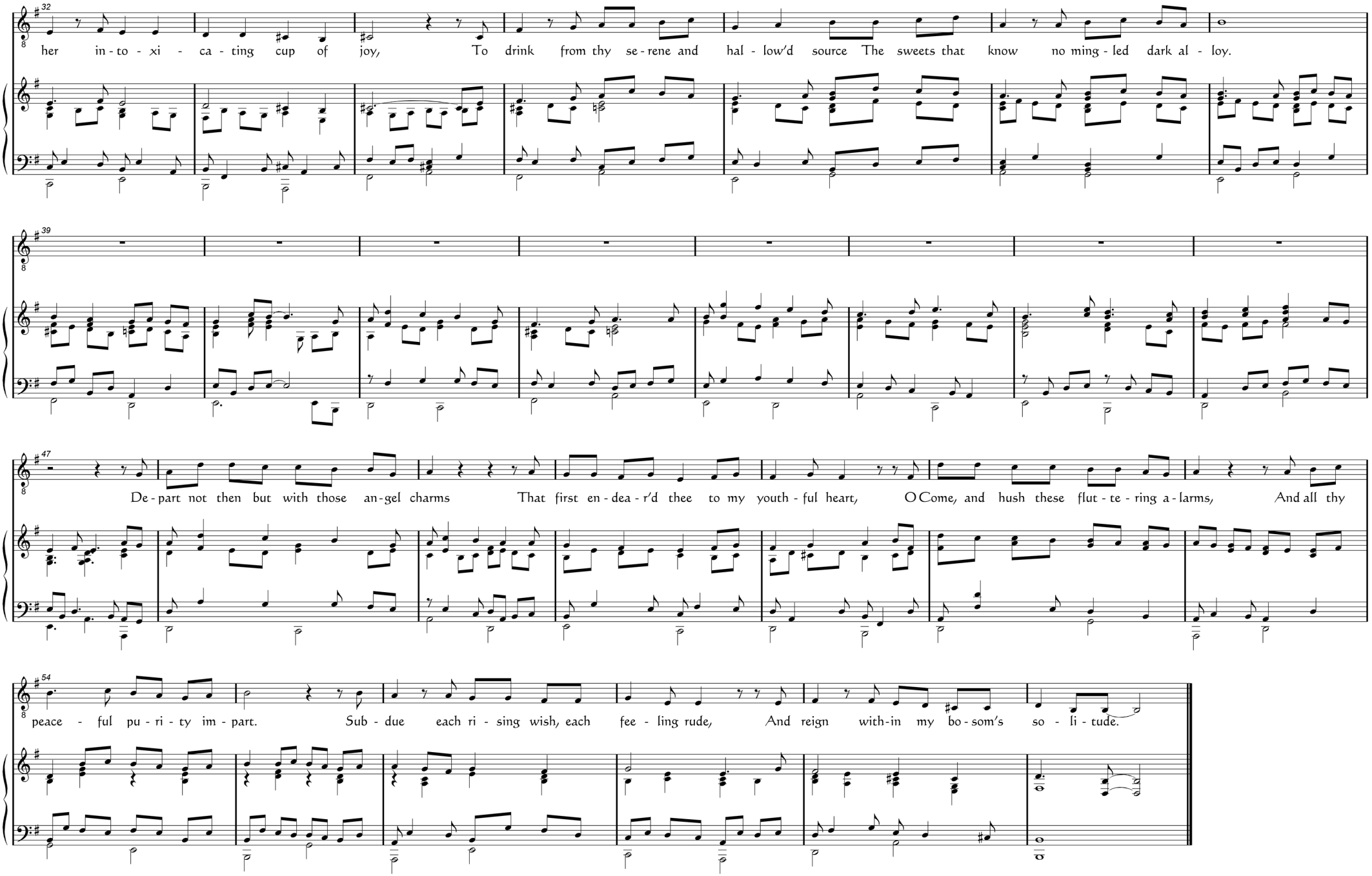
Sonnet

To Content.

O LEAVE me not, Content! I cannot bear
The absence of thy sweet, thy heavenly smile;
'Tis that alone can gild the form of care,
Can smooth the ruggedness of wearying toil.
Ah! I have shun'd wild passion's stormy course,
Left her intoxicating cup of joy,
To drink from thy serene and hallow'd source
The sweets that know no mingled dark alloy.
Depart not then--but with those angel charms
That first endear'd thee to my youthful heart,
O Come, and hush these fluttering alarms,
And all thy peaceful purity impart.
Subdue each rising wish, each feeling rude,
And reign within my bosom's solitude.

◀ Painting: A storm in the Rocky Mountains, Mt. Rosalie - Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902)


♩= 69
1
♩= 69
9
O leave me not, Con - tent! I can - not bear The ab - sence of thy sweet, thy hea - ven - ly smile; 'Tis that a - lone can gild the form of
16
care, Can smooth the rug - ged - ness of wea - ry - ing toil.
24
Ah! I have shun'd wild pas - sion's stor - my course, Left


32
her in - to - xi - ca - ting cup of joy, To drink from thy se - rene and hal - low'd source The sweets that know no ming - led dark al - loy.
39
47
De - part not then but with those an - gel charms That first en - dea - r'd thee to my youth - ful heart, O Come, and hush these flut - te - ring a - larms, And all thy
54
peace - ful pu - ri - ty im - part. Sub - due each ri - sing wish, each fee - ling rude, And reign with-in my bo - som's so - li - tude.

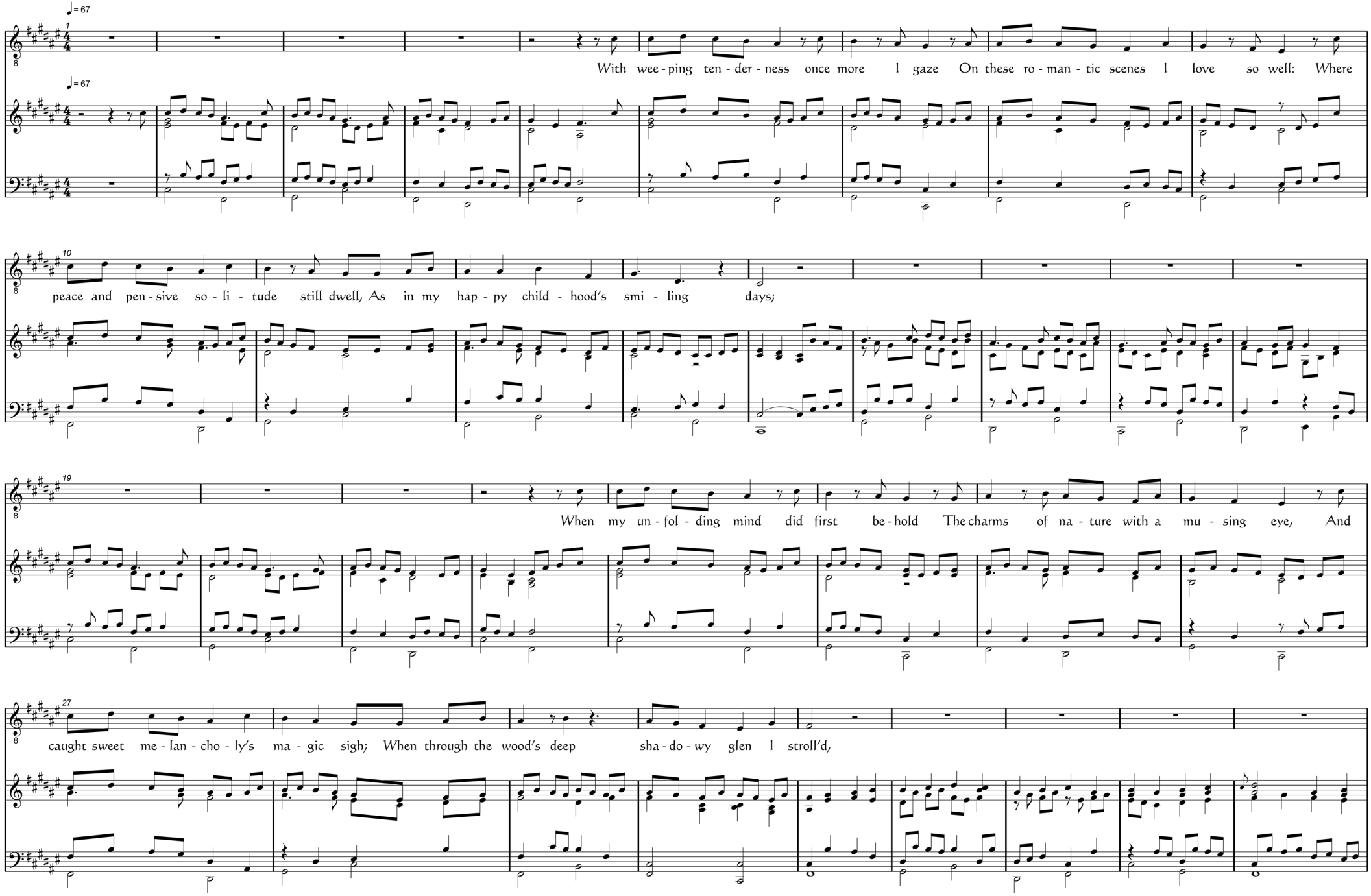


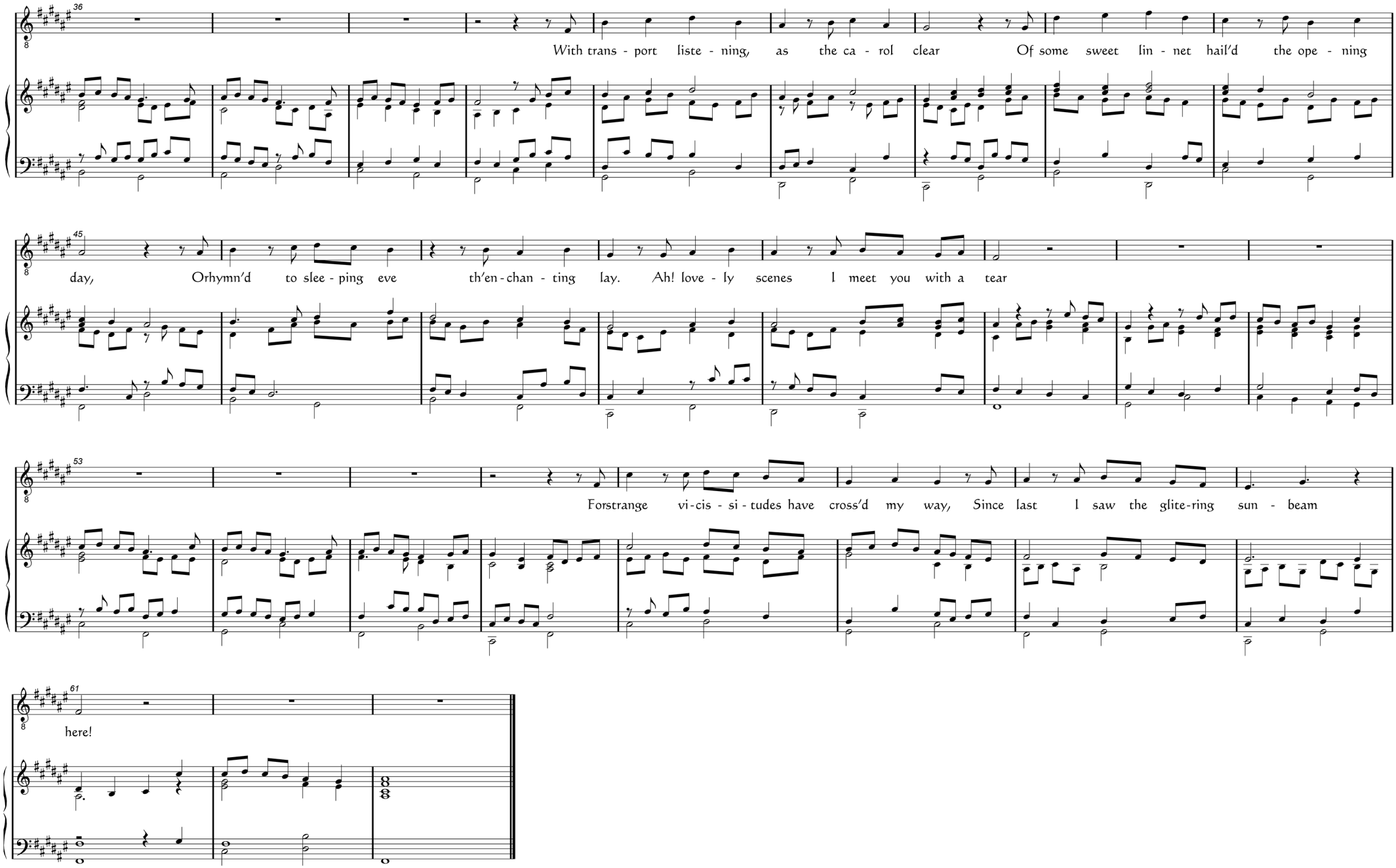
Sonnet

Written on returning to my home.

With weeping tenderness once more I gaze
On these romantic scenes I love so well:
Where peace and pensive solitude still dwell,
As in my happy childhood's smiling days;
When my unfolding mind did first behold
The charms of nature with a musing eye,
And caught sweet melancholy's magic sigh;
When through the wood's deep shadowy glen I stroll'd,
With transport listening, as the carol clear
Of some sweet linnet hail'd the opening day,
Or hymn'd to sleeping eve th' enchanting lay.
Ah! lovely scenes--I meet you with a tear--
For strange vicissitudes have cross'd my way,
Since last I saw the glitering sun-beam here!

◄ Painting: Figures in a punt near a riverside cottage - Edward Charles Williams (1807-1881)


♩= 67
With wee - ping ten - der - ness once more I gaze On these ro - man - tic scenes I love so well: Where
peace and pen - sive so - li - tude still dwell, As in my hap - py child - hood's smi - ling days;
When my un - fol - ding mind did first be - hold The charms of na - ture with a mu - sing eye, And
caught sweet me - lan - cho - ly's ma - gic sigh; When through the wood's deep sha - do - wy glen I stroll'd,


36
With trans - port liste - ning, as the ca - rol clear Of some sweet lin - net hail'd the ope - ning
45
day, Orhymn'd to slee - ping eve th'en - chan - ting lay. Ah! love - ly scenes I meet you with a tear
53
Forstrange vi - cis - si - tudes have cross'd my way, Since last I saw the glite - ring sun - beam
61
here!

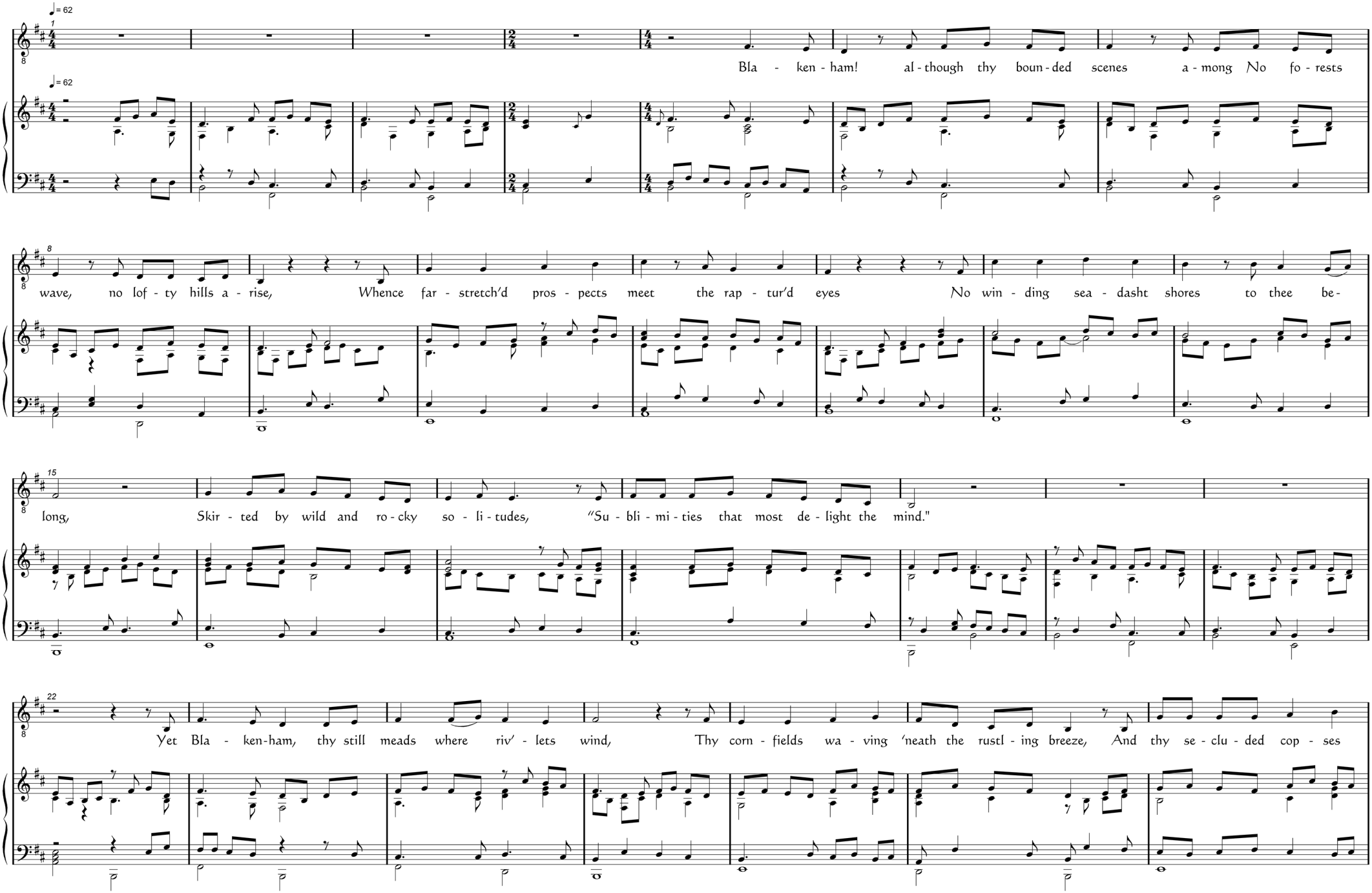


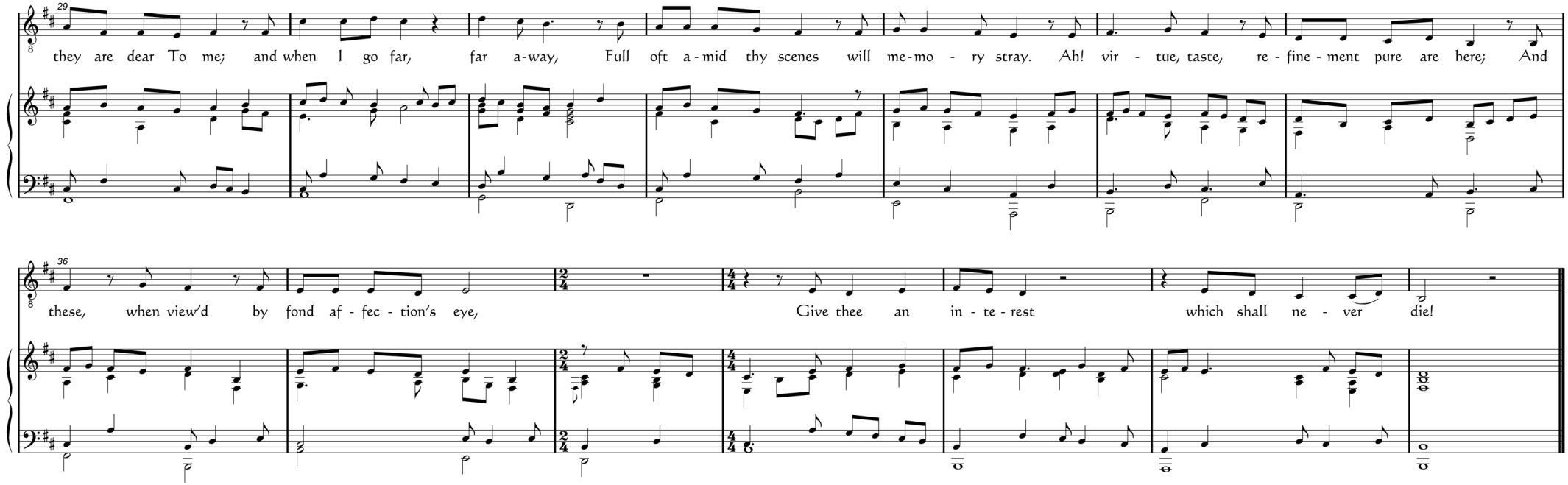
Sonnet

To a village in Suffolk, the Residence of a Friend.

Blakenham! although thy bounded scenes
Among no forests wave, no lofty hills arise,
Whence far-stretch'd prospects meet the raptur'd eyes--
No winding sea-dasht shores to thee belong,
Skirted by wild and rocky solitudes,
"Sublimities that most delight the mind"
Yet Blakenham, thy still meads where riv'lets wind,
Thy corn-fields waving 'neath the rustling breeze,
And thy secluded copses--they are dear
To me; and when I go far, far away,
Full oft amid thy scenes will memory stray.
Ah! virtue, taste, refinement pure are here;
And these, when view'd by fond affection's eye,
Give thee an interest--which shall never die!

◄ Painting: A village scene - Robert Gallon (1845-1925)


♩= 62
1
Bla - ken - ham! al - though thy boun - ded scenes a - mong No fo - rests
8
wave, no lof - ty hills a - rise, Whence far - stretch'd pros - pects meet the rap - tur'd eyes No win - ding sea - dasht shores to thee be -
15
long, Skir - ted by wild and ro - cky so - li - tudes, "Su - bli - mi - ties that most de - light the mind."
22
Yet Bla - ken-ham, thy still meads where riv' - lets wind, Thy corn - fields wa - ving 'neath the rustl - ing breeze, And thy se - clu - ded cop - ses

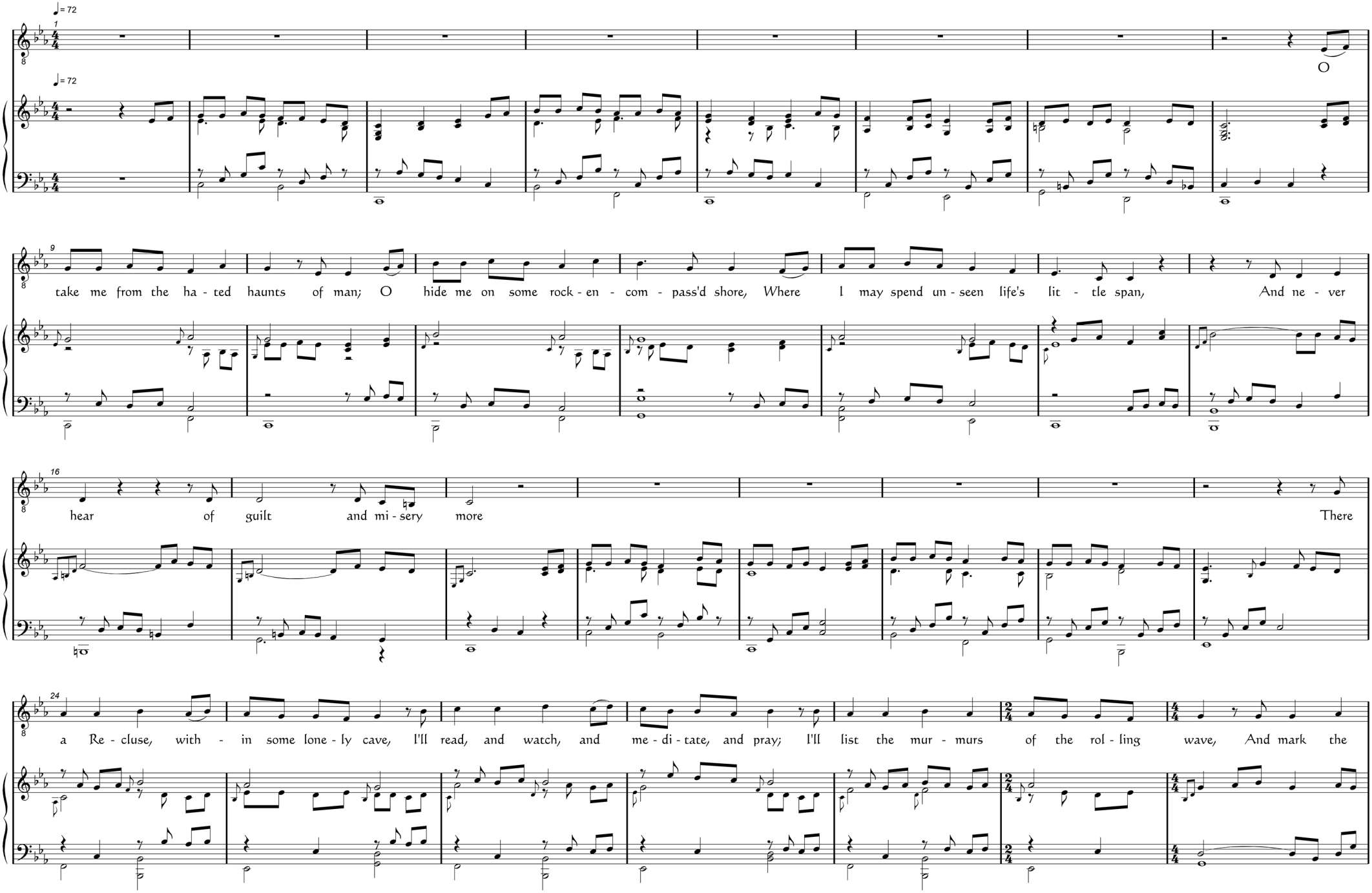

29
they are dear To me; and when I go far, far a-way, Full oft a-mid thy scenes will me-mo - ry stray. Ah! vir - tue, taste, re - fine - ment pure are here; And
36
these, when view'd by fond af - fec - tion's eye, Give thee an in - te - rest which shall ne - ver die!

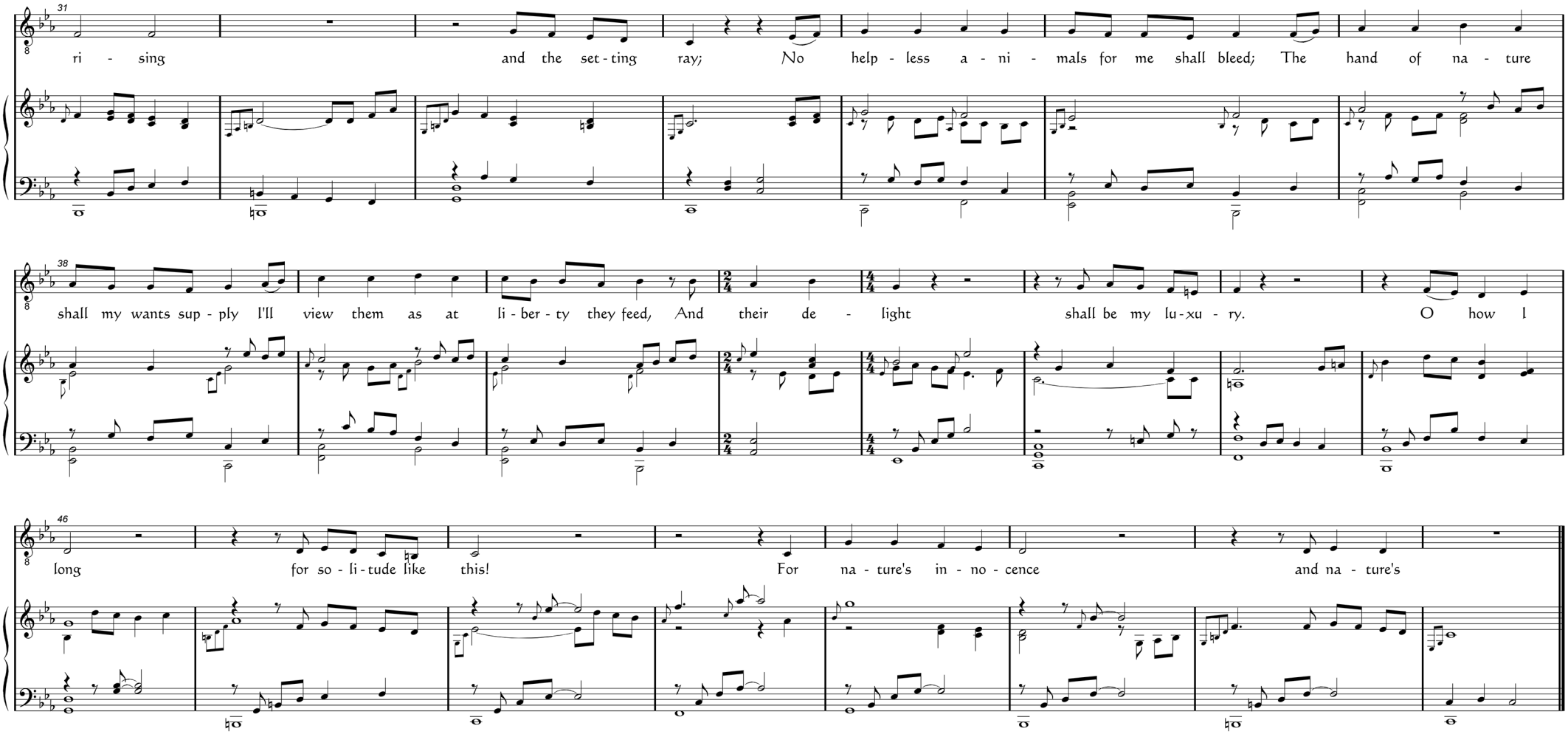


Sonnet

O TAKE me from the hated haunts of man;
O hide me on some rock-encompass'd shore,
Where I may spend unseen life's little span,
And never hear of guilt and misery more
There a Recluse, within some lonely cave,
I'll read, and watch, and meditate, and pray;
I'll list the murmurs of the rolling wave,
And mark the rising and the setting ray;
No helpless animals for me shall bleed;
The hand of nature shall my wants supply--
I'll view them as at liberty they feed,
And their delight shall be my luxury.
O how I long for solitude like this!
For nature's innocence, and nature's bliss.

◄ Painting: View across Frenchman's Bay from Mt. Desert island, after a squall - Thomas Cole (1801-1848)


♩= 72
1
O
9
take me from the ha - ted haunts of man; O hide me on some rock - en - com - pass'd shore, Where I may spend un - seen life's lit - tle span, And ne - ver
16
hear of guilt and mi - sery more There
24
a Re - cluse, with - in some lone - ly cave, I'll read, and watch, and me - di - tate, and pray; I'll list the mur - murs of the rol - ling wave, And mark the


31
ri - sing and the set - ting ray; No help - less a - ni - mals for me shall bleed; The hand of na - ture
38
shall my wants sup - ply I'll view them as at li - ber - ty they feed, And their de - light shall be my lu - xu - ry. O how I
46
long for so - li - tude like this! For na - ture's in - no - cence and na - ture's

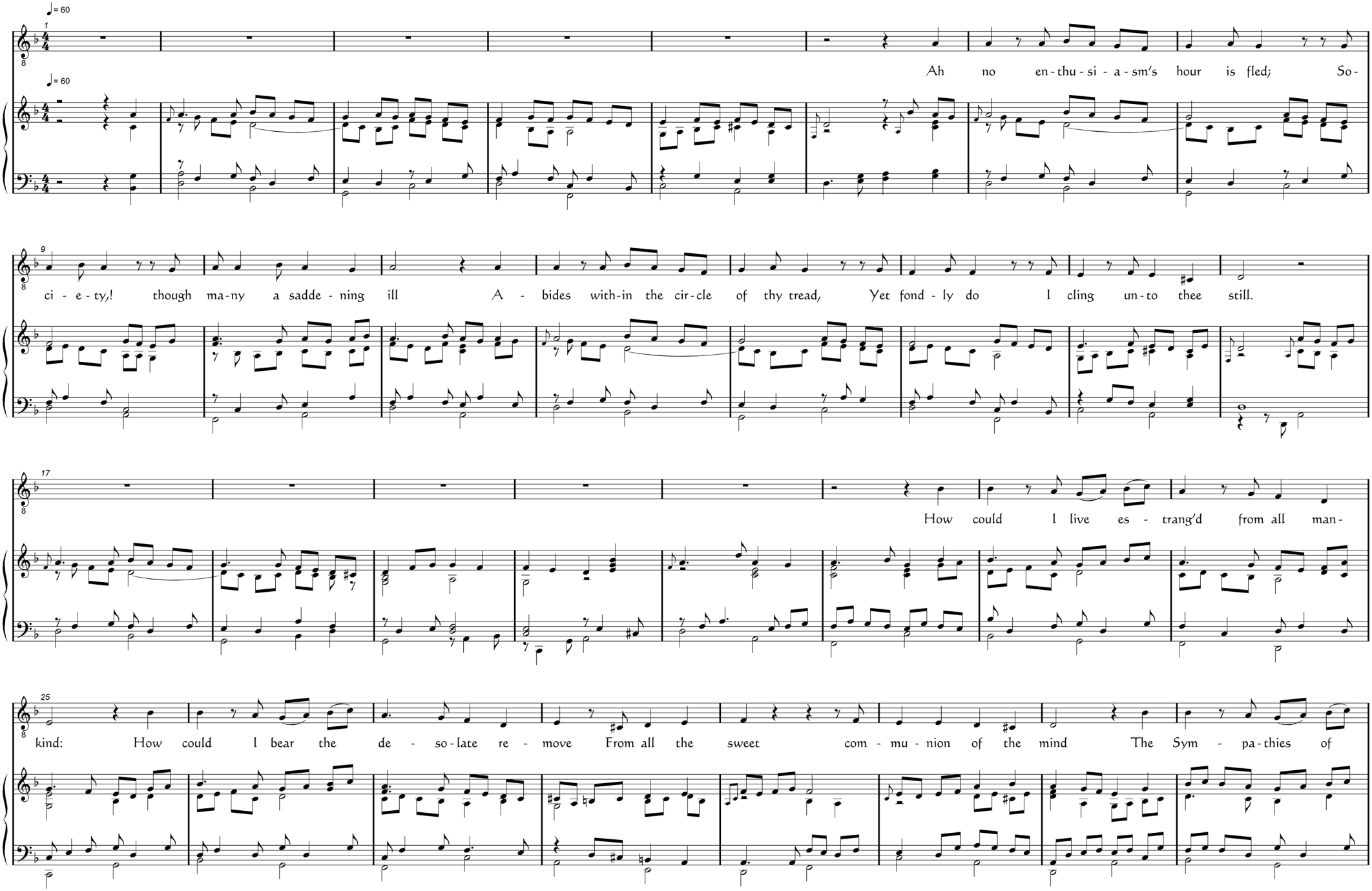


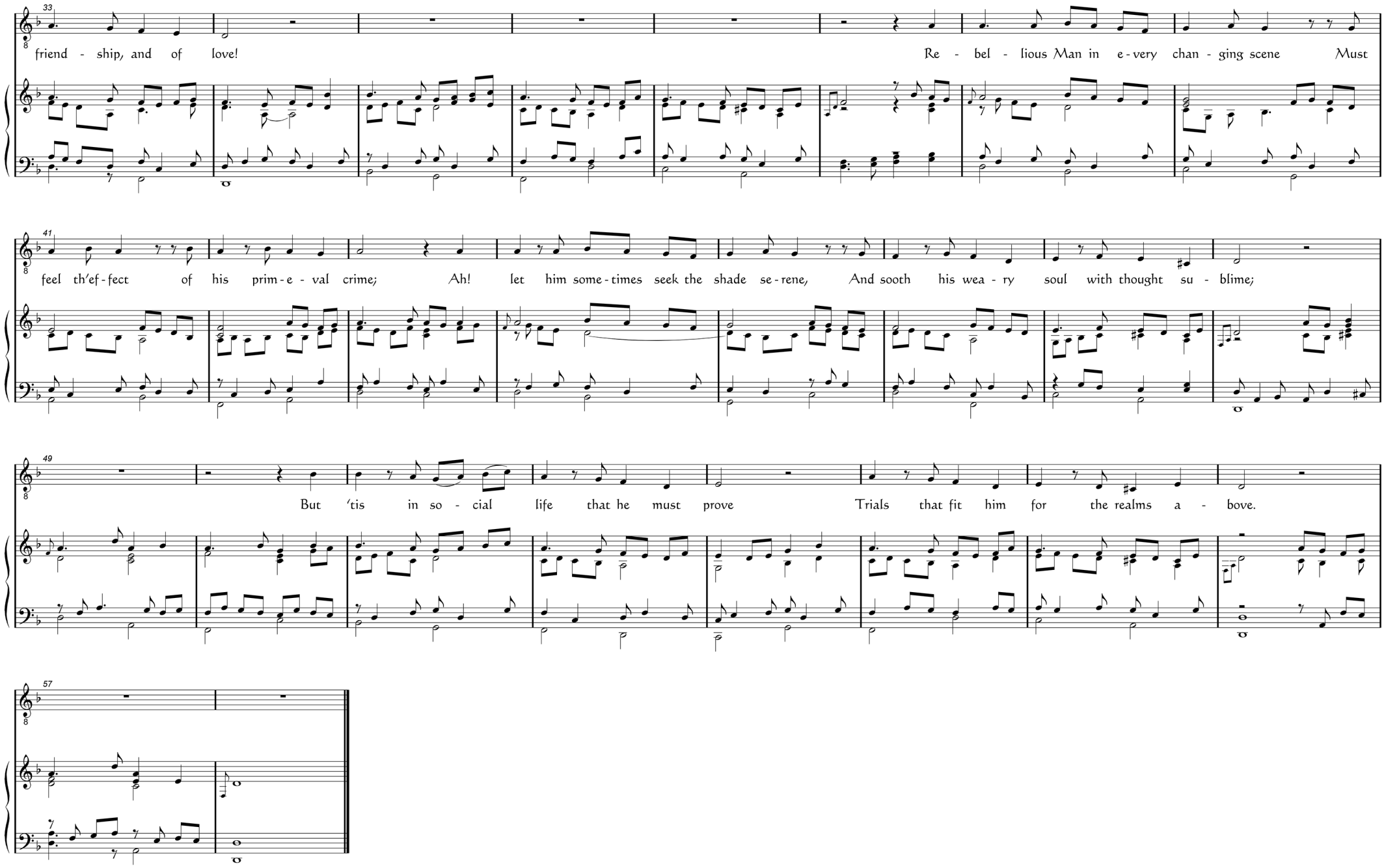
Sonnet

Recantatory to the preceding.

Ah no--enthusiasm's hour is fled;--
--Society,! though many a saddening ill
Abides within the circle of thy tread,
Yet fondly do I cling unto thee still.
How could I live estrang'd from all mankind:
How could I bear the desolate remove
From all the sweet communion of the mind--
The Sympathies of friendship, and of love!--
Rebellious Man in every changing scene
Must feel th' effect of his primeval crime;--
Ah! let him sometimes seek the shade serene,
And sooth his weary soul with thought sublime;--
But 'tis in social life that he must prove
Trials that fit him for the realms above.

◀ Painting: Lake George - John Frederick Kensett (1816–1872)


♩= 60
1
Ah no en-thu-si-a-sm's hour is fled; So-
9
ci-e-ty,! though ma-ny a sadde-ning ill A-bides with-in the cir-cle of thy tread, Yet fond-ly do I cling un-to thee still.
17
How could I live es-trang'd from all man-
25
kind: How could I bear the de-so-late re-move From all the sweet com-mu-nion of the mind The Sym-pa-thies of

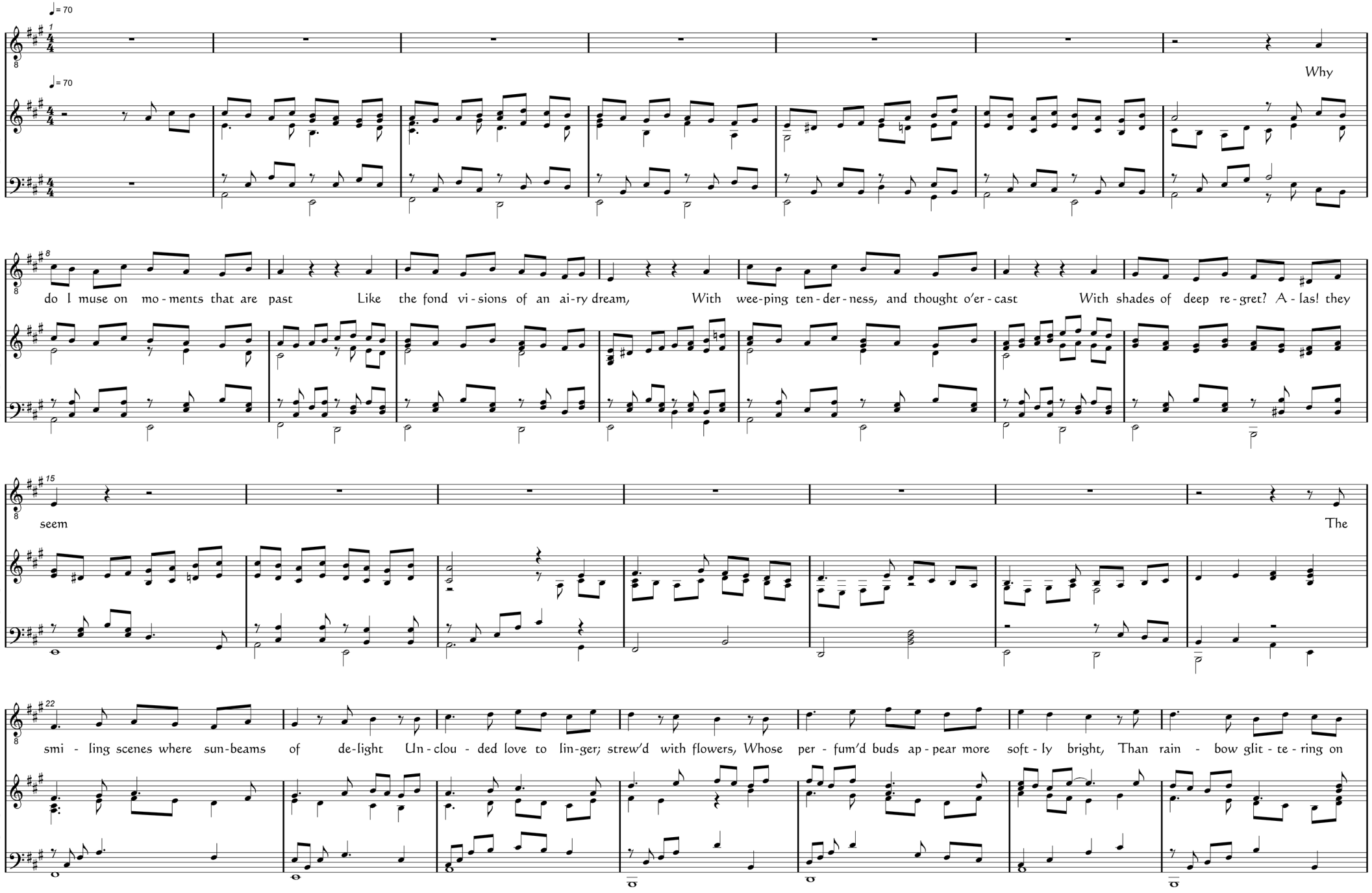

33
friend - ship, and of love!
Re - bel - lious Man in e - very chan - ging scene
Must
41
feel th'ef - fect of his prim - e - val crime;
Ah! let him some - times seek the shade se - rene,
And sooth his wea - ry soul with thought su - blime;
49
But 'tis in so - cial life that he must prove
Trials that fit him for the realms a - bove.
57

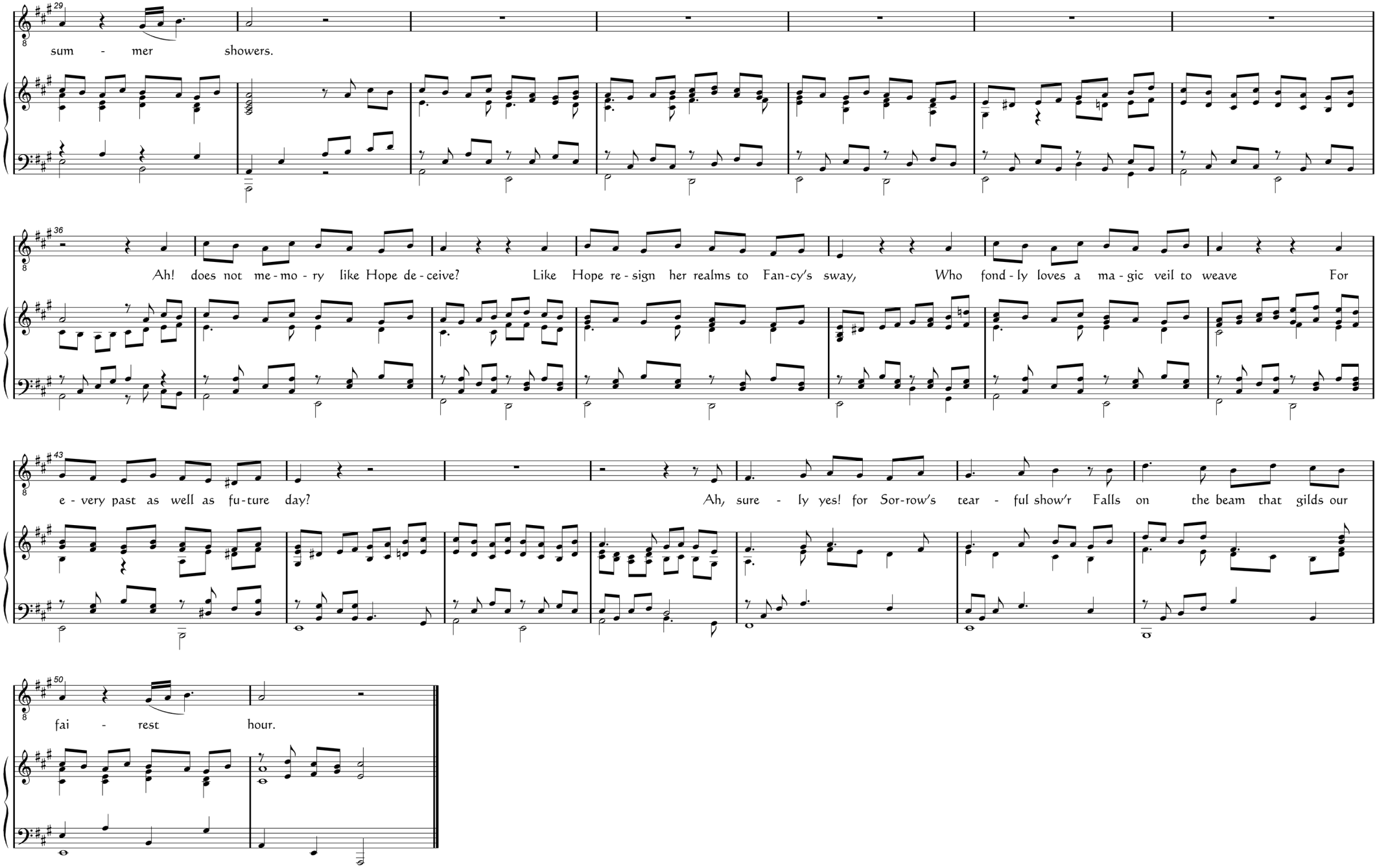

WEAVER 18

Sonnet

WHY do I muse on moments that are past
Like the fond visions of an airy dream,
With weeping tenderness, and thought o'ercast
With shades of deep regret? Alas! they seem
The smiling scenes where sunbeams of delight
Unclouded love to linger; strew'd with flowers,
Whose perfum'd buds appear more softly bright,
Than rainbow glittering on summer showers.
Ah! does not memory like Hope deceive?
Like Hope resign her realms to Fancy's sway,
Who fondly loves a magic veil to weave
For every past as well as future day?
Ah, surely yes! for Sorrow's tearful show'r
Falls on the beam that gilds our fairest hour.

◀ Painting: A lock on the Thames, Streatley - Benjamin Williams Leader (1831–1923)


♩= 70
1
Why
♩= 70
8
do I muse on mo - ments that are past Like the fond vi - sions of an ai-ry dream, With wee-ping ten - der - ness, and thought o'er - cast With shades of deep re - gret? A - las! they
15
seem
The
22
smi - ling scenes where sun-beams of de-light Un - clou - ded love to lin-ger; strew'd with flowers, Whose per - fum'd buds ap - pear more soft - ly bright, Than rain - bow glit - te - ring on


29
sum - mer showers.
36
Ah! does not me - mo - ry like Hope de - ceive? Like Hope re - sign her realms to Fan-cy's sway, Who fond - ly loves a ma - gic veil to weave For
43
e - very past as well as fu-ture day? Ah, sure - ly yes! for Sor-row's tear - ful show'r Falls on the beam that gilds our
50
fai - rest hour.

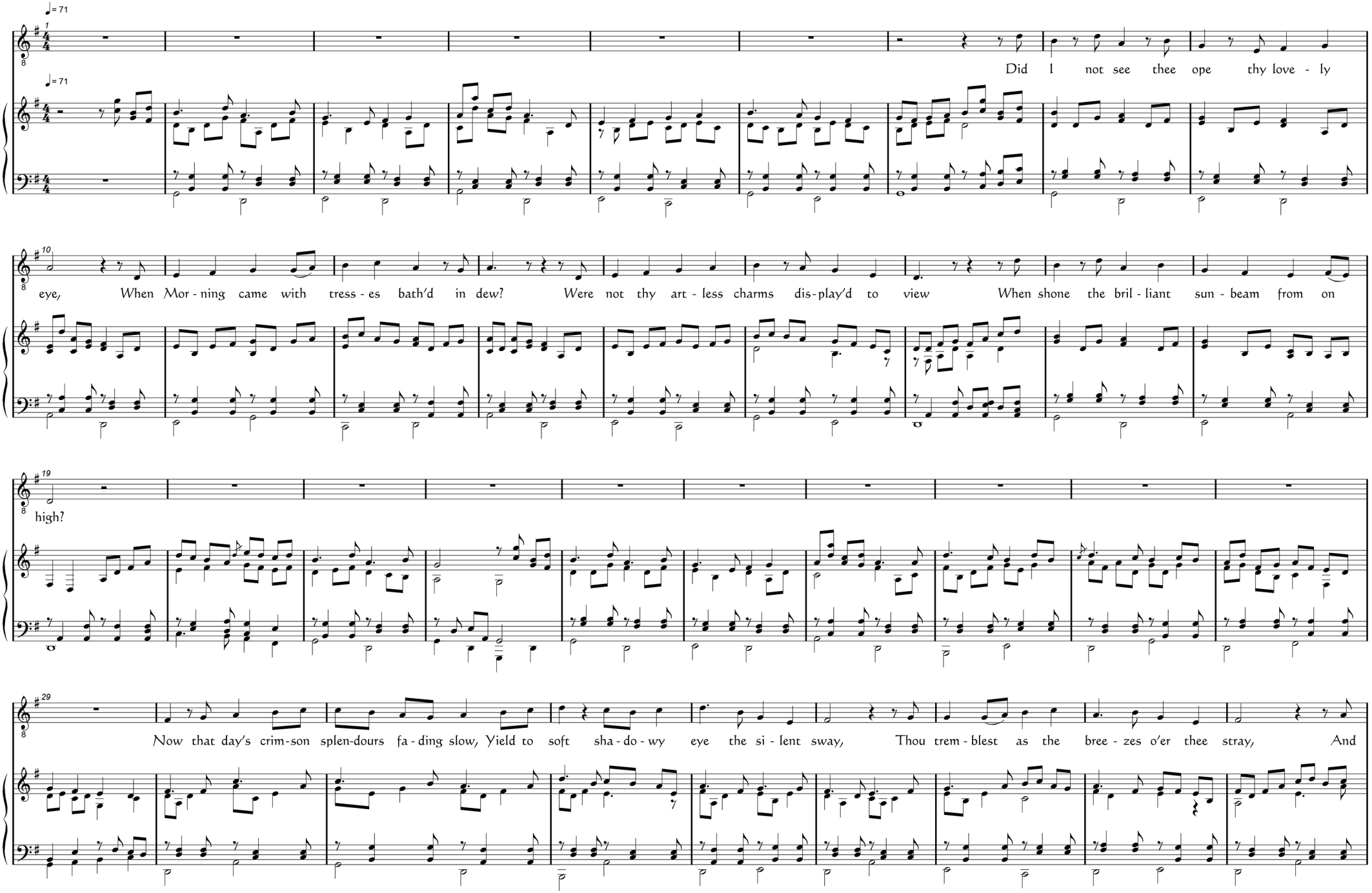


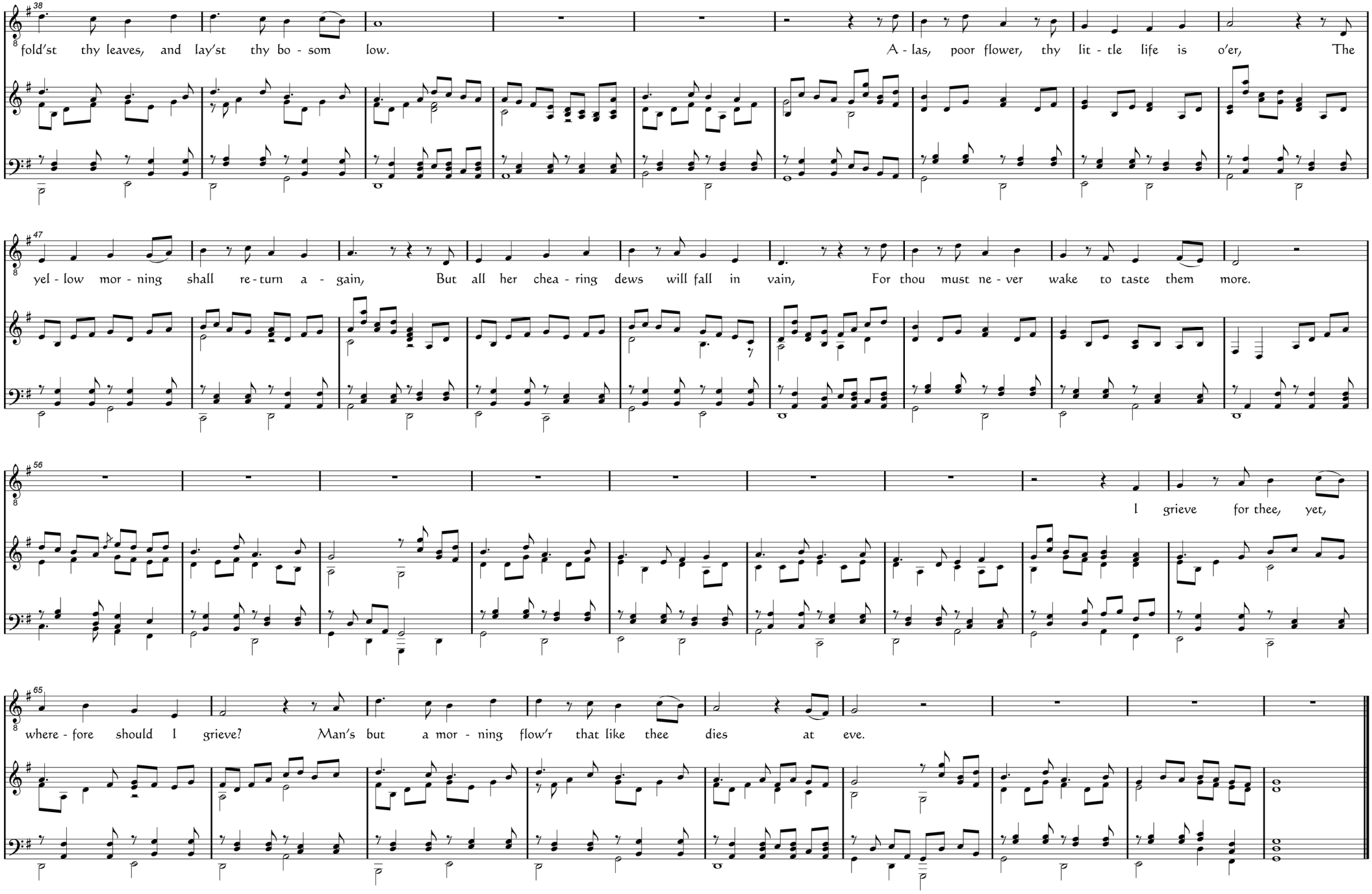
Sonnet

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.

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

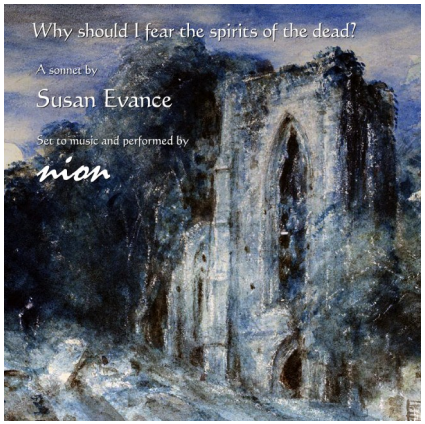

♩= 71
1
Did I not see thee ope thy love - ly
♩= 71
10
eye, When Mor - ning came with tress - es bath'd in dew? Were not thy art - less charms dis - play'd to view When shone the bril - liant sun - beam from on
19
high?
29
Now that day's crim - son splen - dours fa - ding slow, Yield to soft sha - do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

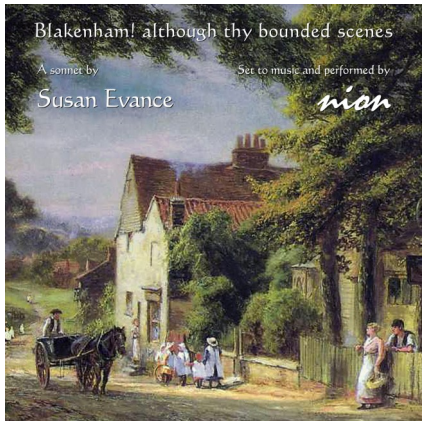

38
fold'st thy leaves, and lay'st thy bo - som low.
A - las, poor flower, thy lit - tle life is o'er,
The
47
yel - low mor - ning shall re - turn a - gain,
But all her chea - ring dews will fall in vain,
For thou must ne - ver wake to taste them more.
56
I grieve for thee, yet,
65
where - fore should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

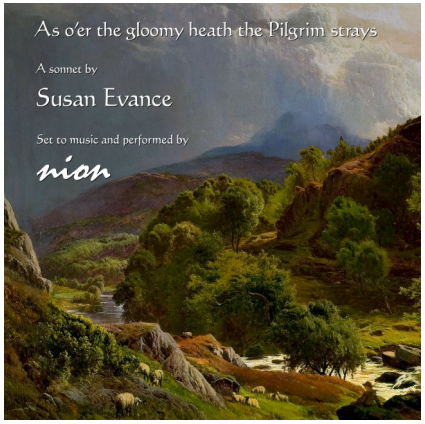


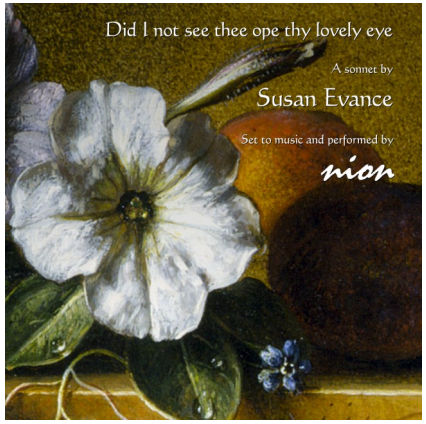
Singles

Free downloads from www.nion.eu.



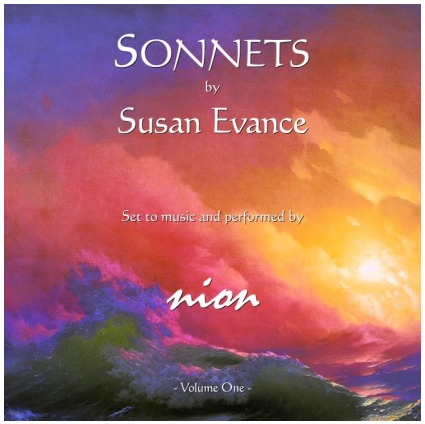


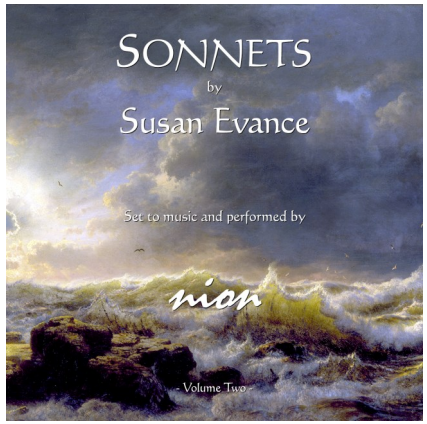




Albums

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







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