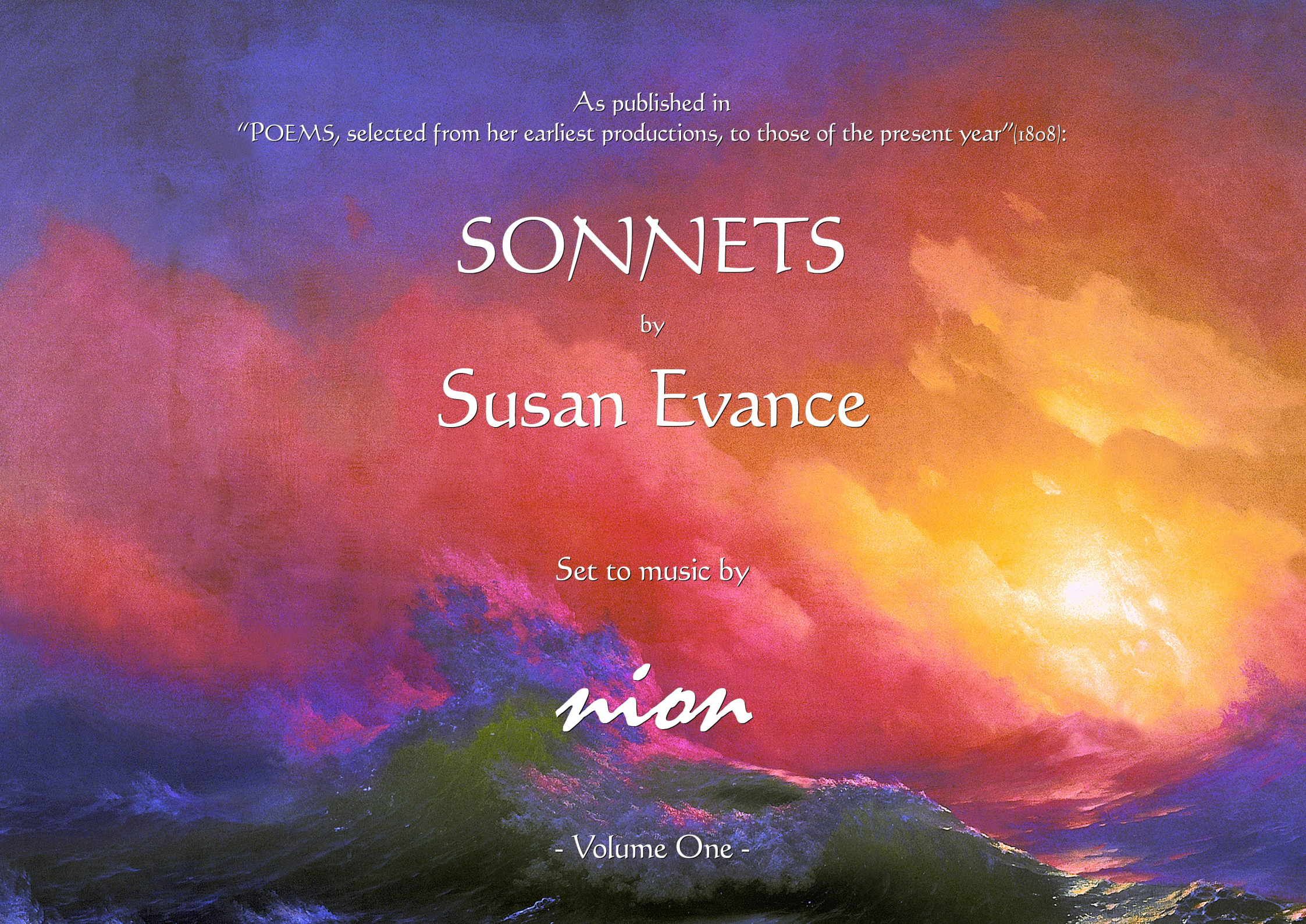
As published in
"POEMS, selected from her earliest productions, to those of the present year"(1808):
SONNETS
by
Susan Evance
Set to music by
nion
- Volume One -



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.

These albums are 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 twenty-six sonnets from the book. The musical performance of these Sonnets is available from iTunes, Amazon, Google Play and CD Baby.

More information: www.nion.eu.

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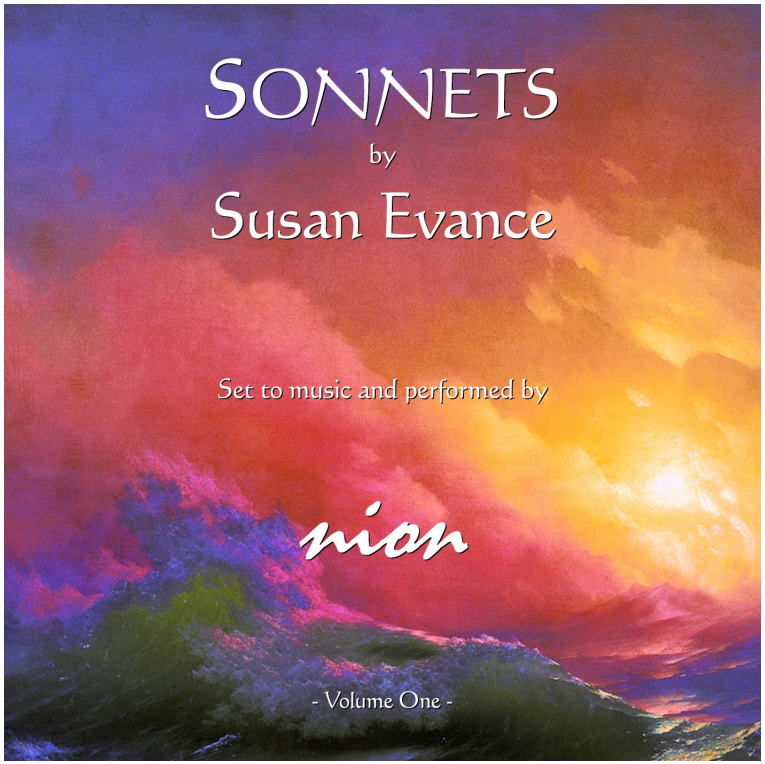


Sonnets by Susan Evance, Volume One

Released: March 2016

1. Why should I fear the spirits of the dead? (4.05)
2. As o'er the gloomy heath the Pilgrim strays (3.50)
3. As 'mid these mouldering walls I pensive stray (4.17)
4. Pale ruthless Demon! terrible Despair! (3.34)
5. O leave me not, Content! I cannot bear (3.45)
6. Sweet Evening, hail! thy melancholy hour (3.26)
7. I know thy charms, sweet Love! enchanting boy (3.34)
8. With weeping tenderness once more I gaze (4.24)
9. O ye who ride upon the wand'ring gale (3.33)
10. Mild pensive Autumn! how I love to stray (4.08)
11. Repentance, bathe me in thy sea of tears! (4.23)
12. Spring's sweet attendant! modest simple flower (3.53)
13. O Happiness! thou fair enchanting form (3.28)



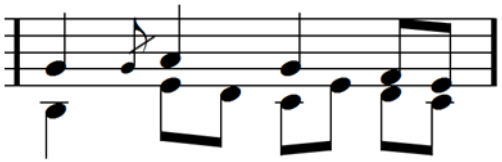
Sonnets by Susan Evance, Volume Two

Released: March 2016

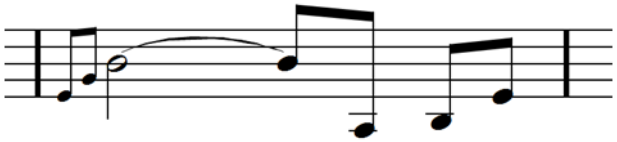
1. When wintry tempests agitate the deep (3.36)
2. Blakenham! although thy bounded scenes (3.44)
3. O take me from the hated haunts of man (3.36)
4. Ah no--enthusiasm's hour is fled (4.09)
5. Why do I muse on moments that are past (3.21)
6. Now wild the blasts of Autumn sweep along (4.34)
7. Where are the tearful smile of youthful Spring (3.41)
8. Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye (4.30)
9. Ye rocks sublime, whose tops depending o'er (4.29)
10. Yon oak has brav'd full many a wintry storm (3.40)
11. Romantic shades, by nature wildly drest! (3.29)
12. Contentment! I have left the lowly spot (3.48)
13. O that religion in that breast did dwell! (4.08)

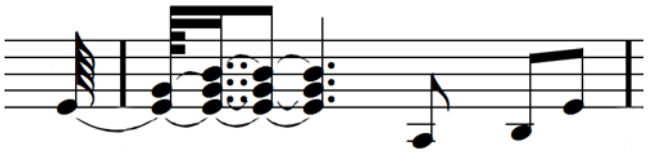
Notation

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:







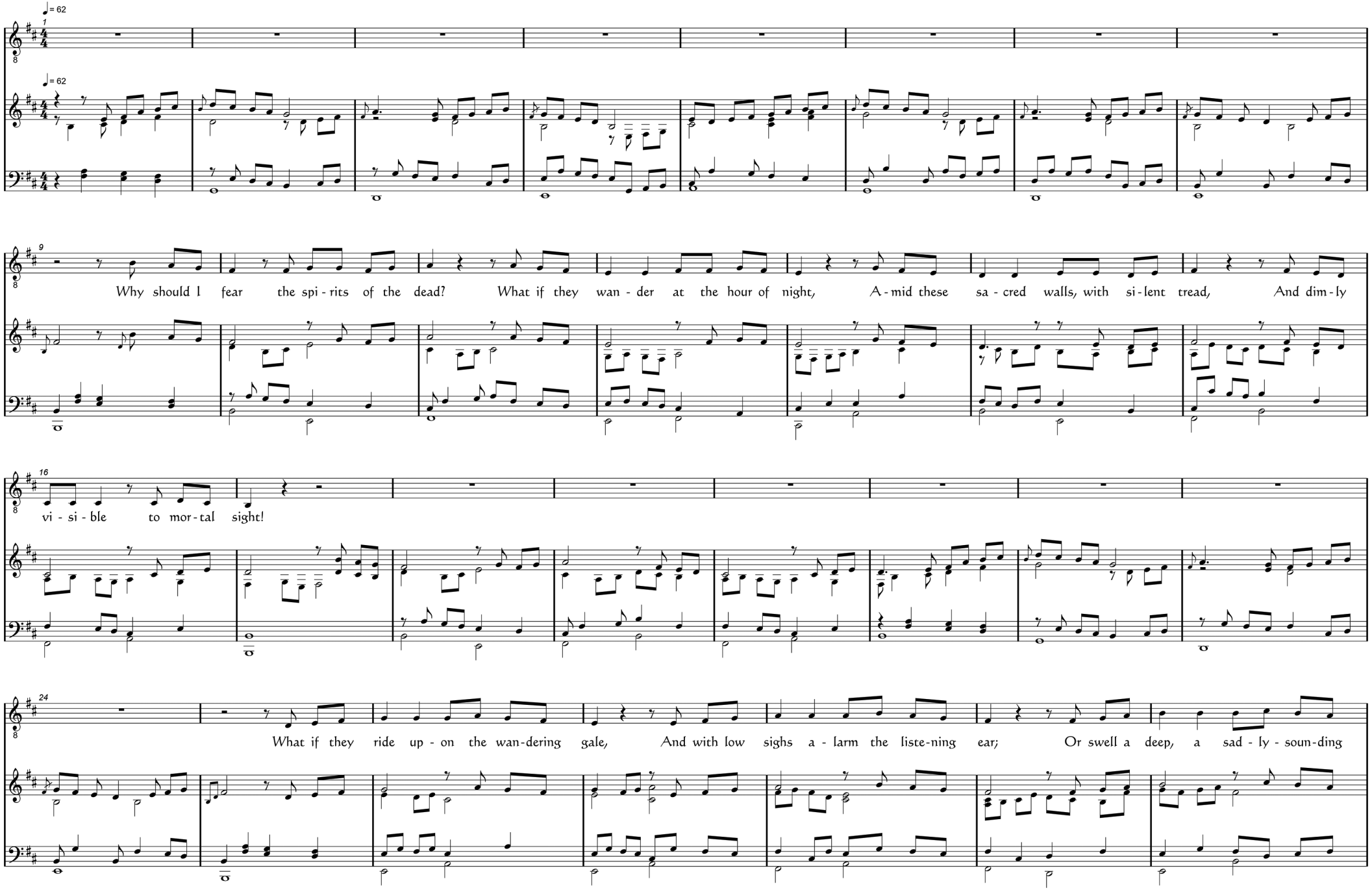


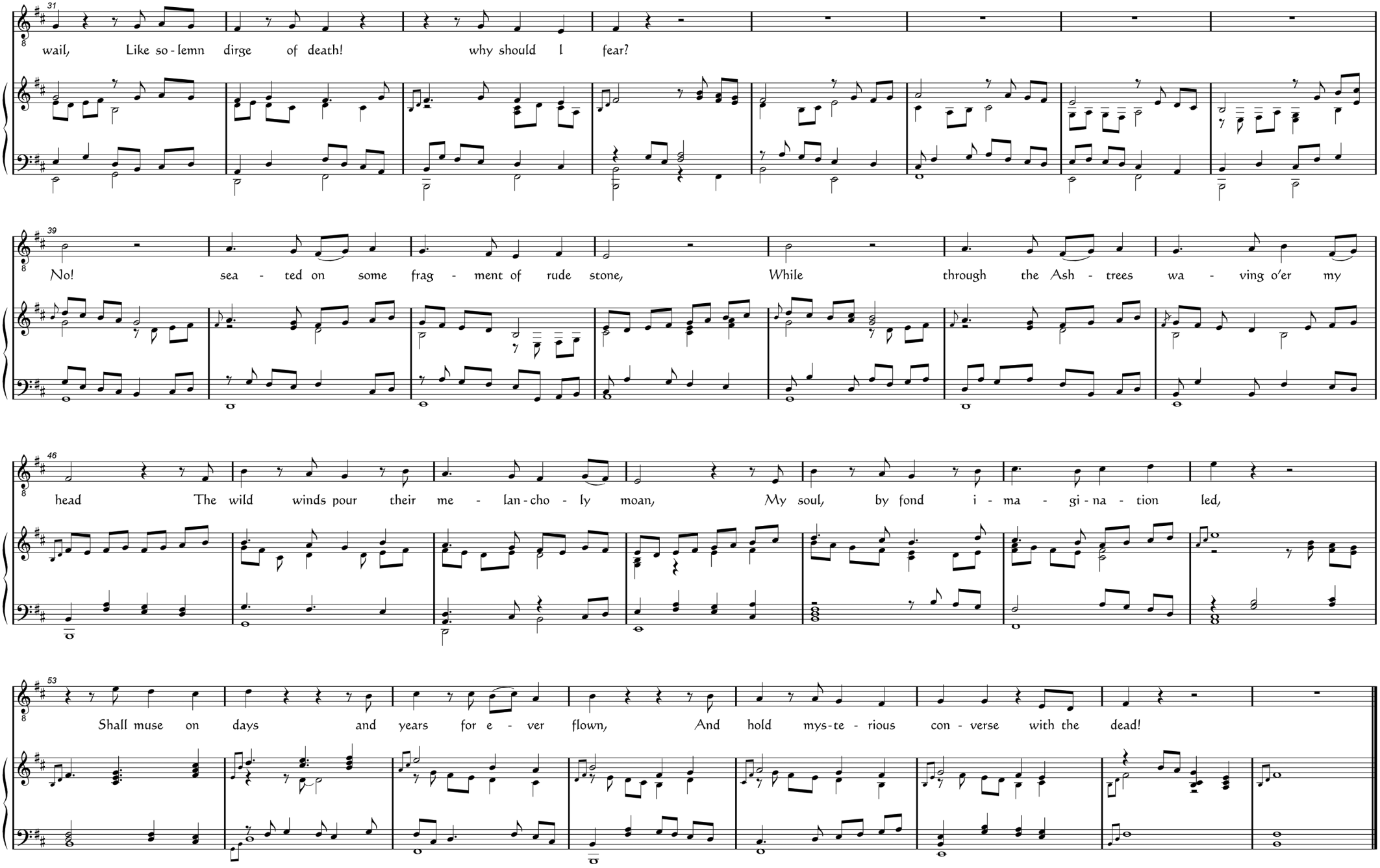
Sonnet

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
♩= 62
9
Why should I fear the spi - rits of the dead? What if they wan - der at the hour of night, A - mid these sa - cred walls, with si - lent tread, And dim - ly
16
vi - si - ble to mor - tal sight!
24
What if they ride up - on the wan - dering gale, And with low sighs a - larm the liste - ning ear; Or swell a deep, a sad - ly - soun - ding

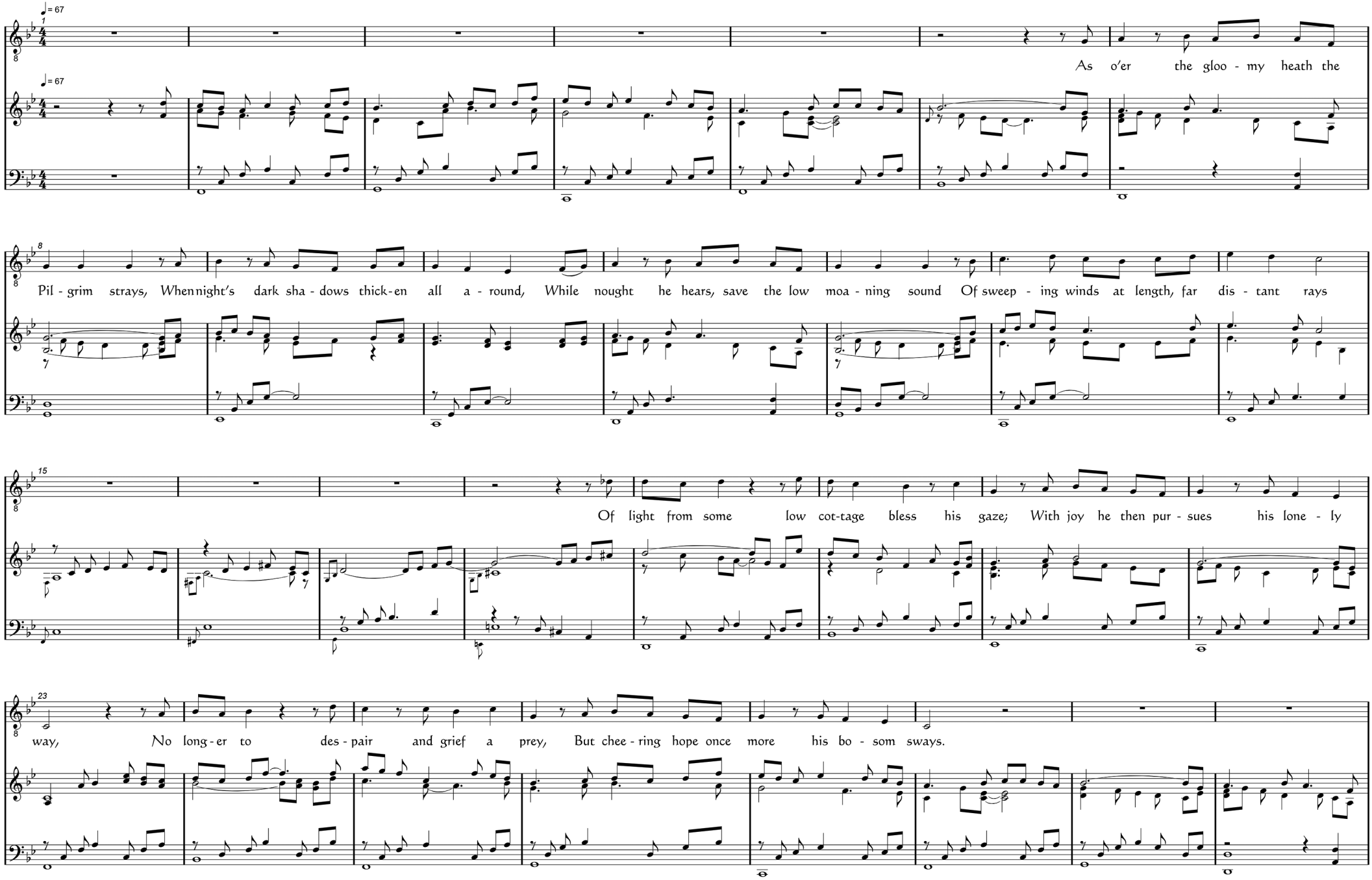

31
wail, Like so - lemn dirge of death! why should I fear?
39
No! sea - ted on some frag - ment of rude stone, While through the Ash - trees wa - ving o'er my
46
head The wild winds pour their me - lan - cho - ly moan, My soul, by fond i - ma - gi - na - tion led,
53
Shall muse on days and years for e - ver flown, And hold mys - te - rious con - verse with the dead!

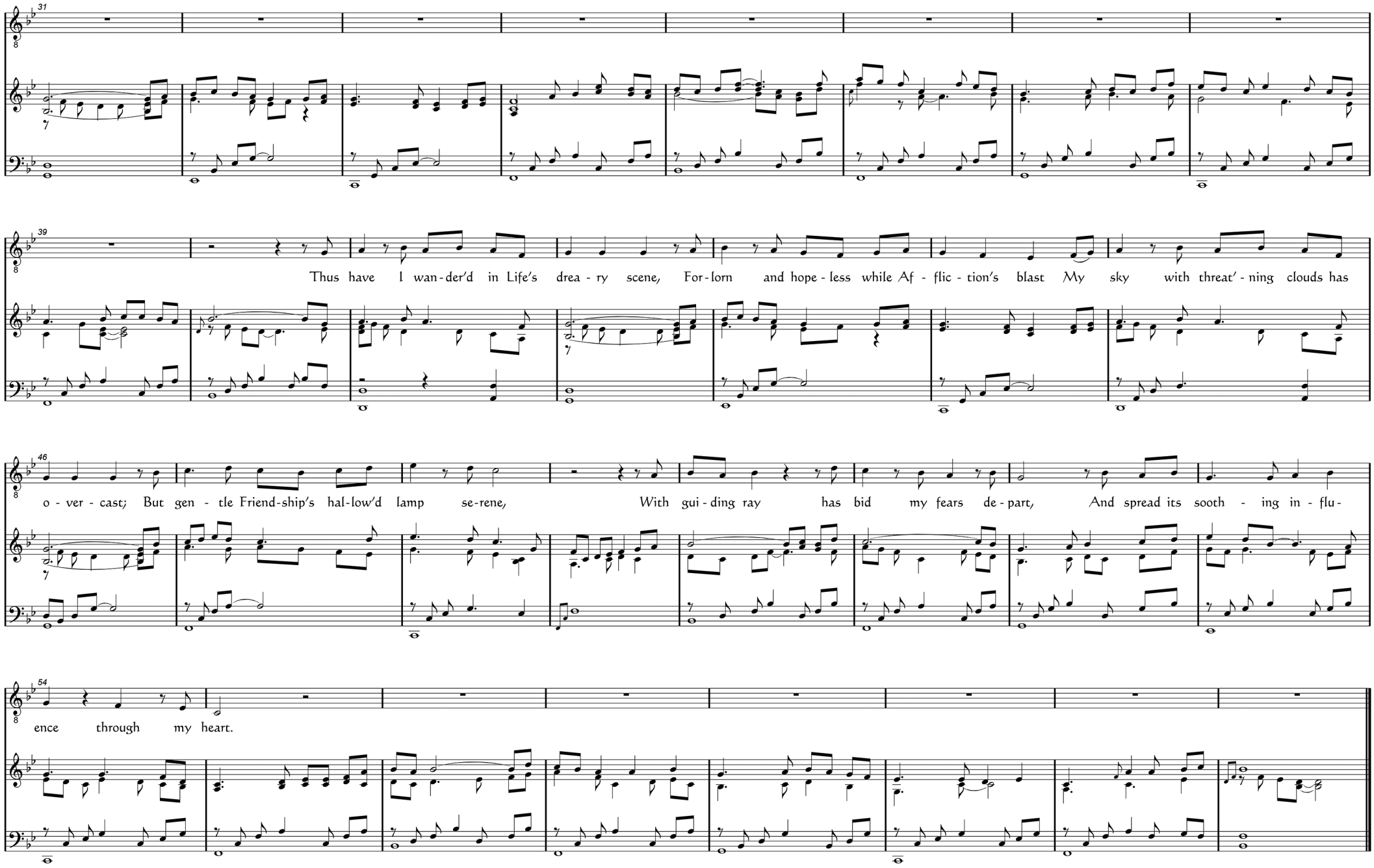


Sonnet

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
1
As o'er the gloo - my heath the
8
Pil - grim strays, When night's dark sha - dows thick - en all a - round, While nought he hears, save the low moa - ning sound Of sweep - ing winds at length, far dis - tant rays
15
Of light from some low cot-tage bless his gaze; With joy he then pur - sues his lone - ly
23
way, No long - er to des - pair and grief a prey, But chee - ring hope once more his bo - som sways.


31
39
Thus have I wan-der'd in Life's drea-ry scene, For-lorn and hope-less while Af-flic-tion's blast My sky with threat'-ning clouds has
46
o-ver-cast; But gen-tle Friend-ship's hal-low'd lamp se-rene, With gui-ding ray has bid my fears de-part, And spread its sooth-ing in-flu-
54
ence through my heart.

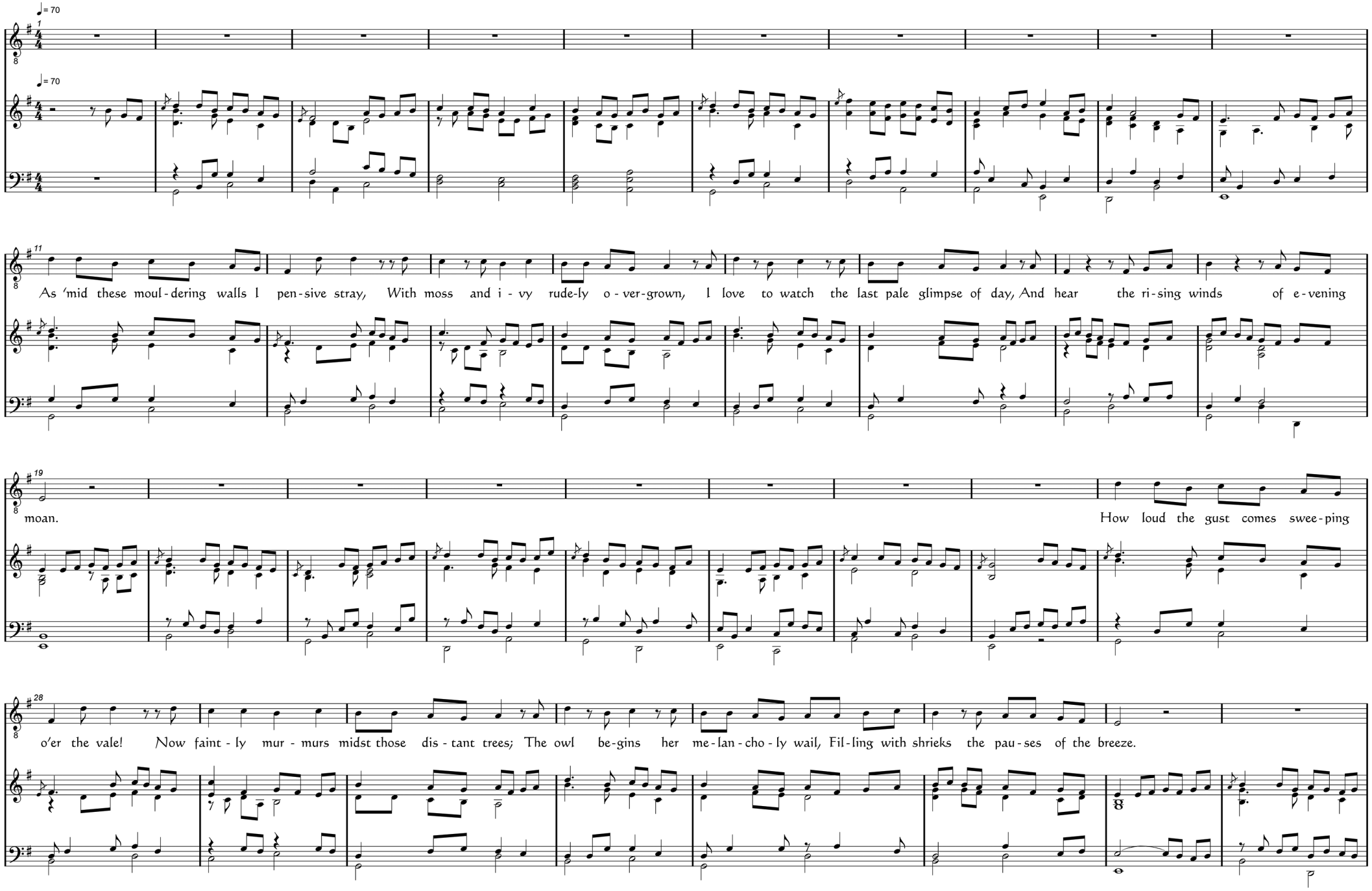


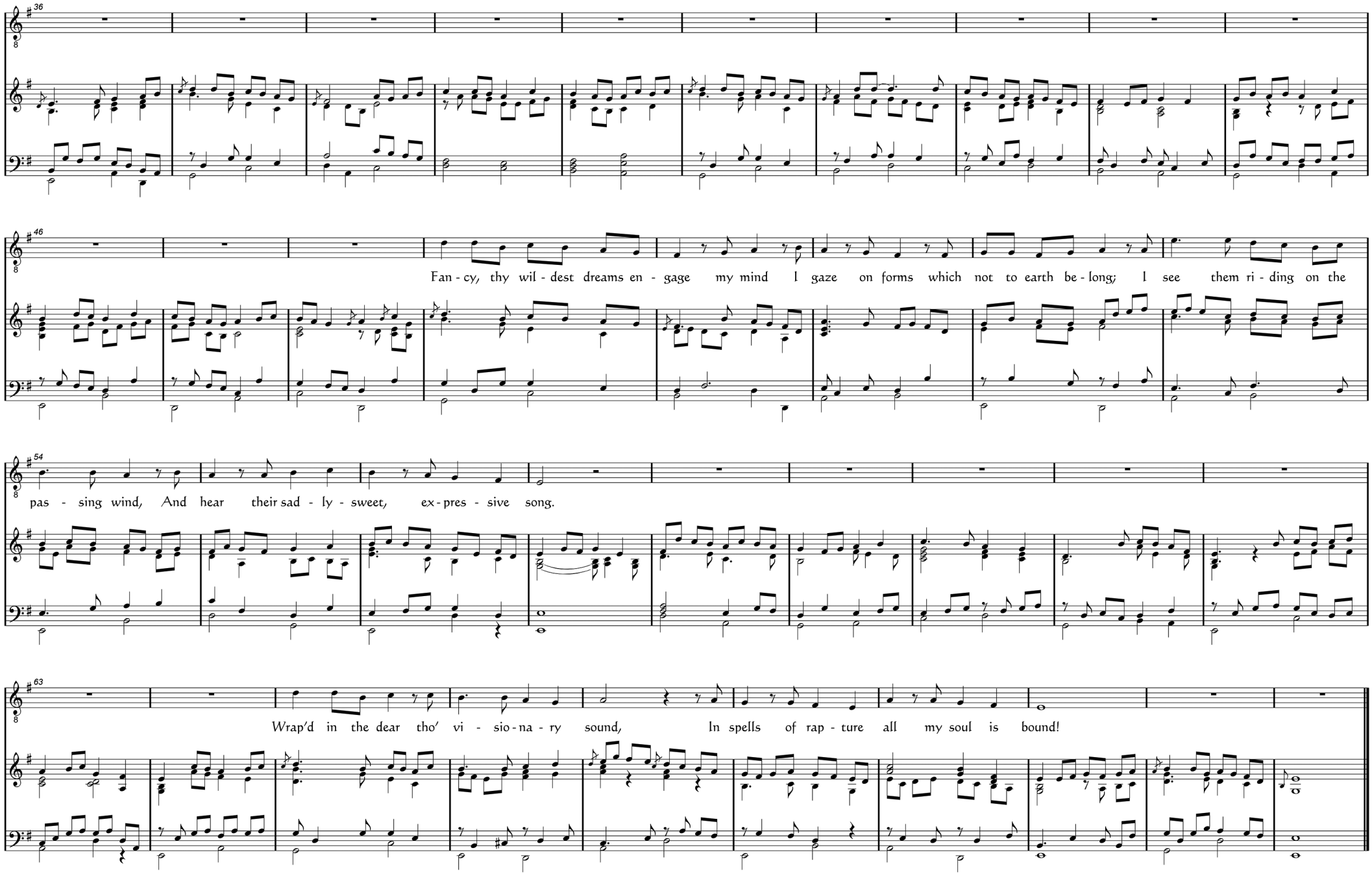
Sonnet

Written in a ruinous Abbey.

As 'mid these mouldering walls I pensive stray,
With moss and ivy rudely overgrown,
I love to watch the last pale glimpse of day,
And hear the rising winds of evening moan.
How loud the gust comes sweeping o'er the vale!
Now faintly murmurs midst those distant trees;
The owl begins her melancholy wail,
Filling with shrieks the pauses of the breeze.
Fancy, thy wildest dreams engage my mind
I gaze on forms which not to earth belong;
I see them riding on the passing wind,
And hear their sadly-sweet, expressive song.
Wrap'd in the dear tho' visionary sound,
In spells of rapture all my soul is bound!

◀ Painting: Winterlandschap met ruïne (Winter landscape with ruin) - Barend Cornelis Koekkoek (1803-1862)


♩= 70
1
♩= 70
11
As 'mid these moul-dering walls I pen-sive stray, With moss and i-vy rude-ly o-ver-grown, I love to watch the last pale glimpse of day, And hear the ri-sing winds of e-vening
19
moan.
How loud the gust comes swee-ping
28
o'er the vale! Now faint-ly mur-murs midst those dis-tant trees; The owl be-gins her me-lan-cho-ly wail, Fil-ling with shrieks the pau-ses of the breeze.


36
46
Fan - cy, thy wil - dest dreams en - gage my mind I gaze on forms which not to earth be - long; I see them ri - ding on the
54
pas - sing wind, And hear their sad - ly - sweet, ex - pres - sive song.
63
Wrap'd in the dear tho' vi - sio - na - ry sound, In spells of rap - ture all my soul is bound!

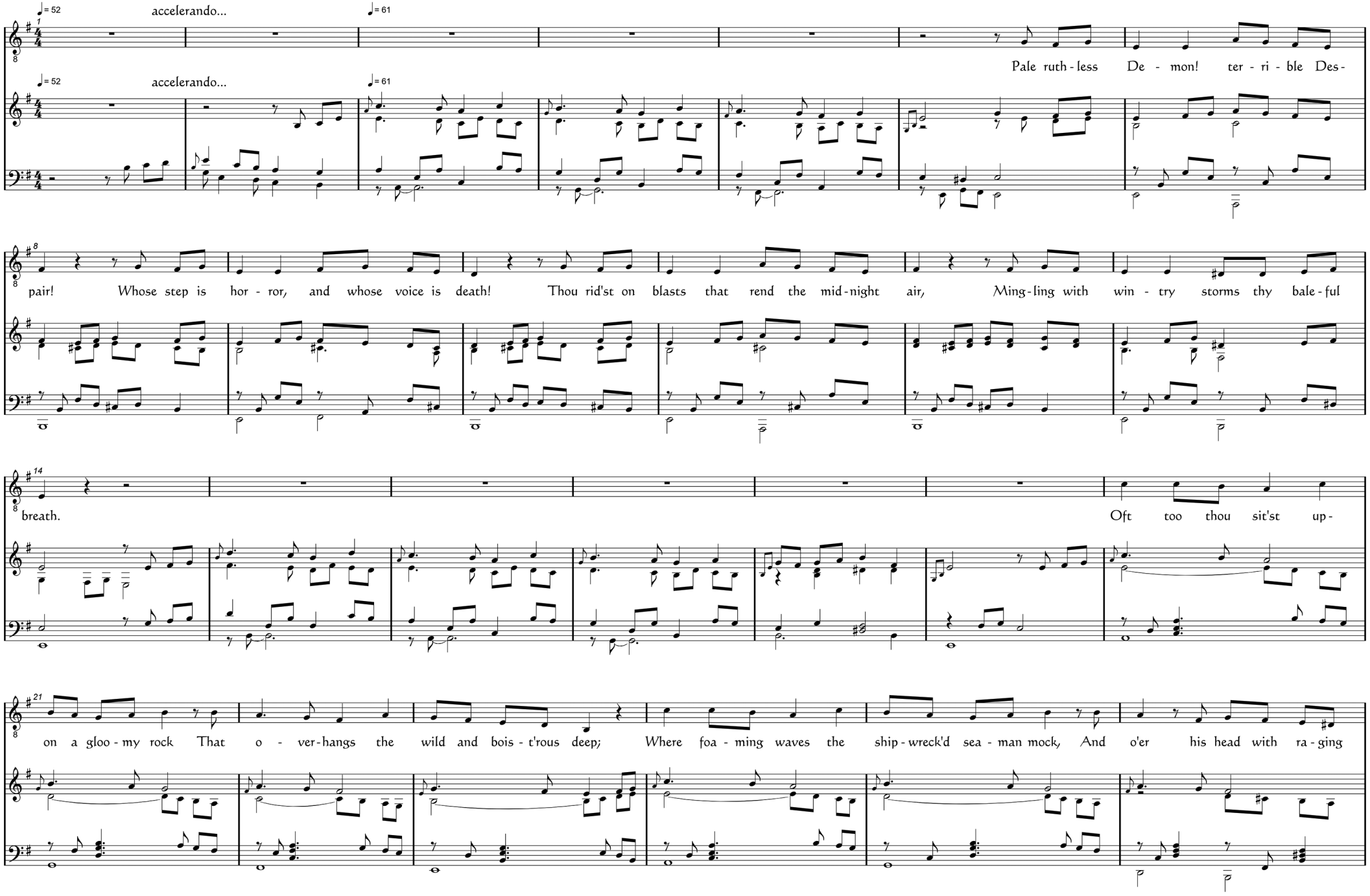


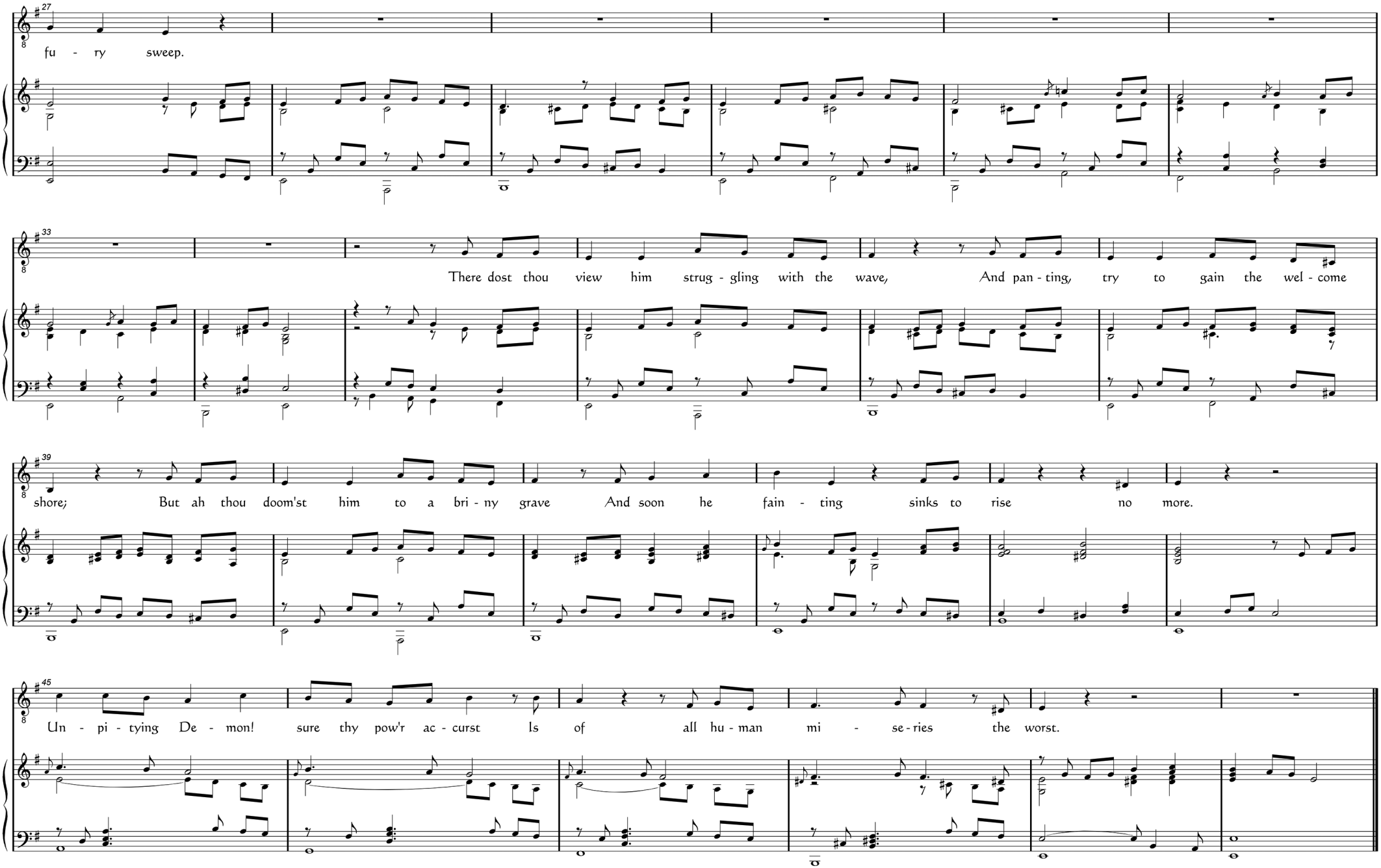
Sonnet

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)


♩= 52
accelerando...
♩= 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


27
fu - ry sweep.
33
There dost thou view him strug - gling with the wave, And pan - ting, try to gain the wel - come
39
shore; But ah thou doom'st him to a bri - ny grave And soon he fain - ting sinks to rise no more.
45
Un - pi - tying De - mon! sure thy pow'r ac - curst Is of all hu - man mi - se - ries the worst.

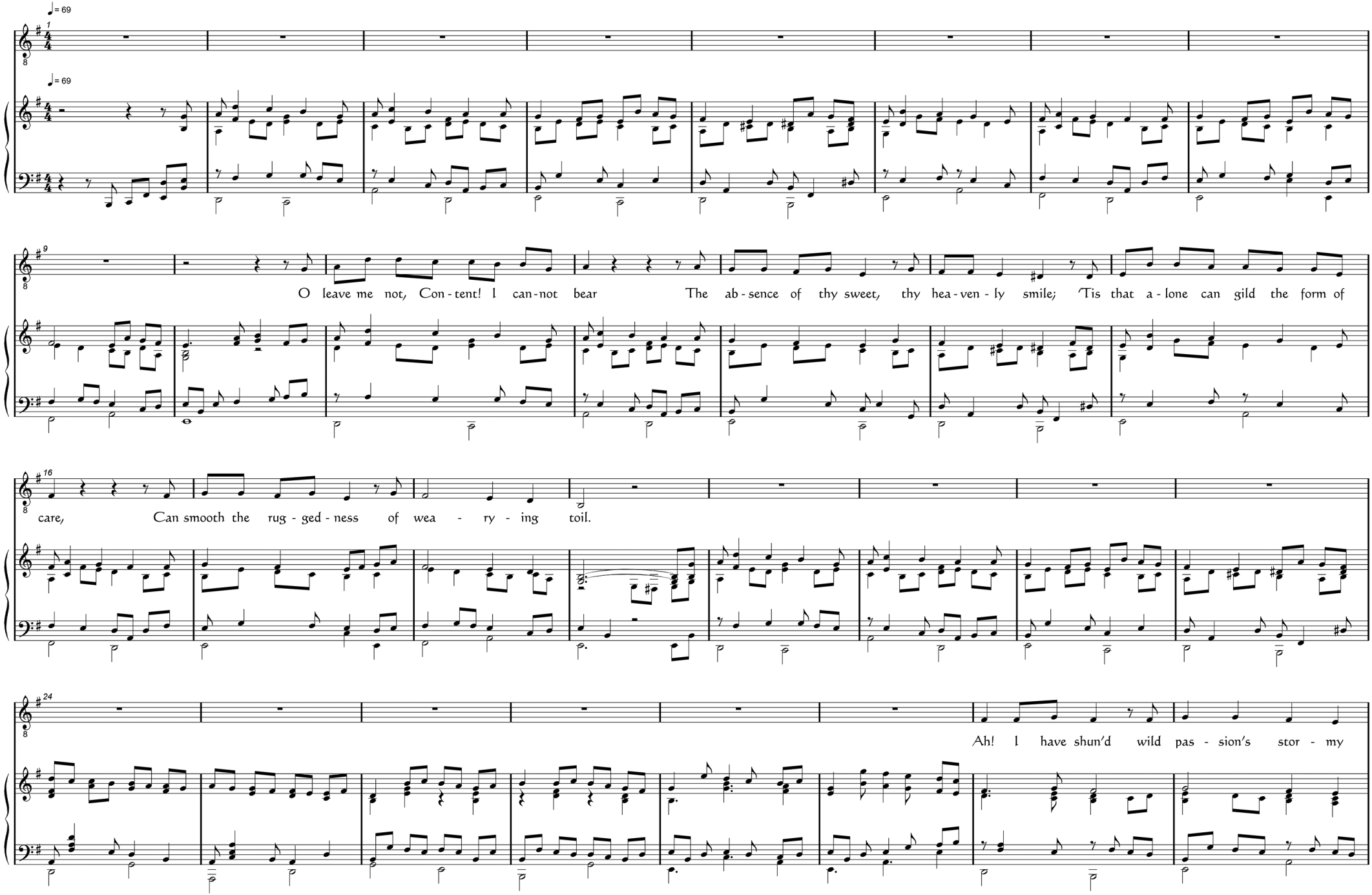


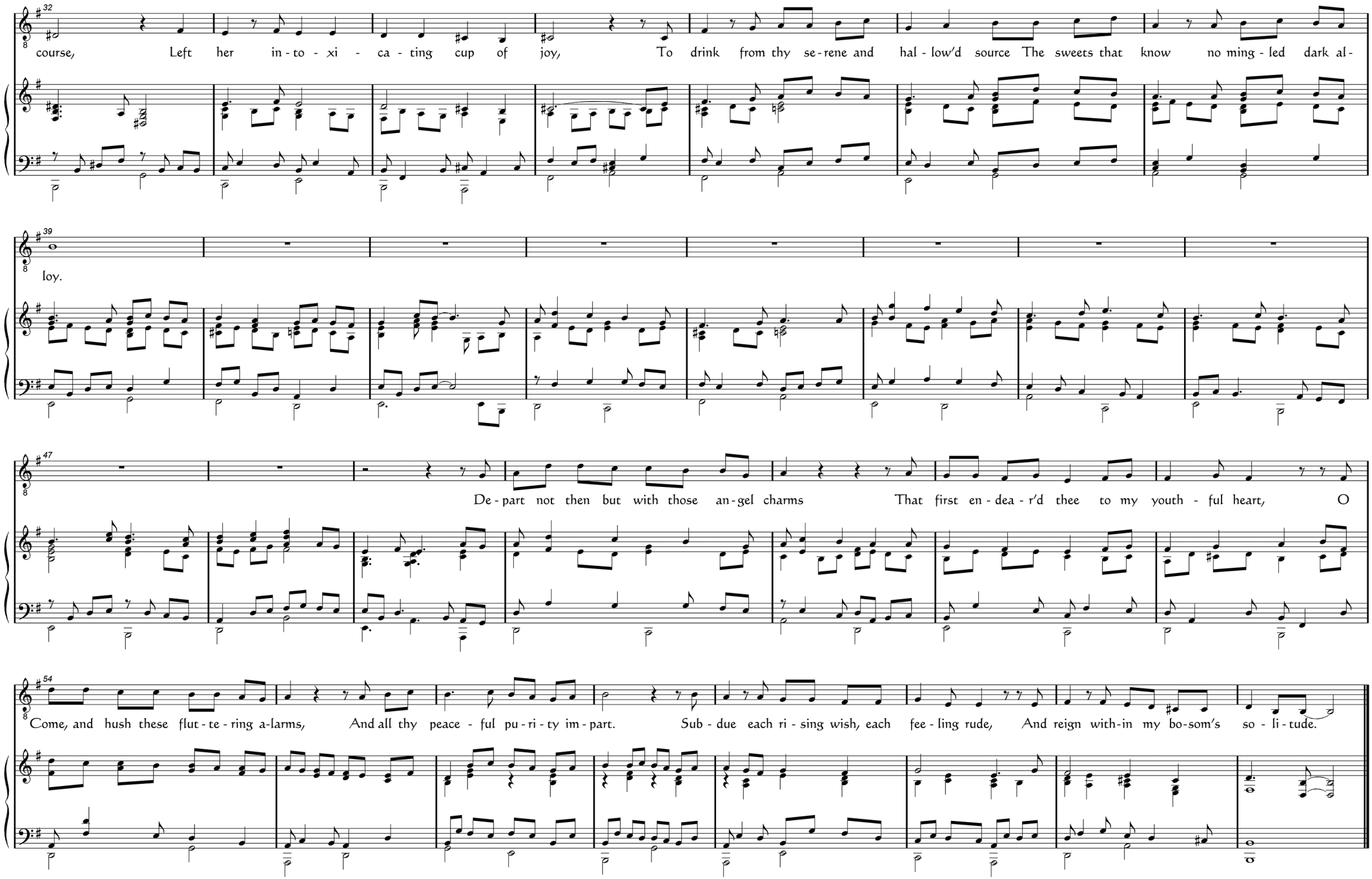
Sonnet

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


32
course, Left 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 -
39
loy.
47
De - part not then but with those an - gel charms That first en - dea - r'd thee to my youth - ful heart, O
54
Come, and hush these flut - te - ring a-larms, And all thy 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.

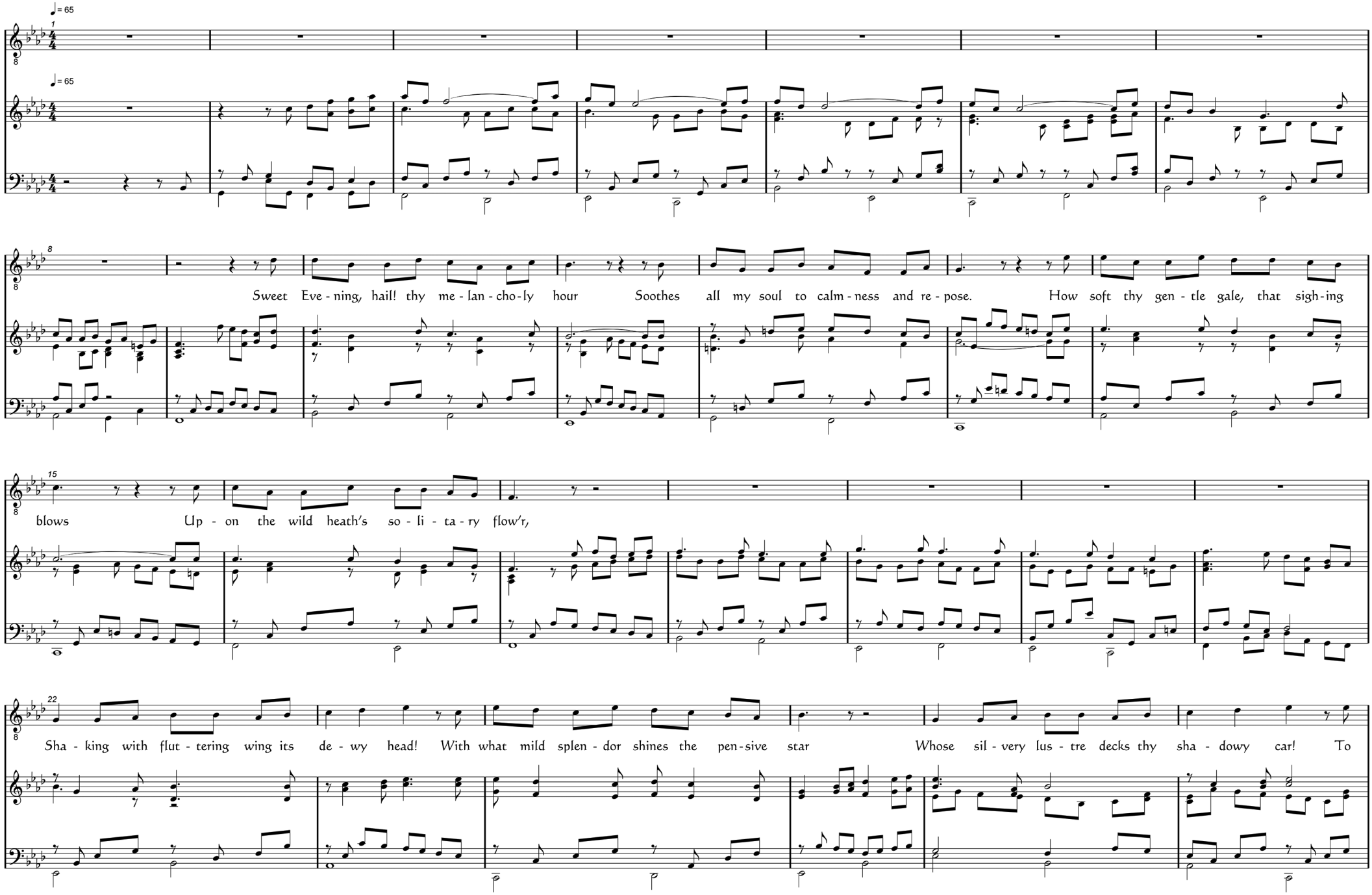


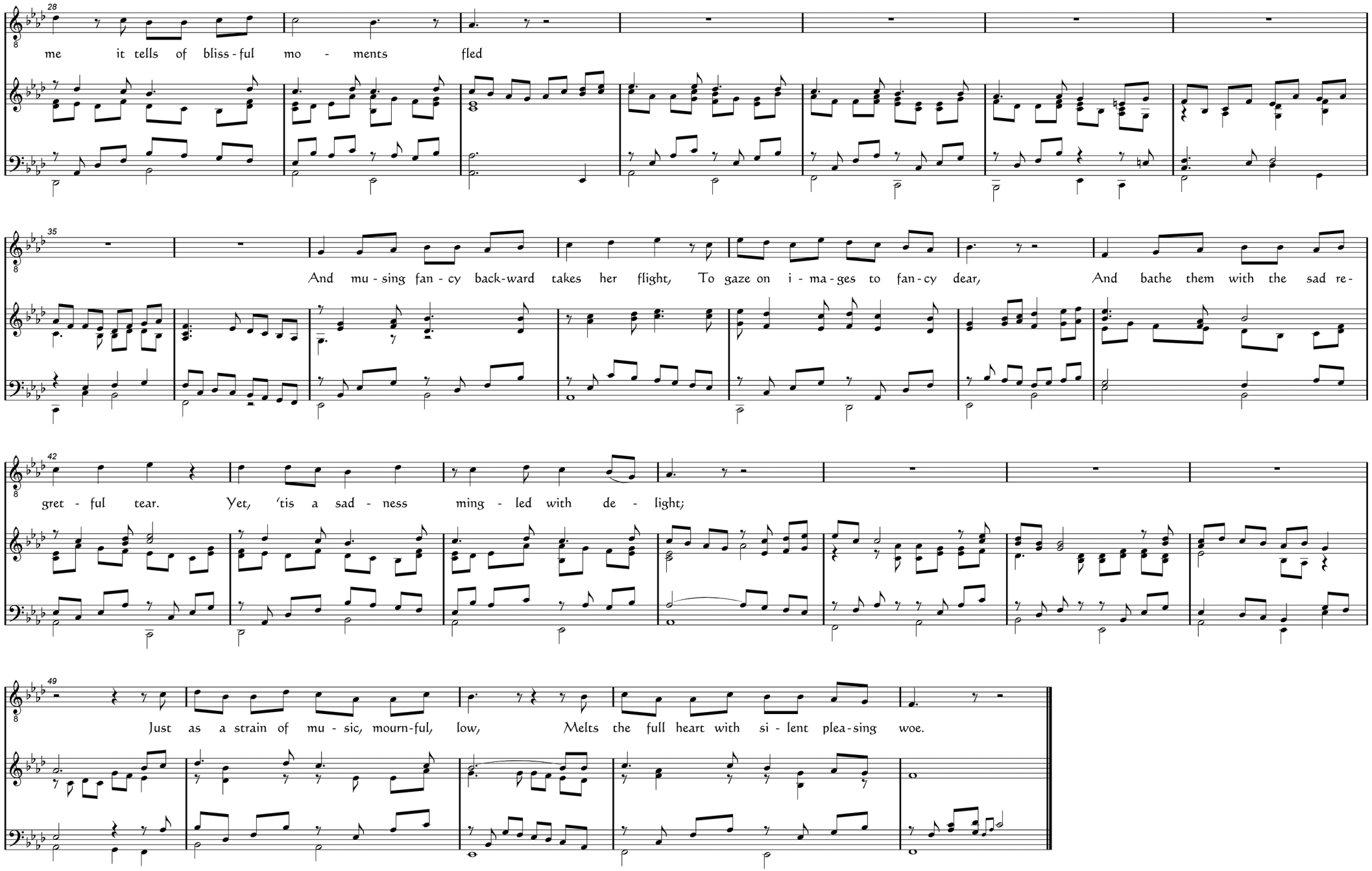
Sonnet

To Evening.

Sweet Evening, hail! thy melancholy hour
Soothes all my soul to calmness and repose.
How soft thy gentle gale, that sighing blows
Upon the wild heath's solitary flow'r,
Shaking with fluttering wing its dewy head!
With what mild splendor shines the pensive star
Whose silvery lustre decks thy shadowy car!
To me it tells of blissful moments fled--
And musing fancy backward takes her flight,
To gaze on images to fancy dear,
And bathe them with the sad regretful tear.
Yet, 'tis a sadness mingled with delight;
Just as a strain of music, mournful, low,
Melts the full heart with silent pleasing woe.

◀ Painting: Küstenlandschaft (Coastline) - Giuseppe Canella (1788–1847)


♩= 65
1
♩= 65
8
Sweet Eve - ning, hail! thy me - lan - cho - ly hour Soothes all my soul to calm - ness and re - pose. How soft thy gen - tle gale, that sigh - ing
15
blows Up - on the wild heath's so - li - ta - ry flow'r,
22
Sha - king with flut - tering wing its de - wy head! With what mild splen - dor shines the pen - sive star Whose sil - very lus - tre decks thy sha - dowy car! To


28
me it tells of bliss - ful mo - ments fled
35
And mu - sing fan - cy back-ward takes her flight, To gaze on i - ma - ges to fan - cy dear, And bathe them with the sad re -
42
gret - ful tear. Yet, 'tis a sad - ness ming - led with de - light;
49
Just as a strain of mu - sic, mourn-ful, low, Melts the full heart with si - lent plea - sing woe.

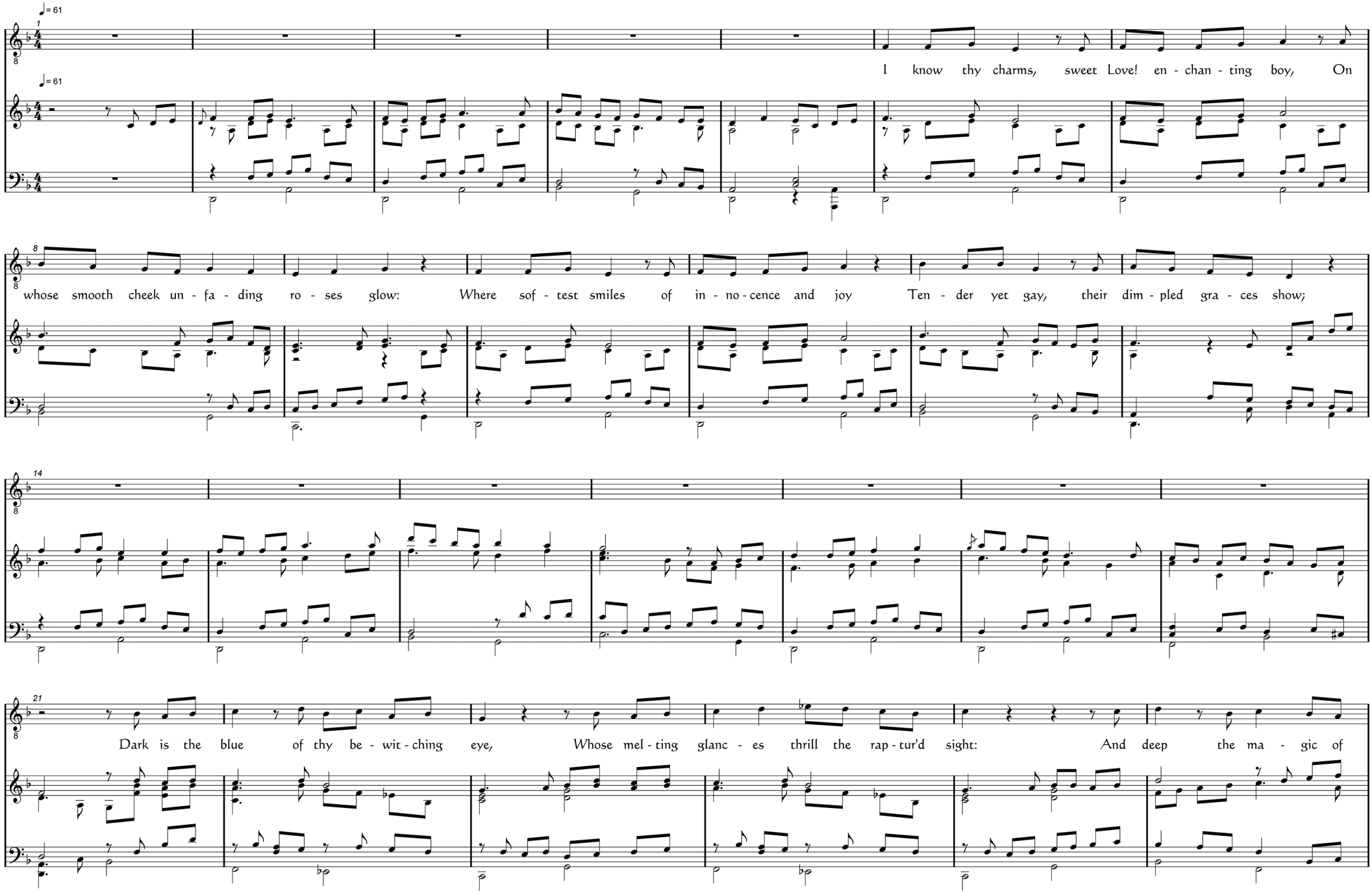


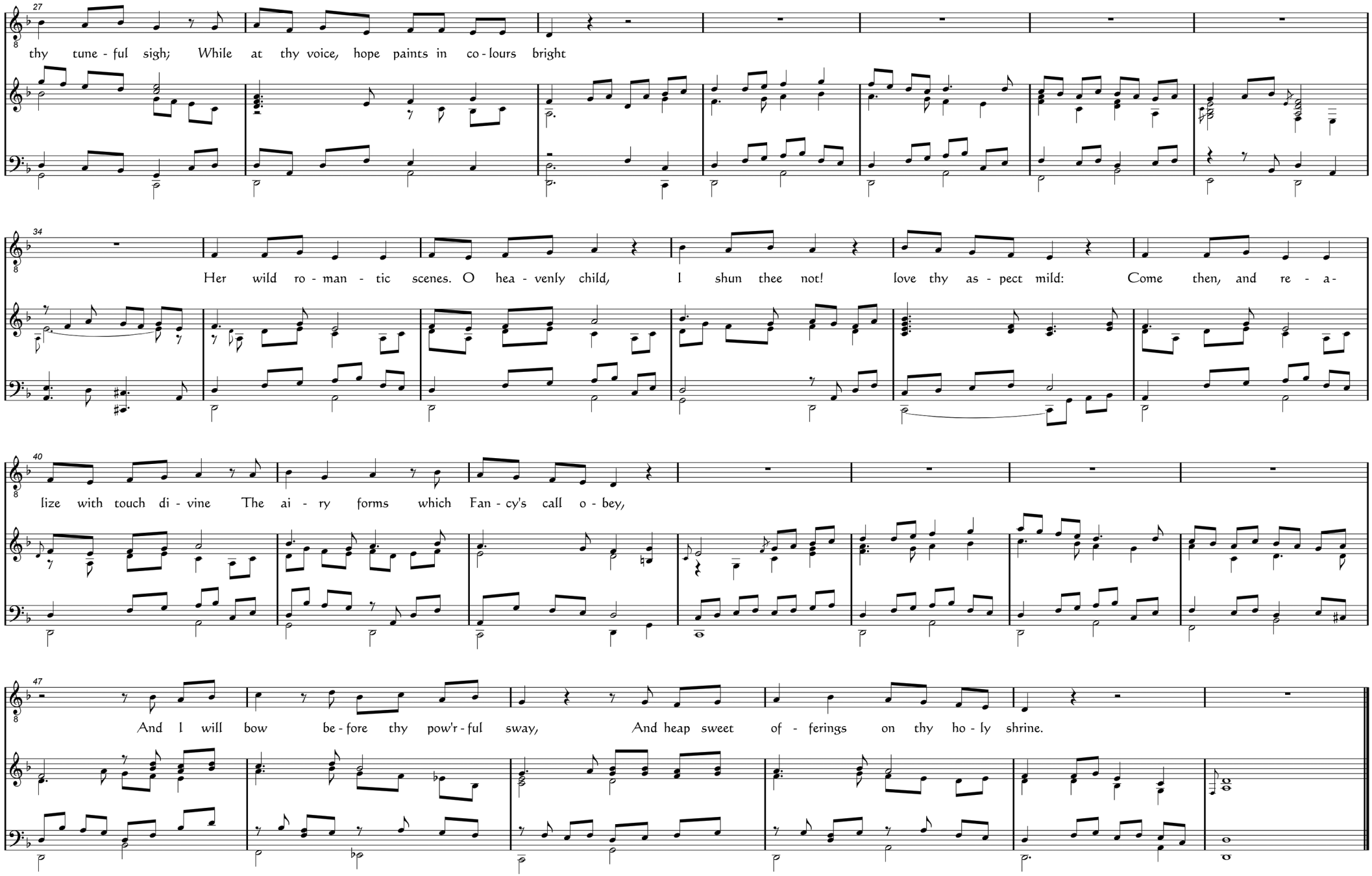
Sonnet

To Love.

I KNOW thy charms, sweet Love! enchanting boy,
On whose smooth cheek unfading roses glow:
Where softest smiles of innocence and joy
Tender yet gay, their dimpled graces show;--
Dark is the blue of thy bewitching eye,
Whose melting glances thrill the raptur'd sight:
And deep the magic of thy tuneful sigh;
While at thy voice, hope paints in colours bright
Her wild romantic scenes. O heavenly child,
I shun thee not--! love thy aspect mild:
Come then, and realize with touch divine
The airy forms which Fancy's call obey,
And I will bow before thy pow'rful sway,
And heap sweet offerings on thy holy shrine.

◄ Painting: Der Sommer, Landschaft mit Liebespaar (The summer, landscape with lovers) - Caspar David Friedrich (1774–1840)


♩= 61
1
I know thy charms, sweet Love! en - chan - ting boy, On
8
whose smooth cheek un - fa - ding ro - ses glow: Where sof - test smiles of in - no - cence and joy Ten - der yet gay, their dim - pled gra - ces show;
14
21
Dark is the blue of thy be - wit - ching eye, Whose mel - ting glanc - es thrill the rap - tur'd sight: And deep the ma - gic of


27
thy tune - ful sigh; While at thy voice, hope paints in co - lours bright
34
Her wild ro - man - tic scenes. O hea - venly child, I shun thee not! love thy as - pect mild: Come then, and re - a -
40
lize with touch di - vine The ai - ry forms which Fan - cy's call o - bey,
47
And I will bow be - fore thy pow'r - ful sway, And heap sweet of - ferings on thy ho - ly shrine.

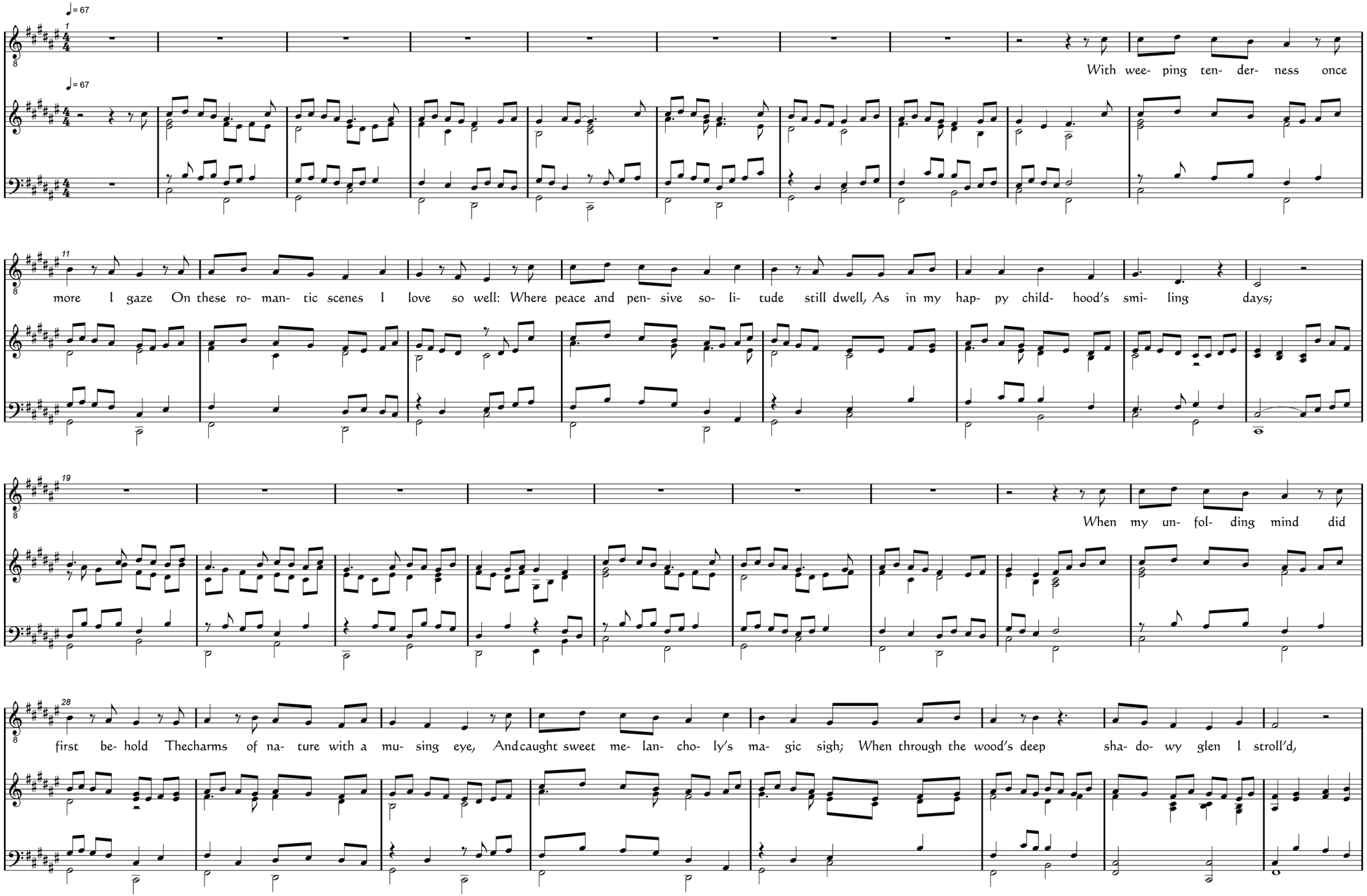


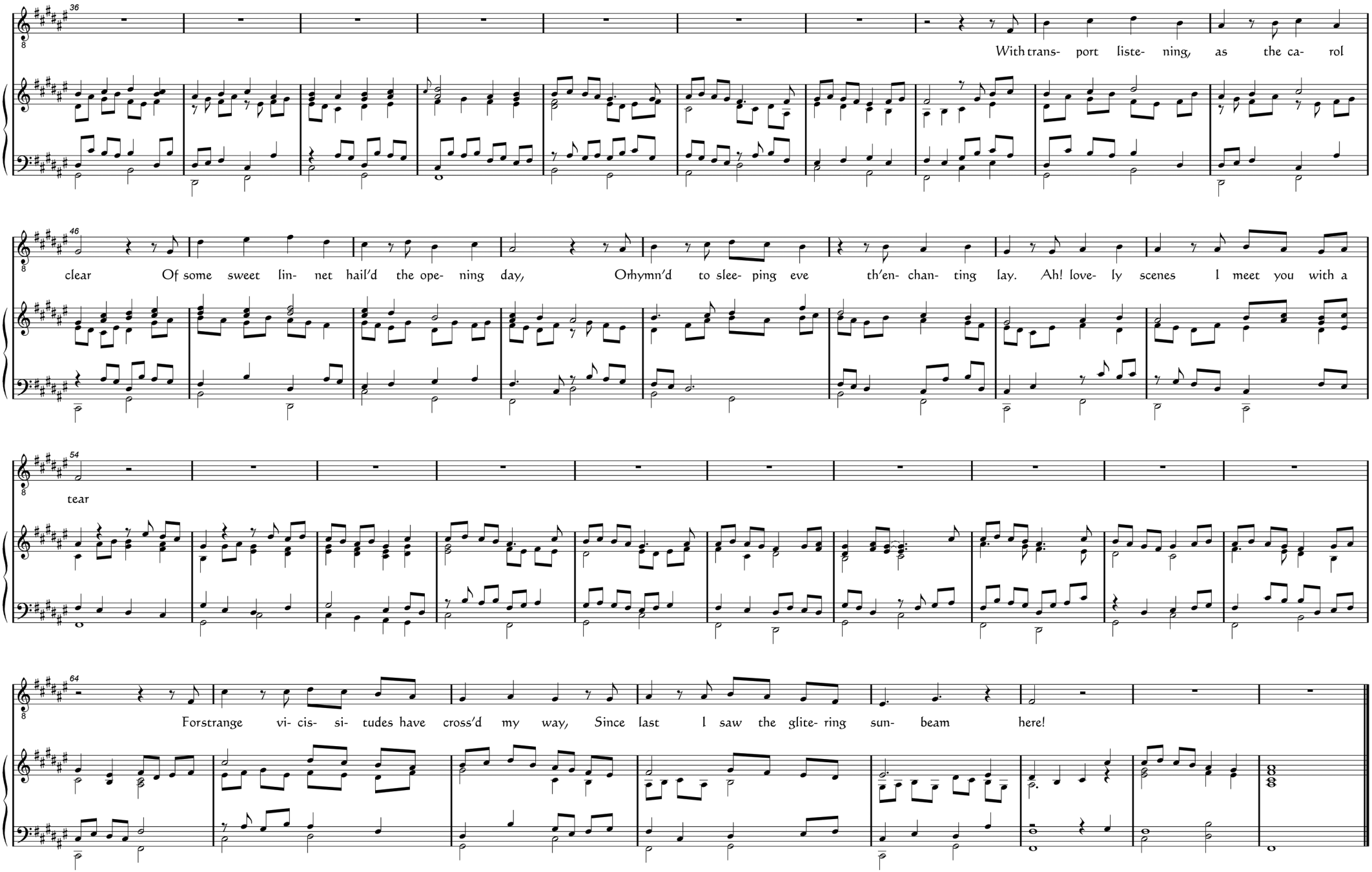
Sonnet

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
1
With wee- ping ten- der- ness once
11
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;
19
When my un- fol- ding mind did
28
first be- hold Thecharms of na- ture with a mu- sing eye, Andcaught 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
46
clear Of some sweet lin- net hail'd the ope- ning day, Orhymn'd to slee- ping eve th'en- chan- ting lay. Ah! love- ly scenes I meet you with a
54
tear
64
Forstrange vi- cis- si- tudes have cross'd my way, Since last I saw the glite- ring sun- beam here!

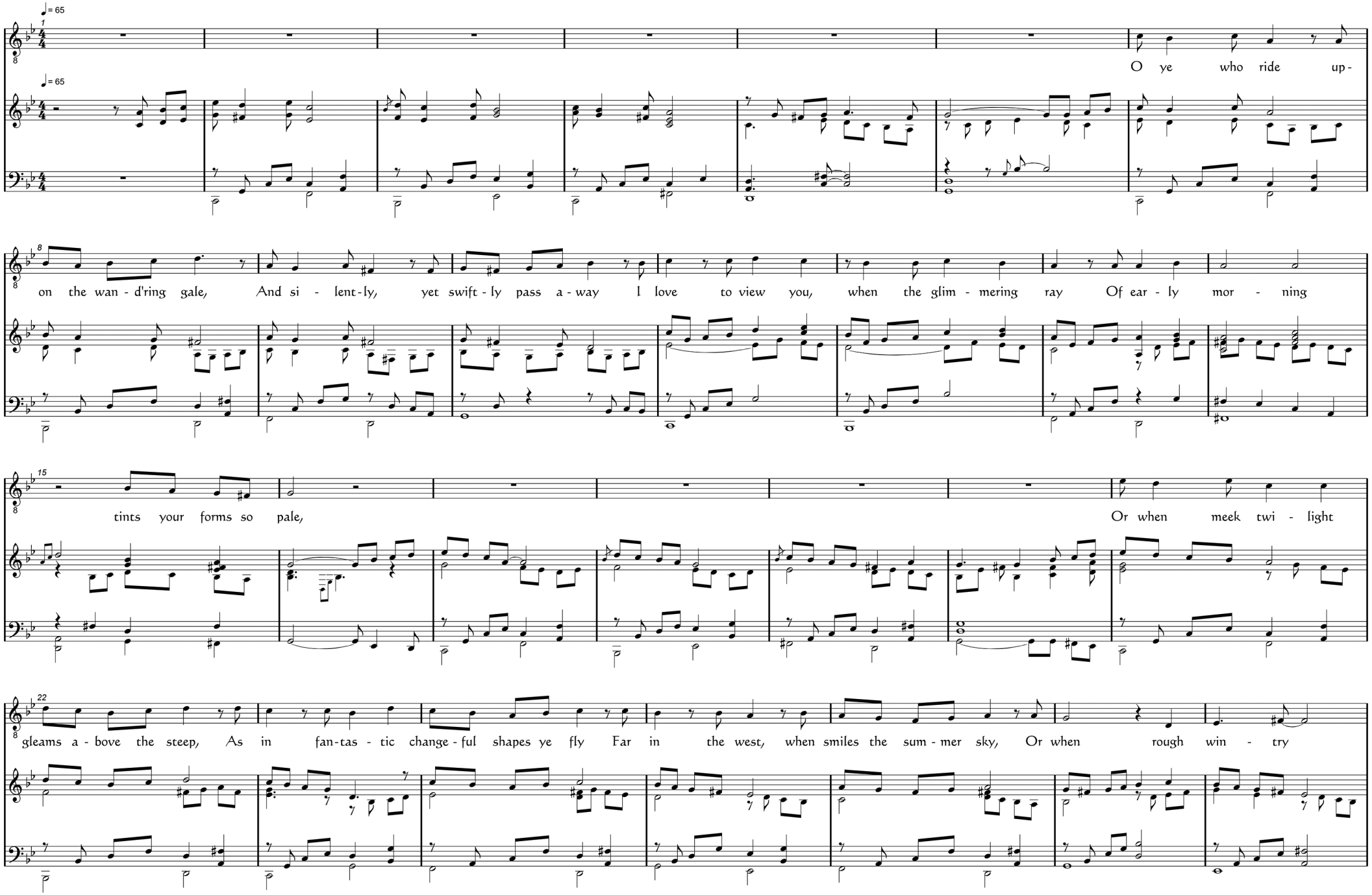


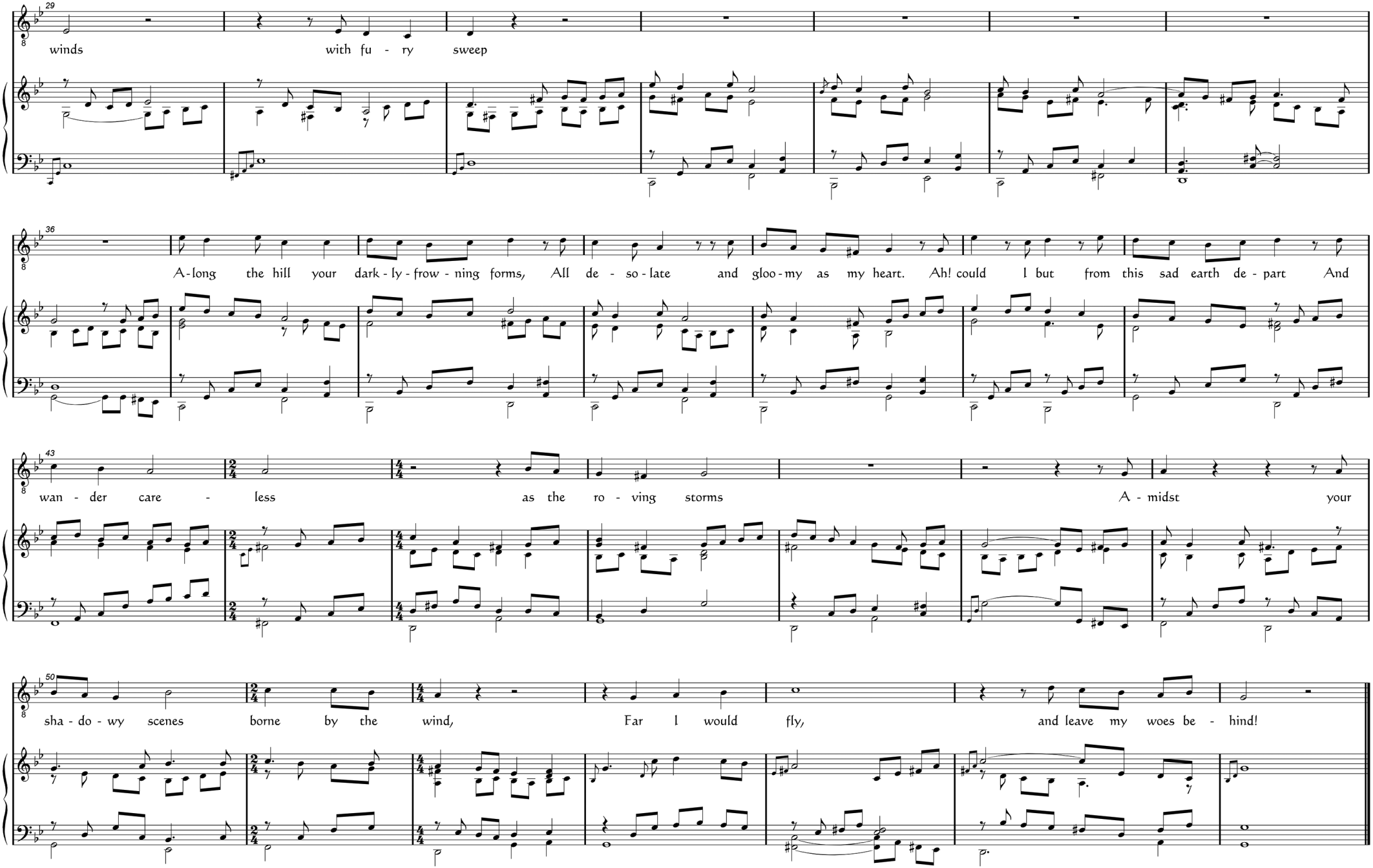
Sonnet

To the clouds.

O ye who ride upon the wand'ring gale,
And silently, yet swiftly pass away--
I love to view you, when the glimmering ray
Of early morning tints your forms so pale,
Or when meek twilight gleams above the steep,
As in fantastic changeful shapes ye fly
Far in the west,--when smiles the summer sky,
Or when rough wintry winds with fury sweep
Along the hill your darkly-frowning forms,
All desolate and gloomy as my heart.
Ah! could I but from this sad earth depart
And wander careless as the roving storms
Amidst your shadowy scenes--borne by the wind,
Far I would fly, and leave my woes behind!

◄ Painting: Vårvintermåne (Early spring moon) - Magnus Hjalmar Munsterhjelm (1840-1905)


♩= 65
1
O ye who ride up-
on the wan - d'ring gale, And si - lent-ly, yet swift - ly pass a - way I love to view you, when the glim - mering ray Of ear - ly mor - ning
15
tints your forms so pale, Or when meek twi - light
22
gleams a - bove the steep, As in fan-tas - tic change - ful shapes ye fly Far in the west, when smiles the sum - mer sky, Or when rough win - try


29
winds with fu - ry sweep
36
A-long the hill your dark-ly-frow-ning forms, All de - so-late and gloo-my as my heart. Ah! could I but from this sad earth de - part And
43
wan - der care - less as the ro - ving storms A - midst your
50
sha - do - wy scenes borne by the wind, Far I would fly, and leave my woes be - hind!

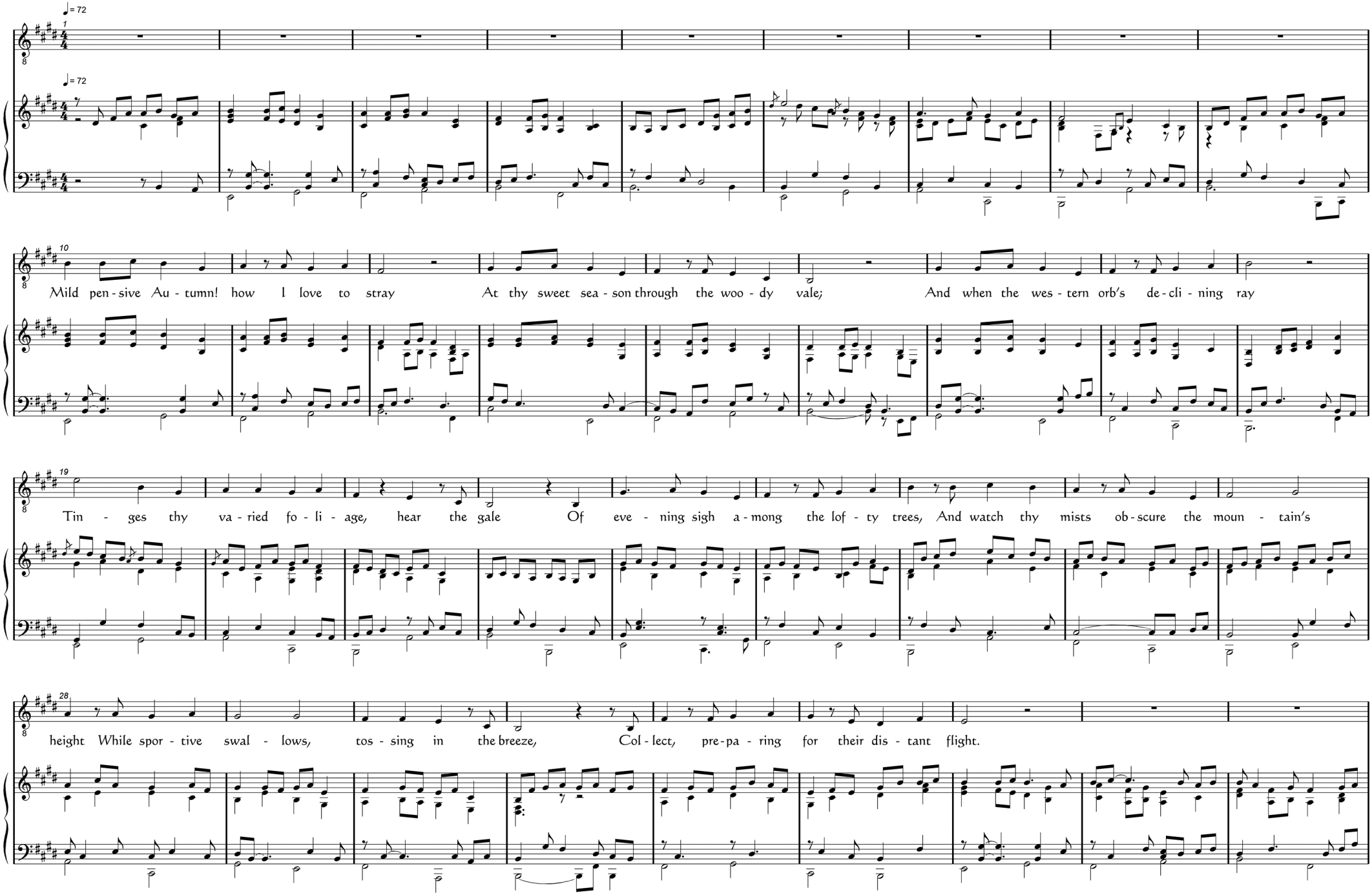


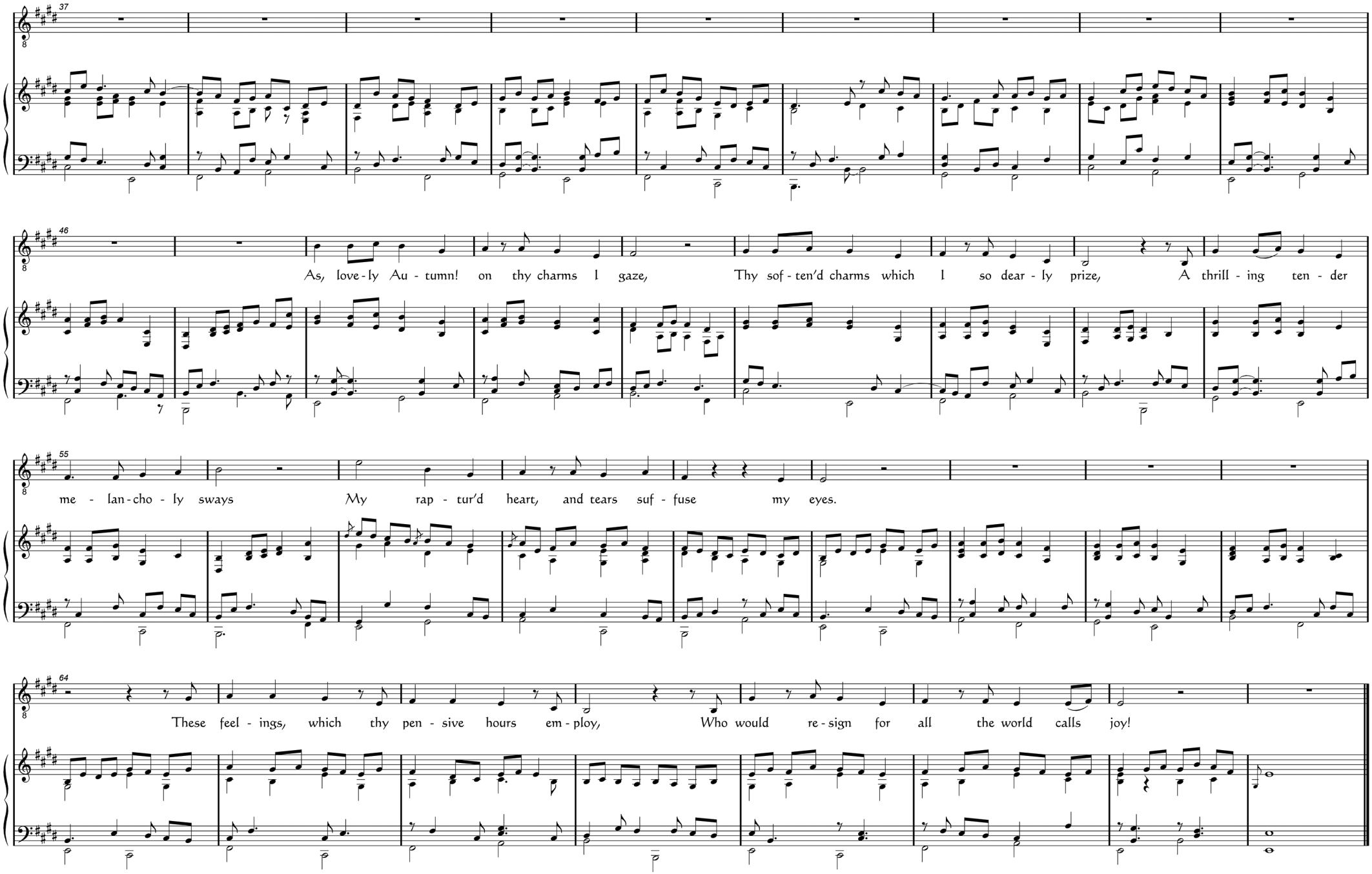
Sonnet

To Autumn.

Mild pensive Autumn! how I love to stray
At thy sweet season through the woody vale;
And when the western orb's declining ray
Tinges thy varied foliage, hear the gale
Of evening sigh among the lofty trees,
And watch thy mists obscure the mountain's height;
While sportive swallows, tossing in the breeze,
Collect, preparing for their distant flight.
As, lovely Autumn! on thy charms I gaze,
Thy soften'd charms which I so dearly prize,
A thrilling tender melancholy sways
My raptur'd heart, and tears suffuse my eyes.
These feelings, which thy pensive hours employ,
Who would resign for all the world calls joy!

◄ Painting: Cresheim Glen, Wissahickon, Autumn - Thomas Moran (1837-1926)


♩= 72
1
♩= 72
10
Mild pen - sive Au - tumn! how I love to stray At thy sweet sea - son through the woo - dy vale; And when the wes - tern orb's de - cli - ning ray
19
Tin - ges thy va - ried fo - li - age, hear the gale Of eve - ning sigh a - mong the lof - ty trees, And watch thy mists ob - scure the moun - tain's
28
height While spor - tive swal - lows, tos - sing in the breeze, Col - lect, pre - pa - ring for their dis - tant flight.

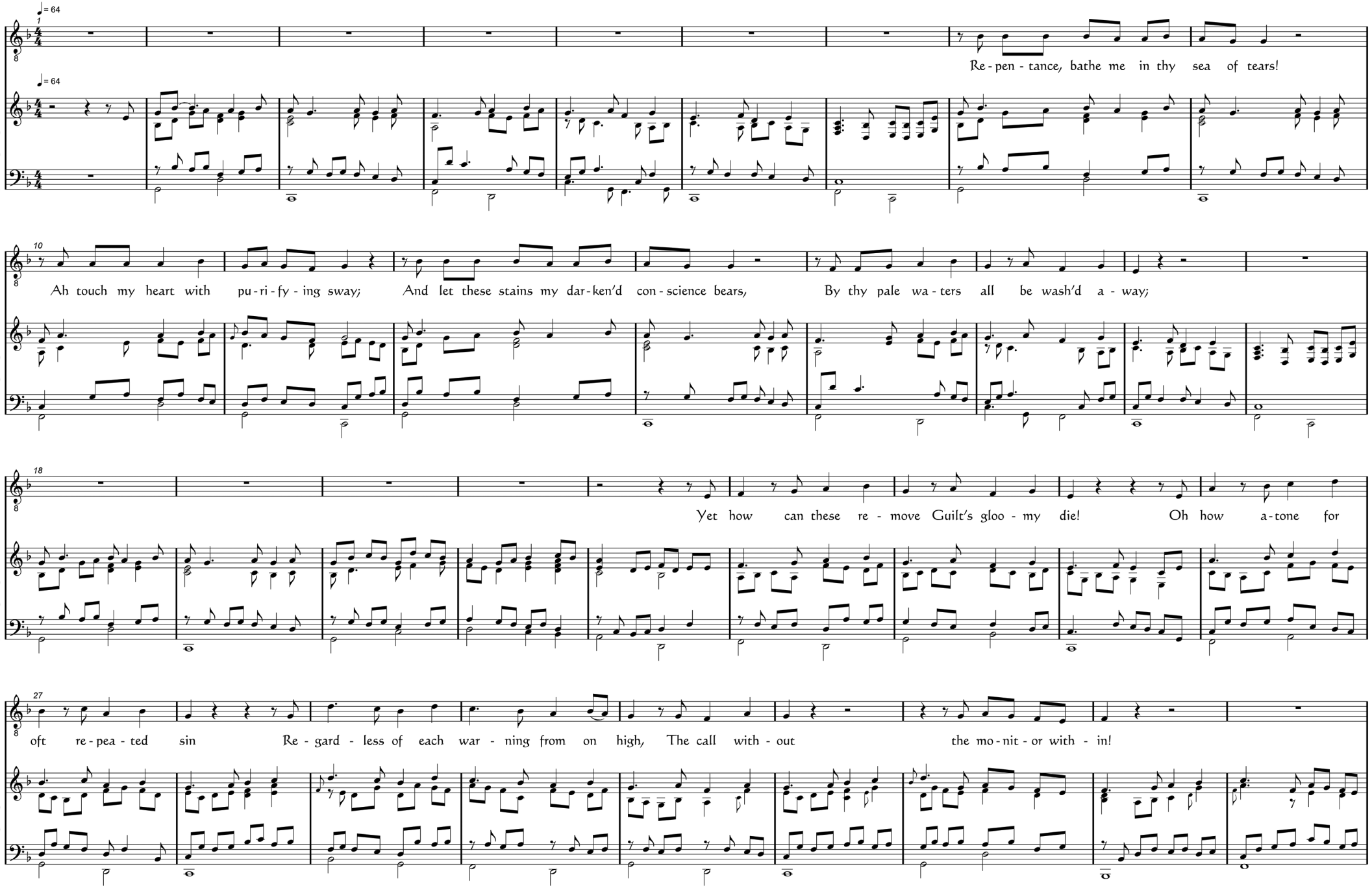

37
46
As, love-ly Au - tumn! on thy charms I gaze, Thy sof - ten'd charms which I so dear - ly prize, A thrill - ing ten - der
55
me - lan-cho - ly sways My rap - tur'd heart, and tears suf - fuse my eyes.
64
These feel - ings, which thy pen - sive hours em - ploy, Who would re - sign for all the world calls joy!

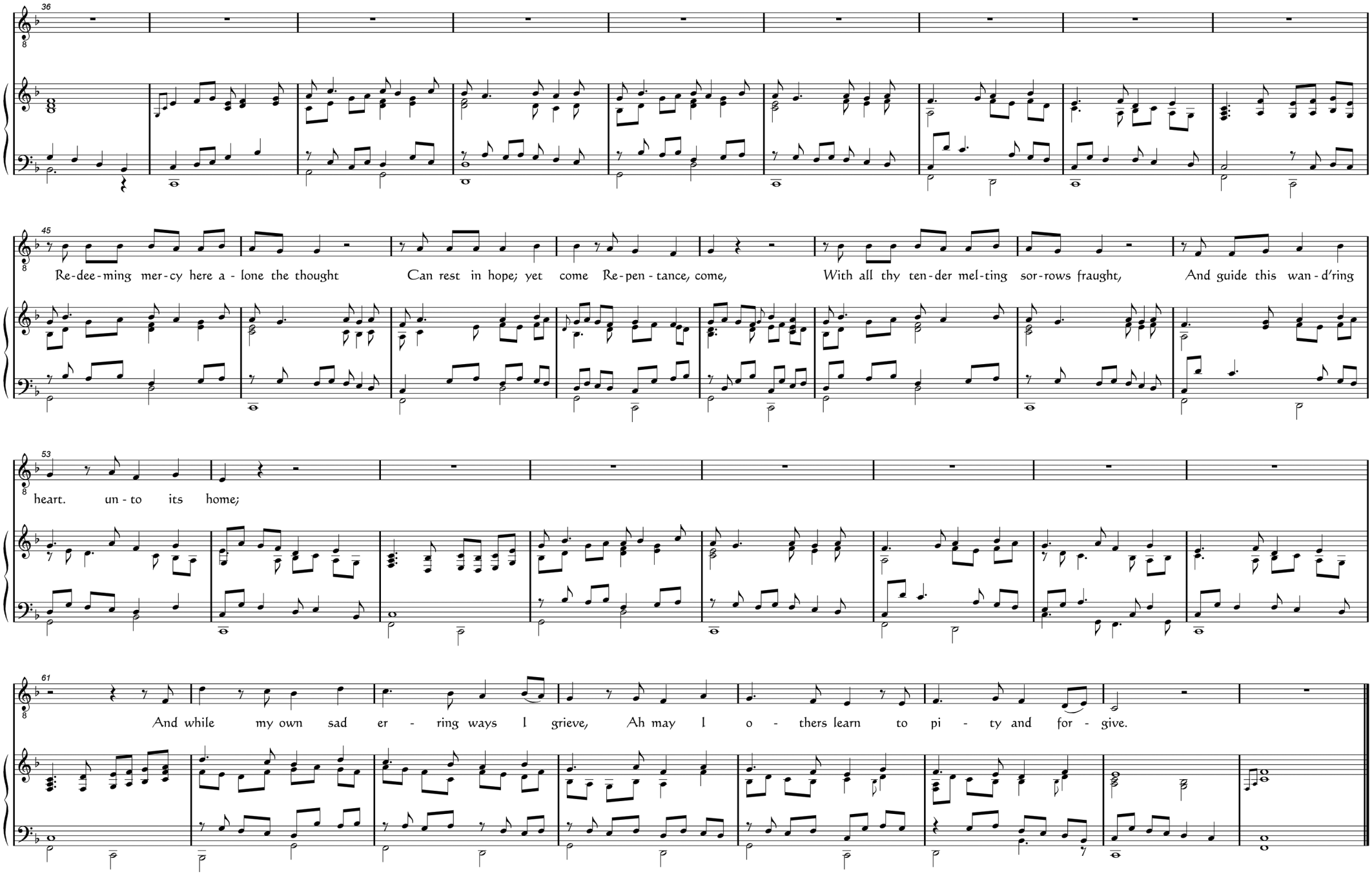

ALBERT BENDIX

Sonnet

REPENTANCE, bathe me in thy sea of tears!
Ah touch my heart with purifying sway;
And let these stains my darken'd conscience bears,
By thy pale waters all be wash'd away;
Yet how can these remove Guilt's gloomy die!
Oh how atone for oft repeated sin
Regardless of each warning from on high,
The call without--the monitor within!--
Redeeming mercy--here alone the thought
Can rest in hope;--yet come Repentance, come,
With all thy tender melting sorrows fraught,
And guide this wand'ring heart. unto its home;
And while my own sad erring ways I grieve,
Ah may I others learn to pity and forgive.

◄ Painting: View of the gulf of Finland - Albert Nikolayevitch Benois (1852-1936)


♩= 64
1
Re - pen - tance, bathe me in thy sea of tears!
10
Ah touch my heart with pu - ri - fy - ing sway; And let these stains my dar - ken'd con - science bears, By thy pale wa - ters all be wash'd a - way;
18
Yet how can these re - move Guilt's gloo - my die! Oh how a - tone for
27
oft re - pea - ted sin Re - gard - less of each war - ning from on high, The call with - out the mo - nit - or with - in!


36
45
Re-dee-ming mer-cy here a-lone the thought Can rest in hope; yet come Re-pen-tance, come, With all thy ten-der mel-ting sor-rows fraught, And guide this wan-d'ring
53
heart. un-to its home;
61
And while my own sad er-ring ways I grieve, Ah may I o-thers learn to pi-ty and for-give.

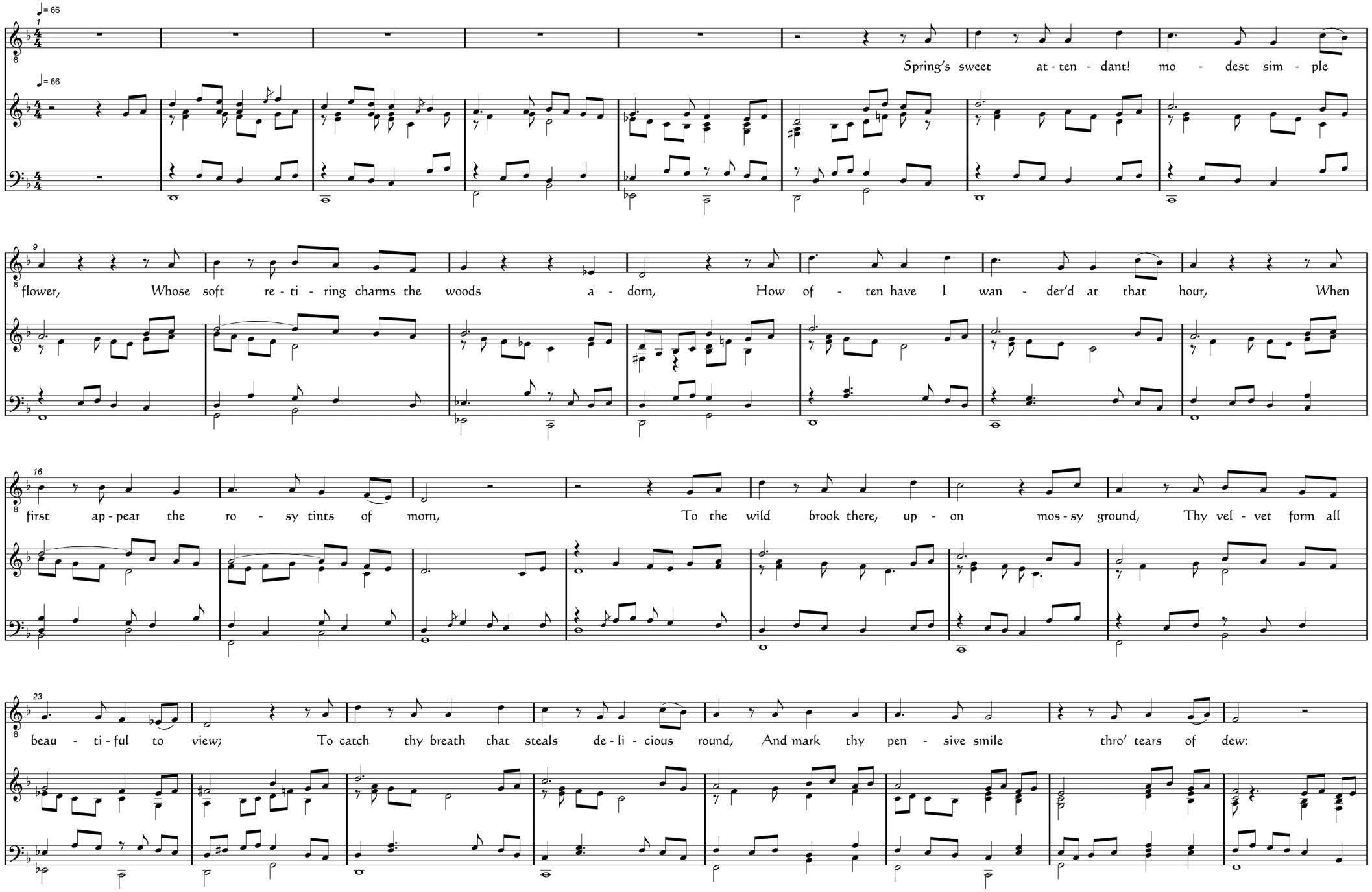


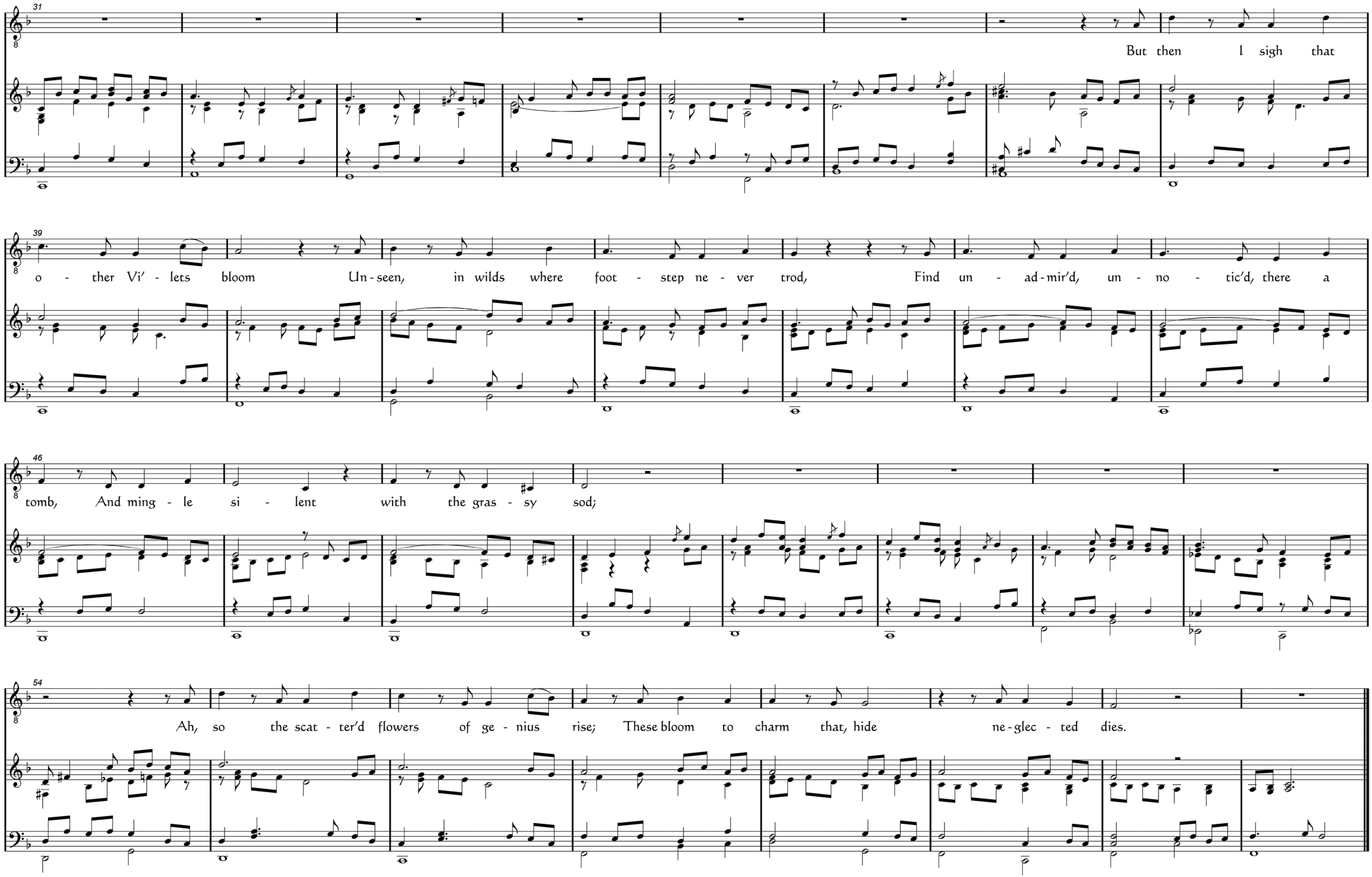
Sonnet

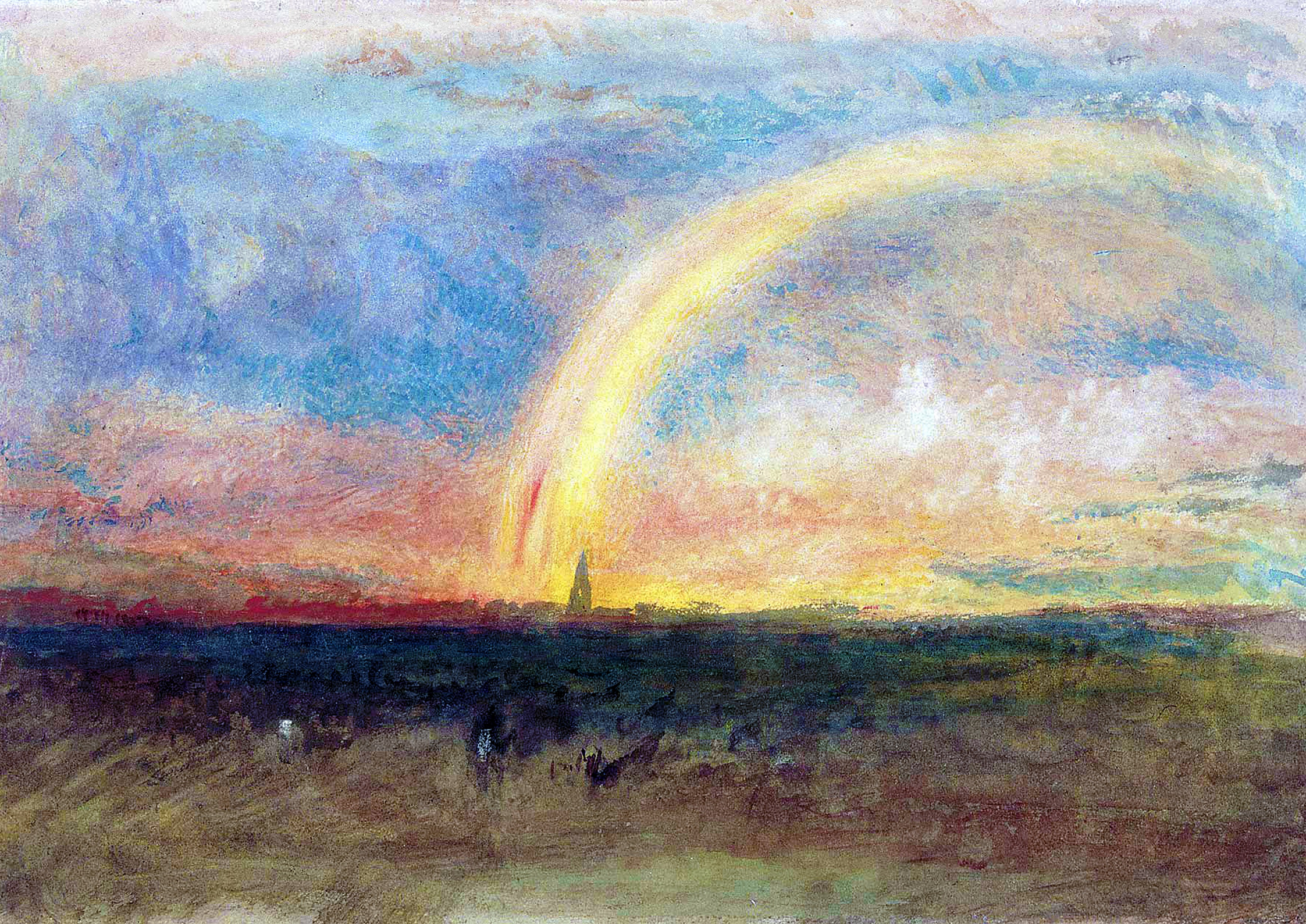
To a Violet.

SPRING's sweet attendant! modest simple flower,
Whose soft retiring charms the woods adorn,
How often have I wander'd at that hour,
When first appear the rosy tints of morn,
To the wild brook--there, upon mossy ground,
Thy velvet form all beautiful to view;
To catch thy breath that steals delicious round,
And mark thy pensive smile thro' tears of dew:
But then I sigh that other Vi'lets bloom
Unseen, in wilds where foot-step never trod,
Find unadmir'd, unnotic'd, there a tomb,
And mingle silent with the grassy sod;
Ah, so the scatter'd flowers of genius rise;
These bloom to charm--that, hide--neglected dies.

◀ Painting: Mand met viooltjes (Basket of violets) - Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890)


♩= 66
1
Spring's sweet at - ten - dant! mo - dest sim - ple
9
flower, Whose soft re - ti - ring charms the woods a - dorn, How of - ten have I wan - der'd at that hour, When
16
first ap - pear the ro - sy tints of morn, To the wild brook there, up - on mos - sy ground, Thy vel - vet form all
23
beau - ti - ful to view; To catch thy breath that steals de - li - cious round, And mark thy pen - sive smile thro' tears of dew:


31
But then I sigh that
39
o - ther Vi' - lets bloom Un - seen, in wilds where foot - step ne - ver trod, Find un - ad - mir'd, un - no - tic'd, there a
46
tomb, And ming - le si - lent with the gras - sy sod;
54
Ah, so the scat - ter'd flowers of ge - nius rise; These bloom to charm that, hide ne - glec - ted dies.

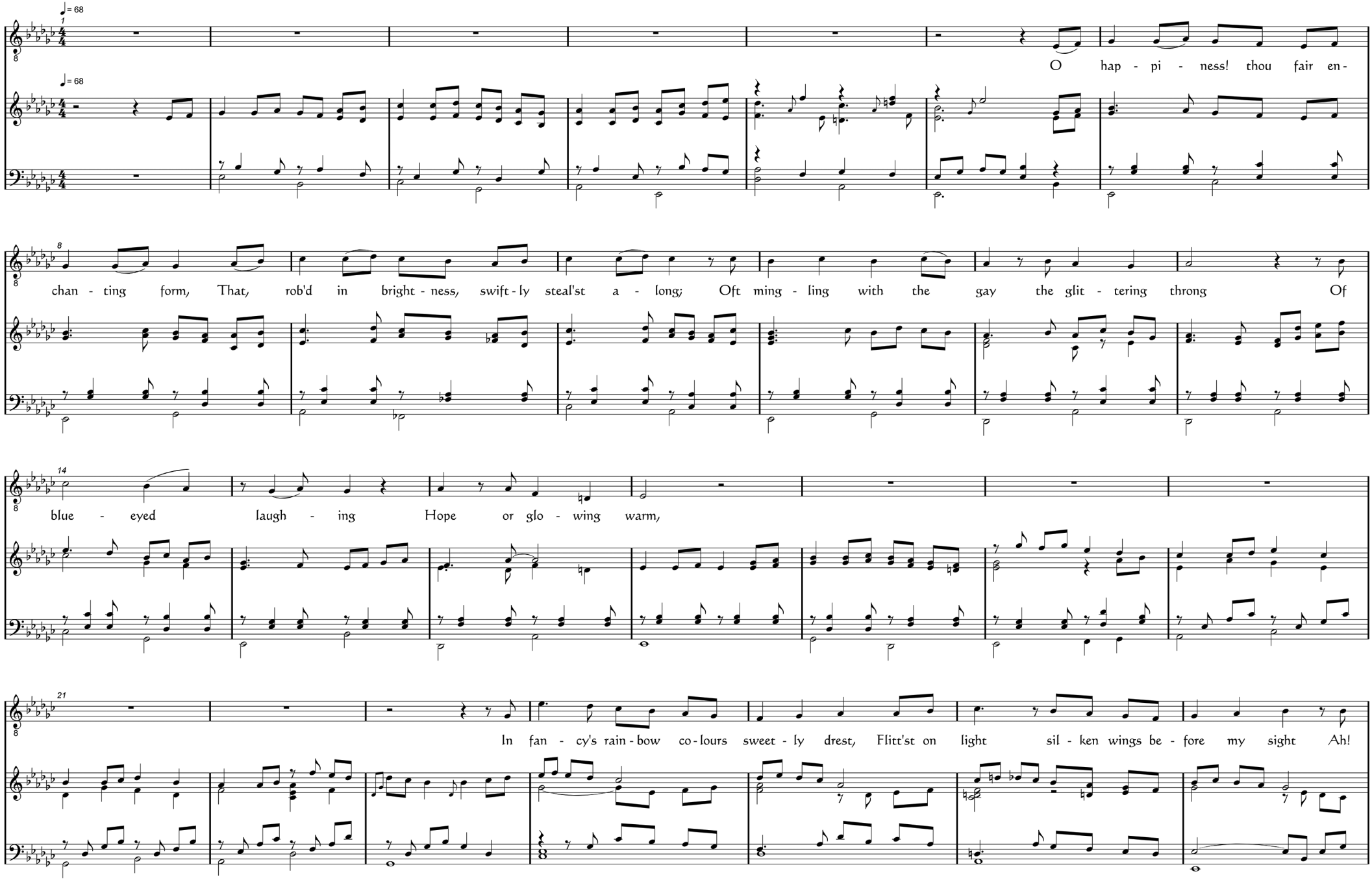


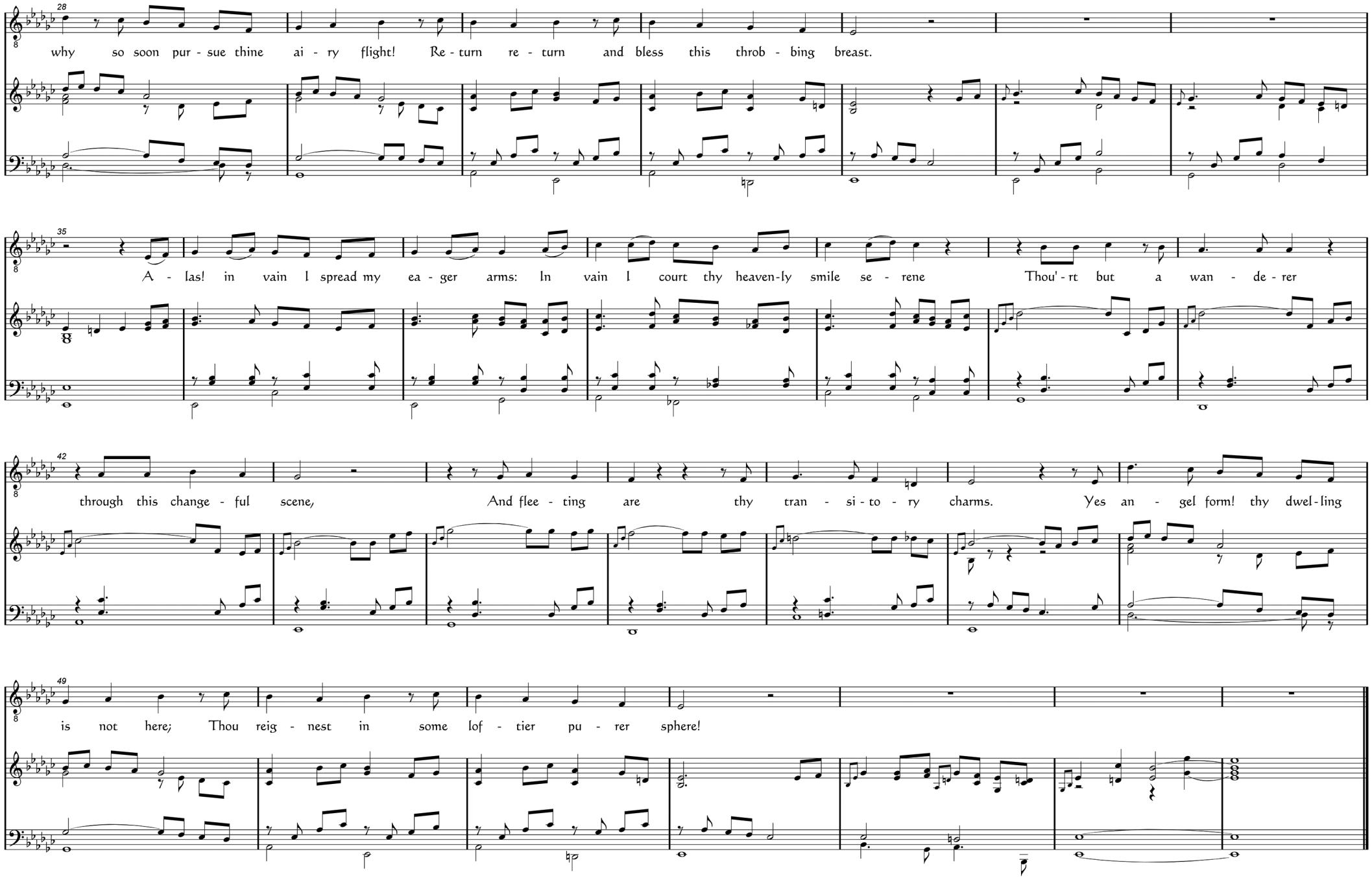
Sonnet

To happiness.

O happiness! thou fair enchanting form,
That, rob'd in brightness, swiftly steal'st along;
Oft mingling with the gay the glittering throng
Of blue-eyed laughing Hope--or glowing warm,
In fancy's rainbow colours sweetly drest,
Flitt'st on light silken wings before my sight--
Ah! why so soon pursue thine airy flight!
Return--return--and bless this throbbing breast.
Alas! in vain I spread my eager arms:
In vain I court thy heavenly smile serene--
Thou'rt but a wanderer through this changeful scene,
And fleeting are thy transitory charms.
Yes angel form! thy dwelling is not here;
Thou reignest in some loftier purer sphere!

◄ Painting: The rainbow - Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)


♩= 68
1
O hap - pi - ness! thou fair en-
8
chan - ting form, That, rob'd in bright - ness, swift - ly steal'st a - long; Oft ming - ling with the gay the glit - tering throng Of
14
blue - eyed laugh - ing Hope or glo - wing warm,
21
In fan - cy's rain - bow co - lours sweet - ly drest, Flitt'st on light sil - ken wings be - fore my sight Ah!


28
why so soon pur - sue thine ai - ry flight! Re - turn re - turn and bless this throb - bing breast.
35
A - las! in vain I spread my ea - ger arms: In vain I court thy heaven-ly smile se - rene Thou'-rt but a wan - de - rer
42
through this change - ful scene, And flee - ting are thy tran - si - to - ry charms. Yes an - gel form! thy dwel-ling
49
is not here; Thou reig - nest in some lof - tier pu - rer sphere!

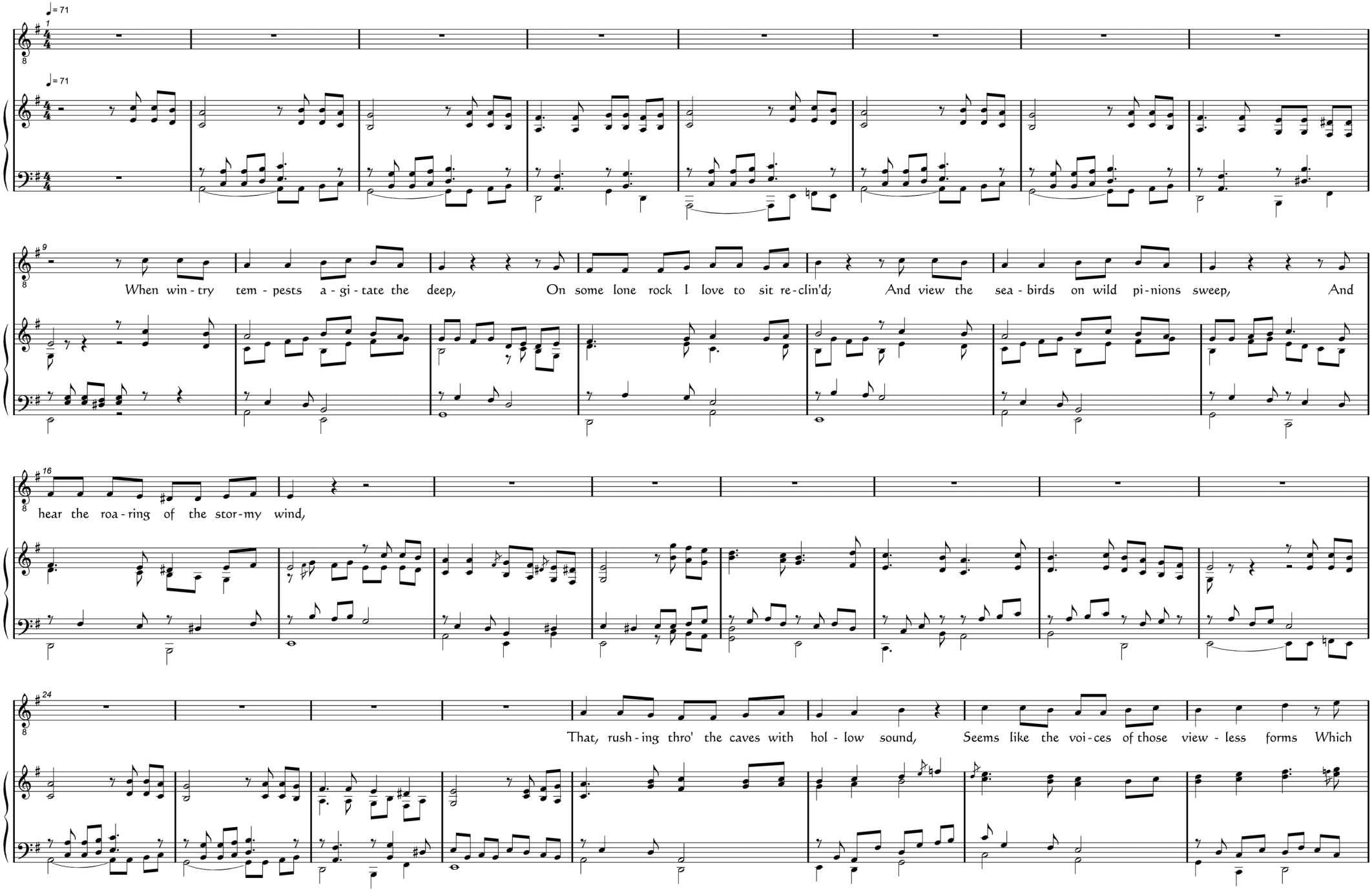


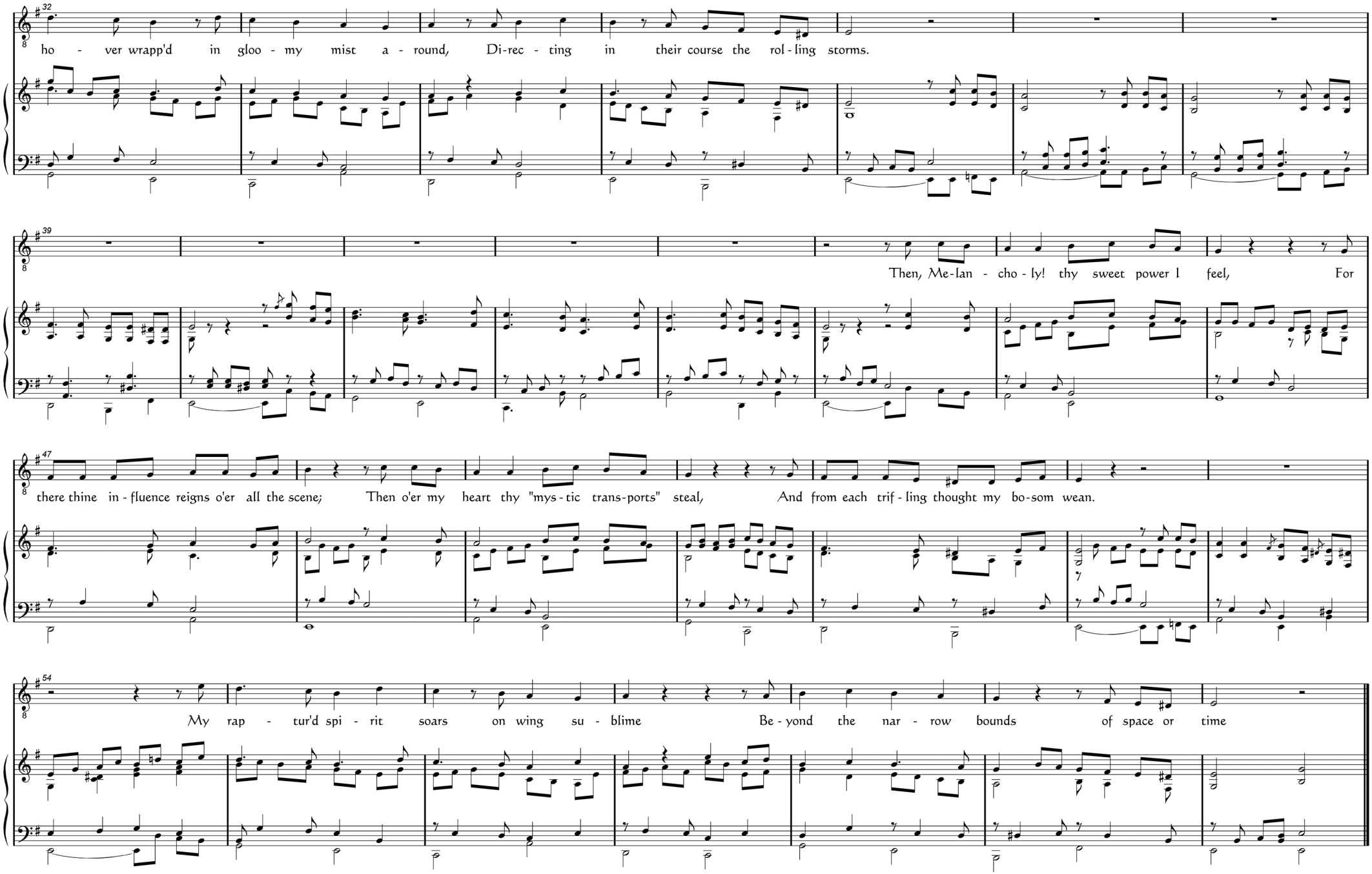
Sonnet

To Melancholy.

When wintry tempests agitate the deep,
On some lone rock I love to sit reclin'd;
And view the sea-birds on wild pinions sweep,
And hear the roaring of the stormy wind,
That, rushing thro' the caves with hollow sound,
Seems like the voices of those viewless forms
Which hover wrapp'd in gloomy mist around,
Directing in their course the rolling storms.
Then, Melancholy! thy sweet power I feel,
For there thine influence reigns o'er all the scene;
Then o'er my heart thy "mystic transports" steal,
And from each trifling thought my bosom wean.
My raptur'd spirit soars on wing sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of space or time!

◄ Painting: Clearing up - coast of Sicily - Andreas Achenbach (1815-1910)


♩= 71
1
♩= 71
9
When win - try tem - pests a - gi - tate the deep, On some lone rock I love to sit re - clin'd; And view the sea - birds on wild pi - nions sweep, And
16
hear the roa - ring of the stor - my wind,
24
That, rush - ing thro' the caves with hol - low sound, Seems like the voi - ces of those view - less forms Which


32
ho - ver wrapp'd in gloo - my mist a - round, Di-rec - ting in their course the rol - ling storms.
39
Then, Me-lan - cho - ly! thy sweet power I feel, For
47
there thine in - fluence reigns o'er all the scene; Then o'er my heart thy "mys - tic trans-ports" steal, And from each trif - ling thought my bo-som wean.
54
My rap - tur'd spi - rit soars on wing su - blime Be - yond the nar - row bounds of space or time

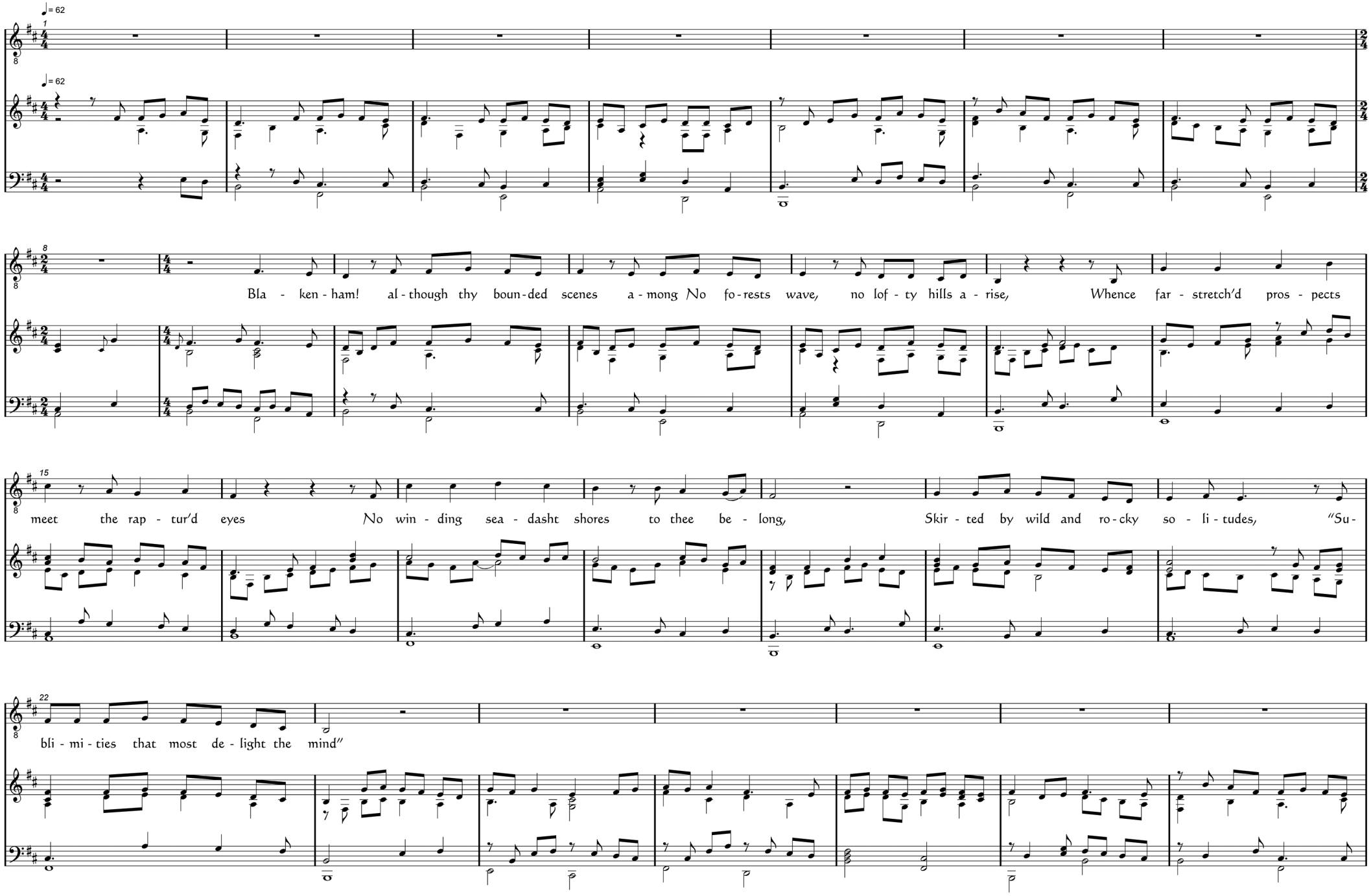


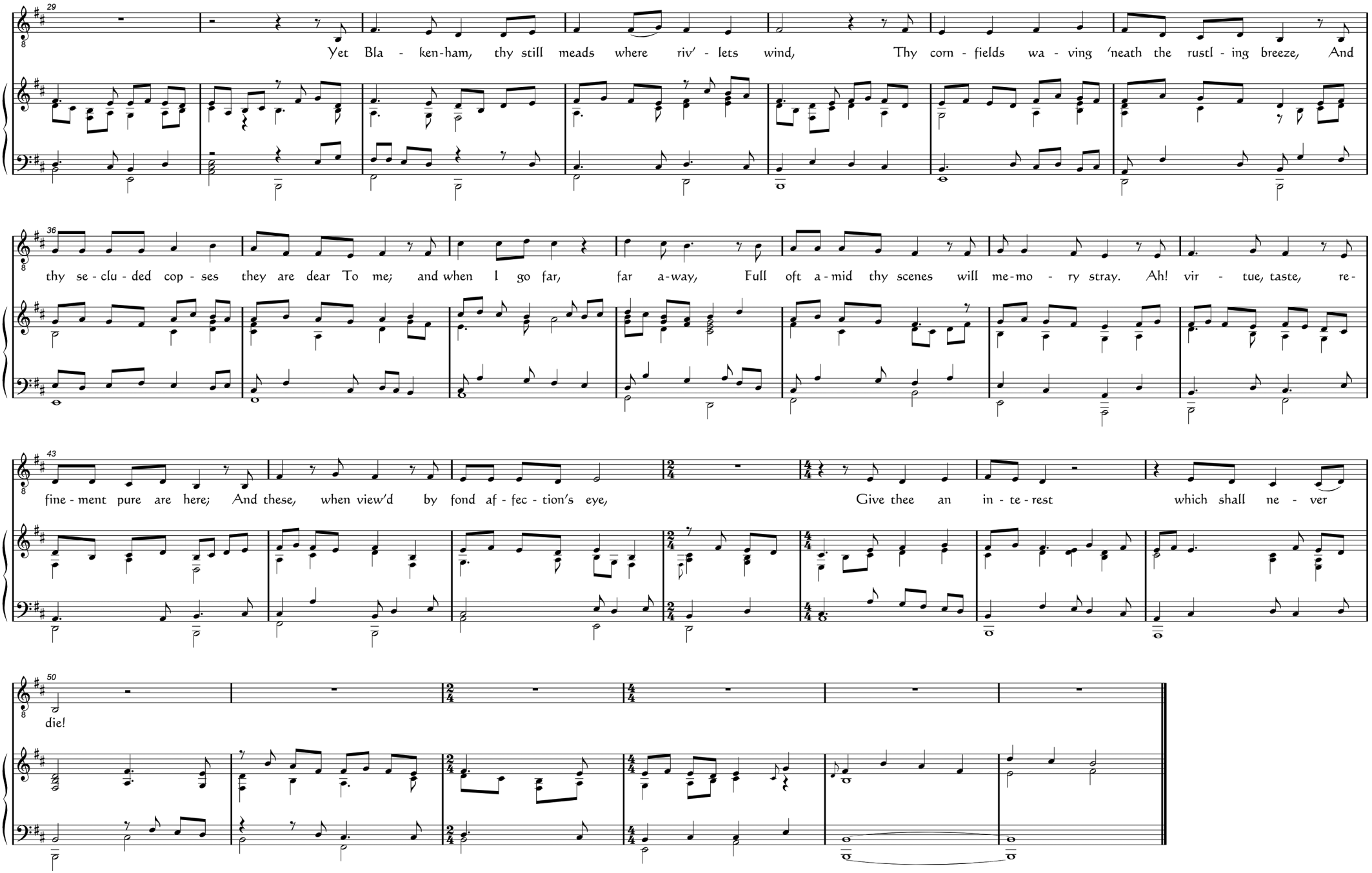
Sonnet

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
♩= 62
8
Bla - ken - ham! al - though thy boun - ded scenes a - mong No fo - rests wave, no lof - ty hills a - rise, Whence far - stretch'd pros - pects
15
meet the rap - tur'd eyes No win - ding sea - dasht shores to thee be - long, Skir - ted by wild and ro - cky so - li - tudes, "Su -
22
bli - mi - ties that most de - light the mind"

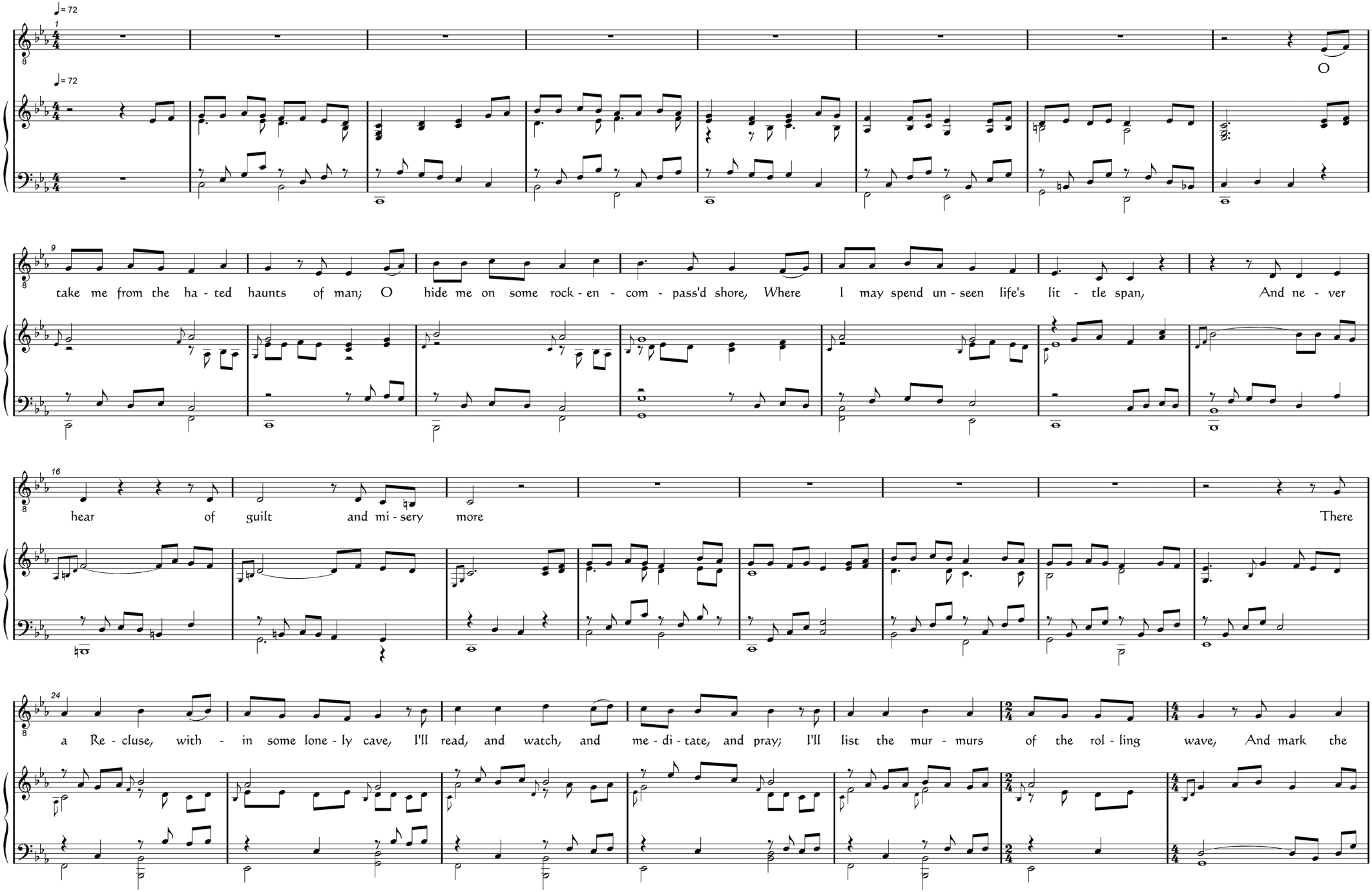

29
Yet Bla - ken-ham, thy still meads where riv' - lets wind, Thy corn - fields wa - ving 'neath the rustl - ing breeze, And
36
thy se - clu - ded cop - ses they are dear To me; and when I go far, far a-way, Full oft a-mid thy scenes will me-mo - ry stray. Ah! vir - tue, taste, re-
43
fine - ment pure are here; And these, when view'd by fond af - fec - tion's eye, Give thee an in - te - rest which shall ne - ver
50
die!

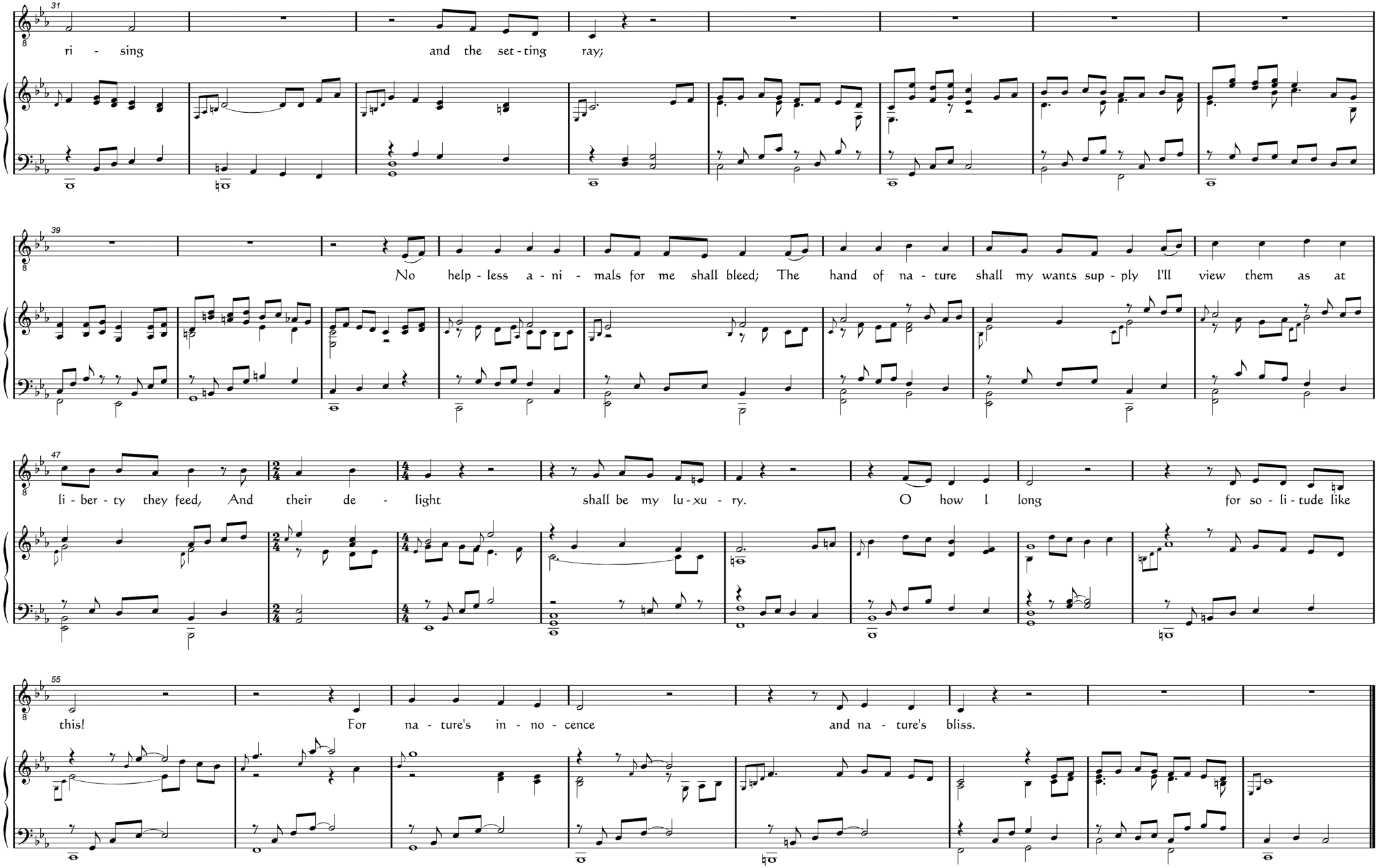


Sonnet

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
O
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
hear of guilt and mi - sery more There
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;
39
No help - less a - ni - mals for me shall bleed; The hand of na - ture shall my wants sup - ply I'll view them as at
47
li - ber - ty they feed, And their de - light shall be my lu - xu - ry. O how I long for so - li - tude like
55
this! For na - ture's in - no - cence and na - ture's bliss.

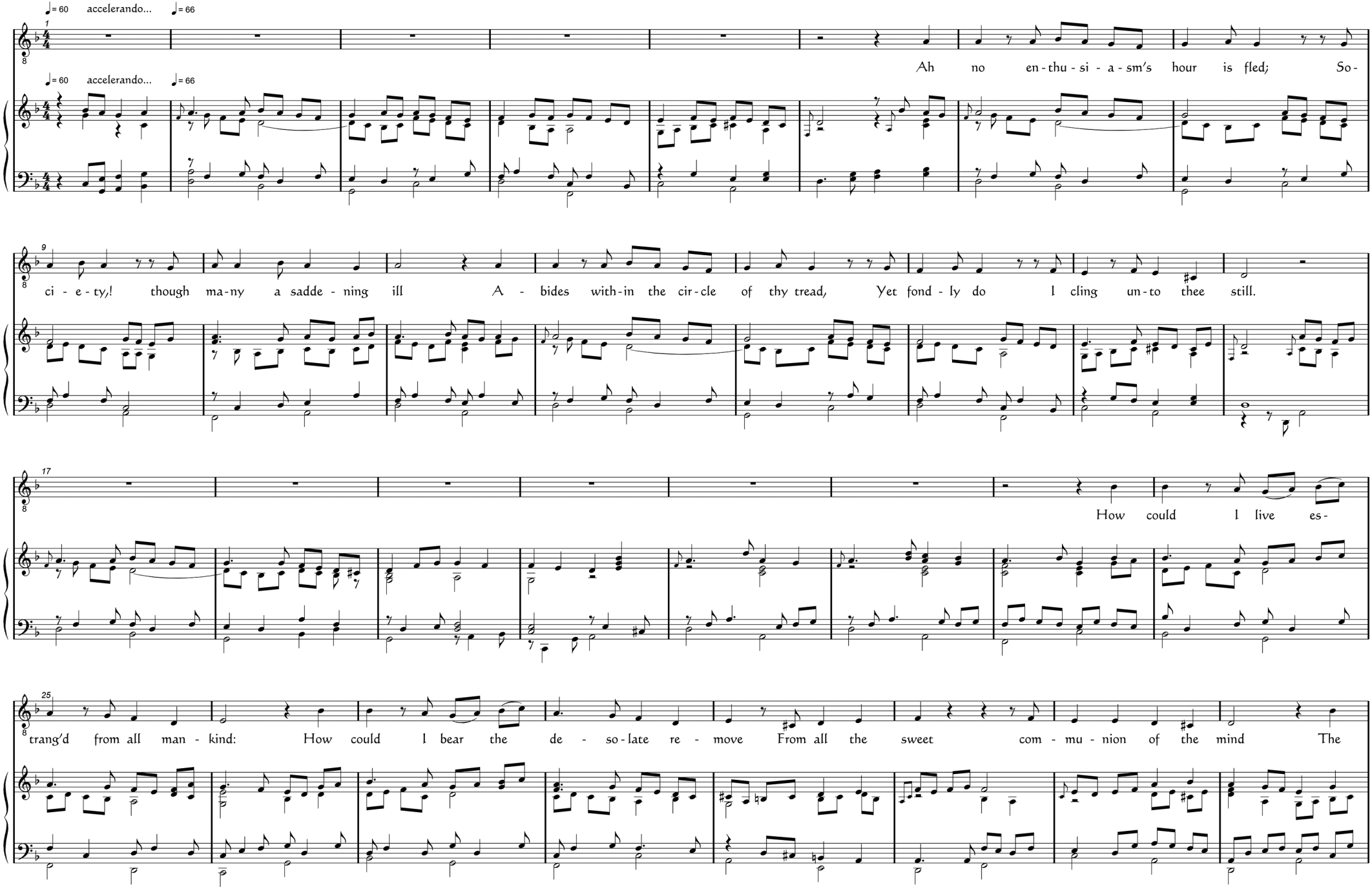


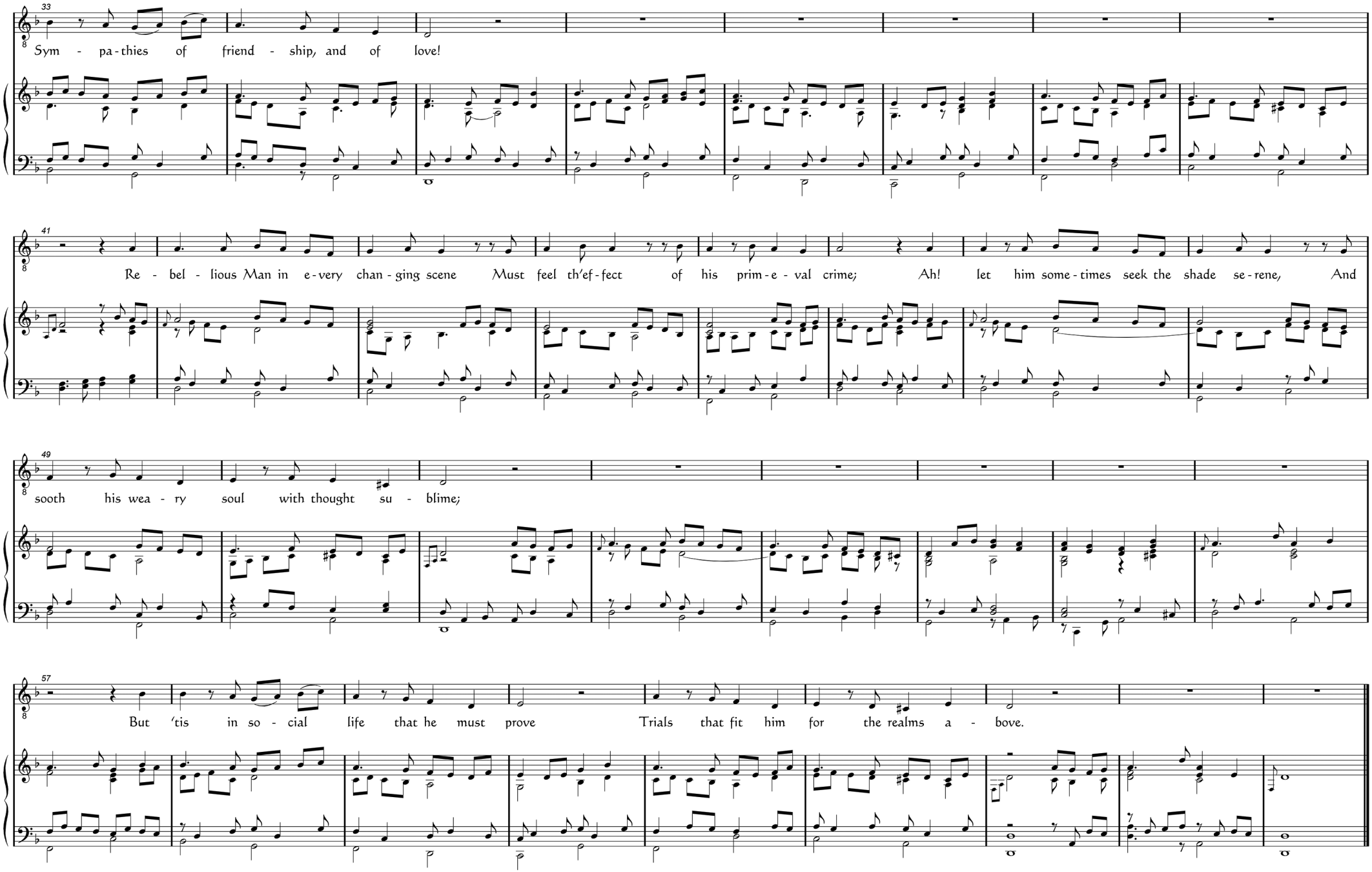
Sonnet

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 accelerando... ♩= 66
Ah no en-thu-si-a-sm's hour is fled; So-
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.
How could I live es-
trang'd from all man-kind: How could I bear the de-so-late re-move From all the sweet com-mu-nion of the mind The

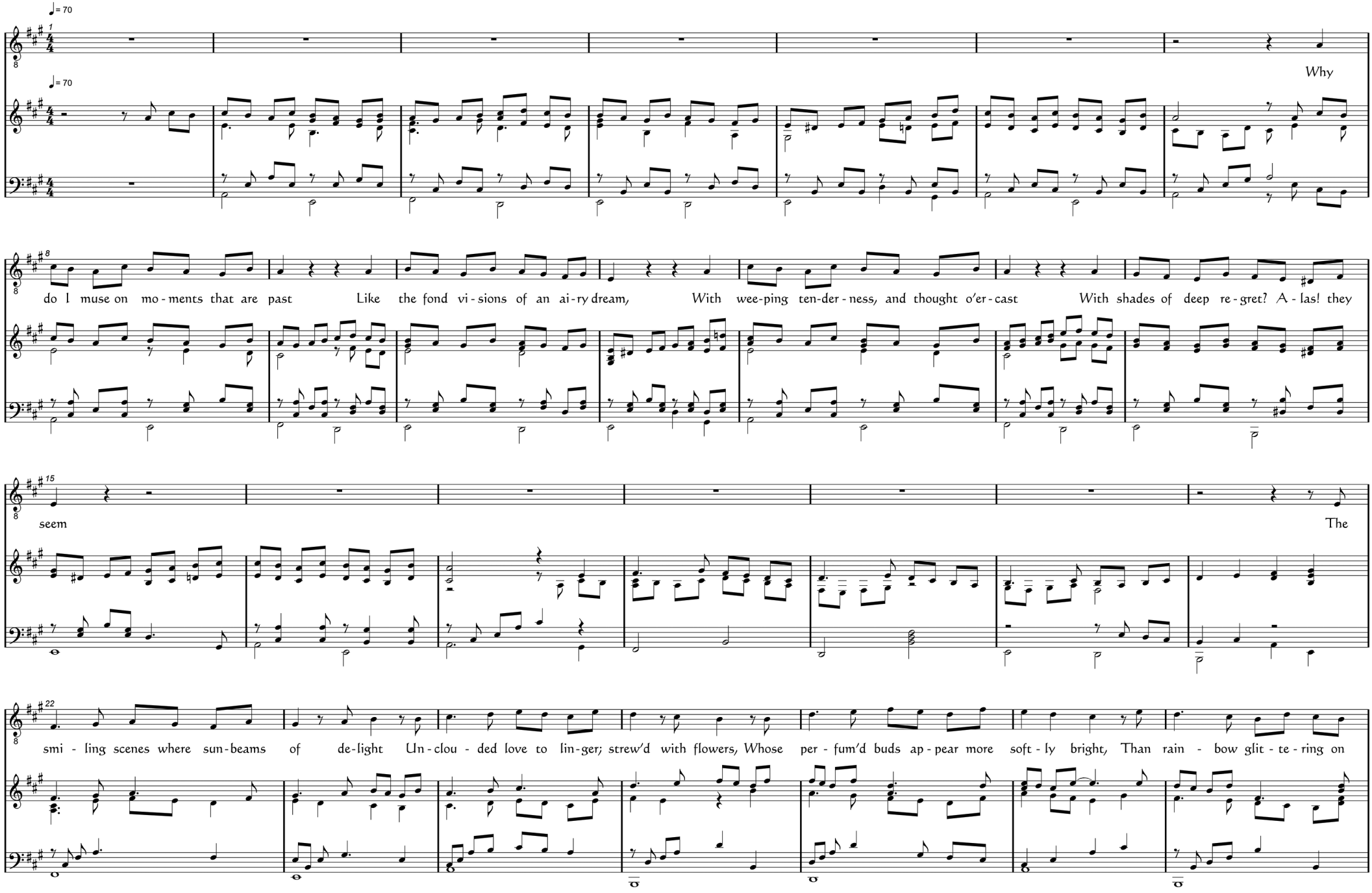

33
Sym - pa - thies of friend - ship, and of love!
41
Re - bel - lious Man in e - very chan - ging scene Must feel th'ef - fect of his prim - e - val crime; Ah! let him some - times seek the shade se - rene, And
49
sooth his wea - ry soul with thought su - blime;
57
But 'tis in so - cial life that he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

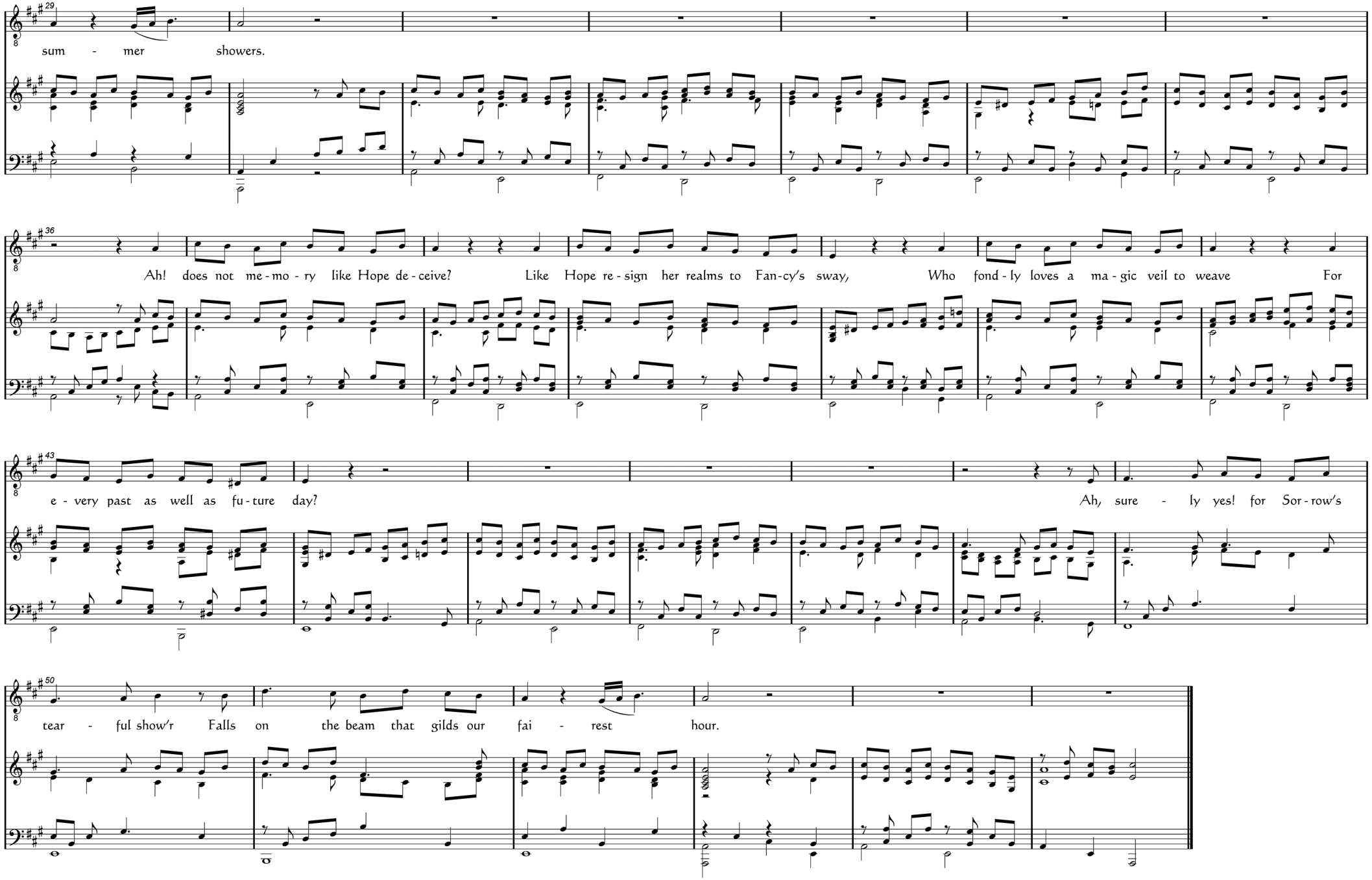

WEAVER 18

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
50
tear - ful show'r Falls on the beam that gilds our fai - rest hour.

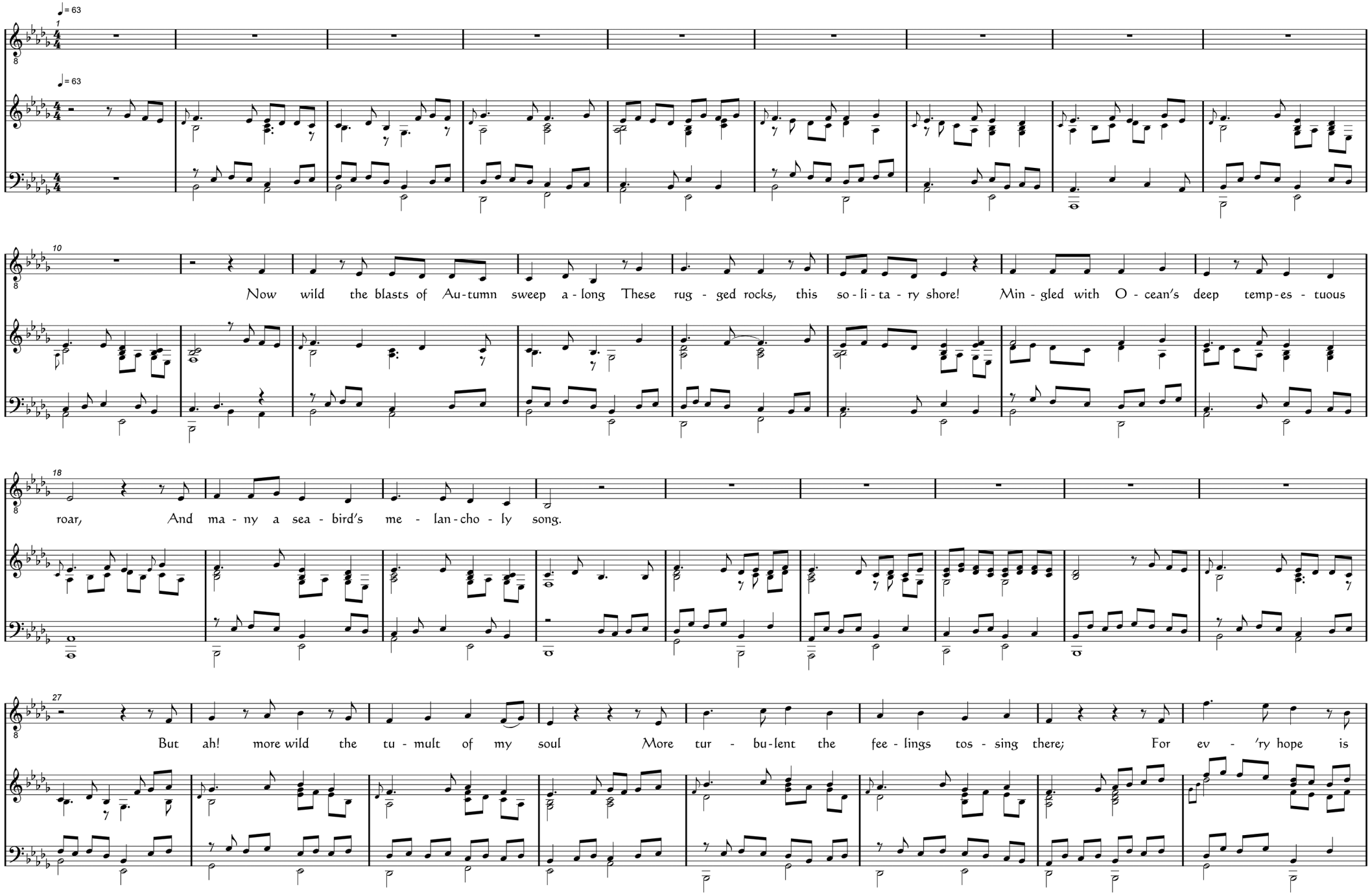


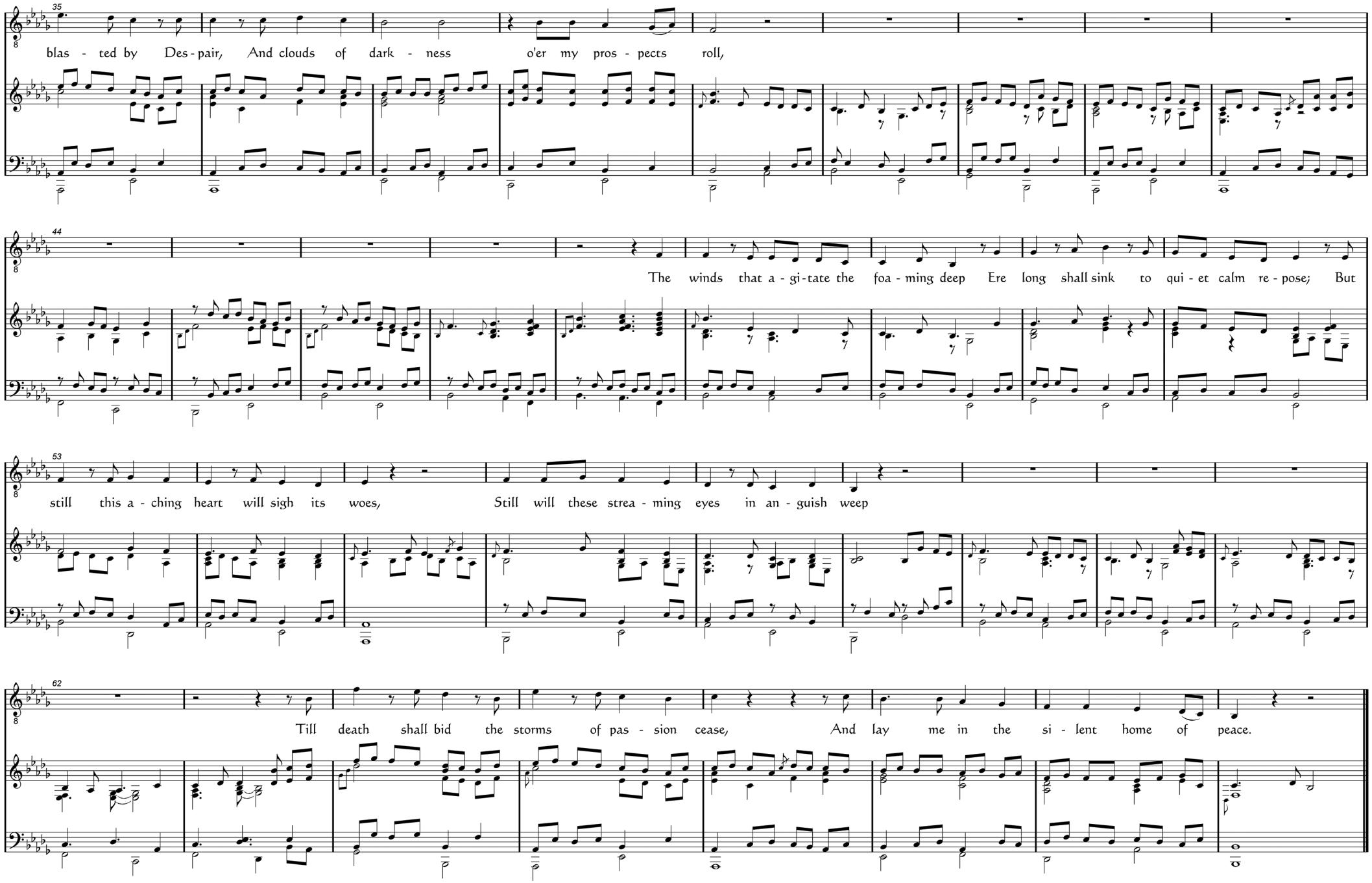
Sonnet

Written near the sea.

Now wild the blasts of Autumn sweep along
These rugged rocks, this solitary shore!
Mingled with Ocean's deep tempestuous roar,
And many a sea-bird's melancholy song.
But ah! more wild the tumult of my soul--
More turbulent the feelings tossing there;
For ev'ry hope is blasted by Despair,
And clouds of darkness o'er my prospects roll,
The winds that agitate the foaming deep
Ere long shall sink to quiet calm repose;
But still this aching heart will sigh its woes,
Still will these streaming eyes in anguish weep--
Till death shall bid the storms of passion cease,
And lay me in the silent home of peace.

◄ Painting: La vague (The wave) - Jean Désiré Gustave Courbet (1819-1877)


♩= 63
1
♩= 63
10
Now wild the blasts of Au-tumn sweep a-long These rug-ged rocks, this so-li-ta-ry shore! Min-gled with O-cean's deep temp-es-tuous
18
roar, And ma-ny a sea-bird's me-lan-cho-ly song.
27
But ah! more wild the tu-mult of my soul More tur-bu-lent the fee-lings tos-sing there; For ev-'ry hope is


35
blas - ted by Des - pair, And clouds of dark - ness o'er my pros - pects roll,
44
The winds that a - gi - tate the foa - ming deep Ere long shall sink to qui - et calm re - pose; But
53
still this a - ching heart will sigh its woes, Still will these strea - ming eyes in an - guish weep
62
Till death shall bid the storms of pas - sion cease, And lay me in the si - lent home of peace.

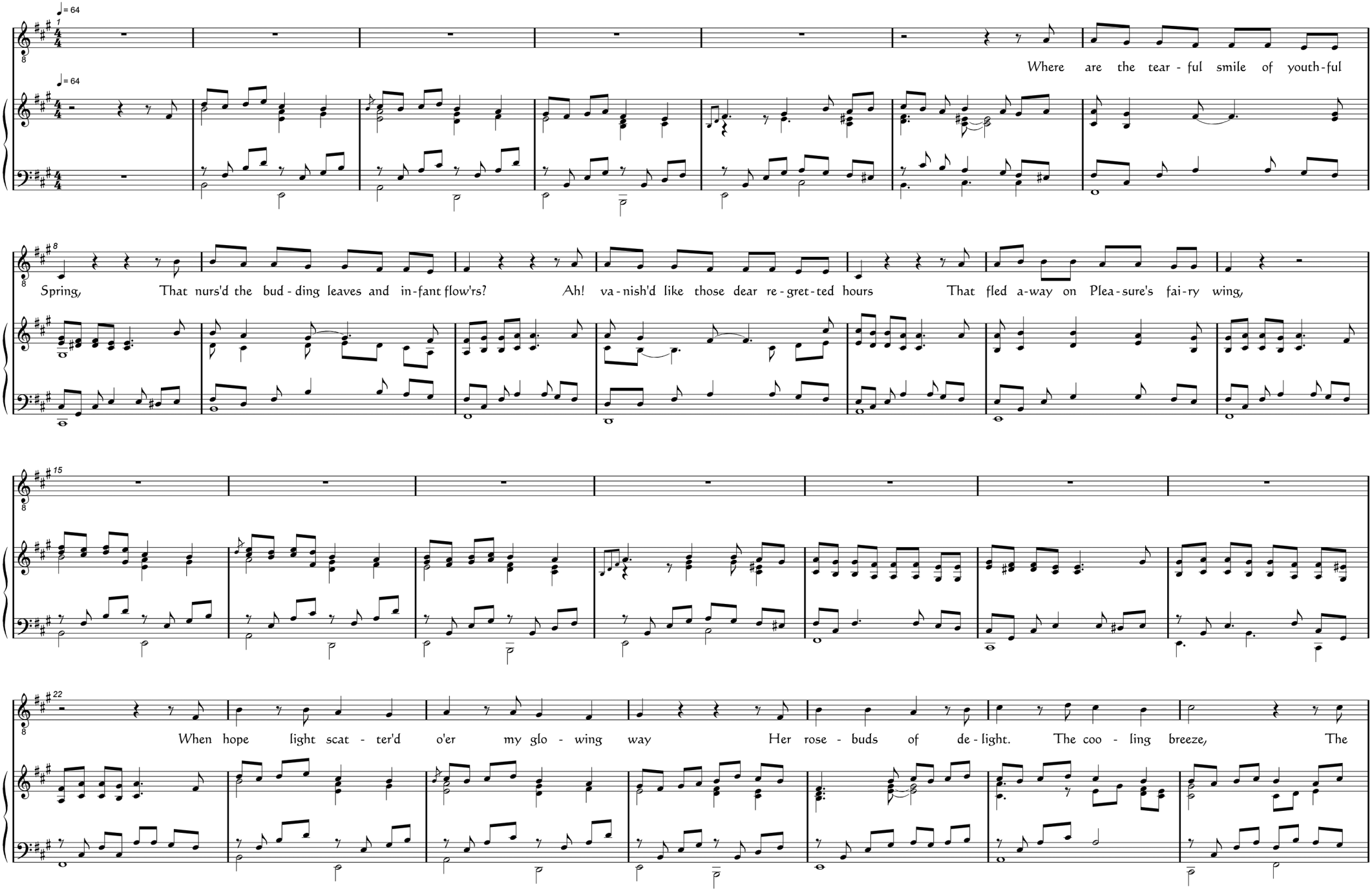


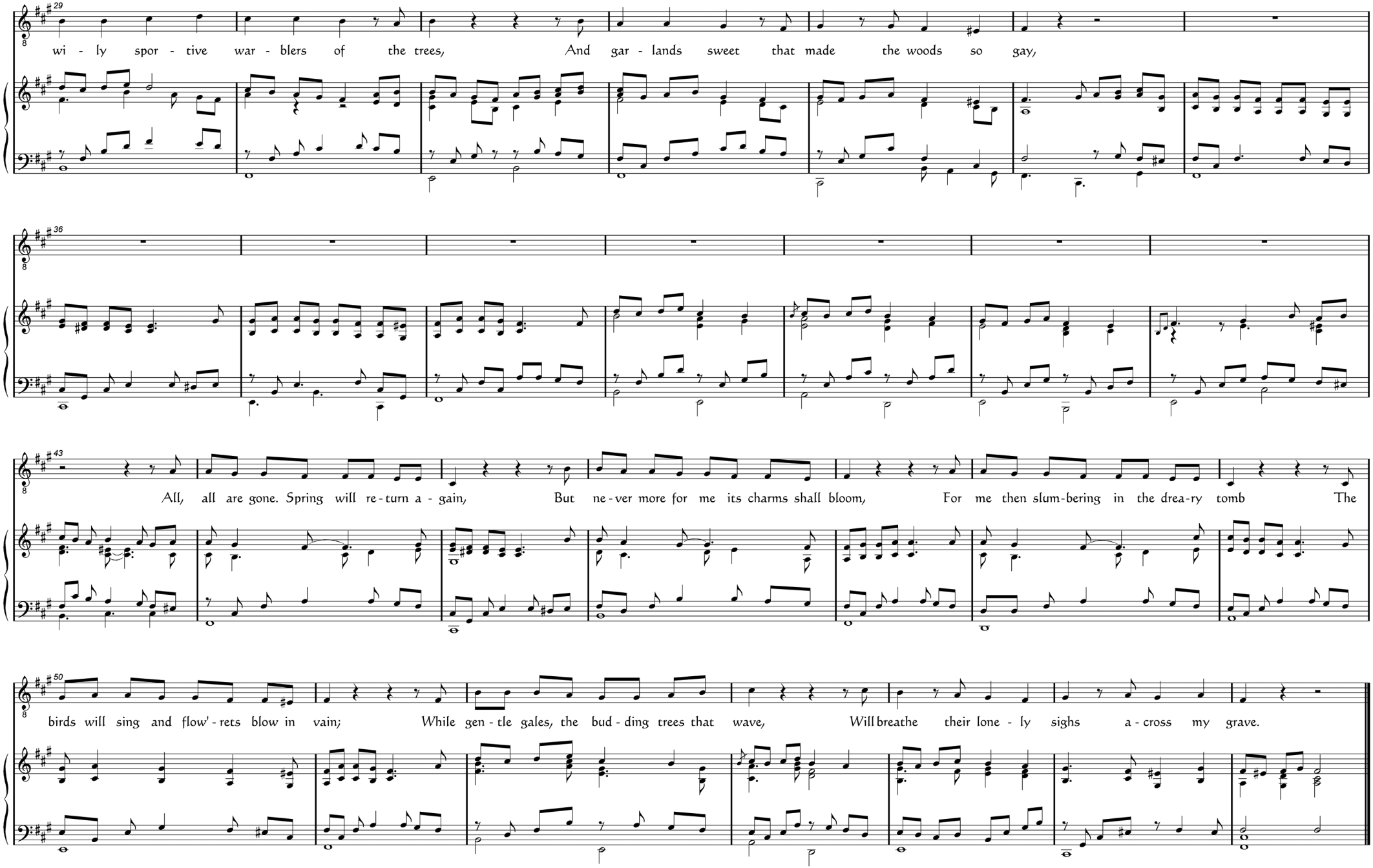
Sonnet

Written in ill health at the close of Spring.

WHERE are the tearful smile of youthful Spring,
That nurs'd the budding leaves and infant flow'rs?
Ah! vanish'd--like those dear regretted hours
That fled away on Pleasure's fairy wing,
When hope light scatter'd o'er my glowing way
Her rose-buds of delight.--The cooling breeze,
The wily sportive warblers of the trees,
And garlands sweet that made the woods so gay,
All, all are gone.--Spring will return again,
But never more for me its charms shall bloom,
For me then slumbering in the dreary tomb
The birds will sing and flow'rets blow in vain;
While gentle gales, the budding trees that wave,
Will breathe their lonely sighs across my grave.

◀ Painting: Spring woods - Henry Ward Ranger (1858-1916)


♩= 64
1
Where are the tear - ful smile of youth-ful
8
Spring, That nurs'd the bud - ding leaves and in-fant flow'rs? Ah! va - nish'd like those dear re - gret - ted hours That fled a-way on Plea-sure's fai-ry wing,
15
22
When hope light scat - ter'd o'er my glo - wing way Her rose - buds of de - light. The coo - ling breeze, The


29
wi - ly spor - tive war - blers of the trees, And gar - lands sweet that made the woods so gay,
36
43
All, all are gone. Spring will re - turn a - gain, But ne - ver more for me its charms shall bloom, For me then slum - bering in the drea - ry tomb The
50
birds will sing and flow' - rets blow in vain; While gen - tle gales, the bud - ding trees that wave, Will breathe their lone - ly sighs a - cross my grave.

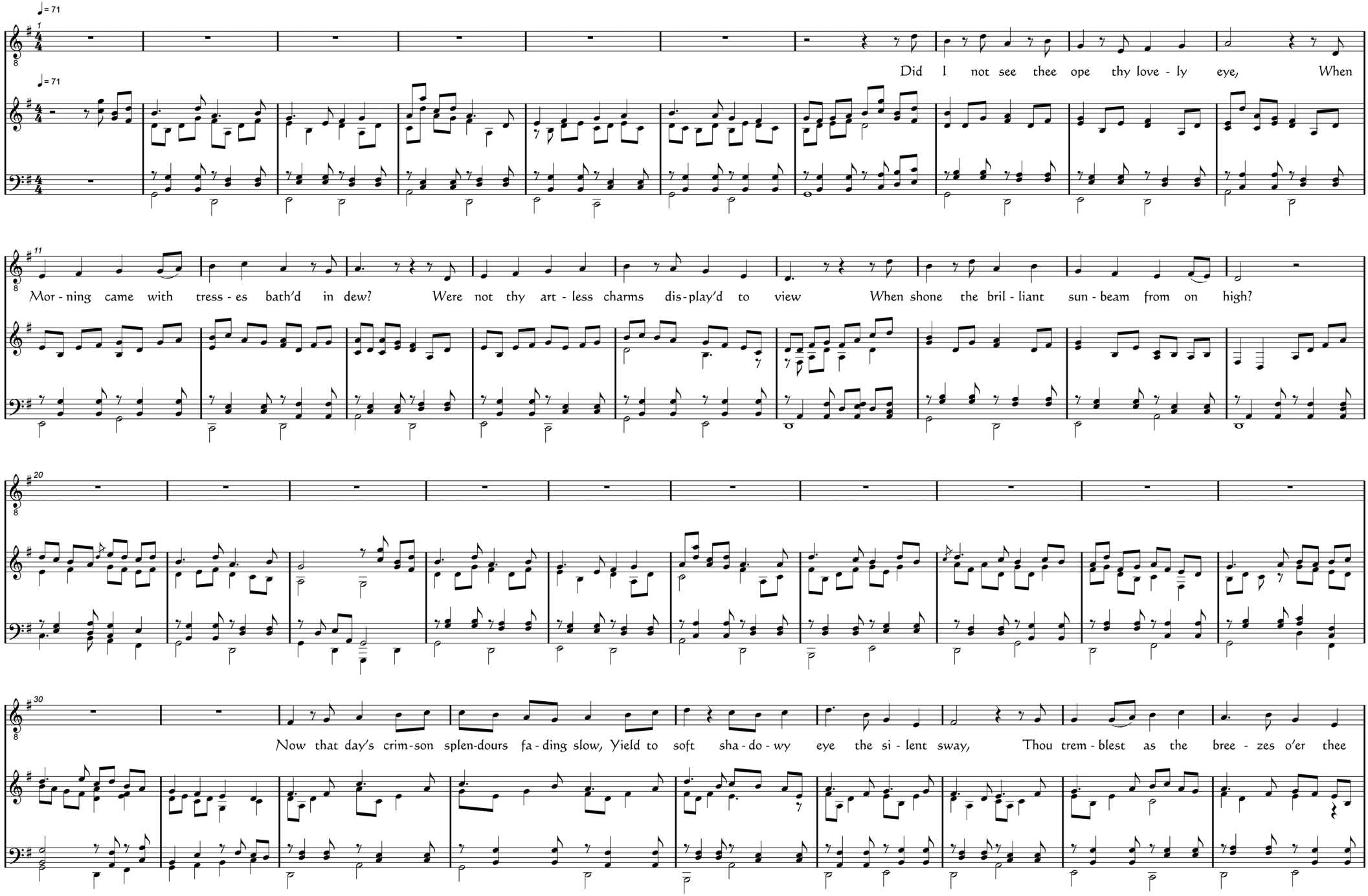


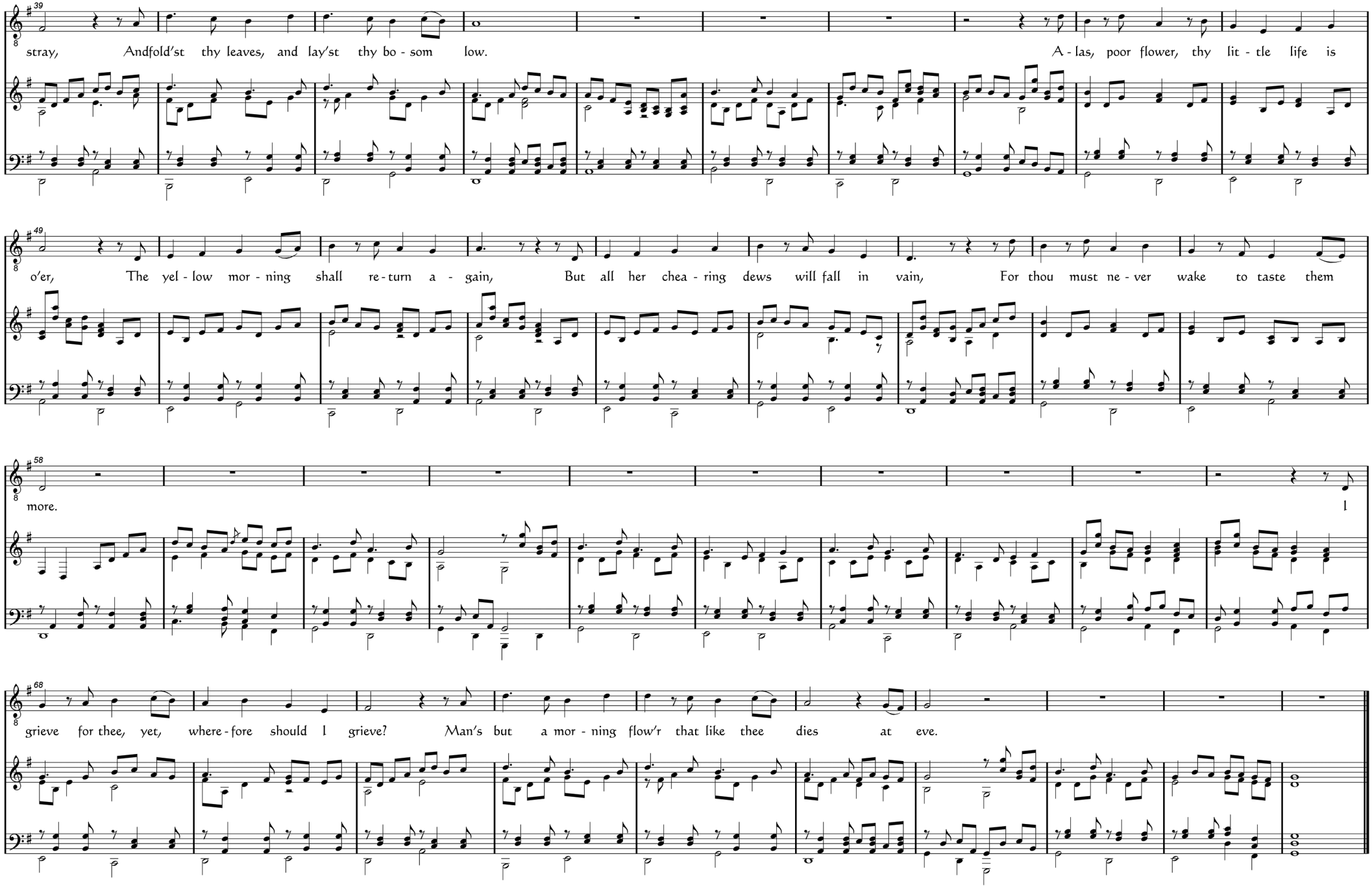
Sonnet

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 eye, When
11
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 high?
20
30
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


39
stray, And fold'st thy leaves, and lay'st thy bo - som low. A - las, poor flower, thy lit - tle life is
49
o'er, The 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
58
more. I
68
grieve for thee, yet, where - fore should I grieve? Man's but a mor - ning flow'r that like thee dies at eve.

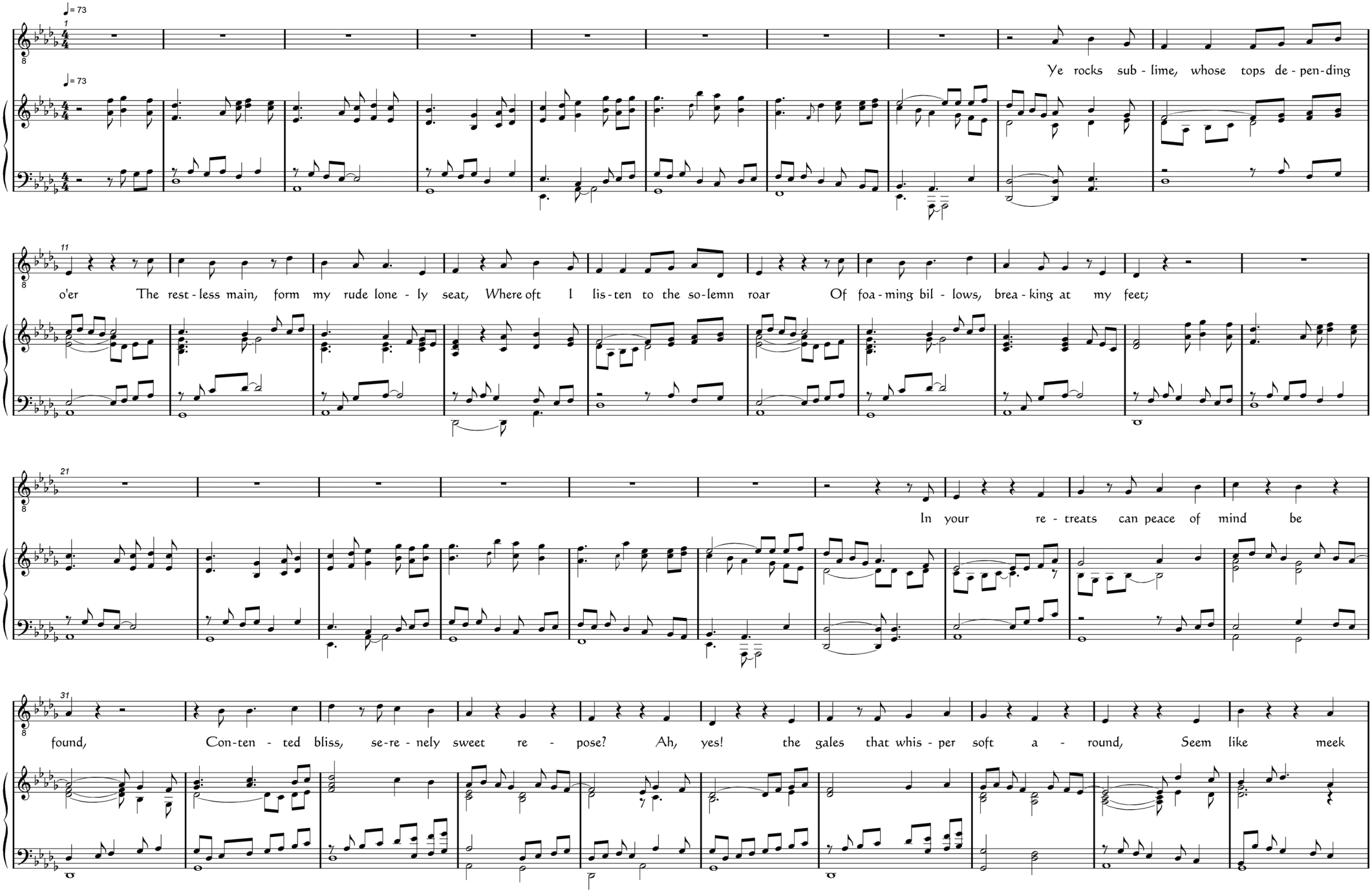


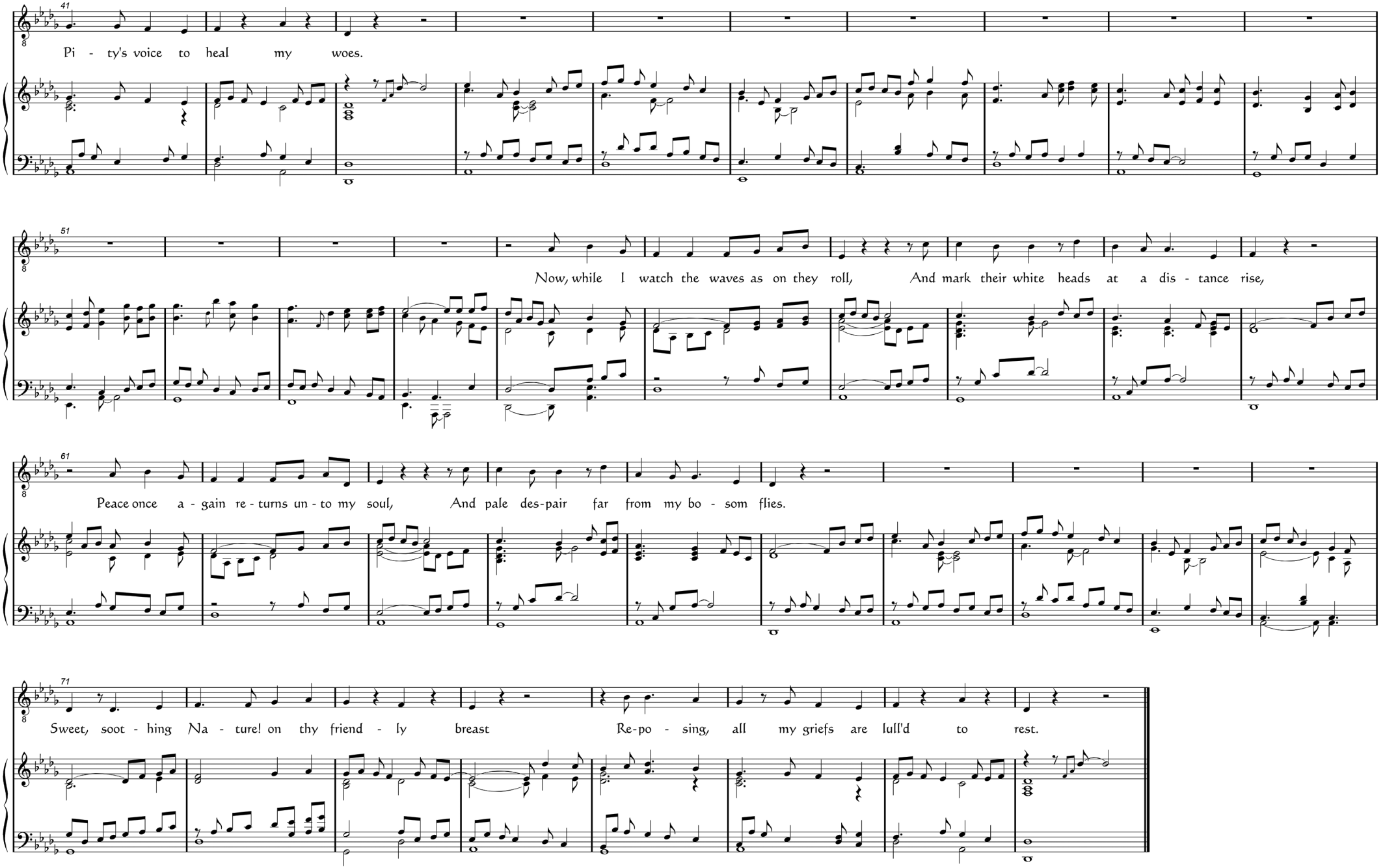
Sonnet

Written on an eminence over-hanging the sea.

Ye rocks sublime, whose tops depending o'er
The restless main, form my rude lonely seat,
Where oft I listen to the solemn roar
Of foaming billows, breaking at my feet;
In your retreats can peace of mind be found,
Contented bliss, serenely sweet repose?
Ah, yes! the gales that whisper soft around,
Seem like meek Pity's voice to heal my woes.
Now, while I watch the waves as on they roll,
And mark their white heads at a distance rise,
Peace once again returns unto my soul,
And pale despair far from my bosom flies.
Sweet, soothing Nature! on thy friendly breast
Reposing, all my griefs are lull'd to rest.

◀ Painting: Coast scene at Cullercoats near Whitley Bay - John Linnell (1792–1882)


♩= 73
1
Ye rocks sub - lime, whose tops de - pen-ding
11
o'er The rest - less main, form my rude lone - ly seat, Where oft I lis - ten to the so-lemn roar Of foa - ming bil - lows, brea - king at my feet;
21
In your re - treats can peace of mind be
31
found, Con-ten - ted bliss, se-re - nely sweet re - pose? Ah, yes! the gales that whis - per soft a - round, Seem like meek

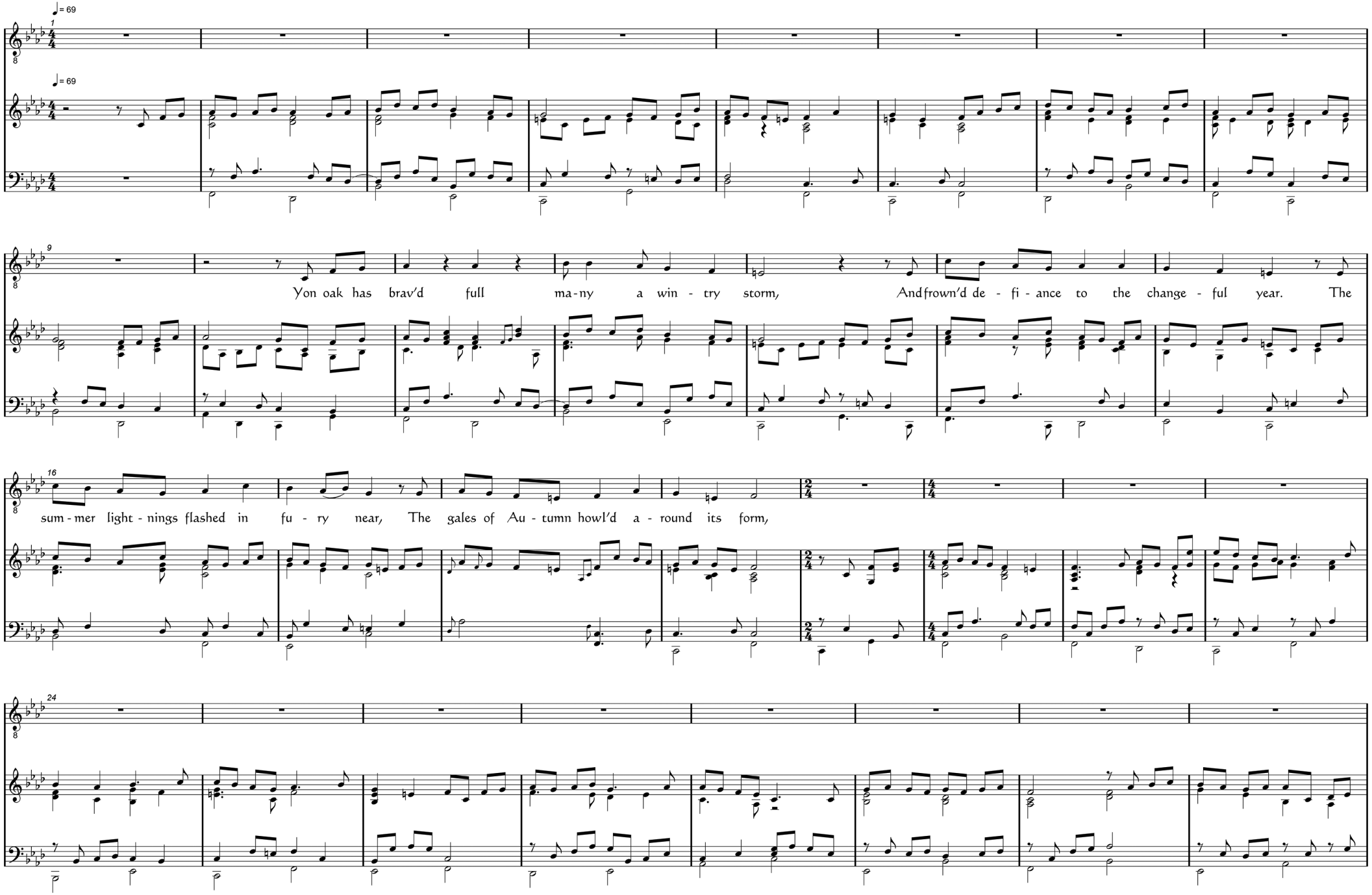

41
Pi - ty's voice to heal my woes.
51
Now, while I watch the waves as on they roll, And mark their white heads at a dis - tance rise,
61
Peace once a - gain re - turns un - to my soul, And pale des-pair far from my bo - som flies.
71
Sweet, soot - hing Na - ture! on thy friend - ly breast Re-po - sing, all my griefs are lull'd to rest.

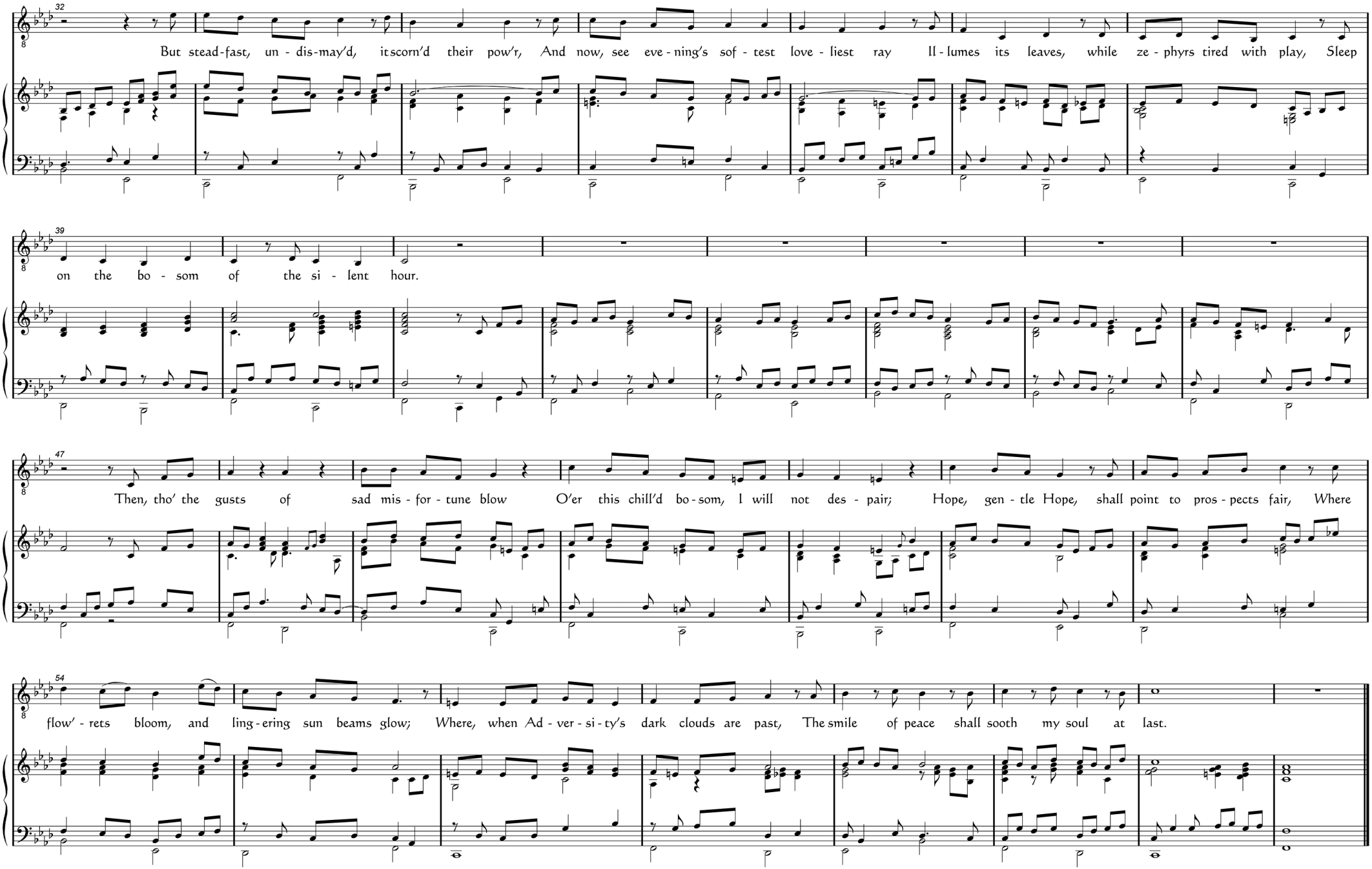


Sonnet

YON oak has brav'd full many a wintry storm,
And frown'd defiance to the changeful year.
The summer lightnings flashed in fury near,
The gales of Autumn howl'd around its form,
But steadfast, undismay'd, it scorn'd their pow'r,
And now, see evening's softest loveliest ray
Illumes its leaves, while zephyrs tired with play,
Sleep on the bosom of the silent hour.
Then, tho' the gusts of sad misfortune blow
O'er this chill'd bosom, I will not despair;
Hope, gentle Hope, shall point to prospects fair,
Where flow'rets bloom, and lingering sun beams glow;
Where, when Adversity's dark clouds are past,
The smile of peace shall sooth my soul at last.

◀ Painting: Дубовая роща (Oak grove) - Ivan Ivanovich Shishkin (1832-1898)


♩= 69
1
♩= 69
9
Yon oak has brav'd full ma-ny a win - try storm, And frown'd de - fi - ance to the change - ful year. The
16
sum - mer light - nings flashed in fu - ry near, The gales of Au - tumn howl'd a - round its form,
24


But stead-fast, un - dis-may'd, it scorn'd their pow'r, And now, see eve - ning's sof - test love - liest ray Il - lumes its leaves, while ze - phyrs tired with play, Sleep
on the bo - som of the si - lent hour.
Then, tho' the gusts of sad mis - for - tune blow O'er this chill'd bo-som, I will not des - pair; Hope, gen - tle Hope, shall point to pros - pects fair, Where
flow' - rets bloom, and ling - ering sun beams glow; Where, when Ad - ver - si - ty's dark clouds are past, The smile of peace shall sooth my soul at last.

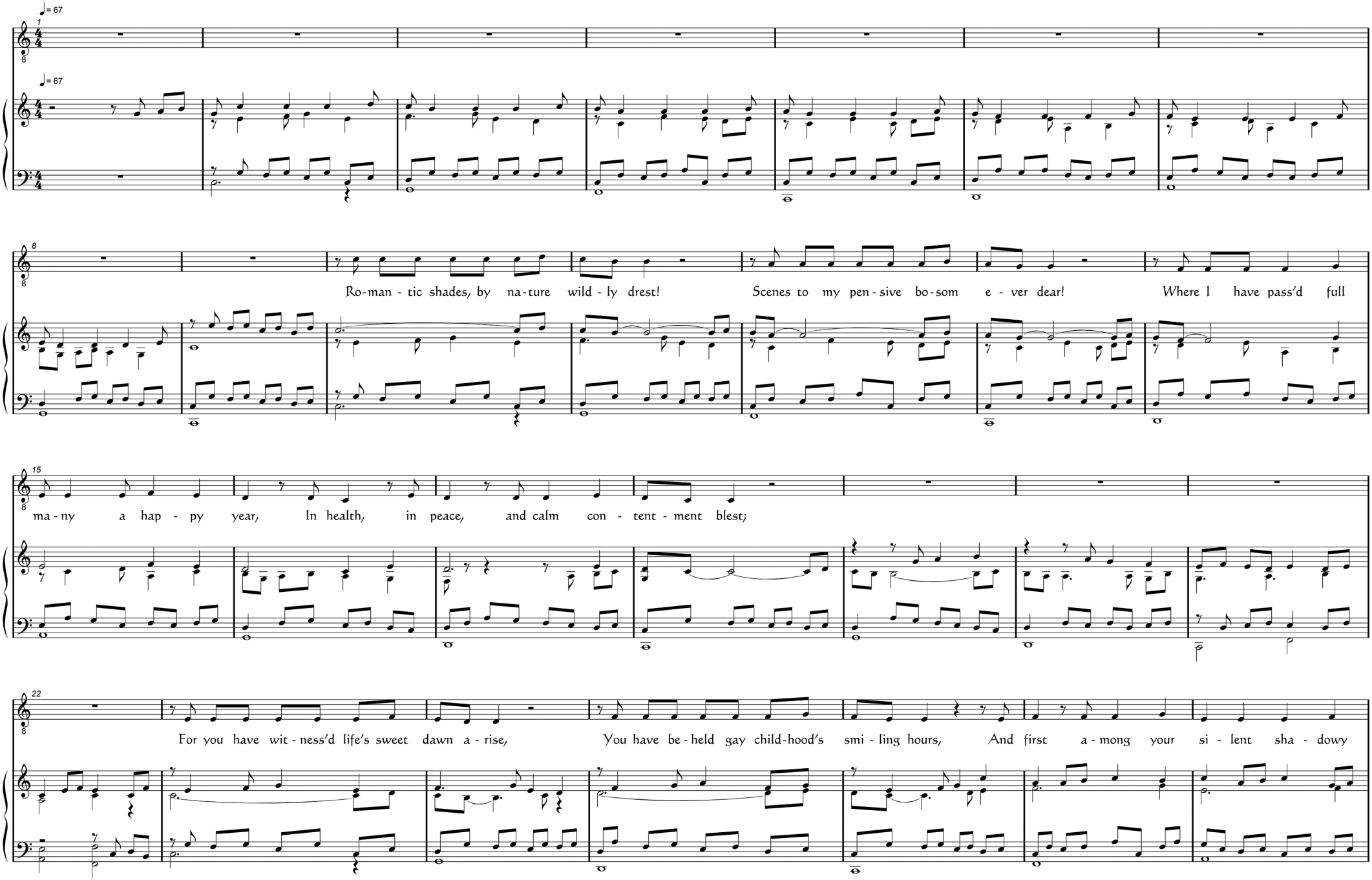


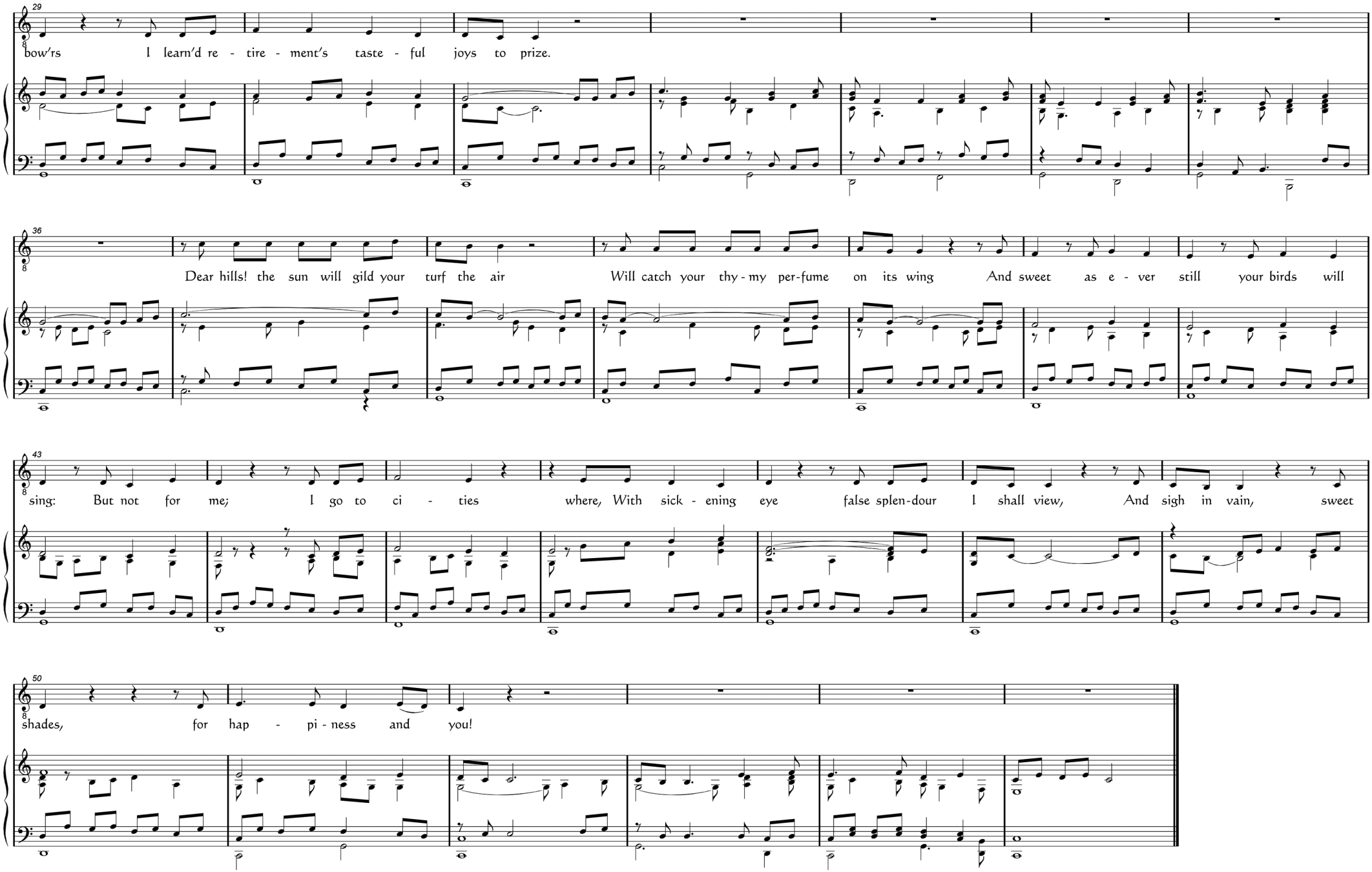
Sonnet

Written on leaving a beloved Residence.

ROMANTIC shades, by nature wildly drest!
Scenes to my pensive bosom ever dear!
Where I have pass'd full many a happy year,
In health, in peace, and calm contentment blest;--
For you have witness'd life's sweet dawn arise,
You have beheld gay childhood's smiling hours,
And first among your silent shadowy bow'rs
I learn'd retirement's tasteful joys to prize.
Dear hills! the sun will gild your turf--the air
Will catch your thymy perfume on its wing--
And sweet as ever still your birds will sing:
But not for me;--I go to cities--where,
With sickening eye false splendour I shall view,
And sigh in vain, sweet shades, for happiness--and you!

◄ Painting: Høifjell - Hans Fredrik Gude (1825-1903)


♩= 67
1
♩= 67
8
Ro-man - tic shades, by na-ture wild - ly drest! Scenes to my pen - sive bo-som e - ver dear! Where I have pass'd full
15
ma - ny a hap - py year, In health, in peace, and calm con - tent - ment blest;
22
For you have wit - ness'd life's sweet dawn a - rise, You have be - held gay child-hood's smi - ling hours, And first a - mong your si - lent sha - dowy

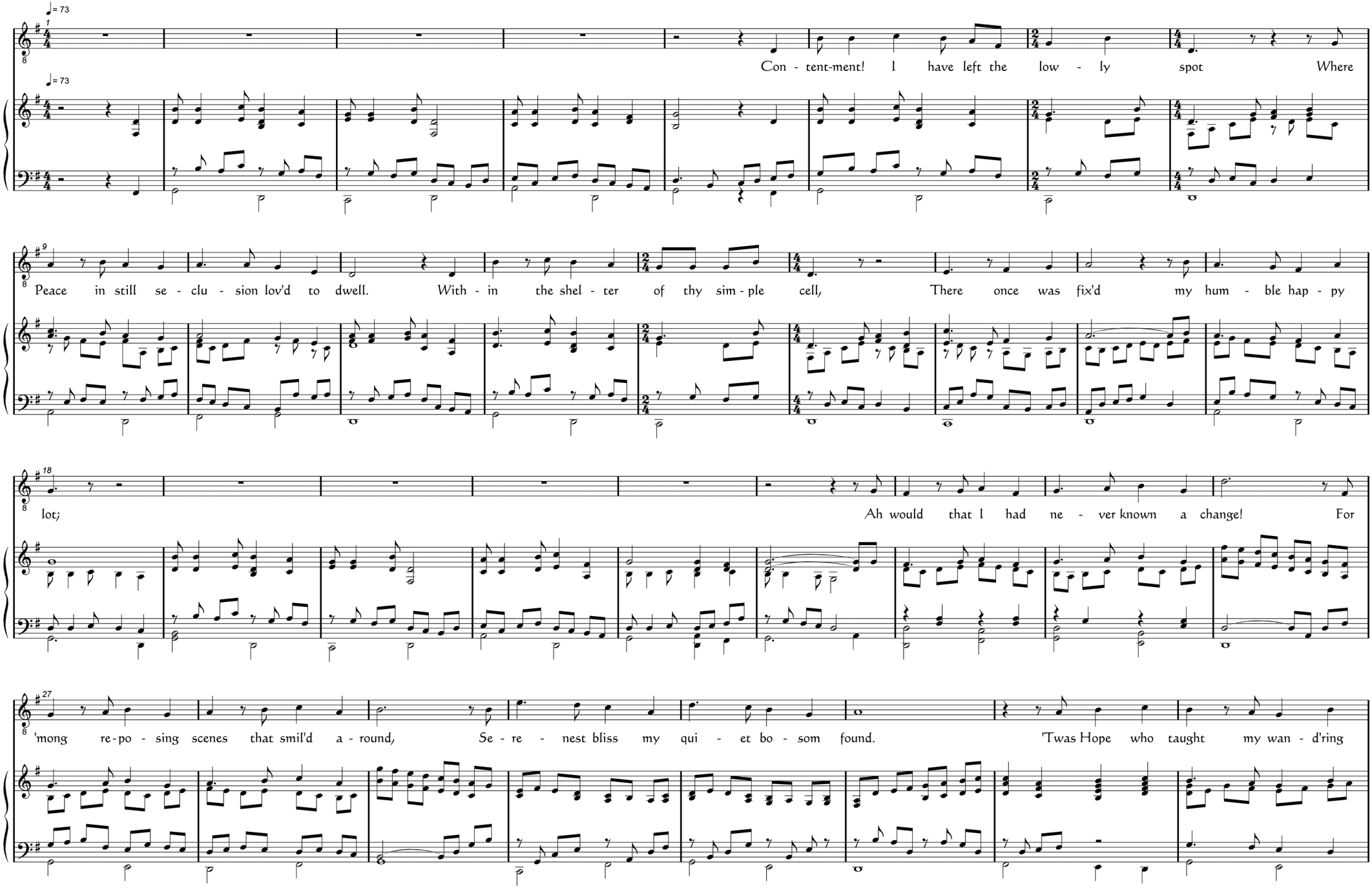

29
bow'rs I learn'd re - tire - ment's taste - ful joys to prize.
36
Dear hills! the sun will gild your turf the air Will catch your thy - my per-fume on its wing And sweet as e - ver still your birds will
43
sing: But not for me; I go to ci - ties where, With sick - ening eye false splen-dour I shall view, And sigh in vain, sweet
50
shades, for hap - pi - ness and you!

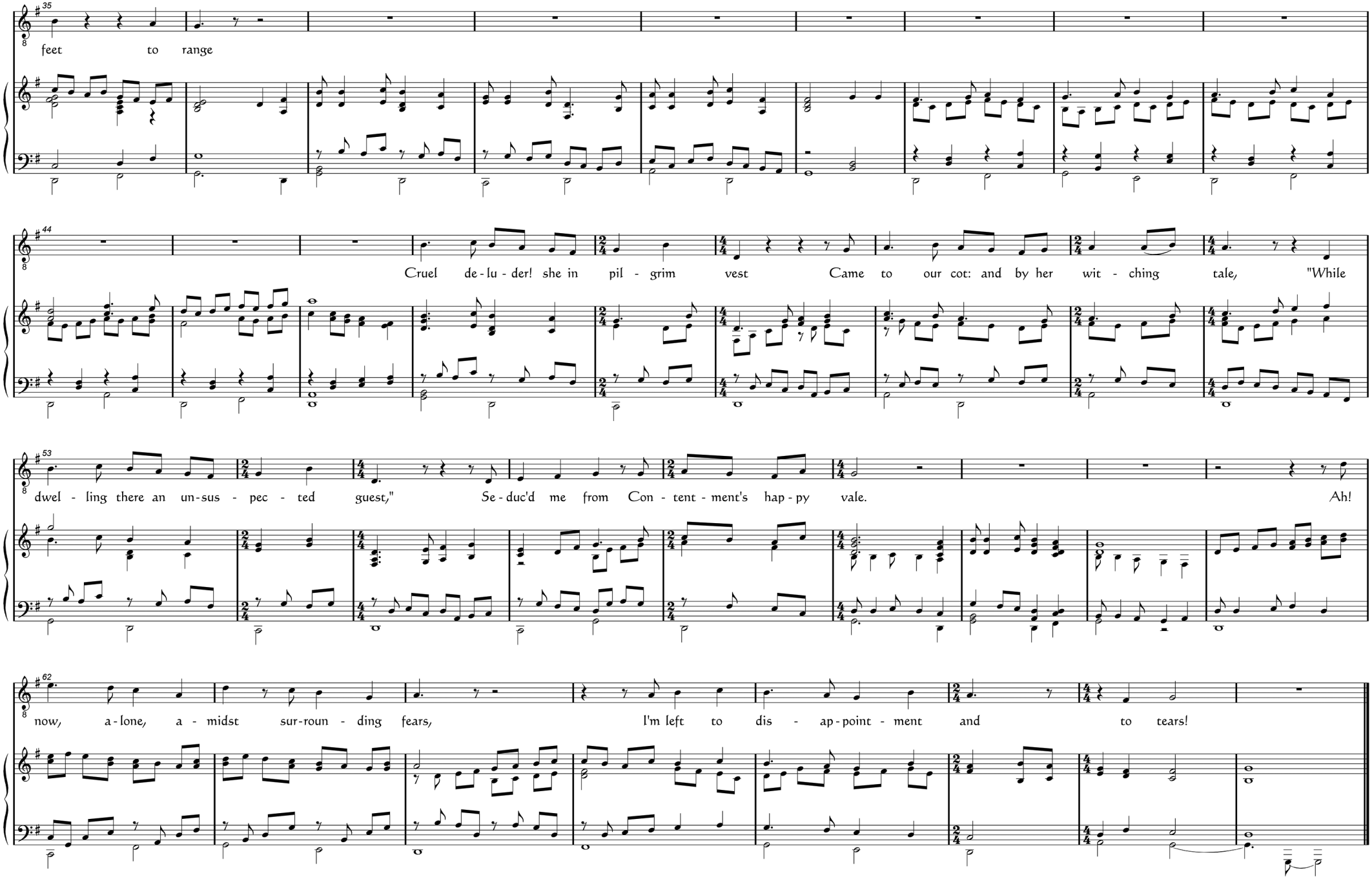


Sonnet

Contentment! I have left the lowly spot
Where Peace in still seclusion lov'd to dwell.
Within the shelter of thy simple cell,
There once was fix'd my humble happy lot;
Ah would that I had never known a change!
For 'mong reposing scenes that smil'd around,
Serenest bliss my quiet bosom found.--
'Twas Hope who taught my wand'ring feet to range
Cruel deluder! she in pilgrim vest
Came to our cot: and by her witching tale,
"While dwelling there an unsuspected guest,"
Seduc'd me from Contentment's happy vale.
Ah! now, alone, amidst surrounding fears,
I'm left to disappointment and to tears!

◄ Painting: Autumn in North America - Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900)


♩= 73
1
Con - tent-ment! I have left the low - ly spot Where
♩= 73
9
Peace in still se - clu - sion lov'd to dwell. With - in the shel - ter of thy sim - ple cell, There once was fix'd my hum - ble hap - py
18
lot; Ah would that I had ne - ver known a change! For
27
'mong re - po - sing scenes that smil'd a - round, Se - re - nest bliss my qui - et bo - som found. 'Twas Hope who taught my wan - d'ring

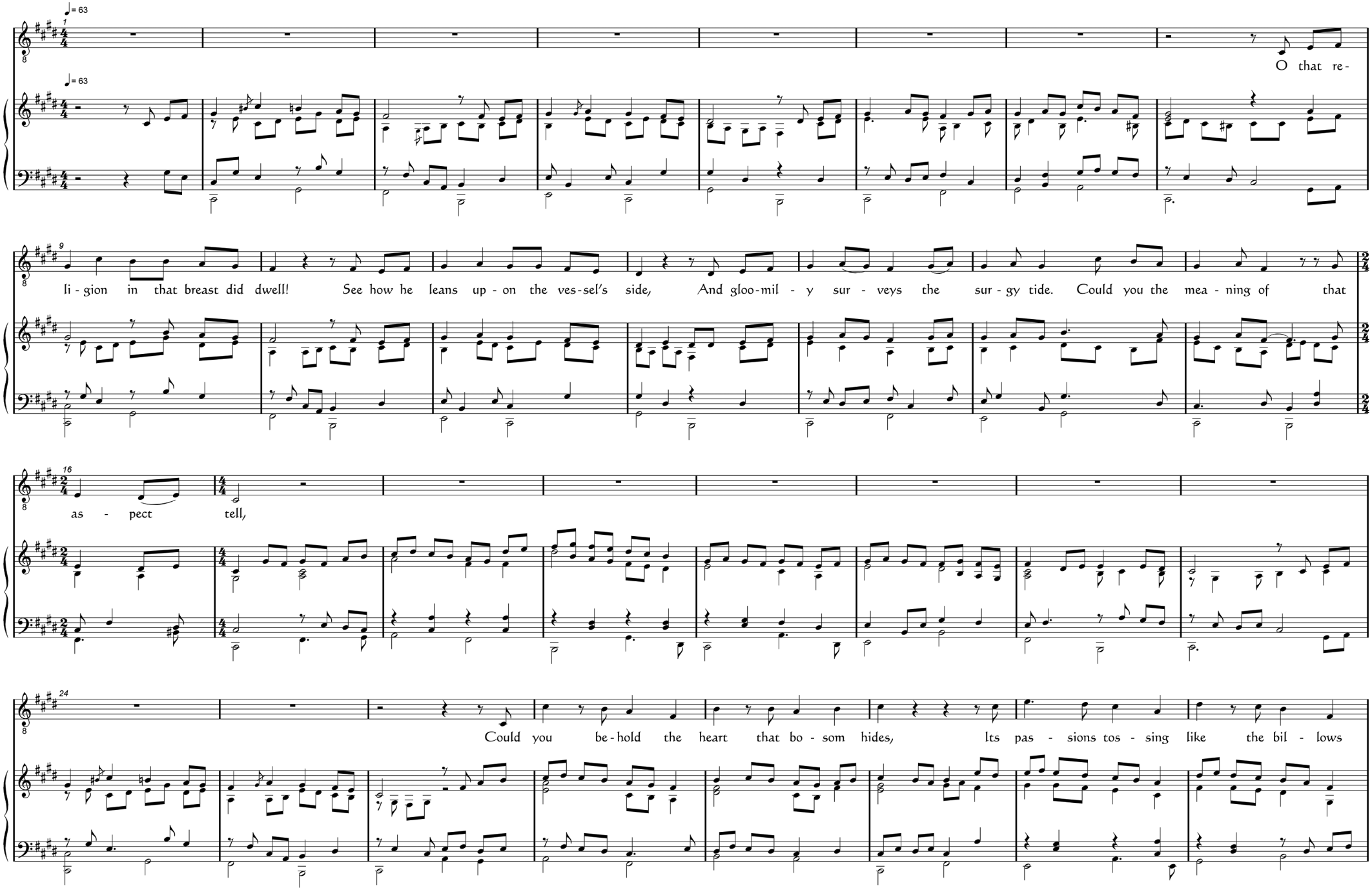

35
feet to range
44
Cruel de-lu-der! she in pil-grim vest Came to our cot: and by her wit-ching tale, "While
53
dwel-ling there an un-sus-pec-ted guest," Se-duc'd me from Con-tent-ment's hap-py vale. Ah!
62
now, a-lone, a-midst sur-roun-ding fears, I'm left to dis-ap-point-ment and to tears!

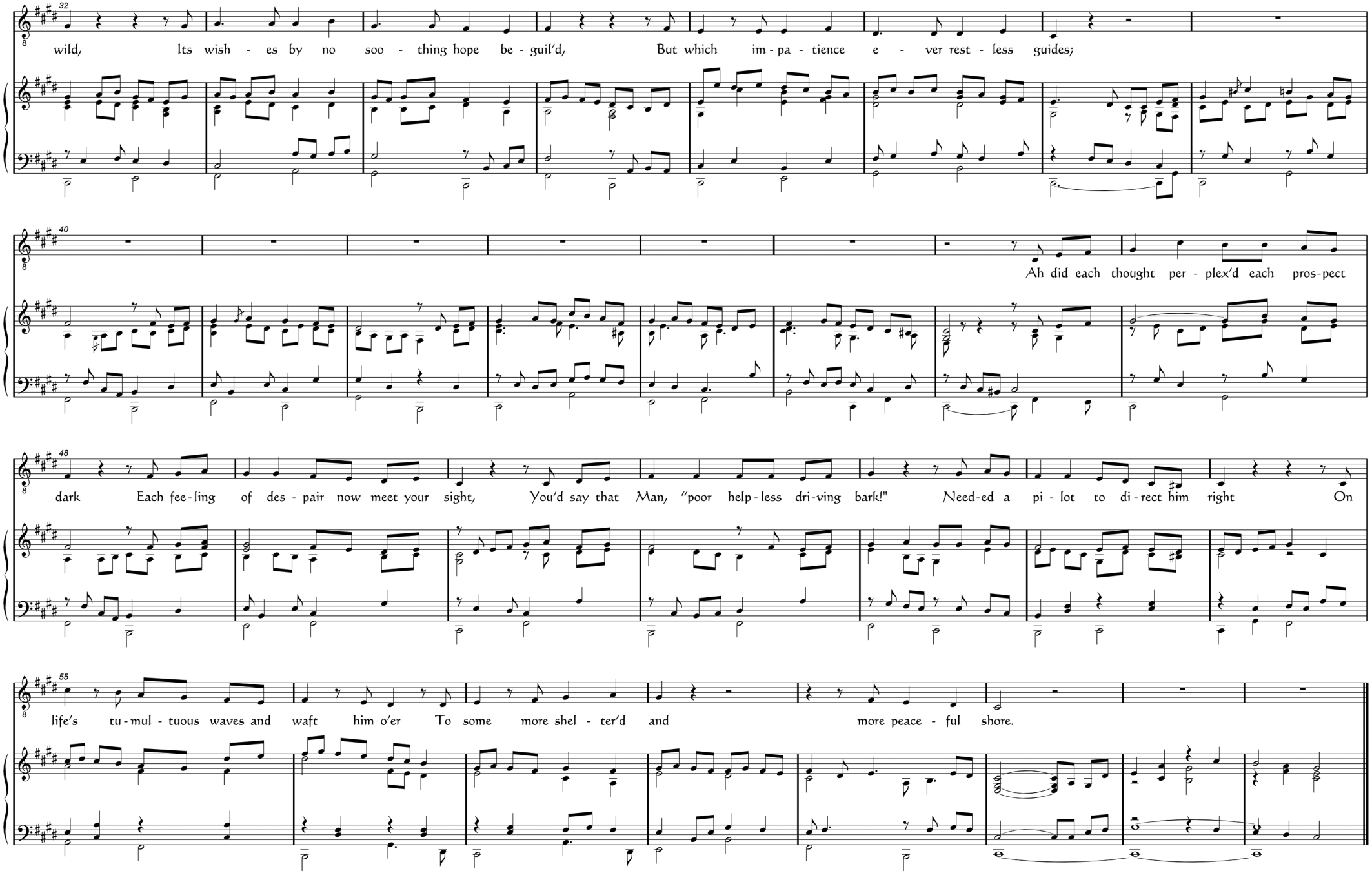


Sonnet

O THAT religion in that breast did dwell!--
See how he leans upon the vessel's side,
And gloomily surveys the surgy tide.
Could you the meaning of that aspect tell,
Could you behold the heart that bosom hides,
Its passions tossing like the billows wild,
Its wishes by no soothing hope beguil'd,
But which impatience ever restless guides;
Ah did each thought perplex'd--each prospect dark--
Each feeling of despair now meet your sight,
You'd say that Man, "poor helpless driving bark!"
Needed a pilot to direct him right
On life's tumultuous waves--and waft him o'er
To some more shelter'd and more peaceful shore.

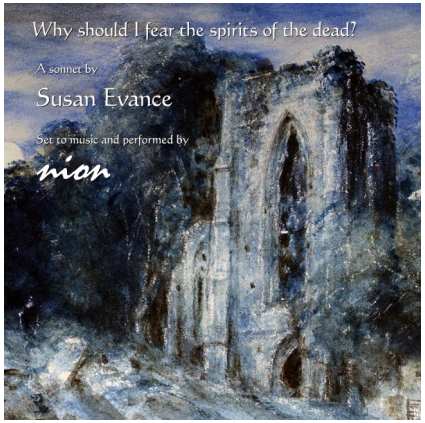
◄ Painting: Nattlig marin med brinnande fartyg (Ocean at night with burning ship) - Simeon Marcus Larson (1825-1864)

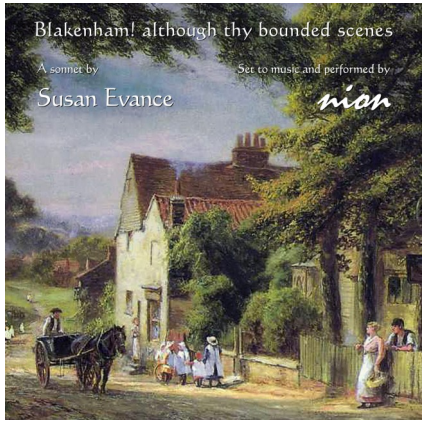

♩= 63
1
O that re-
♩= 63
9
li-gion in that breast did dwell! See how he leans up-on the ves-sel's side, And gloo-mil-y sur-veys the sur-gy tide. Could you the mea-ning of that
16
as-pect tell,
24
Could you be-hold the heart that bo-som hides, Its pas-sions tos-sing like the bil-lows

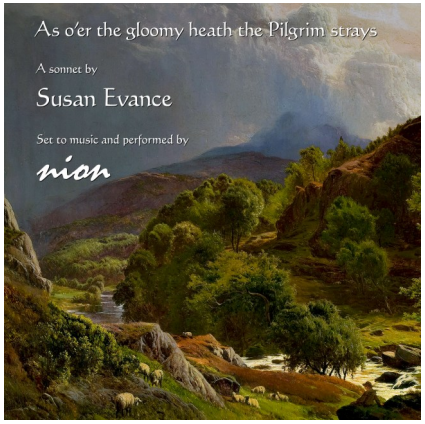

32
wild, Its wish - es by no soo - thing hope be - guil'd, But which im - pa - tience e - ver rest - less guides;
40
Ah did each thought per - plex'd each pros-pect
48
dark Each fee-ling of des - pair now meet your sight, You'd say that Man, "poor help-less dri-ving bark!" Need-ed a pi - lot to di-rect him right On
55
life's tu-mul - tuous waves and waft him o'er To some more shel - ter'd and more peace - ful shore.

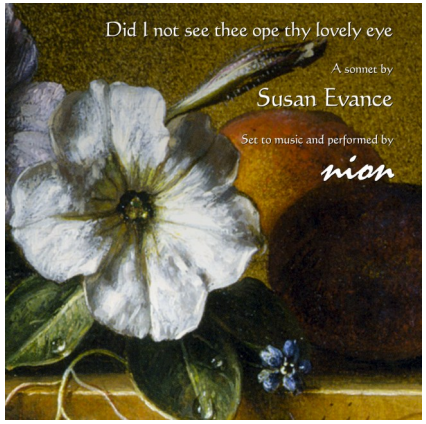
Singles

Free downloads from www.nion.eu.



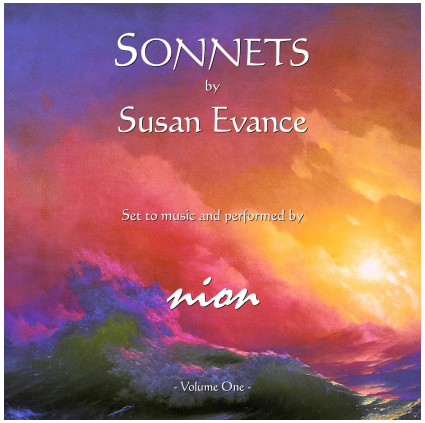






Albums

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







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