JOSEP OL OOKE

THE SONG OF G YN AP NU D

POEM

(by T. E. ELLIS.)

FOR

PIANOFORTE & ORCHESTRA

(OP. 52.)

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"The song of Gwyn ap Nudd."

Open the gates of mirrored horn!
Summon the hosts of pool and lawn,
Sprites of the mist and marshlight born,
Flower bred fays and the phantom spawn
    Of sward and leaf and shade!
Ye guards of my hold whom wanderers fear,
Flickering lights on the wasteland drear
Open my gates in the moonlight clear,
To the hillside pass for the hour is near
    When I am king of the glade.

*

Fit me with all that a king beseems!
Arm me with mail that is linked of the beams
Ye grasp in the leaves when the lightning gleams,
The dew pearled helm that is wrought of dreams
    And a belt from the goblins' hoard.
Harness a steed from the gnomes dark fields
With the grey light thread that the spider yields!
Bend me a lance from the whitethorn peeled!
Vapour of night be thou my shield,
    Fear of the dusk my sword.

*

Fret not the face of the sleeping lake
Softly my host through the black fern brake
Swift through the dell where the young bats wake
Deep in the gloom is the way we must take
    The armies of night are abroad.
Quiet and low as the striped adder glides
Flit as the flesh from the brown owl that hides
Heath shadowed rills be ye our guides!
Scorn follows fast where the fairy king rides
    Doomed to a duty abhorred.

*

Here lies the field that was laid to our hand
    Up! Gwythyr. Up for our meeting!
Who knows how near doth the judgment stand
    Up! Gwythyr. I give you greeting.
Deep in the mould lie the golden helmed all
No spectre of them will answer my call
Surely the shadows will creep from their hall.
    Up! Gwythyr. May night is fleeting.

Faint as the faith of our people long dying
Fades out my challenge, no more than the sighing
Of wind wearied waters amid the rocks prying
For ways to the heart of the earth.
Ye who deep rooted have flourished and fruited
Fast on the limbs of the dead,
Sward that has bound them, will you not sound them
My presence above their bed?

*

Clotted of shadows he comes to my hest
A fiery-eyed phantom. The dream lists are dressed
And peopled of spectres. There's this for my zest
I have sucked you from sleep and have ripped you from rest
Come ye and share in my pain.
Daughter of Lear for whose soul as a bride
We battle to-night sleep sound, for our pride
And our sin shall not stir you whatever betide.
O God of our torment lean down and decide
That we shall meet never again.

*

Blade that meets blade with never a sound
Hooves that shall leave not a print on the ground
Wounds that stand open, bloodless, and round
From the kiss of our visioned spears.
Face me afresh though the night hour fails
And the dim stars tire and the old moon pales
Our hosts are gripped and I'll not quail
Though the judgment trumpets blow and stale
The lust of these weary years.

*

No brand of your wielding is this that has torn
Us hot from our conflict; blue blades of the dawn
Lash us with might whereof we are shorn.
Life wakes! Let's away, for we are forlorn
Children of night that is past.
Back to your grave and the rest that's denied me
The birds are astir, and the dim hosts beside me
Melt with the mist. In dreams override me
For you can still sleep and I, woe betide me,
Live on alone to the last.

*

Break back from the battle, we cannot withstand
Fierce floods of the day, the crimsoning brand
And arrows of life. Away from this land
Fairy folk all and elfin band
To the steeds of the hill give rein.
Flit ye away while the still shadows mate
Branch and blest earth, speed fast to our gate
Thinned armies of dusk; all kin to their state
For scorn follows fast on the fairy-king's fate
Laughter of light on his reign.

*

"She was the most splendid maiden in the three islands of the mighty and the three isles adjacent, and for her Gwythyr the son of Greidawl and Gwyn the son of Nudd fight every first of May until the day of doom."

(Kilhwch and Olwen.)

"The song of Gwyn ap Nudd."

Poem by
T. E. ELLIS.

Music by
JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.
(Op. 52.)

Maestoso Allegro.

Orchestra.

(Str.)

p *poco marc.*

(Cor.)

Maestoso Allegro.

Piano.

(Fg.)

f *pp*

fz (ad lib.)

(ad lib.)

f

1

1

ff

p

cresc.

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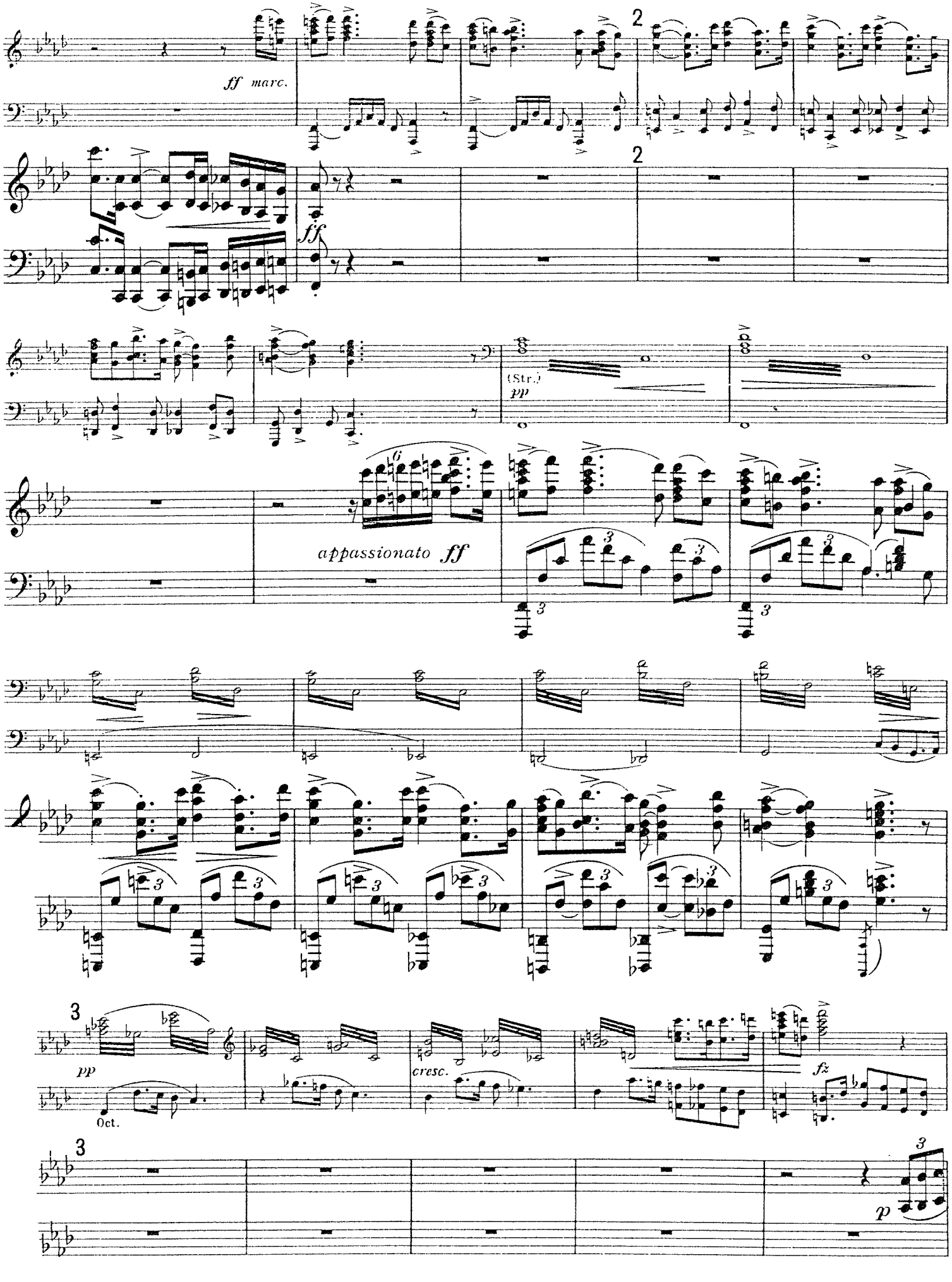
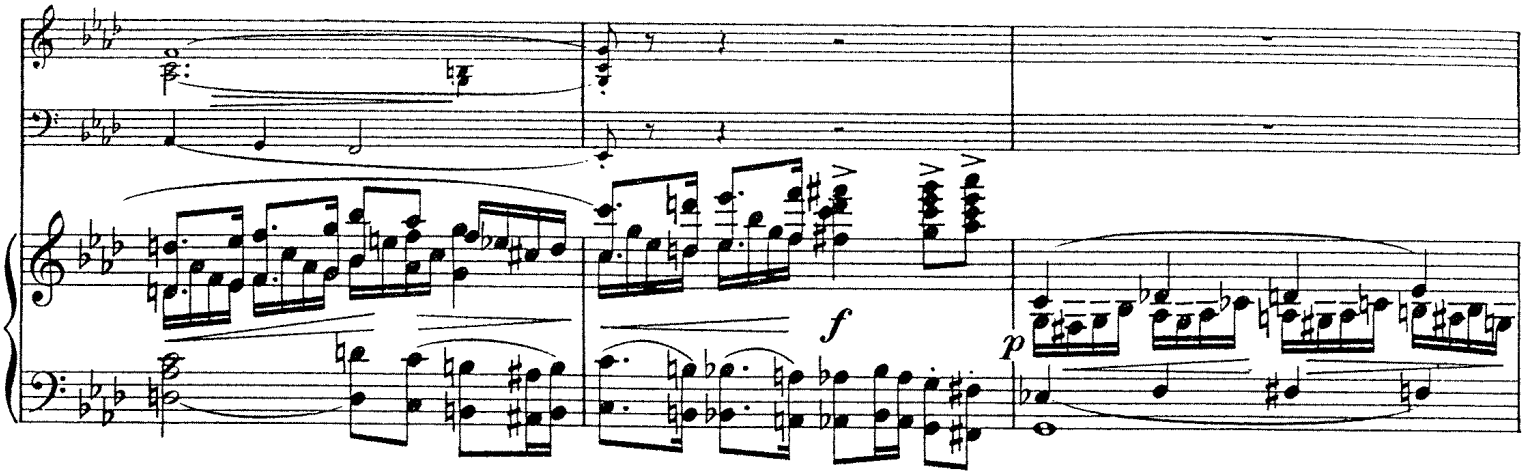
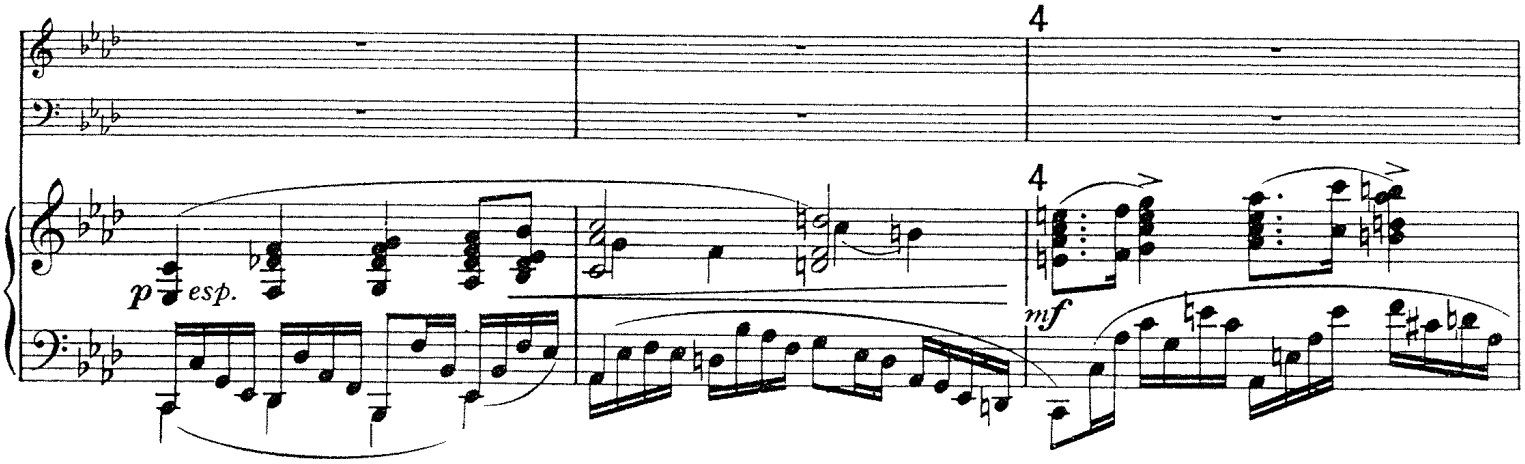
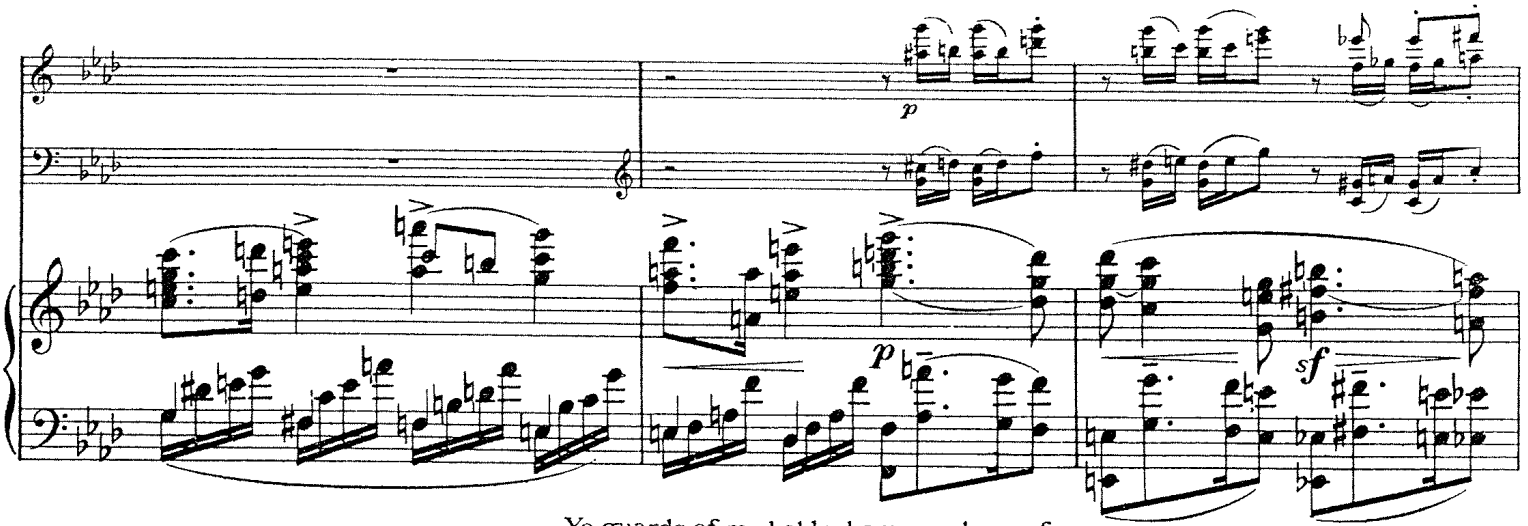
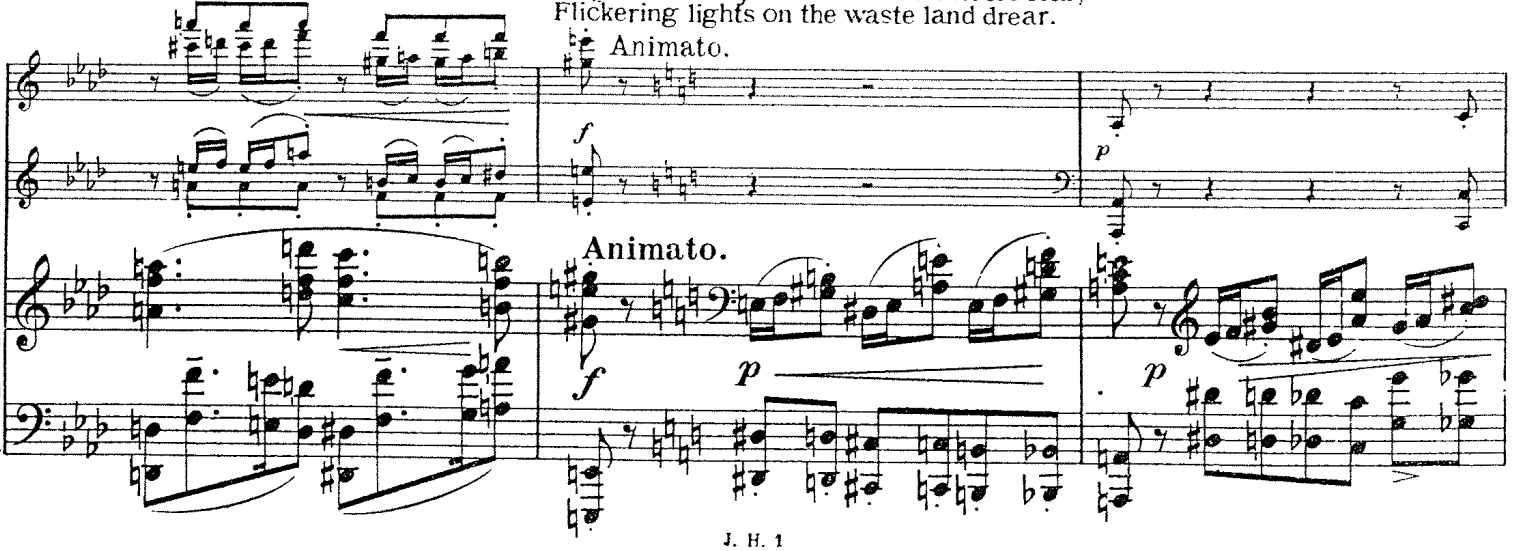

ff marc.
2
2
ff
(Str.)
pp
appassionato ff
3
pp
Oct.
cresc.
fz
p

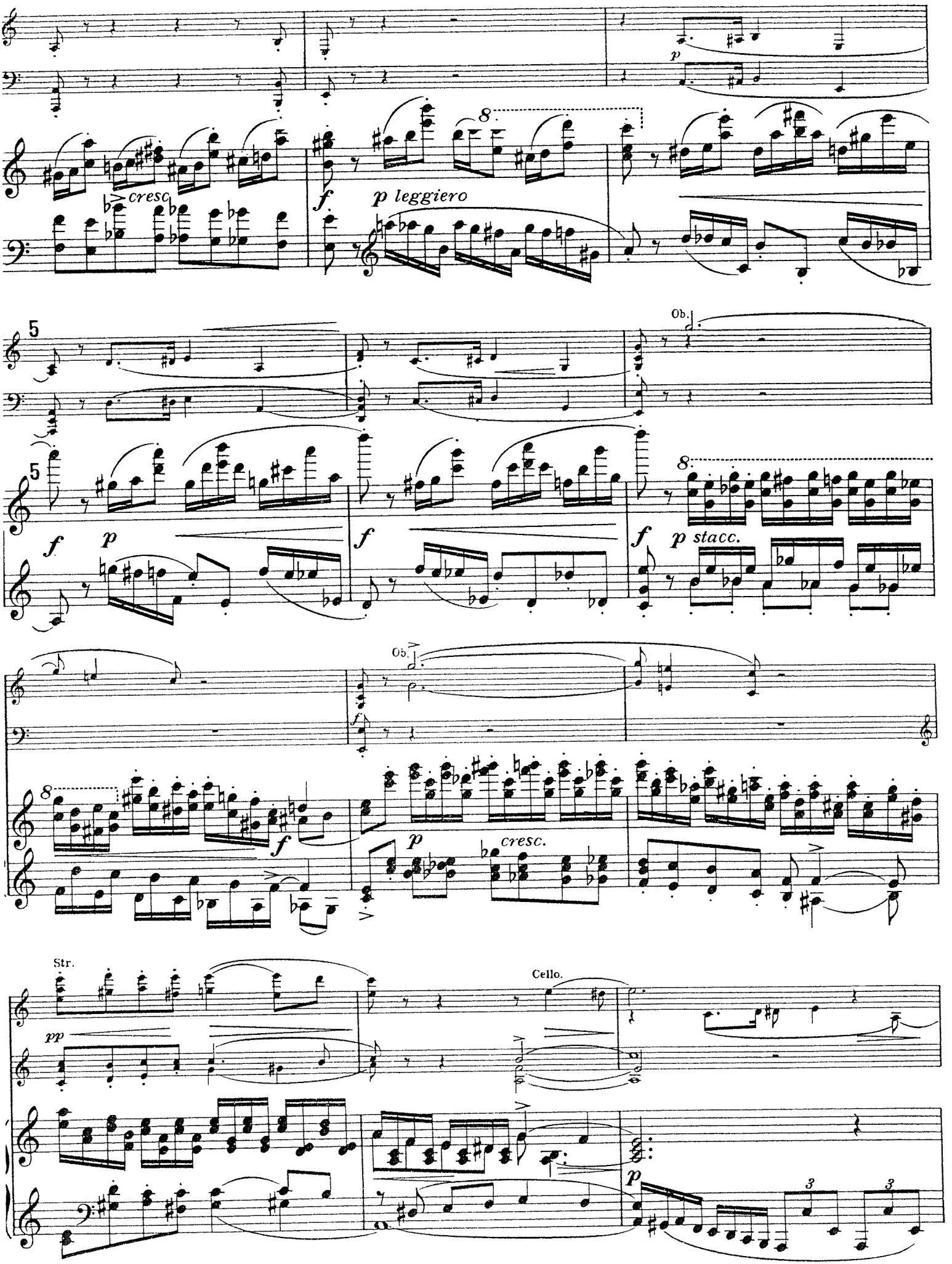






Ye guards of my hold whom wanderers fear,
Flickering lights on the waste land drear.




cresc.
p leggiero
Ob.
p stacc.
Ob.
cresc.
Str.
Cello.

Poco meno mosso

6

6

molto espressivo sost.

Vio.

sf

sf

cresc.

Harness a steed from the gnomes dark fields
With the grey light thread that the spider yields.

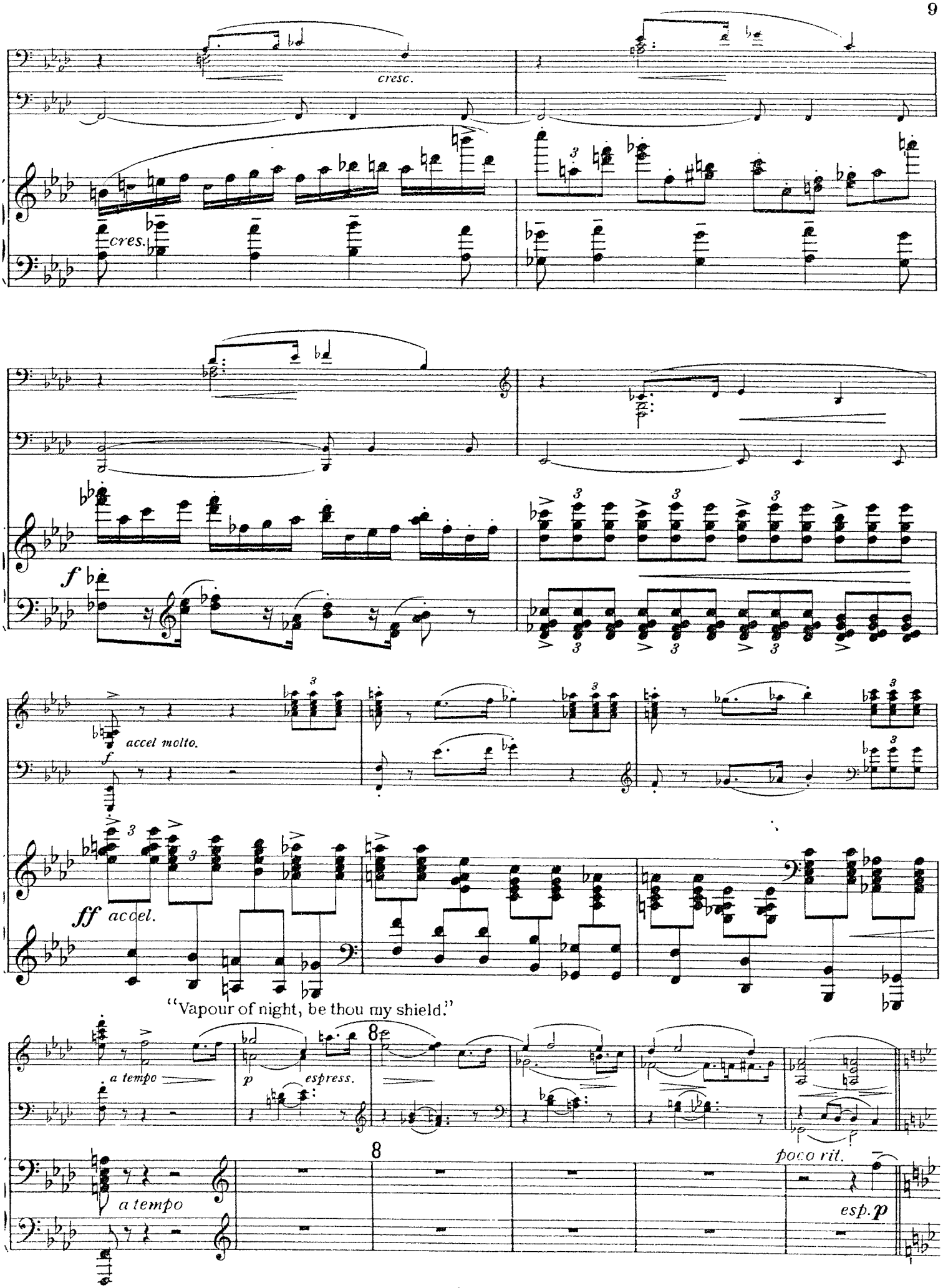
pp *espress.*

7

A tempo.

7

p


cresc.
cres.
f
accel molto.
f
ff accel.
"Vapour of night, be thou my shield."
a tempo
p espress.
poco rit.
a tempo
esp. p

Poco Animato.

pp

Poco Animato.

cantabile.

pp

9

9

sf

p

rit.

p

a tempo

f

sf

dim.

rit.

p a tempo

10

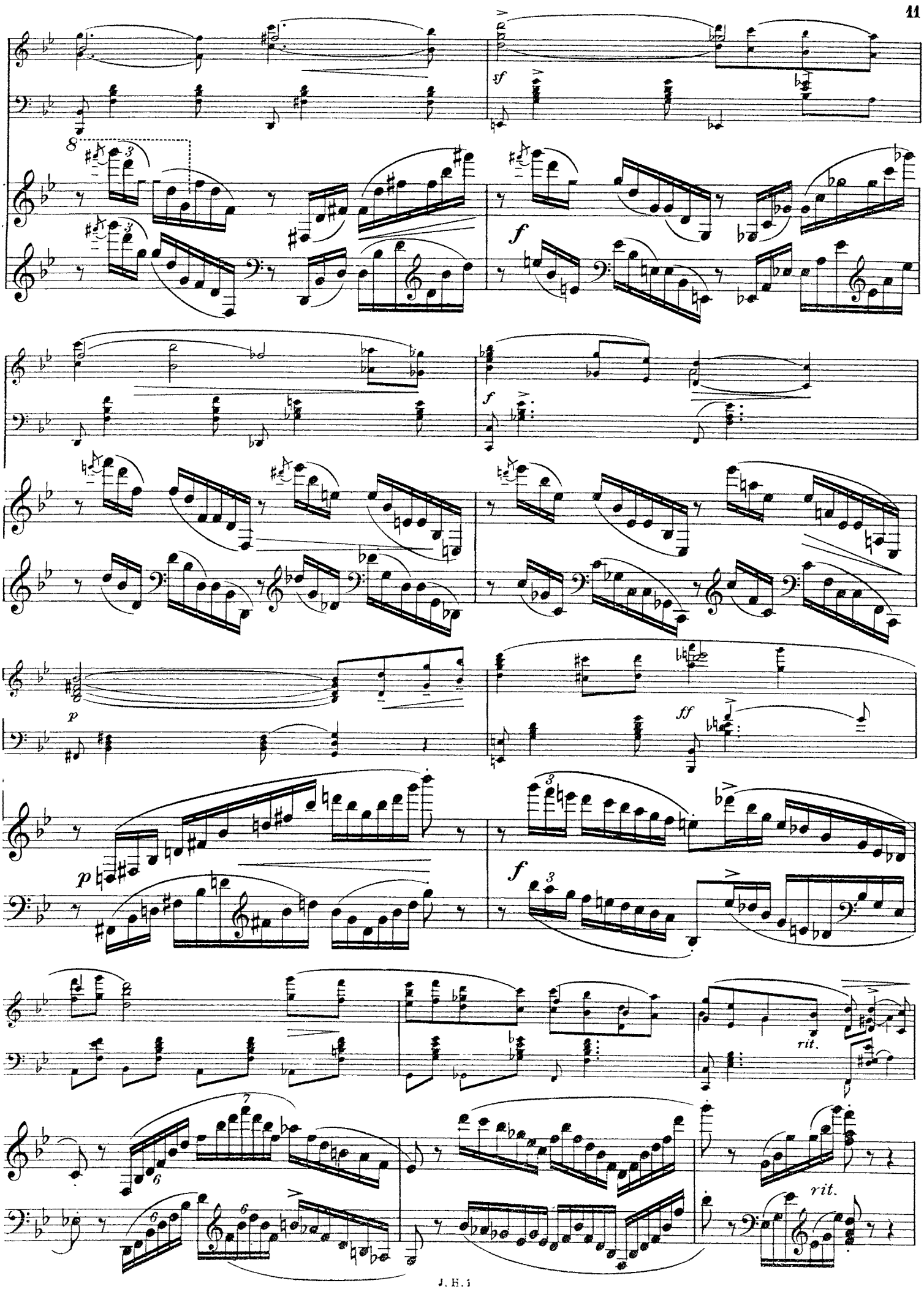
8

legg.

8

10

8


sf
f
f
p
ff
p
f
rit.
rit.

11

Fl.

p *dim.*

pp espress.

11

a tempo I.

pp legg.

pp espress

12

12

p legato

"Swift through the dell where the young bats wake.
Deep in the gloom is the way we must take."

f

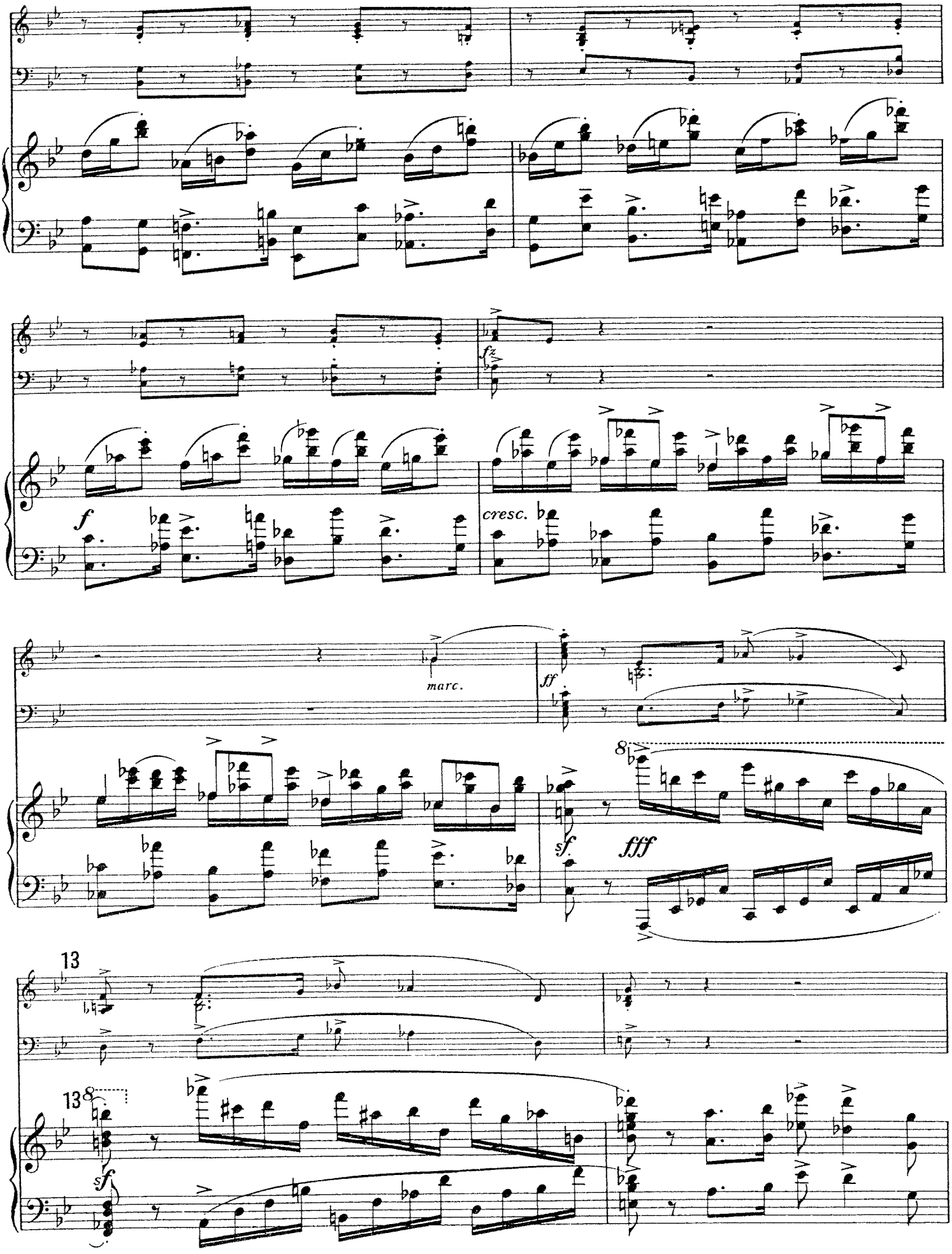
p

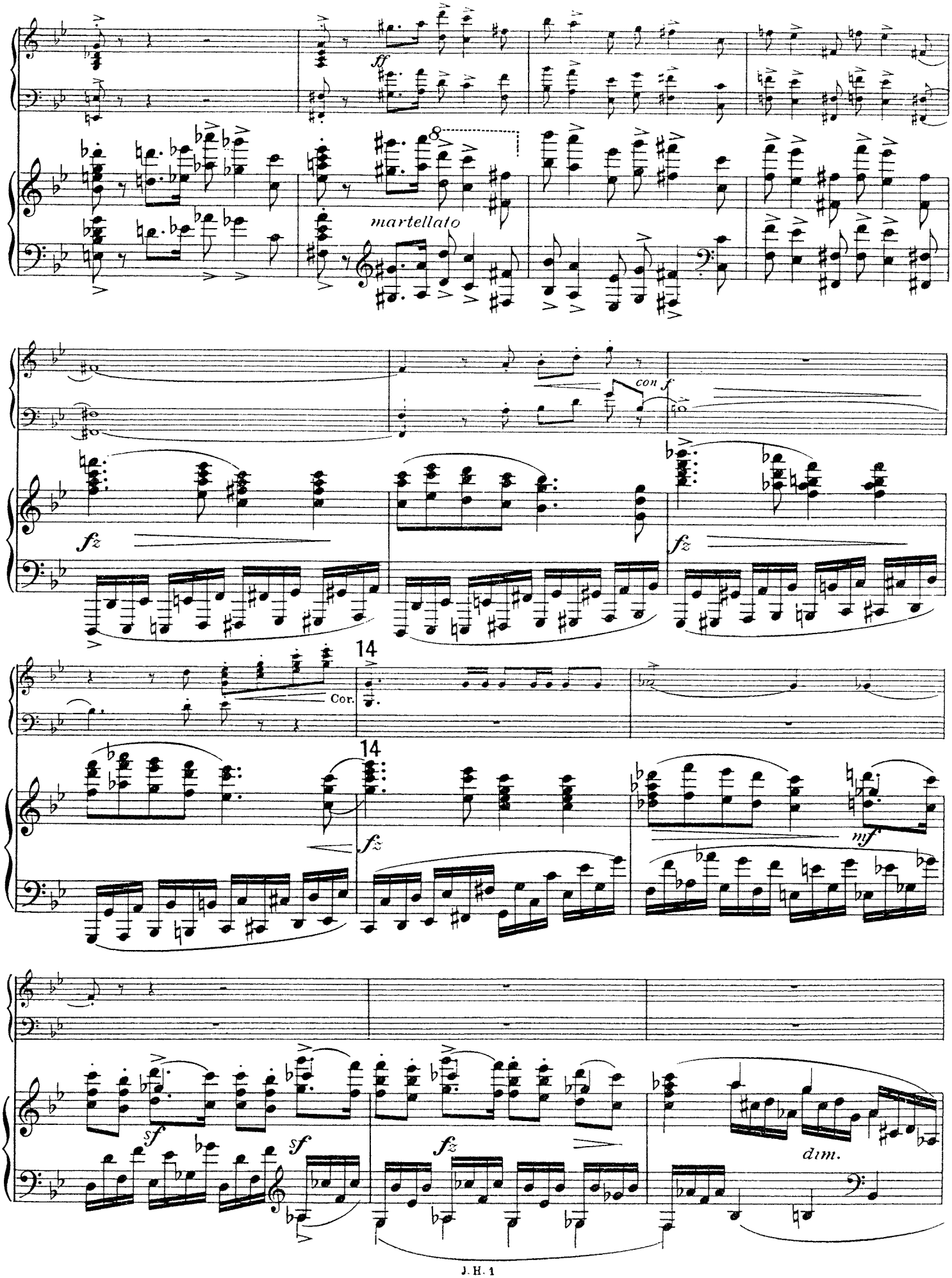
cresc.

fz

p

cresc.


fz
f
cresc.
marc.
ff
sf.
fff
8
13
13
8
sf


ff
8
martellato
con f
fz
fz
14
Cor.
14
fz
mf
sf
sf
fz
dim.

"The armies of night are abroad"

p a tempo

rit.

p esp. a tempo

Str.

pp

15

accel.

Wood.

15

pp

accel.

pp molto cresc.

ff

Maestoso.

f

16

mp

16

mf

fz

fz

"Here lies the field that was laid to our hand."

17

ff

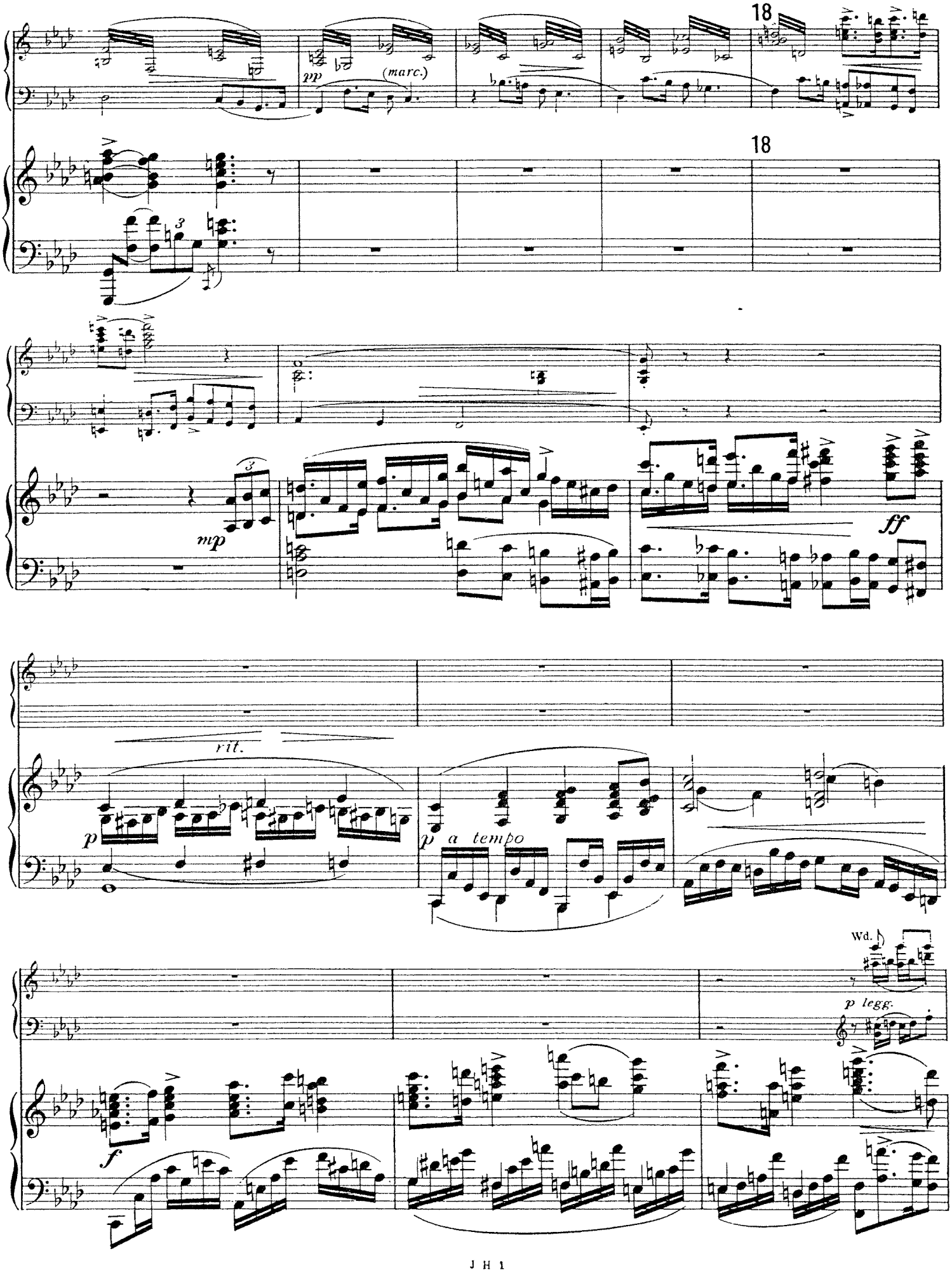
Tempo I.

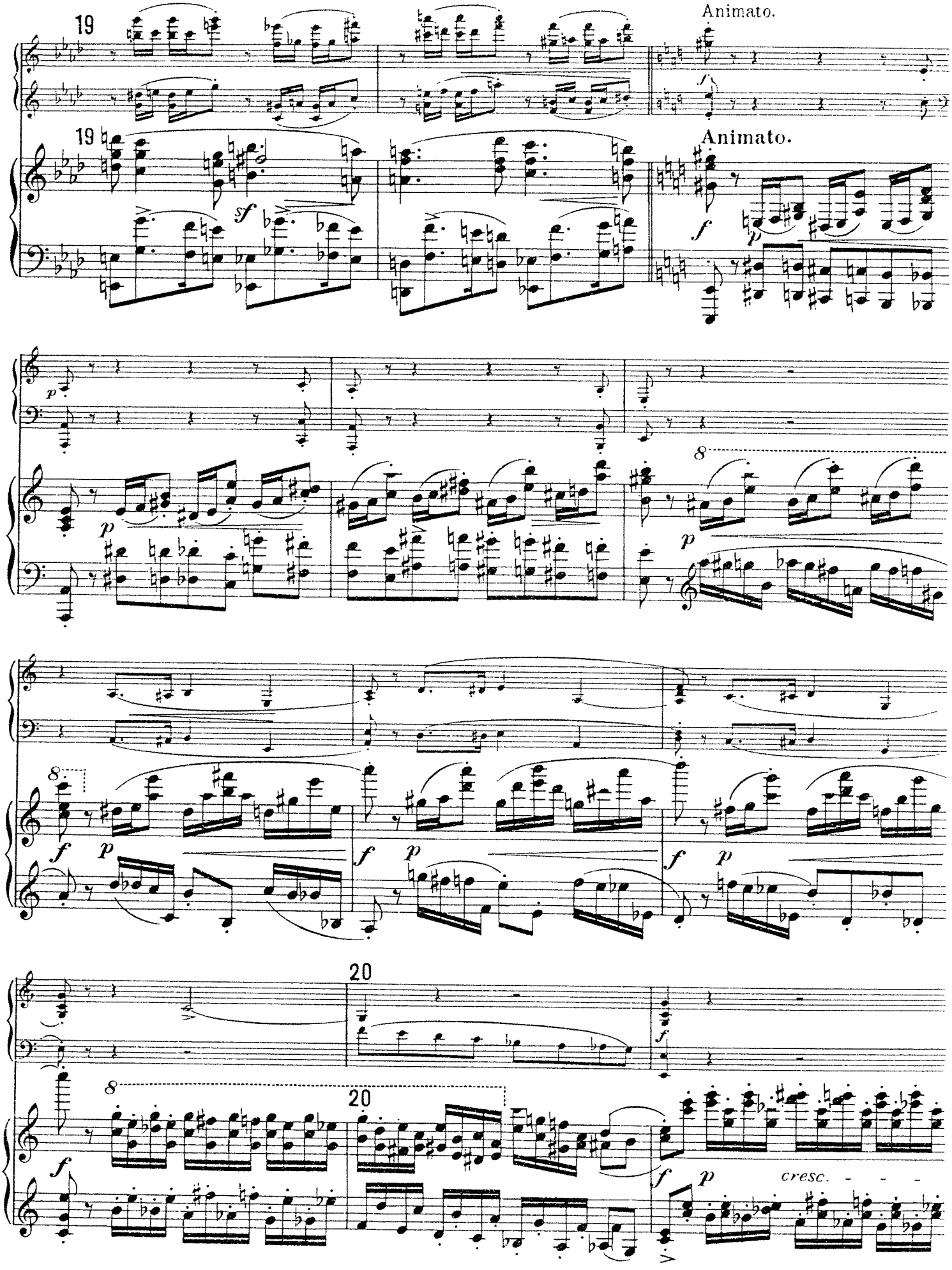
pp

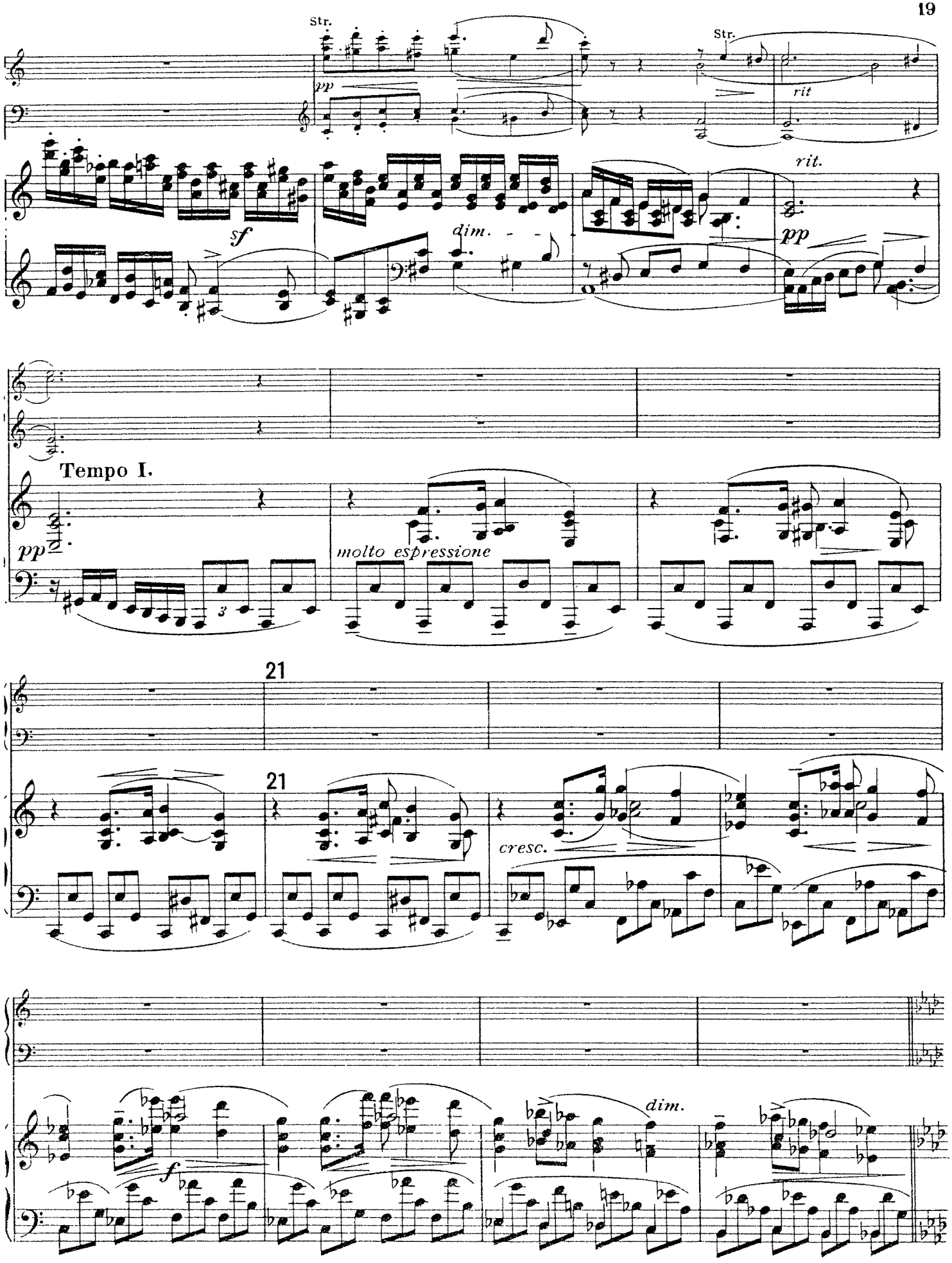
17

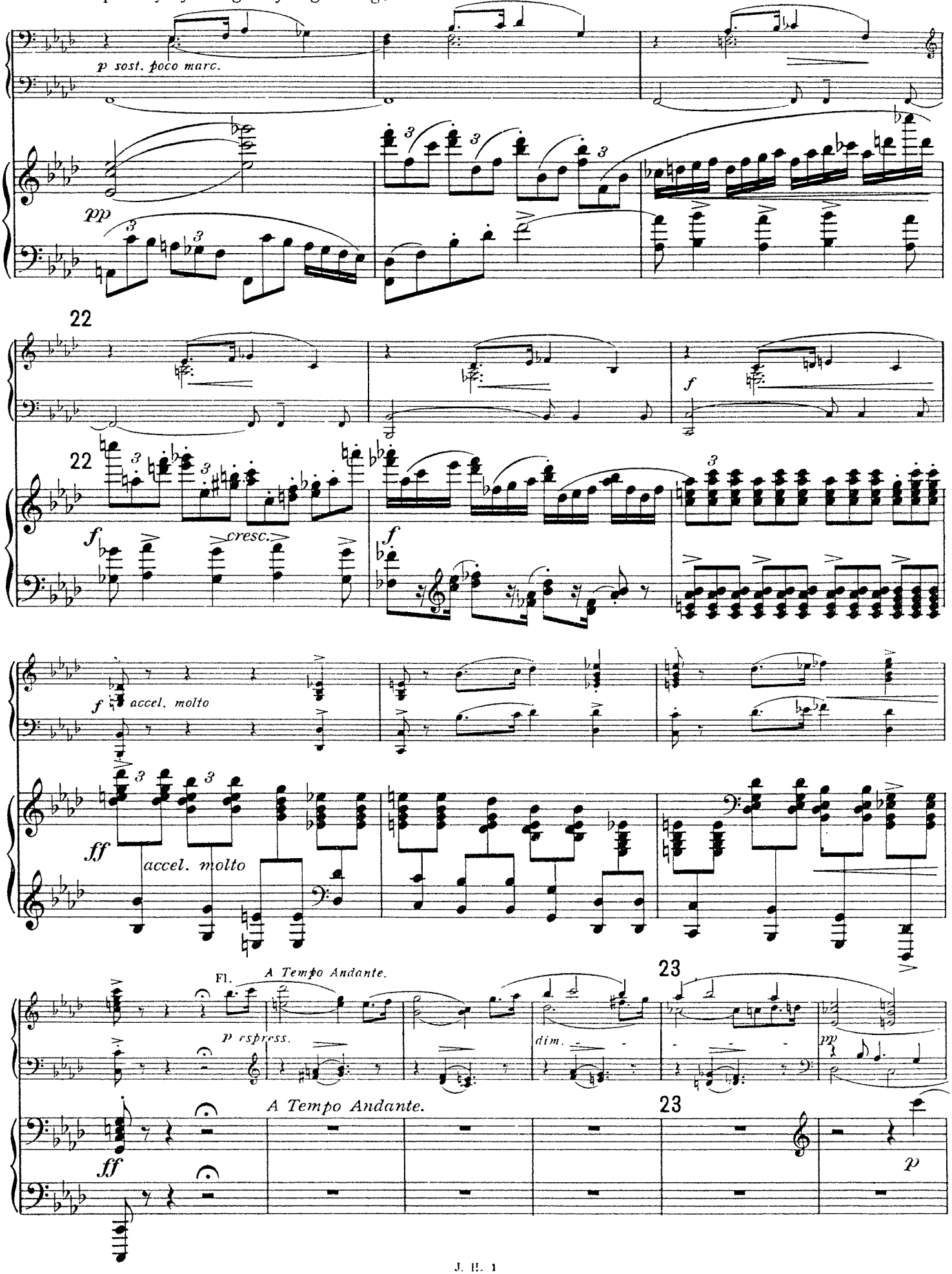
ff

Tempo I.

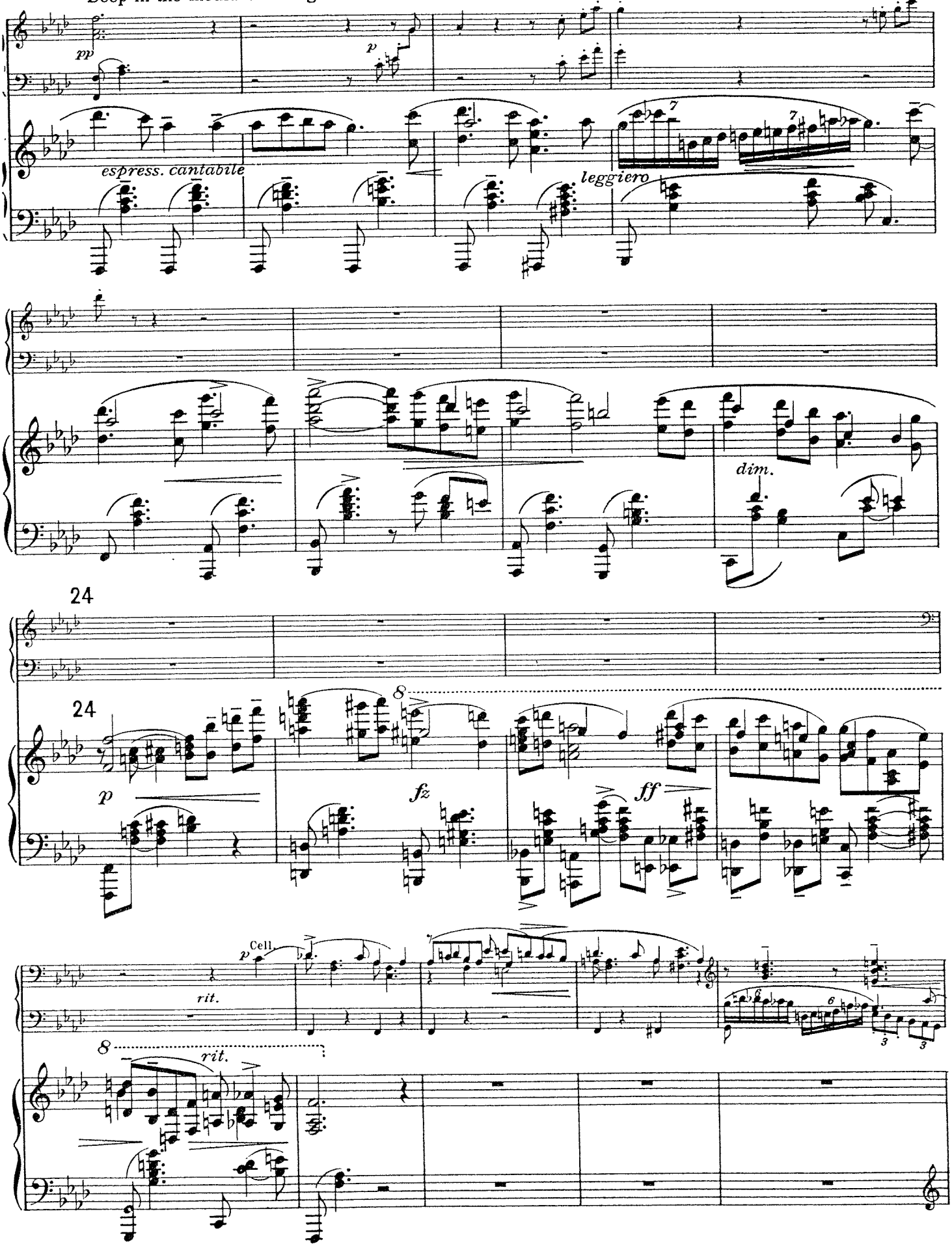

18
18
pp
(marc.)
mp
ff
rit.
p
p a tempo
Wd.
p legg.
f

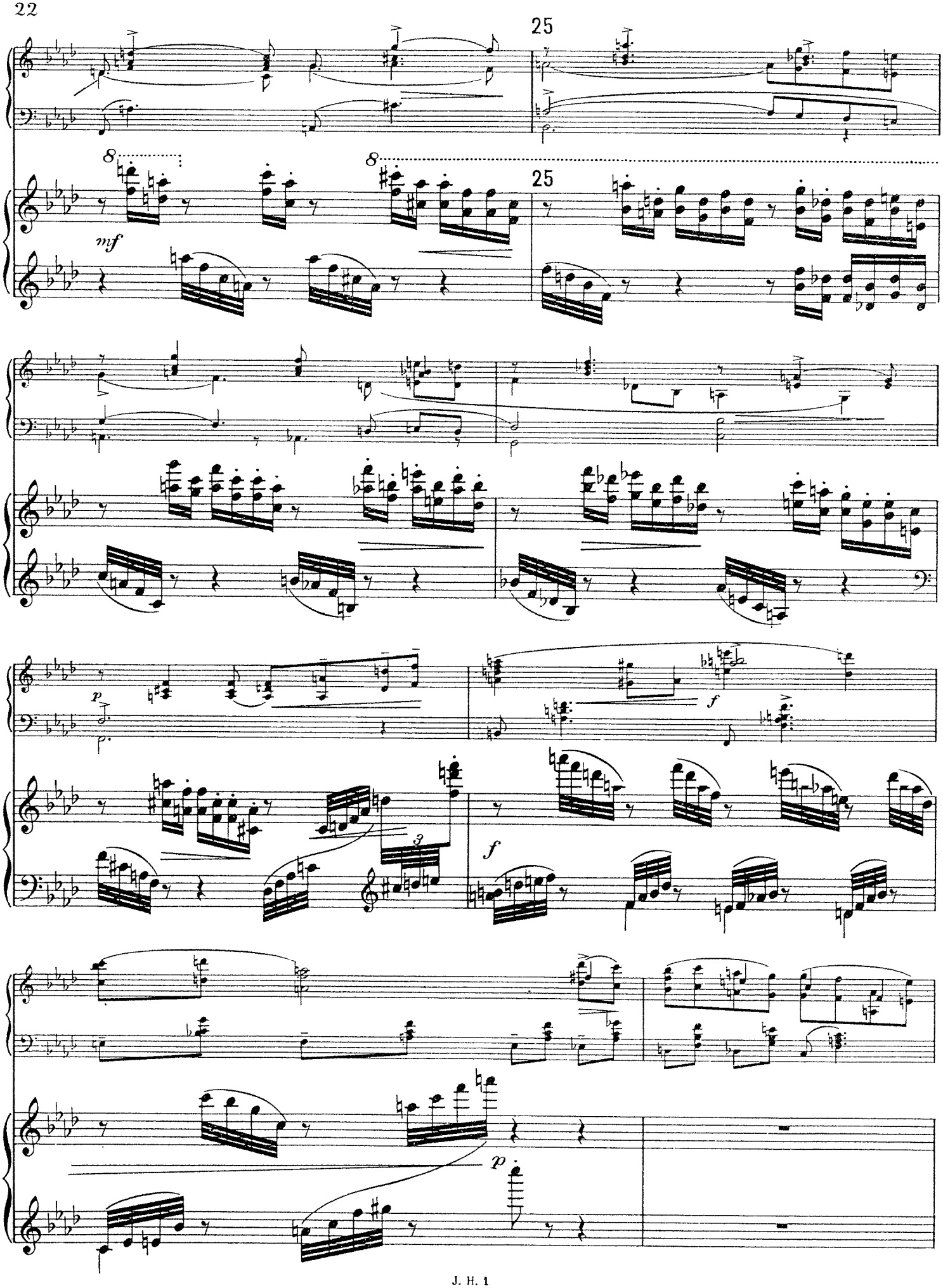

19
Animato.
19
Animato.
cresc.

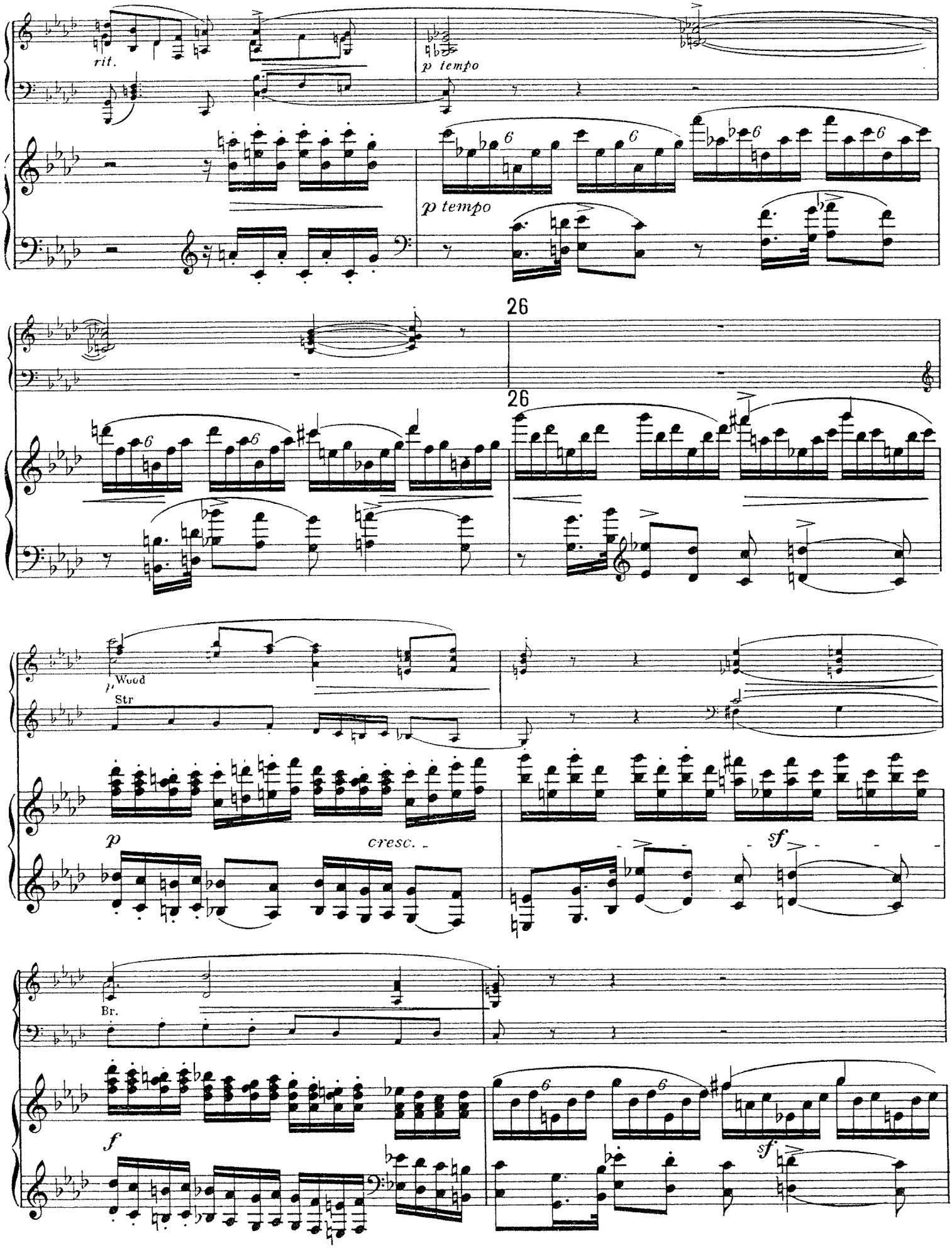

Str.
pp
Str.
rit
sf
dim.
rit.
pp
Tempo I.
pp
molto espressione
21
21
cresc.
f
dim.

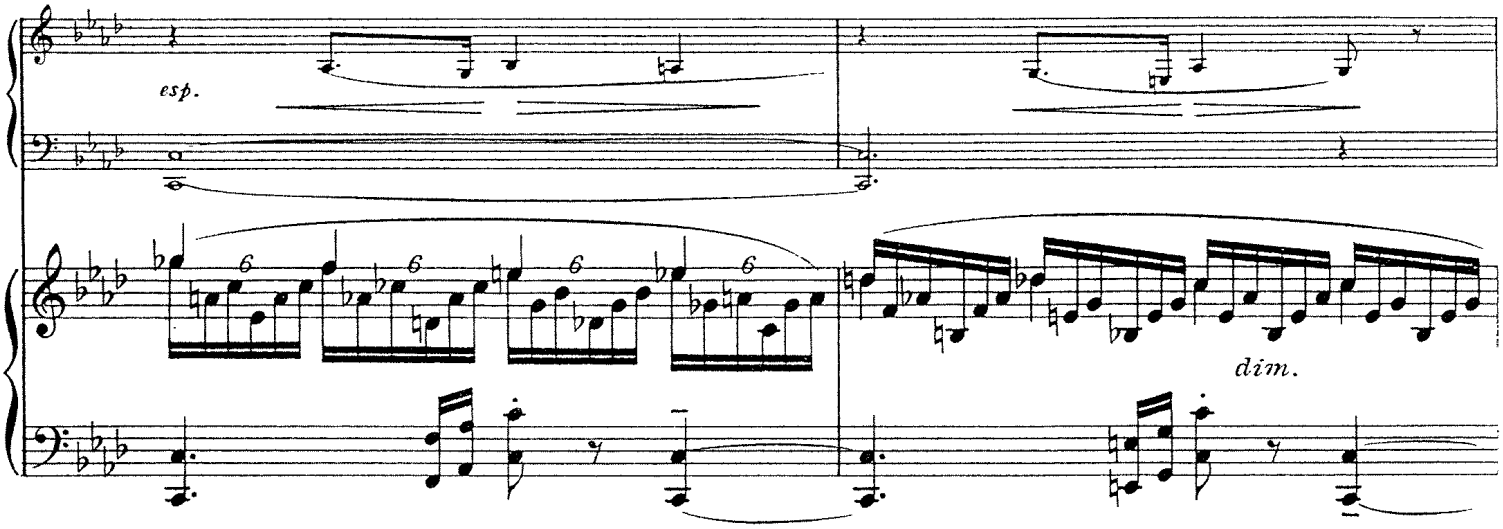

p sost. poco marc.
pp
22
22
f
cresc.
f
f
accel. molto
ff
accel. molto
Fl.
A Tempo Andante.
p espress.
dim.
23
pp
A Tempo Andante.
23
ff
p

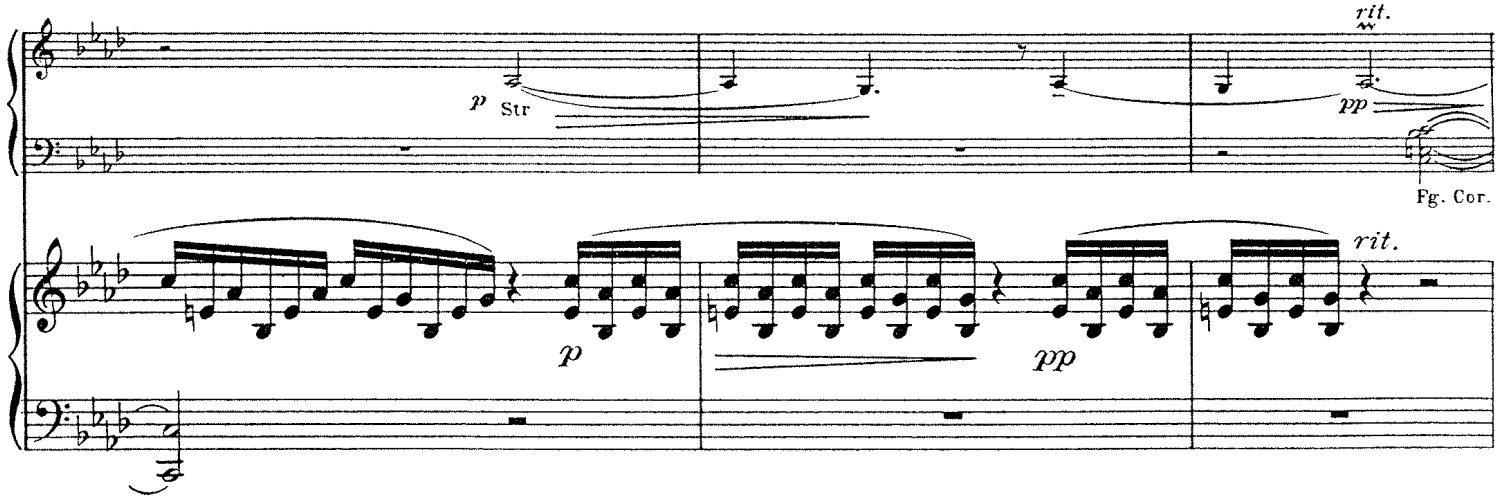
"Deep in the mould lie the golden helmed all" etc.



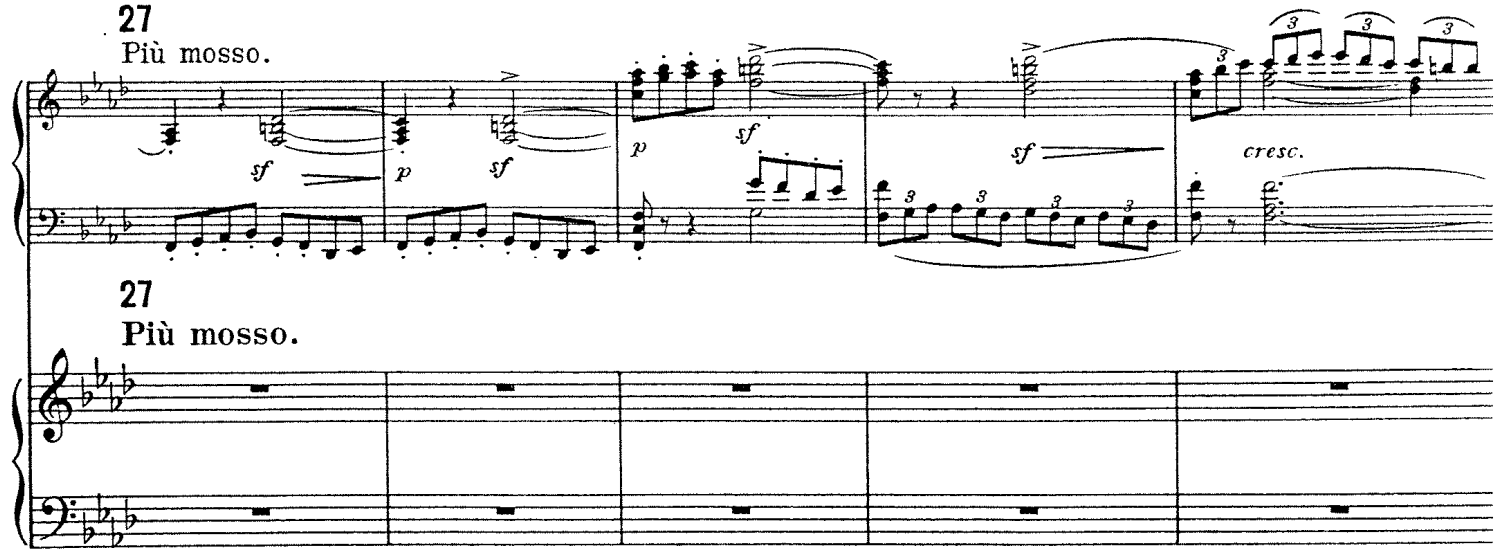

25
25
8
8
mf
p
f
f
3
p

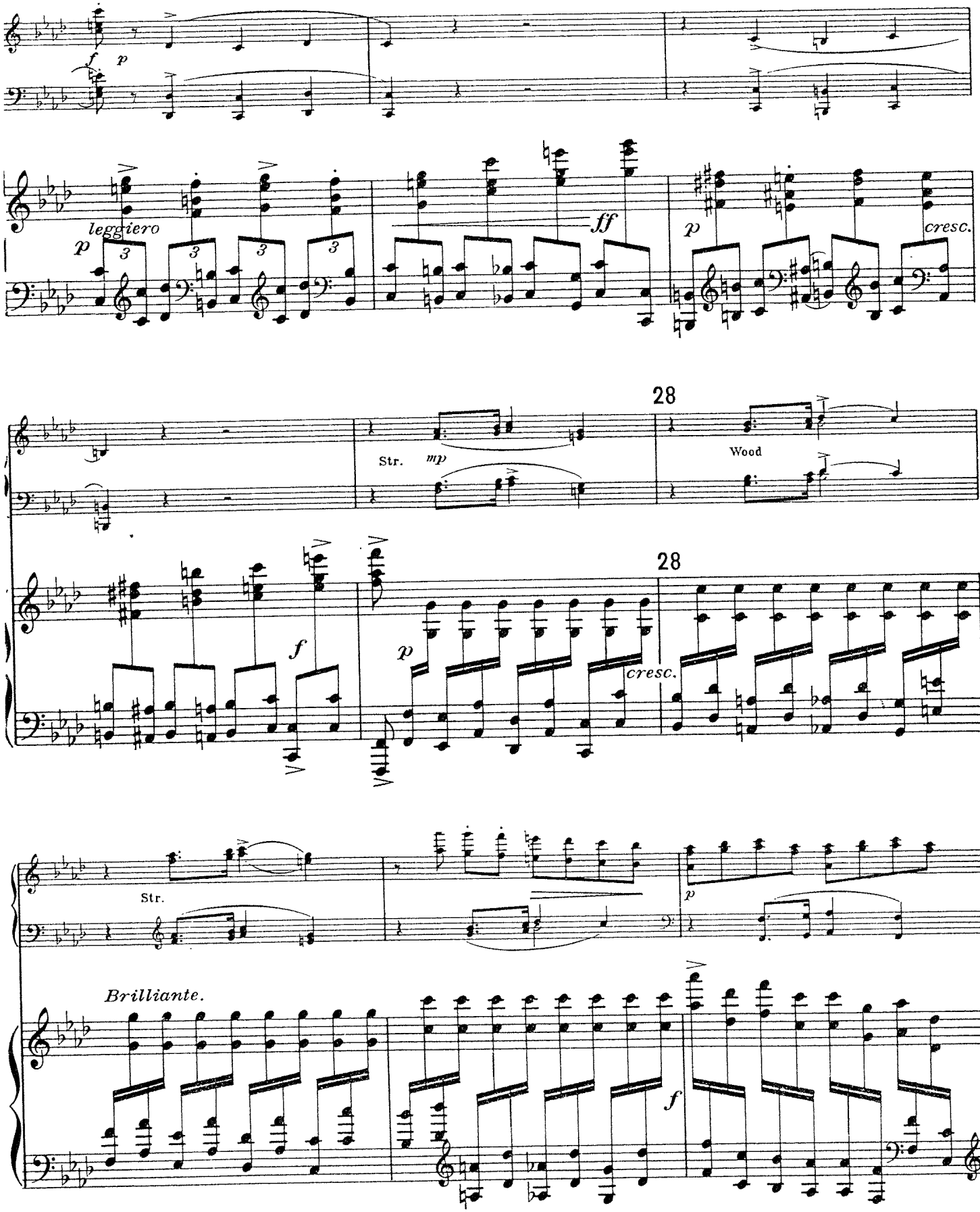

rit.
p tempo
p tempo
26
26
p Wood
Str
p
cresc.
sf
Br.
f
sf

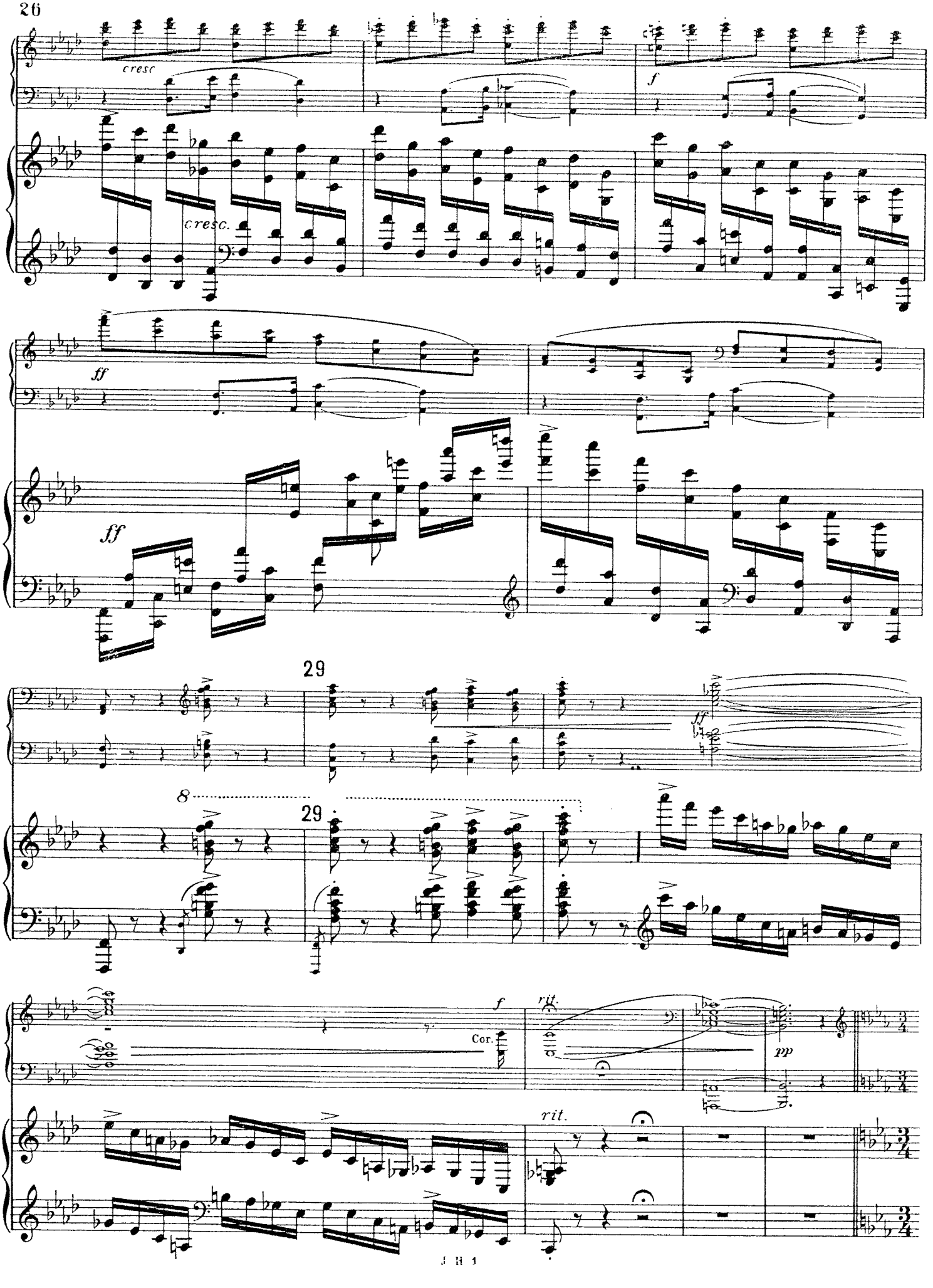




"No spectre of them will answer my call" — "Surely the shadows will creep from their hall." — Up! Gwyther! May night is fleeting.

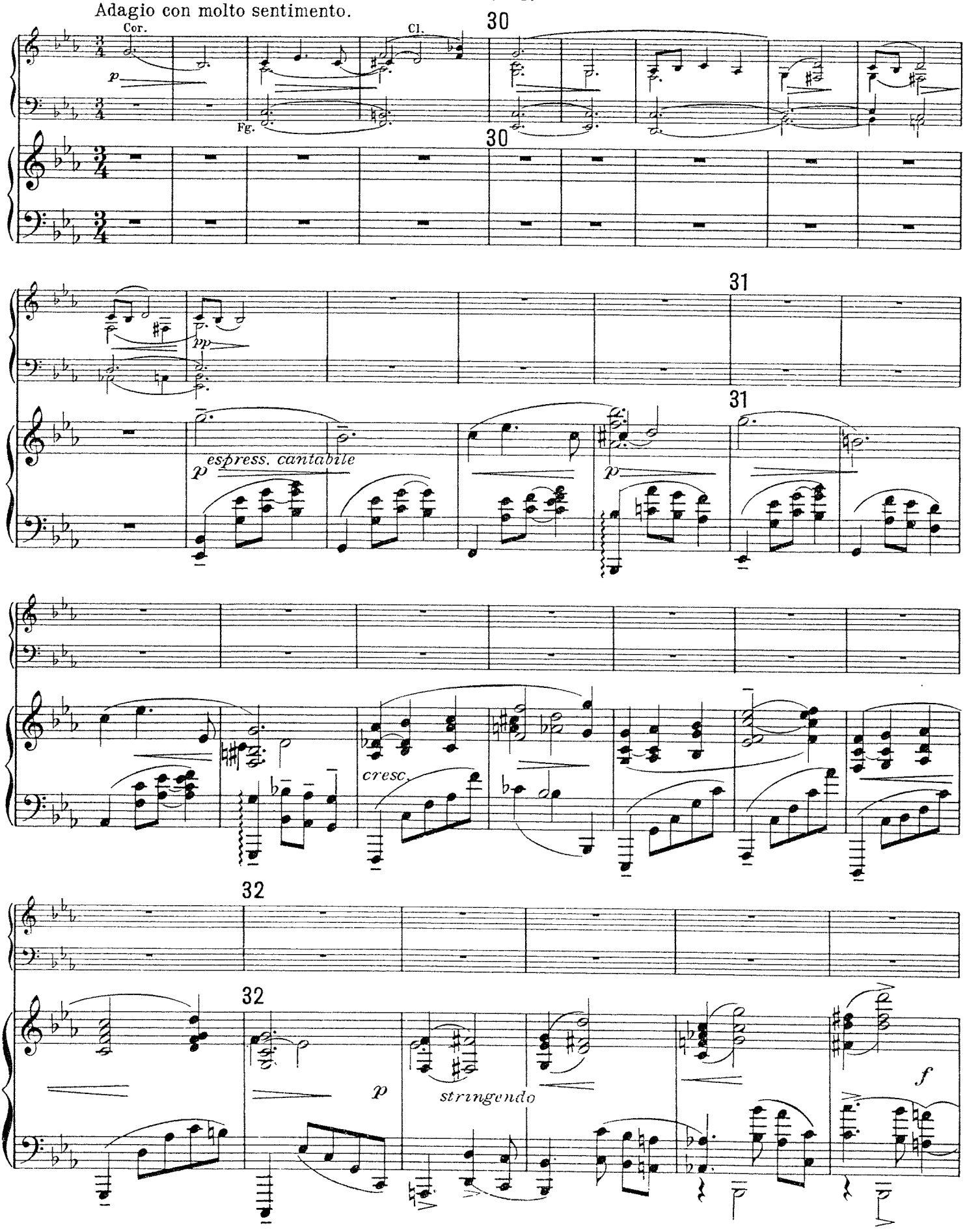


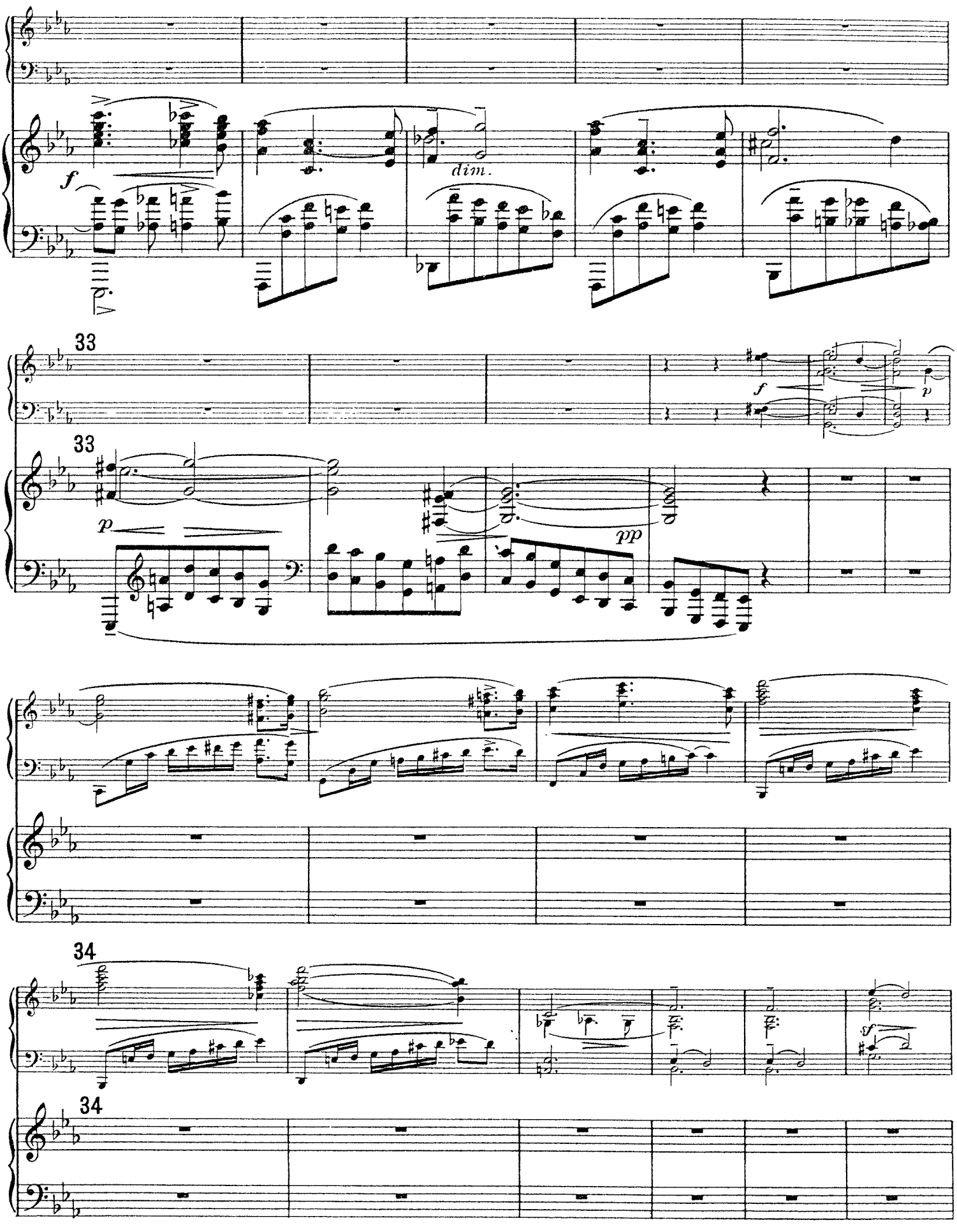

f
p
leggiero
p
3
ff
p
cresc.
28
Str.
mp
Wood
28
f
p
cresc.
Str.
p
Brilliante.
f

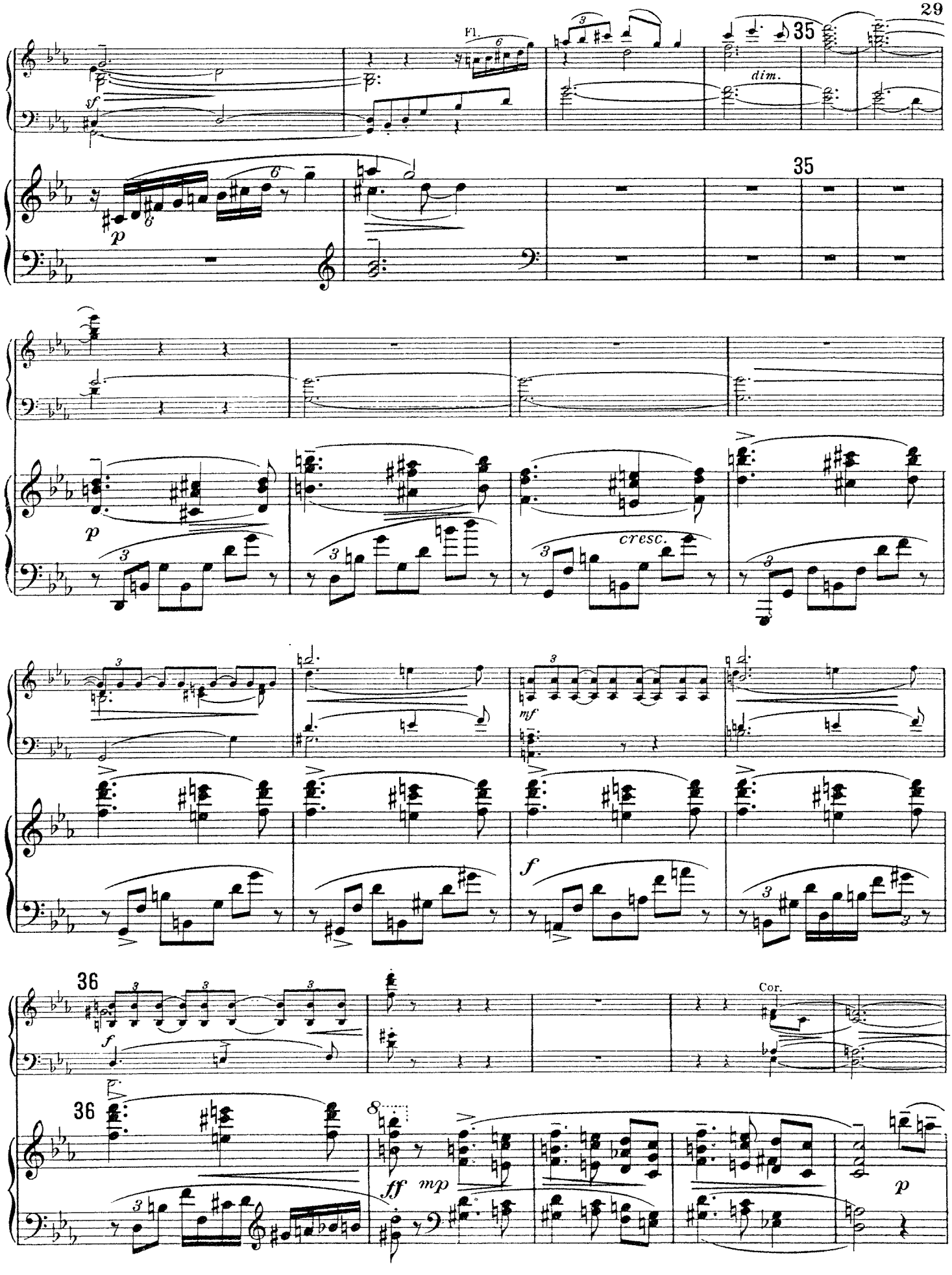

cresc
f
cresc.
ff
ff
29
ff
8
29
f
Cor.
rit.
pp
rit.

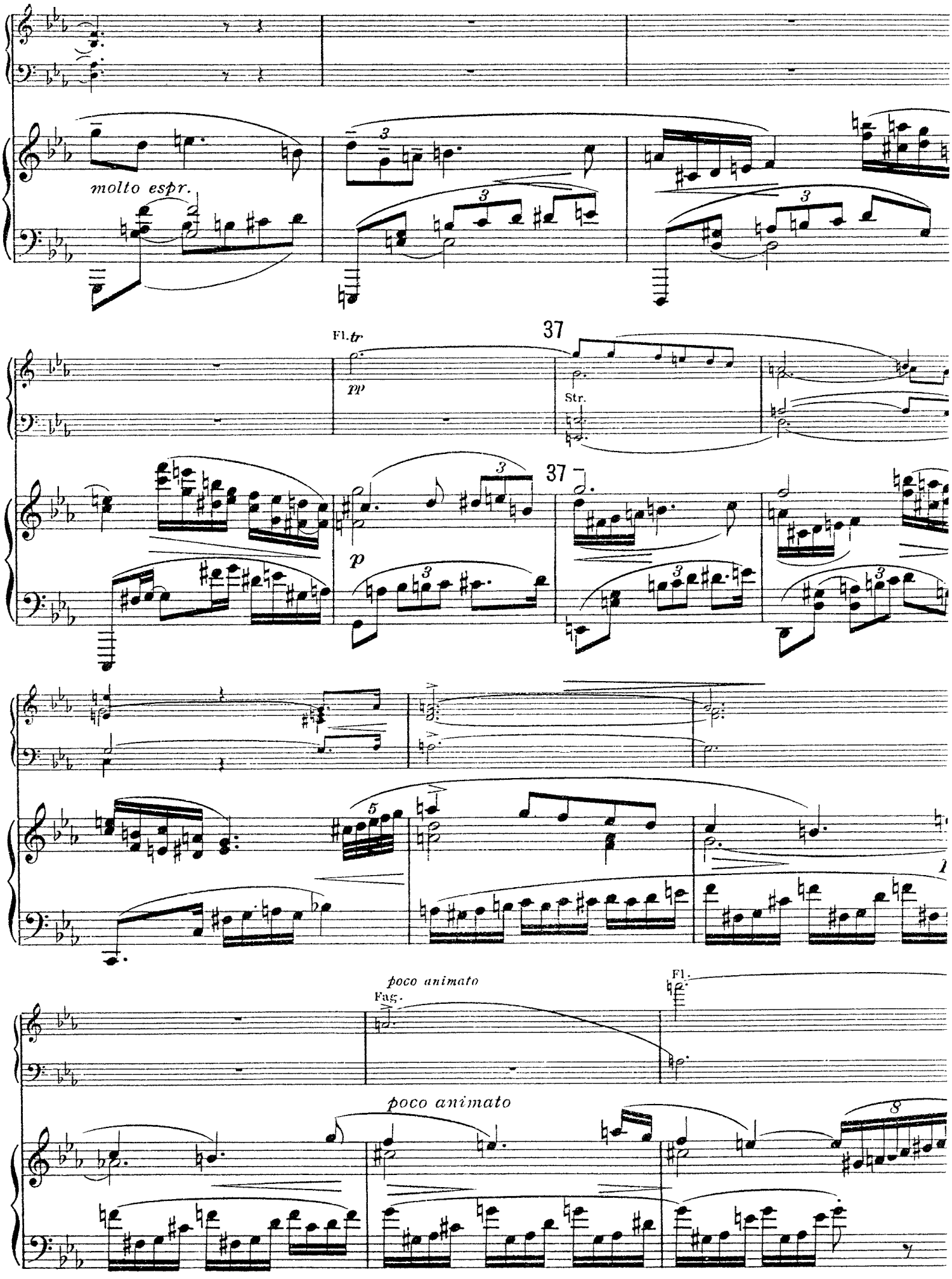
Faint as the faith of our people long dying Fades out my challenge, no more than the sighing
Of wind wearied waters amid the rocks prying, etc.

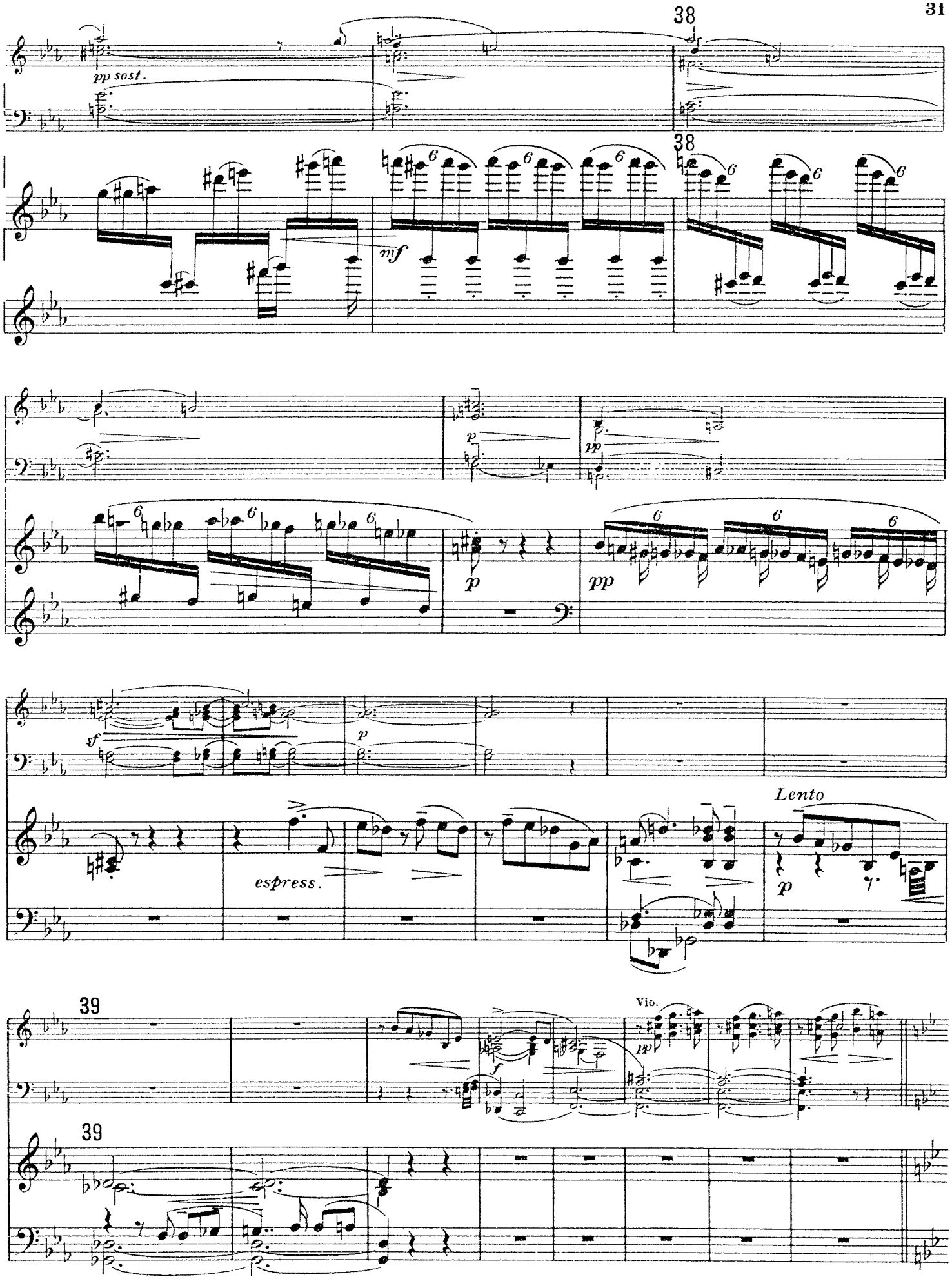
Adagio con molto sentimento.



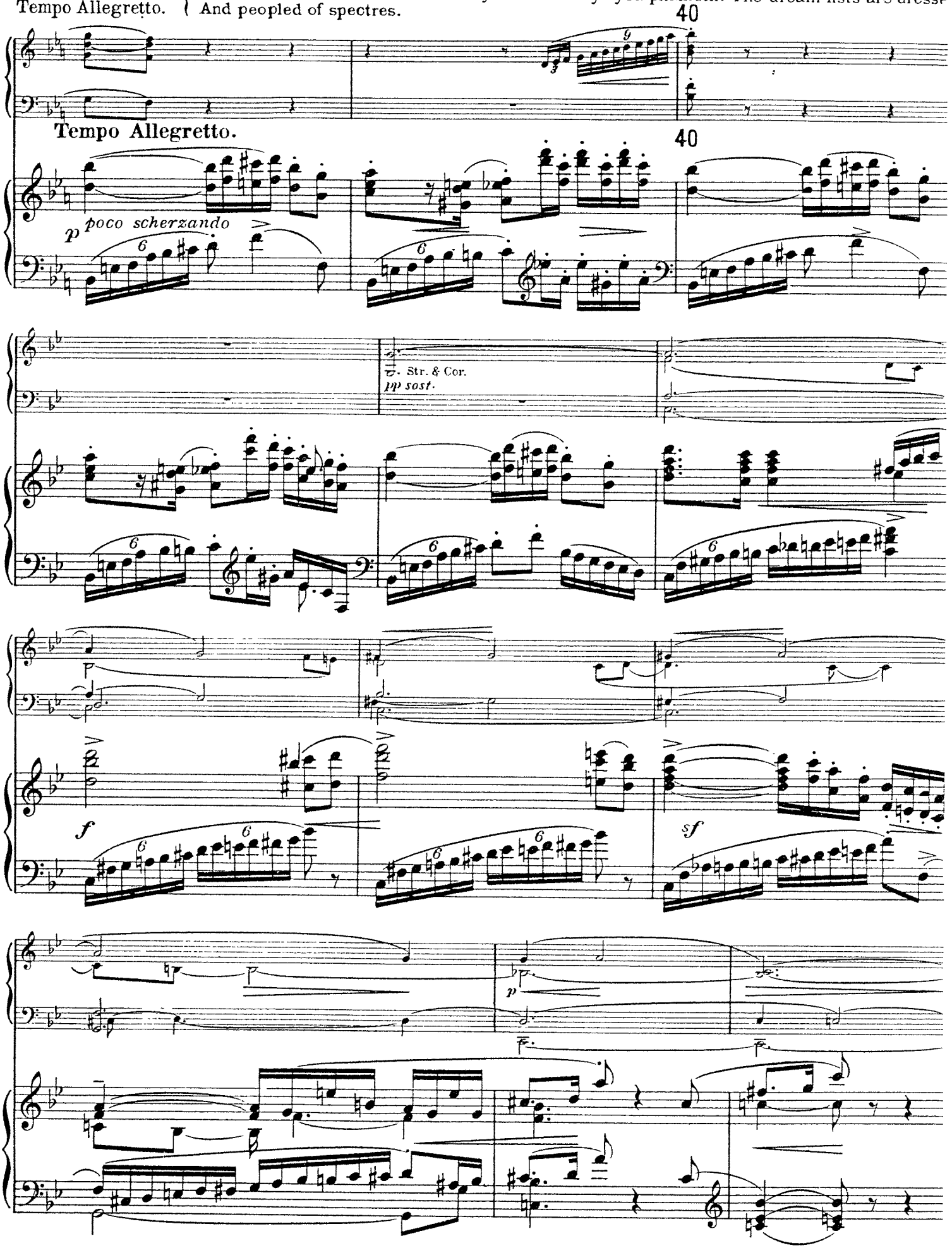

f
dim.
33
f
p
33
p
pp
34
34

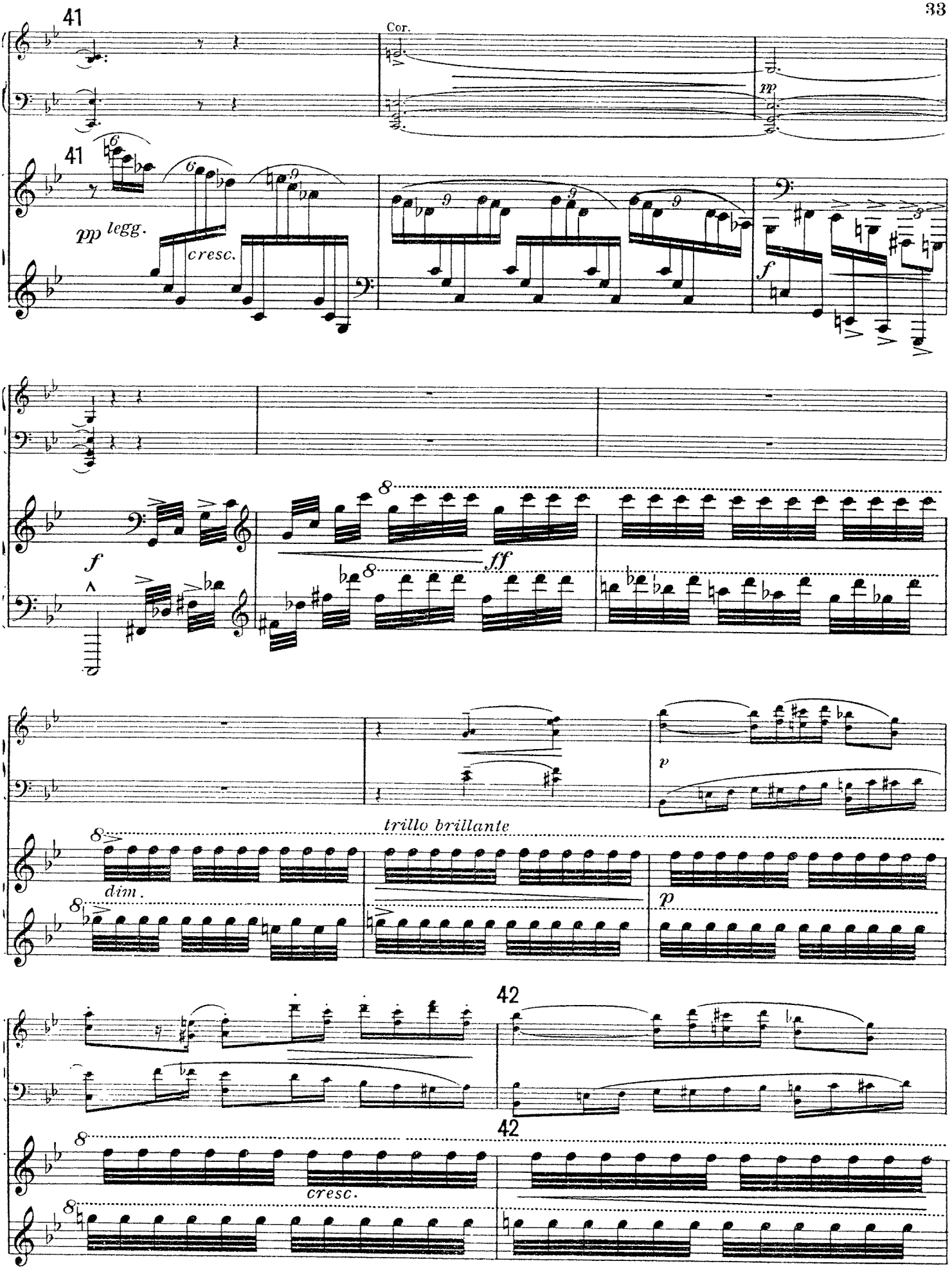

Fl.
35
dim.
35
p
cresc.
mf
f
36
Cor.
36
ff
mp
p

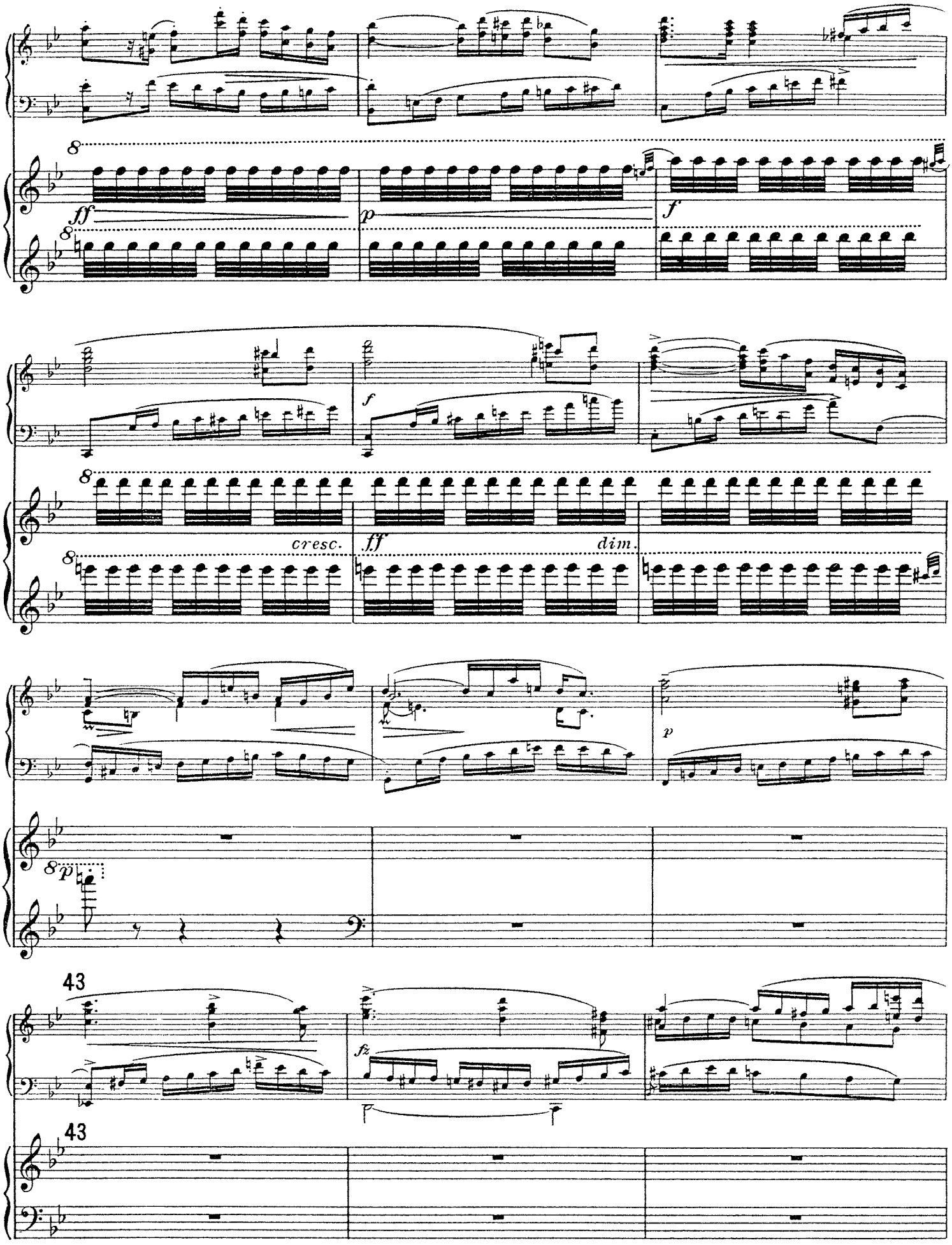

molto espr.
Fl. tr
pp
37
Str.
37
p
poco animato
Fag.
Fl.
poco animato

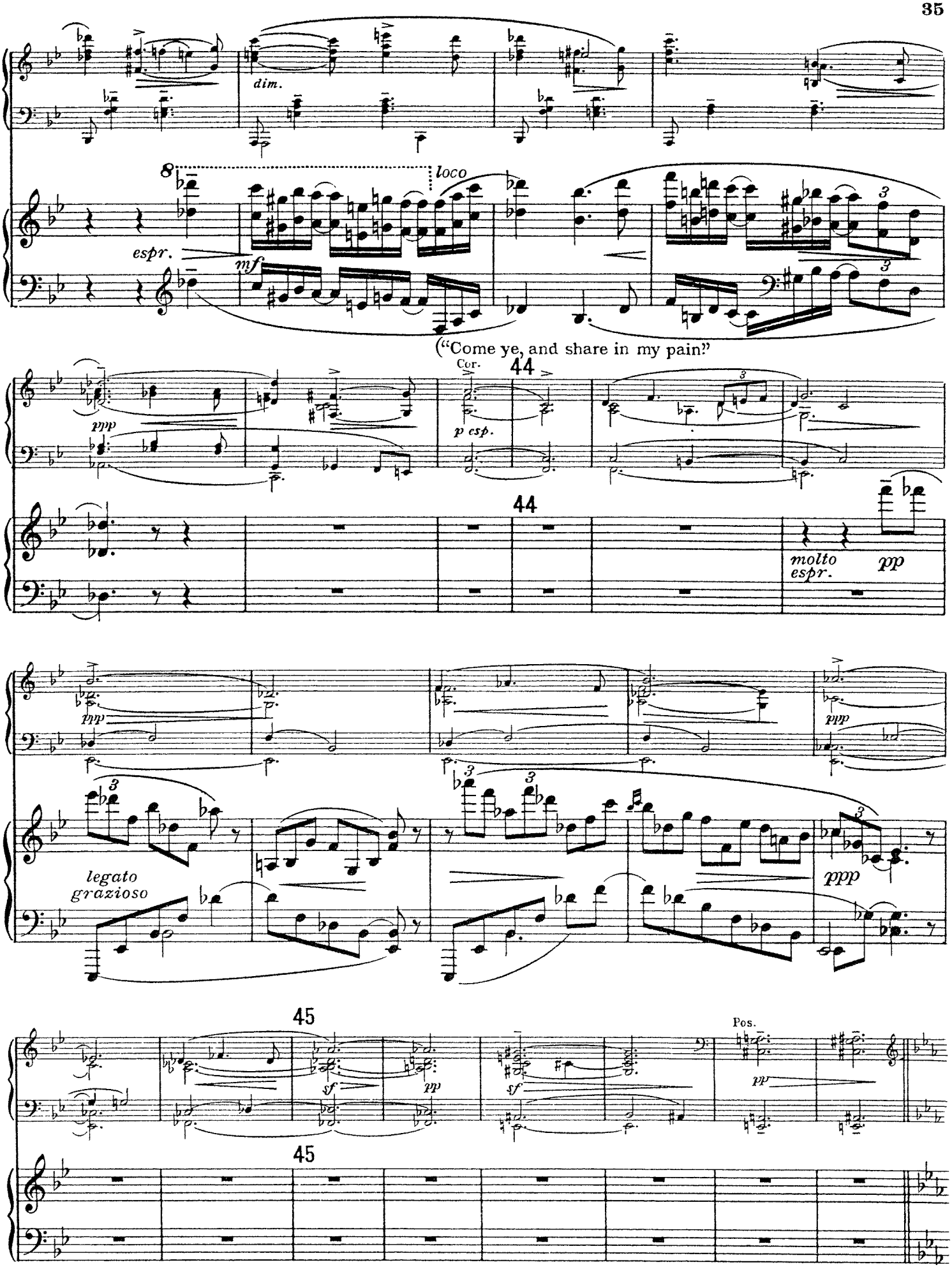

38
pp sost.
38
mf
p
pp
p
pp
sf
p
espress.
Lento
p
39
Vio.
f
pp
39

Tempo Allegretto. "Clotted of shadows he comes to my hest. A fiery-eyed phantom. The dream lists are dresse
And peopled of spectres.



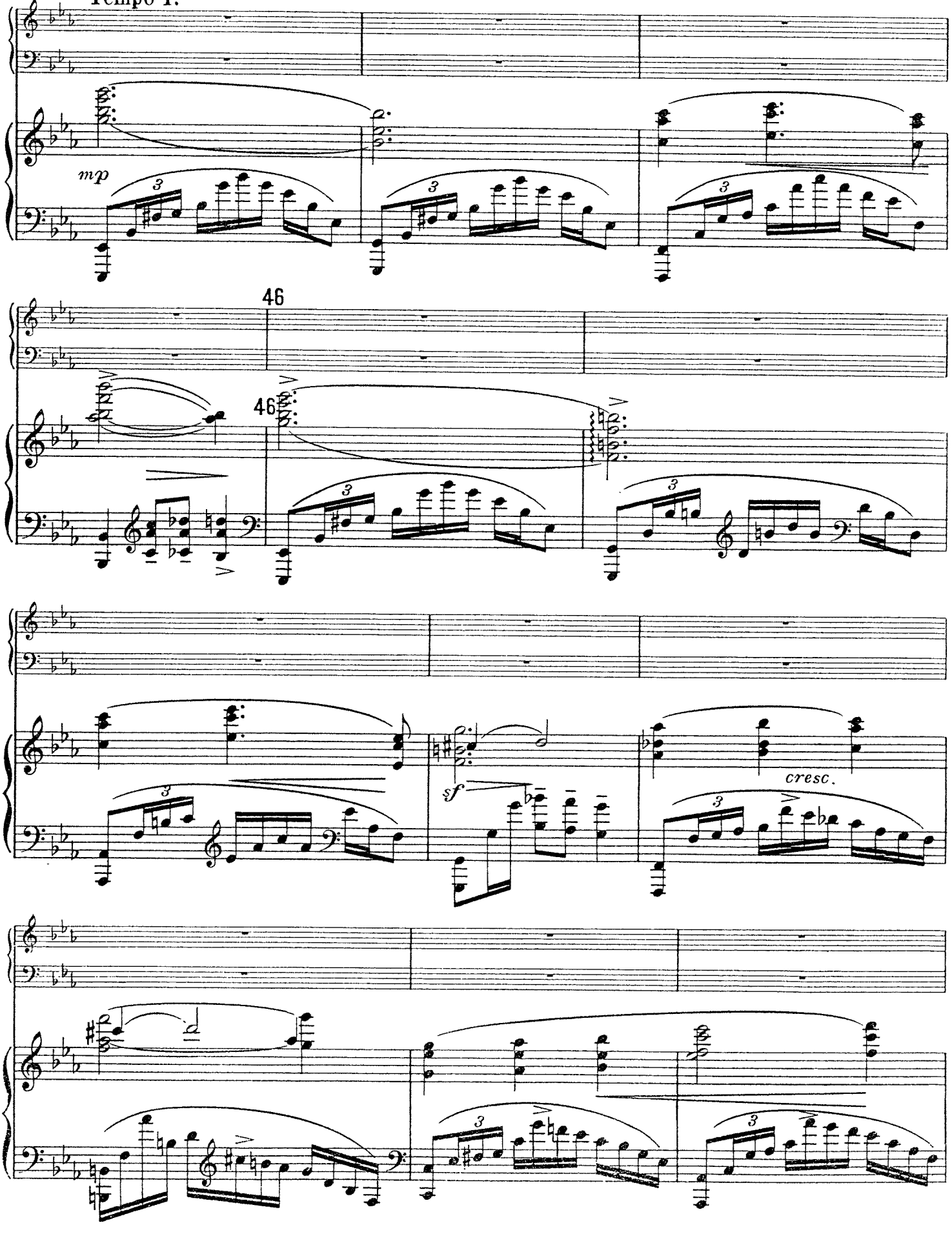

41
Cor.
pp
41
pp legg.
cresc.
f
f
ff
p
trillo brillante
dim.
p
42
42
cresc.

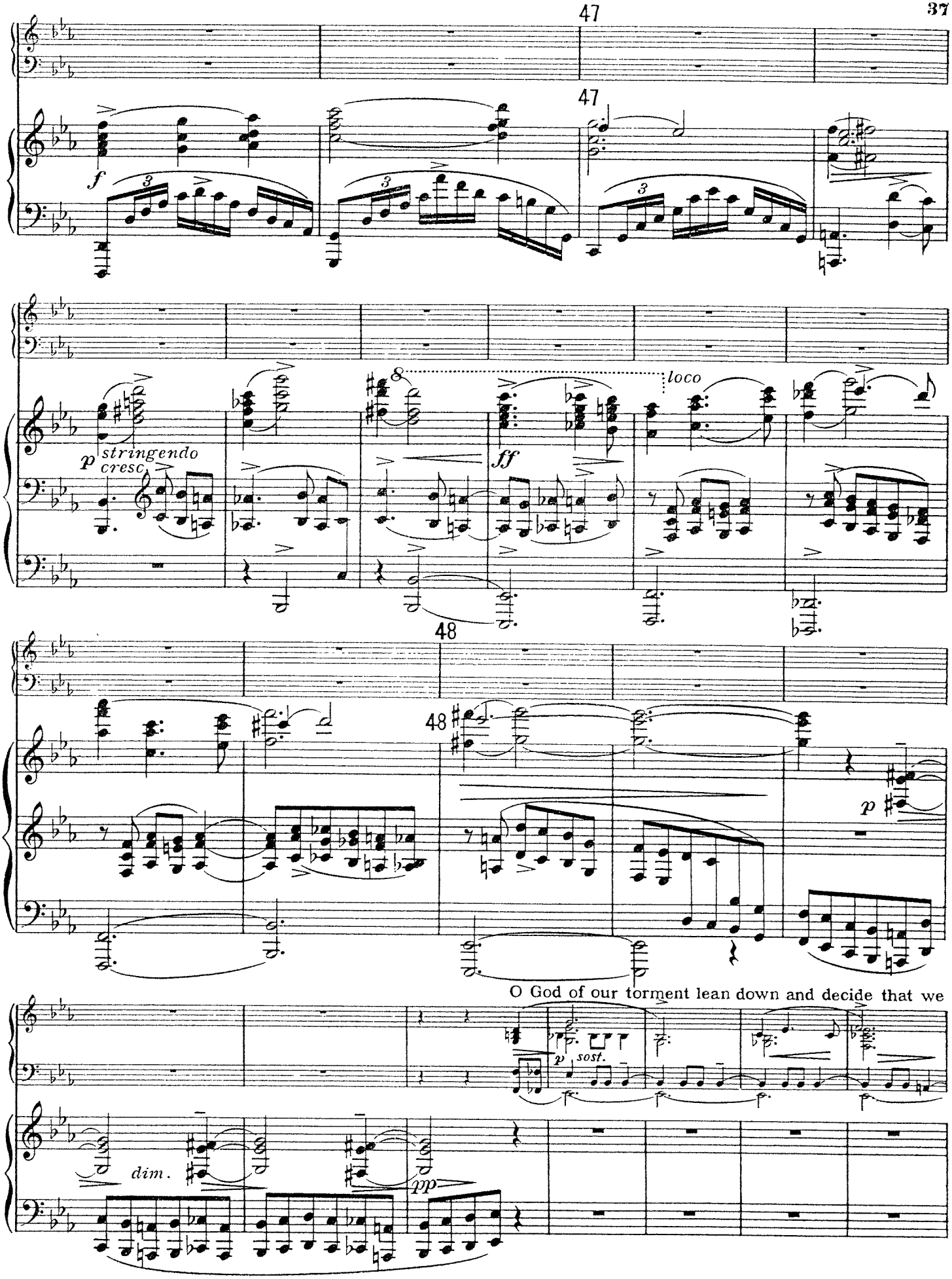

ff
p
f
f
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
8 p
43
fz
43


dim.
8
loco
espr.
mf
("Come ye, and share in my pain"
Cor.
44
ppp
p esp.
44
molto espr.
pp
ppp
legato grazioso
ppp
45
sf
pp
sf
Pos.
pp
45

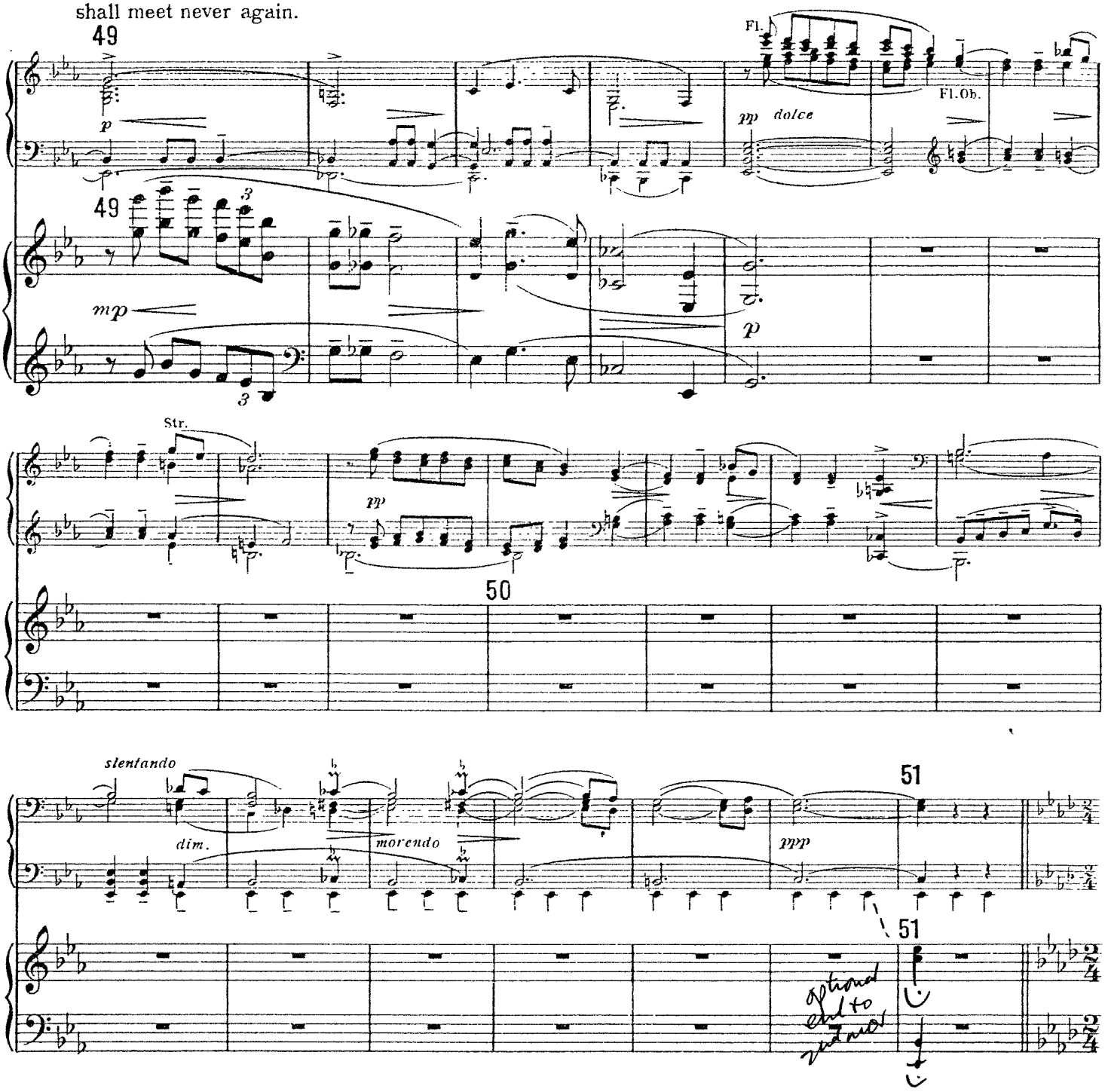
"Daughter of Lear for whose soul as a bride we battle to-night, sleep sound, etc

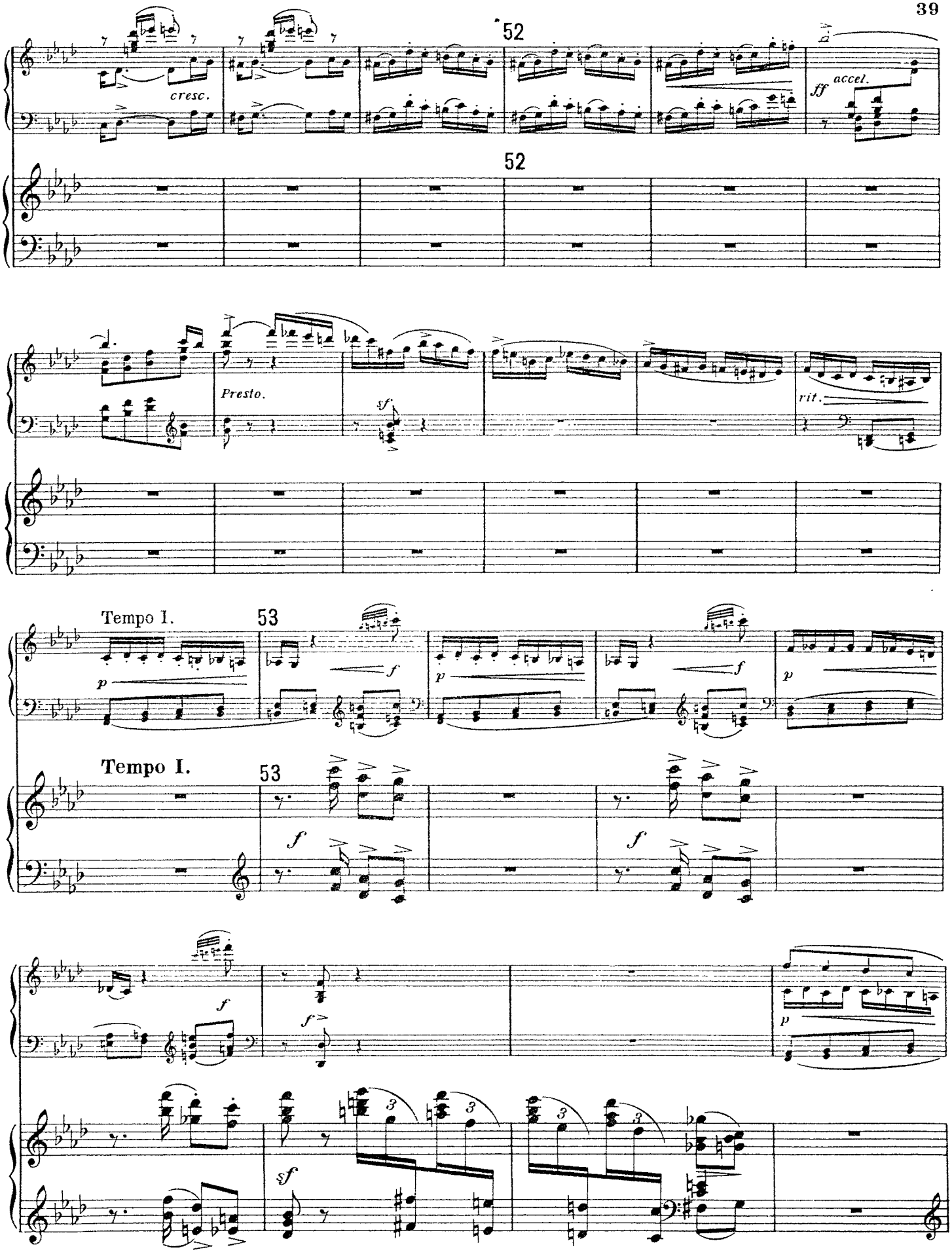
Tempo I.

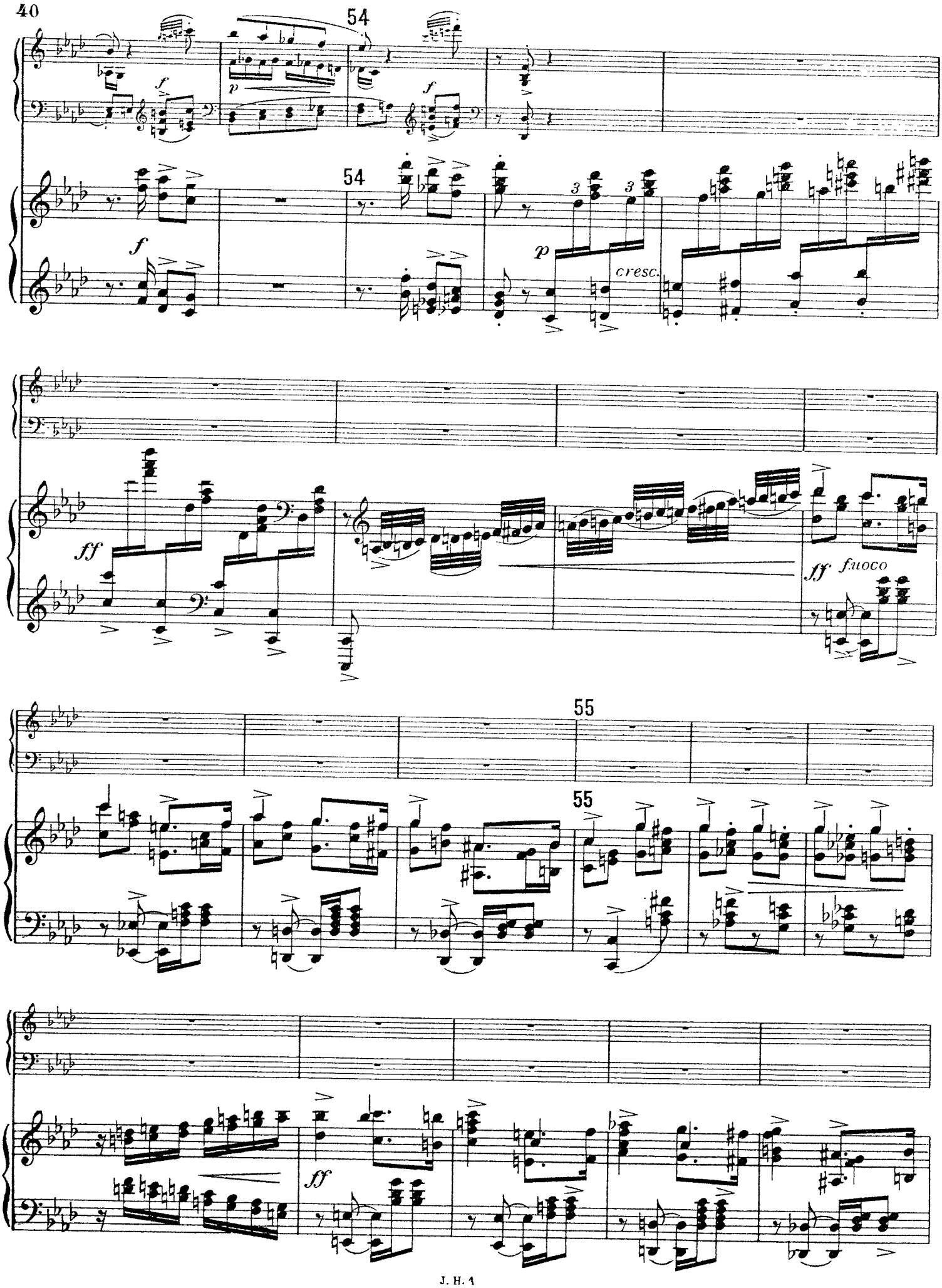


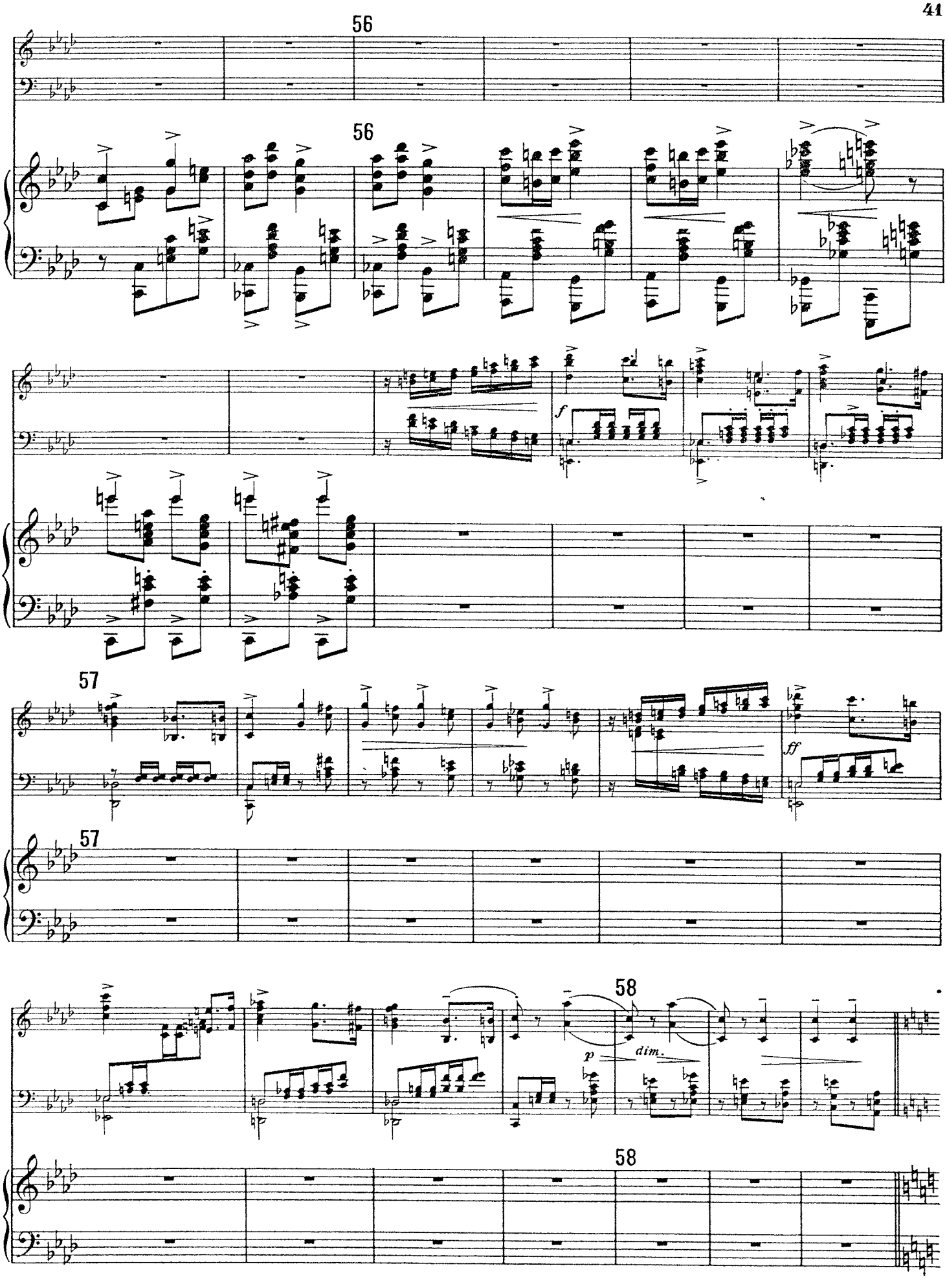

47
47
f
p stringendo
cresc.
8
ff
loco
48
48
p
O God of our torment lean down and decide that we
p sost.
dim.
pp

shall meet never again.

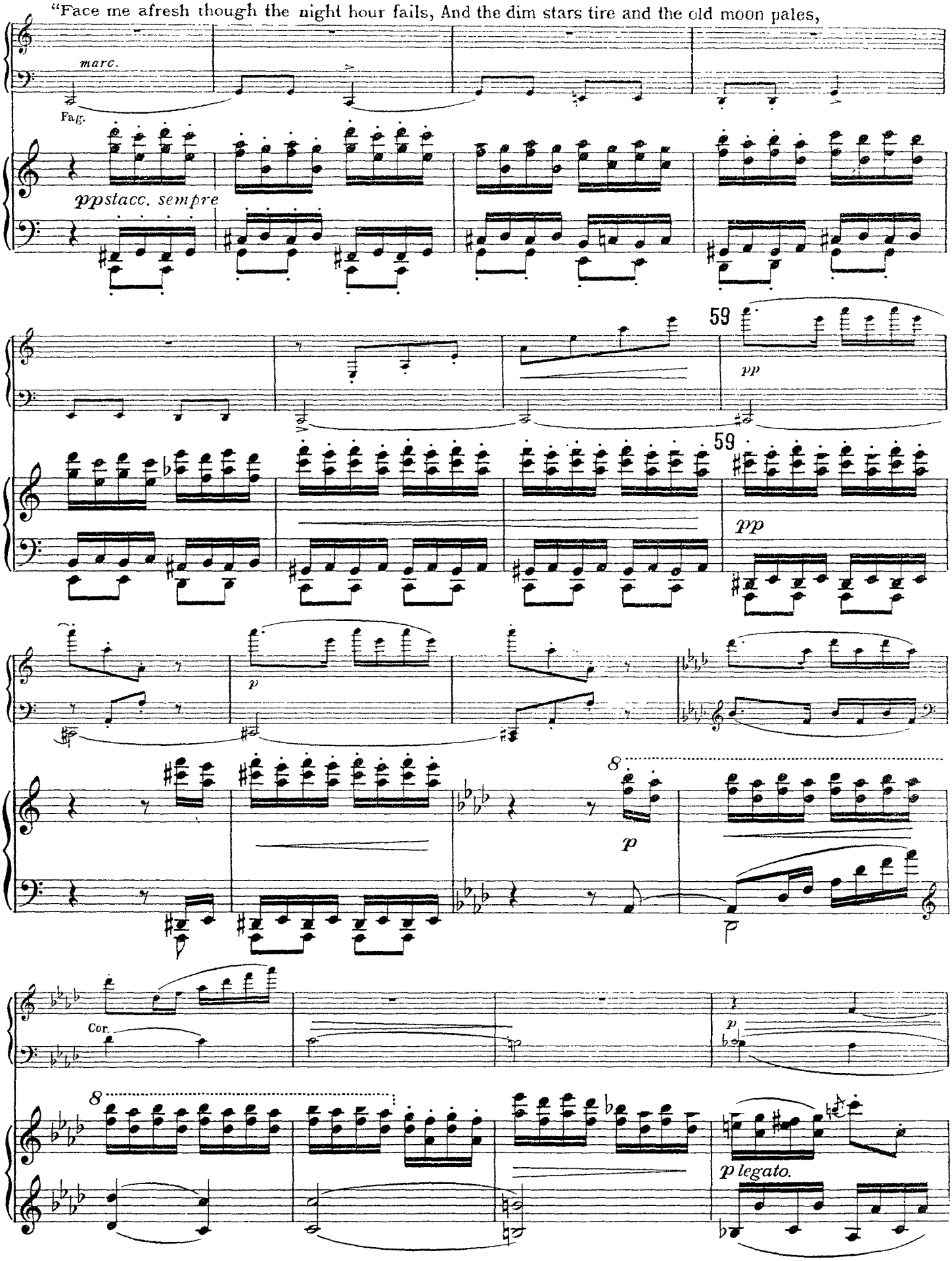


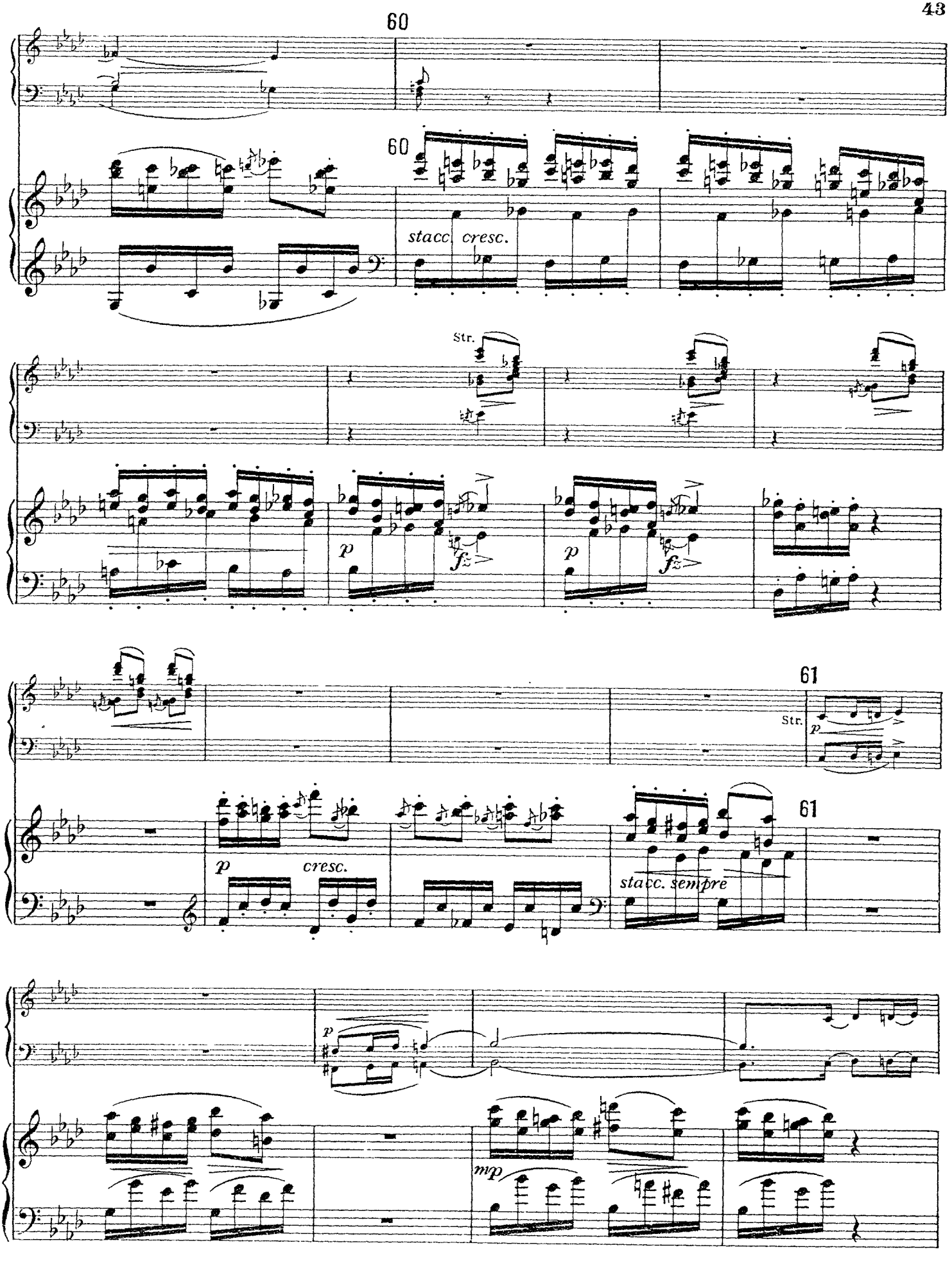

52
cresc.
ff
accel.
52
Presto.
sf
rit.
Tempo I.
53
p
f
p
f
p
Tempo I.
53
f
f
f
f
p
sf

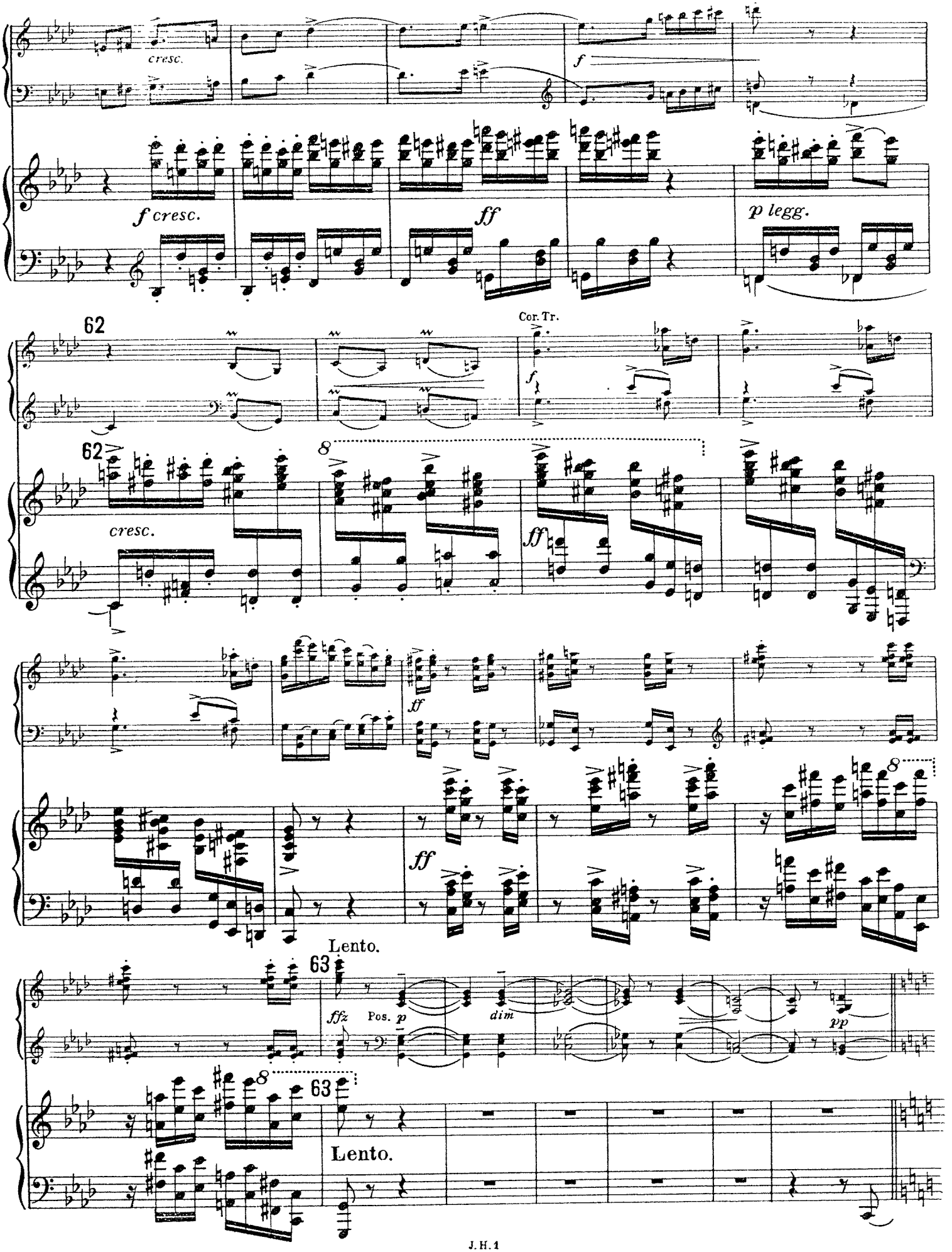

54
f
p
f
54
f
3
3
p
cresc.
ff
ff fuoco
55
55
ff


56
56
f
57
57
ff
58
p
dim.
58

"Face me afresh though the night hour fails, And the dim stars tire and the old moon pales,




60
60
stacc. cresc.
Str.
p
fz
p
fz
61
Str.
p
61
p
cresc.
stacc. sempre
p
mp


cresc.
f
f cresc.
ff
p legg.
62
Cor. Tr.
f
62
cresc.
8
ff
ff
ff
Lento.
63
ffz
Pos.
p
dim
pp
8
63
Lento.

"Back to your grave and the rest that's denied me. The birds are astir,

Tempo poco Larghetto.

Wood

64

p

f

Tempo poco Larghetto.

64

esp. sost.

65

65

cresc.

sf

3

3

3

3

3

p

Ped.

Ped.

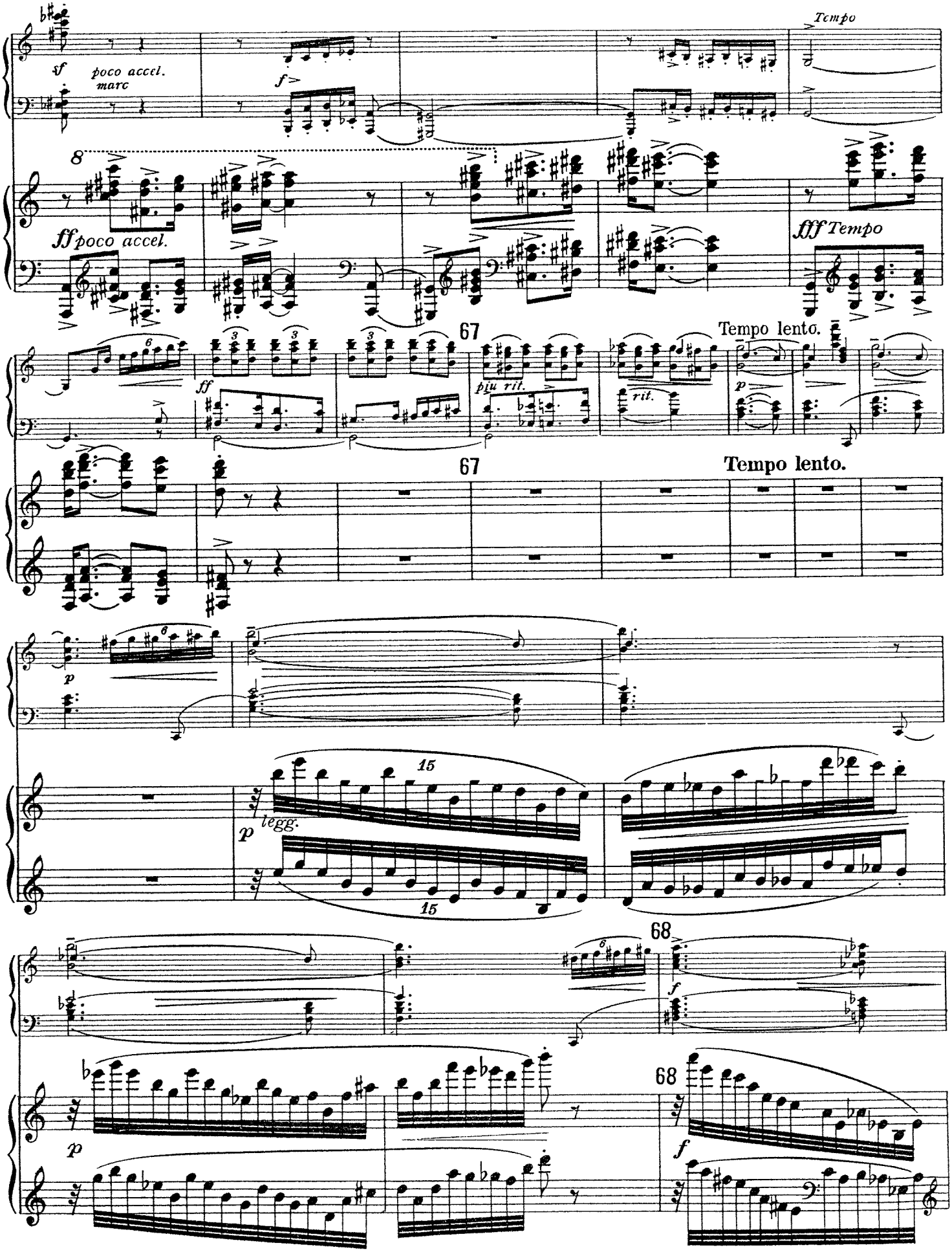
66

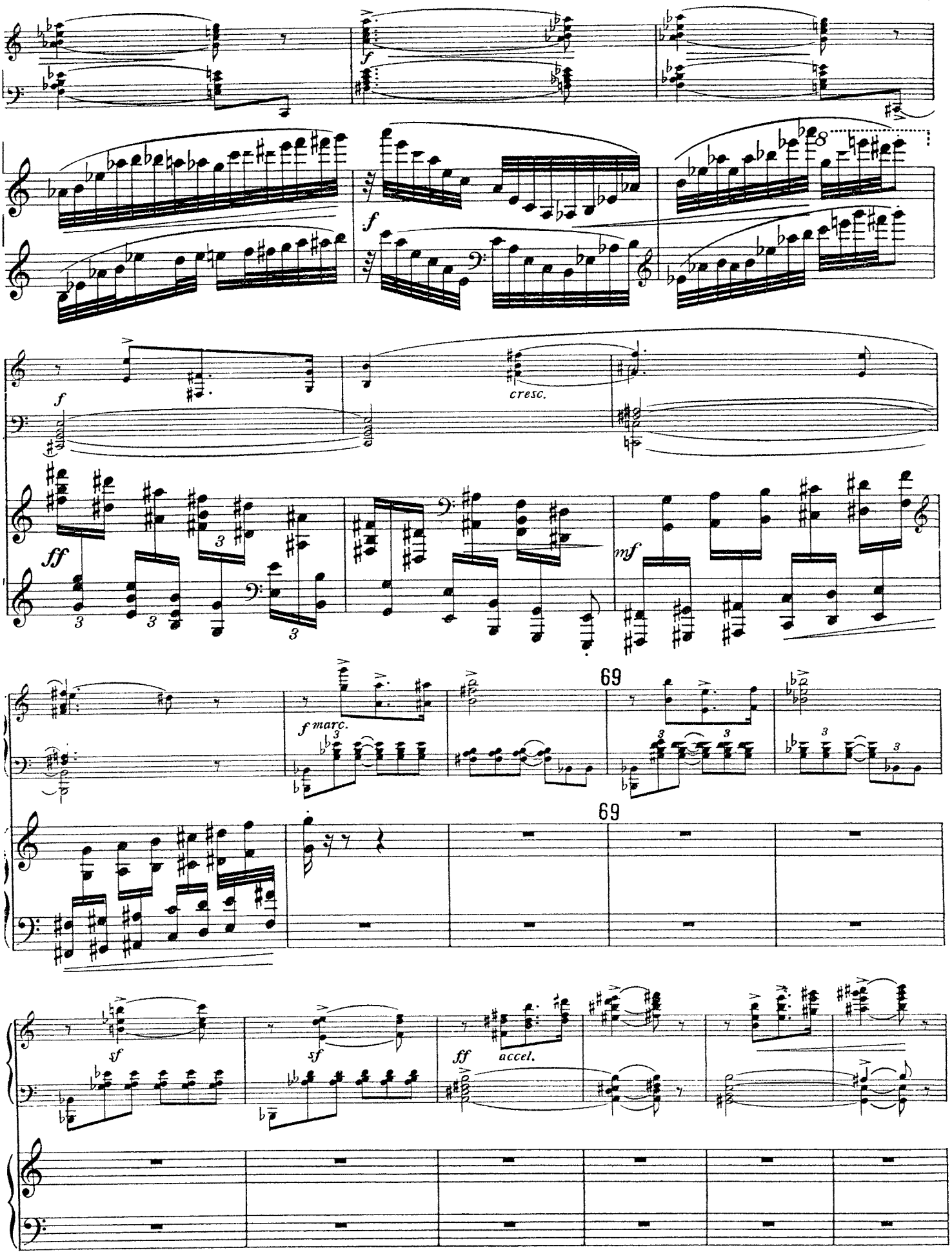
66

f

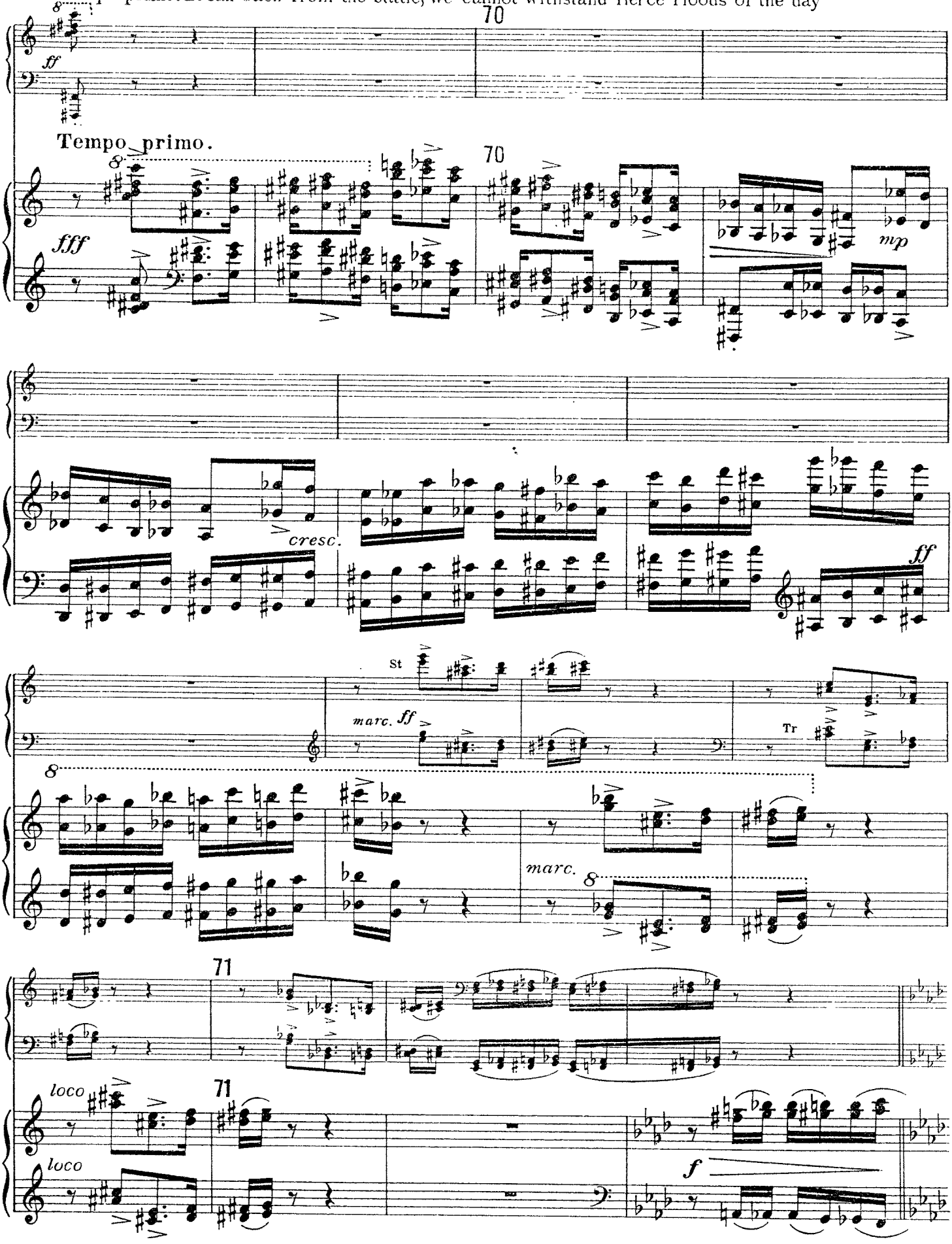
8

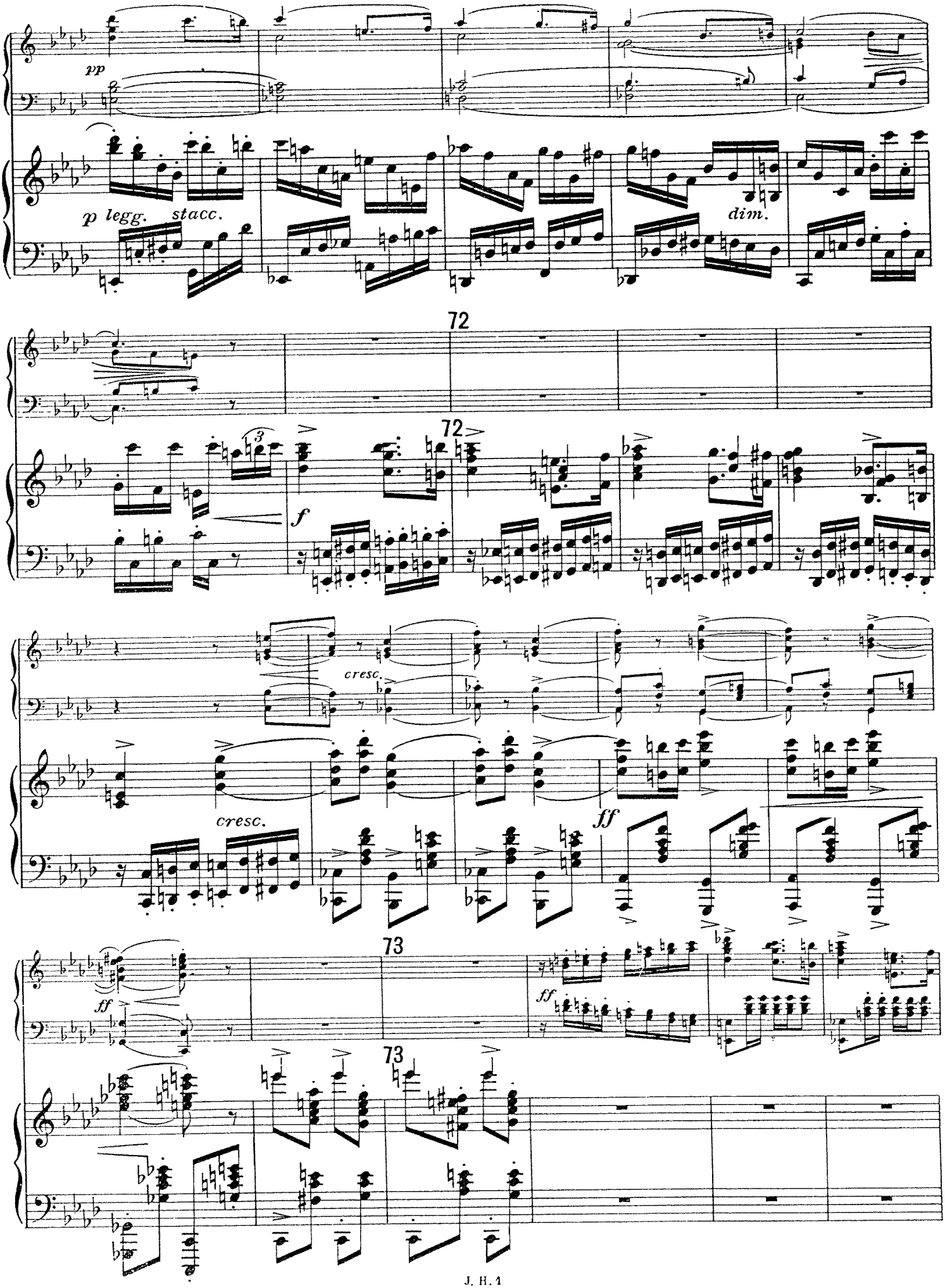
f

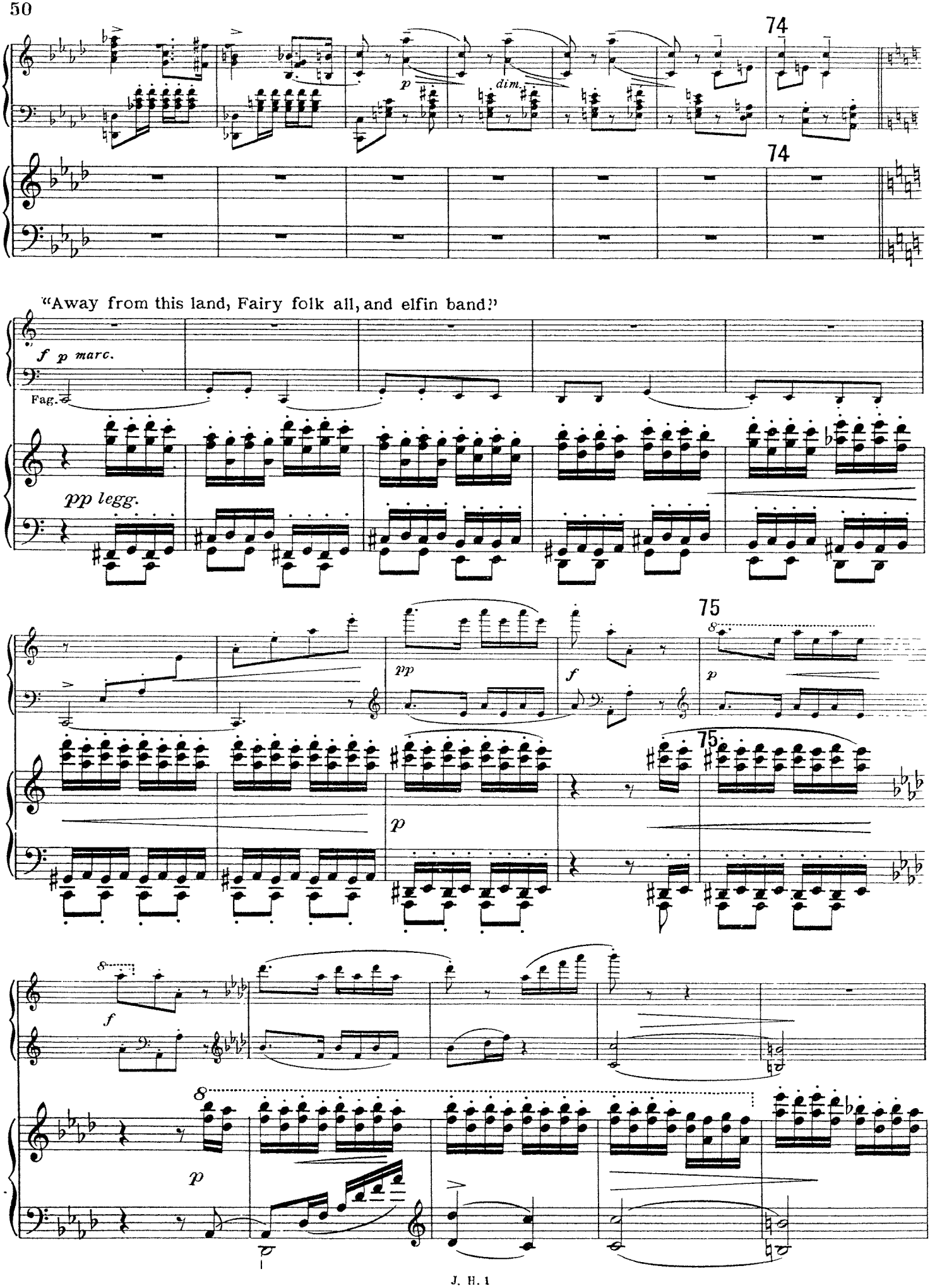

Tempo
sf poco accel. marc
f
8
ff poco accel.
fff Tempo
67
Tempo lento.
ff
più rit.
rit.
p
67
Tempo lento.
p
15
legg.
p
15
68
f
68
p
f

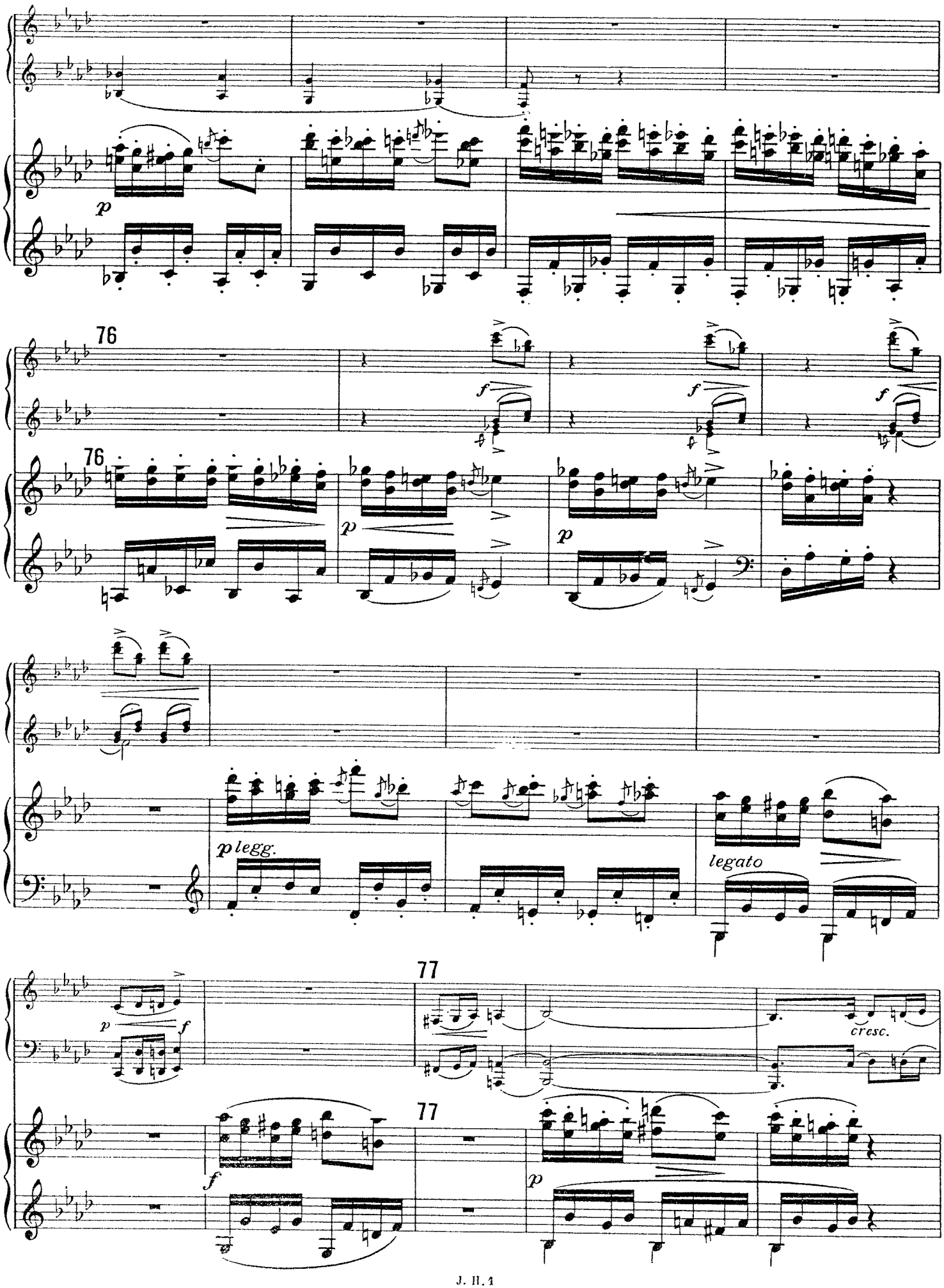

f
f
cresc.
ff
mf
f marc.
69
69
sf
sf
ff
accel.

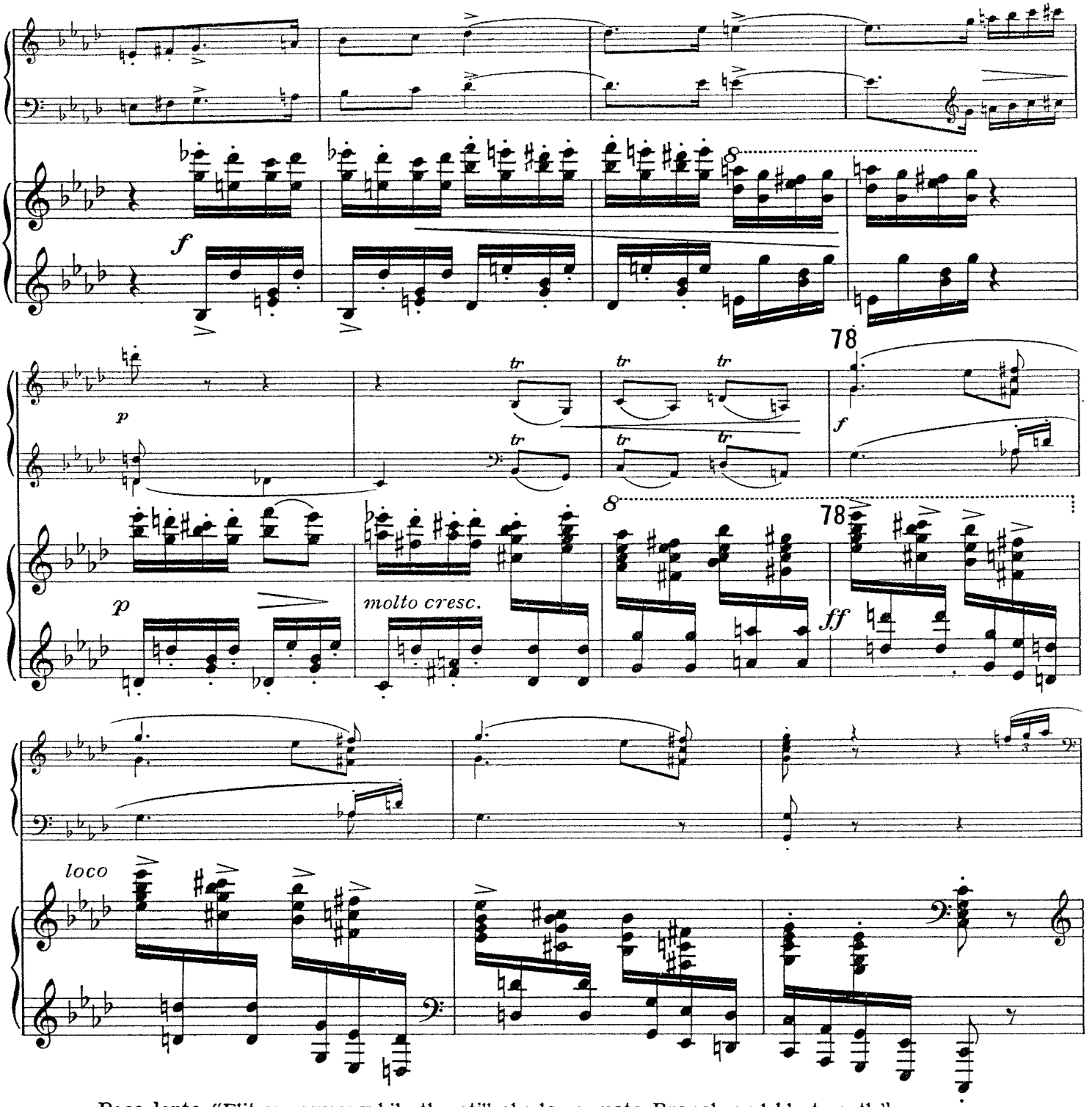
Tempo primo. Break back from the battle, we cannot withstand fierce floods of the day



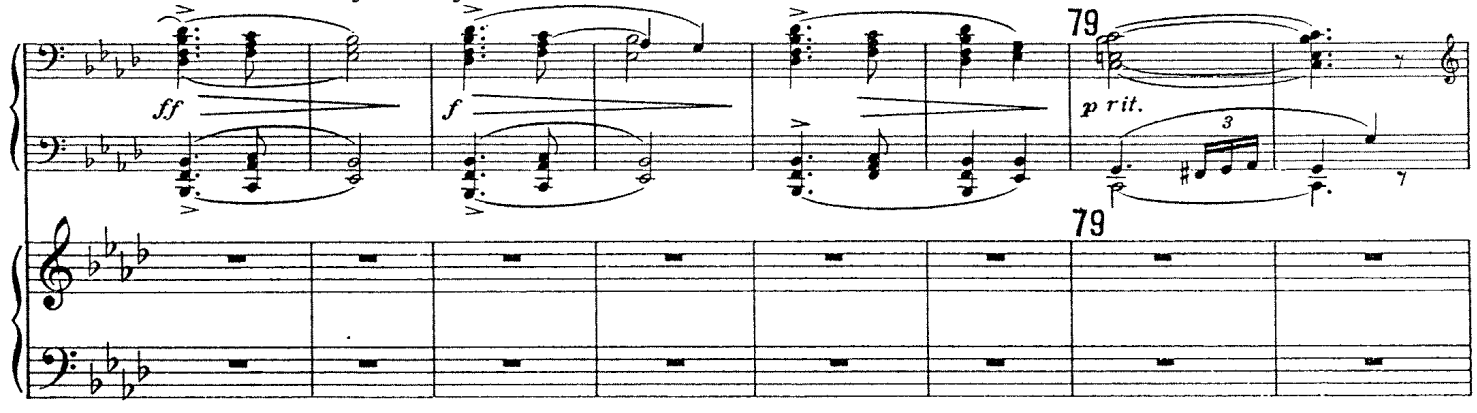

pp
p legg.
stacc.
dim.
72
72
f
cresc.
cresc.
ff
73
ff
ff
73

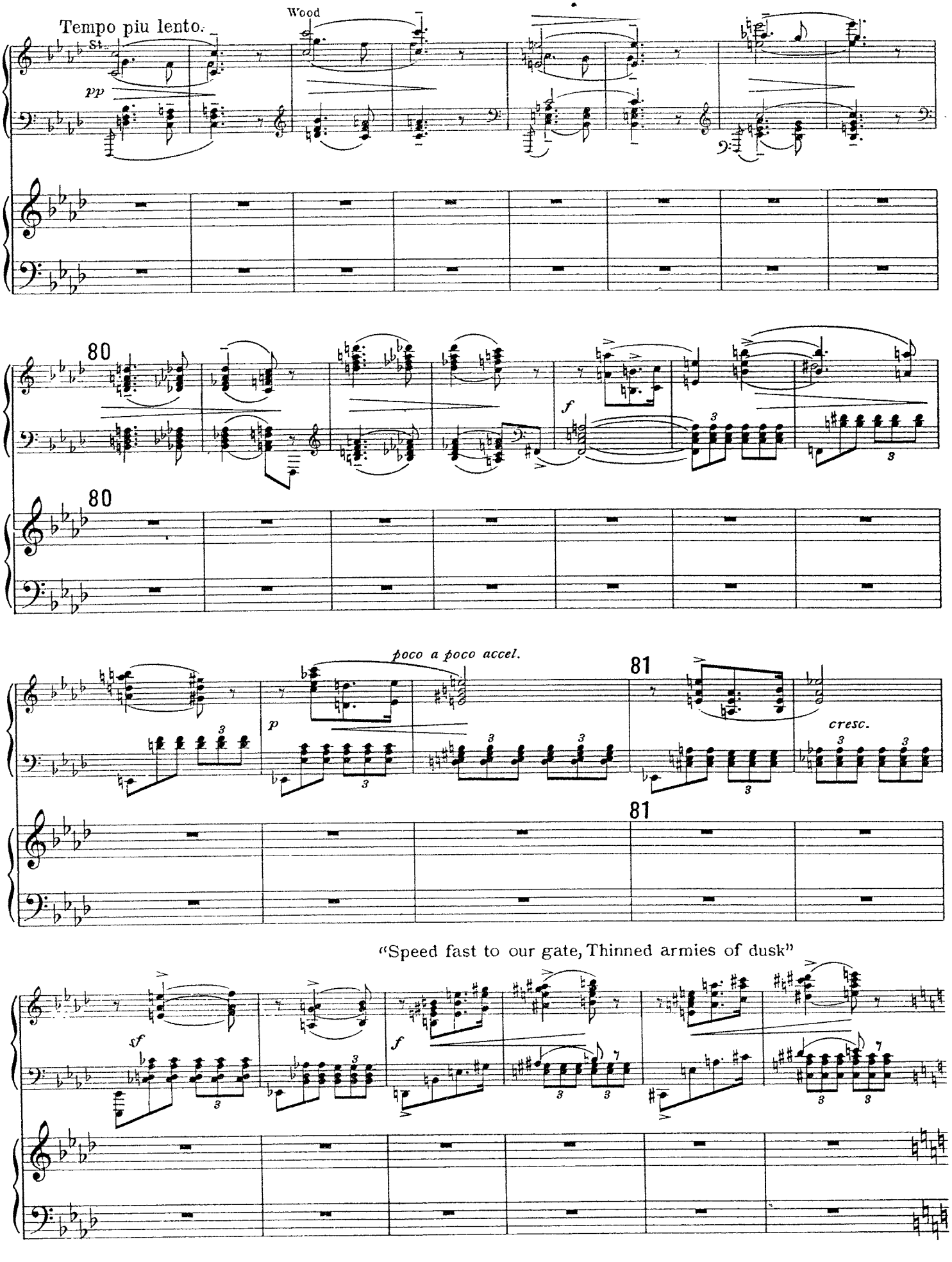

74
74
dim.
"Away from this land, Fairy folk all, and elfin band!"
f p marc.
Fag.
pp legg.
75
75
pp
f
p
p
f
p

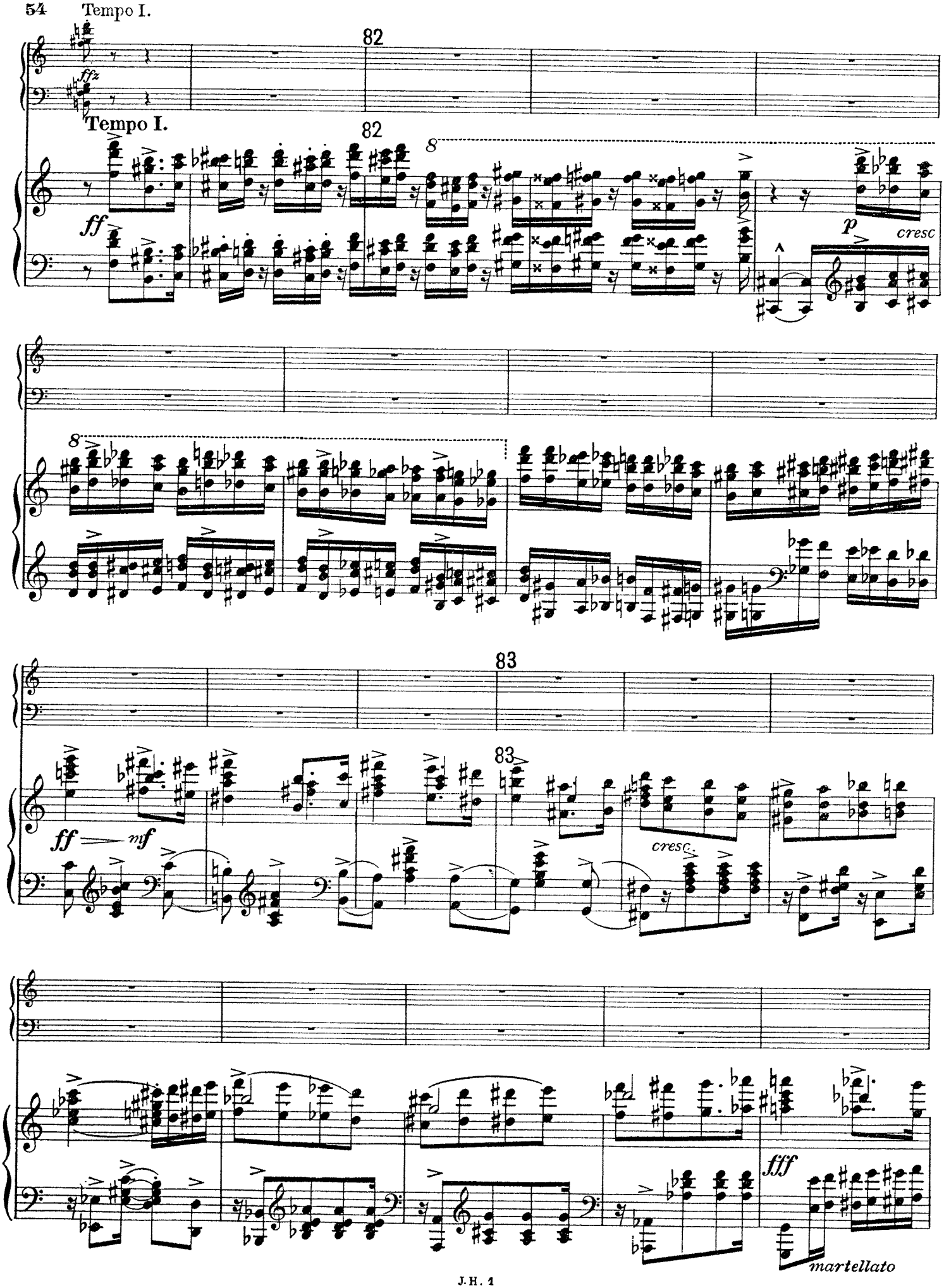

76
76
p
f
f
f
p
p
p legg.
legato
77
77
p
f
cresc.
f
p

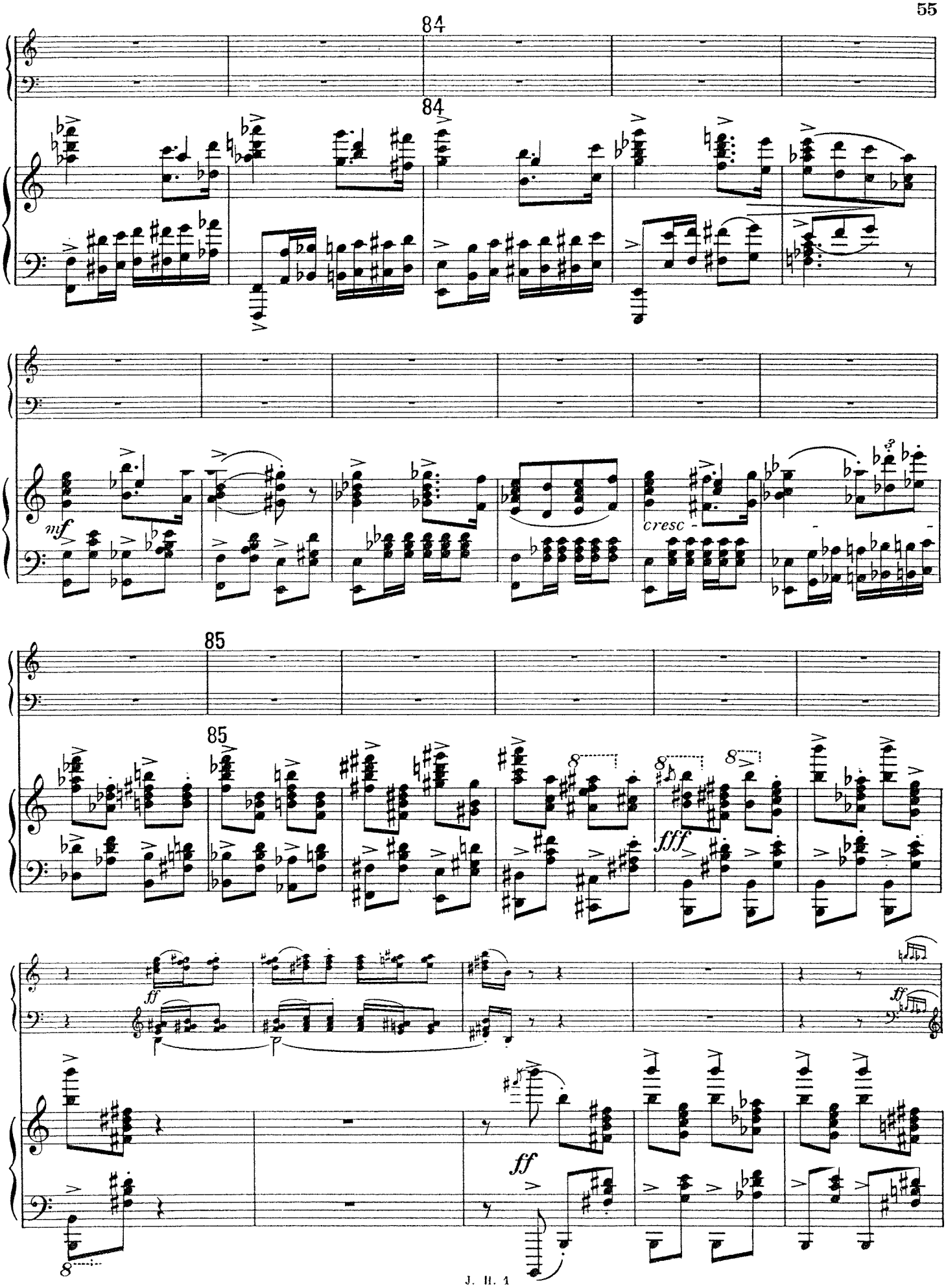


Poco lento. "Flit ye away while the still shadows mate Branch and blest earth."




Tempo piu lento.
Wood
pp
80
80
f
poco a poco accel.
p
81
81
cresc.
"Speed fast to our gate, Thinned armies of dusk"
sf
f


Tempo I.
82
ffz
Tempo I.
82
8
ff
p
cresc
8
83
83
ff
nf
cresc.
fff
martellato


84
84
mf
cresc
85
85
fff
ff
ff
ff

86

mf

86

ff

cresc

mf

87

cresc

87

fff possible

martellato

f

For scorn follows fast on the fairy king's fate. Laughter of light on his reign.

L'istesso tempo (Doppio.)

88

dim

p

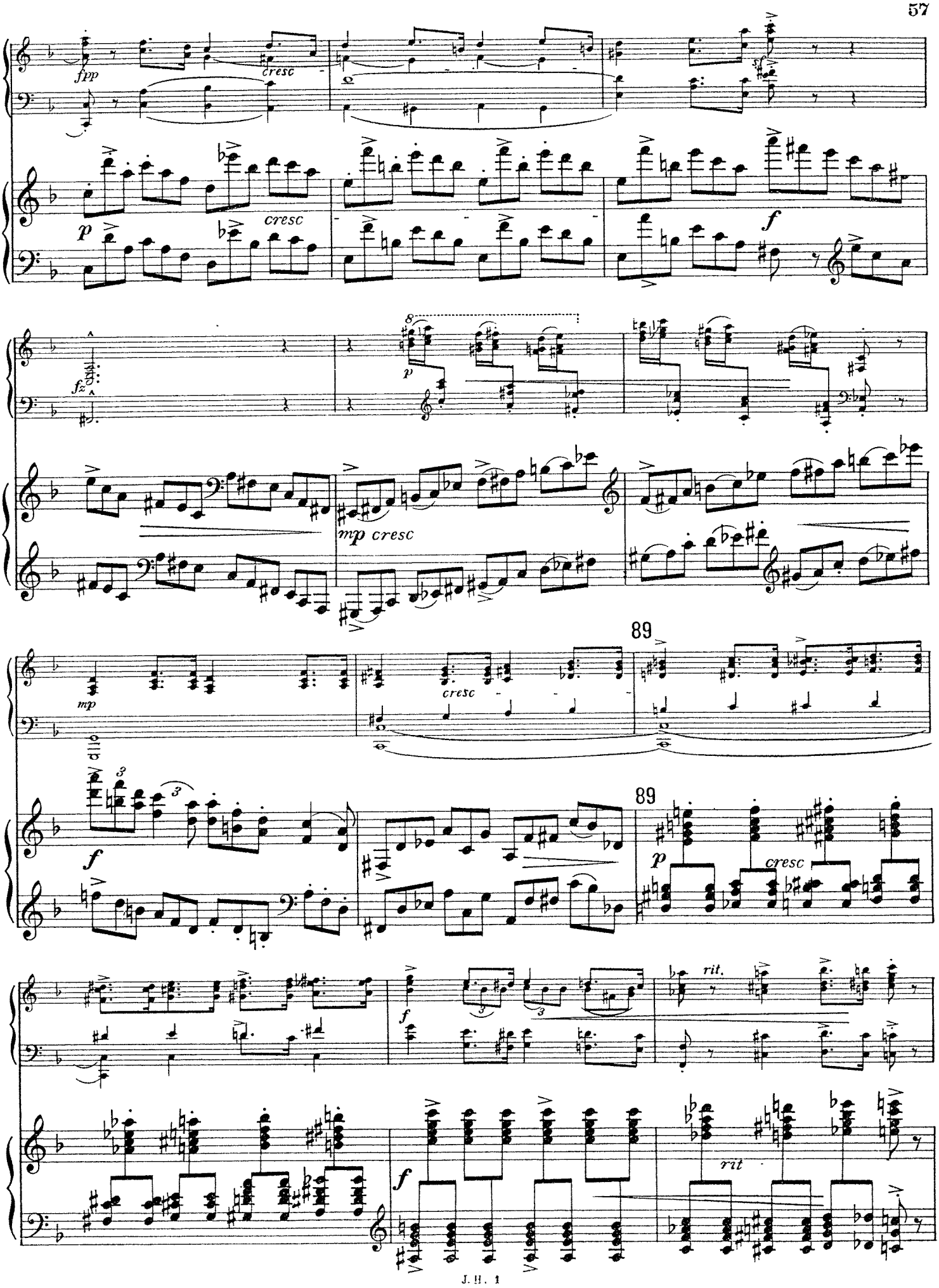
legg.

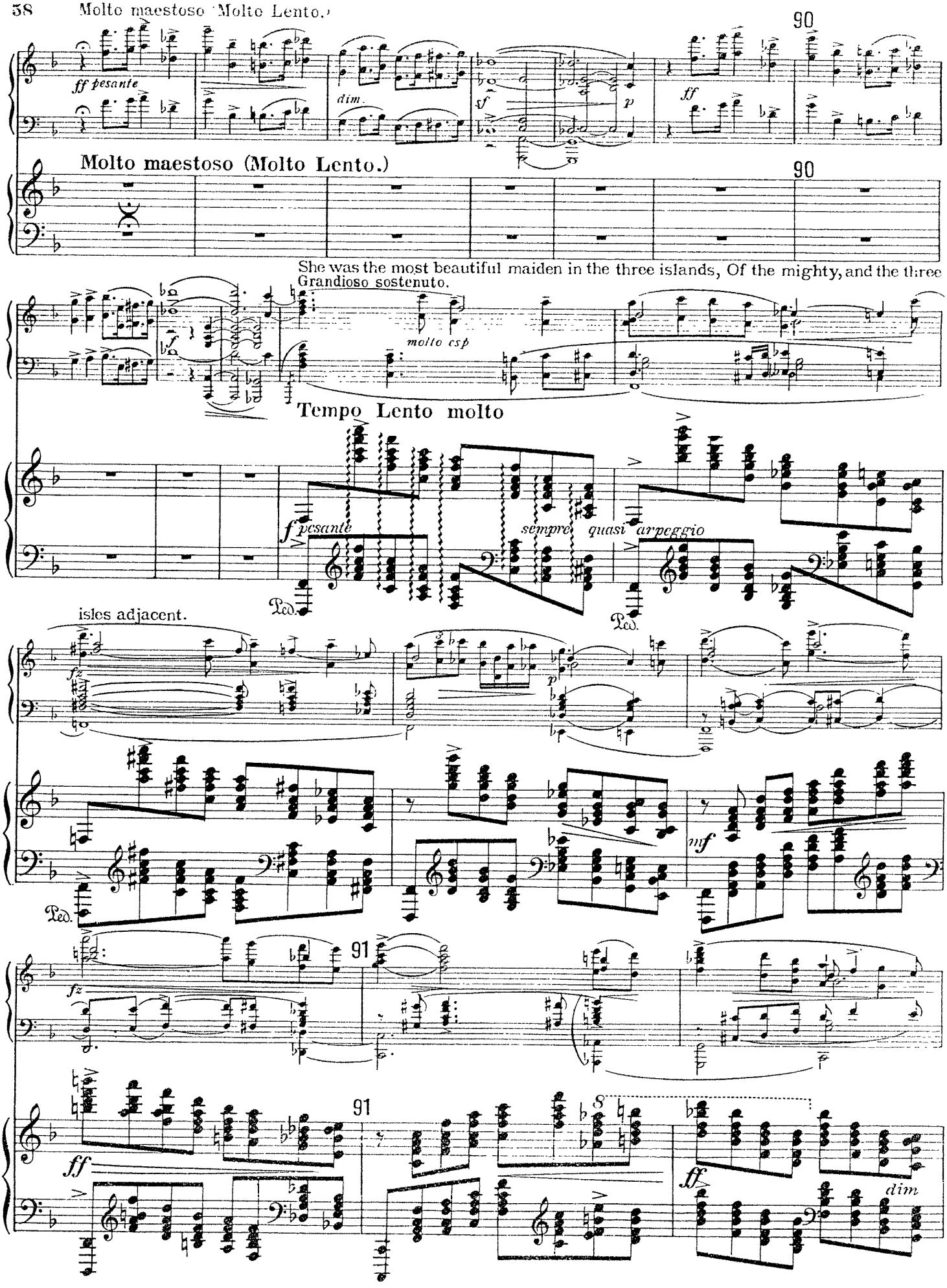
L'istesso tempo (Doppio.)

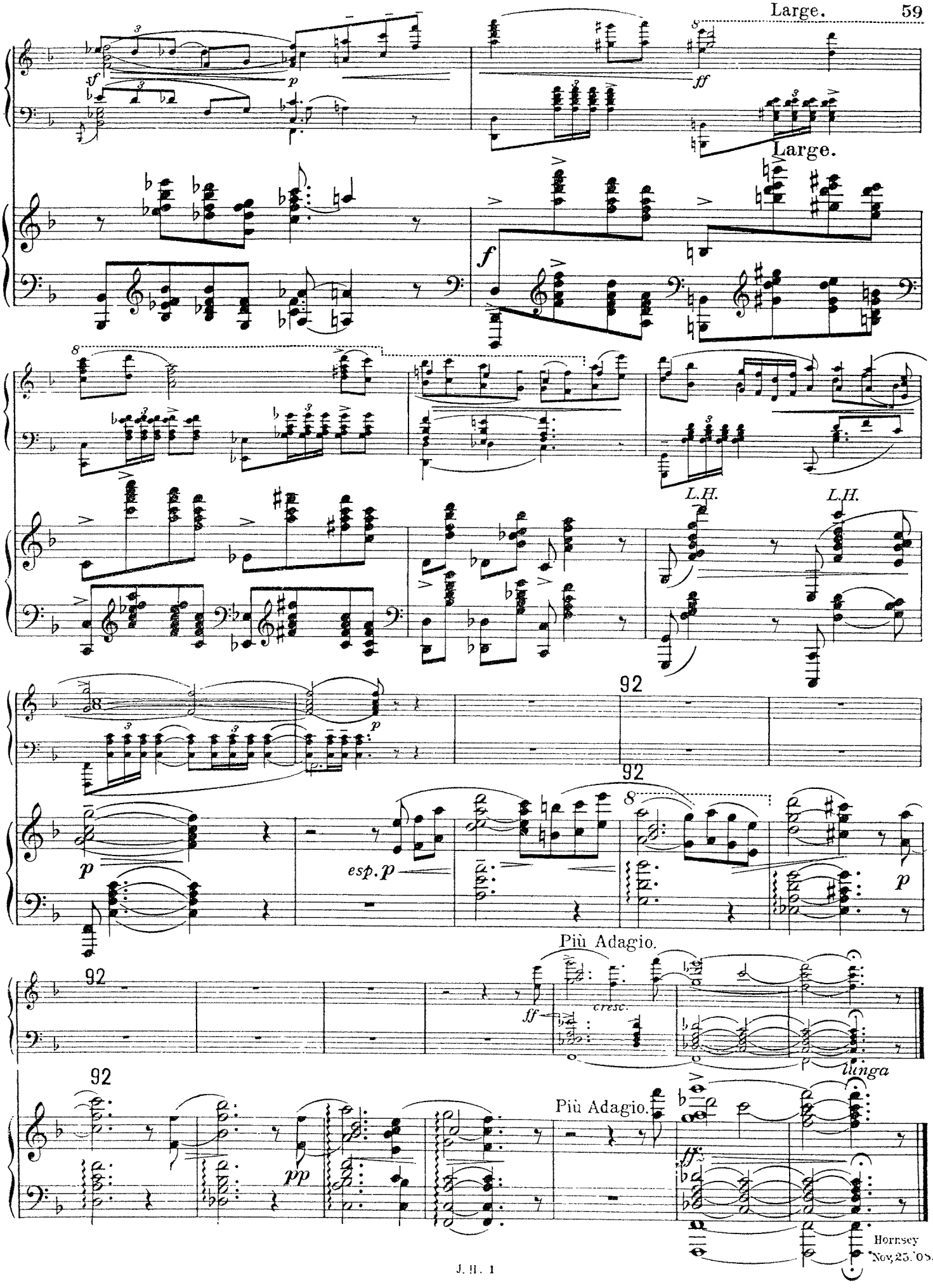
88

dim non legate

p


fpp
cresc
p
cresc
f
fz
8
p
mp cresc
mp
cresc
89
f
89
p
cresc
f
rit.
f
rit


Molto maestoso (Molto Lento.)
ff pesante
dim.
sf
p
ff
90
She was the most beautiful maiden in the three islands, Of the mighty, and the three
Grandioso sostenuto.
molto esp
Tempo Lento molto
f pesante
sempre quasi arpeggio
Ped.
isles adjacent.
fz
mf
91
ff
8
ff
dim


sf
p
ff
Large.
f
L.H.
L.H.
92
p
esp. p
92
8
p
Più Adagio.
92
ff
cresc.
p
lunga
92
pp
Più Adagio.
ff
Hornsey
Nov. 25. '05.