

# Three nocturnal songs

for tenor and guitar

Tomas Friberg (2021)

Durata: 9 min.

### **Autumn**

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—  
I walked abroad,  
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge  
Like a red-faced farmer.  
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,  
And round about were the wistful stars  
With white faces like town children.

*(T. E. Hulme)*

### **Spellbound**

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me  
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  
And the storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go.

*(Charlotte Brontë)*

### **'Tis moonlight, summer moonlight**

'Tis moonlight, summer moonlight,  
All soft and still and fair;  
The solemn hour of midnight  
Breathes sweet thoughts everywhere,

But most where trees are sending  
Their breezy boughs on high,  
Or stooping low are lending  
A shelter from the sky.

And there in those wild bowers  
A lovely form is laid;  
Green grass and dew-steeped flowers  
Wave gently round her head.

*(Emily Brontë)*

# Three nocturnal songs

## Autumn (T. E. Hulme)

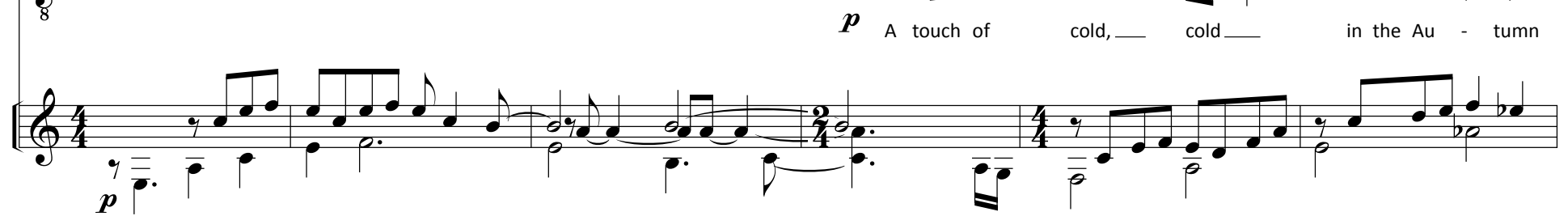
Slow (♩ = 54)

Tenor




*p* A touch of cold, \_\_\_ cold \_\_\_ in the Au - tumn

Guitar



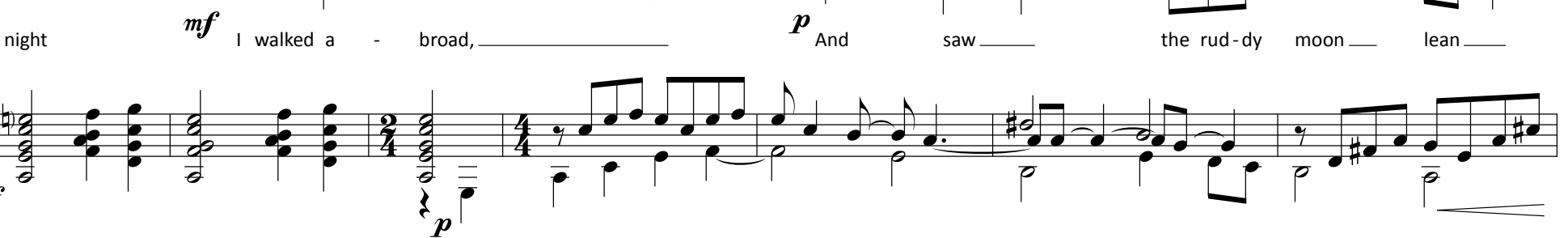
7

T



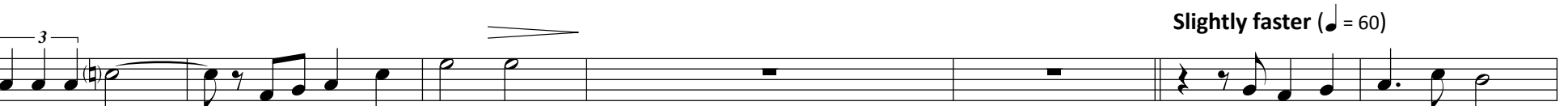
night *mf* I walked a - broad, \_\_\_ *p* And saw \_\_\_ the rud-dy moon \_\_\_ lean \_\_\_

Gtr.



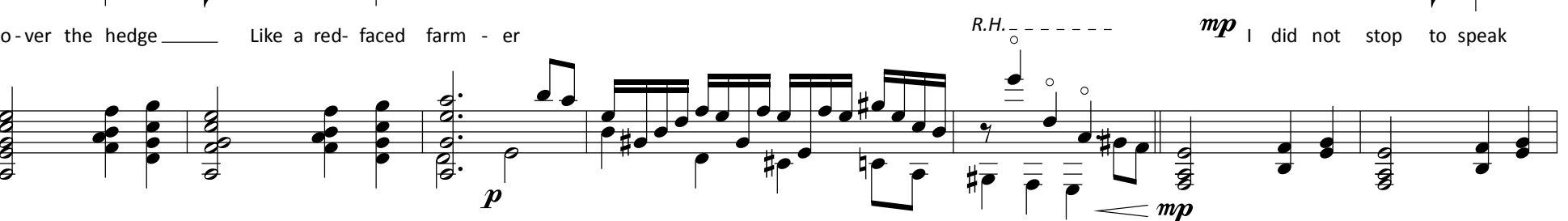
14

T



o-ver the hedge \_\_\_ Like a red-faced farm - er *R.H.* *mp* I did not stop to speak

Gtr.



Slow (♩ = 54)

21

T 8 *mf*

but nod-ded *p* And round a - bout were the wist - ful

Gtr. *p*

28

T 8 *p*

stars, the wist - ful stars, stars, the wist - ful stars With

Gtr. *mf* *p*

35

*poco rit.*

Slightly slower (♩ = 48)

T 8 *mf*

white fa - ces like town - child - ren

Gtr. *mf* *p* *mp* *R.H.*

Spellbound  
(Charlotte Brontë)

Steadily fast (♩ = 124 (♩ = 62))

Guitar

4

Gtr.

8

T

Gtr.

*sfz p*

*sfz p*

*sfz mp*

*sfz mp*

*p*

*mp* The night is dark - en - ing *p* round me,

*sfz p*

6

22

T

8

*mf* The wild winds cold - - - ly

Gtr.

*sfz p*

*f*

*mf*

28

T

8

blow;

*p* But a ty - rant

Gtr.

*sfz mp*

*sfz mp*

*p*

35

T

8

spell has bound me *mp* but I can - not can - not

Gtr.

*mf*

43

T  
8

go \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* The gi - ant trees \_\_\_\_\_ are ben -

Gtr.

*pp*

51

T  
8

ding \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* their bare \_\_\_\_\_ boughs weighed \_\_\_\_\_ with

Gtr.

*sfz p* \_\_\_\_\_ *pp*

57

T  
8

snow. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* and the storm \_\_\_\_\_ is fast de - scend - ing \_\_\_\_\_

Gtr.

*f* *pp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *p*

sul pont.

ord. 3

8

66

T

8

*mp* And yet \_\_\_\_\_ I can-not go. \_\_\_\_\_

Gtr.

*mf*

*p*

76

T

*mp* Clouds be-yond clouds a - bove me, \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* wastes be-yond wastes be - low \_\_\_\_\_

Gtr.

*sfz p*

*sfz mp*

84

T

*p* But, \_\_\_\_\_ no - thing drear can move

Gtr.

*sfz mp*

*p*



91

T

8

me

*mf*

will not, can - not go

Gtr.

*f*

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for voice and guitar. The voice part (T) is in treble clef and begins at measure 91 with the lyrics 'me will not, can - not go'. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with a fermata over the final note. The guitar part (Gtr.) is also in treble clef and features a triplet of eighth notes, followed by chords and a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*. The score ends with a fermata over the final note.

## Three nocturnal songs

## 'Tis moonlight, summer moonlight

(Emily Brontë)

Simple (♩ = 38)

Tenor

*pp* 'Tis moon - light, sum - mer - moon - light. All soft and still and

Guitar

*pp*

8

T

fair \_\_\_\_\_ The so - lemn hour of mid - night Breathes sweet thoughts ev - ery - where, \_\_\_\_\_ Breathes sweet thoughts ev - ery - where \_\_\_\_\_ *p* But

Gtr.

15

T

most where trees are send - ing \_\_\_\_\_ there bree - zy boughs on high \_\_\_\_\_ or stoop - ing low \_\_\_\_\_ are

Gtr.

*p*

20  
T  
8  
lend - ing a shel - ter from the sky, a shel - ter from the sky

Gtr.

*pp*

Gtr.

26  
T  
8  
*p* And there in those wild bow - ers a love - ly form is laid; Green

Gtr.

*p*

32  
T  
8  
grass and dew - steeped flow - ers wave gent - ly round her head, wave gent - ly round her head

Gtr.

*rit.*