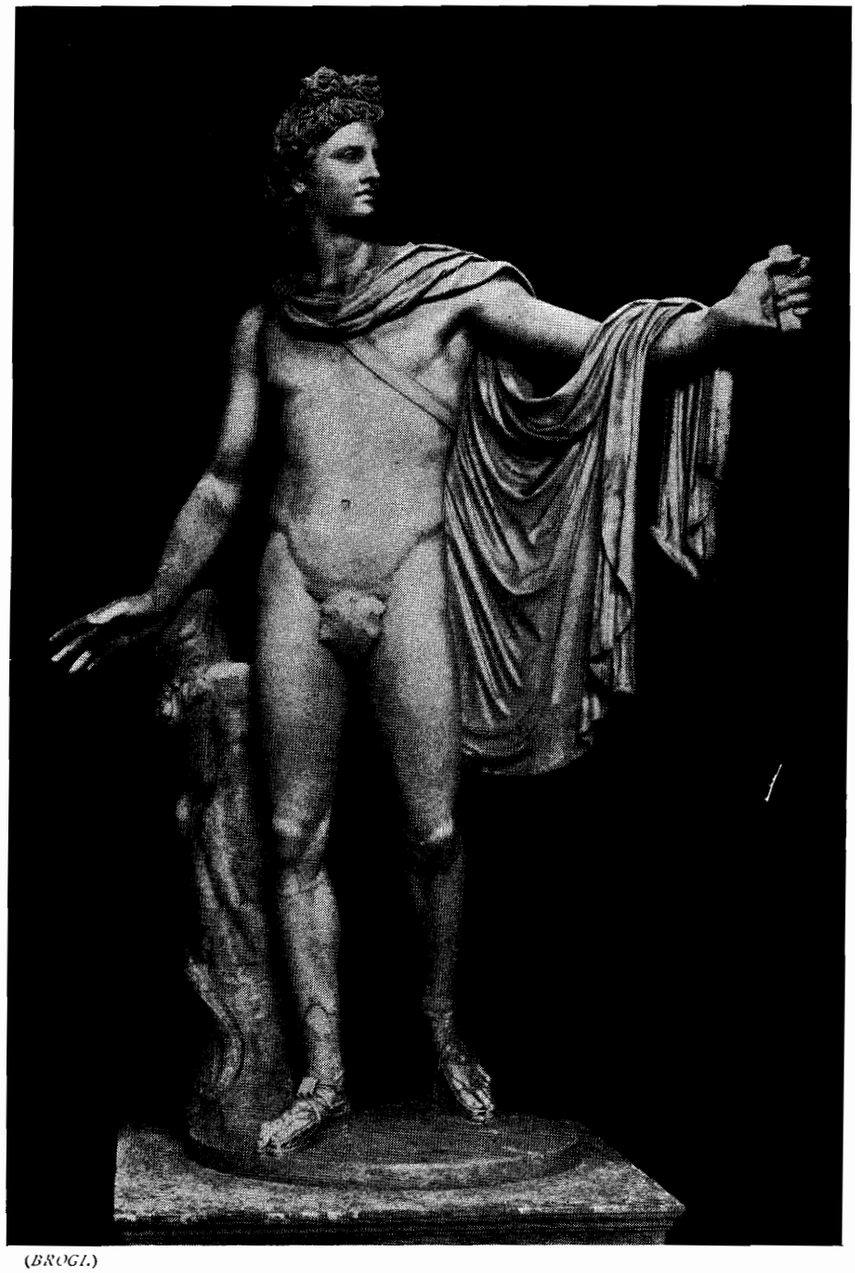
Apollo and the Seaman

POEM

BY

HERBERT TRENCH



(*BROGI.*)

MUSIC

BY

J. HOLBROOKE

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, Limited.

AN ILLUMINATED SYMPHONY.

APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN

A POEM ON IMMORTALITY

BY

HERBERT TRENCH

SET AS A DRAMATIC SYMPHONY

WITH CHORAL EPILOGUE

BY

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

(Op. 51.)

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY THE COMPOSER

Price Eight Shillings and Sixpence net.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

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DIRECTIONS

FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRAL SCORE OF

"APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN"

I.

The following Symphony with Choral Epilogue has been called "An Illuminated Symphony," and is intended for performance in a large Hall or Theatre.

The object to be obtained is an effect of dignity, mystery and solemnity, by a combination of poetry and music simultaneously concentrated upon the same ideas.

The Theatre or Hall should be in darkness, if possible, both previous to and during the performance of the Orchestra. The Orchestra is intended to consist of 85 to 100 performers, together with about 150 to 200 Men's Voices, and should, as far as possible, be invisible, behind a screen of plants, palms, or foliage—or thin, extremely lofty, decoratively hung festoons and columns of dark, richly-coloured veilings designed not to destroy the sound—and behind the Screen for the Poem.

The lights on the music-stands should be closely and heavily shaded. The choir should learn their short part by heart, in order to dispense with lights.

II.

The Screen for the Poem should be about 17½ feet square, in a large hall such as the Queen's Hall.

From the Galleries, or some other position *behind* the Audience, Limelight or Electric Light from Dissolving Lanterns should cast the words of the poem on the Screen, *in exact time with the changes of the music of the Orchestra* as the Symphony proceeds. The words should slightly precede the corresponding music.

The Audience should if possible be ushered, at the opening of the performance, into darkness.

It is important that the whole *mise-en-scène* should be so arranged as to present a scene of decorative beauty, even if the lights are turned up at the close, which is by no means desirable. While in darkness, the margins of the Screen may represent some simple columnar design, in the classic style, enclosing the words of the Poem. This marginal design might be projected upon the Screen from one lantern : but it would be more artistic (where possible) to make the actual supports and framings of the text themselves real and decorative, by an arrangement of dark simple draperies round the text on the Screen. These draperies should harmonise in colour with the colour of the lettering.

The lantern slides will probably be found to contain, as a rule, two stanzas or about twelve lines ; and the magnified type should be about eight inches high. Pale green lettering on a black ground is effective. In changing the slides great care should be taken to do so in smooth and easy fashion, avoiding awkward jerks.

Other details respecting the proper manner of performance may be obtained upon application to Messrs. Novello. Veilings and slides may be obtained from the Owner of the Proprietary Rights, through Messrs. Novello.

The Symphony was first performed, before Royalty, at the Queen's Hall on January 20, 1908, together with the Symphonic Poem "The Shepherd," by Herbert Trench and W. H. Bell, which served as Prelude, and the Song, "Come, let us make love deathless," by Joseph Holbrooke, which served as Interlude.

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APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

SECTION I. ... ... APOLLO'S COMING.
"Apollo through the woods came down.'

SECTION II. ... ... THE RUMOUR.
"And why are you cast down, sailor?"

SECTION III. ... ... THE SHIP.
"And whence did that craft hail, sailor?"

PART II.

SECTION IV. ... ... THE TIDINGS.
"How think of her, gone down, gone down!"

PART III.

SECTION V. ... ... THE TALE OF APOLLO.
"There was no whisper out of space."

SECTION VI. ... ... THE REBUKE.
"When the man knew the ship he loved."

PART IV.

SECTION VII. ... ... FINALE—THE NEW SHIP.
"Voyage after voyage, how else."

SECTION VIII. (Choral) ... THE EMBARKATION.
"The last words in the rafters rang."

THE ORCHESTRA.

STRINGS ... Violini I., Violini II., Viole, Violoncelli and Contra-Bassi.

WOOD-WIND ... Piccolo, 3 Flauti, 3 Oboi, Corno Inglese, 2 Clarinetti, Clarinetto in E flat, Alto Clarinetto, Clarinetto Basso, 3 Fagotti and Contra Fagotto.

BRASS ... ... 4 (or 8) Corni, 4 Trombe, 3 Tromboni, Contra Tuba, Euphonium, 2 Saxophones (*ad lib.*), 2 Sarrusophones (*ad lib.*).

PERCUSSION ... 3 Timpani, Gran Cassa, Piatti, Side Drum, Triangle, Tambourine, Bells, Glockenspiel, Gong and Tabor.

2 Harps, Celesta and Xylophone.

*APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.

I.

Apollo's coming.

APOLLO through the woods came down
Furred like a merchant fine,
And sate with a Sailor at an Inn
Sharing a jug of wine.

Had sun-rays, spilled out of a storm,
Thither the God conveyed?
Or some green and floating cloudlet caught
On the fringes of a glade?

For none had known him by his gait
Descending from the hills,
Though far and wide before him blew
The friendly daffodils;

No shepherd had discovered him
On upland pasture bare
By dew-pond or green Roman camp;
No voice aloft in air

Along lone barrows of great downs
With kine in rolling coombes,
Where bells blow up from all the plain
To headlands spring perfumes,

Proclaimed him to those coombes and folds
Of little lambs unyeaned,
Or sung him to the billowy woods
With spray of buds begreened,
Where spreads in haze the snowy maze
Of orchards deep-ravined—

Telling the dingles of the thrush
To overflow with sound,
Warning the grassy commons all
In vales for miles around:

"Wake! shady forest-coverts wide!
Wake! skylit river-sward!
Chases and meres and misty shires
Be ready for your lord!"

But he would not stay nor tarry there
On the blithe edge of the down,
To the sea-coast his errand was
And the smoke-hanging town.

Far off he saw its harbours shine
And black sea-bastions thronged
With masts of the sea-traffickers
For whom his spirit longed.

Far off he heard the windlass heaved
And the creaking of the cranes,
Gay barges hailed and poled along,
And the rattling fall of chains,

Till by the windows of that Inn
He sate and took his ease
Where the bowsprits of the swarthy ships
Came thrusting to the quays.

II.

Apollo. "And why are you cast down, sailor? **The rumour.**
And why are you cast down?
With lapfuls of the guineas light
Come you not back to town?

Your feet that must have run in air
Aloft the slippy mast
Are they not glad to land, my lad,
On steady ground at last?"

Up from his brown and branded hands
A heavy chin he raised,
And sidelong through the harbour bluffs
Looked out like man amazed.

Seaman. "If you had cruised as I have cruised
The world for many a year,
Your blood like mine it would have struck
At the strange news I hear.

O the Moon went riding high last night
And the dance along the quays,
But I could not find it in my heart
To care for shows like these;

For while still I felt the rollers' lift
Bear on through the dark land
And the little houses here still rock
And sway—they would not stand—

I heard them calling in the streets
That the ship I serve upon—
The great ship Immortality—
Was gone down, like the sun. . . ."

III.

Apollo. "And whence did that craft hail, sailor, **The Ship.**
Of which you seem so fond?"

Seaman. "It was some harbour of the East,
Back o' beyond, back o' beyond!"

Apollo. "What shipwrights' hammers rang on her,
The stout ship and the leal?
In what green forest inlet lay
Her cradle and her keel?

Seaman. "I think some arm of the sea-gods
Framed us her stormy frame,
And ribbed and beamed and stanchioned her,
And gave her strength a name.

Never, Sir Traveller, have you seen
A sight the half as fine
As when she hove up from the East
On our horizon-line!"

Apollo. "I have seen a dead god on the Nile,
Paddled by tribes of bronze,
Under mud-built villages of palms
Glide, statelier than swans,
And Isis' frail moon-golden skiff
Restore him to that barque of life
Whose years are millions.

* From "*New Poems*, including Apollo and the Seaman, The Queen of Gothland, Stanzas to Tolstoy, and other Lyrics," by HERBERT TRENCH. (Methuen & Co.)

I have seen Jason and his men
Into bows of Argo piece
Oak of Dodona, ere she slid
To find the golden fleece;
Ay, and triremes of the marble isles
Pursue from Salamis.

I have seen master-galleys rise
Dipping in mass the oar,
And centaur-carven caravels,
And galleons big with ore,
Dromonds, and mountain'd argosies
That sack the globe no more:

Great sails, like yellow weeping clouds,
Heap'd thunder, roaring squall—
And their fadings, like the fleet of stars
That floateth over all."

Seaman. "Well—ask all navies such as these—
Was she not more divine
Who, challenged by Death's muffled drums,
Gave Death the countersign?

Ah, to serve on her in time of war!
Why it set aflame your blood
To feel her in the slack of peace
Come booming up the flood,

Thousands of wings about her bows
As she cast away the deep,
The morning star swung from a spar
And every sail asleep.

And her masts! Land-locked and shut away
From the sea-winds' scud and psalm,
Her masts, they trembled in a leash—
You laid on them your palm,
And they quivered over with great life
That never could be calm.

No frothings in your purple wake
On the lone path to the pole
White as the spread of sail on her
That lent wings to your soul—"

Apollo. "What was her build, that boat of yours
So proud upon the sea?
What was her make of hull and deck,
What suit of sails had she?"

Seaman. "O her stretch of sail so white, so white,
By no man's hand unfurled,
Was Heaven!"

Apollo. "And the decks you kept so bright?"

Seaman. "Were like this bustling World."

Apollo. "And the hold and cockpit out of sight,
Pitch dark and ill to smell,
Full of the friends of your delight?"

Seaman. "That was the pit of Hell!"

IV.

Seaman. "How think of her, gone down, gone down! **The tidings.**
How think of her decayed!
Or that the maker of that ship
Could let his creature fade!
More unbridled — unforgettable — was never creature made.

Gone by the board, those swinging spars
That seemed through storm to climb!
Sent down, like any cockle-shell,
To the tangle and the slime!

Did he that takes the narrow sounds
His monstrous hands between
Whirl her among his crazy locks
Into an eddy green?

Was it fog-bound, on a foul coast,
With not enough sea-room,
Or clear of land that she was lost,
Where the hard gale can blow home?

Was it ice-floe in the sheeted foam
Ambushed her? or some ledge
Of false lights—or uncharted reef—
Broke her back upon its edge?

Perhaps even she was seized at last
Off some island precipice
With weariness, like man's weariness,
Of everything that is,

And stranded so till the fresh flood
That through the channel swings
Crumbled that side like a sea-cliff
As one crumbles little things." . .
. . . . . .

Apollo. "Her end was none, my lad, of these;
But first, if you must know,
Mutiny of those friends of yours
In irons down below."

Seaman. "And how got you, Sir Merchantman,
This news—or bitter jest?"

Apollo. "Sir, my trade is bringing light to all
From the East unto the West.

Nay, he that built your famous boat
From the old coasts to fly
And bear you ever out and on,
Was I, and none but I!"

With that the sailor clutch'd the board;
Wine spilt out of his glass
Dripp'd to the floor, but not a sound
From his parch'd mouth would pass.

V.

Apollo (musing). "There was no whisper out of space, **The tale of Apollo.**
Scarcely a ripple ran
From thine incommensurable side
O dim leviathan,

When from afar I came in flight,
Rumours 'gainst thee to probe,
Leaving far off, engraved in shade,
Many a dreaming silver globe
And approaching thee on the middle sea
Wrapt in my darkling robe.

From that Ship becalm'd, that triple-tier'd
Of Heaven and Earth and Hell,
Spread strange commotion as I near'd
Over the starred sea-swell.

Arcturus, I remember, shone—
That rebel! mirror'd bright,
And Saturn in his moat of moons
Glass'd in unsounded night;
All the million-litten vault below
Breathed, in a slumber light.

As in some mountain forest glade
When frosts ere dawn are brisk
And early spring boughs knitted close
Across the red moon's disk,

And the rimy turf rings hard to hoof
Of the light branch-feeding deer,
One sees upflushing some glen's brow
Camp-fire of mountaineer

Bivouack'd below; shag-bearded pines,
All gnarled, loom down estranged
At the wanton fire about their knees
With the moon-fire interchanged—

So strange her gaunt dishevelled spars
Loomed down out of the sky;
Sails that had drunk Earth's soul immense
Hung pierced and slung awry,

My inwoven eternal blazonries
An idle tattered shame.
Was this the keen fire-spirited prow
Ark of the heaving flame

That sun-stampt and illumined ship,
That keel of mystery,
Loosed, after toilings beyond count,
To plunge from the Daedalian mount
And to stem futurity?

Now, because mine own insignia badged
Each white celestial vail,
Rage seized me, like your emperor
Trajan—how goes the tale?—
Who on Tigris, twice defeated, tore
His gold wolves from the sail. . . .

And as from forge doors in her decks
Escaped, lulled, rose again,
Confused blasts—insolent uproar
From torch'd and naked men,
As it were some wind from Africa's
Tropic and demon'd fen.

And beast-like shadows ran and flashed;
Knotted at grips they swayed
And writhed. Unkennelled Hell was loose
And swarmed in escalade.

Hard-pressed my righteous stood at bay;
But when Hell's desperate brood
Saw me, they shouted, '*Lord of light,*
Release!' And ruinous strew'd,
Fell on their faces on the decks
In breathless multitude.

But their leader, with inverted torch,
Stepp'd through them. Stern he comes,
Stirring their night-bound forest hearts
Like distant savage drums,

And cries aloud, '*In this, in this*—
Shaking his torch—*is peace!*
Not thou, tardy deliverer,
But I, confer release!

Mighty shall be the high sea-flame!
Superb the funeral pyre
Of Heaven and Earth! . . . Kindle it, Hell!
To glut this God's desire!'

He paused, with black distorted arms
Rear'd, long before the crash—
Like some hollow oak that long outliveth
Coil of the lightning's lash;

Then fell. Majestic enemy,
Time with thy falling rang!
He, first of all the ship, was free
And fled without a pang.

. . . . . .

Out of the throng'd expanse, skull-bare
Heads rose and dropped again.
They quailed, they flinched before my gaze,
My light to them was pain.
Shadows of wreckage on the masts
Went streaming down the main.

Stooping above one cowering shape,
I raised it by the chin,
Upturned the pallid chronicle
And read the tale therein;
Read the thing purposed, by the bone,
And the thing done, by the skin.

The lecherons, wan, with eyelid lined,
Heavy-soul'd, torn with vice,
The murderous with the flitting smile,
The drunkard blue as ice;
Incomplete and colourable things
Whose breathings must be lies.

All the sweet neighbours that men take
Within their breasts to thrive
Had blown like glass the body's case
Or stamped its clay alive.
So I mused—(All hung upon a hair!)
Why need the dead survive?

In one face, stony, white and bleak,
Had passions scooped their bed;
Old lavas down the rigid cheek,
Meseemed, were still unshed;

And I read the eyes of him that thirsted
Only for things beyond;
Whose strata, tossed in molten dreams,
Would never correspond
With things about him, for he willed
To die unparagoned.

. . . . . .

Unseen above them so bowed down
Like bent and sodden corn,
Should I cast them with derision back,
That throng of the forlorn,

Herding them with derision cold
As with a hand of steel,
Condemn them to endurance back
And still to think and feel,
While the tears that might not fall for them
Did on my cheek congeal?

And in that pause their mournful hope
Swelling like the undertone
That dins within the wildest gale
Utter'd aloud mine own.

Blindly they stretched their scarry hands,
Their piteous hands, to me:
"*Since bonds we cannot bear, nor sight*
Be thou our sanctuary!
Open again the narrow gate—
Let us no longer be!"

Then lo! my righteous, whose wounds still
With bitter conflict bled,
Veer'd in their wrath, hoarsely unjust,
Arraigned me for these dead—
Spat on their own high bliss, and craved
To stand in Hades' stead.

Had all white-priested Egypt, then,
Not taught thee to perdure,
My Boat of Years? Lo, in man's dust
So mixed—so long impure—
Came light! Then I summoned up each soul

And round its neck secure
Fastened this token: '*Judge thyself,*'
That justice might be sure.

. . . . . .

Aloft, long since, I saw, had fled
That viewless sanhedrim
Of presences starry-cresseted
Who erst through waters dim
Had breathed the towering sails along,
My faithful seraphim.

And I turned about in mournfulness
Steadfastly to behold
Bulwarks charred, ay, and drunken masts
And slow deep-labouring hold,

And the heeling of age-crumbled beams
And helmless spars divine—
Beheld the horror of those decks
Bloodied with mystic wine;
Even the little fluttering genius reft
From the wrecked and flameless shrine.

And I cried to the white shape on the prow
Ascendant by my skill,
'O winged ardour, headless now,
To sound what wild sea-victory
Swing'st there, triumphant still?
Why spared they wholly to shatter thee?
Thy rippling veils from feet to breasts
Winds from the future fill

But I know my handiwork outworn,
And this bolted fabric vast
That disciplined through many wars
Man's courage in the past,—
And well, well, hath she served her Lord—
Unseaworthy at last!'

Then from ocean's frothy hazardous
Dream-element I caught
Her crew—every half-foundered soul
Wherewith her hold was fraught;

And I sang them back to steady Earth
After their wanderings long,
Both quick and dead. Hangs on thy breast
The token of my song?"

(He fumbled in his hairy breast
Yes—the '*Judge thyself*' hung there)
"And remembering then their mad outburst
Of quaint hope and despair

Who deemed each puny life should last
When nothing else escapes,
And the nations and the planets melt
Like breakers on the capes,

From laughter, from tears unquenchable,
Scarce able to forbear,
I smote the great hull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air. ."

. . . . . .

Seaman. "What! is there not even left enough
Of that so noble craft,
A gang-board or a plank or two,
To lash into a raft?"

Apollo. "No, lad; you shall not ride in her;
But then you shall not weep;
Nor hear aloft her pipes of cheer
Nor the wail under the deep.

Yet sometimes like the Northern Lights
Hull-down—a radiance dim—
Loftier than air of Earth, up-sprung
To planes beyond its rim,

At hours when you are fever-struck
A phantom you may see,
Derelict—drifting out of hail—
Lost Immortality!"

VI.

The rebuke.

When the man knew the ship he loved
Had melted to a lie
He fronted him upon his feet
As who should Gods defy—
Syllables choked not in his throat,
He met him eye to eye.

Refreshed was he through long forborne
Anger. His spirit swelled
Manful—the stronger in his grief
By all that he had quelled.

Seaman. "This is your world-discovery!
This is the great landfall!
This coil of warehouses and quays
And taverns—this is all!

Well was it that we trusted you!
Else—how had we achieved
Good luck? But then we had a friend
Wholly to be believed.

This is the country we have gained,
This land of milk and balm!
For this our innocent took wounds
And died without a qualm,
Drawn on as by a ghost, that ends
Like a catspaw in a calm!

Stay! I have heard, how in action's heat
A captain in his tent
Sealed a despatch; and the rider died
That with the letter went;
But the letter—saved—was found a blank.
You, who the message sent,
Say, how will you now make amends
For what was vainly spent!"

Fell off, fell off the enshrouding furs—
The beamwork of the room
To its last crevices was lit;
So terribly illume
The God's eyes—all his presence seemed
Outwardly to consume.

As though all burning sovranties
And throbbings of the mind,
Condensed into a single flame,
Across that board confined
Shot the human shade, a skeleton,
Clean on the wall behind
The man.

Apollo. "Ah, fragment of my soul,
When I invented thee
To utter Mind, as guest and mate
Of a voiceless family,

And gave thee selfhood, barred with sleeps,
On yon ship's heaving shelves,
Selfhood that never can contrive—
However lightning-like it strive—
To escape, in its inmost, deepest dive
My Self *beneath* your selves,

I built through demiurgic powers,
Myriad human hopes and fears,
And laboured at this shipwright's task
A hundred thousand years.

Think'st thou I framed a vessel vain
As earthly ships of wood?
Or that thy voyage never was,
And wasted all your blood?
What! Hast not felt the invisible
Nor faintly understood?

Thou hast seen armies serve a name,
A rag, a tomb forlorn;
And the tides of men obey a ghost,
The ghost of the unborn.

Thou hast felt the Passions' blindest roots
Quake up man's silly crust,
And rock thy reason from its state
And crack its towers to dust.

Thou hast seen the Gods figure forth races,
Surging out of the vast
On the crest of wave after wave, for aye
To sweep till time be past:—

Feel'st thou no wind *behind* those waves
All washing on one way?
Organs of the invisible
Yes, thou hast felt their sway!

Deem'st those old faceless images,
'Truth,' 'Justice,' 'Liberty,'
Heralding symbols *thou* employ'st?
They are employing thee!
Organs of the invisible
Yes, thou hast felt their sway.
All the buried city of thy heart
Knows thou art less than they.

But now get back upon high seas
Unknown and drear indeed,
Thou, the adventure of my cloud
And sailing of my seed!"

Seaman. "Lord, I confess the things unseen
Closer the fountain-head
Than the wooden table in my grasp
Or yonder loaf of bread;
But must we, ever-living one,
Go out when we are dead?
When the arms that held us close and dear,
When the love that we are used
To mingle with, are wrenched away
And the body's kiss is loosed?"

The God smiled, and with 'haviour soft
Leaning across the wine
Heavily took those shoulders young
Into his grasp divine.

Apollo. "Hearken! I put you to the touch
My son, my prodigal—
Since every brave song hath its close
Your own life, end it shall;
Yes, utterly shall meet an end.
Be it heroical!

And, born aboard, my rover stark,
Dread you to die aboard?
To lay you down beside your love
With the sunset on your sword? . . .

VII.

Apollo (continuing). "Voyage after voyage, how else, how else Should I man's soul prepare For the new venture, bolder yet, On which he now must dare?— **The New Ship.**

See! from the voyage whence you come now
You come not back the same;
Behind the door of your dull brow
Hath sprung up doubt and blame—

Defiance of me. That I praise.
This once low-cabined pate
Hollows deep-chambered—is become
Tribunal—hall of state
For the assembled thrones of angels—roof
For an assize of fate!

Thou hast forgotten, whom I took
From lap of things inform
And flung to embraces of the sea
And caresses of the storm!
Now electrified, subtler-energied,
Starker-willed, battle-warm
Thou comest, thou comest again to me! . . .
Son of tumult, gloom enorm,
I have new jeopardy for thee
And new eyes yet to form!

O wrestler into consciousness
Stand upon Earth! Away!
Long hath the journey been by night,
But roseate breaks the day;
Like a scroll I unfold the mountain-tops
And the windings of the bay.

Awake! thou'rt already on the cruise
And shalt not see its end.
Earth is the ship! Thou shalt have time
To find the Earth thy friend!"

Seaman. "Is there a hand upon her helm?"
Apollo. "Weigh thou thine own heart-fires,
And her wash of overwhelming dawns,
And her tide that never tires—
Her tranquil heave of seasons—flowers—
All that in thee aspires!

How like an eagle on the abyss
With outspread wing serene
She circles!—thought rolls under her
And the flash from the unseen.
Here 's to her mission, wingéd rock,
Bluff-bowed and heavy keel'd
Through the night-watches swinging on
Still under orders sealed!

No crystal gives a peep, my son,
Of her errand far and surgy;
No witch's magic brew of sleep
Nor smoke of thaumaturgy;
Nor, for the future, shall you reap
Much benefit of clergy.

But if thy former priestly ship
Failed of the port assigned,
The overwhelming globe takes on
Her altar-flame of mind.
See that the oils that feed the lamp
Fail not!"

Seaman. "What are those oils?"
Apollo. "Heroic, warm, abounding souls!
These are the sacred oils
On the fragrant thin-flamed thymele
Lost on the deep like melody—
They who, as I My Self disperse
In them through the tragic universe,
Scatter themselves in toils.

And I shall stream into their life
Waking—sense after sense—
New understandings—endless, no,
But more and more intense.
Till joy in the will that wafts the world
Buoyant as swimmers be
Makes thee divine, perhaps at last
Wholly delivers thee."

Seaman. And the man exclaimed, "Delivers me!
How, if this death descends?
I am a man and not a race.
What matters, if self ends?
Speak! quick, my brain is worn and cold,
Little it comprehends."

Apollo. "I shall tell thee, but as music tells.
I too, like thee, have striven.
I too am launched from the profound
And past; I too am driven
In turn upon the stream of storms
From fountains beyond heaven;
And to me, too, light is mystery
And the greater light half-given.

How can I make plain the goal obscure
Of thy journey but begun?
And again the God smiled on the man
And asked, "Hast thou a son?"
He nodded. "And never yet hast guessed
That thou and he are one!
Yet leaf shall of leaf become aware
On the selfsame bough and stem,
Whose branches are murmuring everywhere
And the heaven floods all of them!

Between you—*between all that love*—
Runs no gulf wide nor deep,
But a sheen'd veil, thinner than any veil,
Thin as the veil of sleep.

Through the death-veil—looming silverly—
Through the self-veil's subtle strand,
Dawns it not? For that dawn thy heart
Hath eye—shall understand;
Before its seeing rock-walls melt
And cracks the mortal band.

For when once the whole consummate strength
Of thy slow-kindling mind
Can see in the *heart's* light at length
All the strange sons of mankind,
Then the Earth—that else were but a strait
Rock-sepulchre—is new :
Of what account to it is death ?
It is glowing, through and through,
It moveth, alive with a God's breath,
Translucent as the dew ! "

VIII.

The embarkation.

The last words in the rafters rang
And the bright haze sounded on ;
Walls, air and shadows vibrant still,
But the God himself was gone.

Was the thing dreamed ? The Tavern wall
Solid ? Still it rang.
Feverish he threw the lattice back
Outside fluttered and sang
Trees of a tract of narrow yards
Behind dark tenements,
The nearest garden vacant—rope
Eked out its broken fence.
Naked it lay—brown mould bestrewn
With refuse crockery—yet
A pear-tree in its darkest nook
Bowered it in delicate
Whiteness. Beyond its further pale

Above a wall-flower bed,
Women were hanging linen out :
One stoop'd a kerchief'd head.
In lime trees idle rooks were cawing ;
Even to his upper room
Came wafted from some distant plot
Fragrance like thyme's perfume ;
And, adrift from zigzag chimney-stacks
And ancient courtyards, soft
Blue smoke was breathed amongst the trees ;
Dazzling clouds moved aloft ;
Even to the window where he stood
A cherry stretched its limb,
Half the diaphanous clusters clear
Enlumined, and half dim.
Green swift immortal Spring was here—
Spring in her lovely trim—
And whether it were ship or no,
The Earth seemed good to him.
Had he been Greek, or nurtured well
In lore of sages gone,
He would have felt her like that ship
Ascribed to Hieron
Which, beside its deck-house luxuries
Of baths and bronzes fine,
Carried a pergola's green walk,
Shade-galleries of vine,
And for awnings fruit-espaliers
From buried urns in line.

Quitting the Inn he made for home,
And by many a cobbled wynd
Behung with mariners' wares, uphill
He strode with seething mind.
Above in the shady market-place
Unwonted silence reigned.
Under their patched umbrella stalls
Few flower-sellers remained ;
But one, with old face like a map
Wrinkled by good and evil hap,
Stretched forth her palm. It rained.
Ah, yes, it rained—sudden acold
The sky loured overcast.
Soon the pavements leapt with plashing drops ;
And as he hasty passed
He heard a burst of chanted sound,
And glanced up at the vast
Shadow that over huddled roofs
Loomed, pinnacled and grey. . . .
The spired cathedral thundrously
And widely seemed to sway ;
Like Earth upon her pilgrimage
Buffetting on from age to age
It still was under way.

And on he trudged with peace at heart,
Rain pelting on his cheek,
But the shower half-ceased before he found
The bourne he seemed to seek.

A small house in a by-way dark
Beneath that April cloud,
And nigh the doorway he looked up
Keen-eyed. He could have vowed
It was his wife stood shining there,
Yon, where the lintel dripped.
With soft, profound, familiar look,
Low-laughing forth she slipped ;

Her mute nod warned him (while her hair
Released bright drops that fell)
And bade him watch, but not disturb,
A happy spectacle.

Now vapour'd were the cobble-stones,
And the runnel where they stood
Fleeted adown the middle street,
Rays gleaming on its mud,
When lo ! he saw a boy, their son,
Squatted beside the flood,

Like the city's sole inhabitant
And lost to aught beside,
Wholly absorbed, aloof, intent.
Upon that ruffling tide

The boy embarked a faery ship
Of paper, white and gay,
And watched, with grave ecstatic smile,
Its glories whirled away.

THE END.

"APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN"

by

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE,

(Op. 51.)

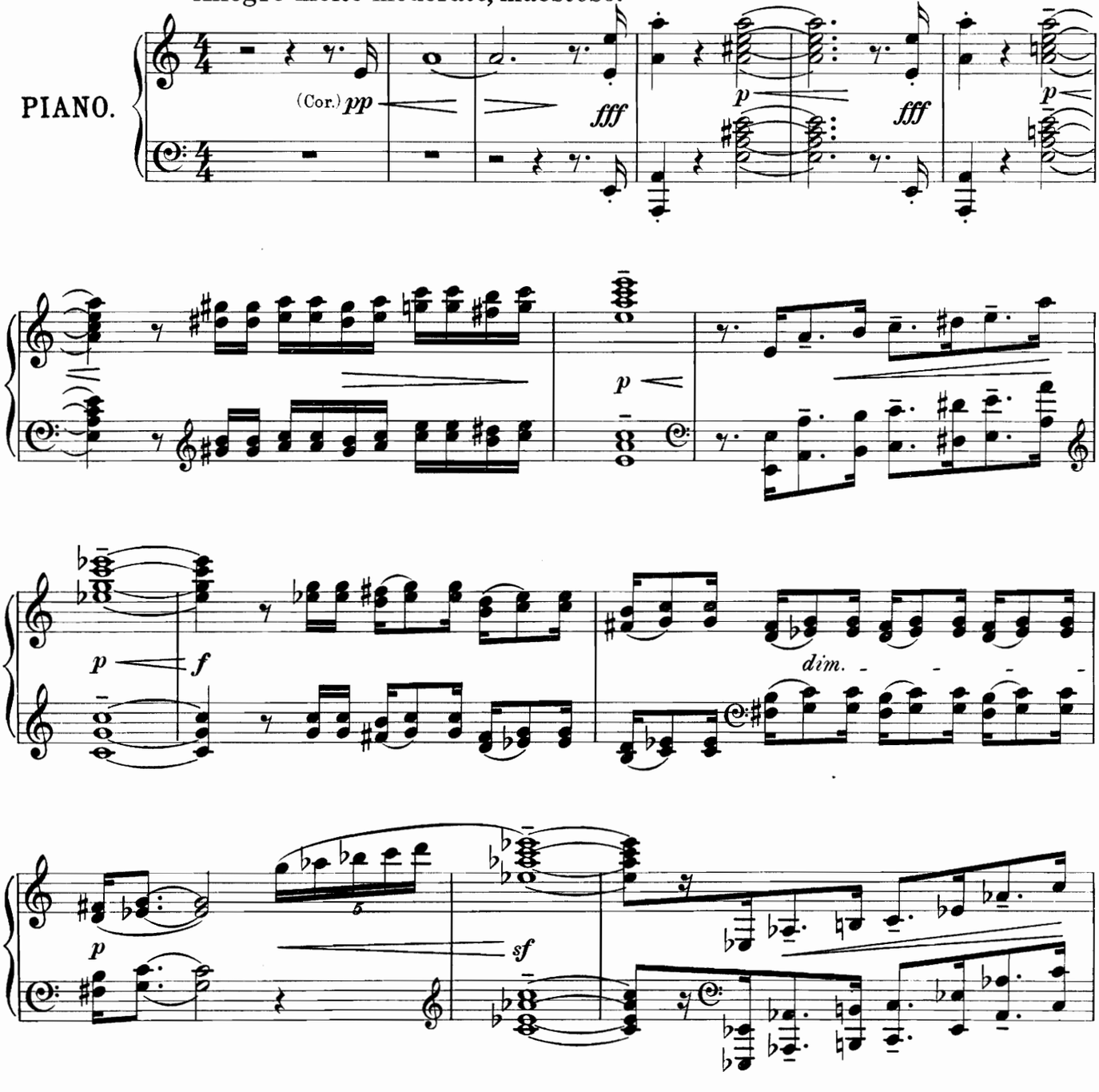
No I.

SECTION I.

"APOLLO'S COMING."

("Apollo thro' the woods came down Furred like a merchant fine,"—)

Allegro molto moderato, maestoso.



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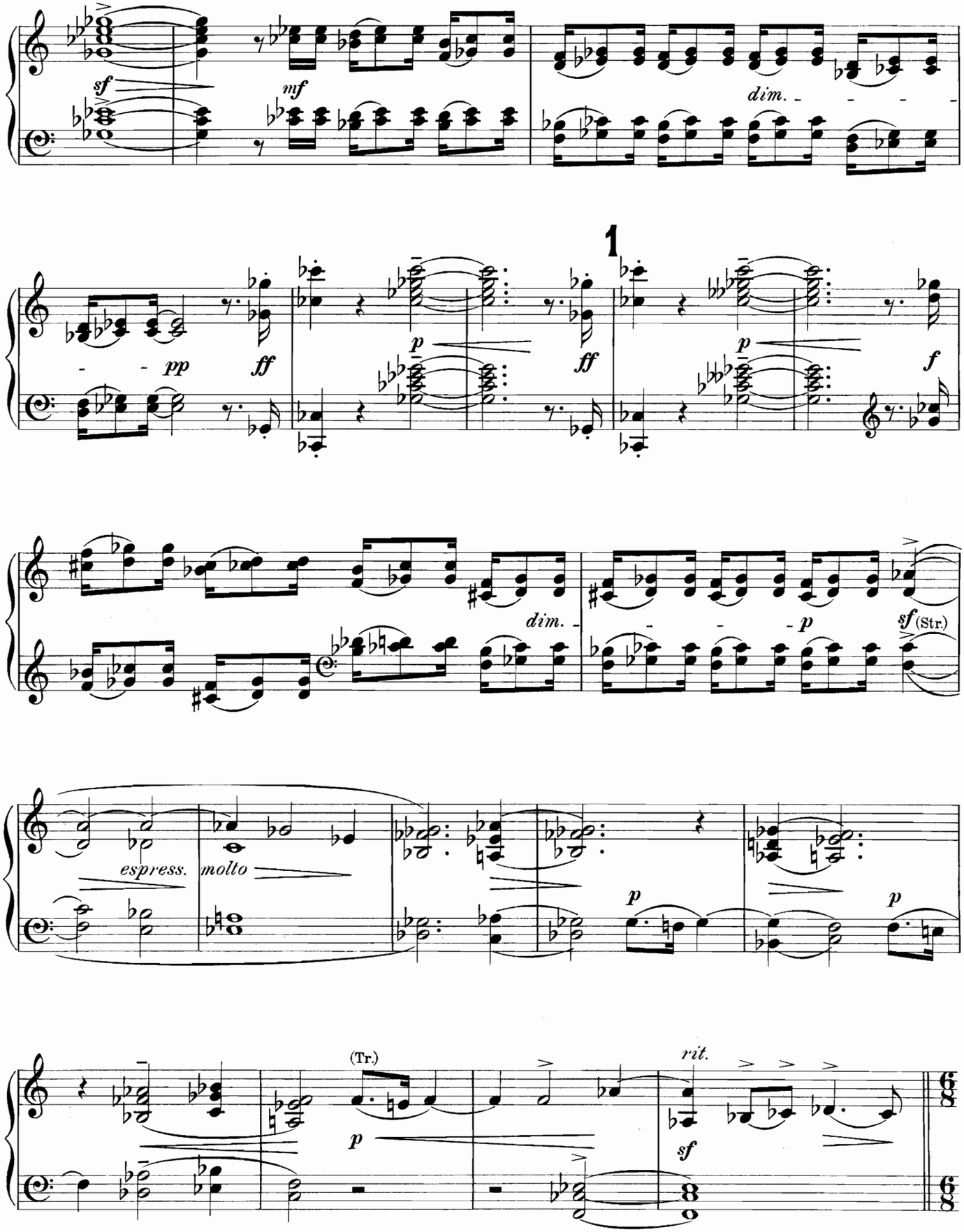
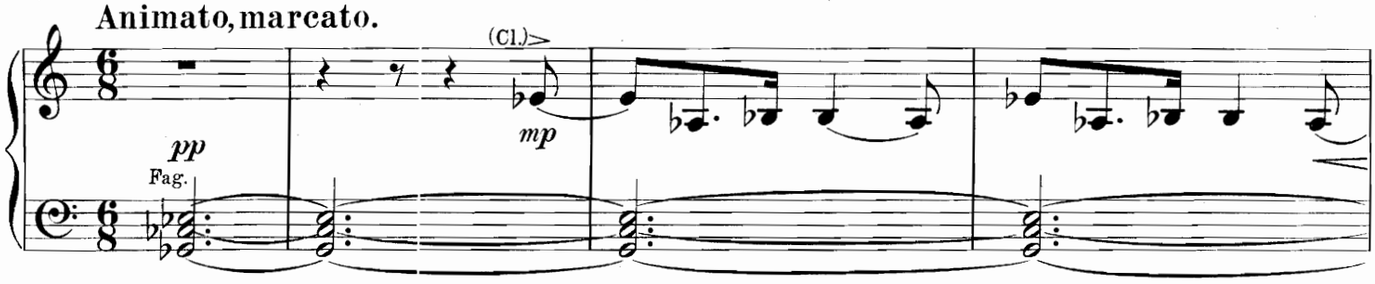
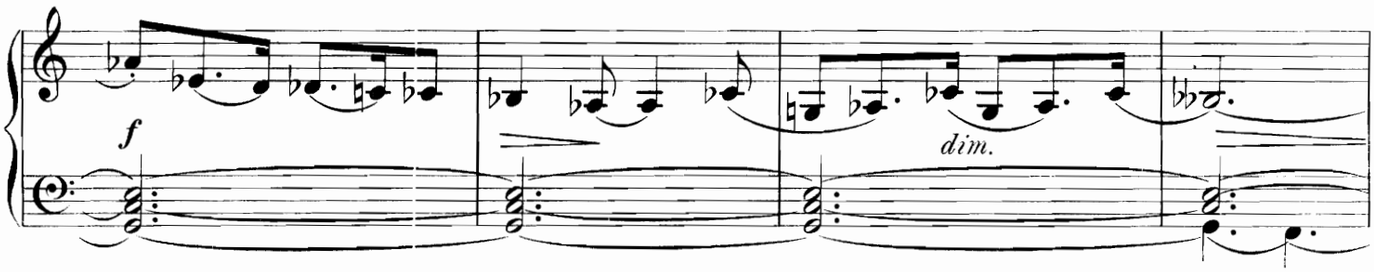
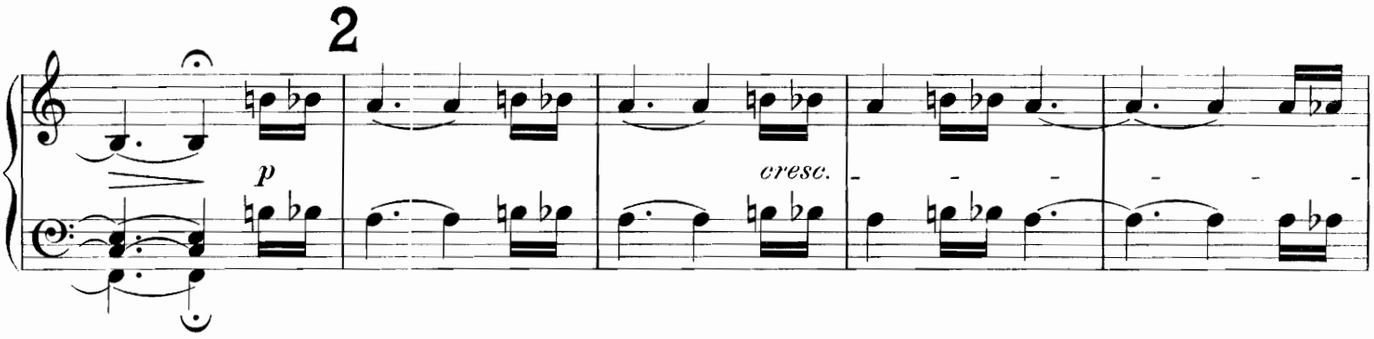

sf
mf
dim.
1
pp
ff
p
ff
p
f
dim.
p
sf (Str.)
espress.
molto
p
p
(Tr.)
p
rit.
sf

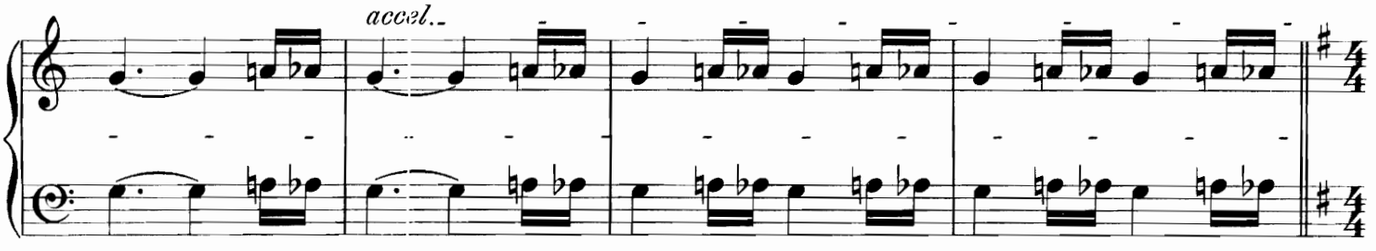
("For none had known him by his gait Descending from the hills,")

Animato, marcato.

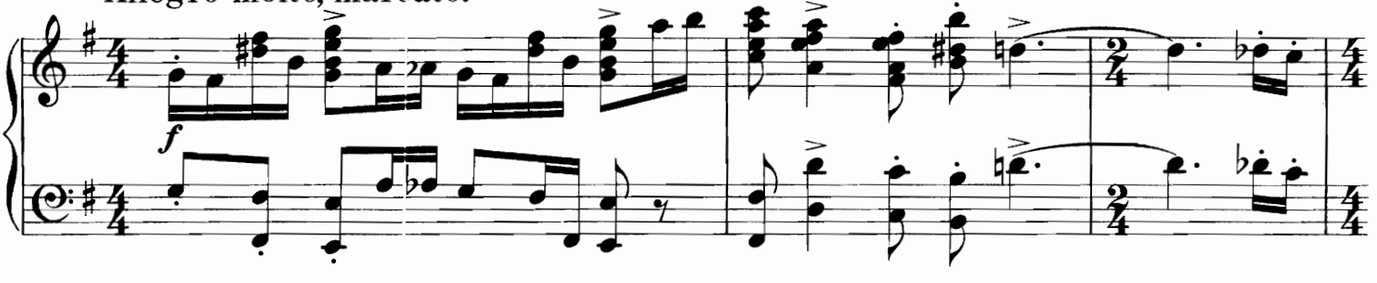


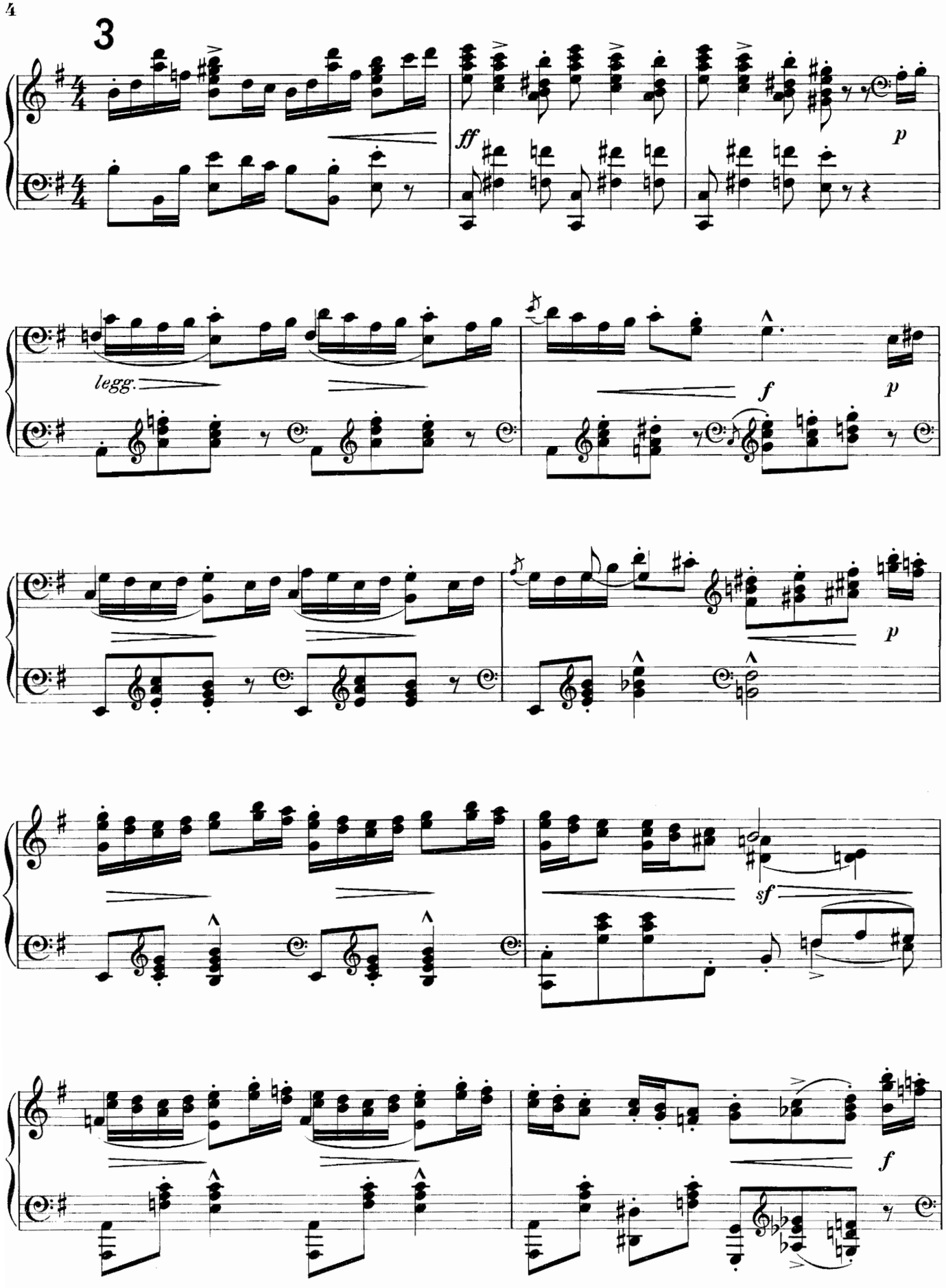


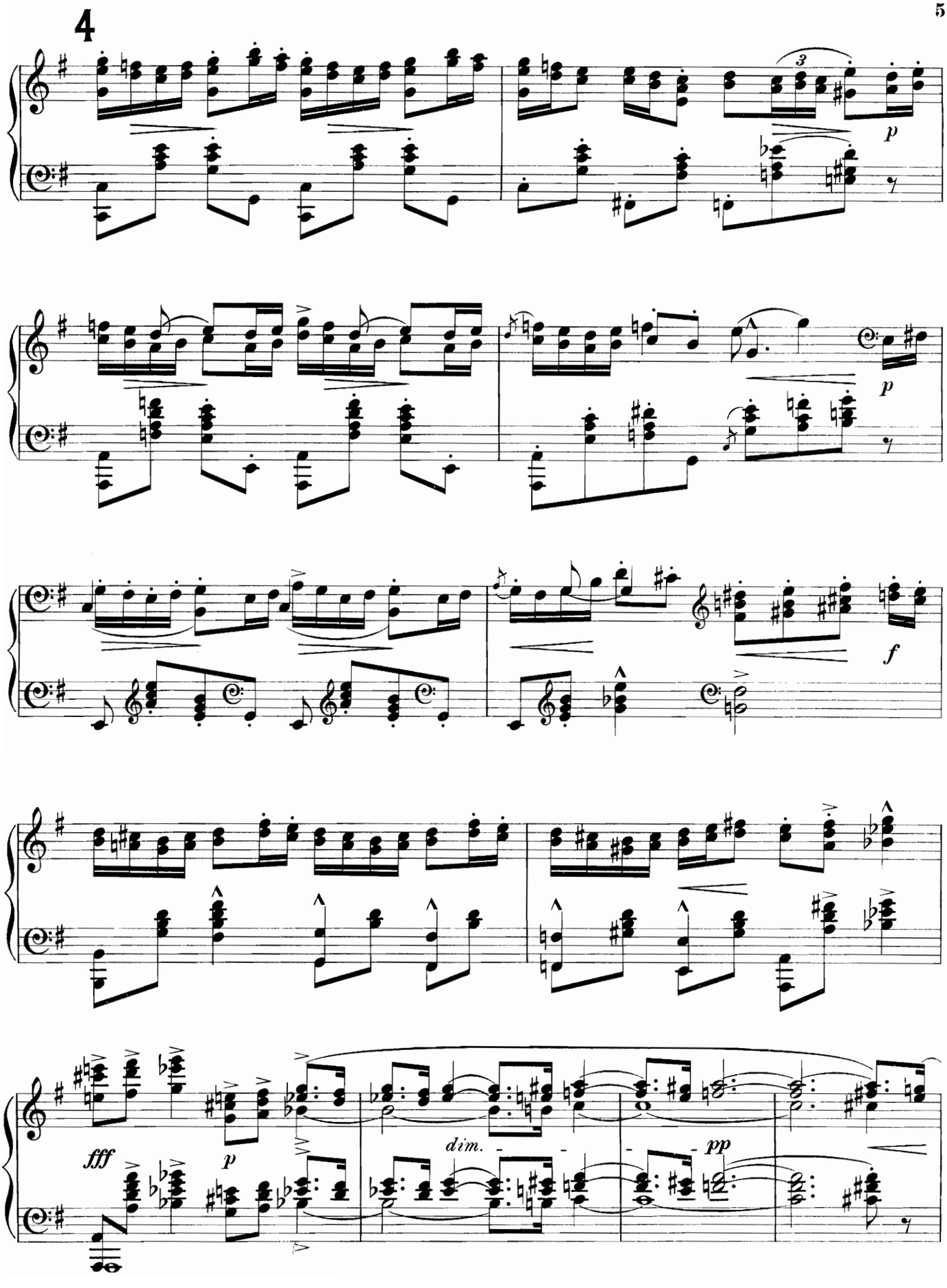


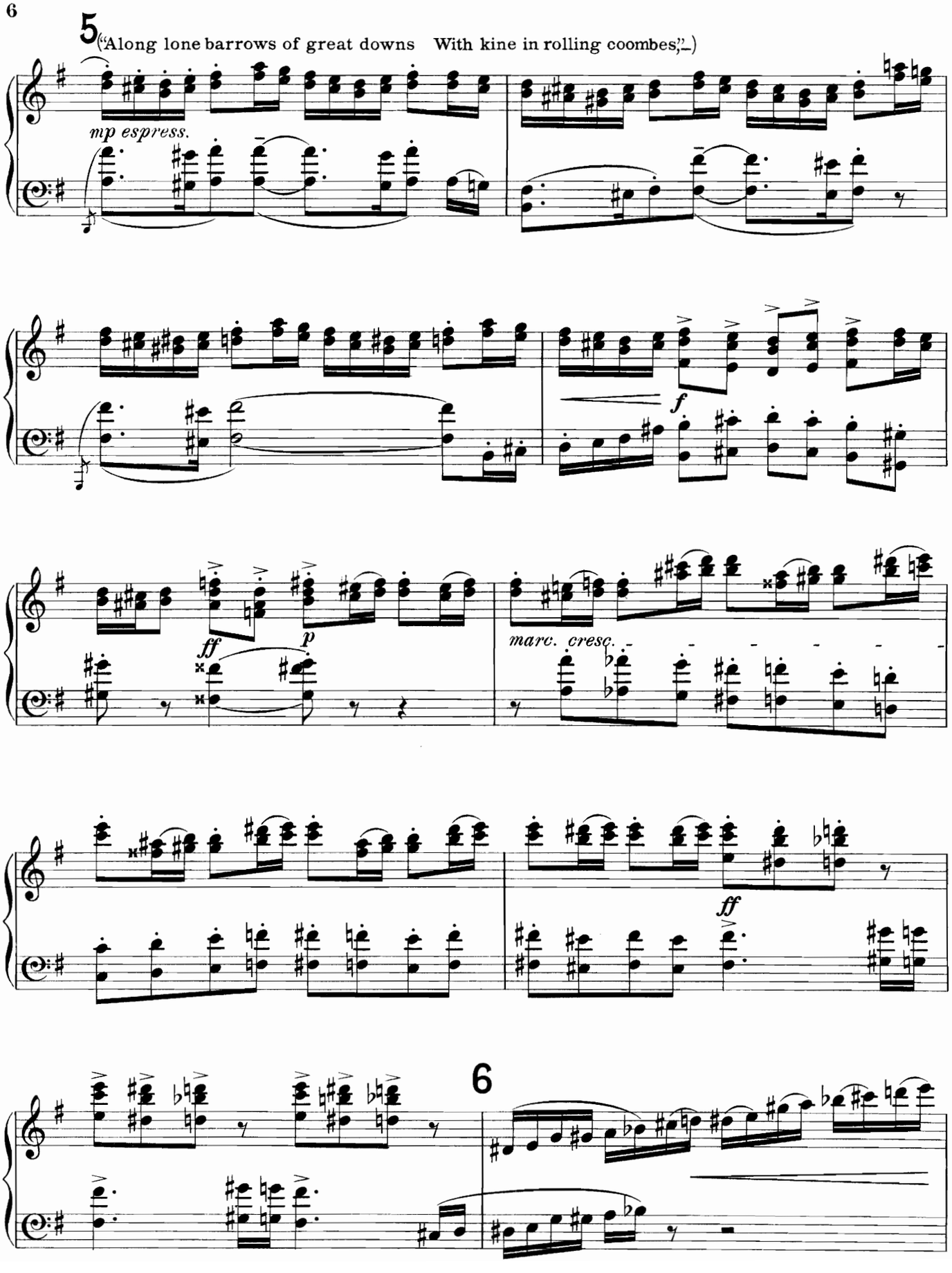


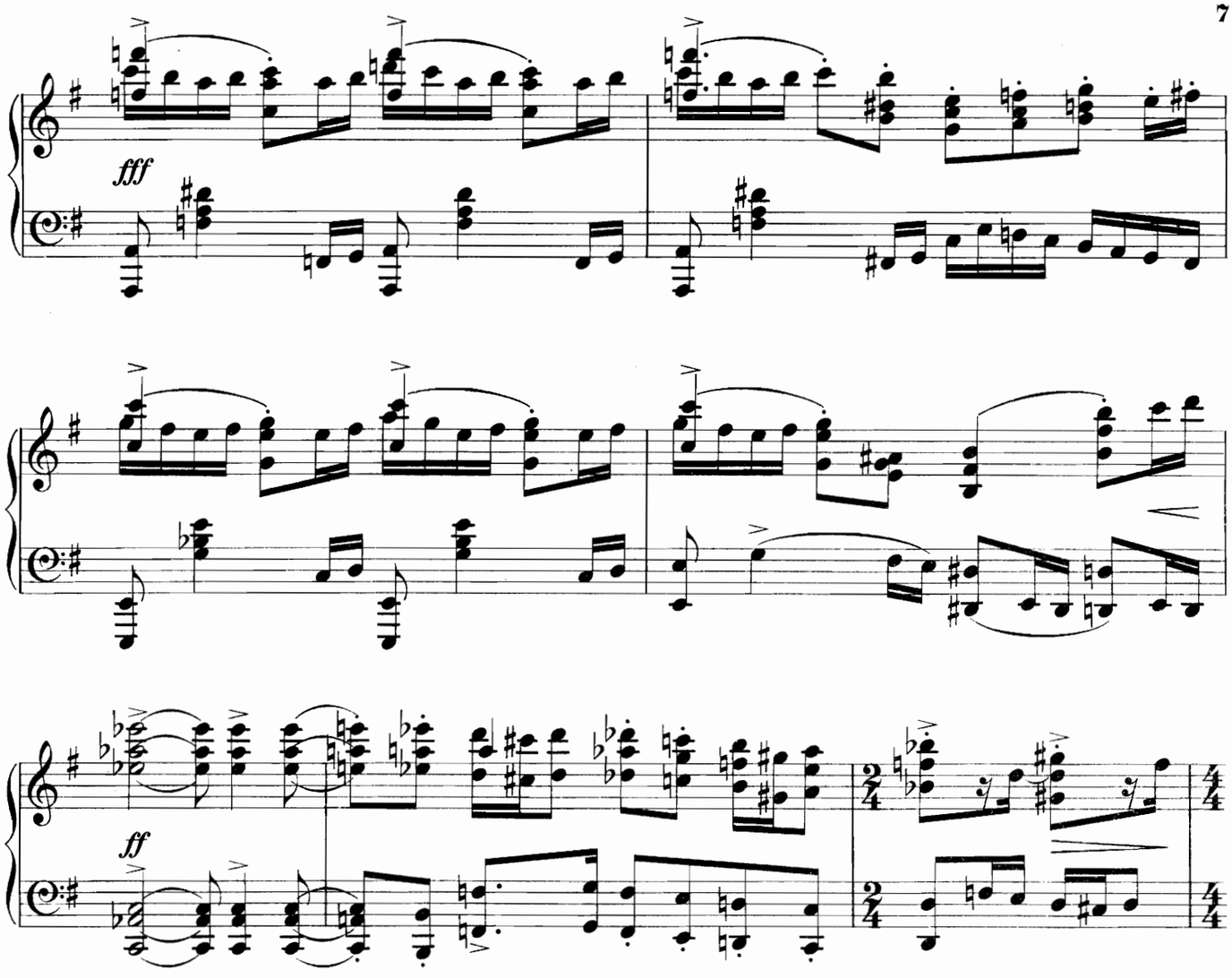
Allegro molto, marcato.



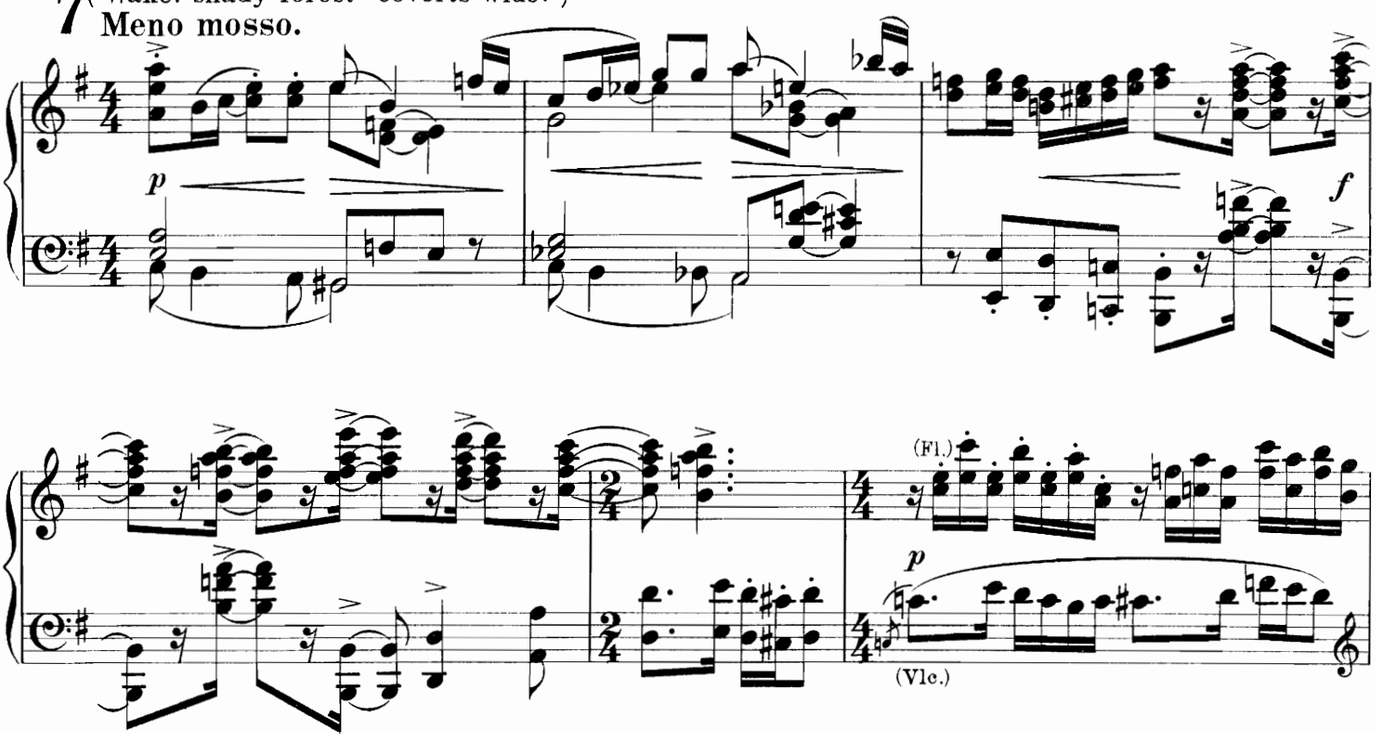

3
ff
p
legg.
f
p
p
sf
f

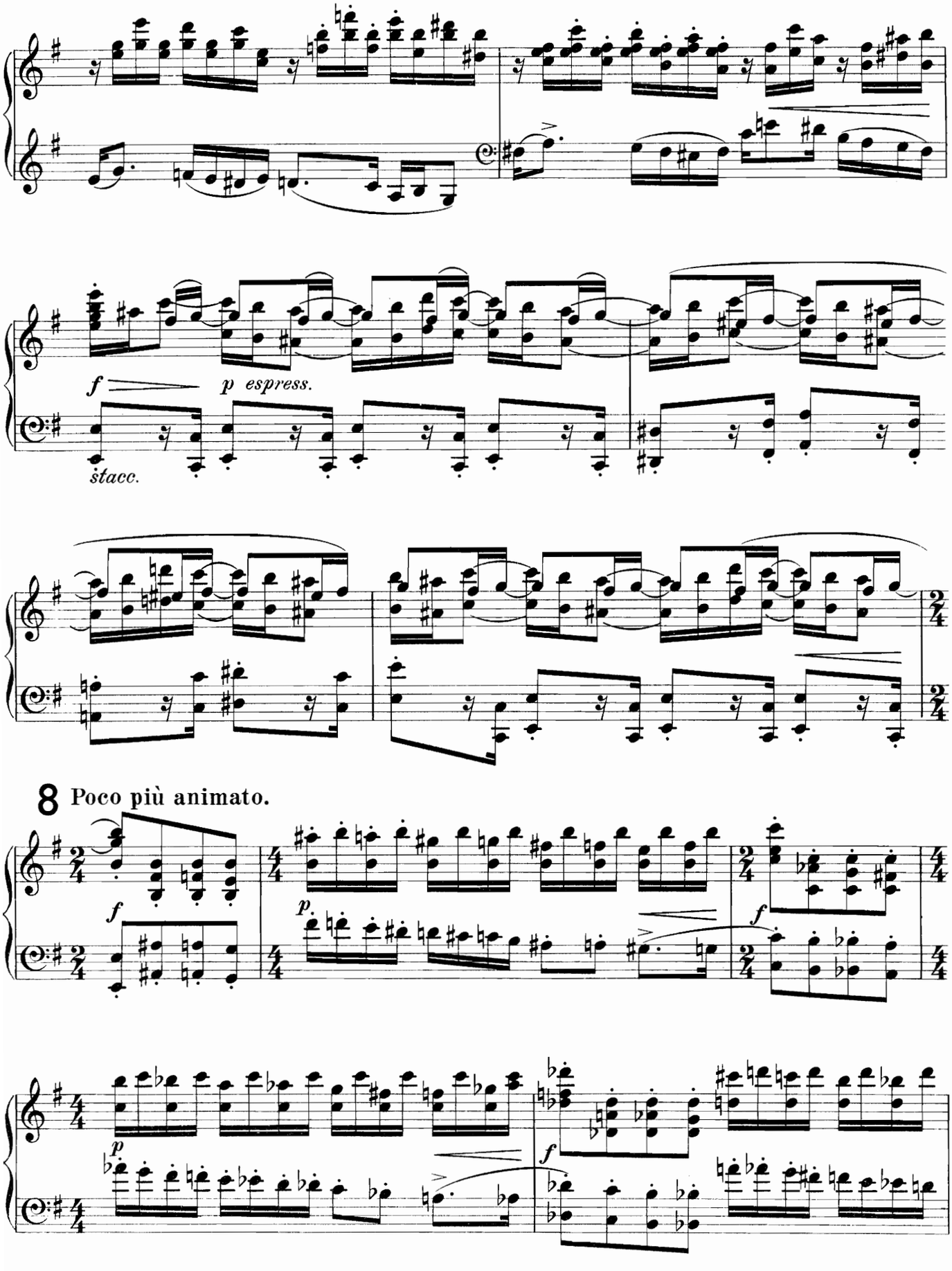

4
3
p
p
f
fff
p
dim.
pp

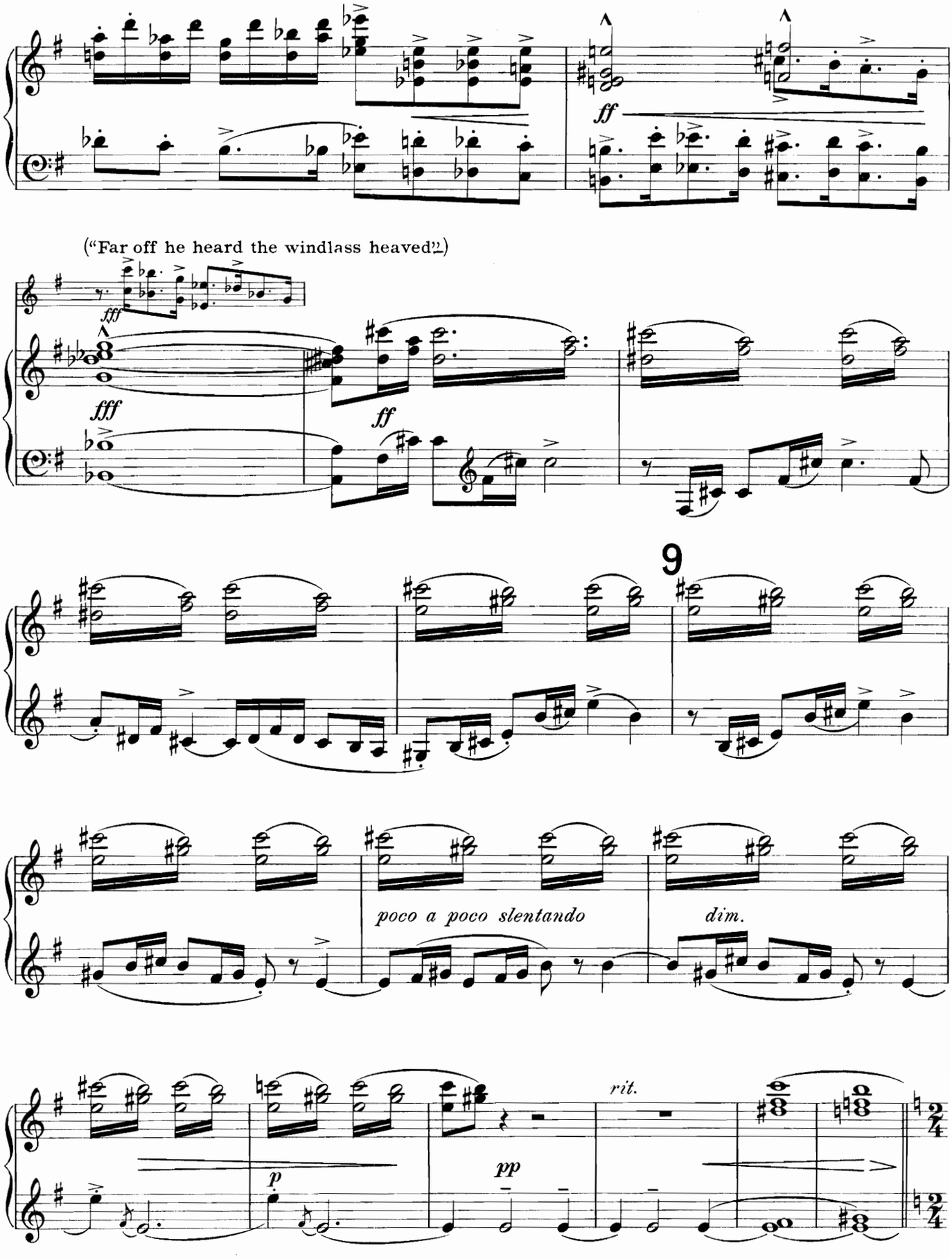

5
("Along lone barrows of great downs With kine in rolling coombes,"—)
mp espress.
f
ff
p
marc. cresc.
ff
6



7 ("Wake! shady forest - coverts wide!")
Meno mosso.




f
p espress.
stacc.
8 Poco più animato.
f
p
f
p
f

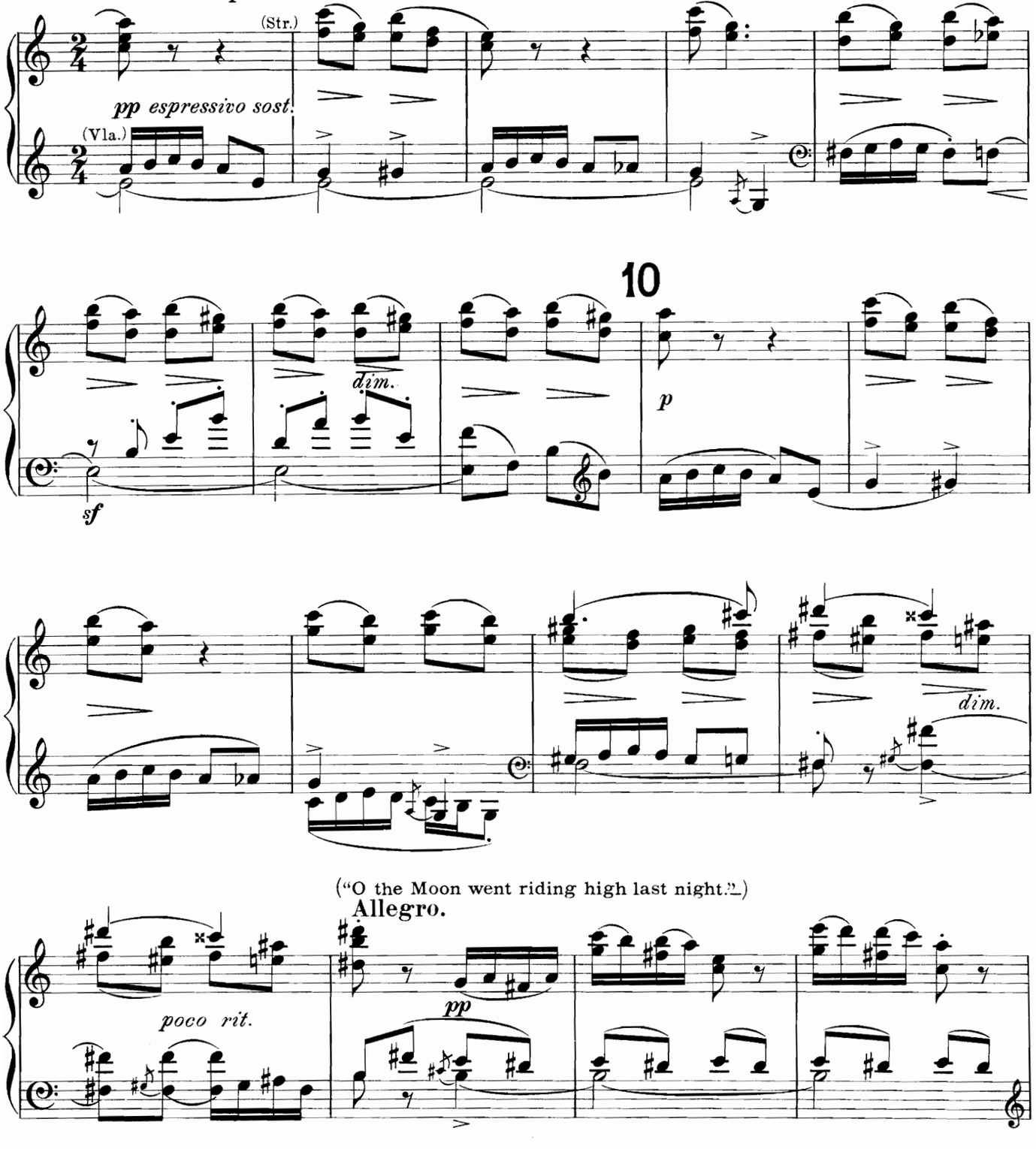

ff
("Far off he heard the windlass heaved.")
fff
fff
ff
9
poco a poco slentando
dim.
rit.
p
pp

SECTION II.

"THE RUMOUR."

("And why are you cast down, sailor?")

L'istesso tempo. Andante.



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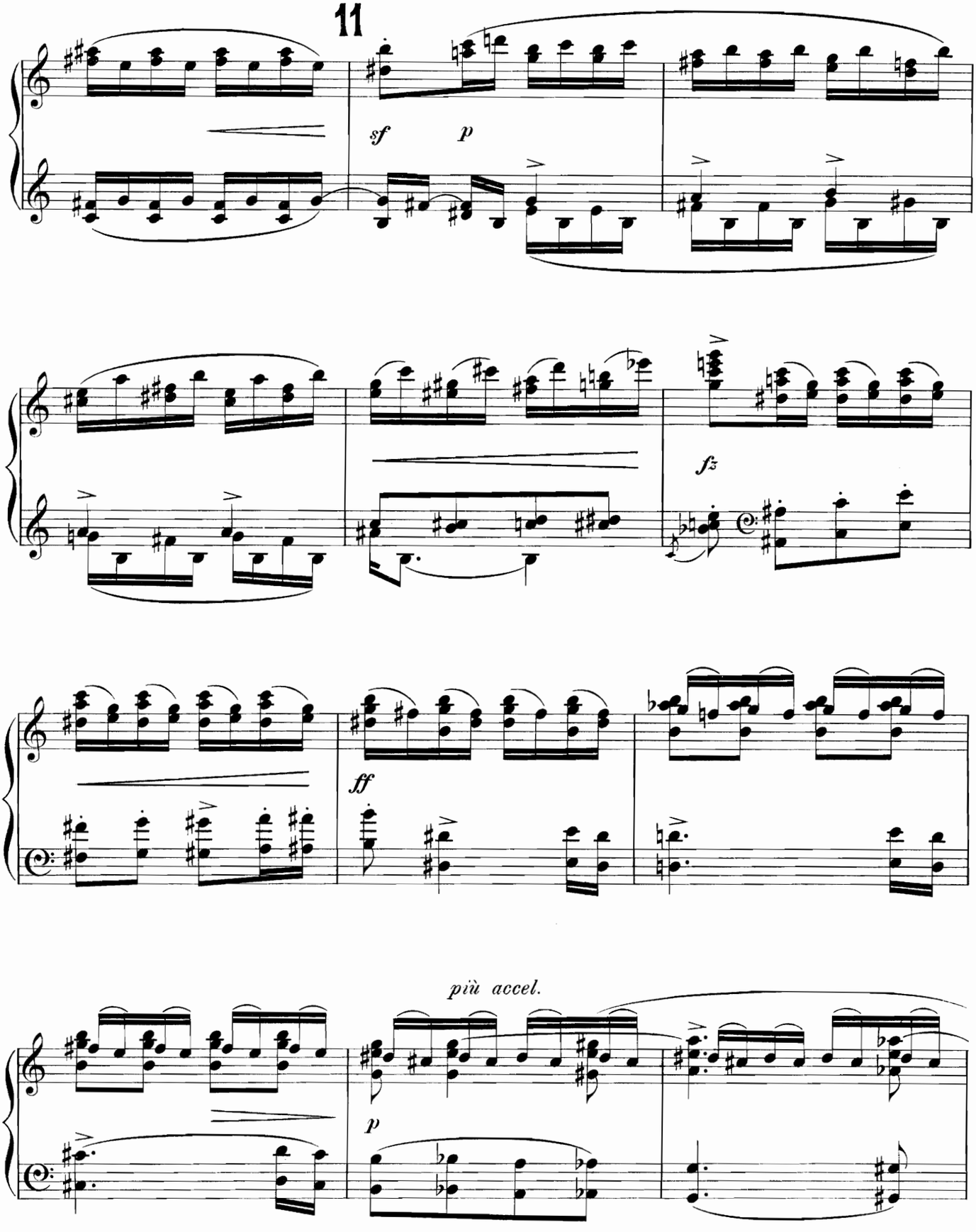
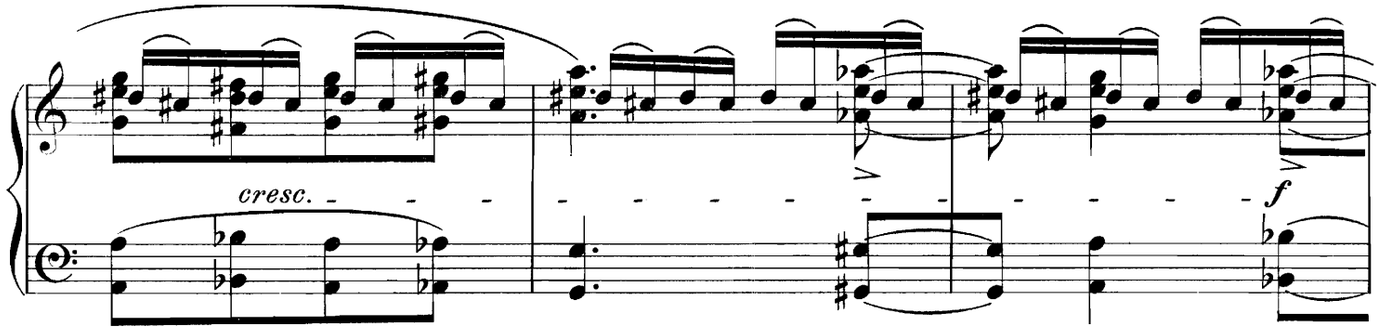
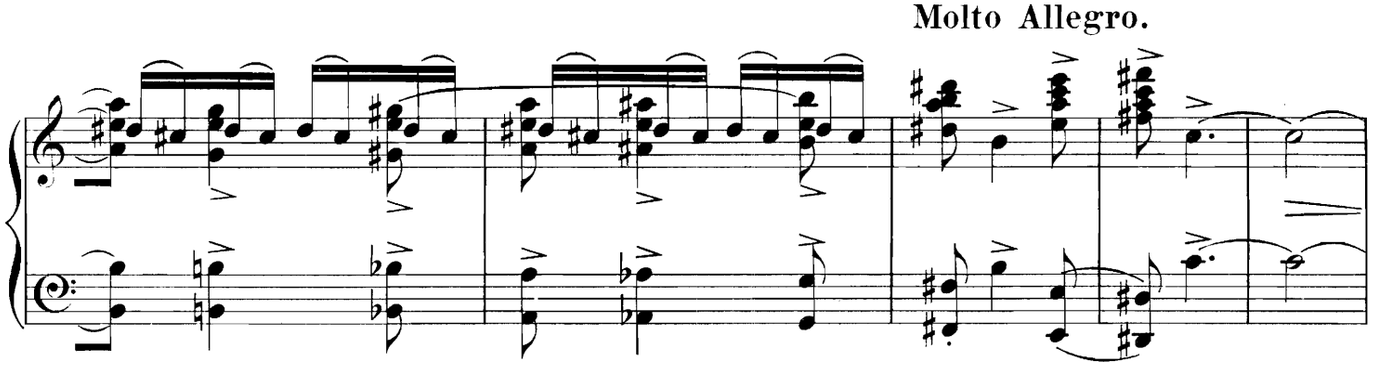
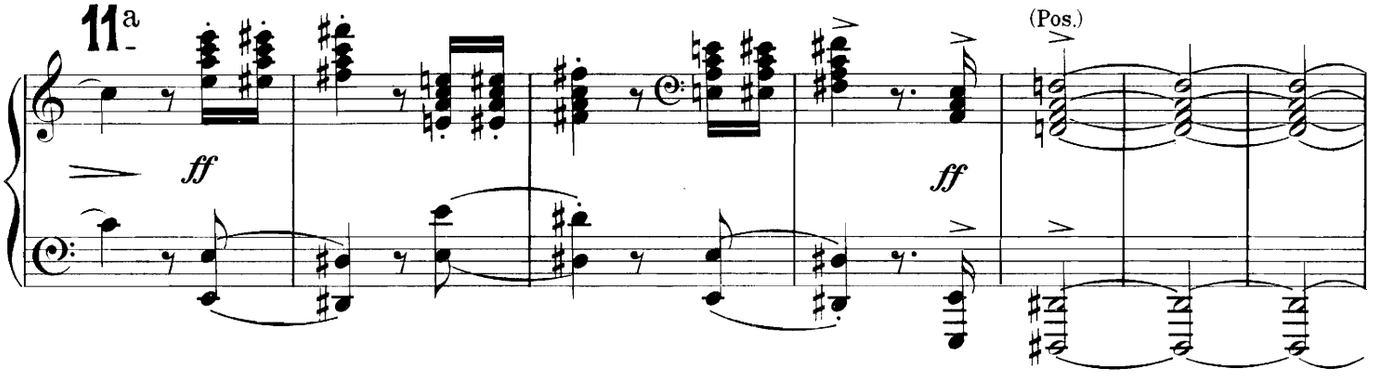
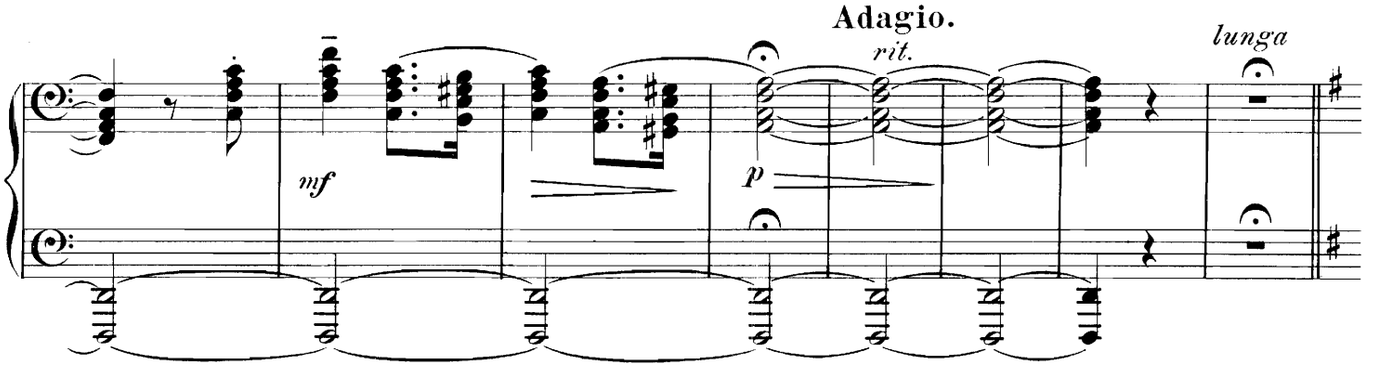



cresc.
f


Molto Allegro.


11a
ff
ff
(Pos.)

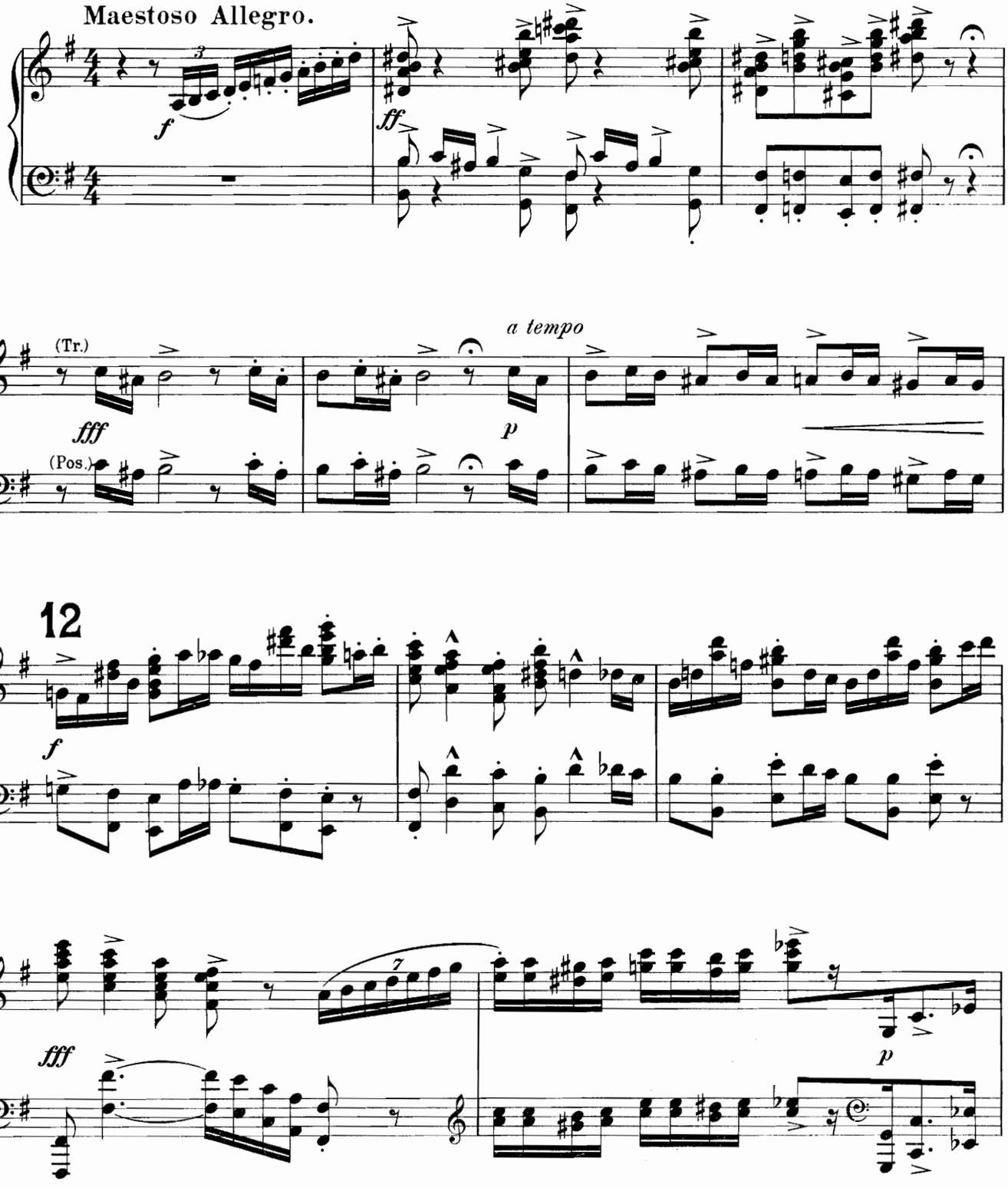

Adagio.
rit.
lunga
mf
p

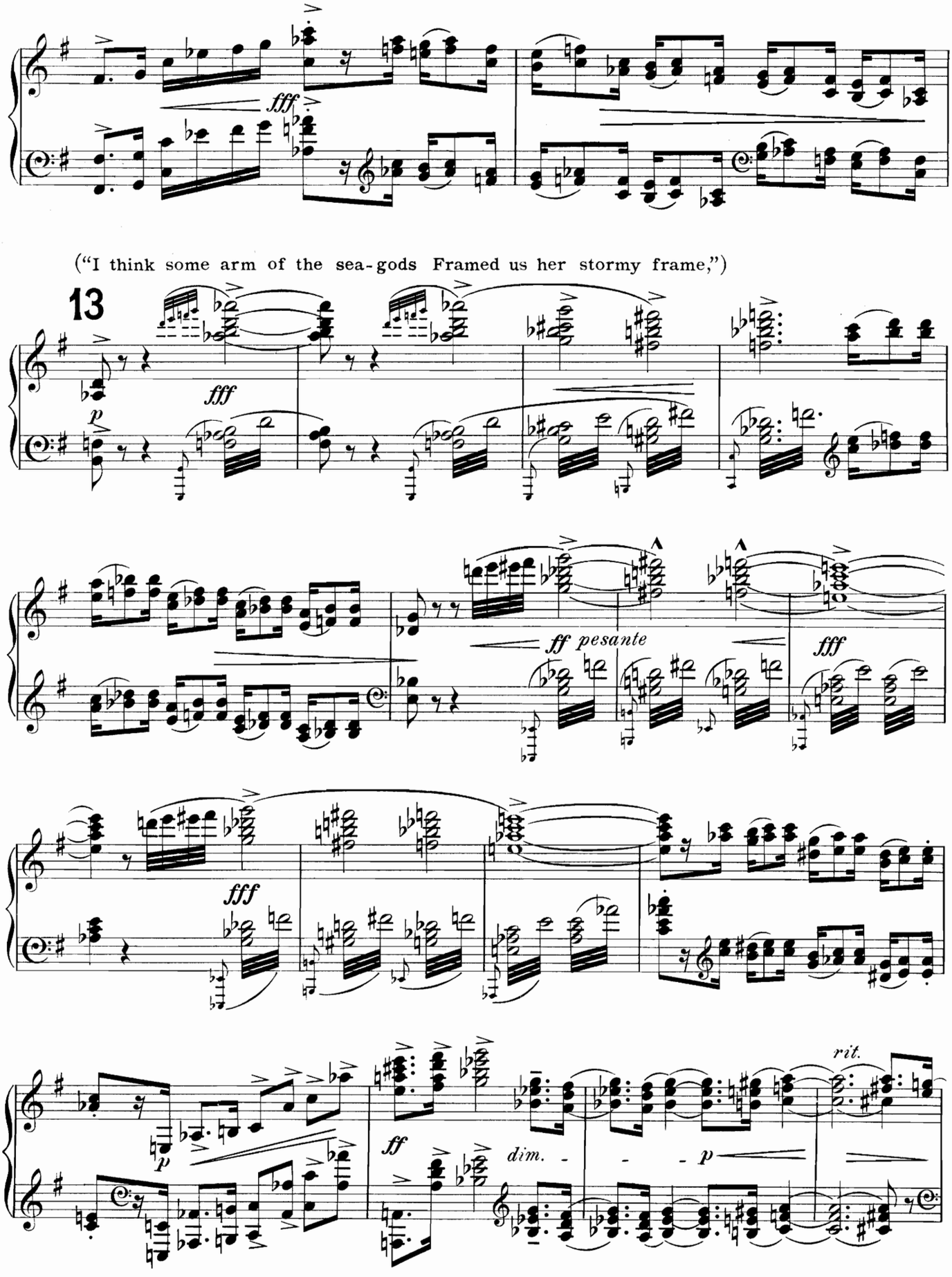
SECTION III.

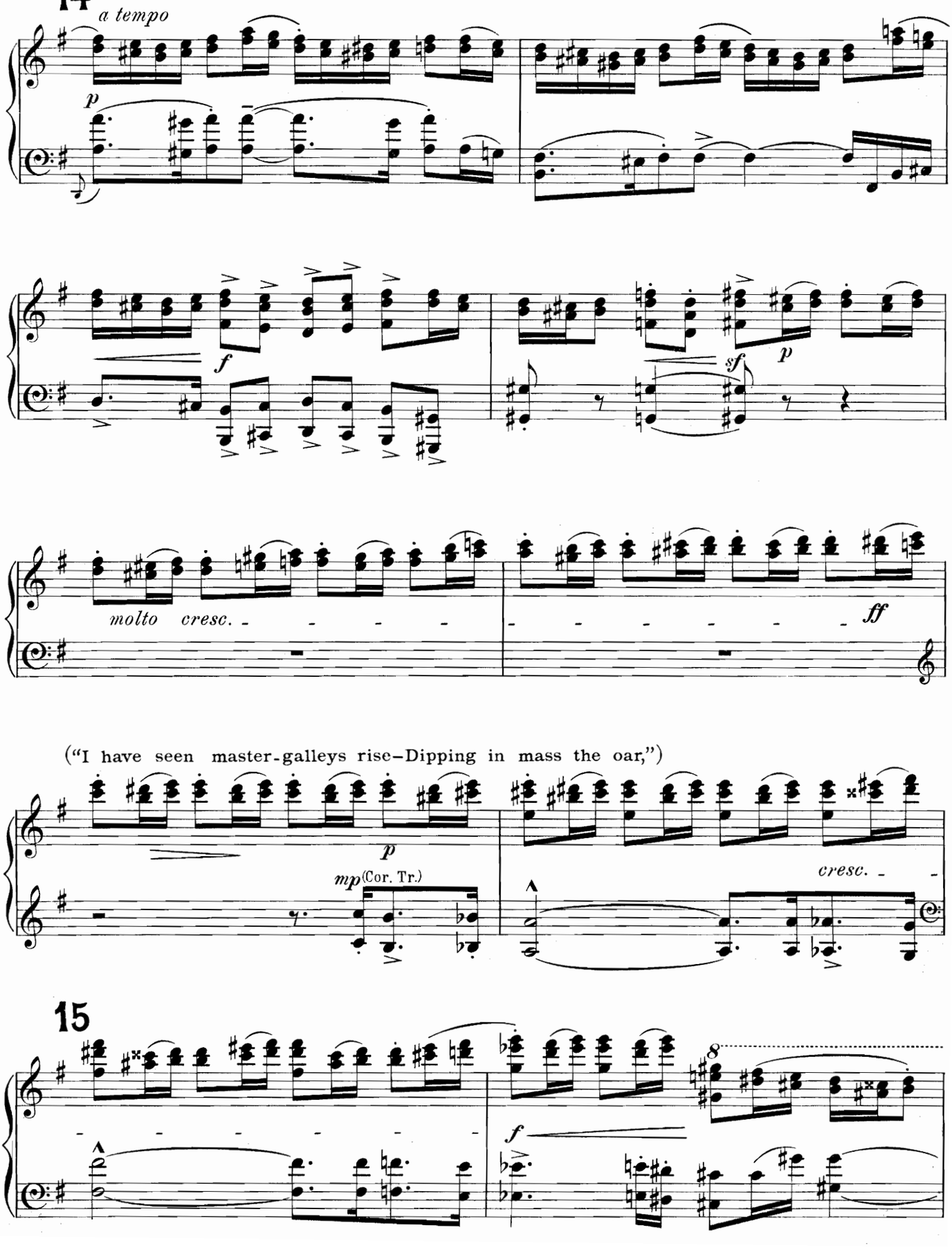
"THE SHIP."

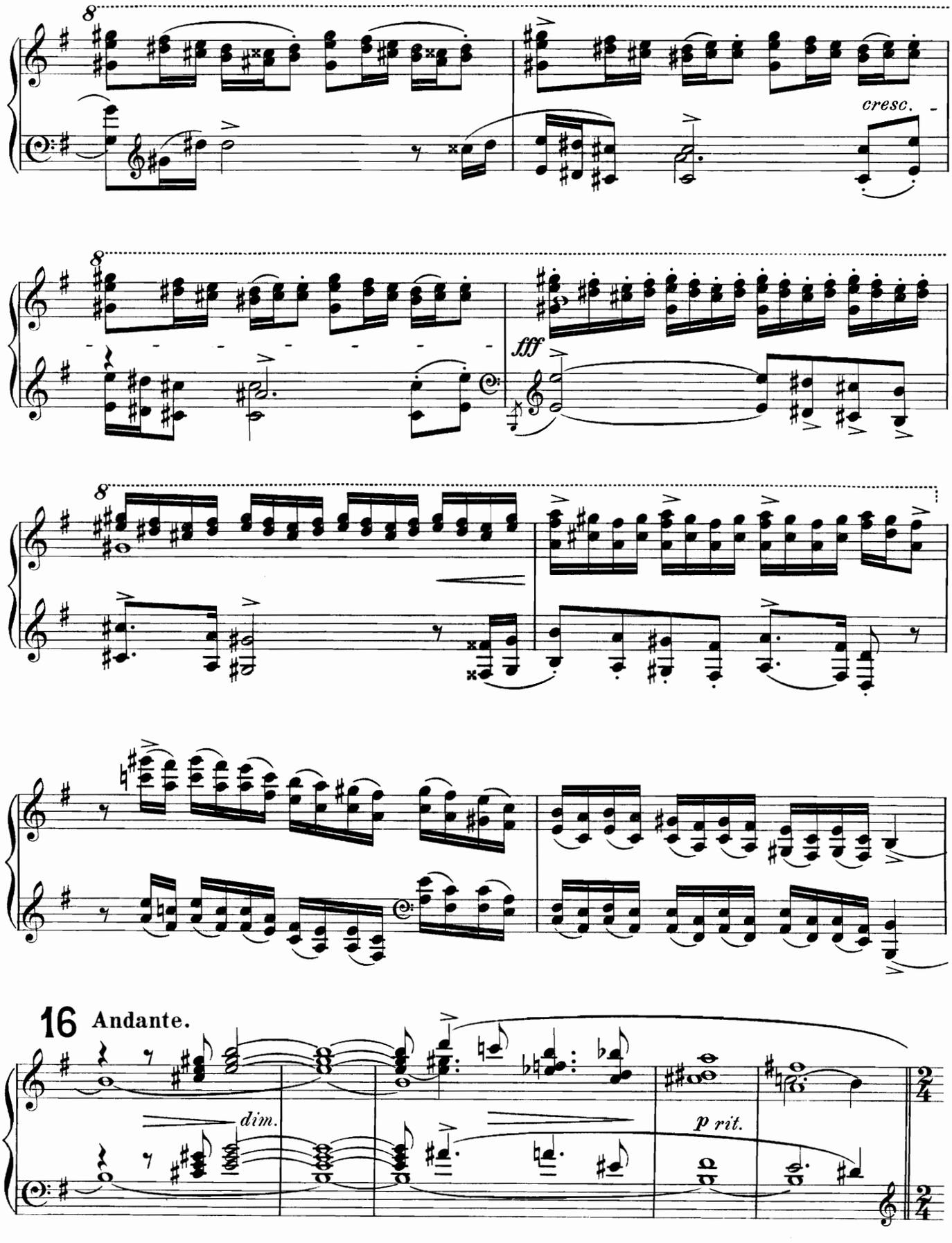
("And whence did that craft hail, sailor?")

Maestoso Allegro.

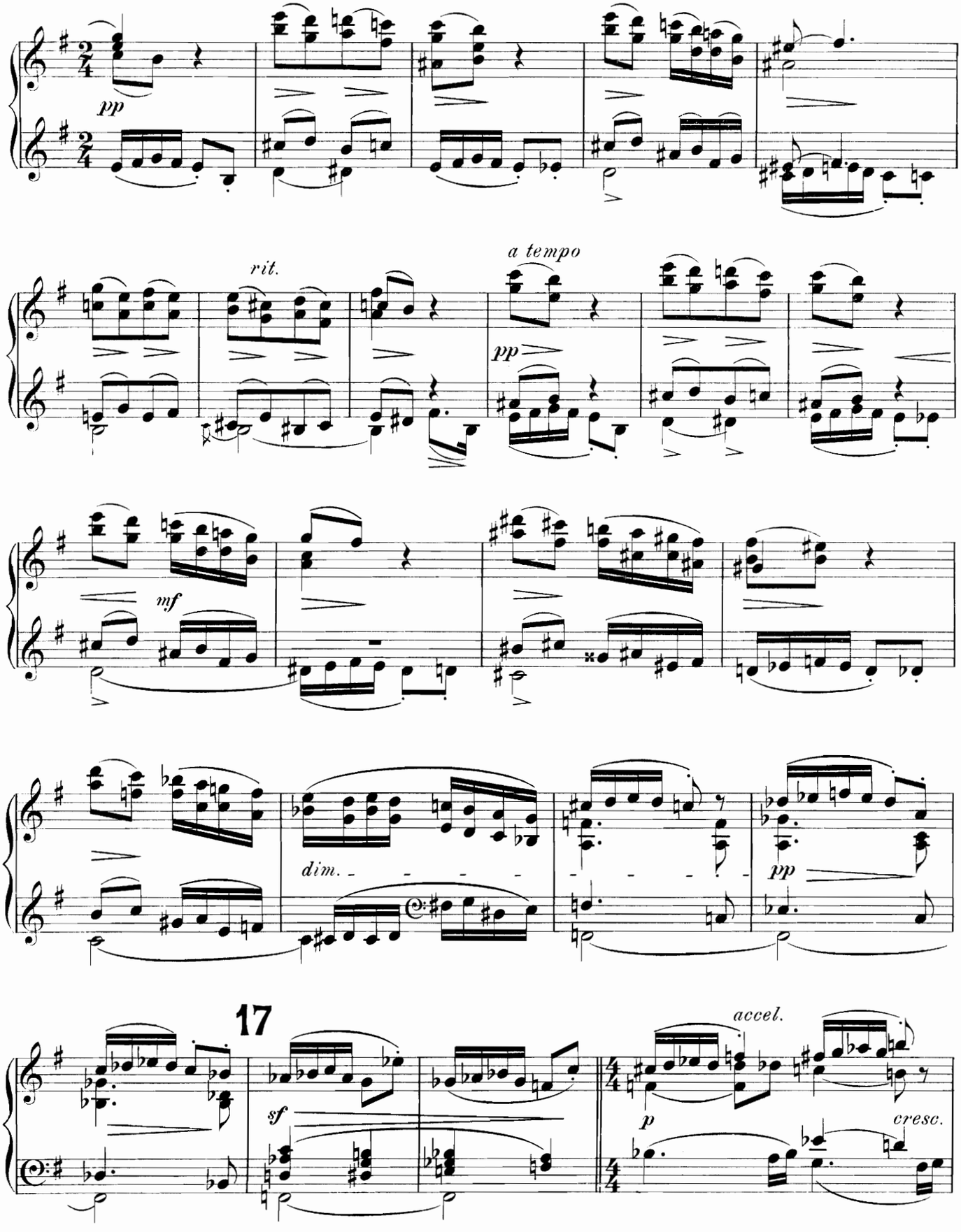


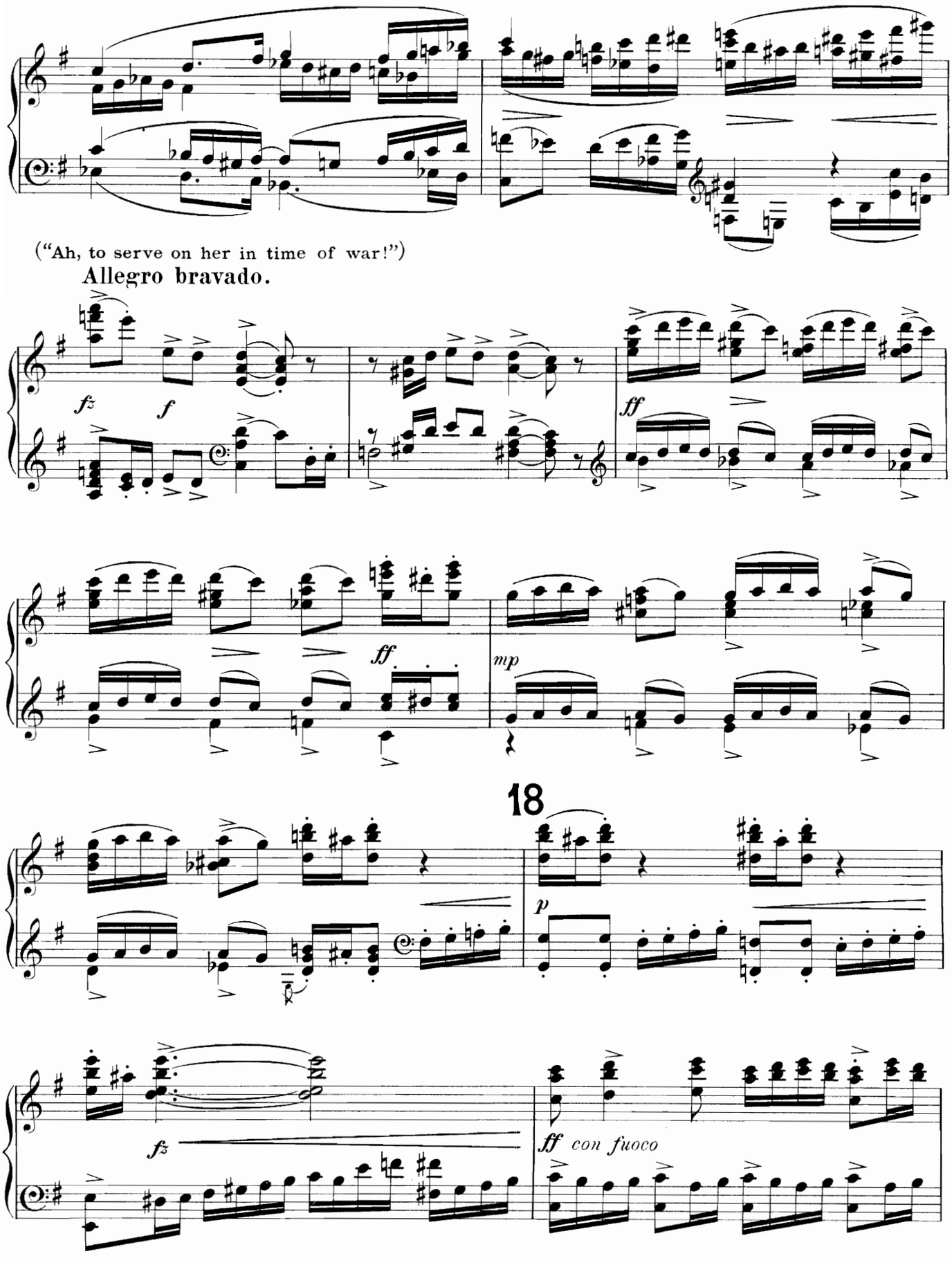

fff
("I think some arm of the sea-gods Framed us her stormy frame,")
13
fff
p
ff pesante
fff
fff
p
ff
dim.
p
rit.

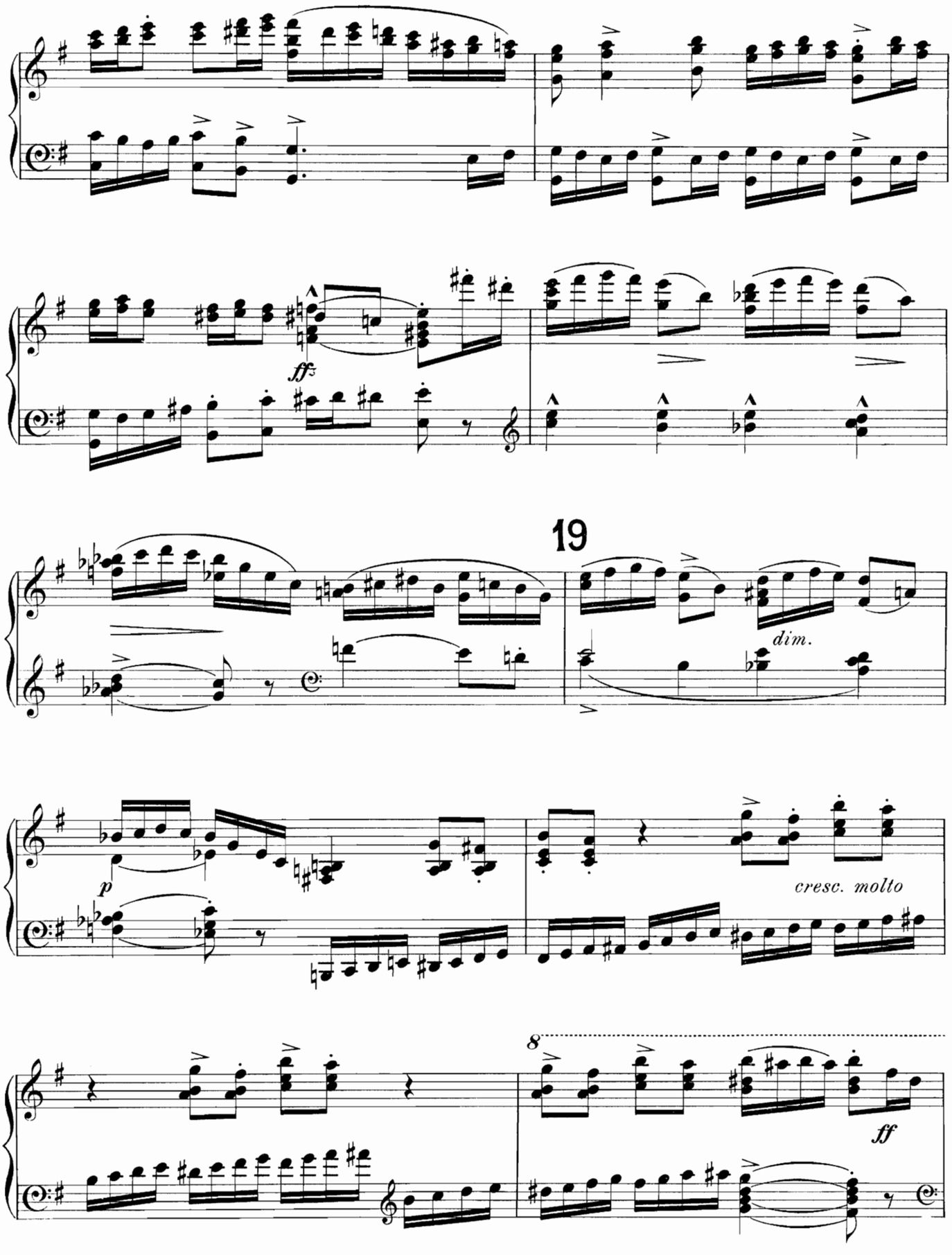

14
a tempo
p
f
sf
p
molto cresc.
ff
("I have seen master-galleys rise–Dipping in mass the oar,")
p
mp (Cor. Tr.)
cresc.
15
8
f

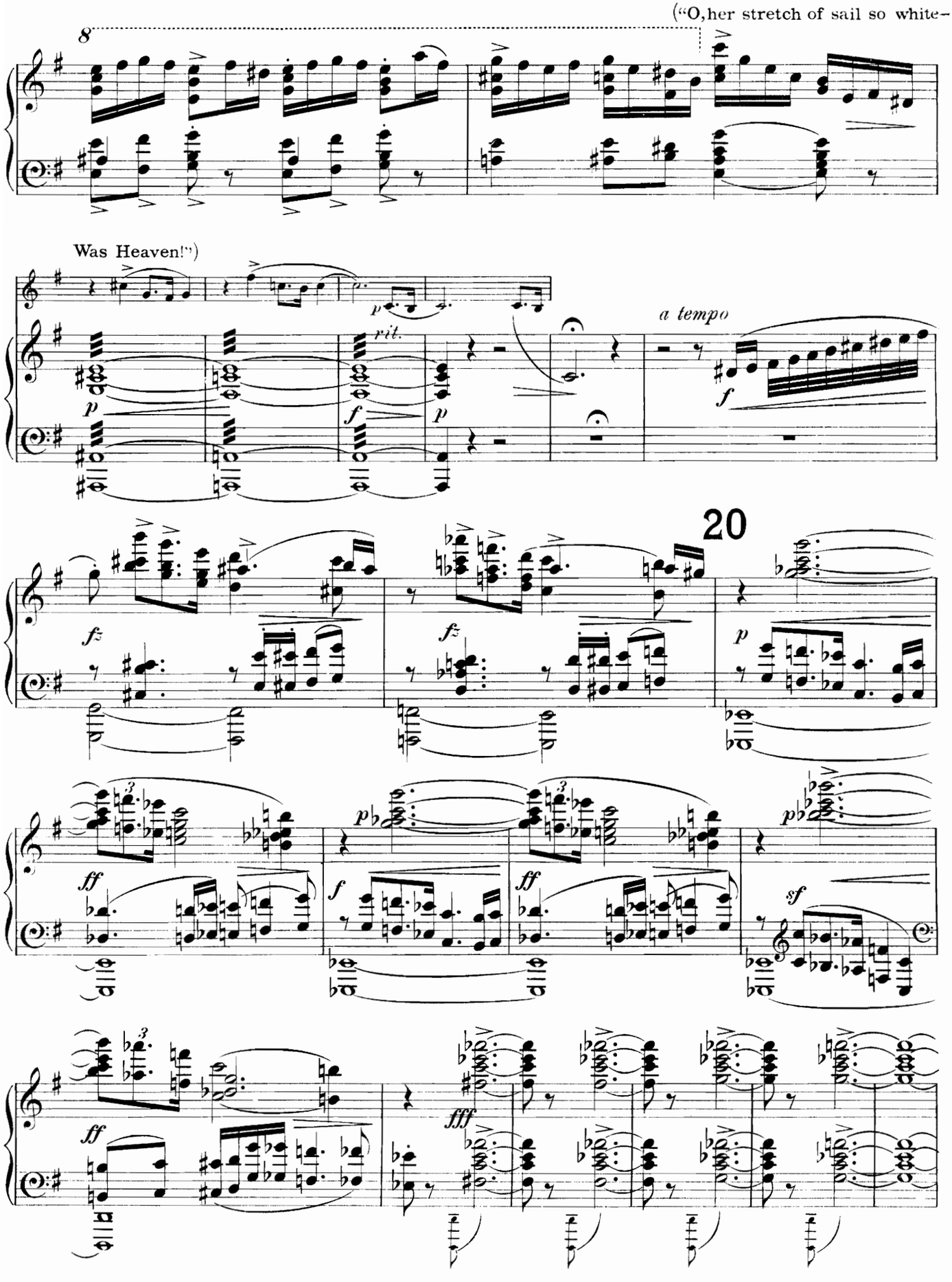

8
cresc.
8
fff
8
16 Andante.
dim.
p rit.

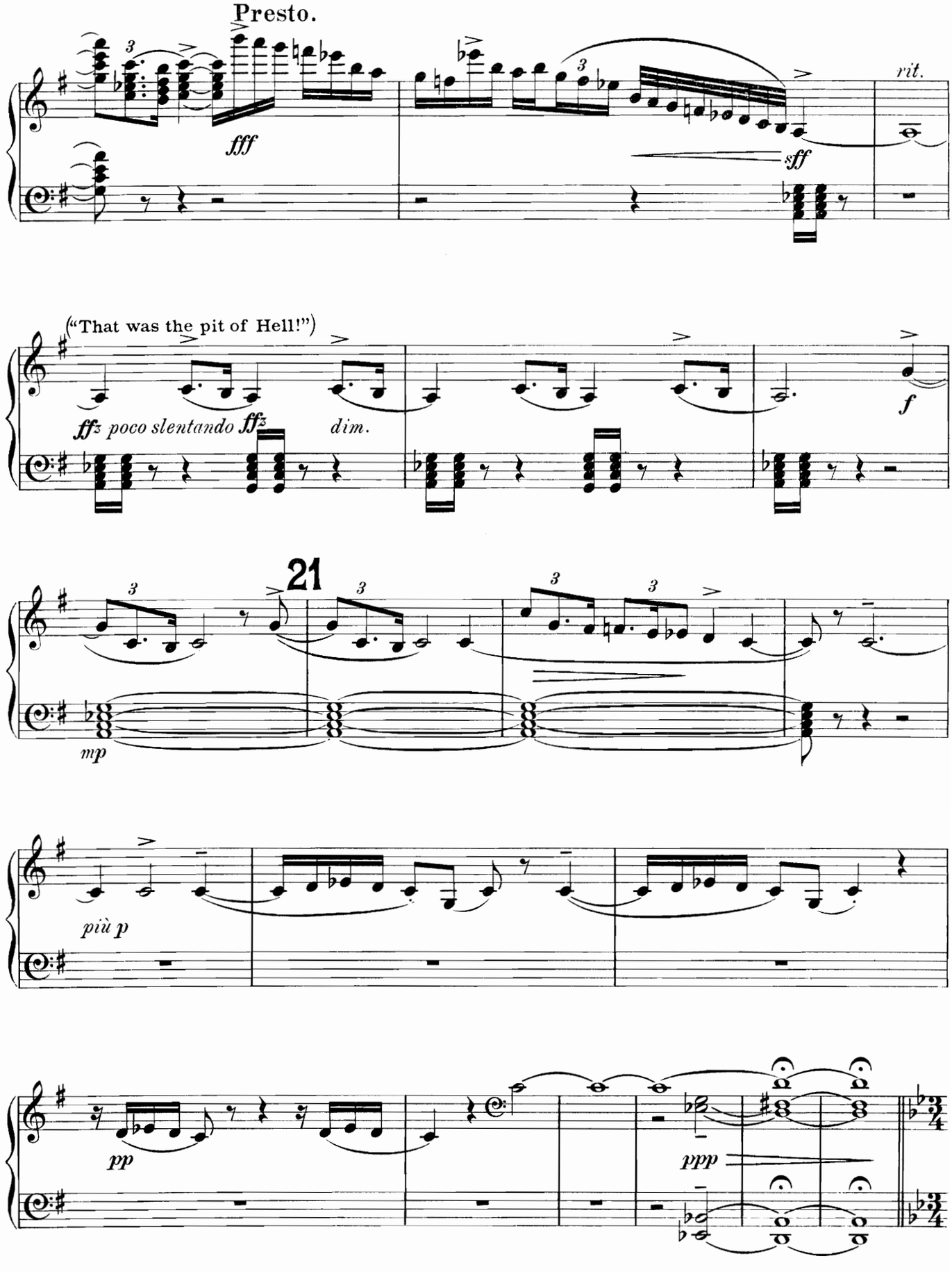
Poco meno, espressivo.




("Ah, to serve on her in time of war!")
Allegro bravado.
fz
f
ff
ff
mp
18
p
fz
ff con fuoco


ff
19
dim.
p
cresc. molto
8
ff


("O, her stretch of sail so white-
8
Was Heaven!")
p
rit.
f
p
a tempo
f
20
fz
fz
p
ff
f
ff
pp
sf
ff
fff


Presto.
fff
sff
rit.
("That was the pit of Hell!")
ffz poco slentando ffz
dim.
f
21
mp
più p
pp
ppp

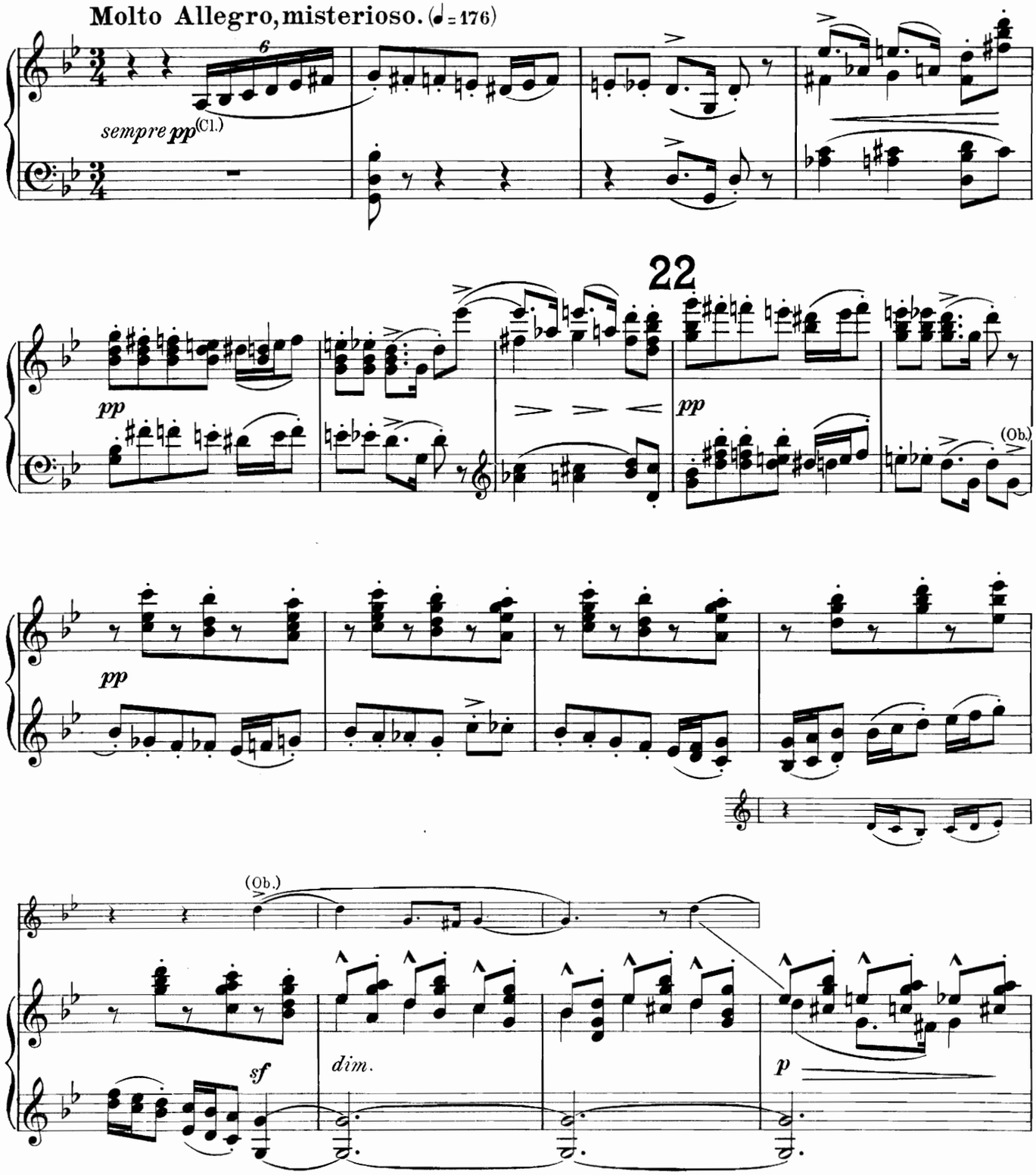
Nº II.

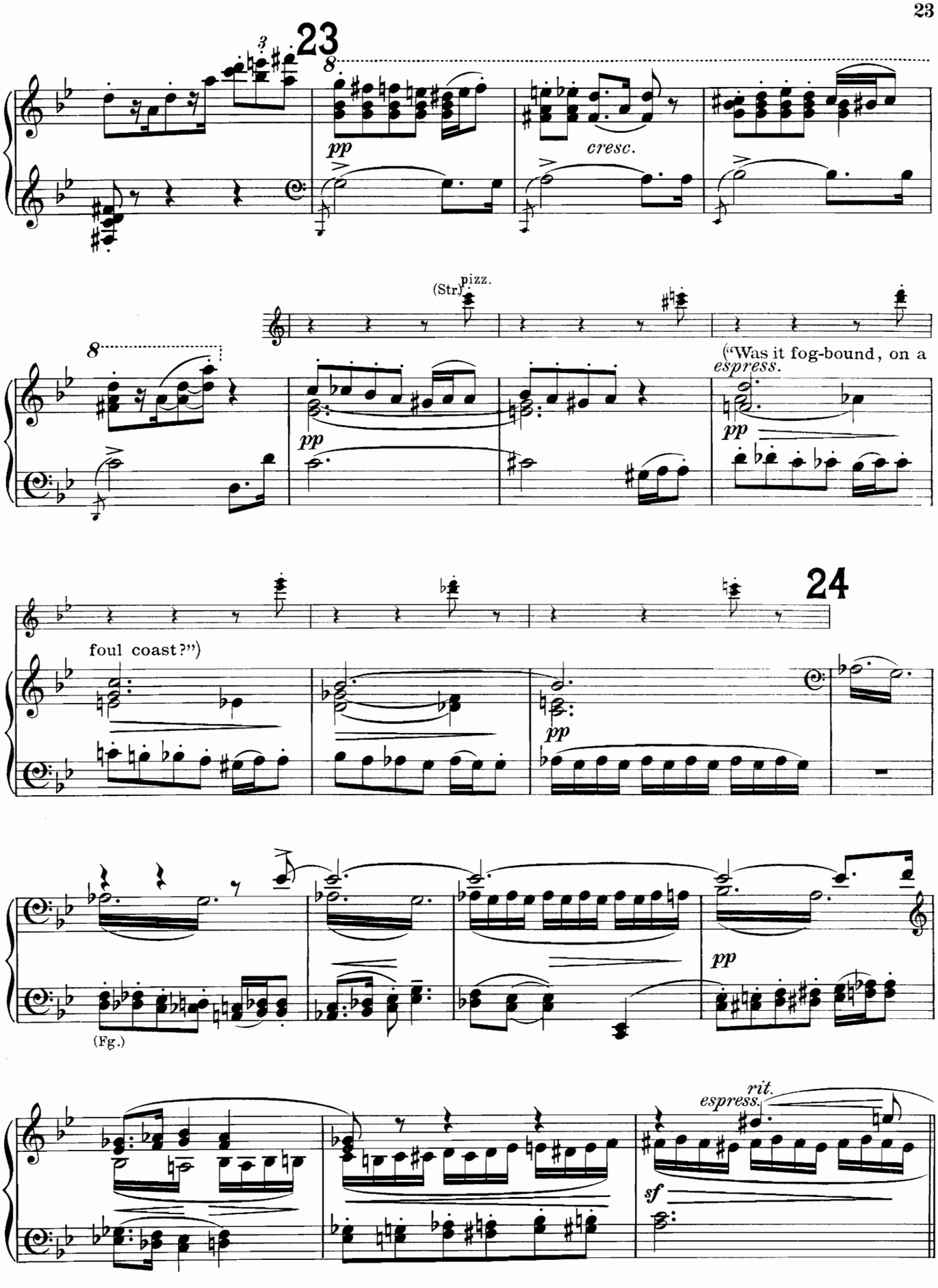
SECTION IV.

"THE TIDINGS."

("How think of her, gone down!"_)

Molto Allegro, misterioso. (♩= 176)




23
pp
cresc.
(Str.) pizz.
espress.
("Was it fog-bound, on a
pp
24
foul coast?")
pp
(Fg.)
pp
rit.
espress.
sf

("Like man's weariness, Of everything that is,")

Meno mosso molto.

25

(Fl.)

p

("As one crumbles little things.")—

dim.

rit.

("Her end, my lad, was none of these;")

26 **Tempo I.**

legg.

pp espress.

p

27

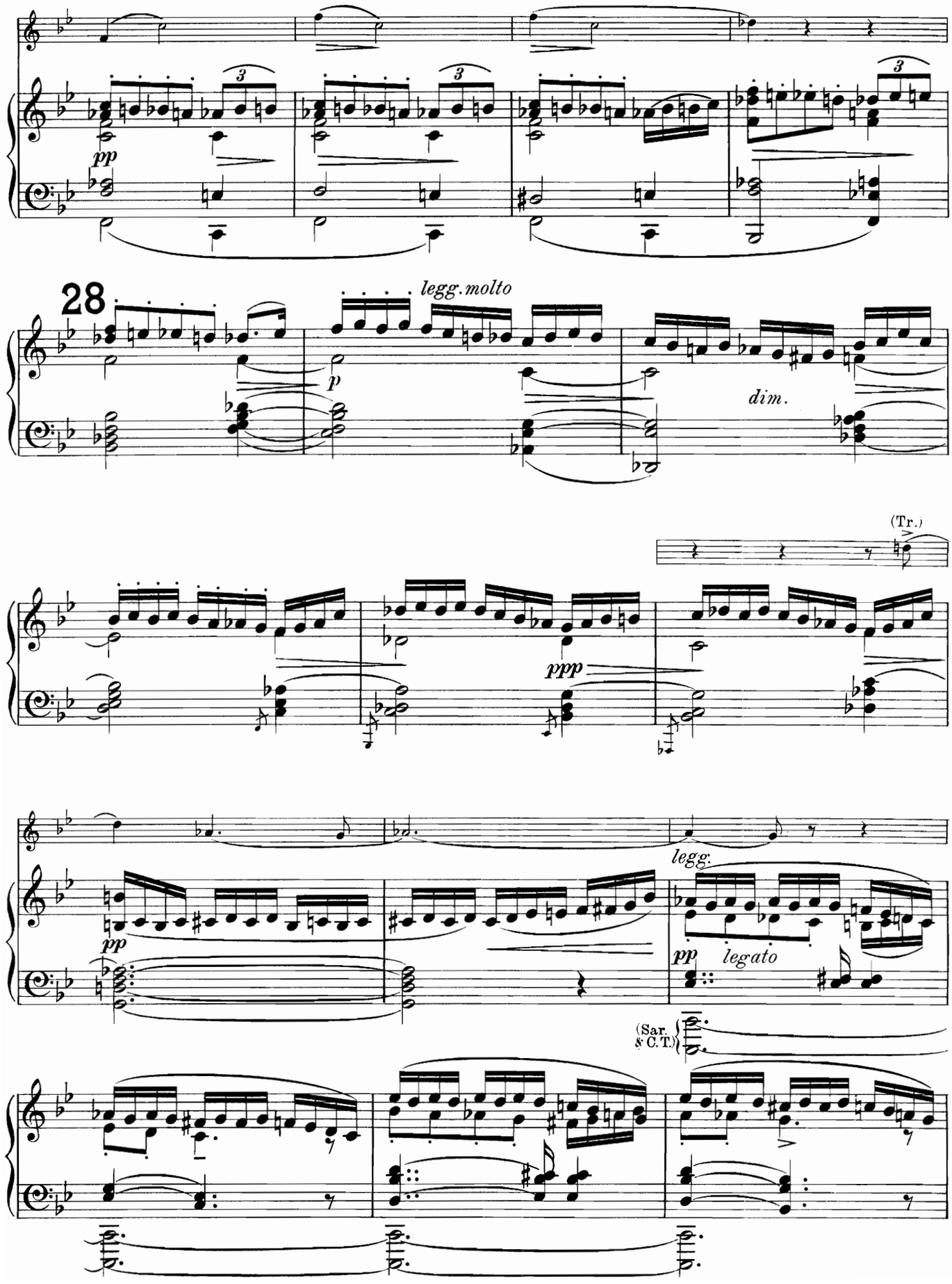
p

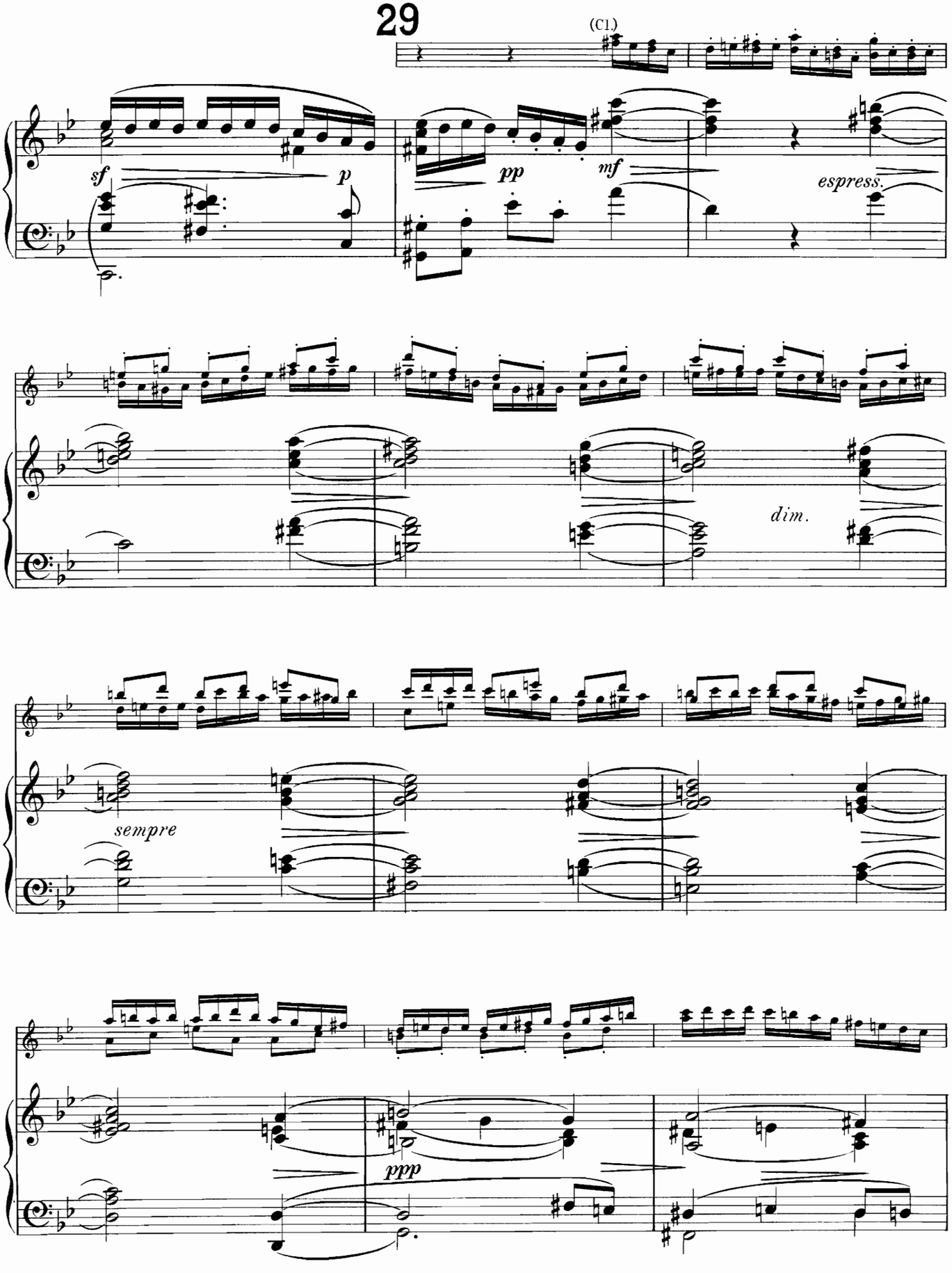
pp sostenuto

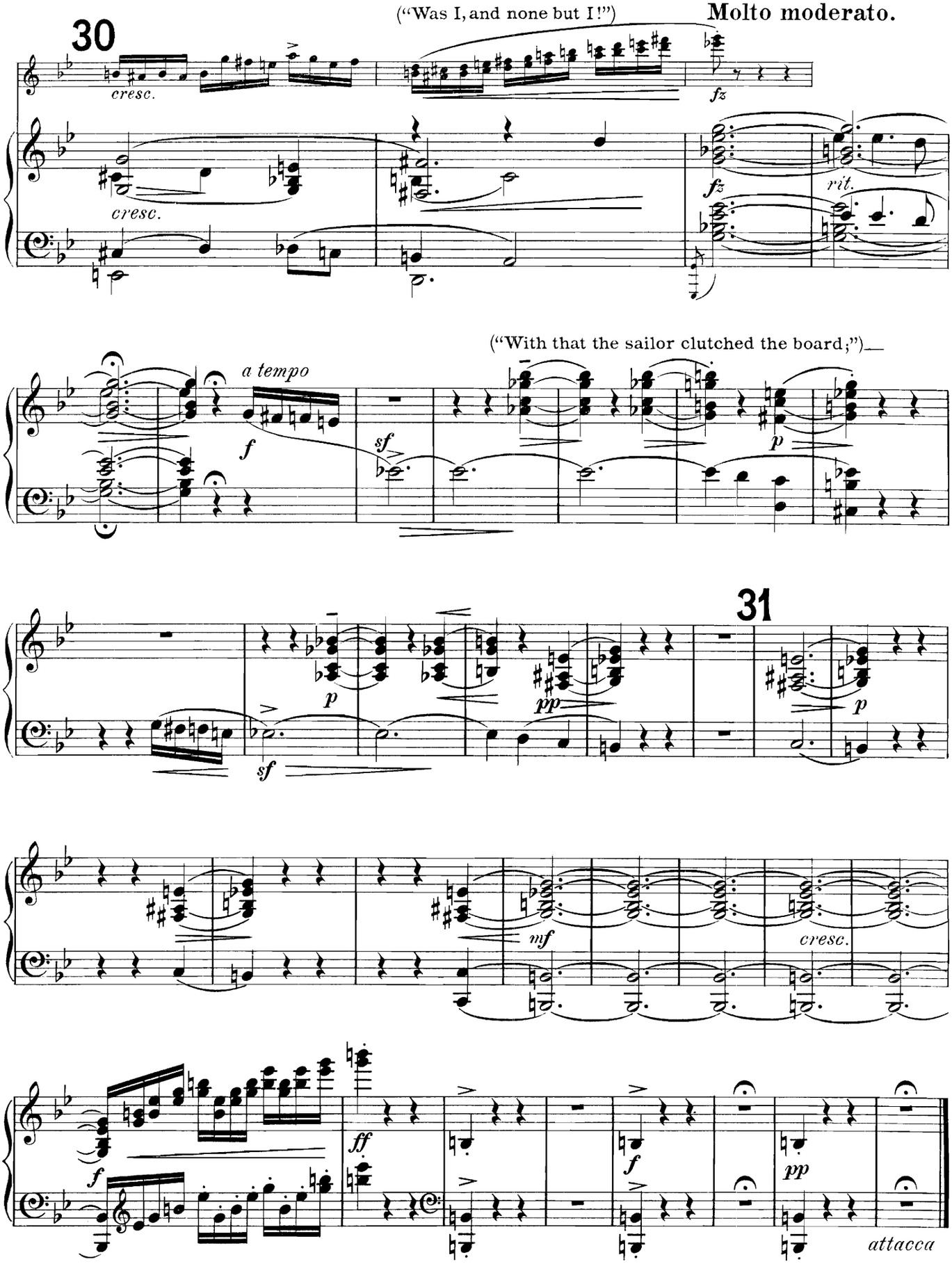
(Tr.) ("How got you this news?")

espress.

sostenuto


28
legg. molto
dim.
(Tr.)
legg.
legato
(Sar. & C.T.)


29
(Cl.)
sf
p
pp
mf
espress.
dim.
sempre
ppp


("Was I, and none but I!")
Molto moderato.
30
cresc.
cresc.
fz
fz
rit.
("With that the sailor clutched the board;")
a tempo
f
sf
p
31
p
sf
pp
p
mf
cresc.
f
ff
f
pp
attacca

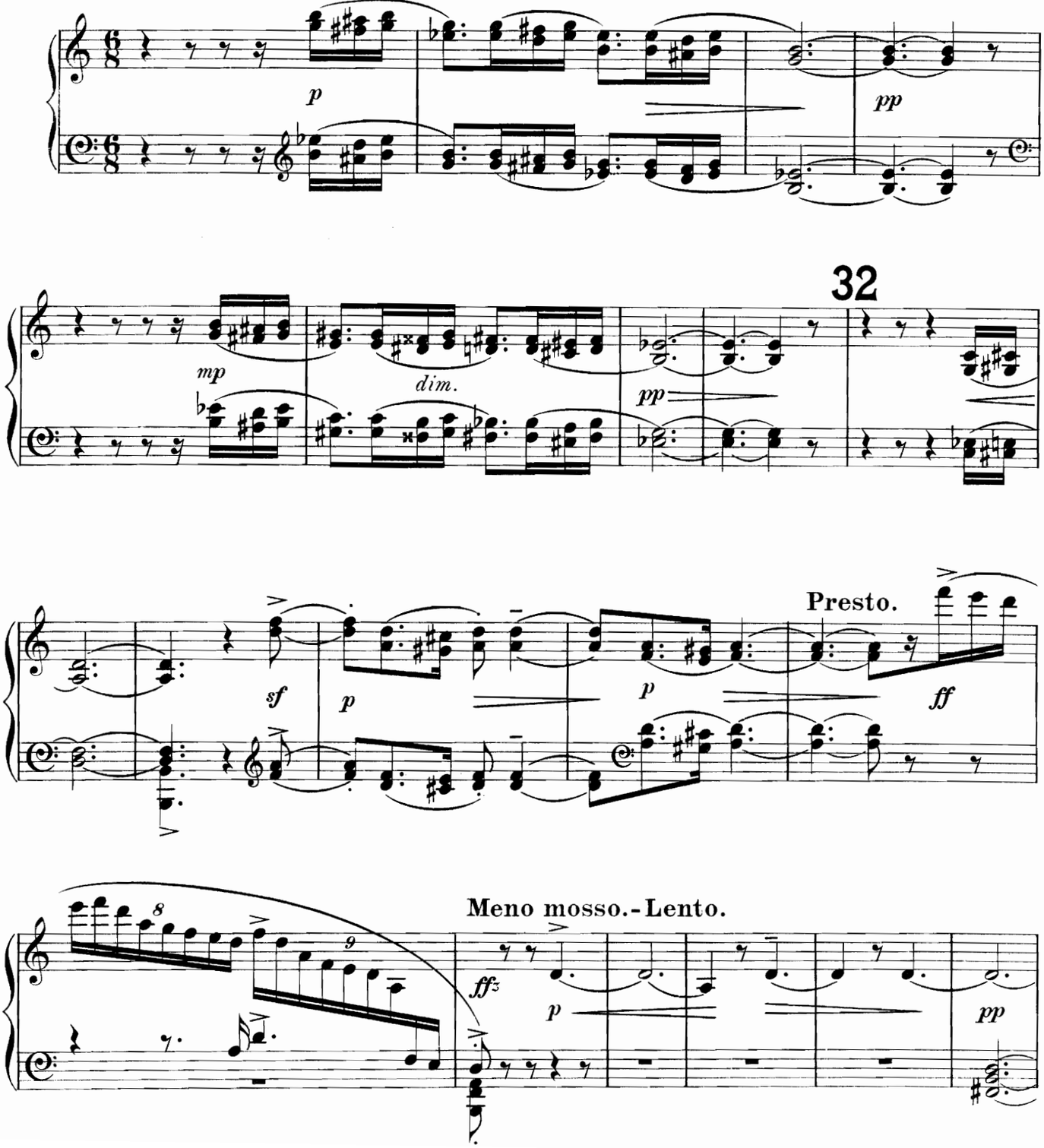
Nº III.

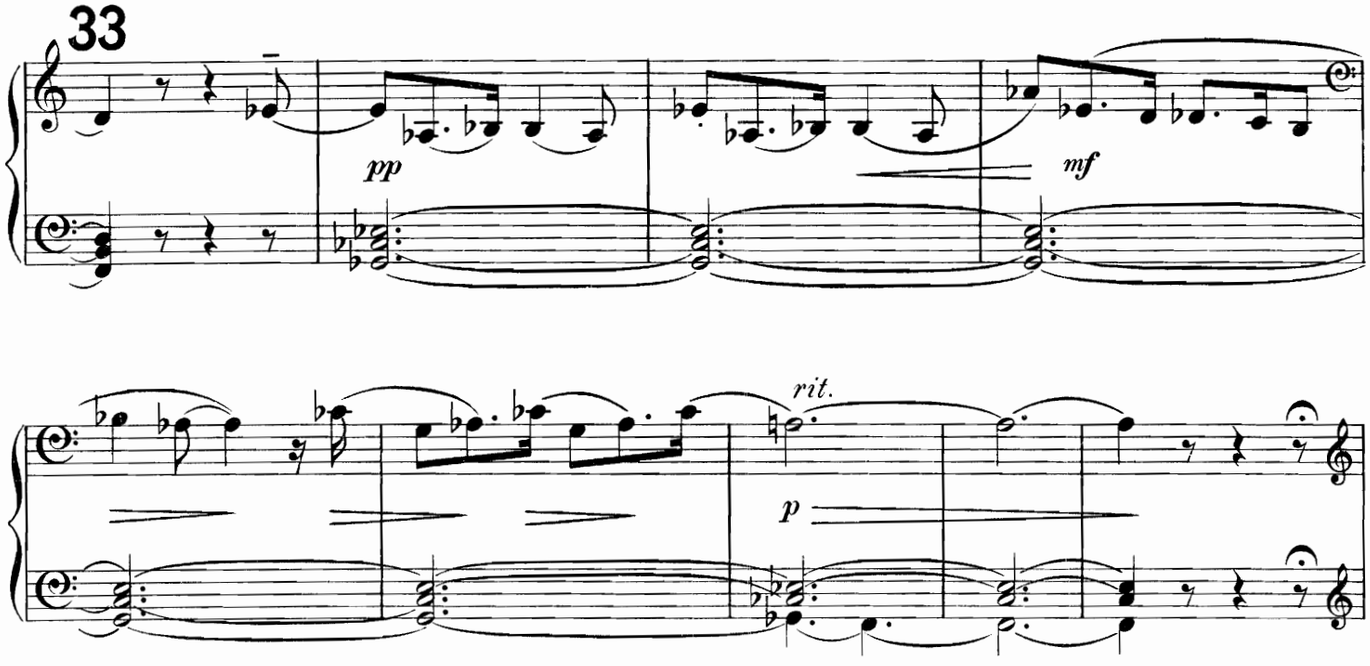
SECTION V.

"THE TALE OF APOLLO."

("There was no whisper out of space.")

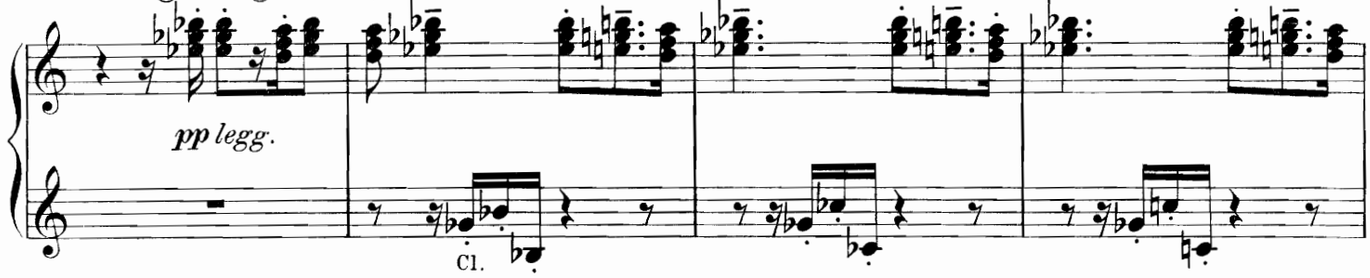
Andantino molto agitato. (♩ = 120)

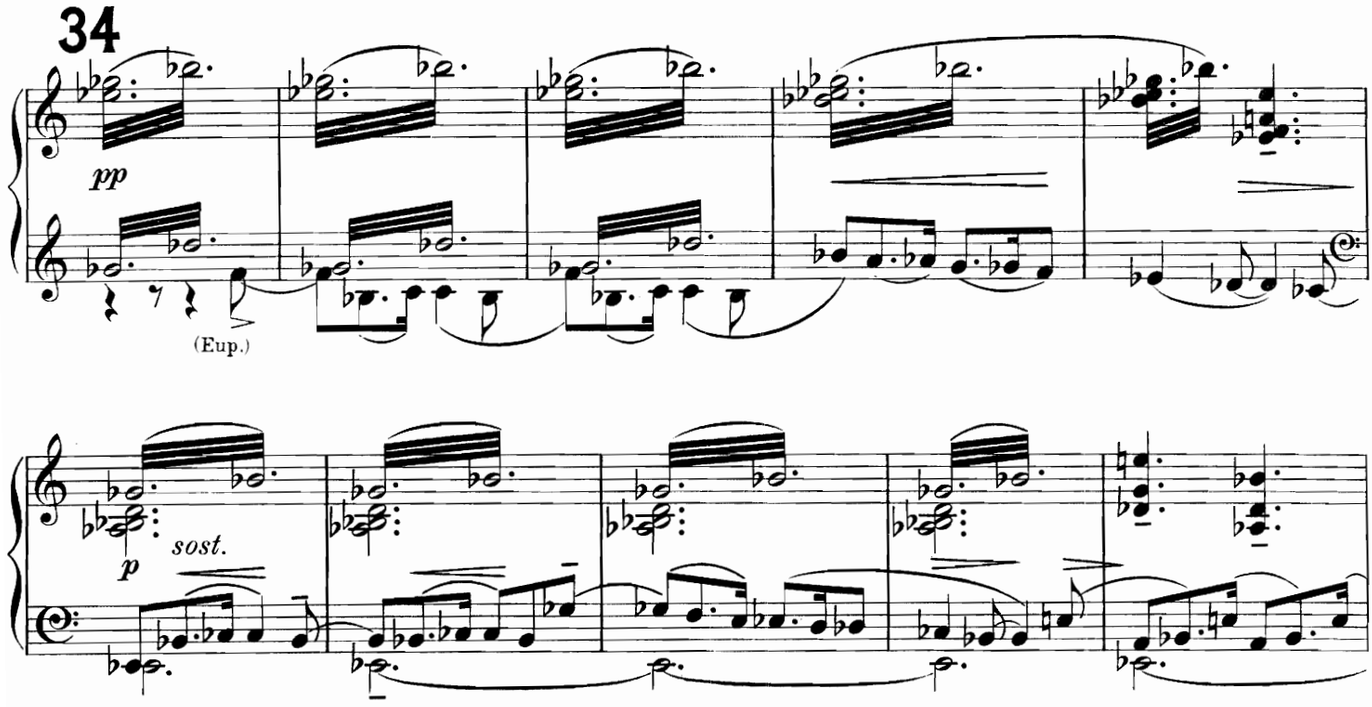


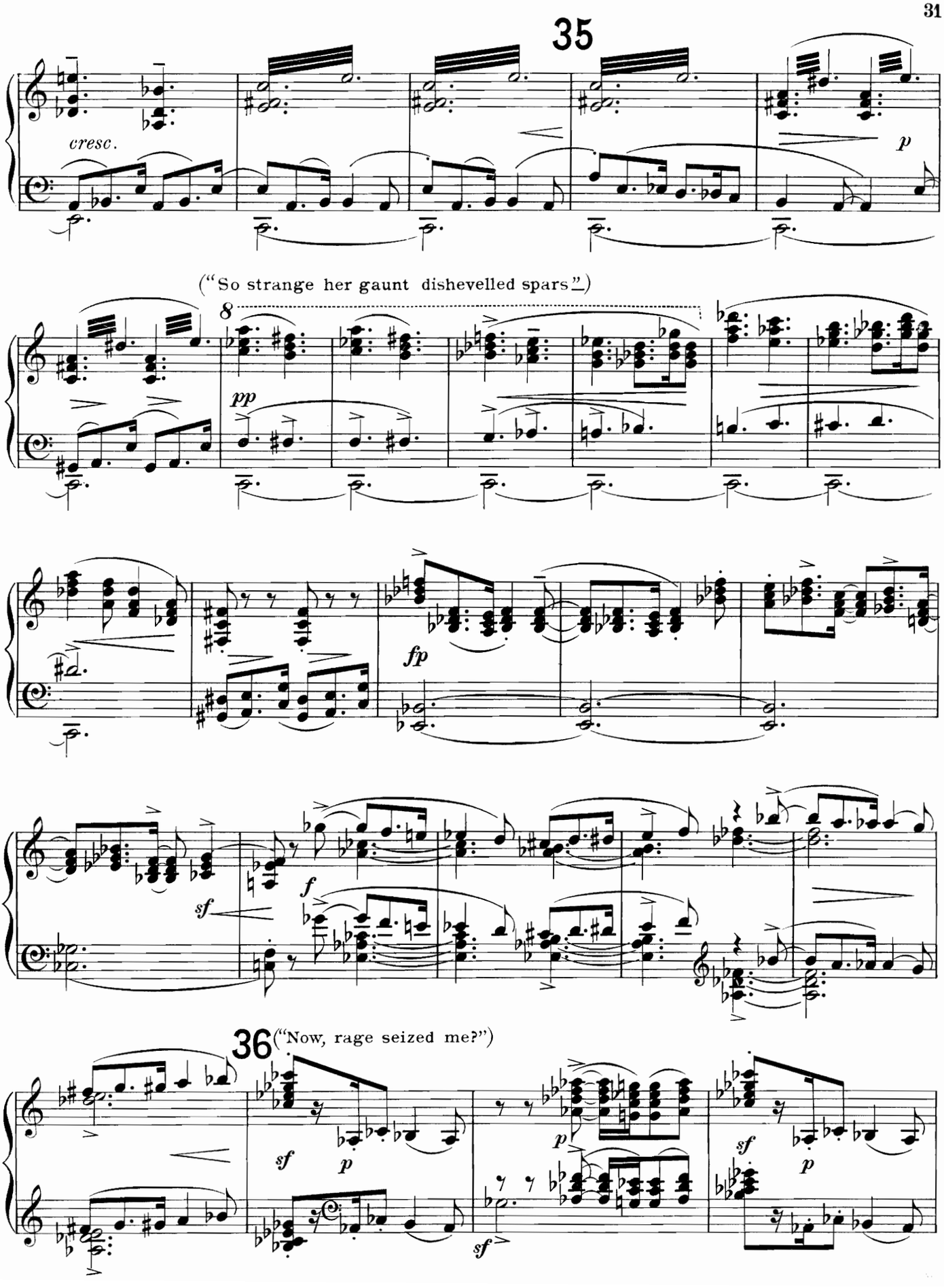


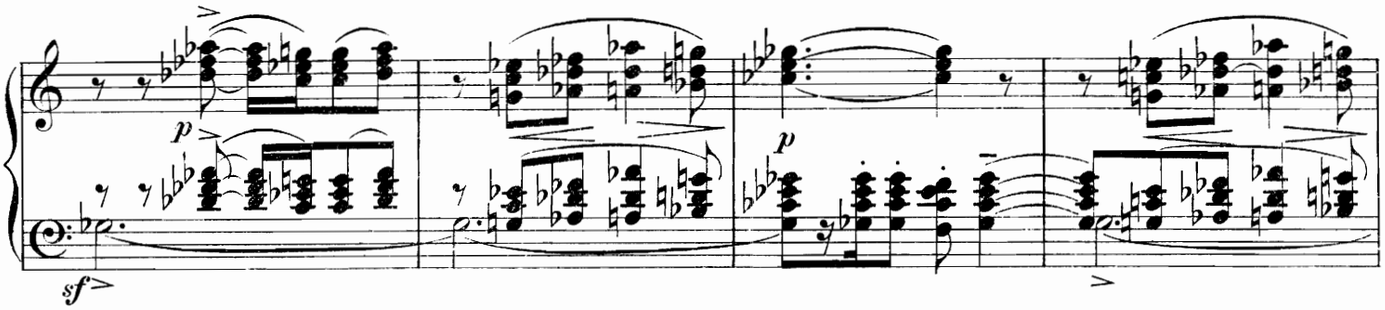
("From that Ship becalm'd, spread strange commotion as I near'd over the starred sea-swell.")

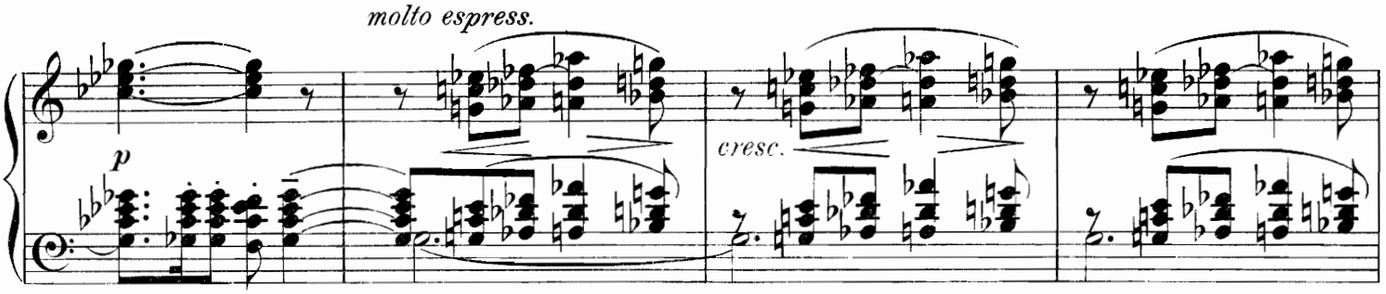
Allegro agitato. (♩ = 192)






35
cresc.
p
("So strange her gaunt dishevelled spars")
8
pp
fp
sf
f
36
("Now, rage seized me?")
sf
p
p
sf
sf
p





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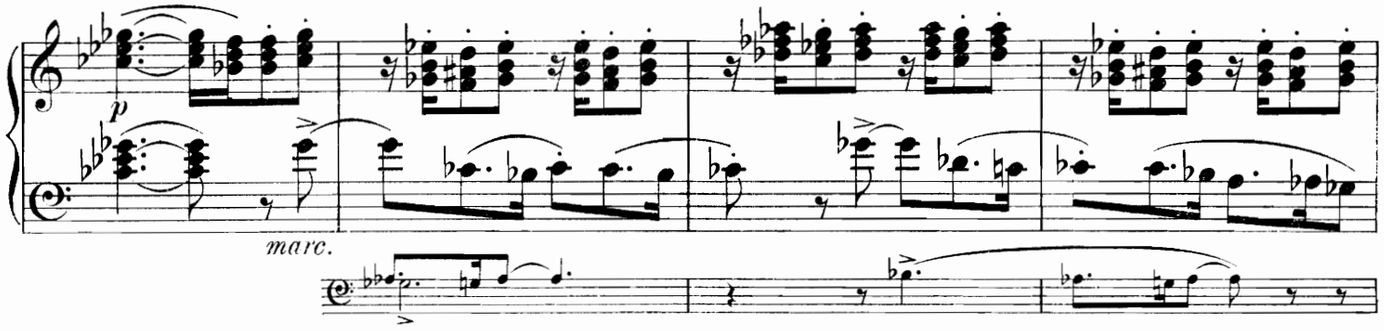
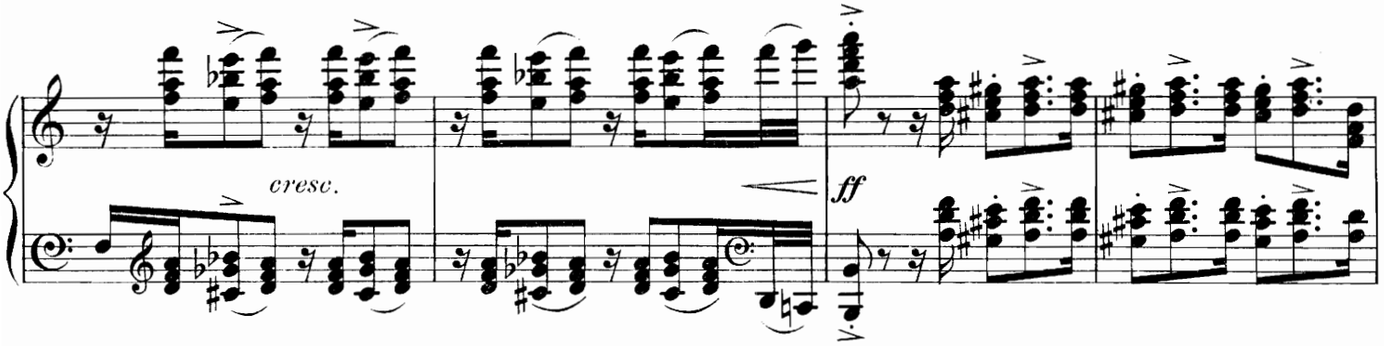
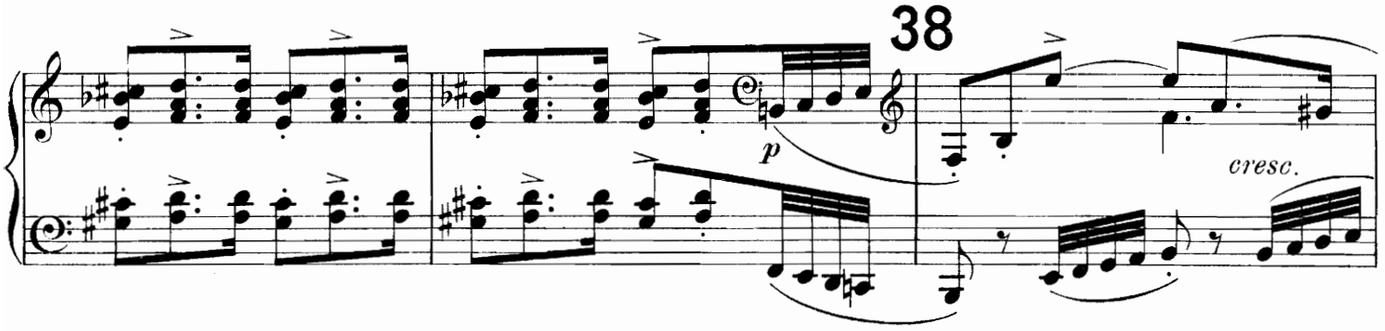
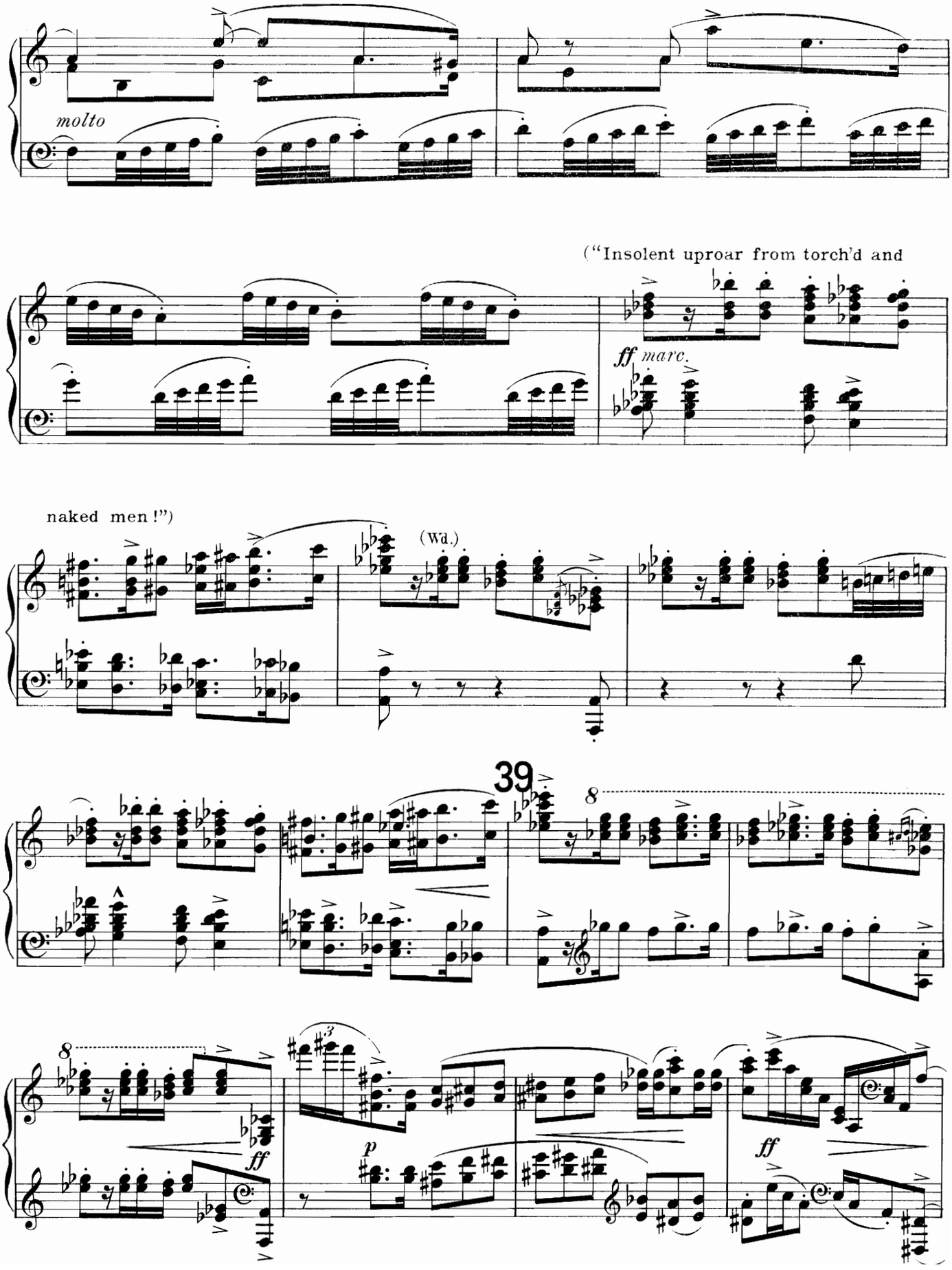
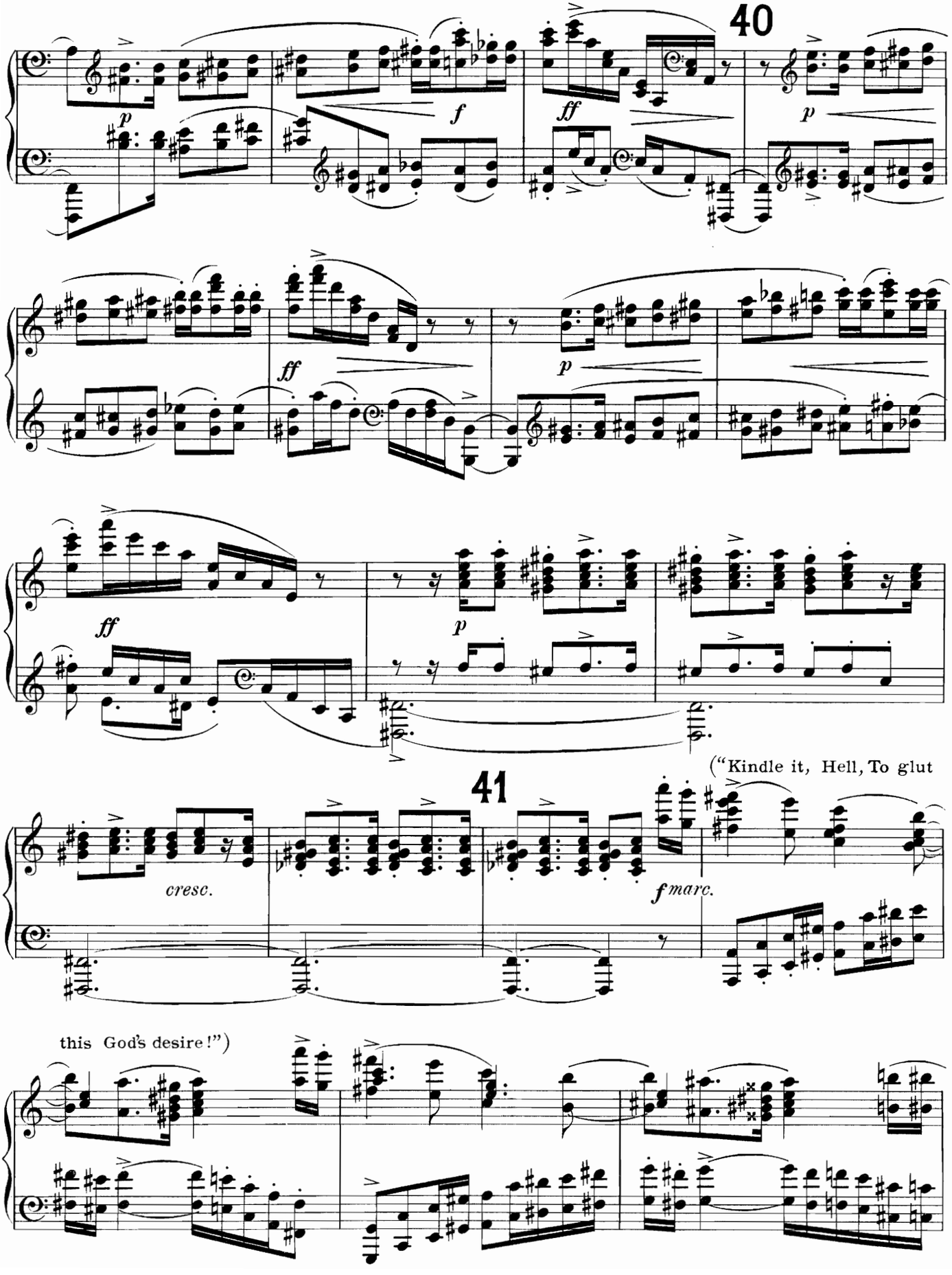


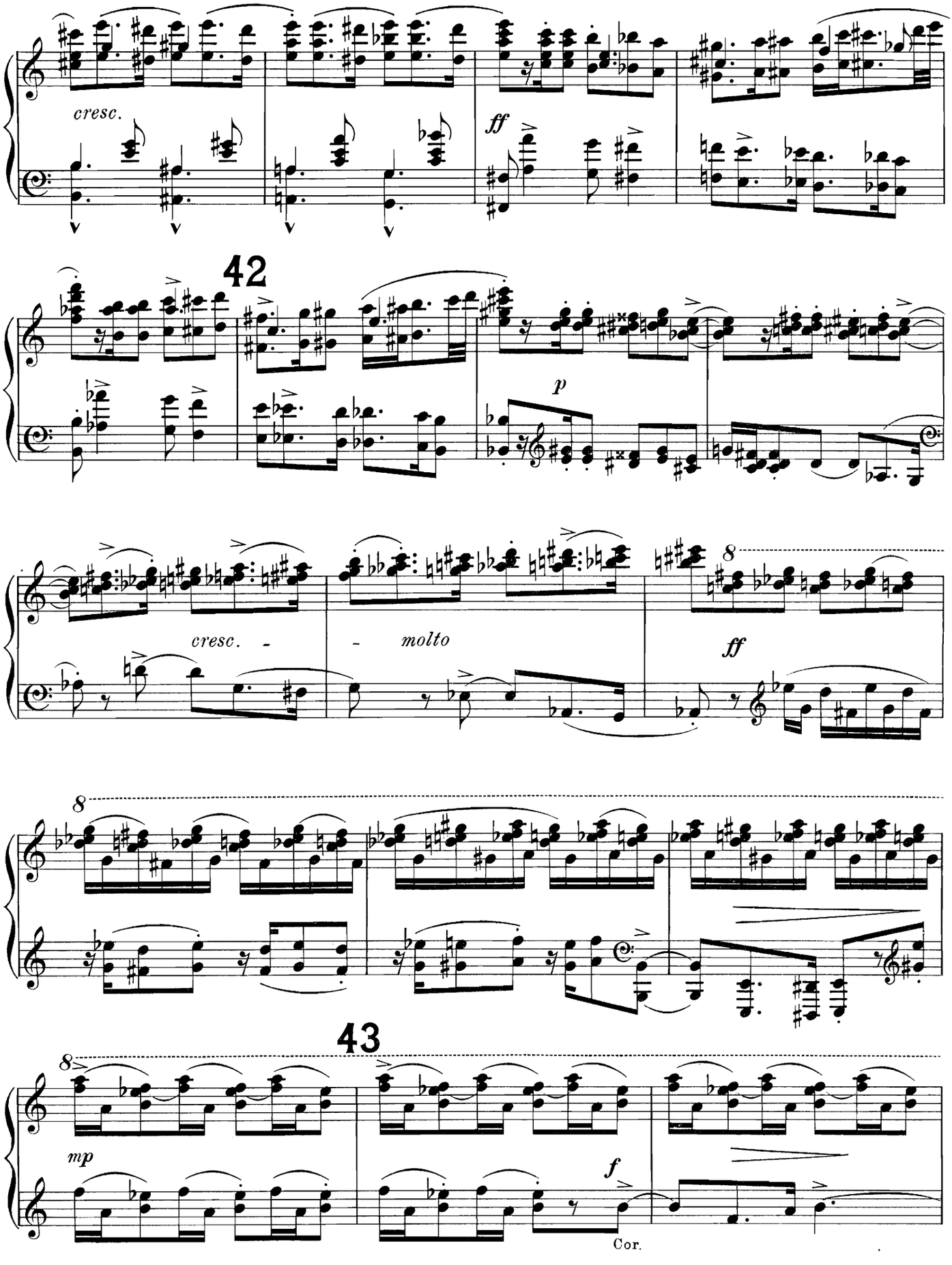


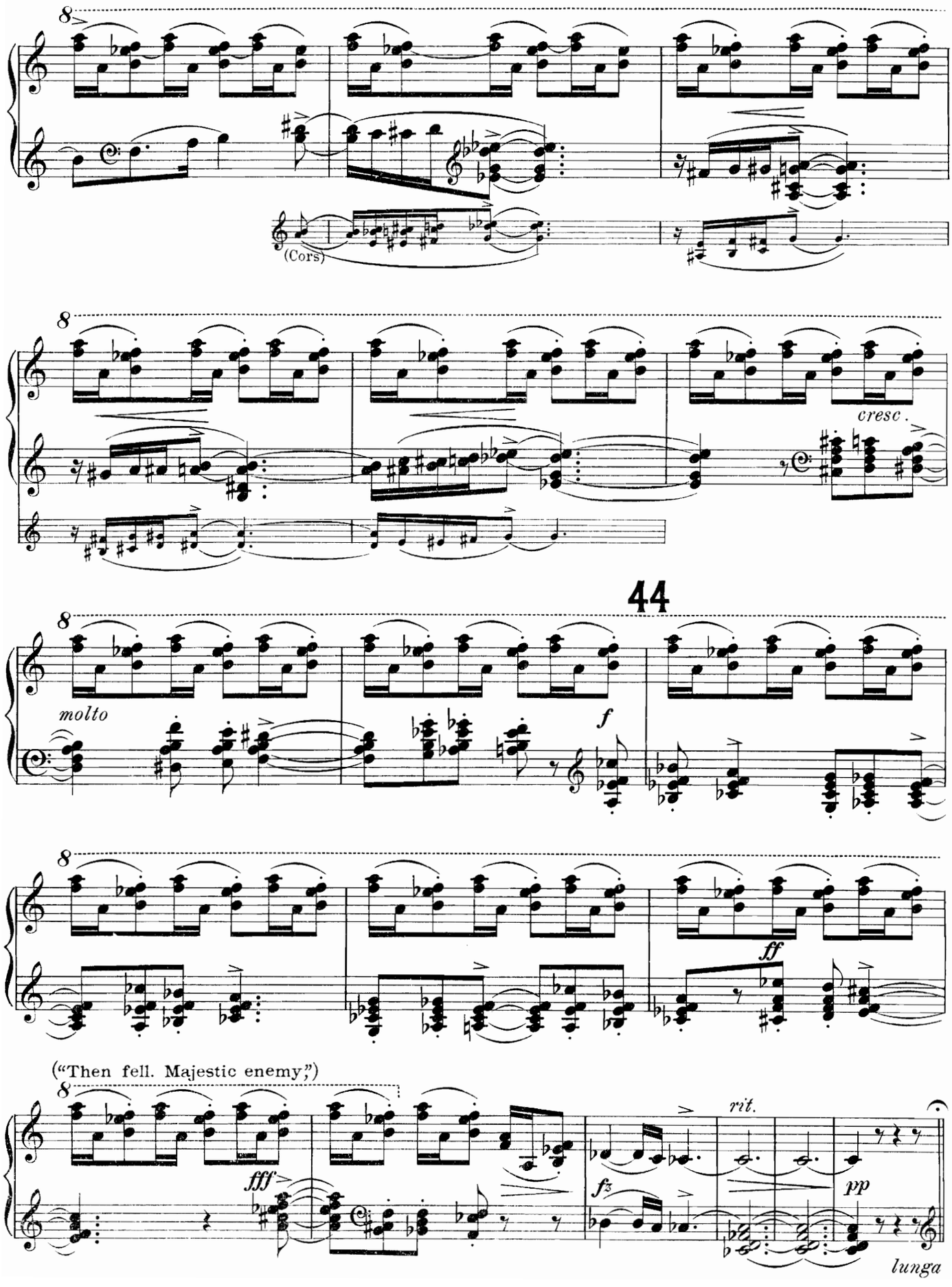
38




molto
("Insolent uproar from torch'd and
ff marc.
naked men!")
(Wd.)
39
8
8
ff
p
ff


40
p
f
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
41
cresc.
fmarc.
("Kindle it, Hell, To glut
this God's desire!")


cresc.
ff
42
p
cresc.
molto
ff
8
8
43
8
mp
f
Cor.


8
(Cors)
8
cresc.
44
8
molto
f
8
ff
("Then fell. Majestic enemy,")
8
fff
fz
rit.
pp
lunga

("Out of the throng'd expanse.")

Poco Andante.

45

p

pp espress.

p cantabile

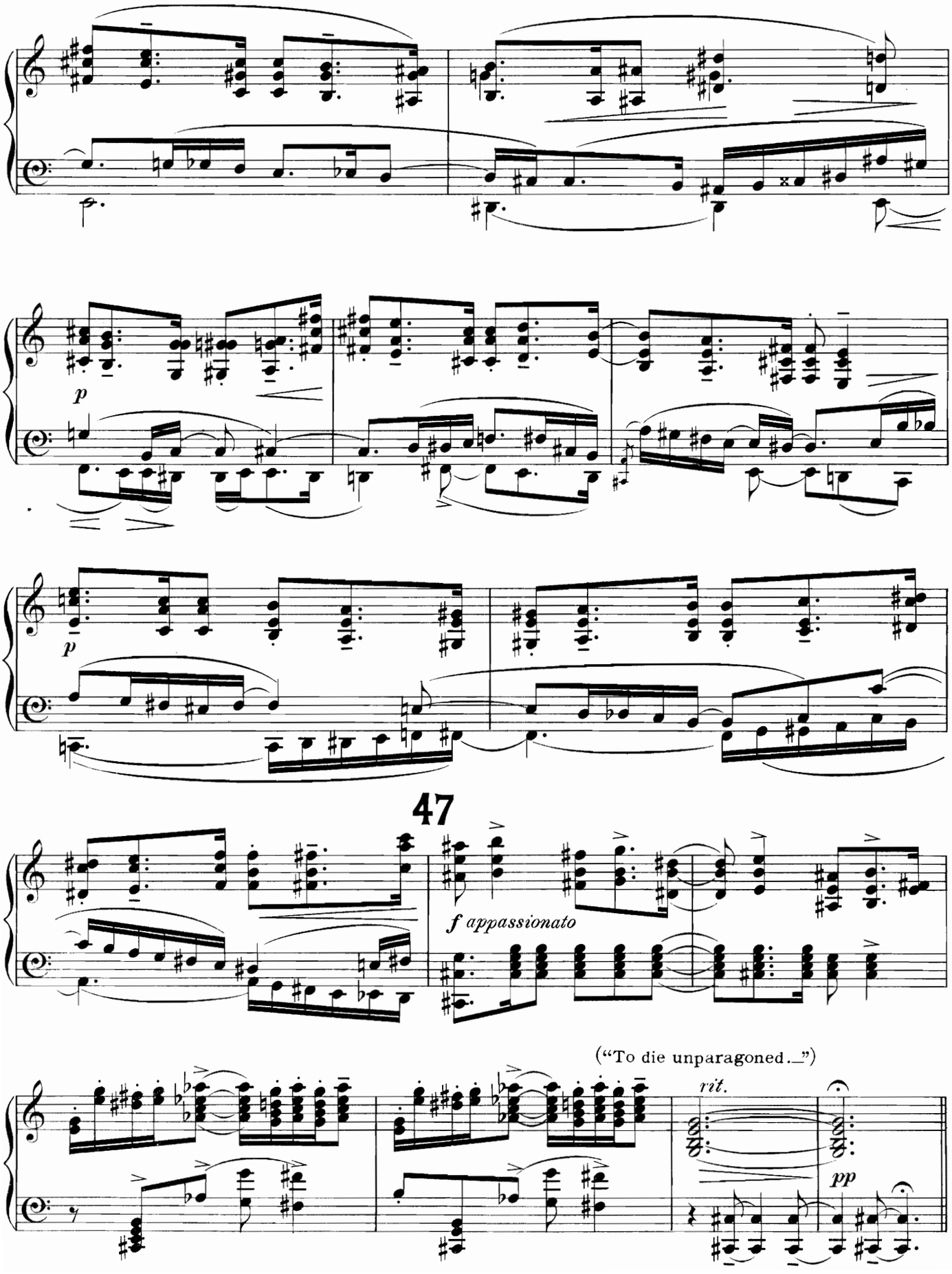
sf

rit.

("So I mused— *why need the dead survive?*")

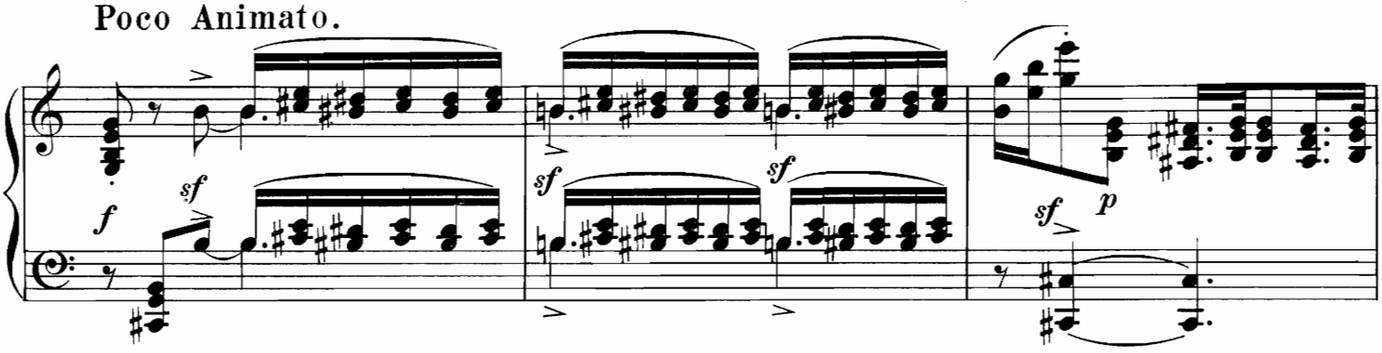
46 **Tempo molto meno mosso, espressivo.** *(Andantino.)*

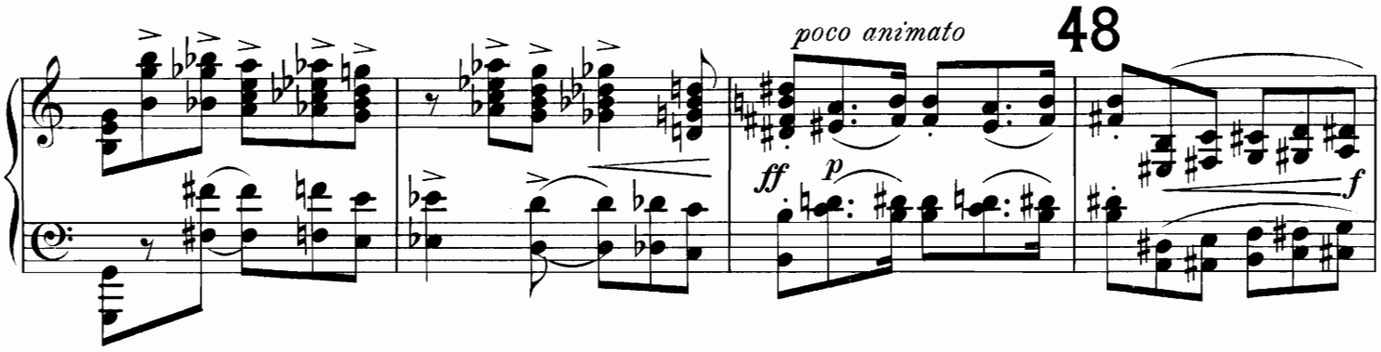
p sost.

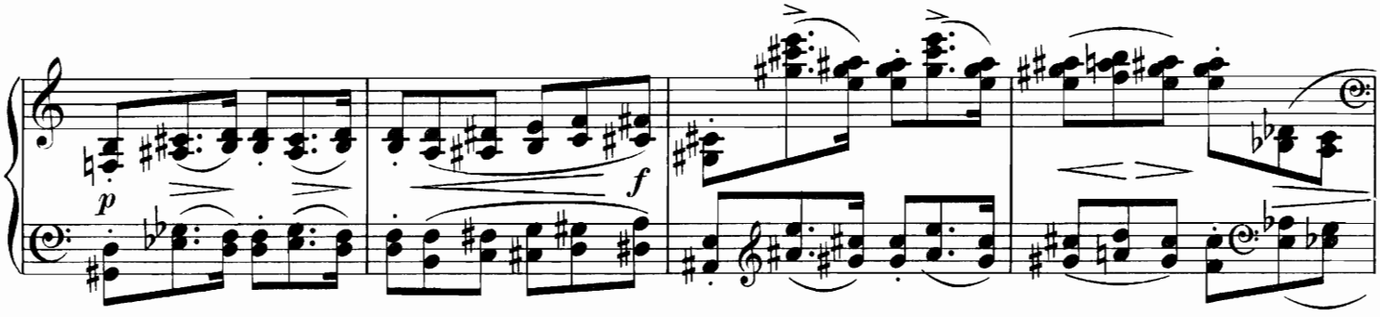

p
p
47
f appassionato
("To die unparagoned._")
rit.
pp

("Unseen above them so bowed down")

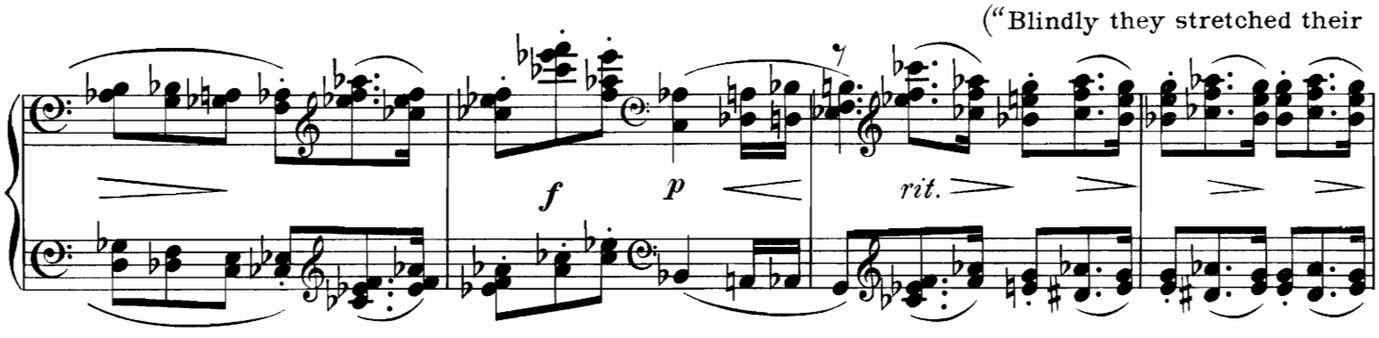
Poco Animato.



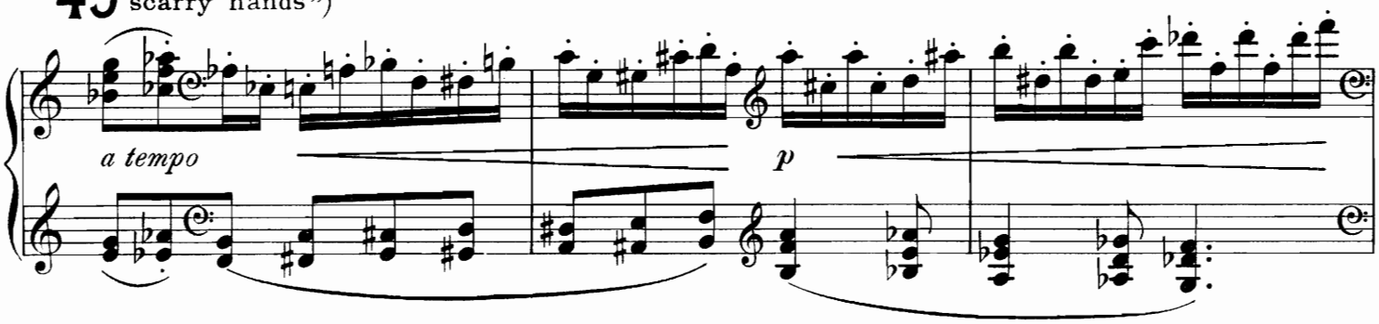


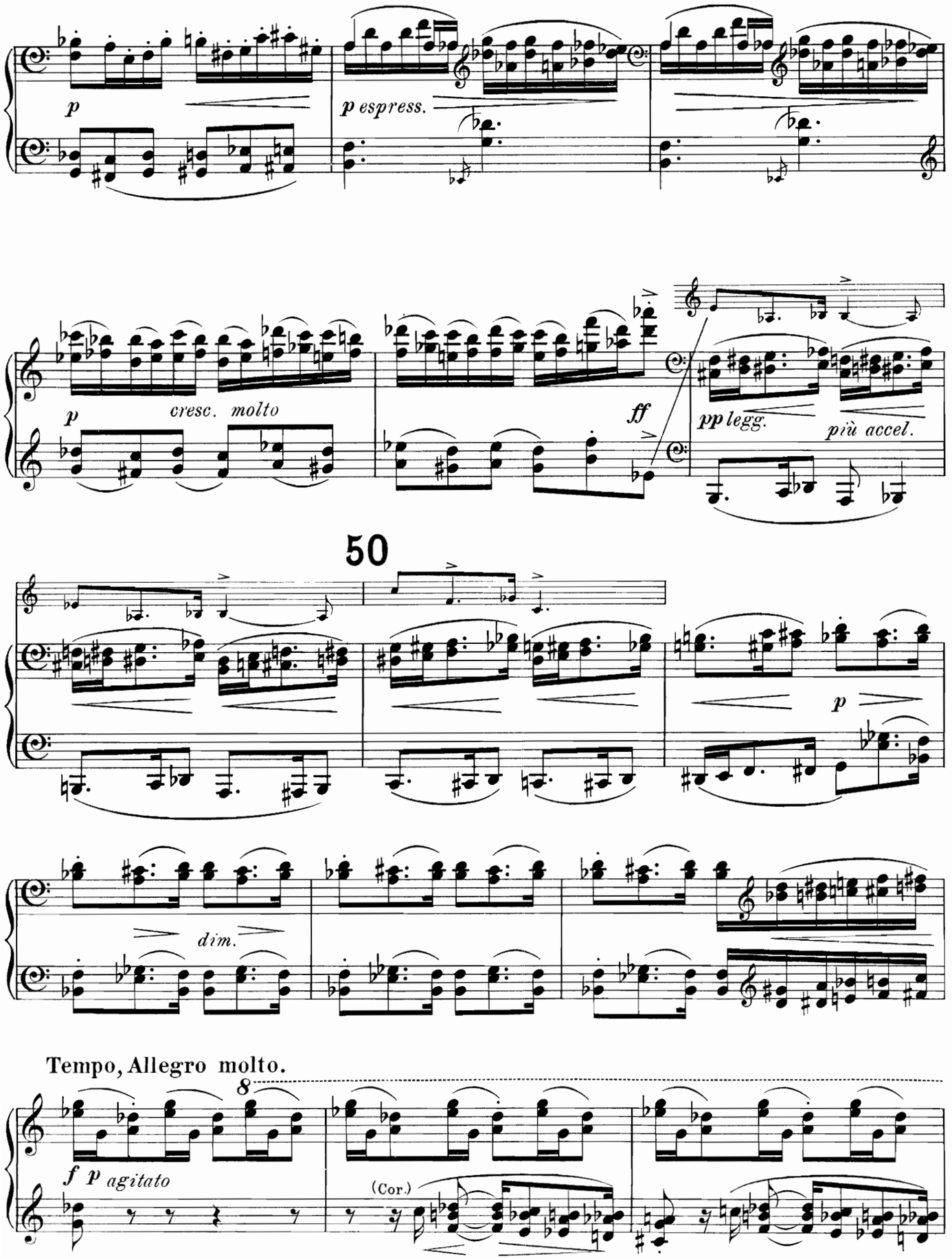


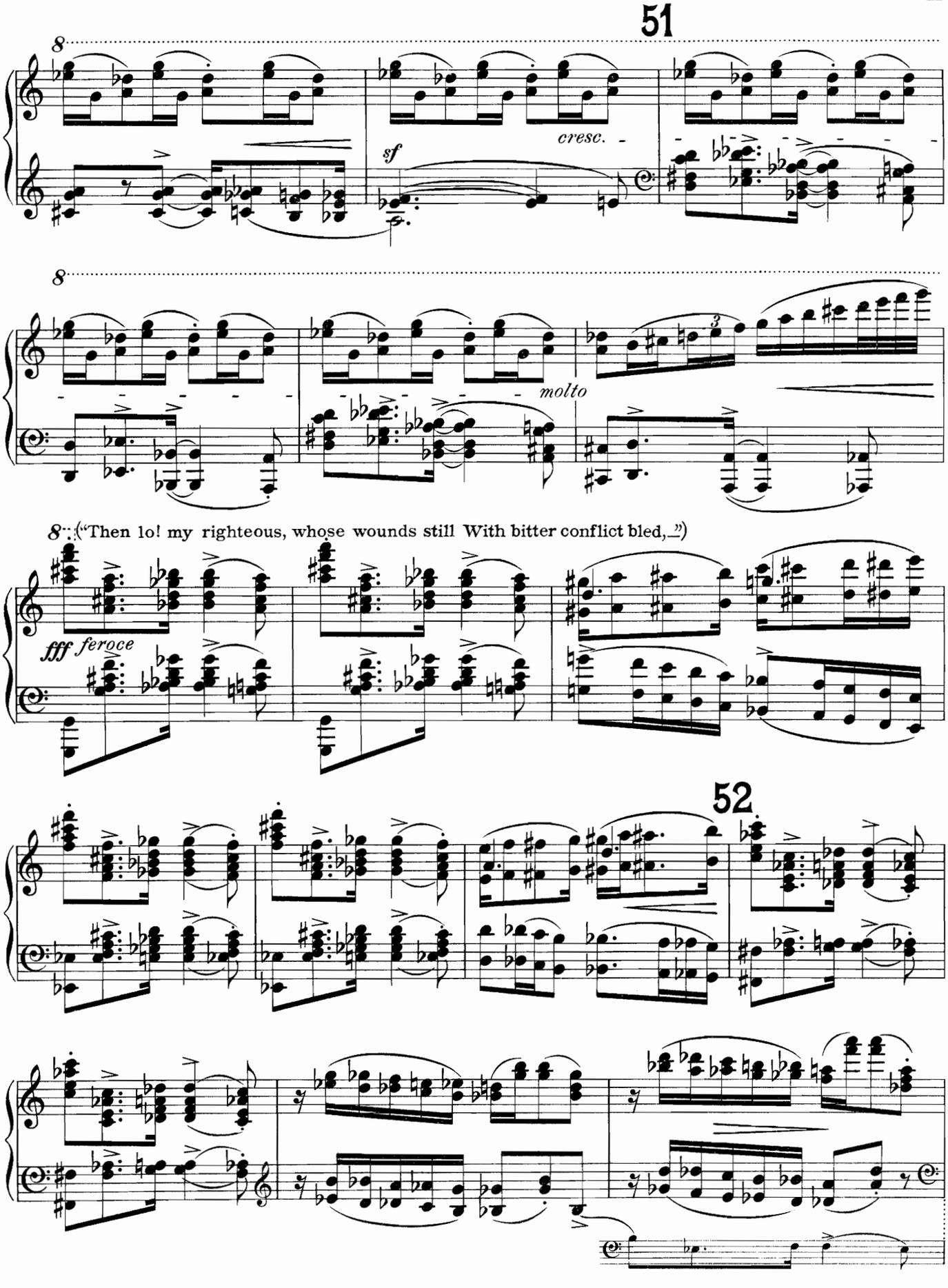
("Blindly they stretched their

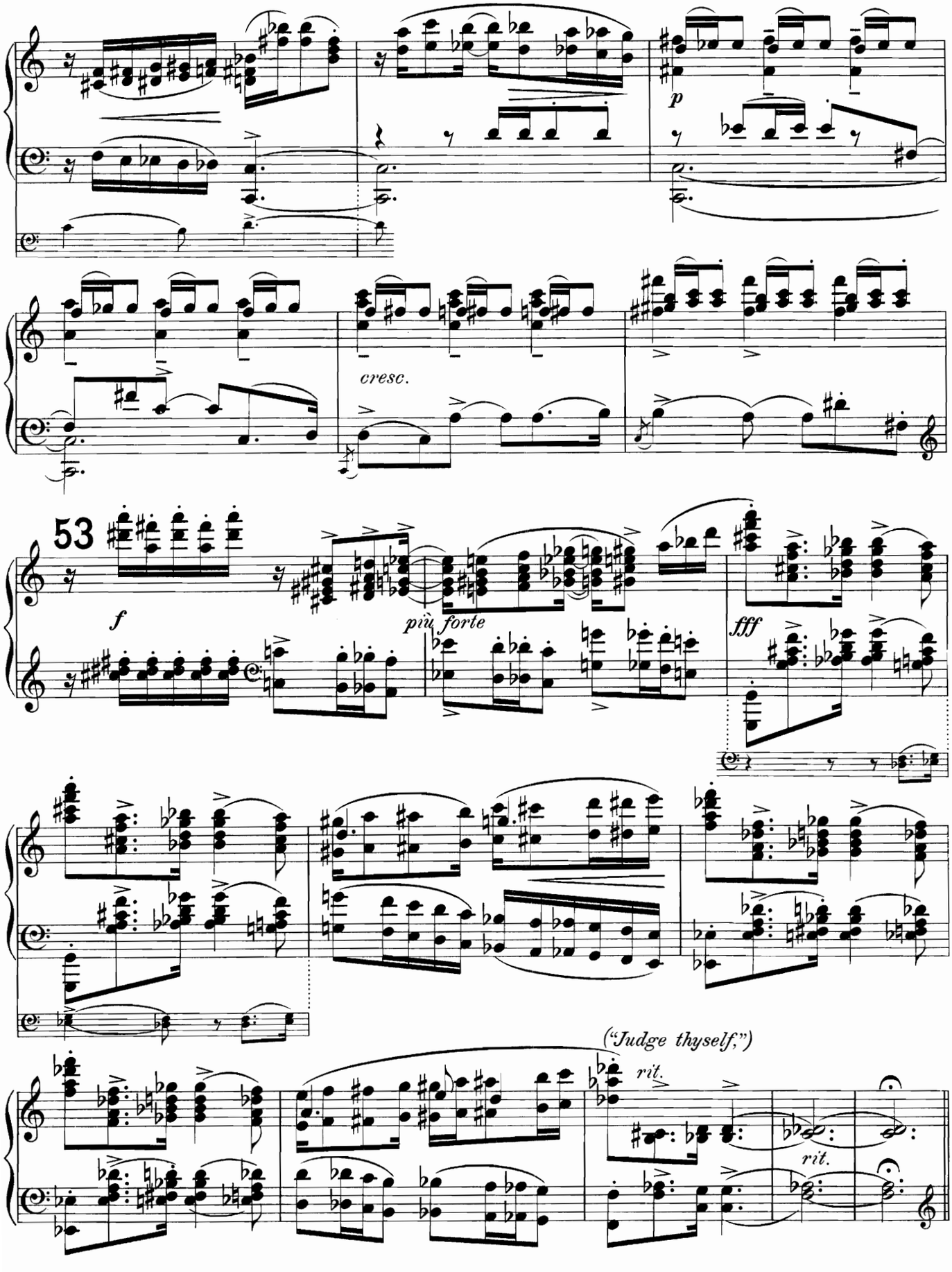


49 scarry hands")



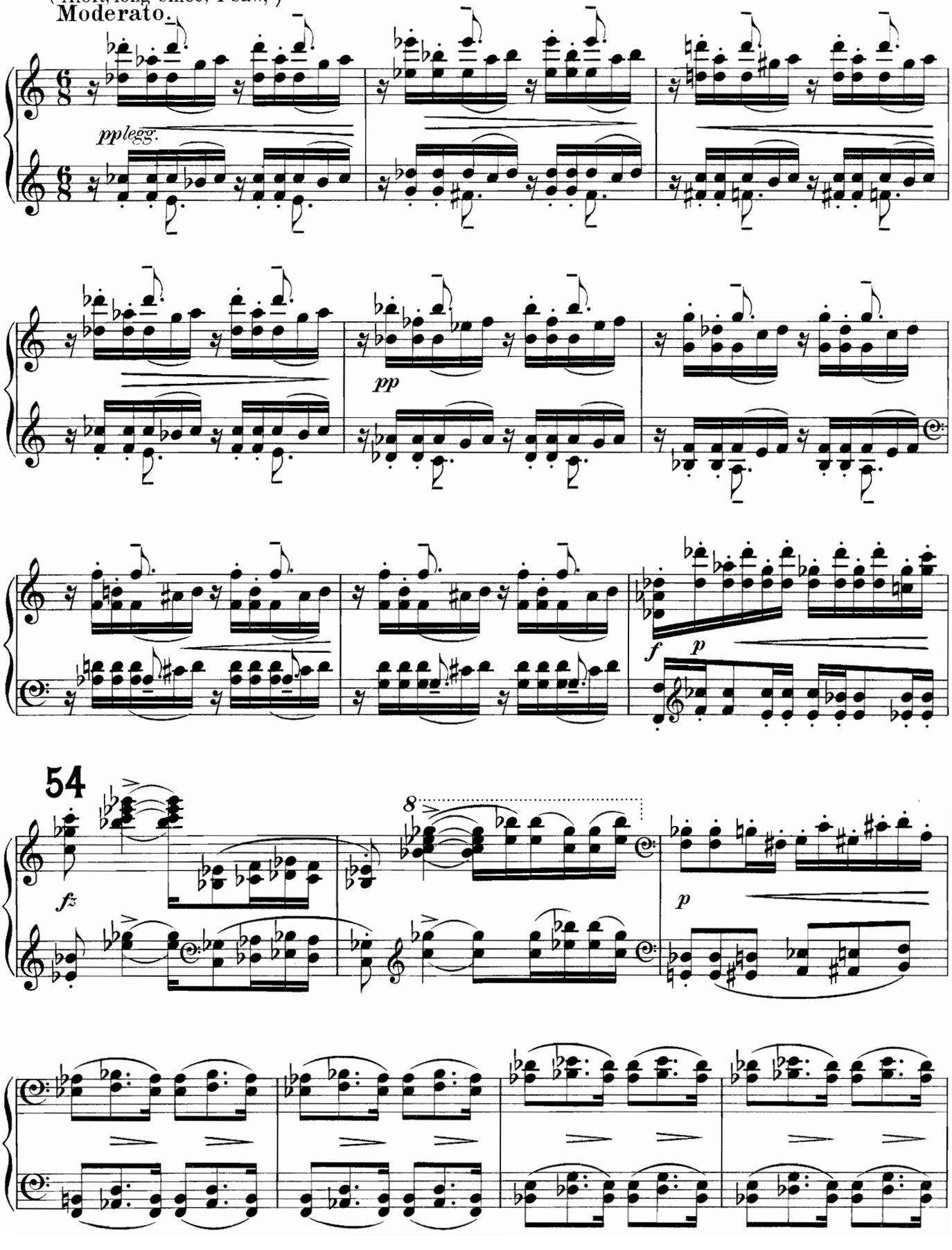

p
p espress.
p
cresc. molto
ff
pp legg.
più accel.
50
p
dim.
Tempo, Allegro molto.
8
f p agitato
(Cor.)

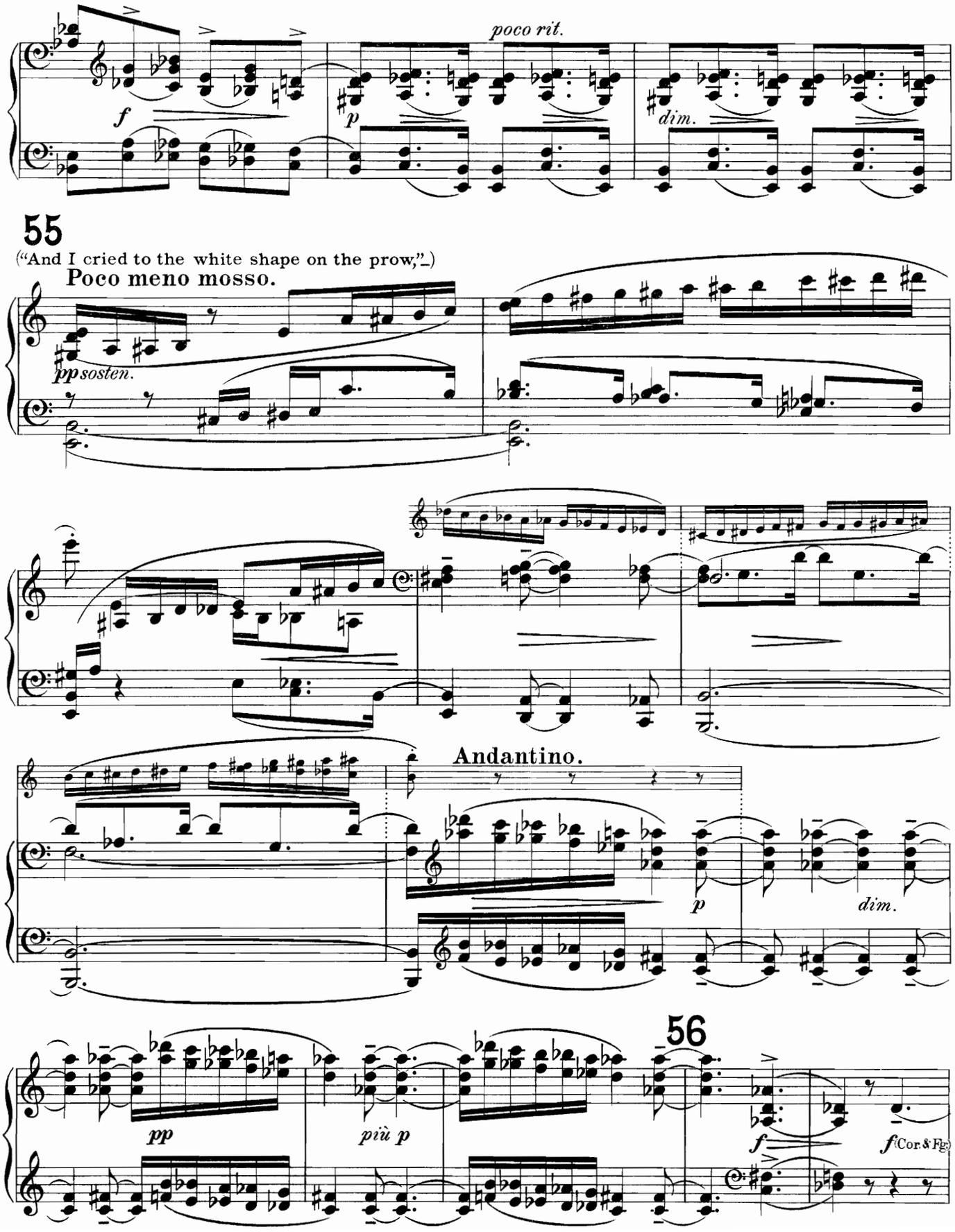

51
cresc.
sf
molto
("Then lo! my righteous, whose wounds still With bitter conflict bled,")
fff feroce
52

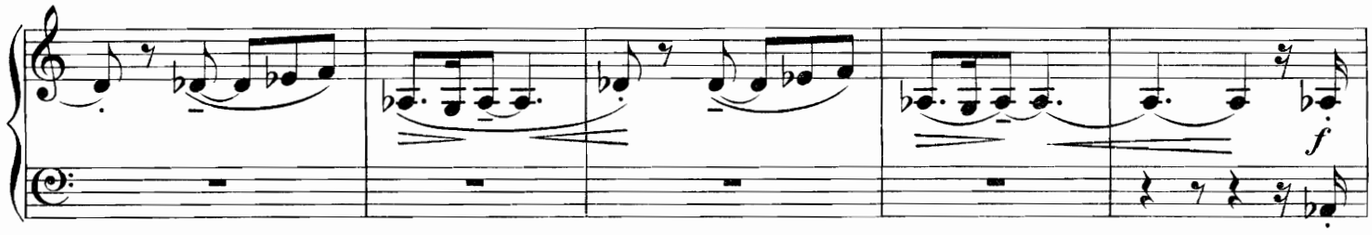

p
cresc.
53
f
più forte
fff
("Judge thyself,")
rit.
rit.

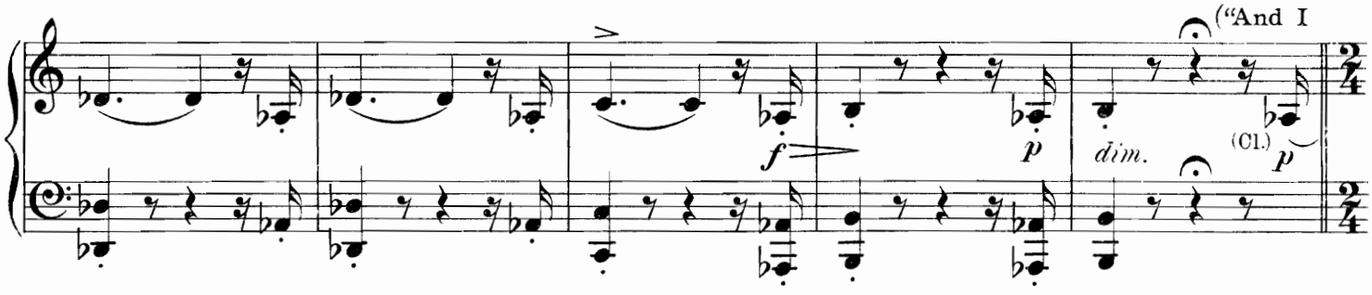
("Aloft, long since, I saw,")

Moderato.



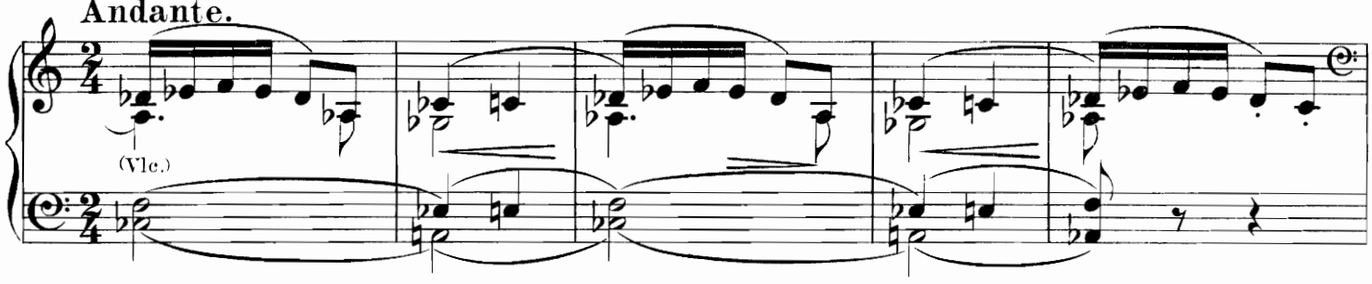

poco rit.
f
p
dim.
55
("And I cried to the white shape on the prow,"_)
Poco meno mosso.
pp sosten.
Andantino.
p
dim.
56
pp
più p
f
f (Cor. & Fg.)



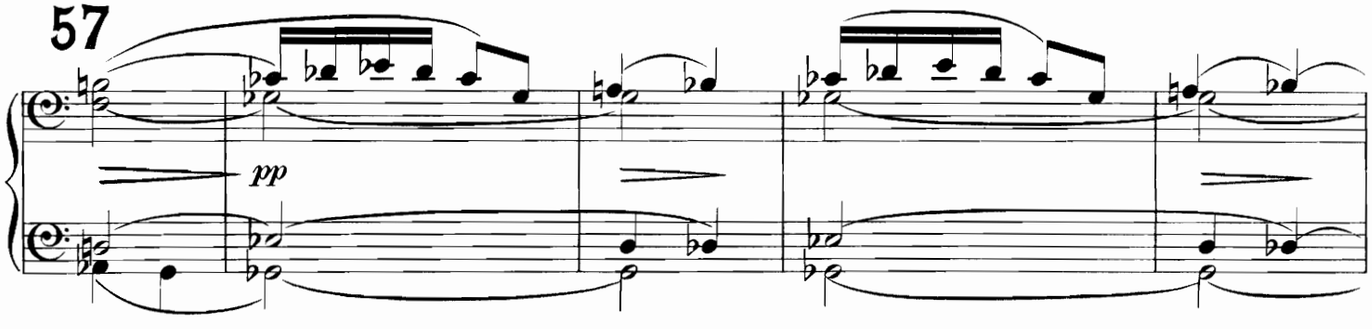


sang them back to steady Earth")

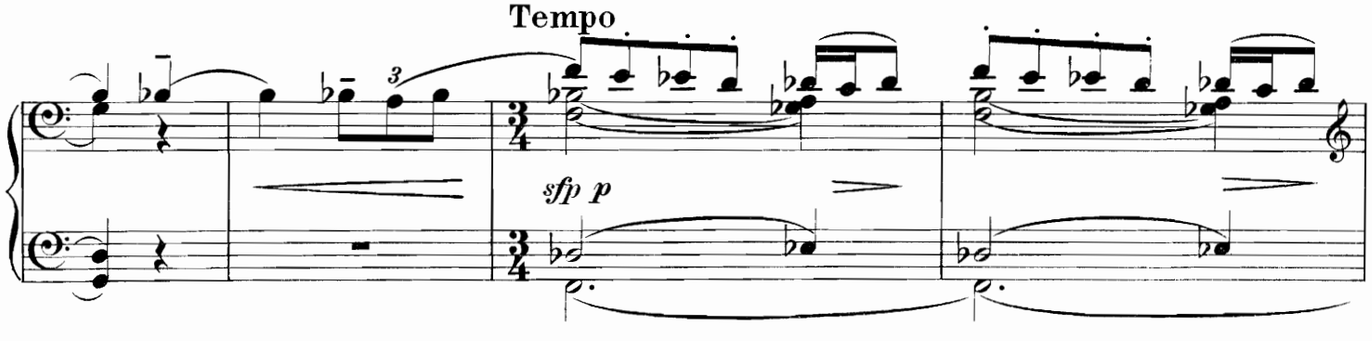
Andante.

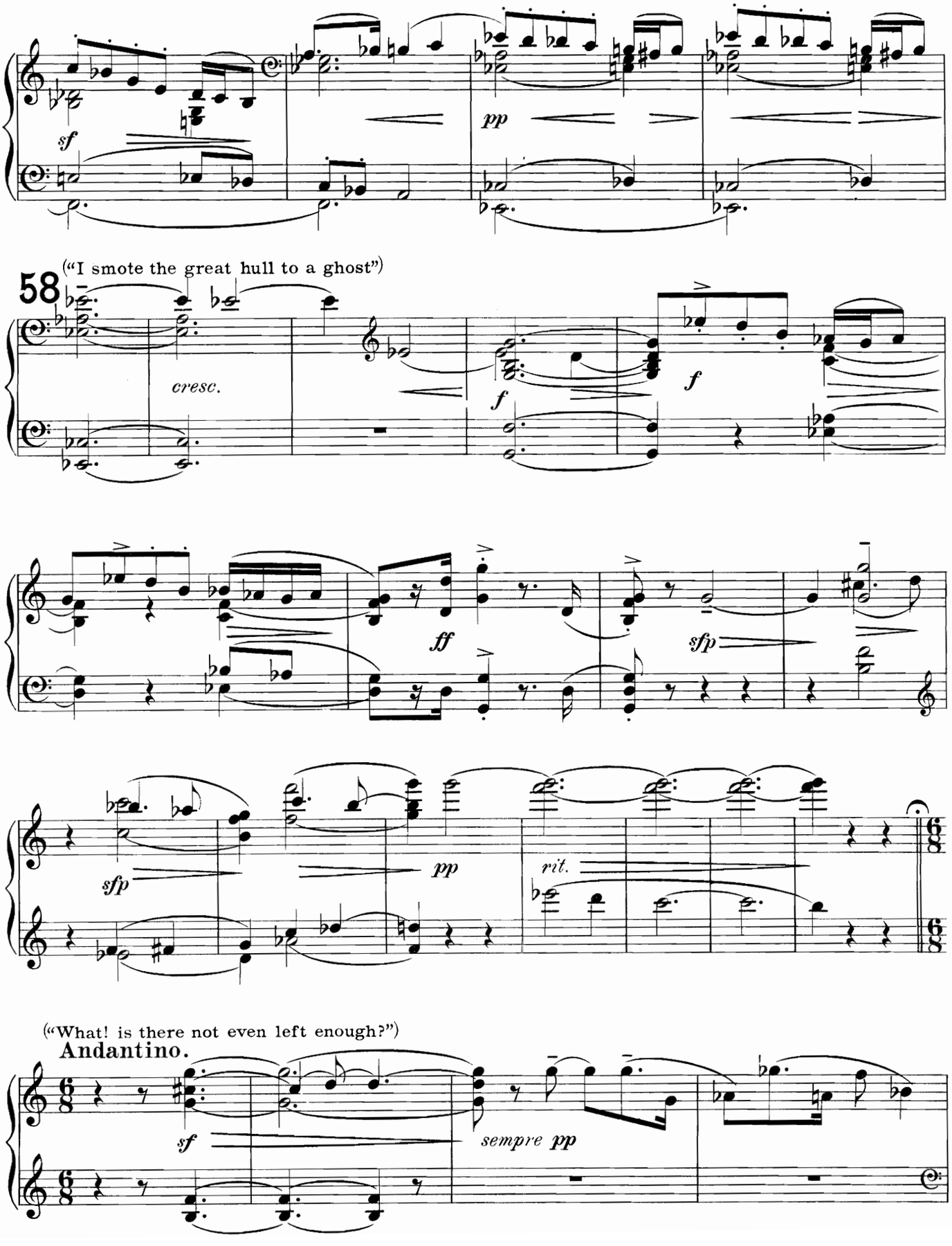


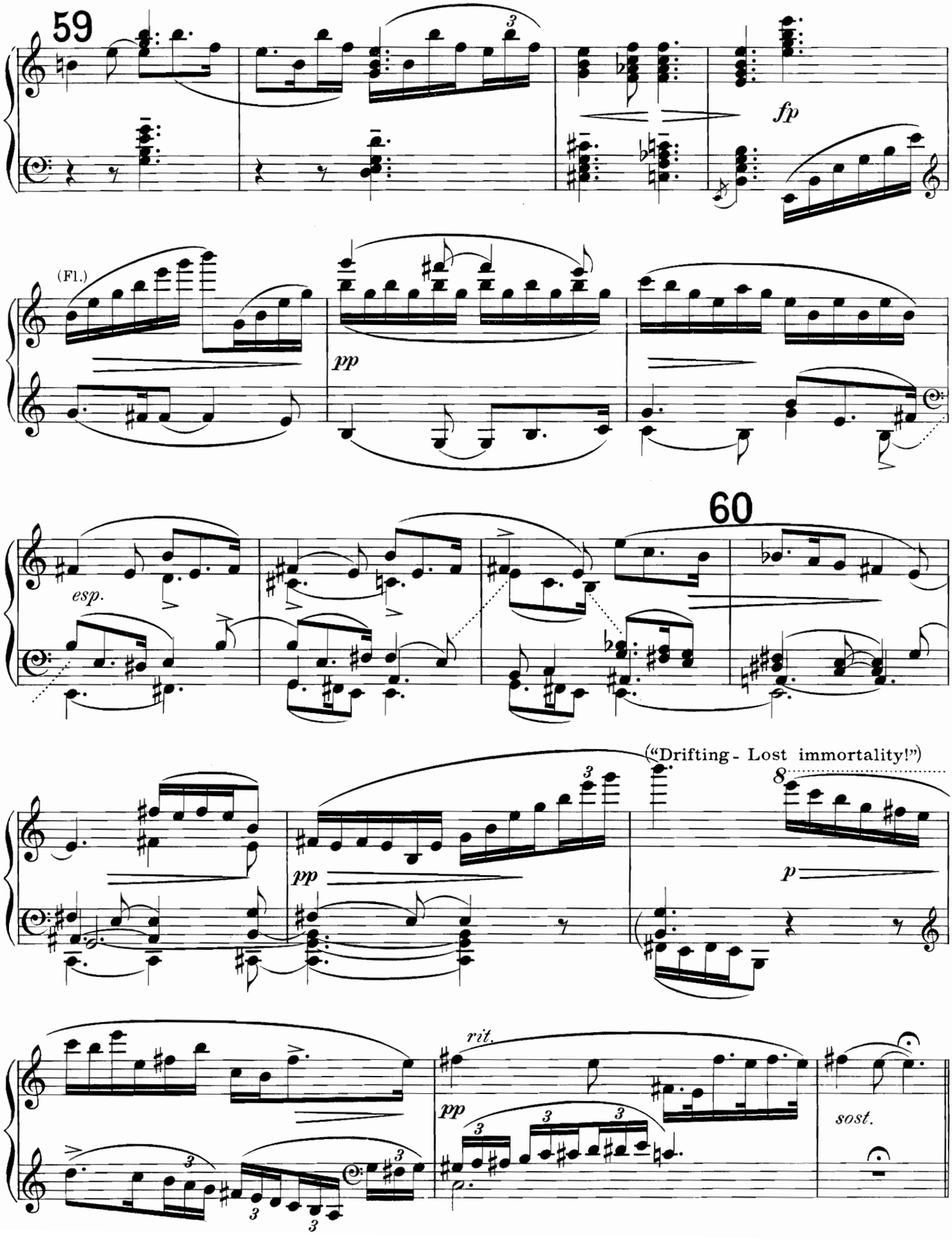
57



Tempo




sf
pp
("I smote the great hull to a ghost")
58
cresc.
f
f
ff
sfp
sfp
pp
rit.
("What! is there not even left enough?")
Andantino.
sf
sempre pp


59
fp
(Fl.)
pp
60
esp.
("Drifting - Lost immortality!")
pp
p
rit.
pp
sost.

SECTION VI.

"THE REBUKE."

("When the man knew the ship he loved Had melted to a lie,"_)

Con moto.

appassionato

molto espressivo. sost.

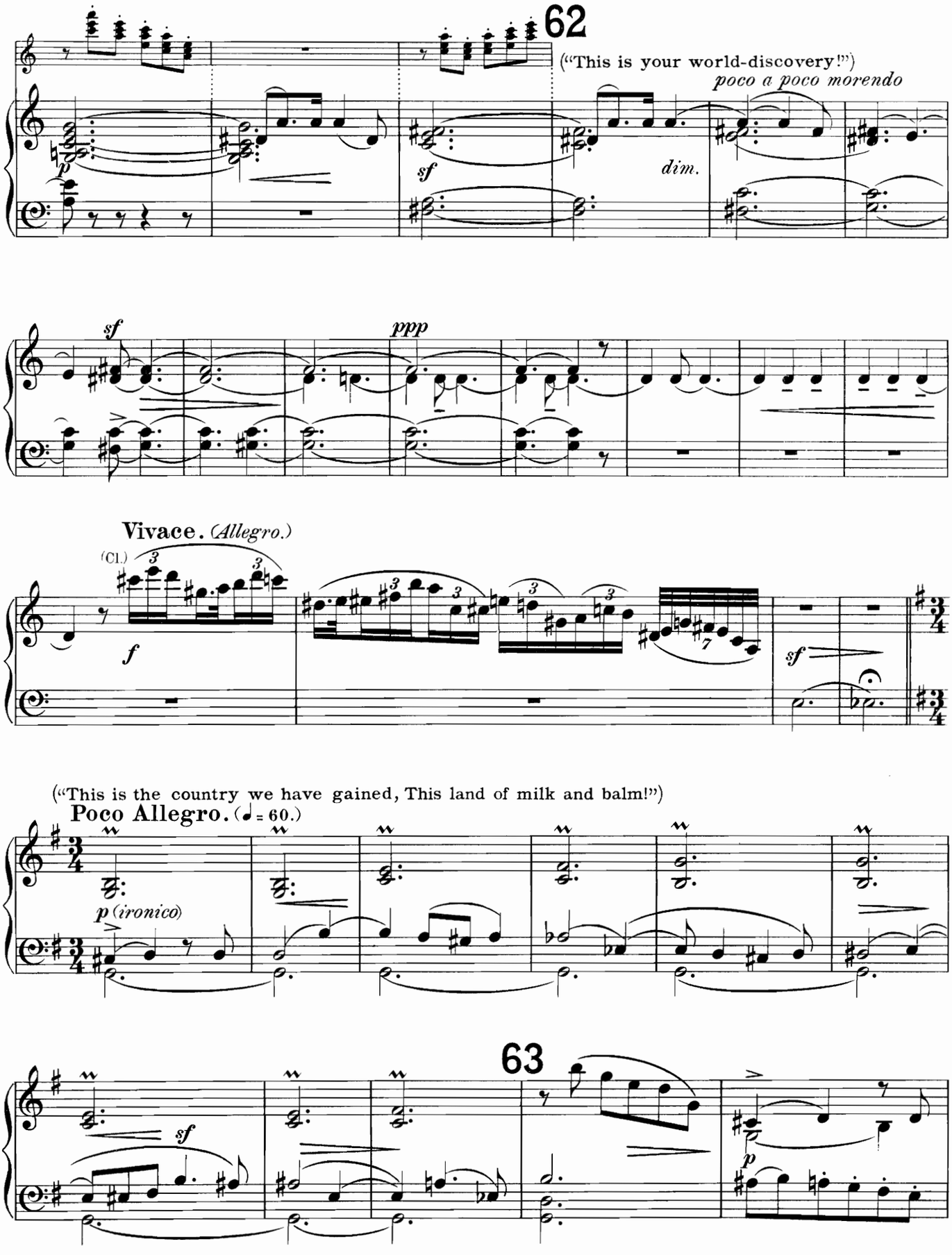
p

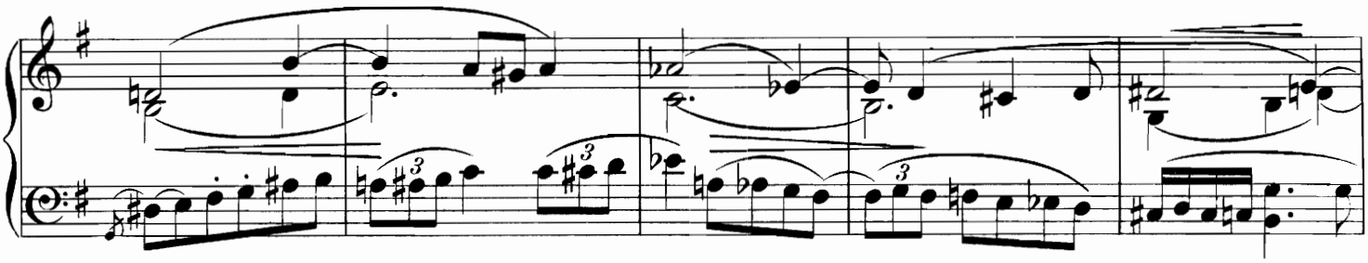
61

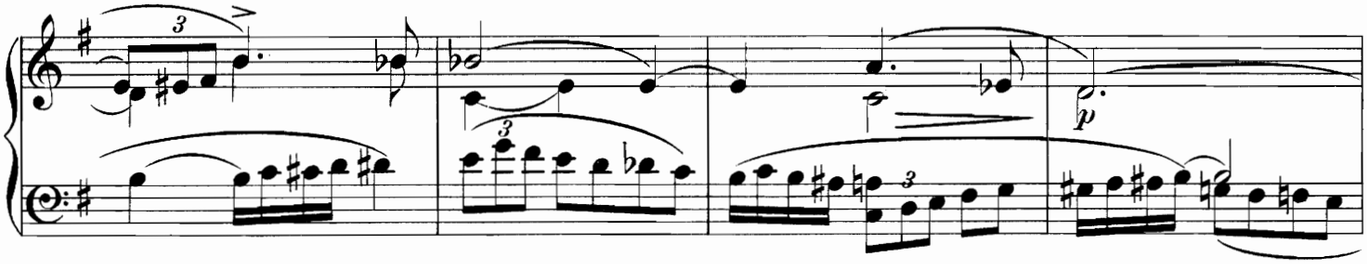
ff appassionato

(Wd.)

pp

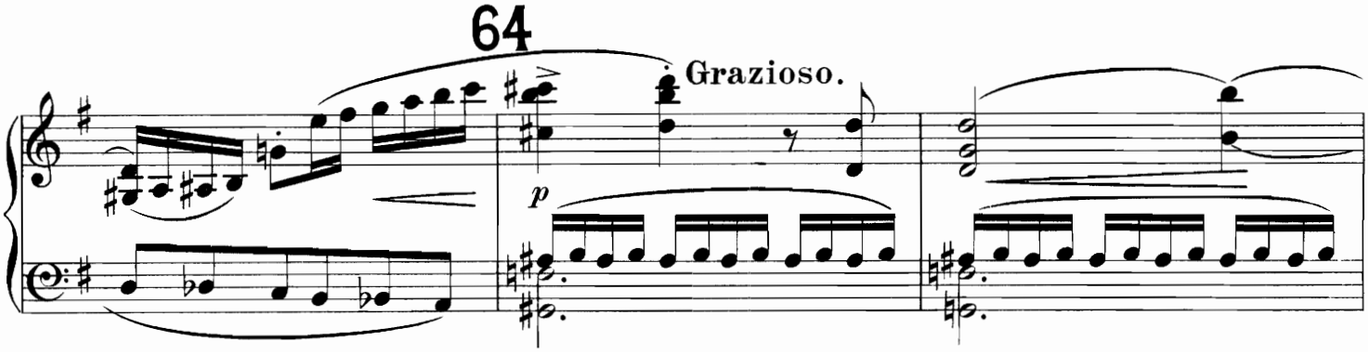

62
("This is your world-discovery!")
poco a poco morendo
dim.
Vivace. (Allegro.)
(Cl.)
("This is the country we have gained, This land of milk and balm!")
Poco Allegro. (♩ = 60.)
p (ironico)
63

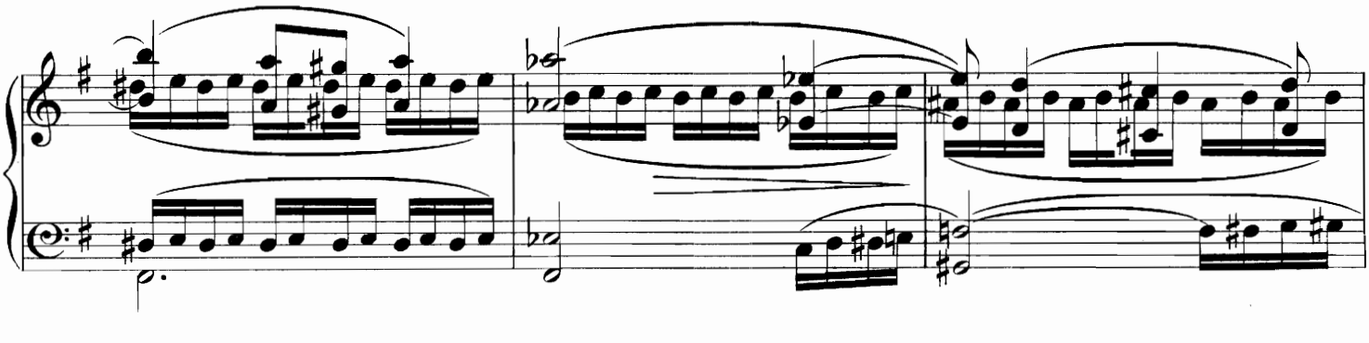


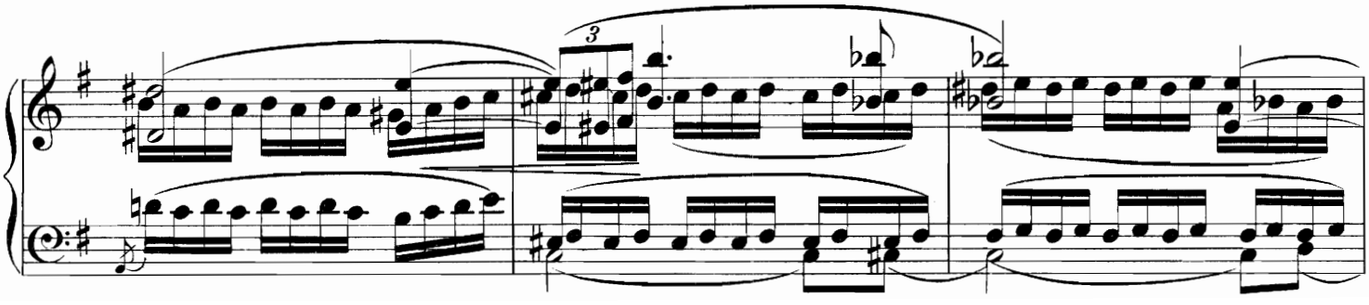


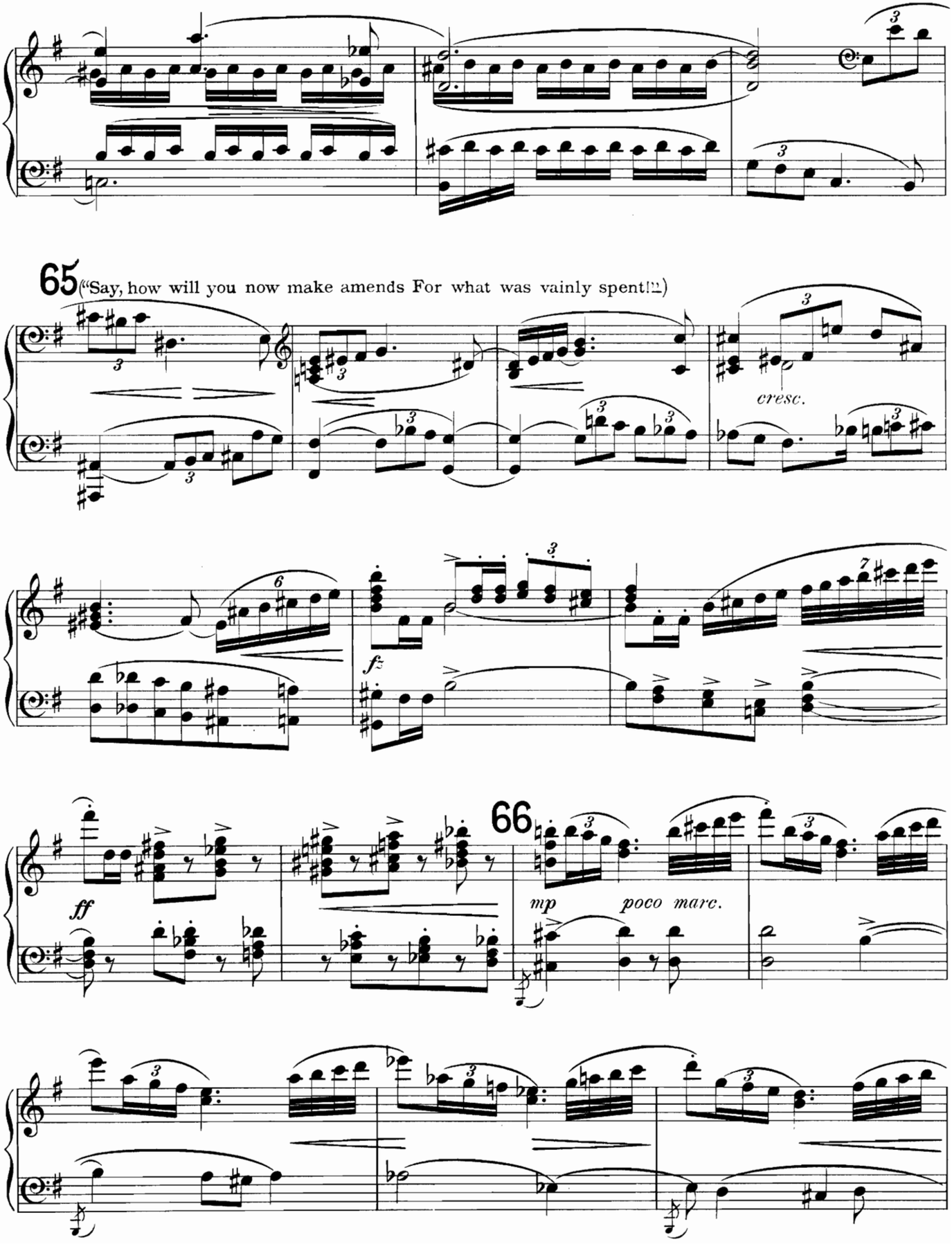
64

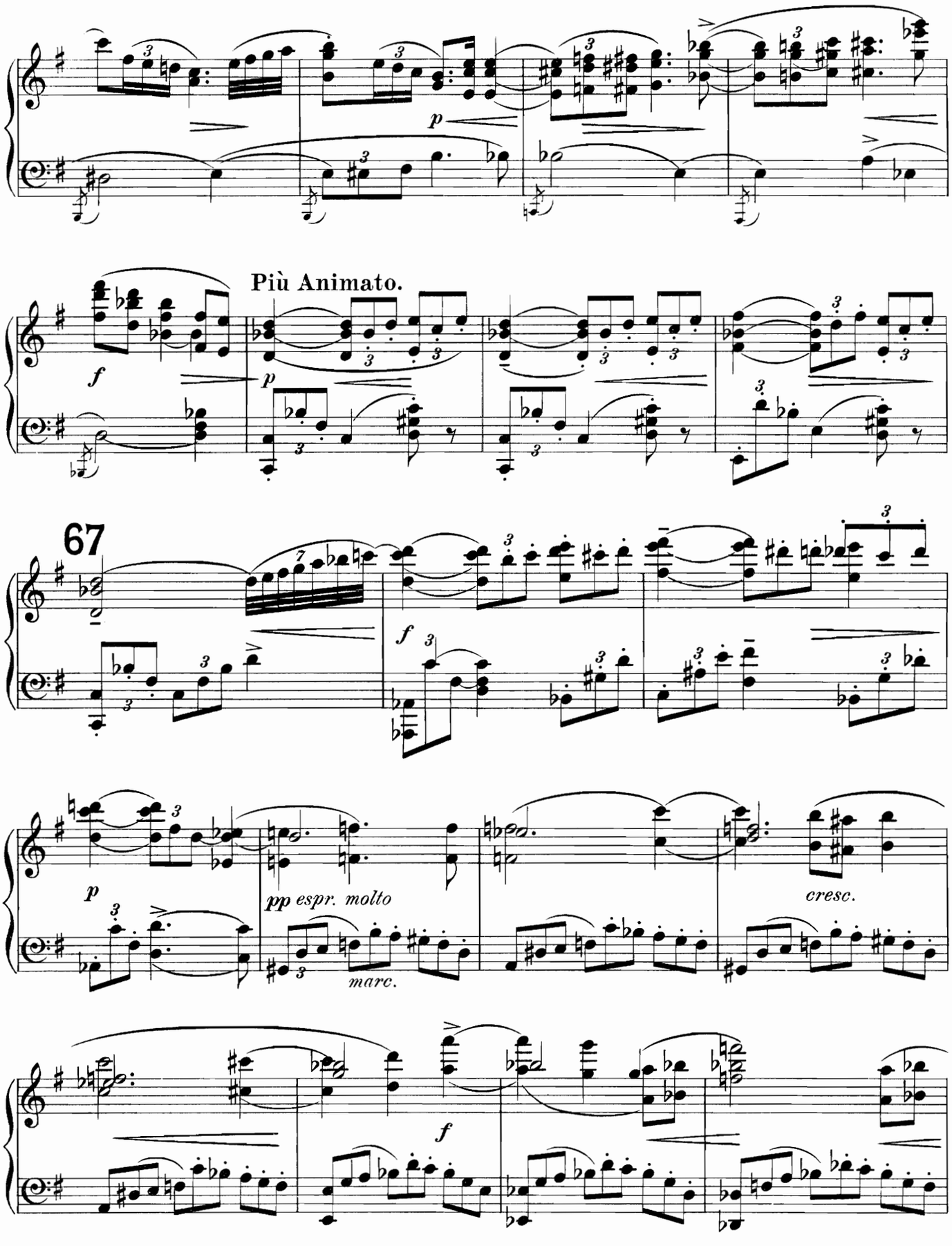
Grazioso.








65
("Say, how will you now make amends For what was vainly spent!")
cresc.
fz
66
ff
mp
poco marc.


Più Animato.
67
p
f
p
f
p
pp espr. molto
marc.
cresc.
f

("So terribly illume The God's eyes"_)

68

p

f

f

3

p

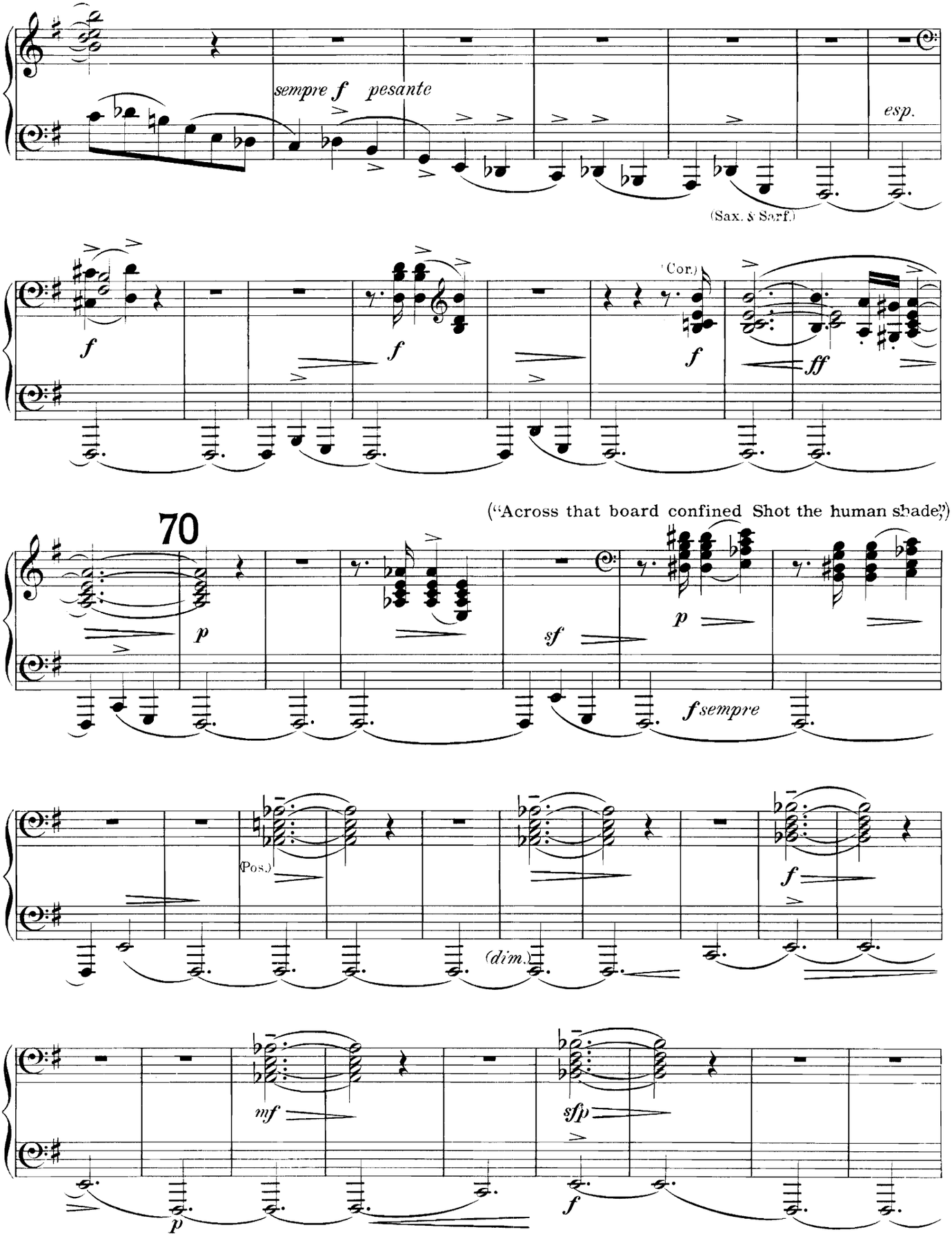
dim.

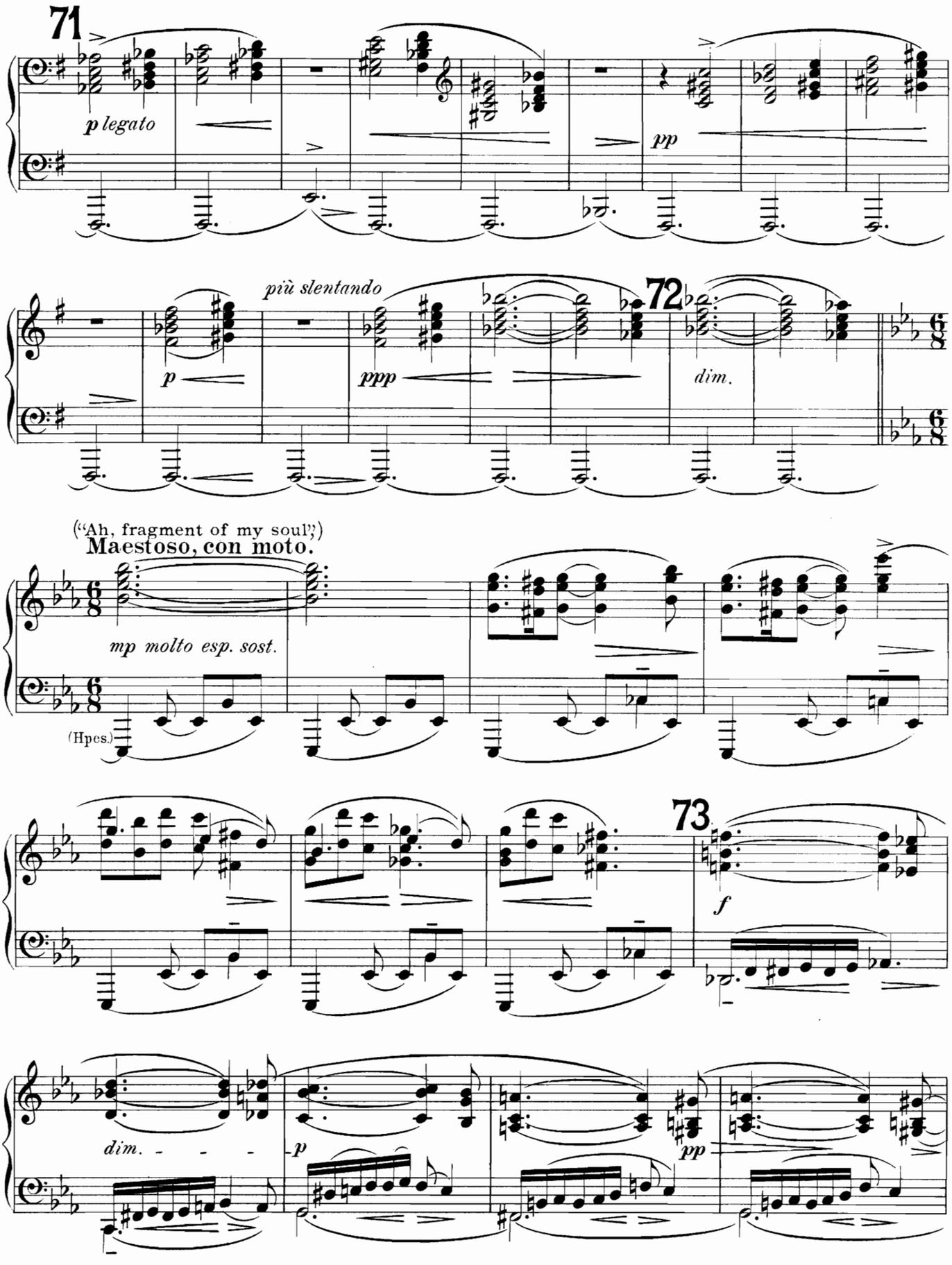
pp

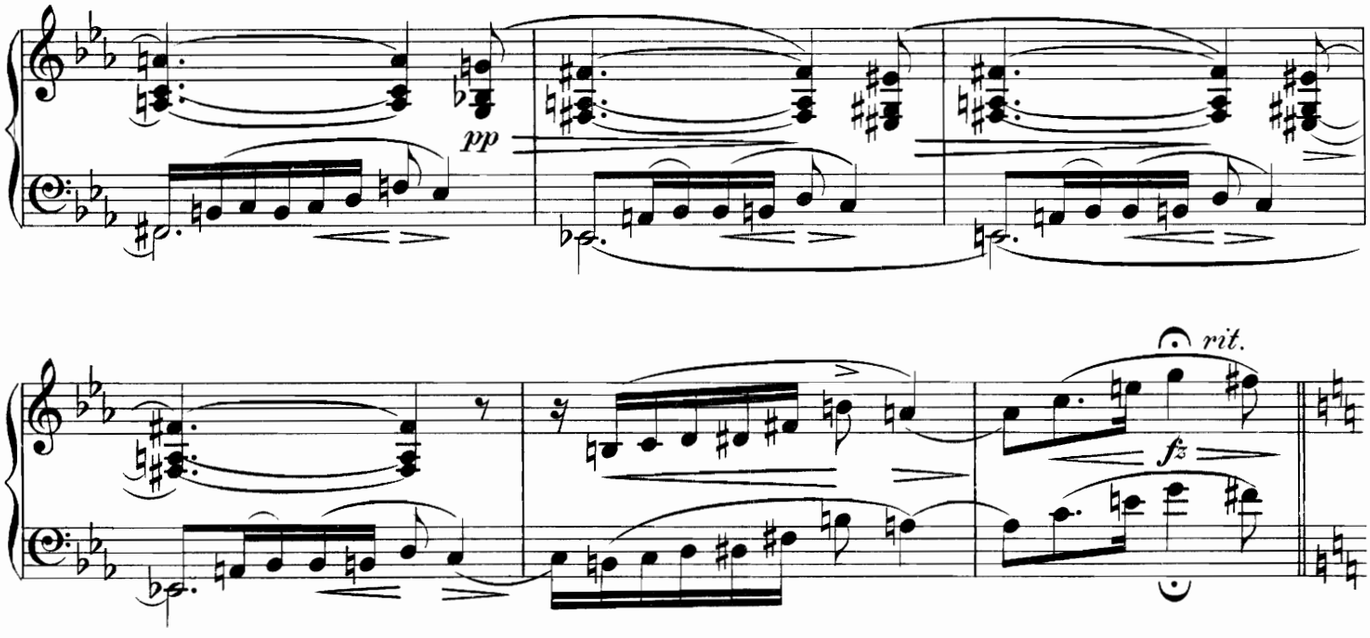
69

molto

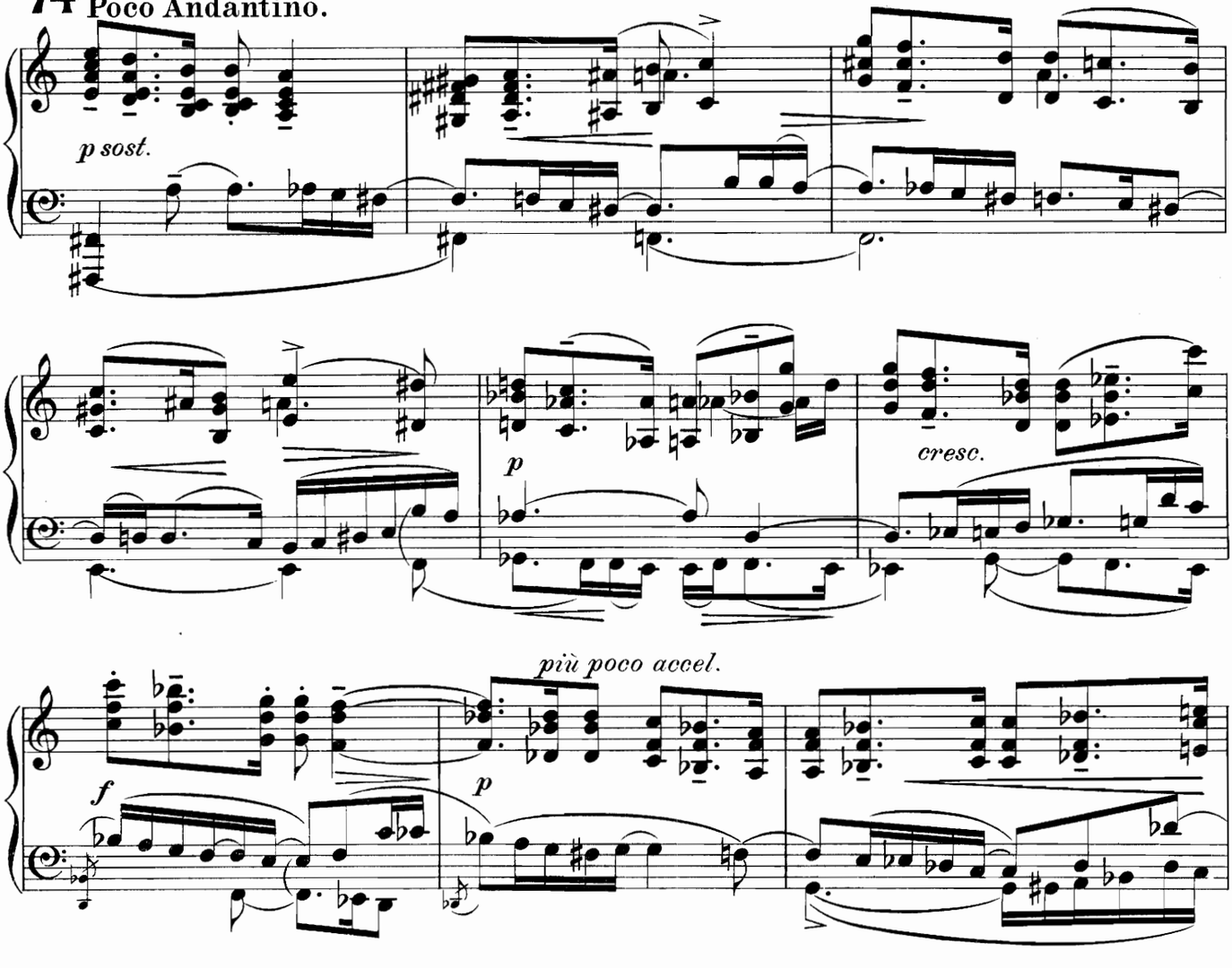
ff

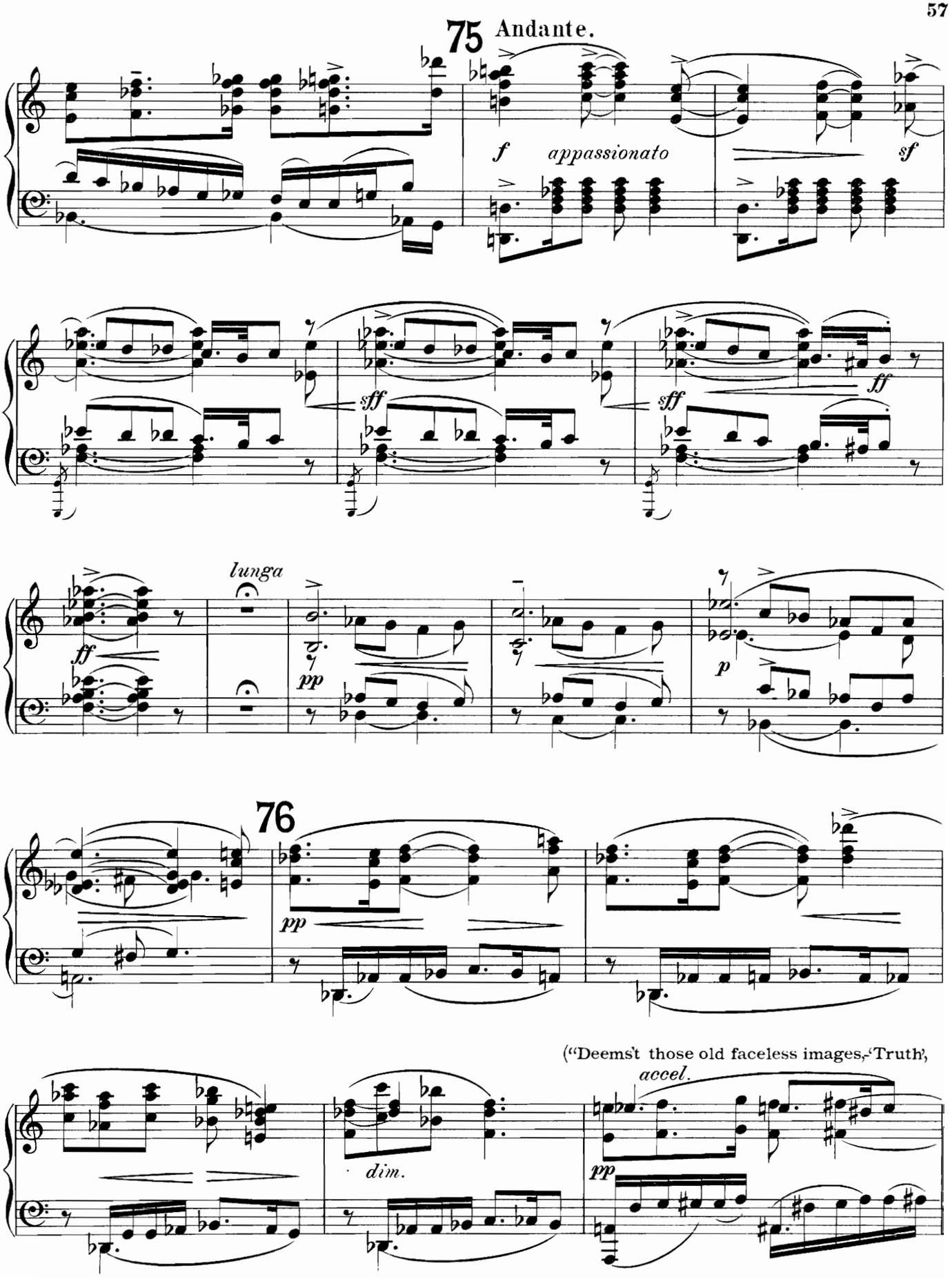

sempre f pesante
esp.
(Sax. & Sarf.)
f
f
(Cor.)
f
ff
70
("Across that board confined Shot the human shade,")
p
sf
p
f sempre
(Pos.)
(dim.)
f
mf
sfp
p
f

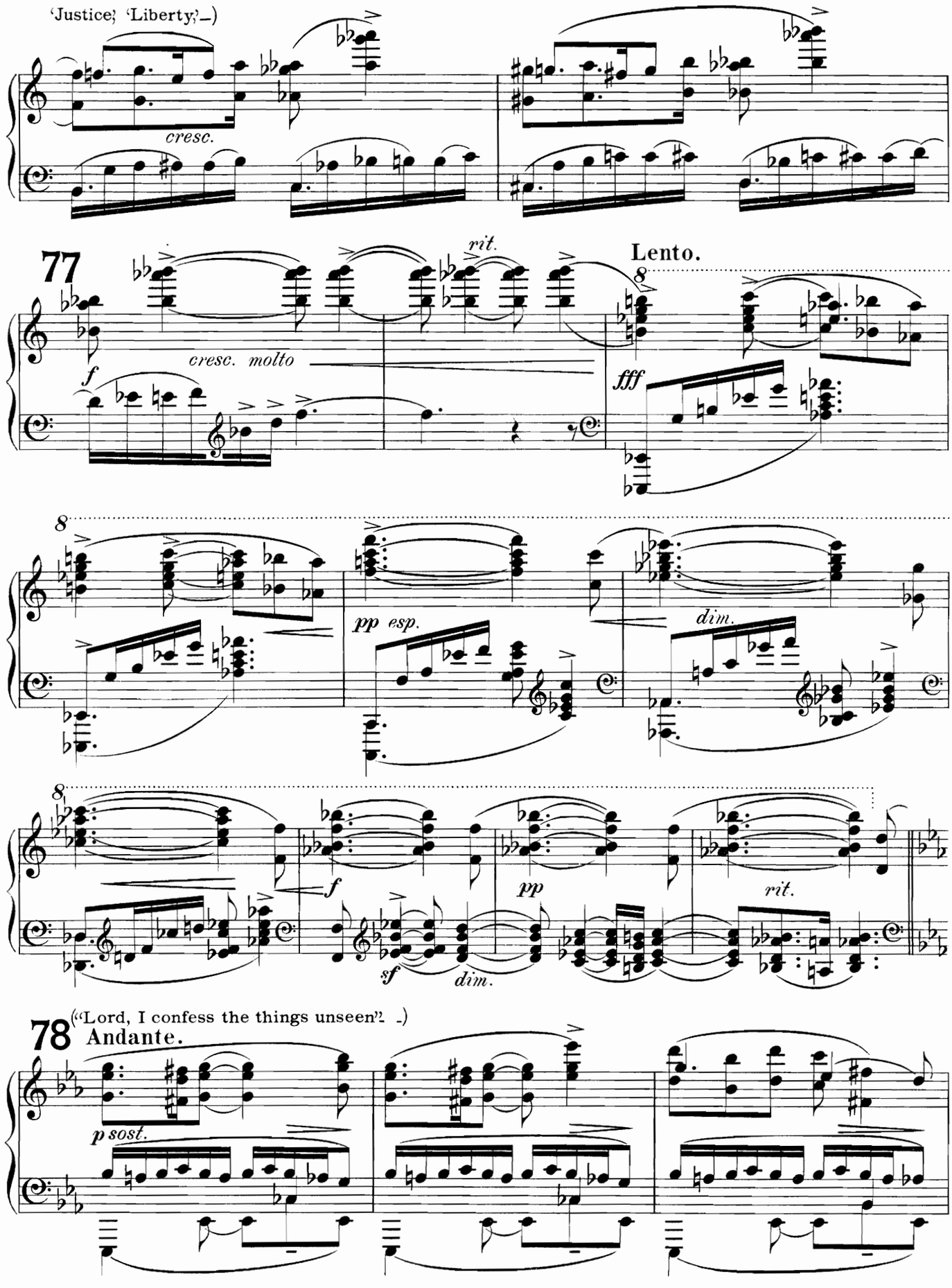

71
p legato
pp
più slentando
72
p
ppp
dim.
("Ah, fragment of my soul")
Maestoso, con moto.
mp molto esp. sost.
(Hpes.)
73
f
dim.
p
pp

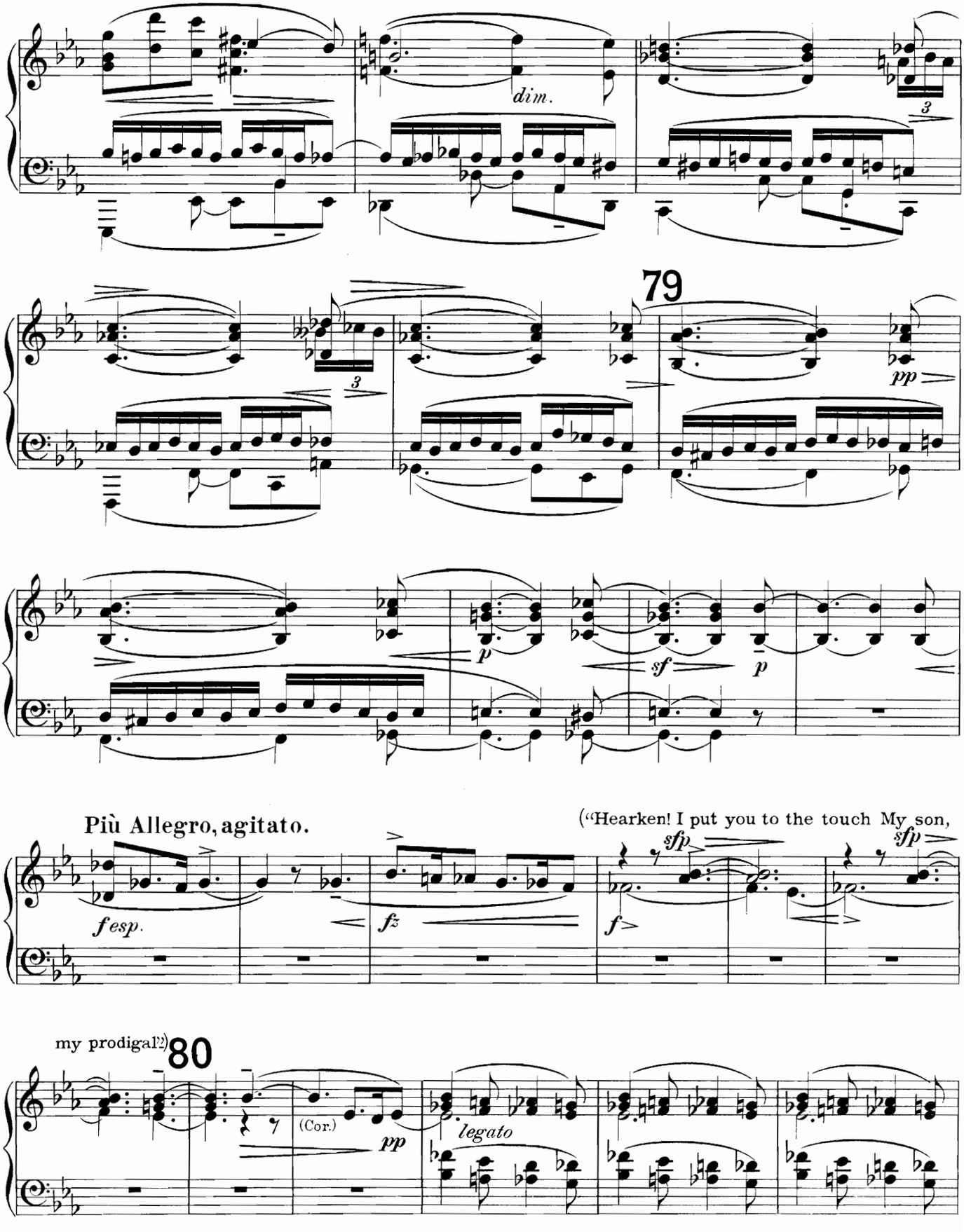


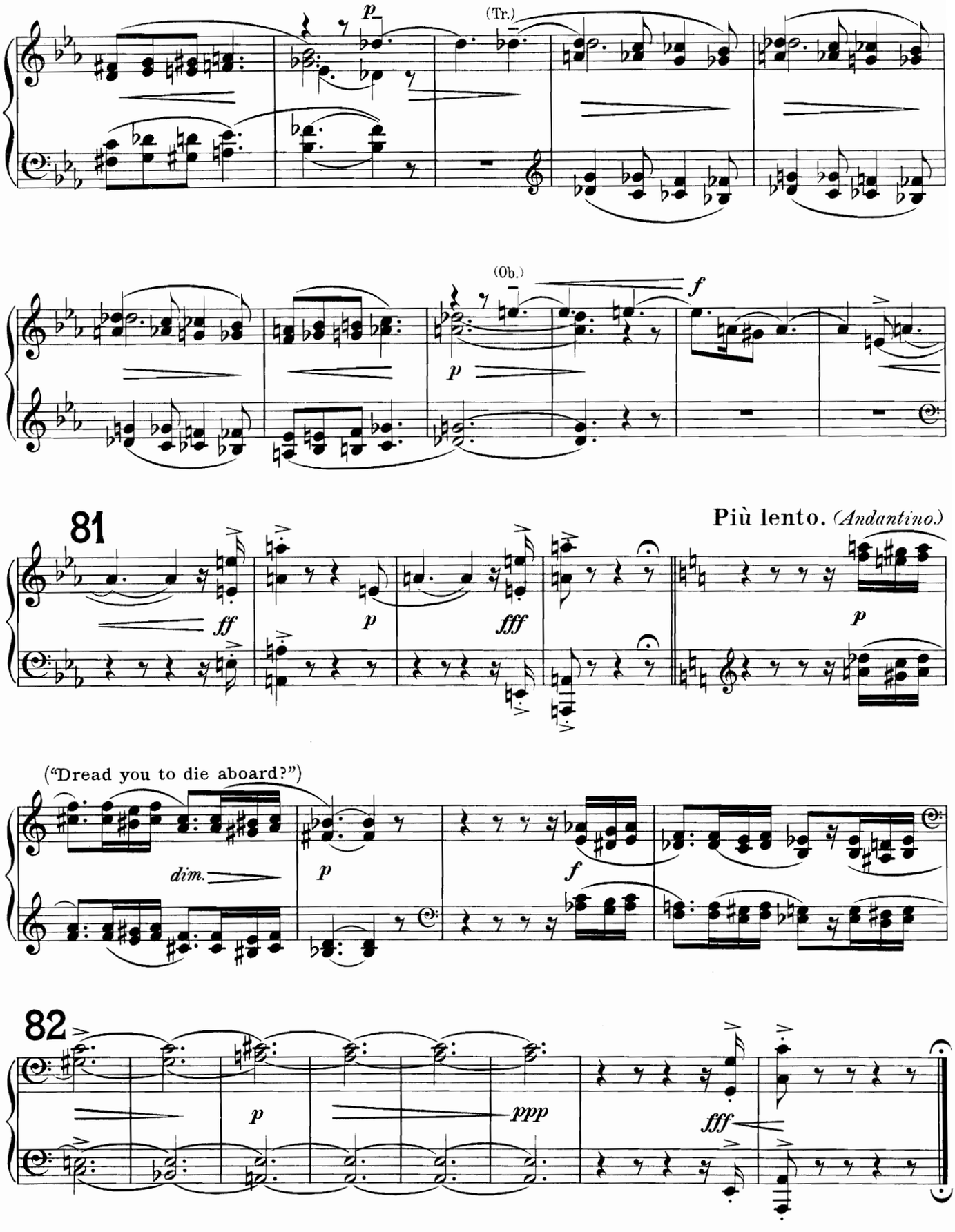
74 ("What! Hast not felt the invisible Nor faintly understood?")
Poco Andantino.




75
Andante.
f
appassionato
sf
sff
ff
lunga
pp
p
76
("Deems't those old faceless images,-'Truth',
accel.
dim.


'Justice,' 'Liberty,'—)
cresc.
77
rit.
Lento.
cresc. molto
f
fff
pp esp.
dim.
f
pp
rit.
sf
dim.
78
("Lord, I confess the things unseen"—)
Andante.
p sost.


dim.
3
79
pp
p
sf
p
Più Allegro, agitato.
("Hearken! I put you to the touch My son,
fesp.
fz
f
sfp
sfp
my prodigal?)
80
(Cor.)
pp
legato


p
(Tr.)
(Ob.)
f
p
81
Più lento. (Andantino.)
ff
p
fff
p
("Dread you to die aboard?")
dim.
p
f
82
p
ppp
fff

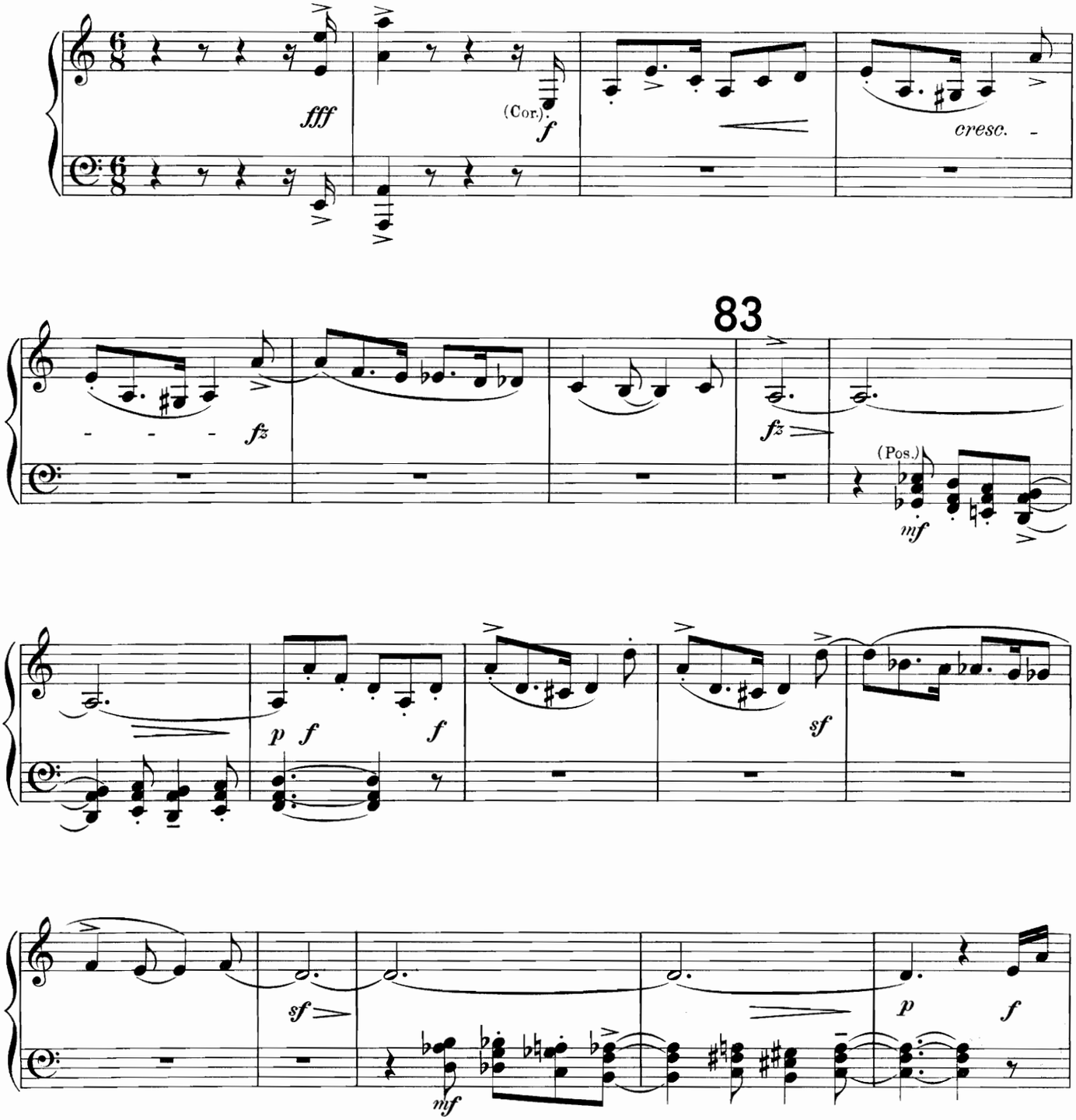
Nº IV and FINALE. (CORO)

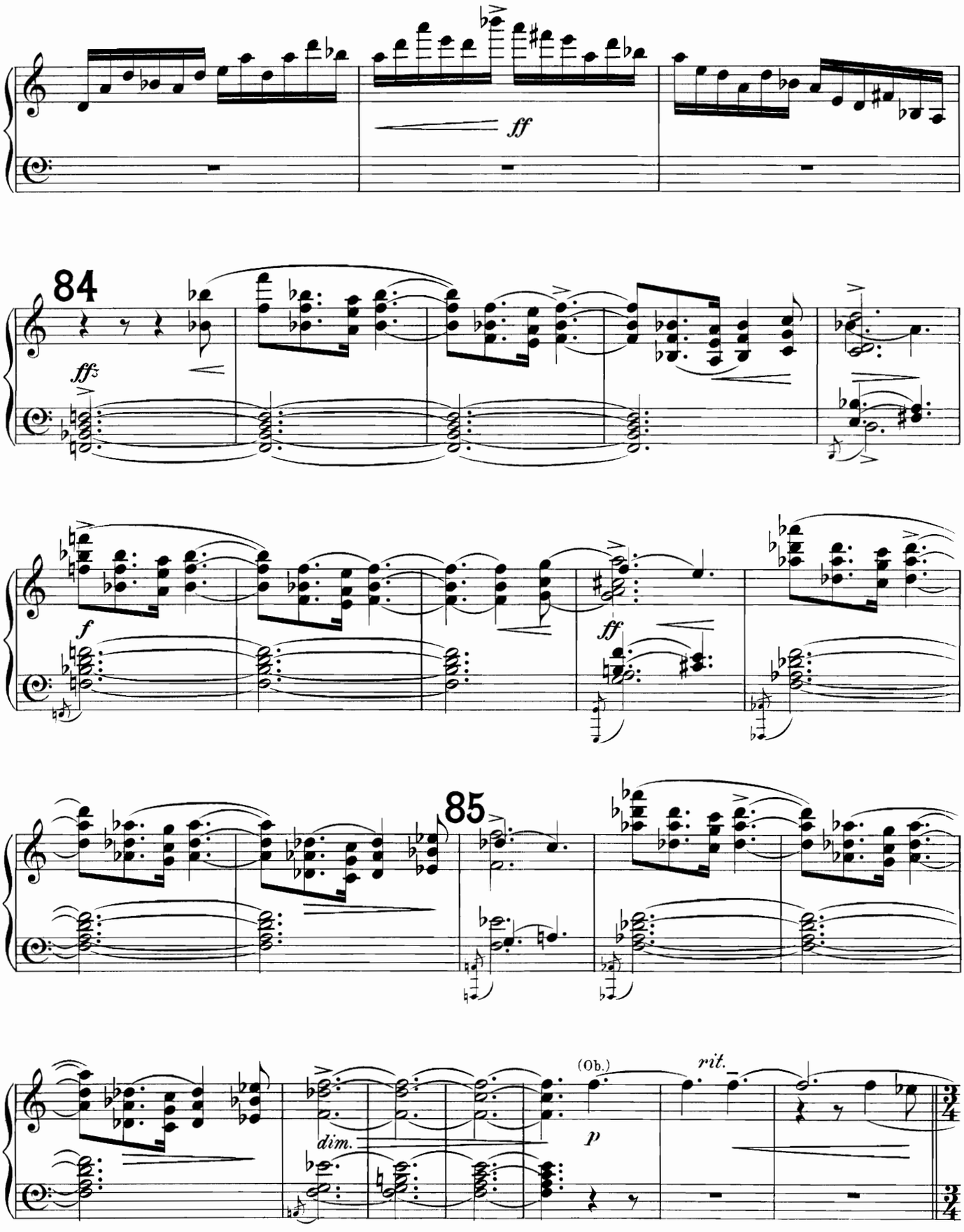
SECTION VII.

"THE NEW SHIP."

("Voyage after voyage, how else, Should I man's soul prepare For the new venture?")

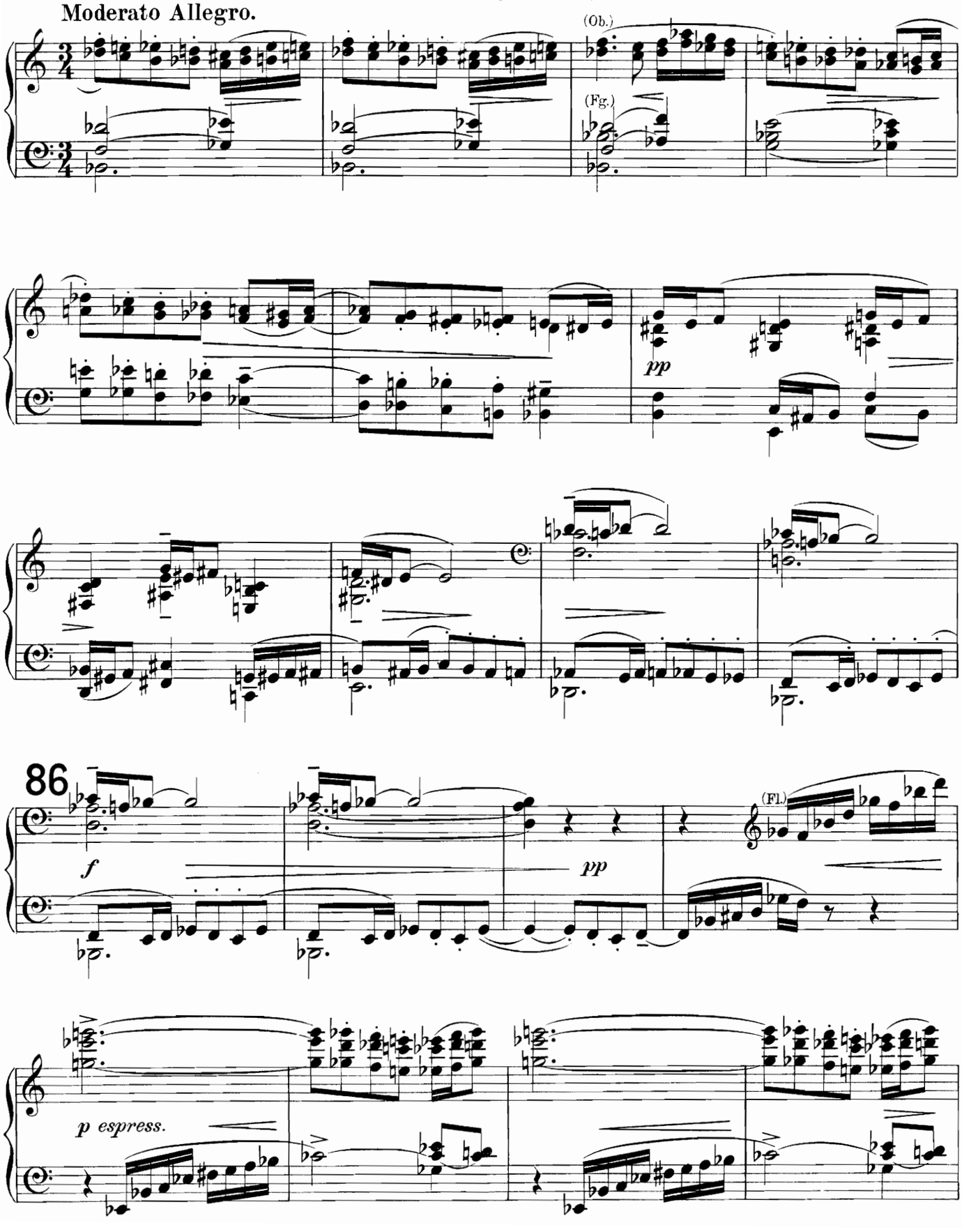
Allegro molto maestoso. (♩=120)

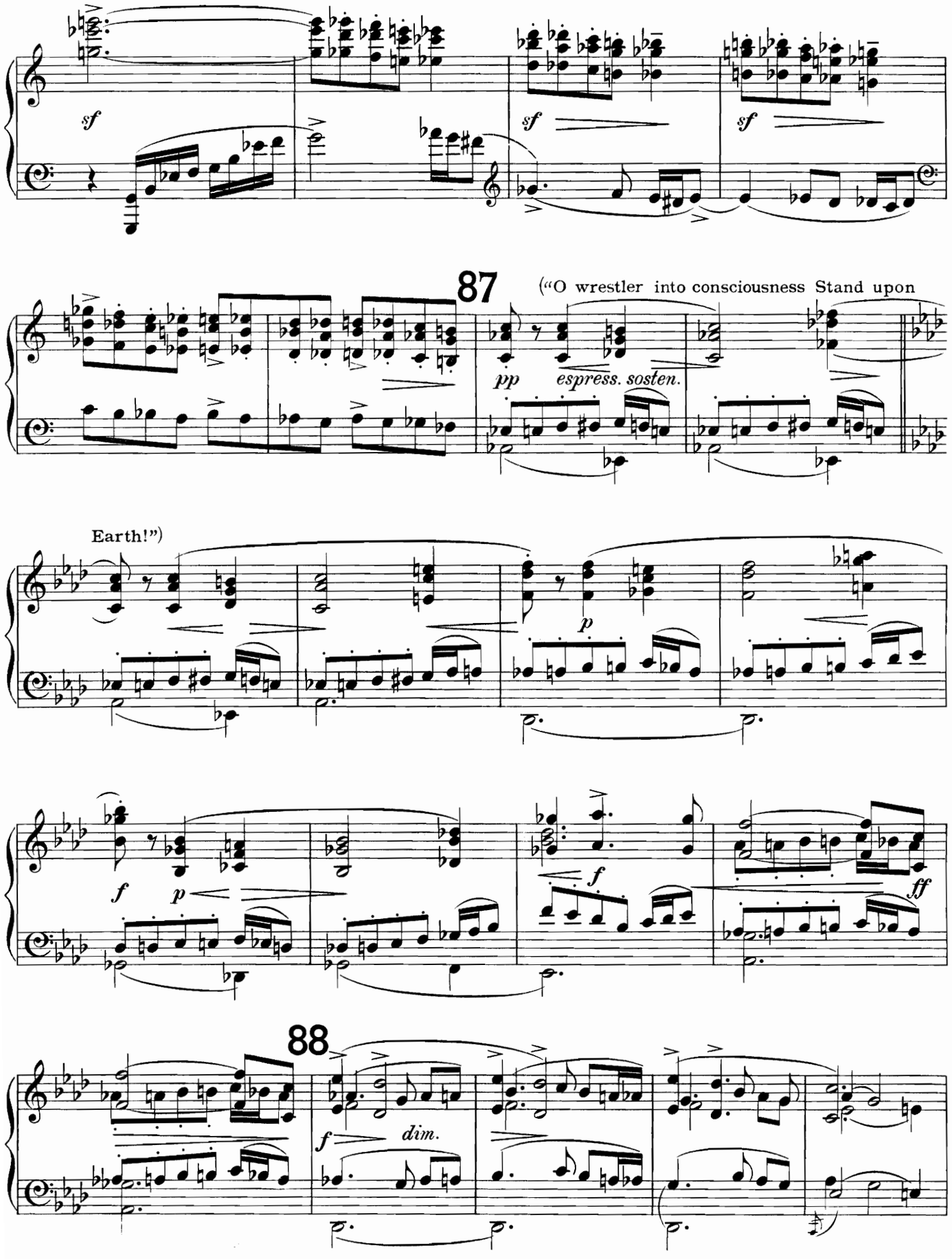


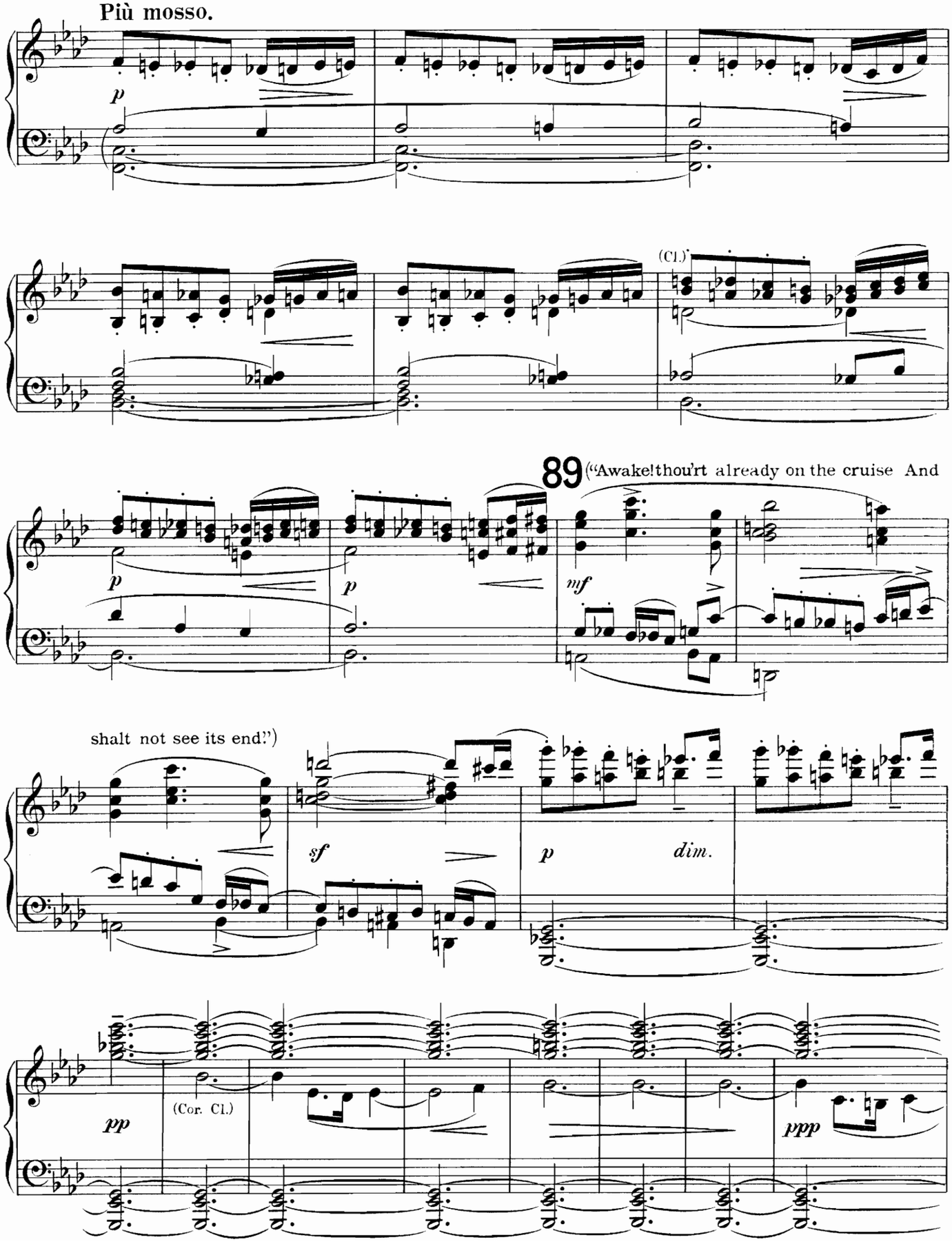

ff
84
ff
f
ff
85
(Ob.)
rit.
dim.
p

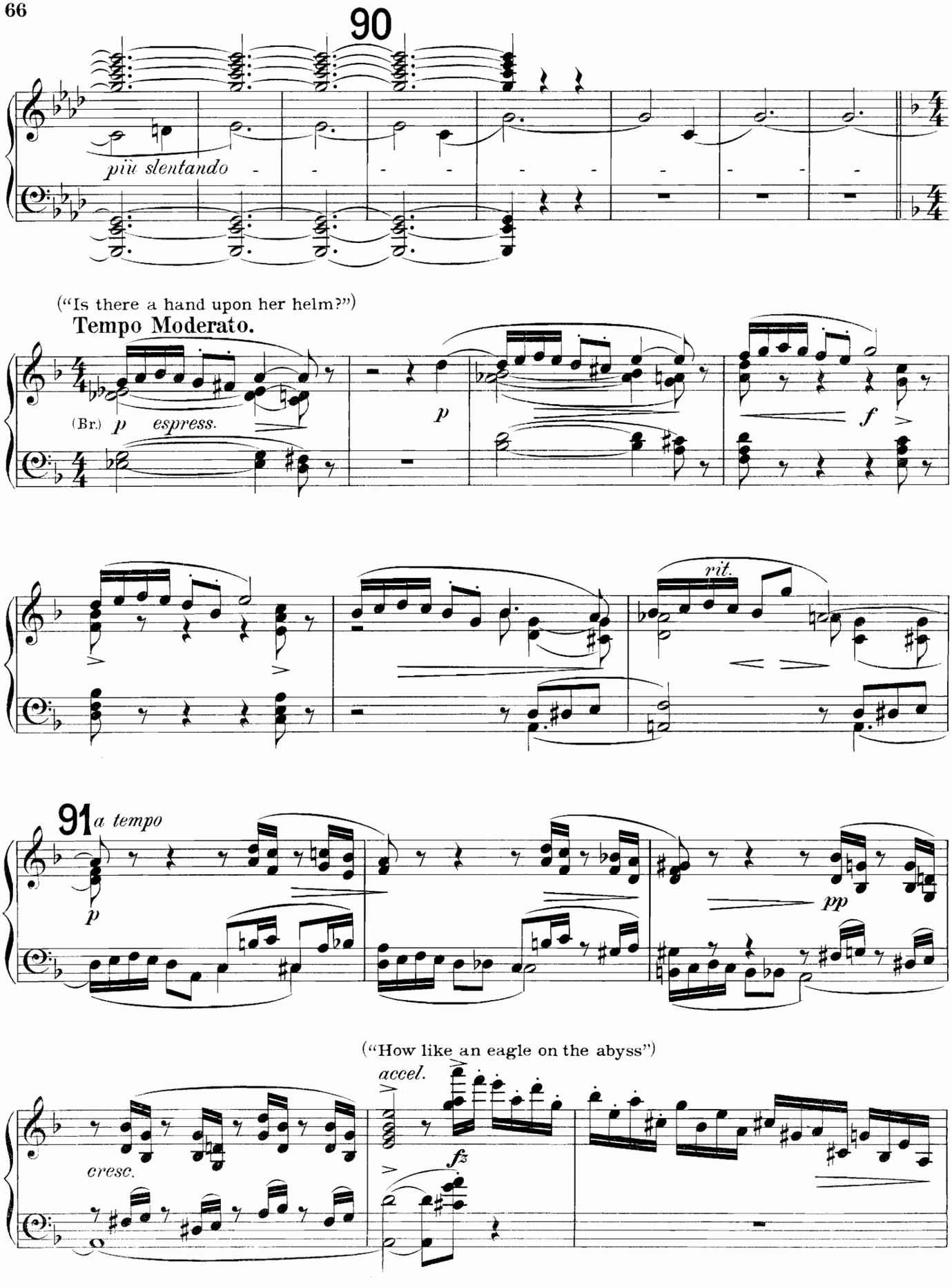
("Thou hast forgotten, whom I took From lap of things inform.")

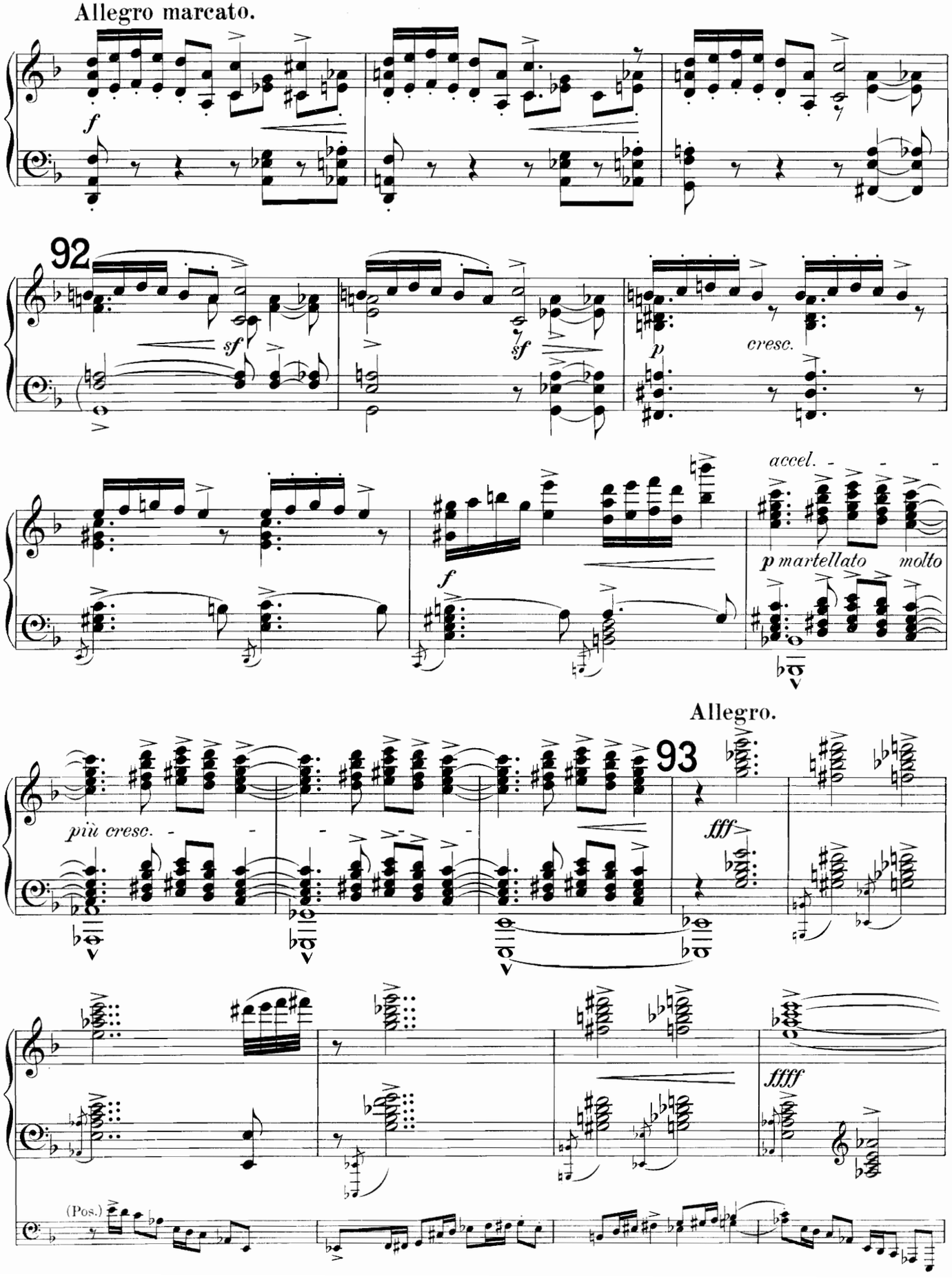
Moderato Allegro.

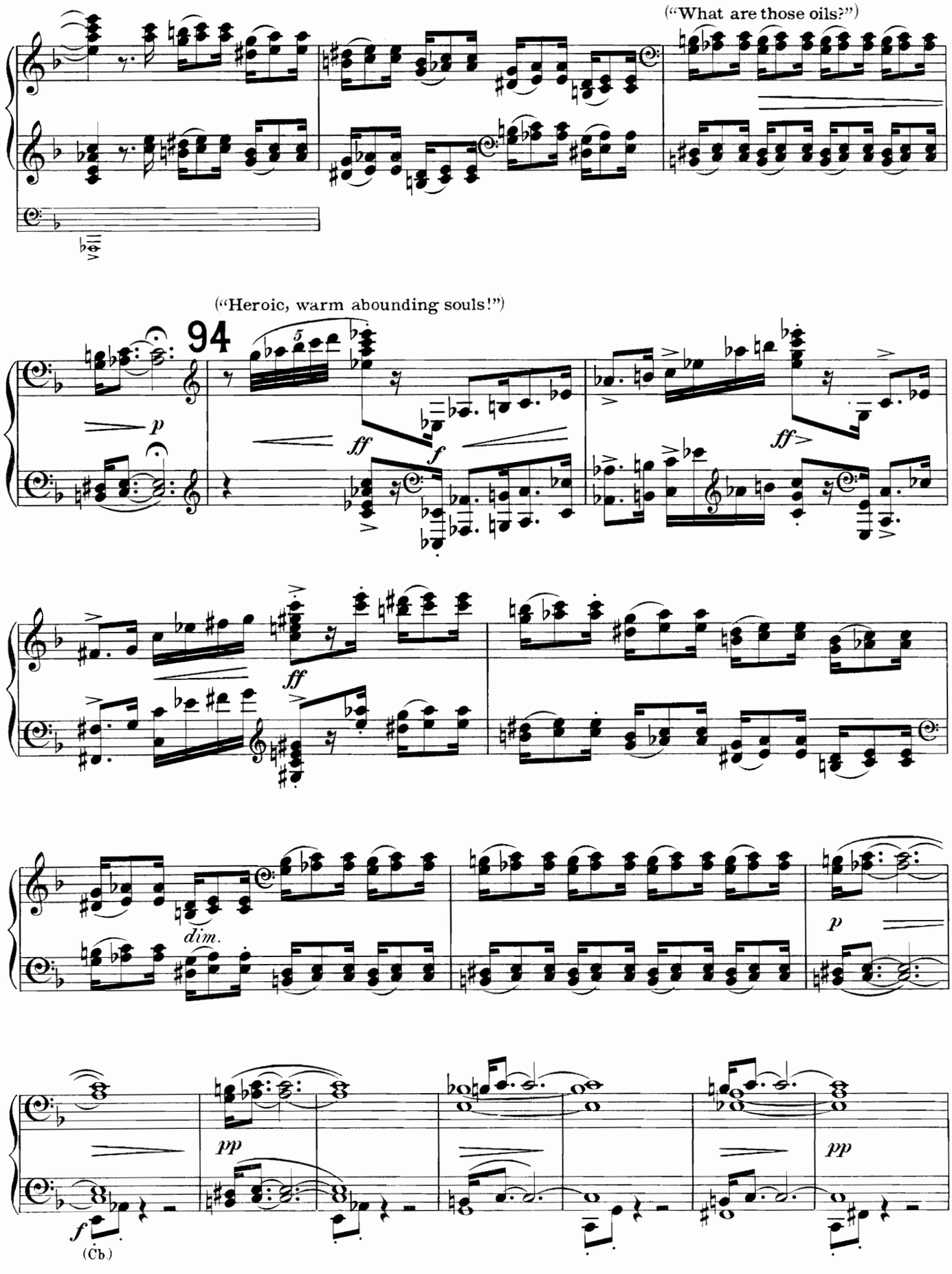



sf
sf
sf
87
("O wrestler into consciousness Stand upon
pp
espress. sosten.
Earth!")
p
f
p
f
ff
88
f
dim.


Più mosso.
p
(Cl.)
89
("Awake! thou'rt already on the cruise And
p
p
mf
shalt not see its end!")
sf
p
dim.
pp
(Cor. Cl.)
ppp


90
più slentando
("Is there a hand upon her helm?")
Tempo Moderato.
(Br.) p espress.
p
f
rit.
91 a tempo
p
pp
("How like an eagle on the abyss")
accel.
cresc.
fz


Allegro marcato.
f
92
sf
sf
p
cresc.
accel.
p martellato molto
f
Allegro.
più cresc.
93
fff
ffff
(Pos.)


("What are those oils?")
("Heroic, warm abounding souls!")
94
p
ff
f
ff
ff
dim.
p
pp
f
(Cb.)
pp

95

("And I shall stream into their

Tempo maestoso.

pp

rit.

fff

p

life")

(Cor.)

p

f

(Tempo Primo) Allegro.

96

f

f

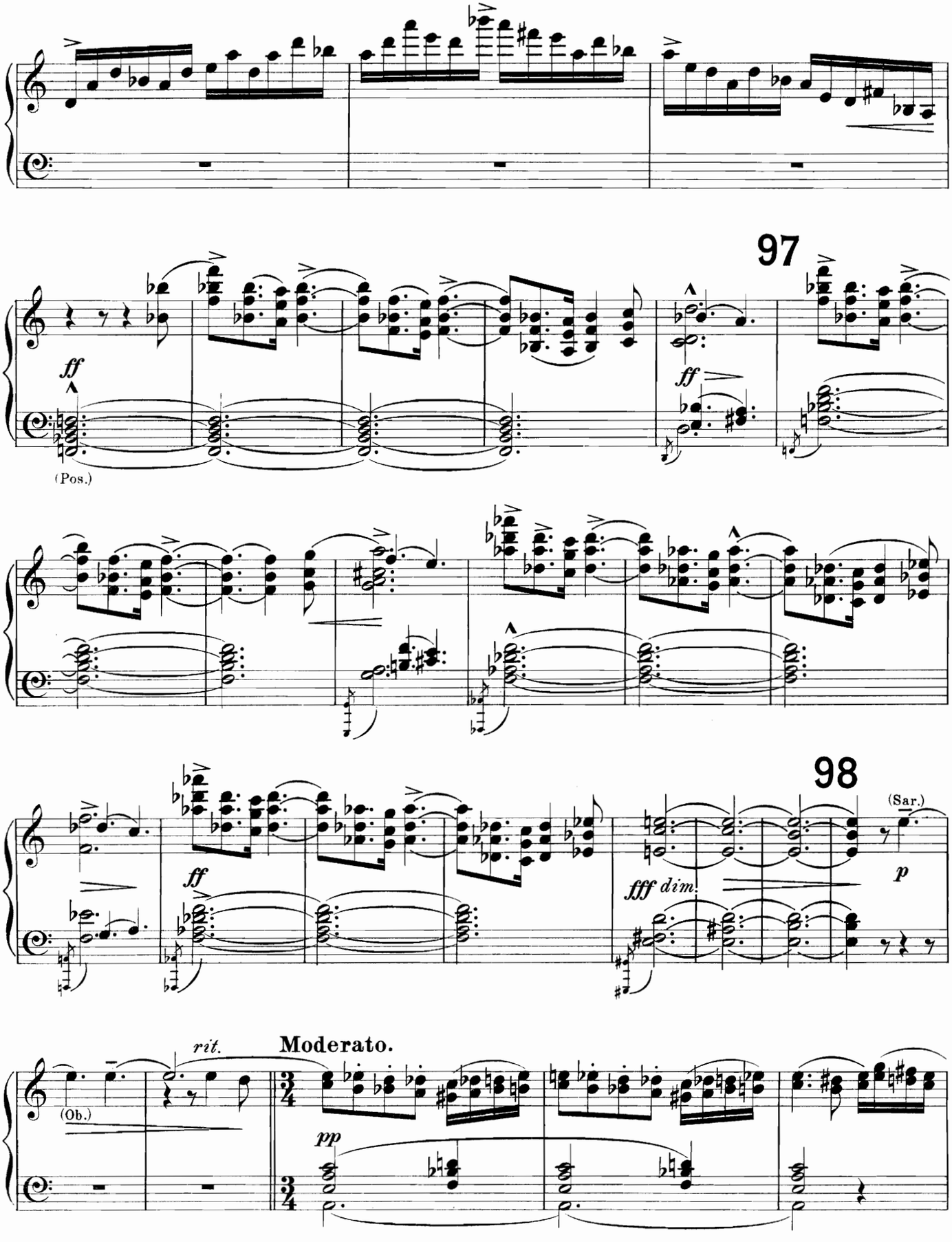
f (Pos.)

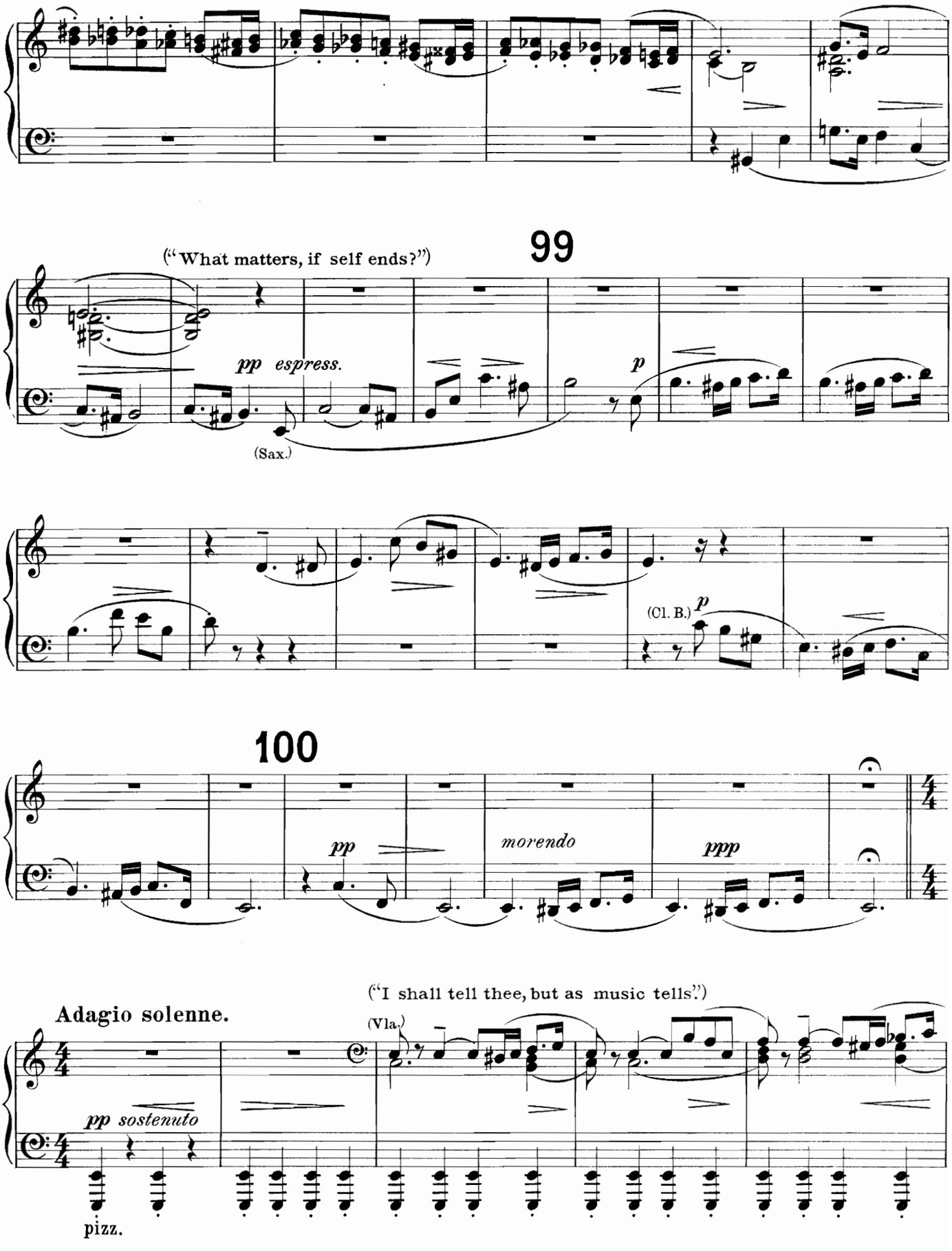
(Vio.)

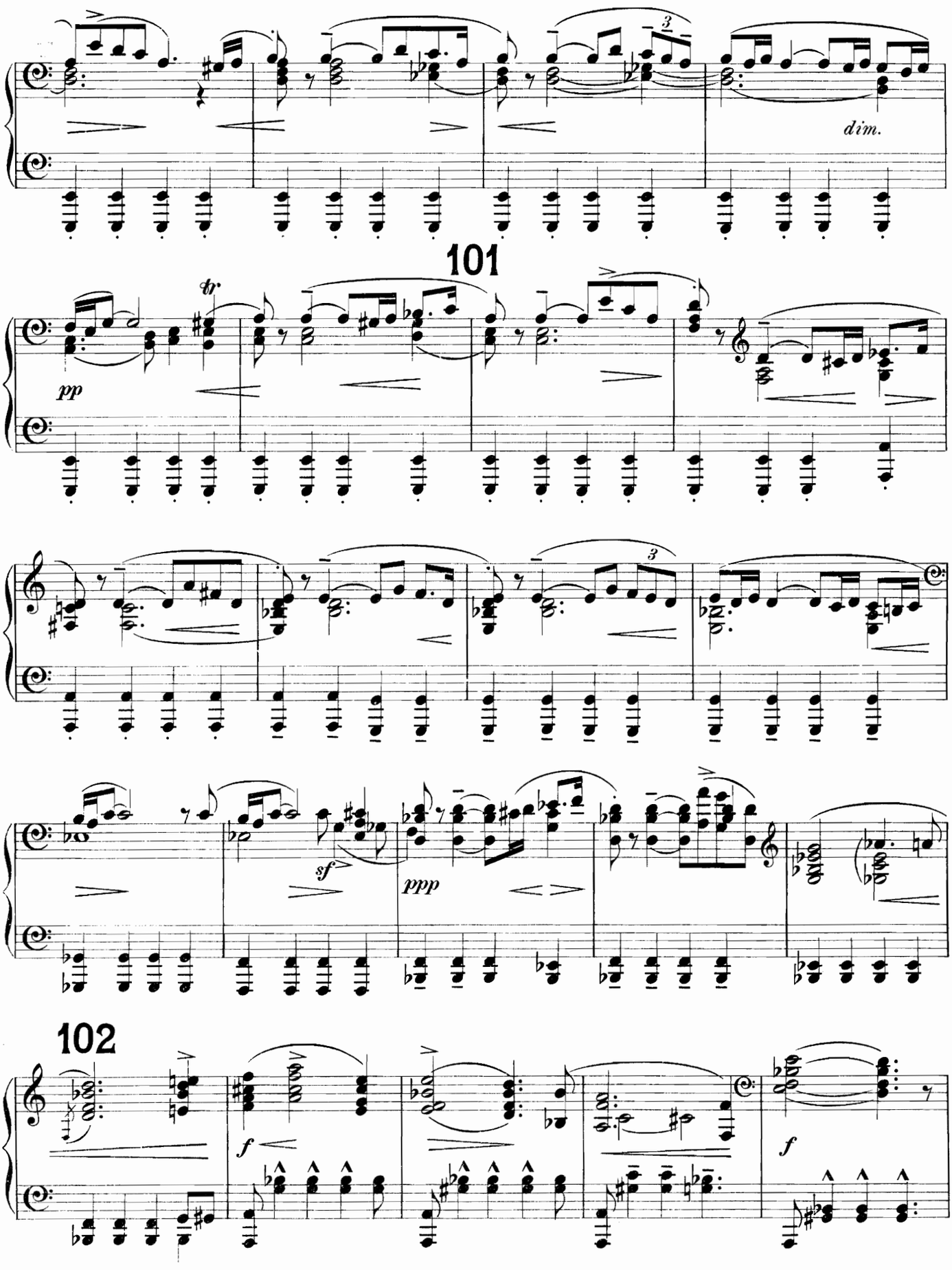
f

f

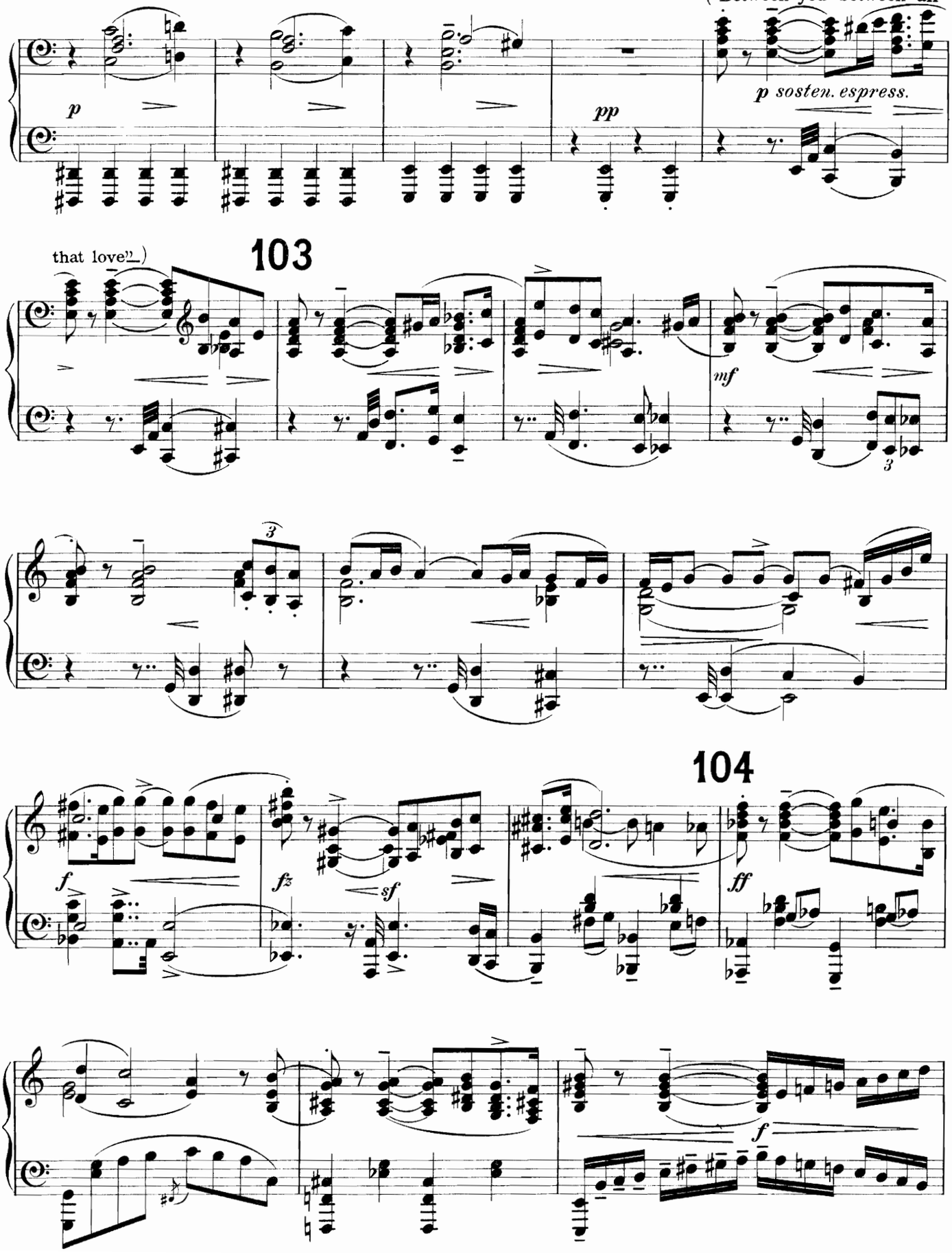
p


97
ff
(Pos.)
ff
98
(Sar.)
fff dim.
p
rit.
(Ob.)
Moderato.
pp

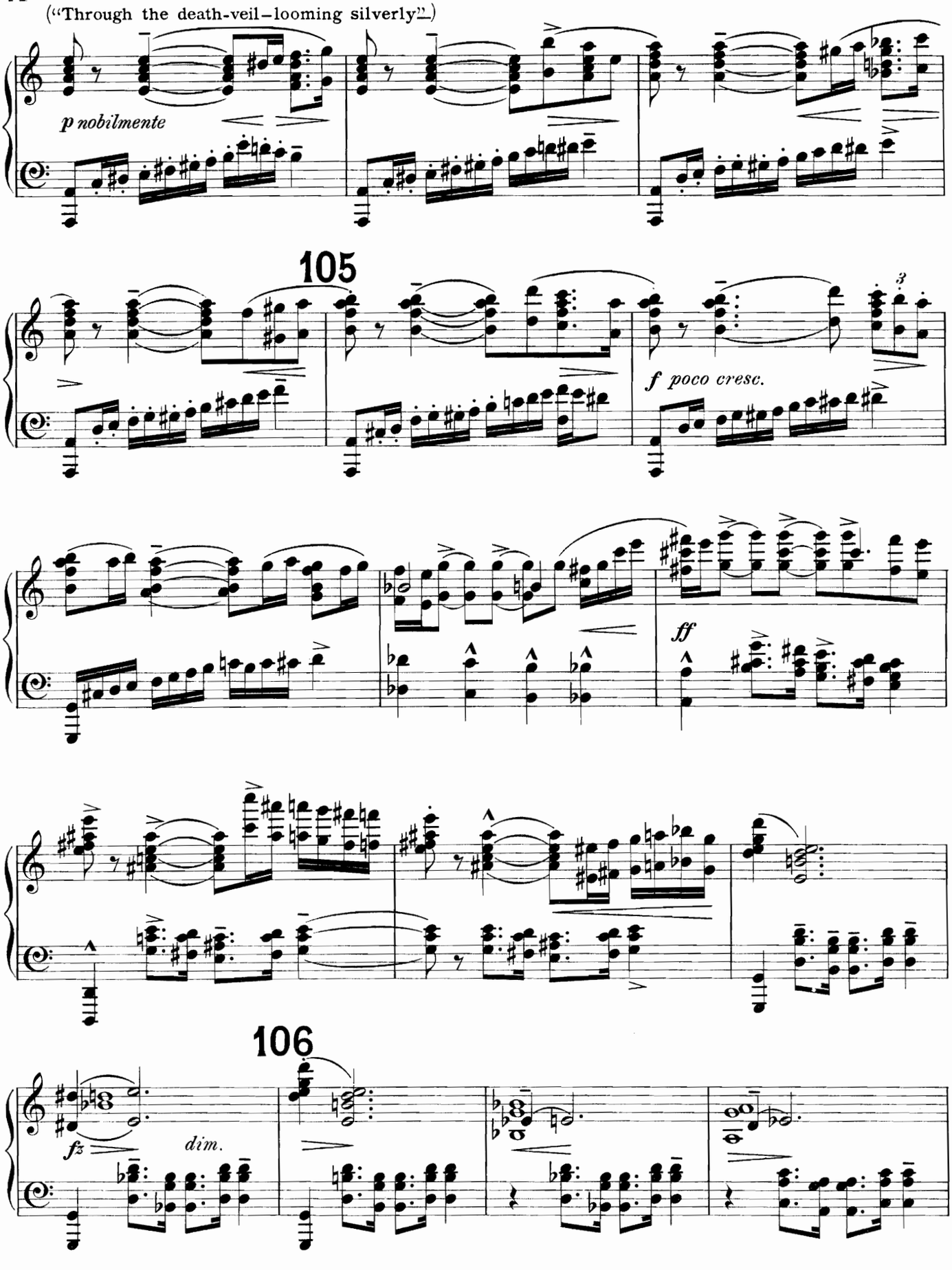

("What matters, if self ends?")
99
pp espress.
(Sax.)
p
(Cl. B.)
p
100
pp
morendo
ppp
("I shall tell thee, but as music tells.")
Adagio solenne.
(Vla.)
pp sostenuto
pizz.

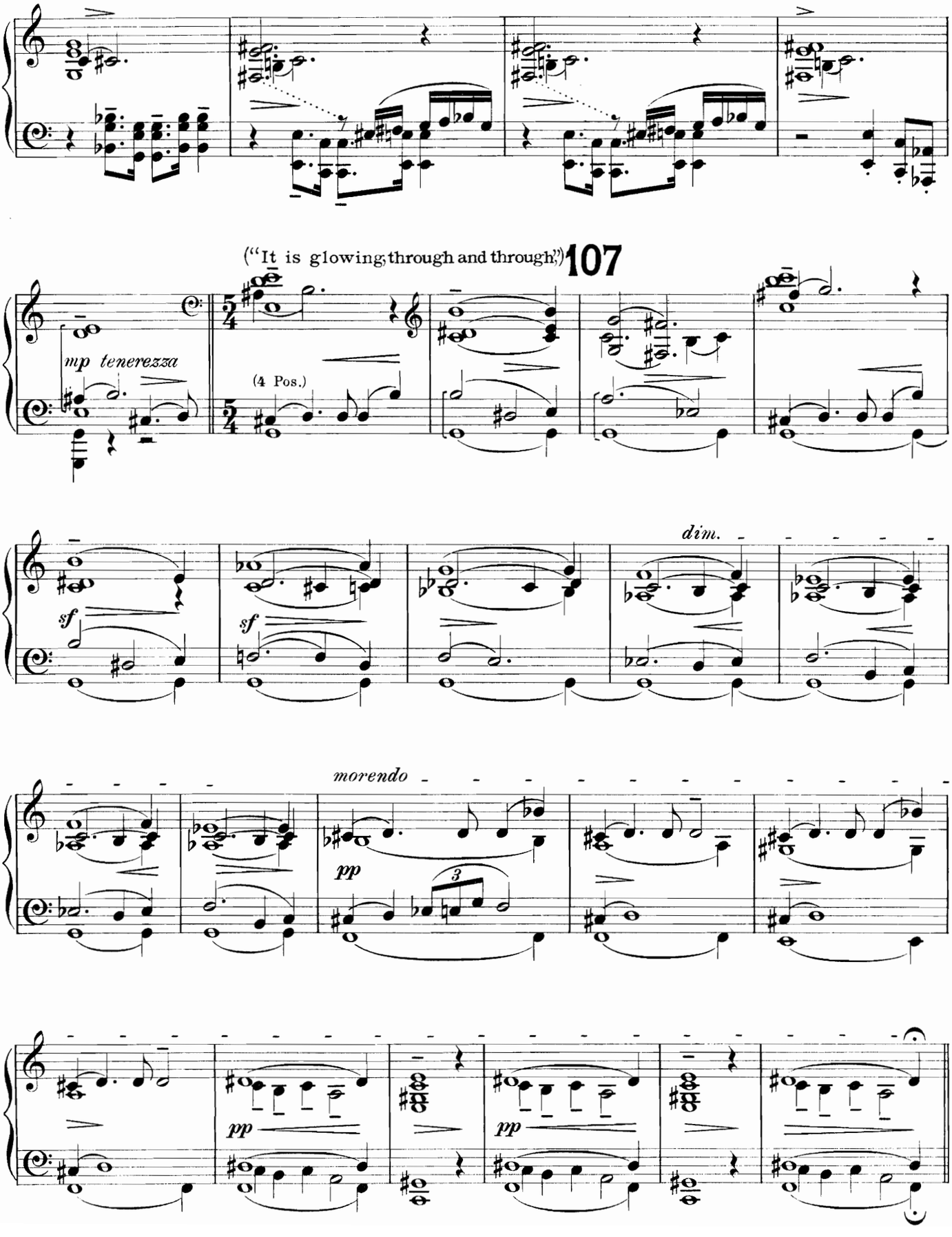

dim.
101
tr
pp
sf
ppp
102
f
f

("Between you-between all



("Through the death-veil–looming silverly")




("It is glowing, through and through.")
107
mp tenerezza
(4 Pos.)
dim.
sf
sf
morendo
pp
3
pp
pp

SECTION VIII.- FINALE.

THE EMBARCATION.

108 **Tempo majesta.** (♩ = 126)

Tenors. *p*

The last words in the raf - ters rang And the bright haze soun-ded

Basses. *p*

Tempo majesta.

(Vio.) *pp sost.*

on; Walls, air and shadows vib-rant still, But the God him-self was

f *f*

109

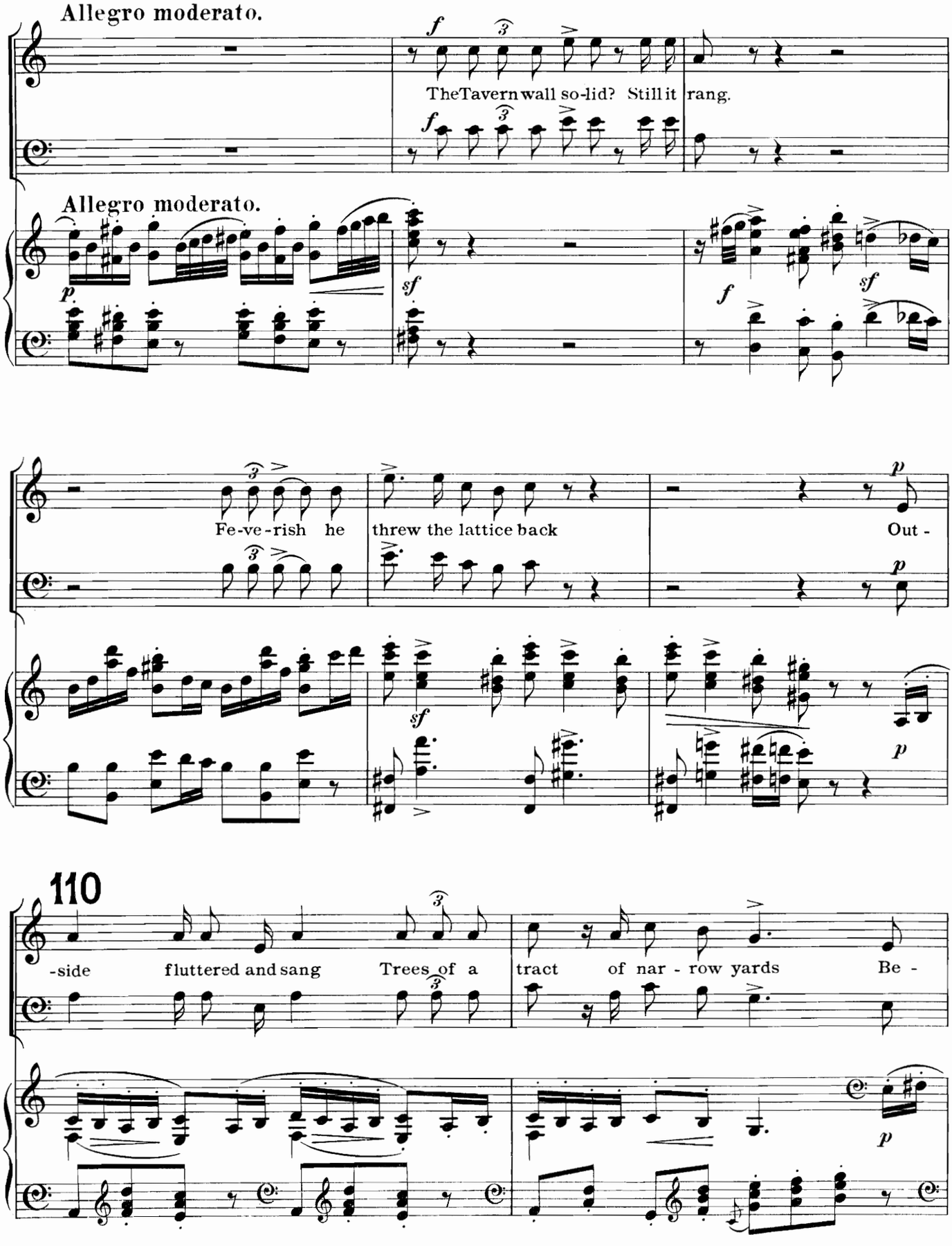
p *lento poco a poco* *p*

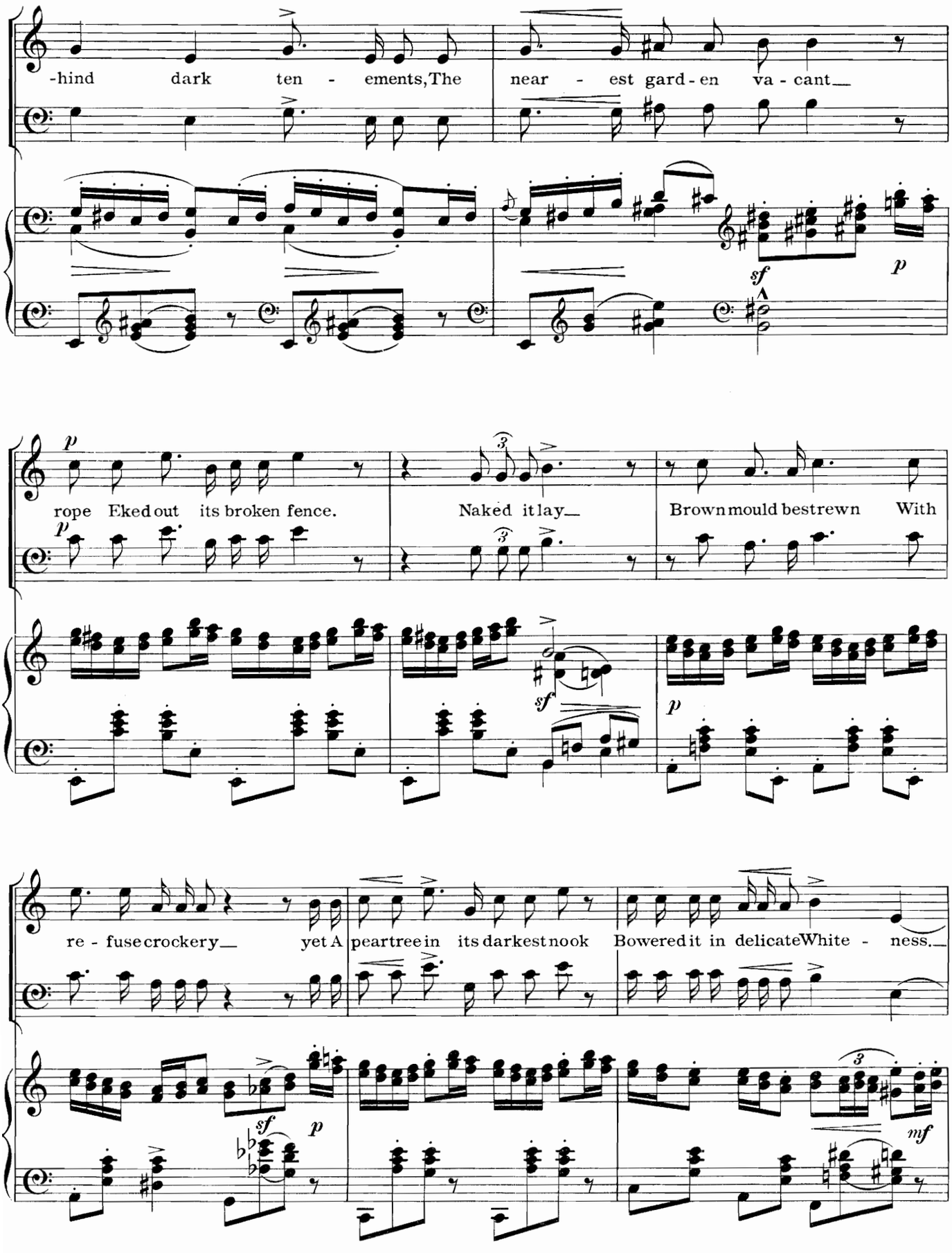
gone. Was the thing dreamed?

p *p*

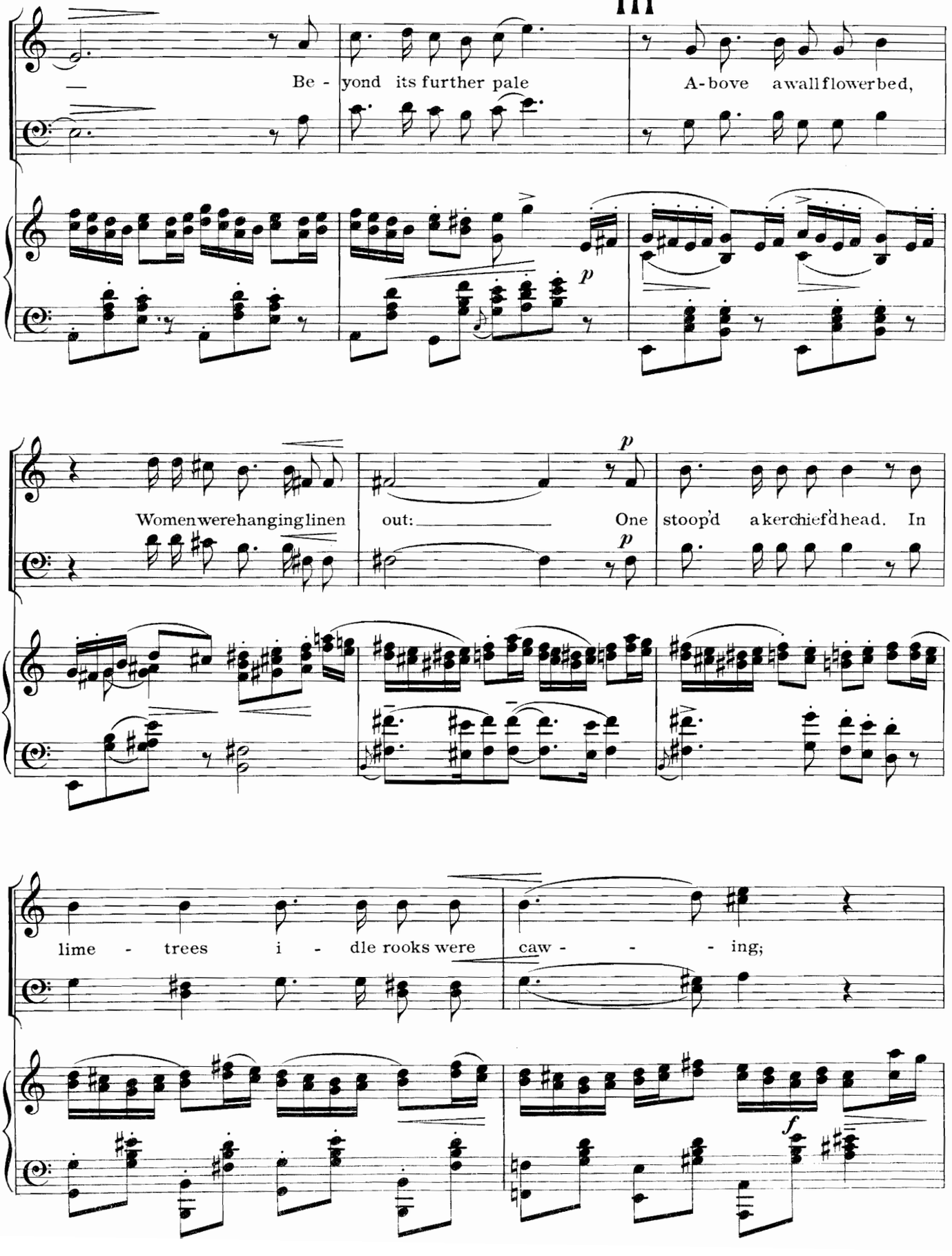
lento poco a poco

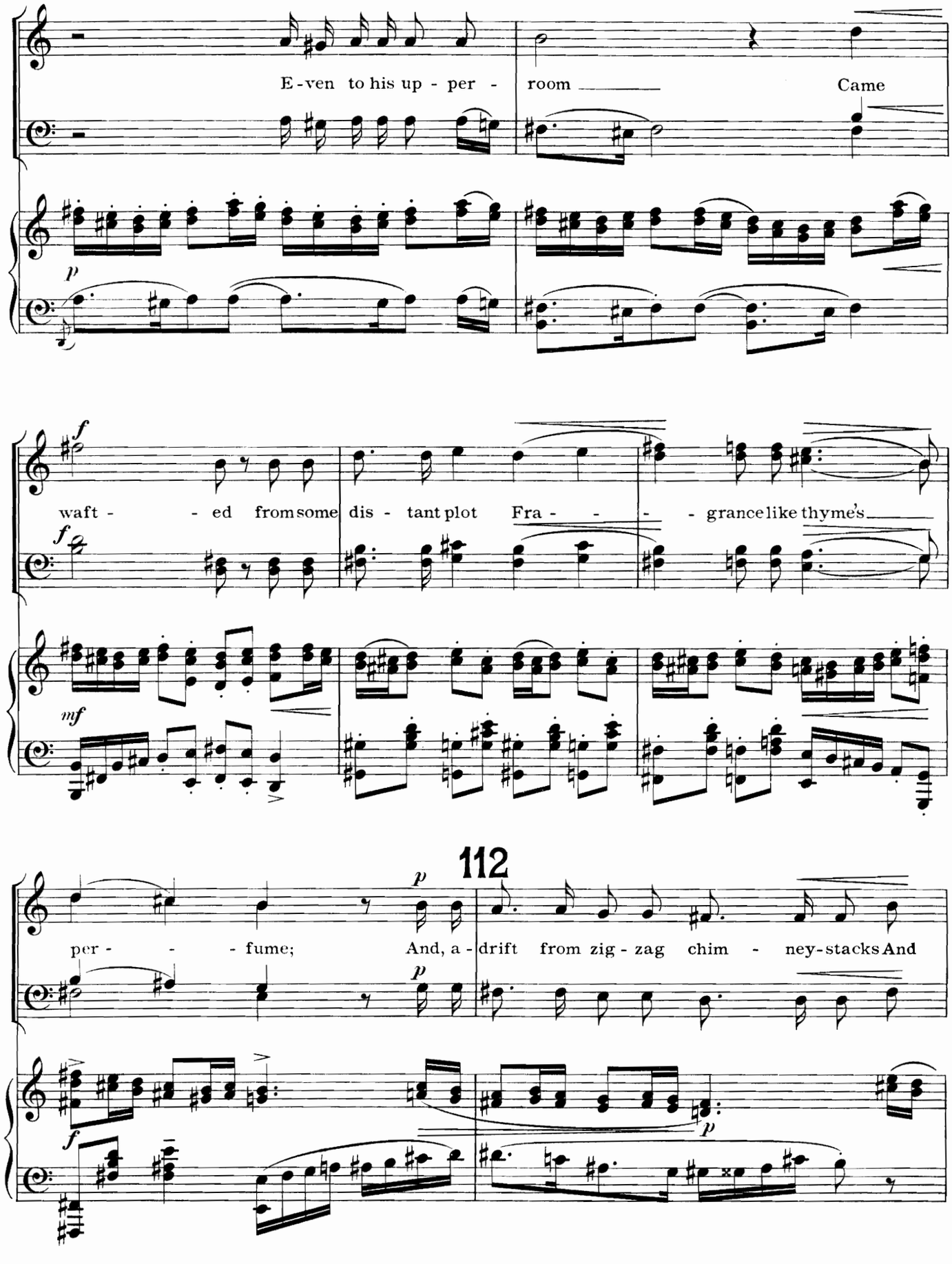
p *sf* *sf* *p*

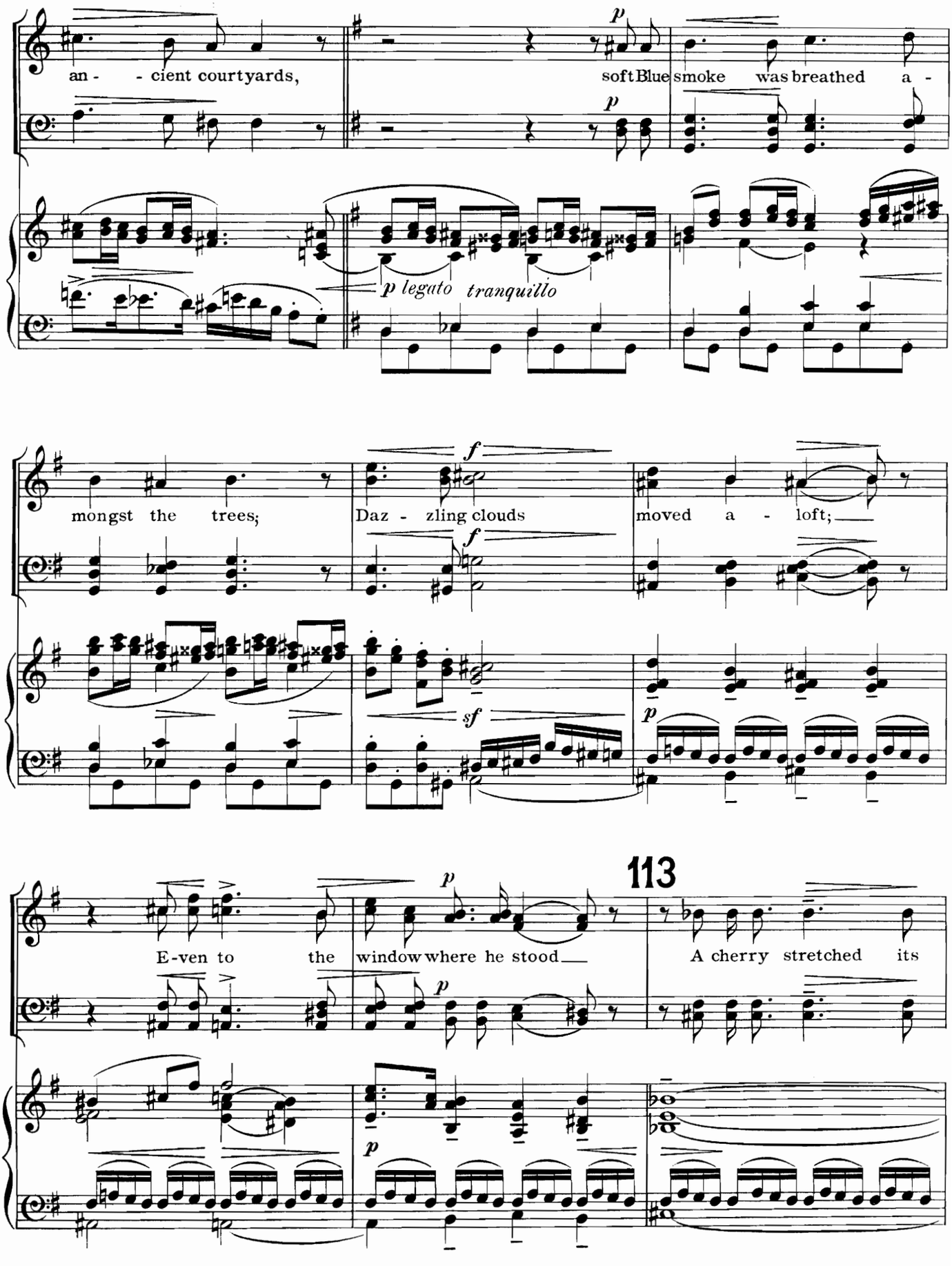

Allegro moderato.
TheTavernwall so-lid? Still it rang.
Allegro moderato.
Fe-ve-rish he
threw the lattice back
Out -
110
-side
fluttered and sang
Trees of a
tract
of nar - row yards
Be -

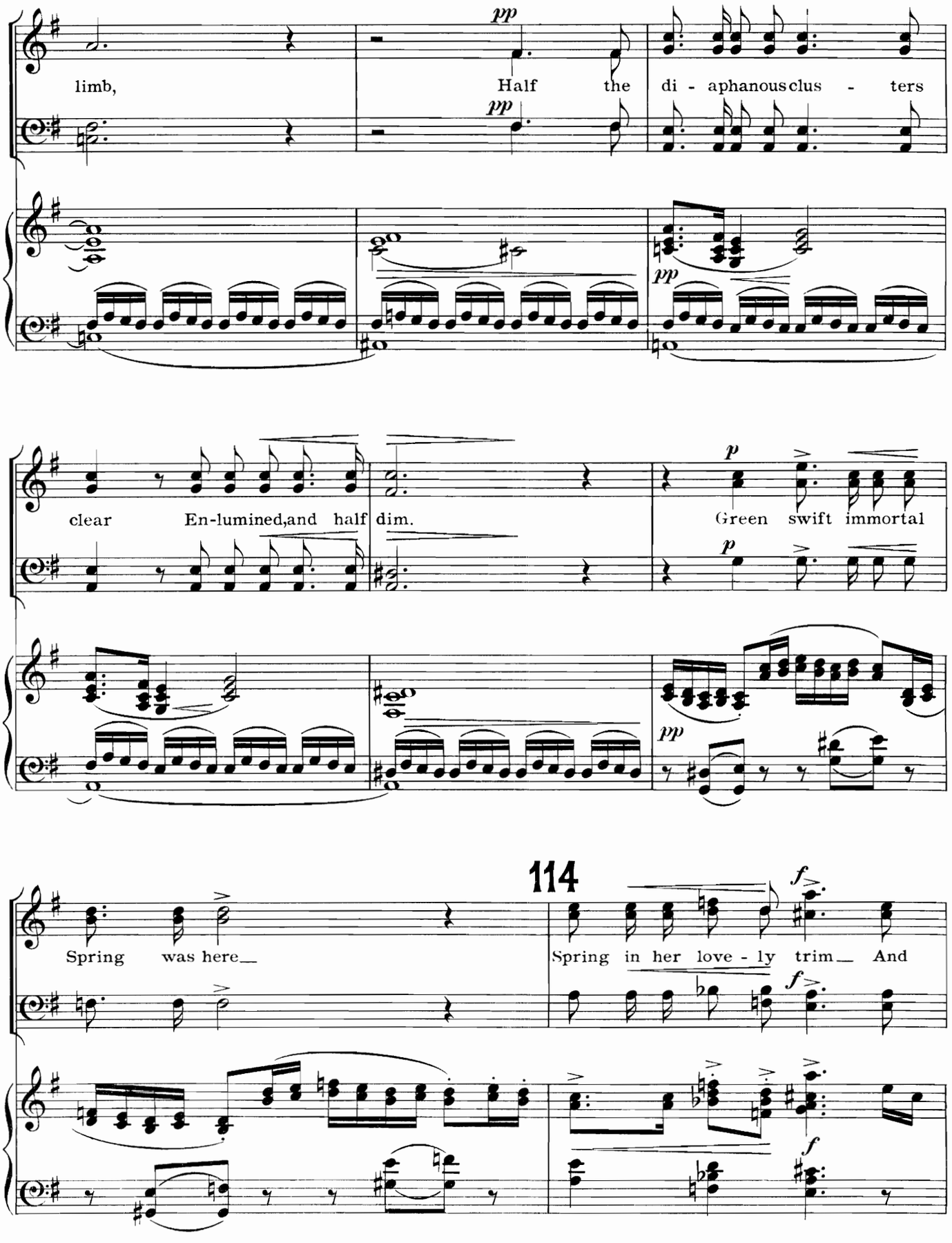

-hind dark ten - ements, The near - est gard - en va - cant_
sf
p
rope Eked out its broken fence.
Naked it lay_
Brown mould bestrewn With
sf
p
re - fuse crockery_ yet A peartree in its darkest nook Bowered it in delicate White - ness._
sf
p
mf

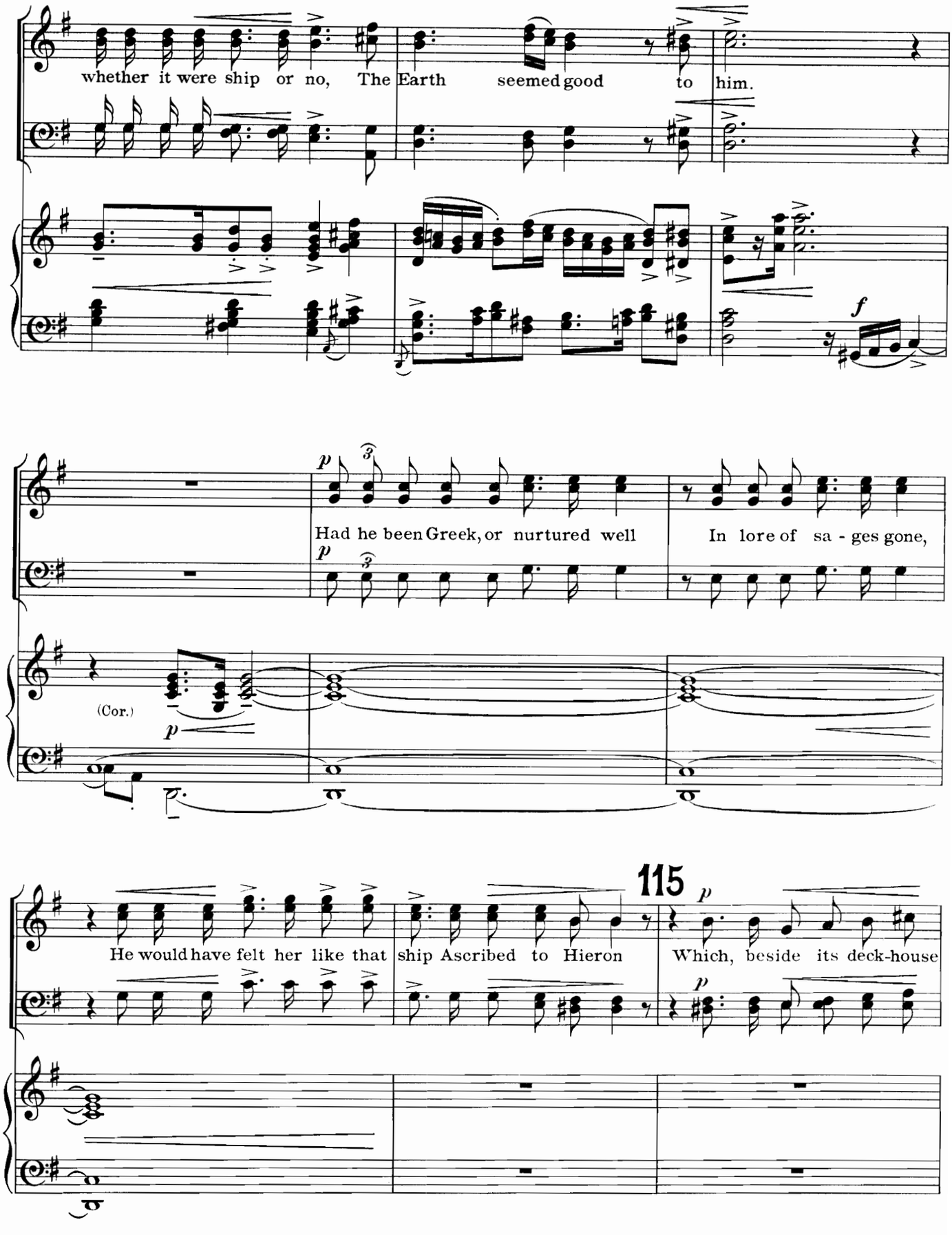
111

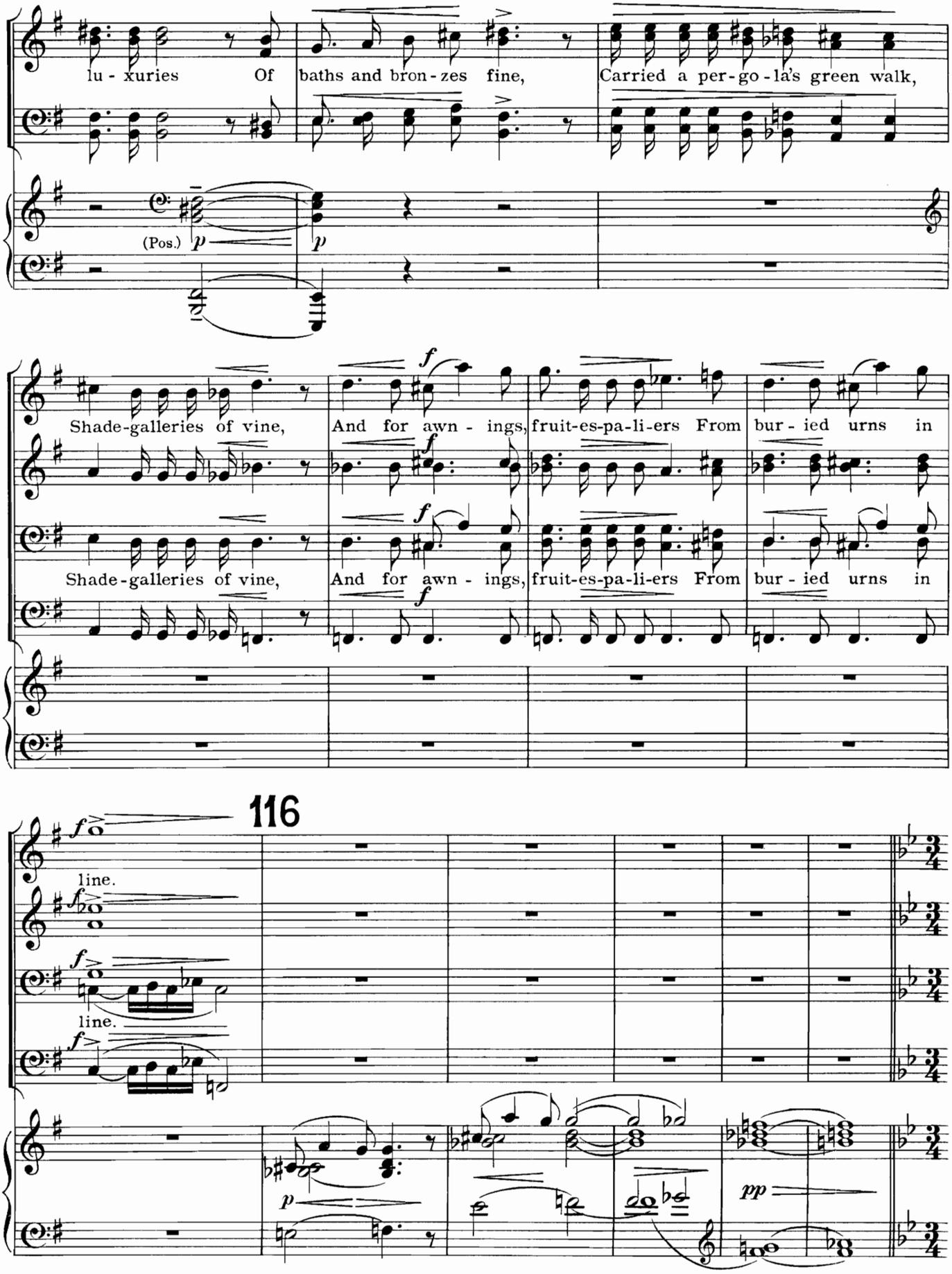

Be - yond its further pale
A-bove a wall flower bed,
p
Women were hanging linen out:
One stoop'd a kerchief'd head. In
p
lime - trees i - dle rooks were caw - - - ing;
f

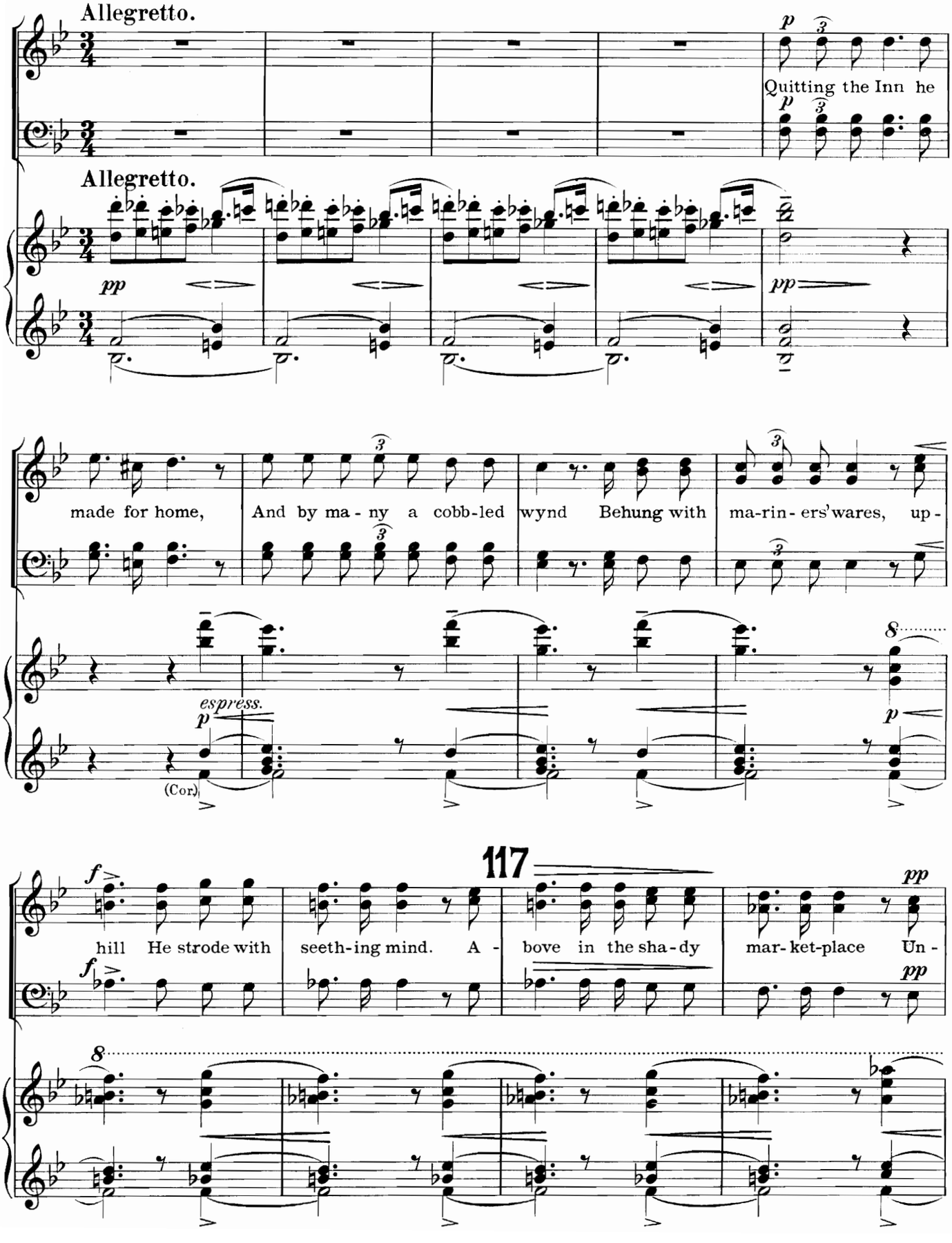

E-ven to his up - per - room Came
p
waft - - ed from some dis - tant plot Fra - - - grance like thyme's
f
f
mf
112
p
per - - - fume; And, a - drift from zig - zag chim - ney-stacks And
p
f
p

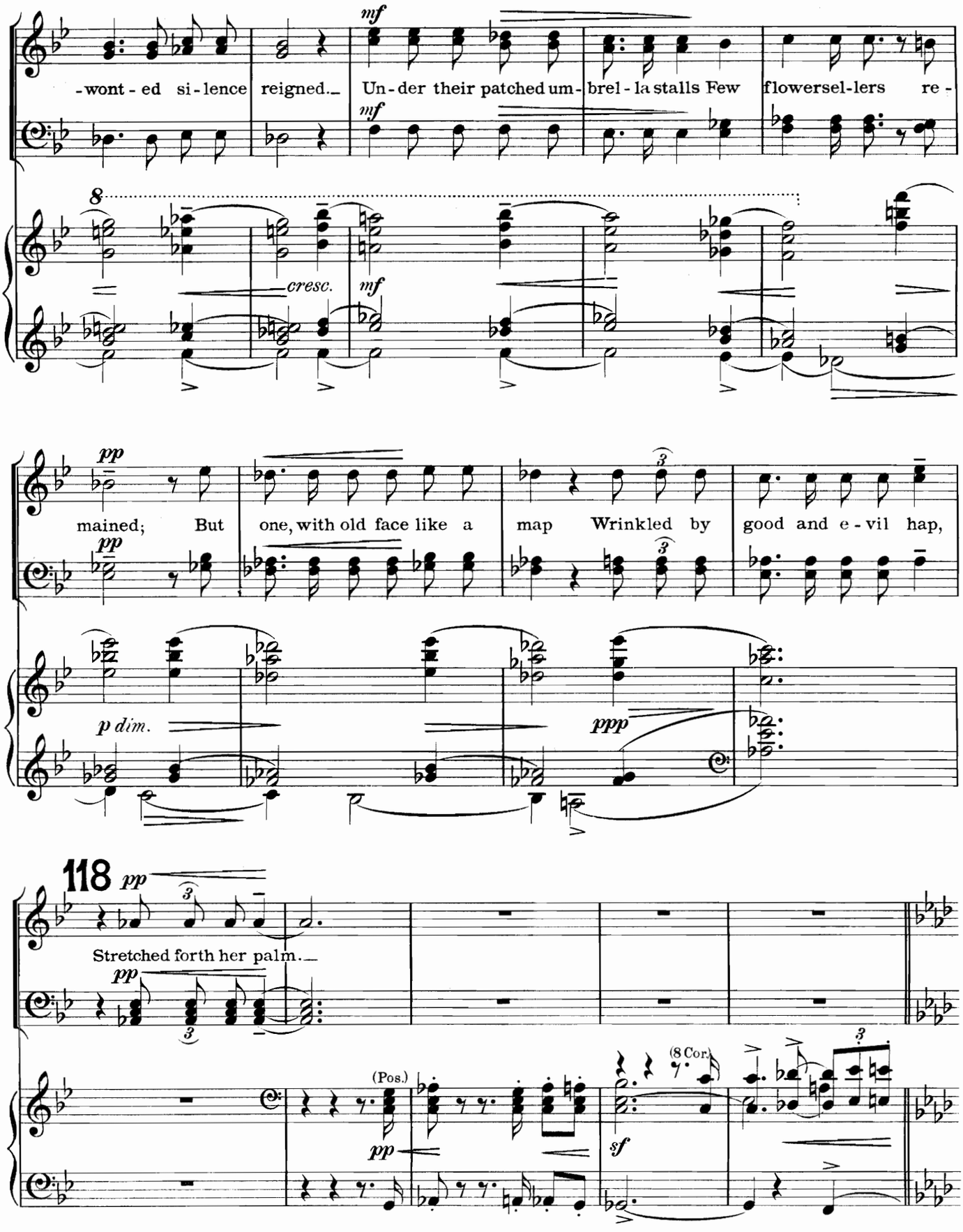

an - - cient courtyards,
soft Blue smoke was breathed a -
p legato tranquillo
mongst the trees;
Daz - zling clouds
moved a - loft;
113
E-ven to the window where he stood
A cherry stretched its

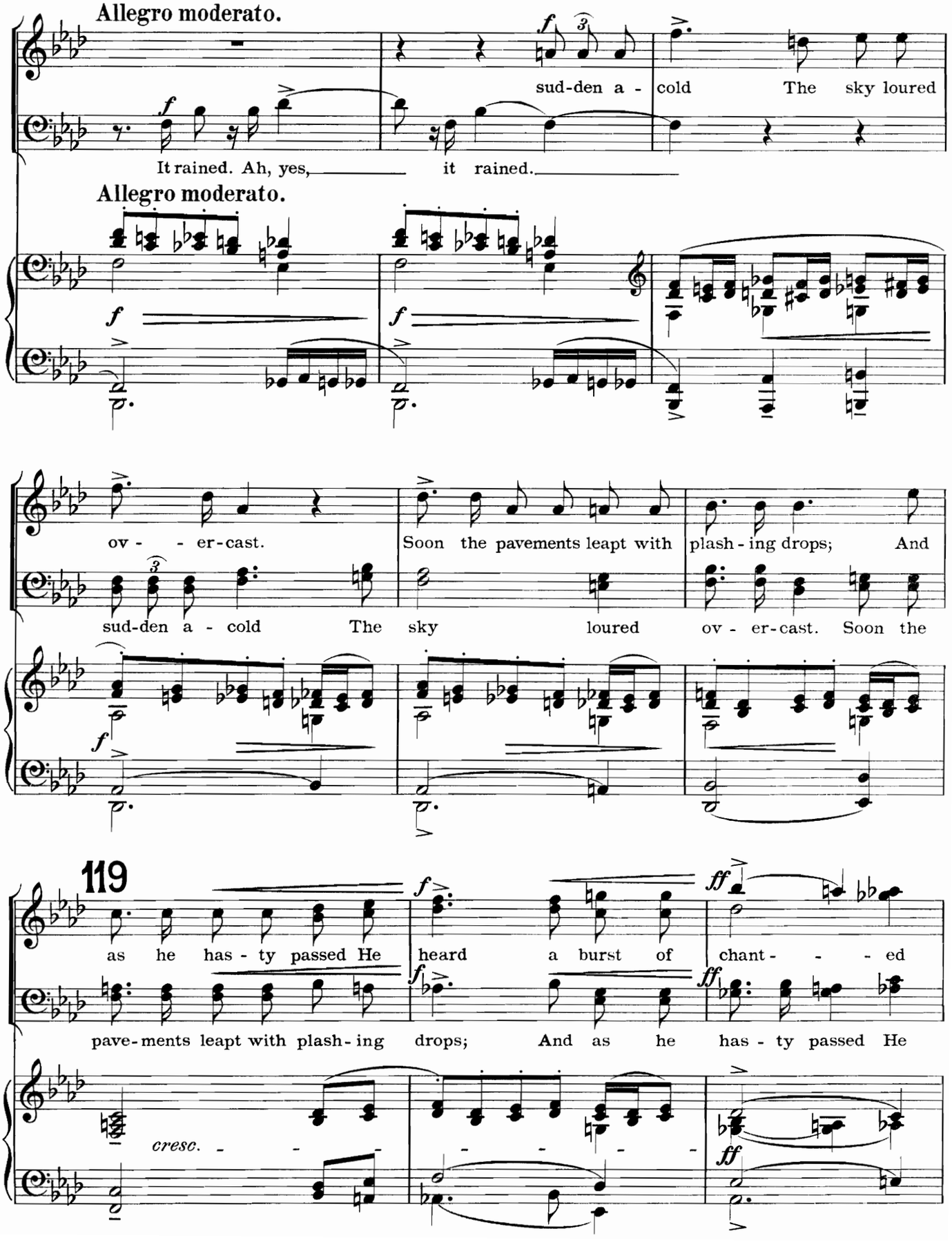

limb,
Half the di - aphanous clus - ters
clear En-lumined, and half dim.
Green swift immortal
114
Spring was here
Spring in her love - ly trim And

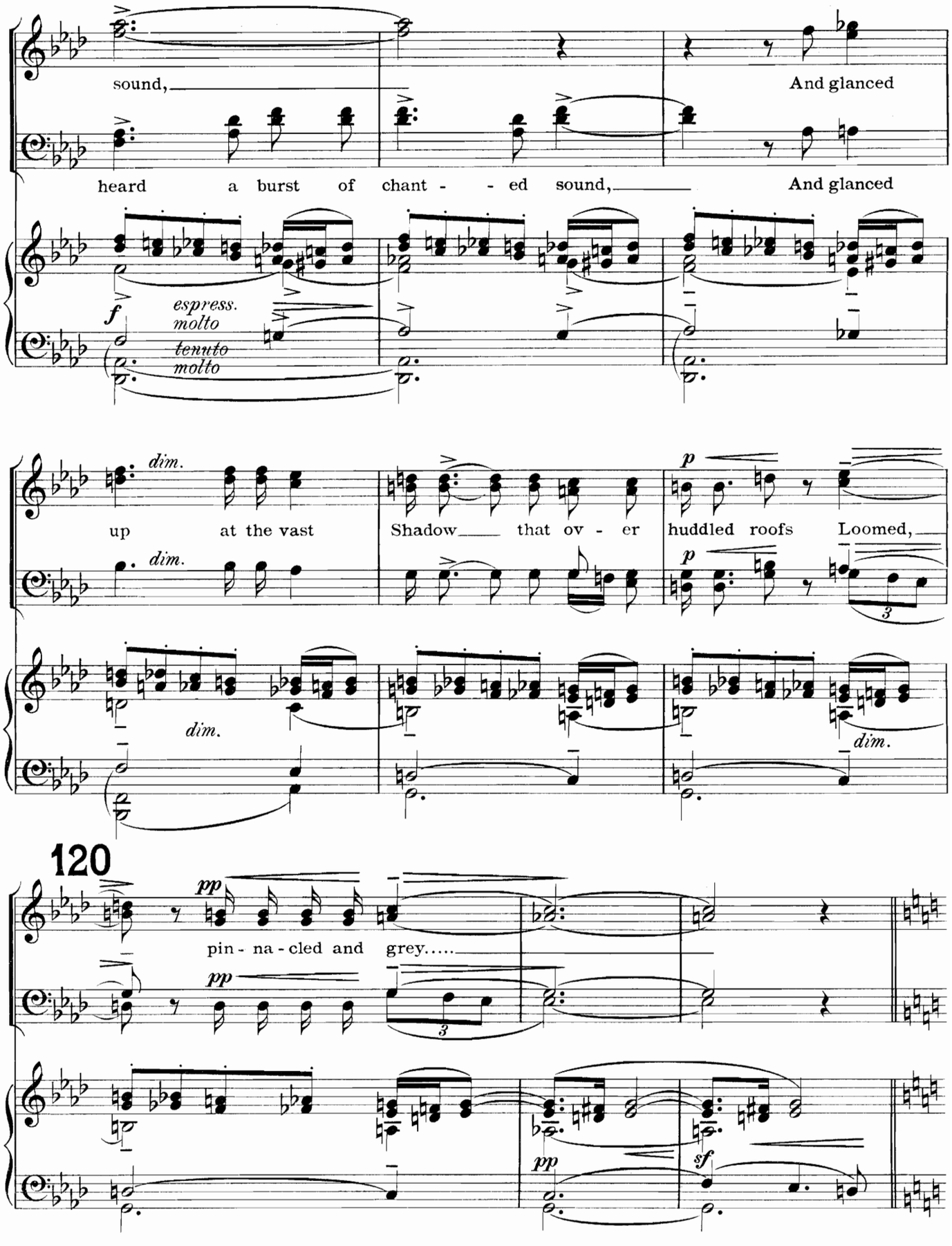

whether it were ship or no, The Earth seemed good to him.
Had he been Greek, or nurtured well In lore of sa - ges gone,
(Cor.)
115
He would have felt her like that ship Ascribed to Hieron Which, beside its deck-house

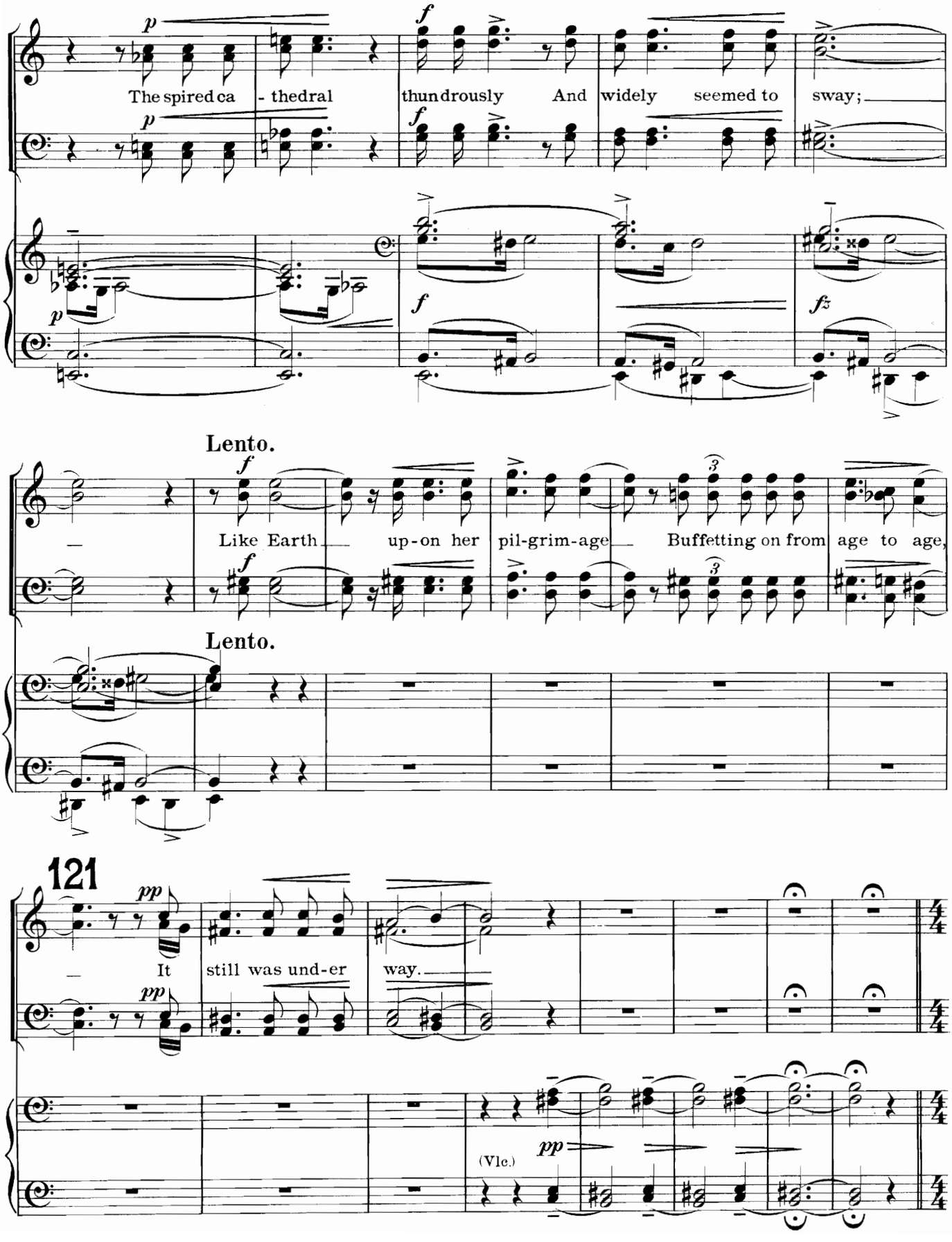

lu - xuries Of baths and bron - zes fine, Carried a per - go - la's green walk,
(Pos.) p p
Shade-galleries of vine, And for awn - ings, fruit-es-pa-li-ers From bur - ied urns in
Shade-galleries of vine, And for awn - ings, fruit-es-pa-li-ers From bur - ied urns in
116
line.
line.
pp

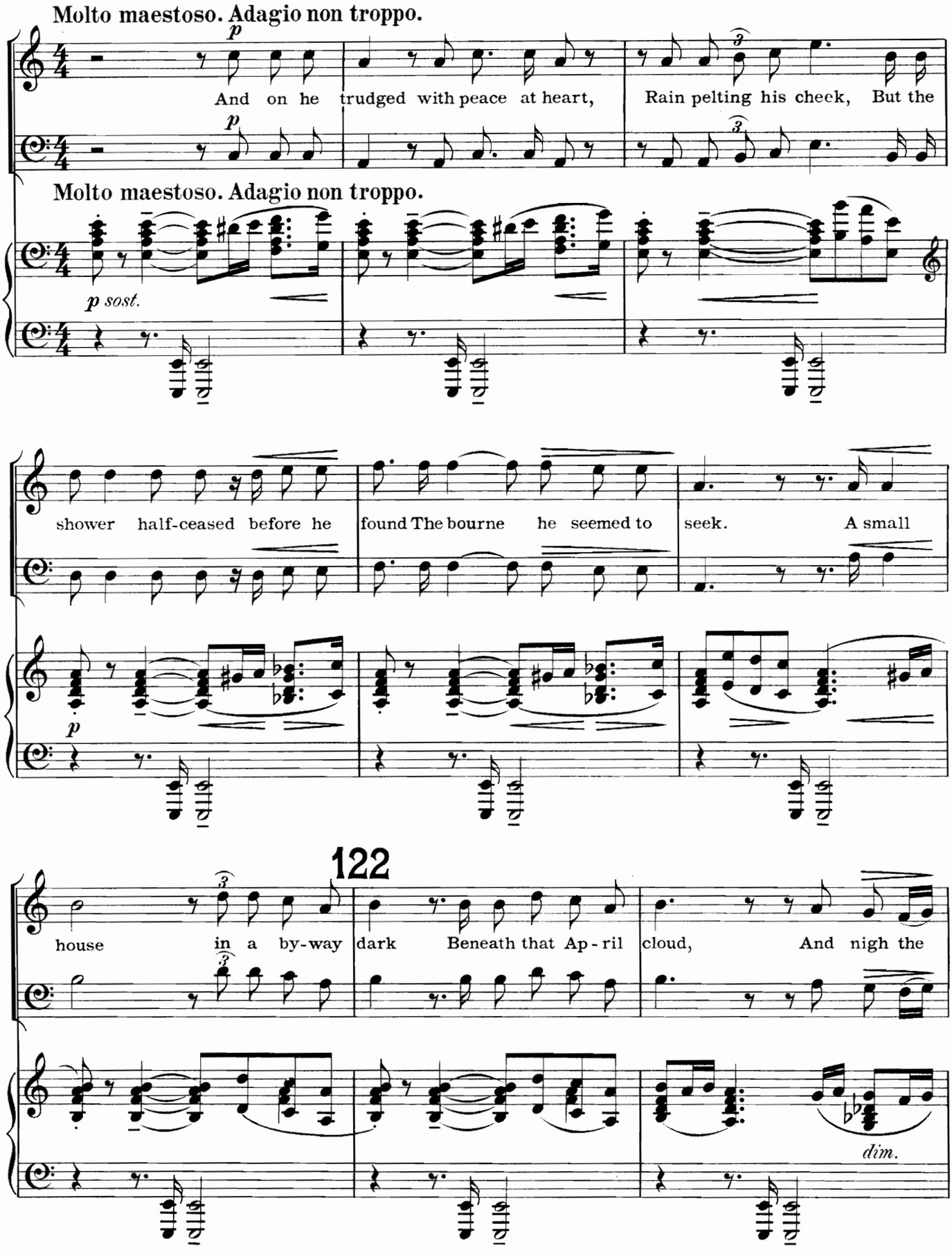

Allegretto.
Quitting the Inn he
Allegretto.
made for home,
And by ma - ny a cobb-led wynd Behung with ma-rin - ers' wares, up -
espress.
(Cor.)
117
hill He strode with seeth-ing mind. A - bove in the sha-dy mar-ket-place Un -

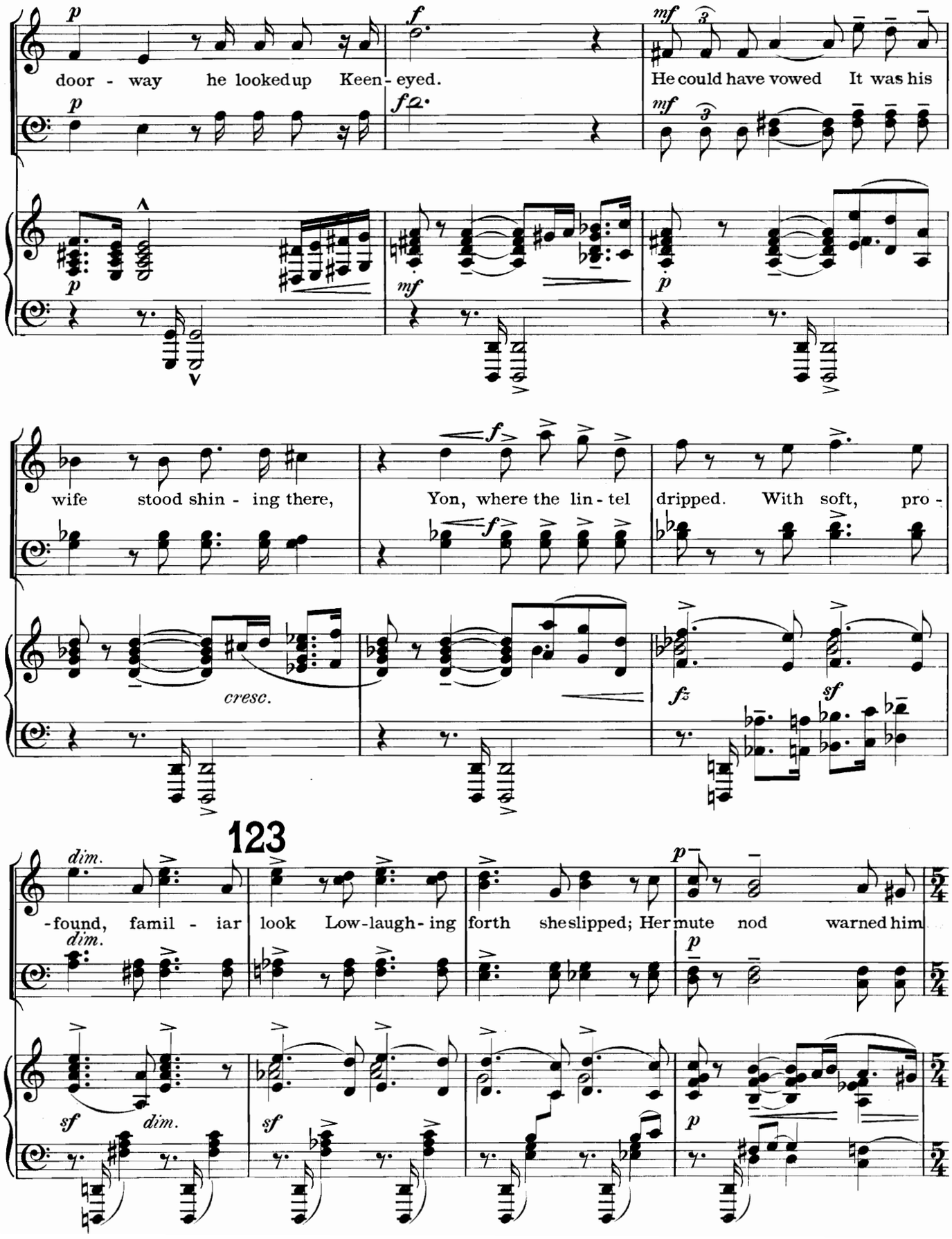

-wont - ed si - lence reigned. Un - der their patched um - brel - la stalls Few flowersel - lers re -
mf
mf
8
cresc.
mf
pp
mained; But one, with old face like a map Wrinkled by good and e - vil hap,
pp
3
3
p dim.
ppp
118
pp
Stretched forth her palm.
pp
3
3
(Pos.)
pp
(8 Cor.)
sf
3

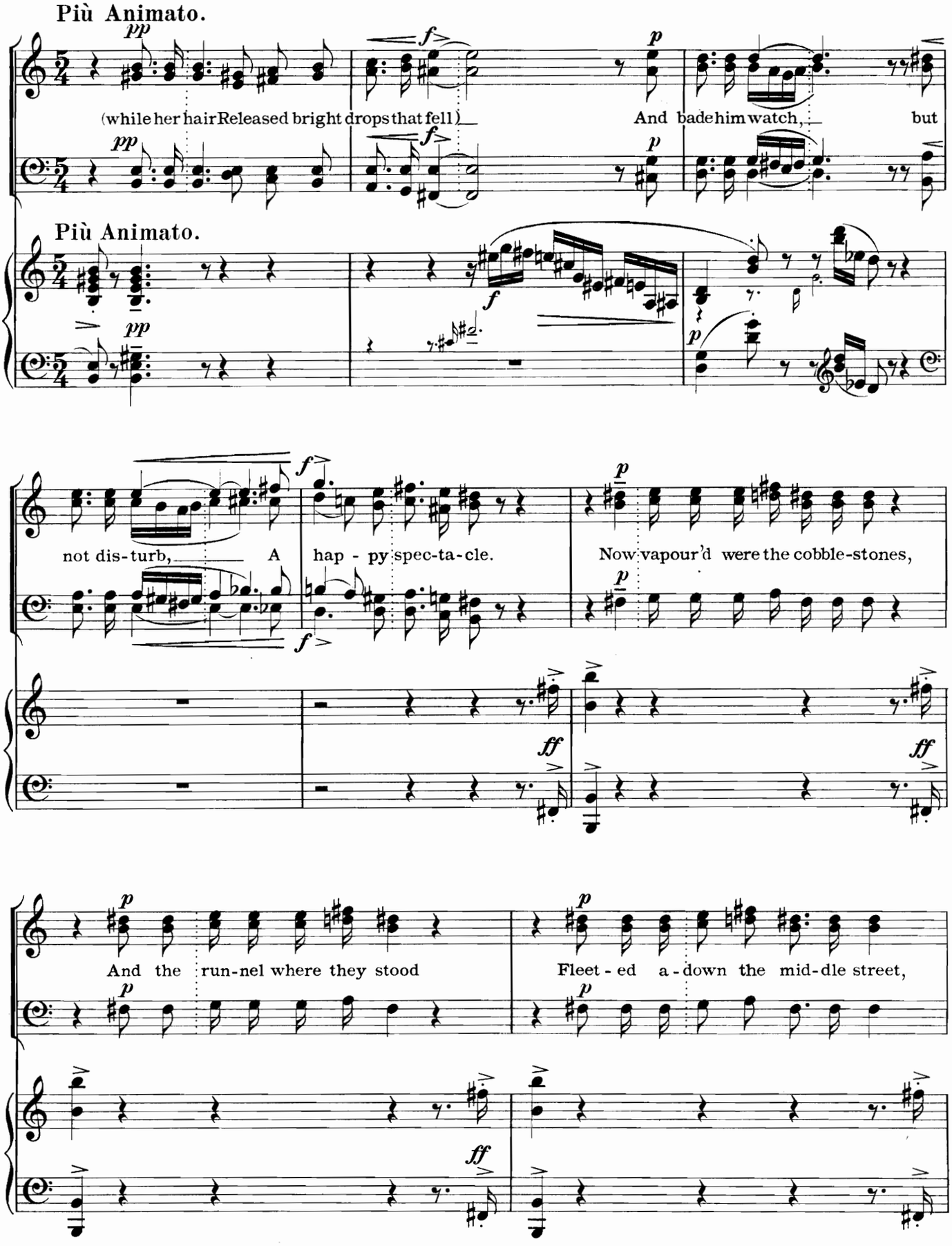

Allegro moderato.
sud-den a - cold The sky loured
It rained. Ah, yes, it rained.
Allegro moderato.
ov - - er-cast.
Soon the pavements leapt with plash - ing drops; And
sud-den a - cold The sky loured ov - er-cast. Soon the
119
as he has - ty passed He
heard a burst of chant - - - ed
pave-ments leapt with plash - ing drops; And as he has - ty passed He
cresc.

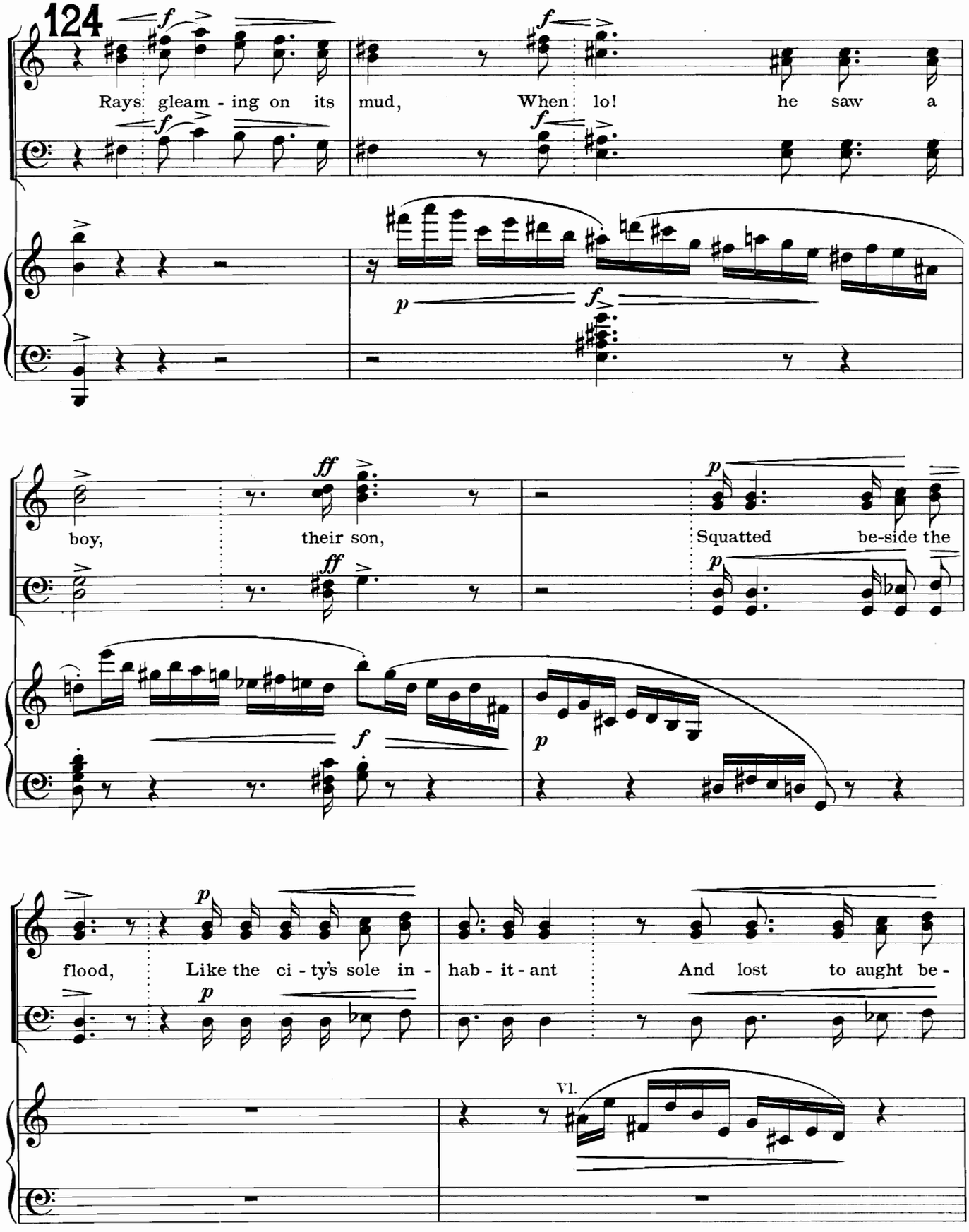

sound,
And glanced
heard a burst of chant - - ed sound,
And glanced
f
espress.
molto
tenuto
molto
dim.
up at the vast
Shadow that ov - er
p
huddled roofs Loomed,
dim.
dim.
120
pp
pin - na - cled and grey.....
pp
pp
sf

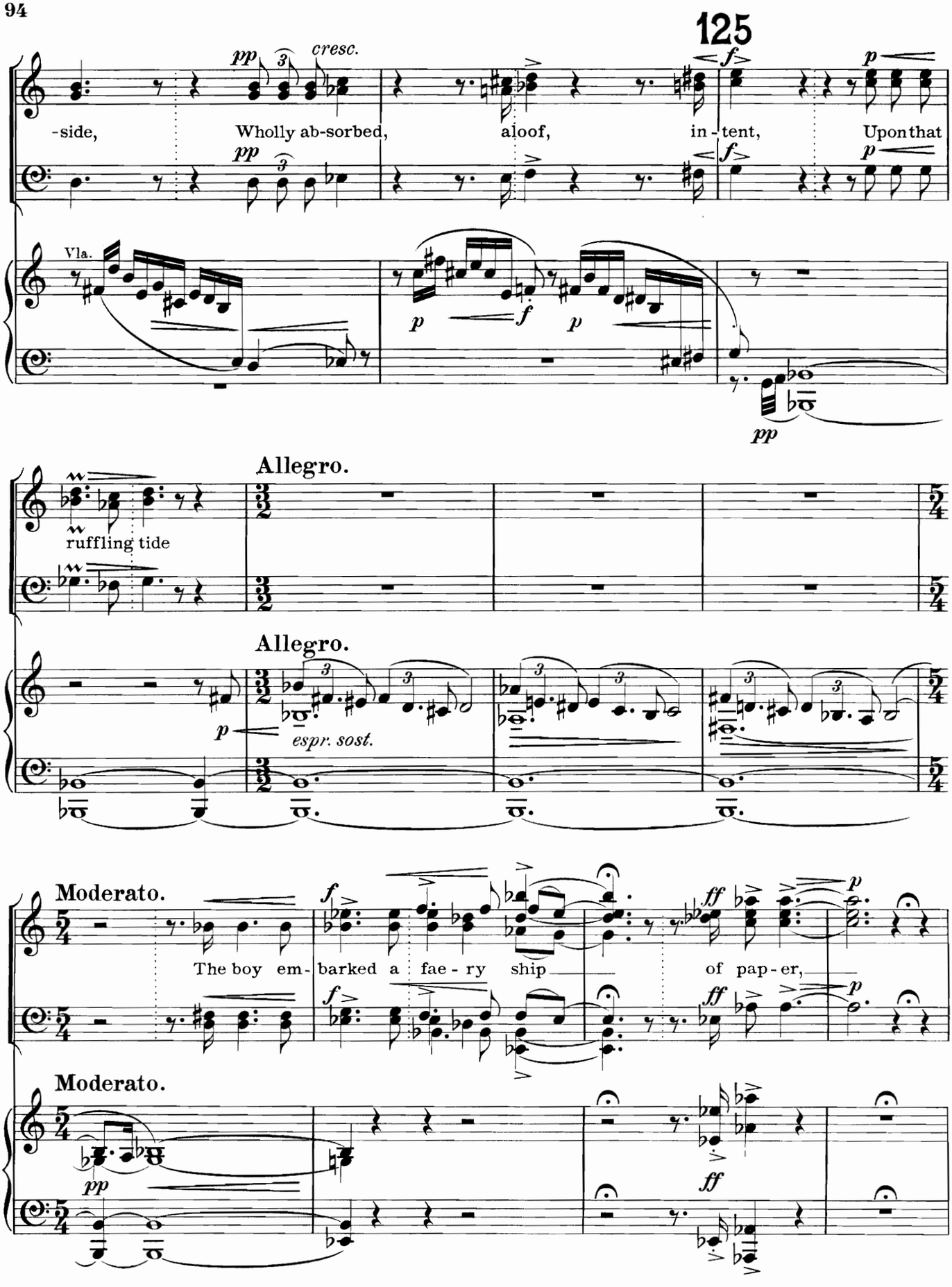

The spired ca - thedral thundrously And widely seemed to sway;
Lento.
Like Earth up-on her pil-grim-age Buffetting on from age to age,
Lento.
121
It still was und-er way.
(Vlc.)

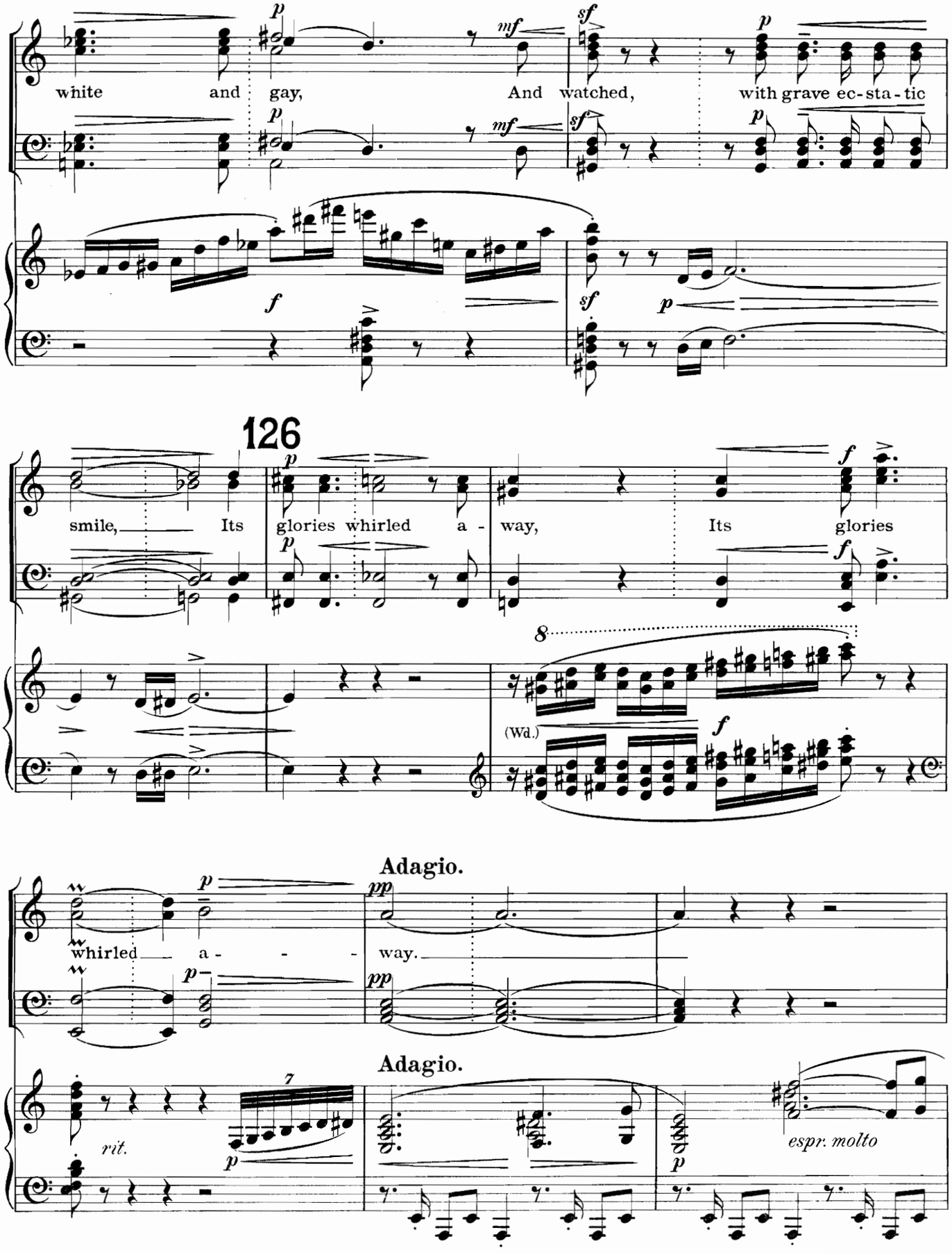

Molto maestoso. Adagio non troppo.
p
And on he trudged with peace at heart, Rain pelting his cheek, But the
Molto maestoso. Adagio non troppo.
p sost.
shower half-ceased before he found The bourne he seemed to seek. A small
p
122
house in a by-way dark Beneath that Ap-ril cloud, And nigh the
dim.

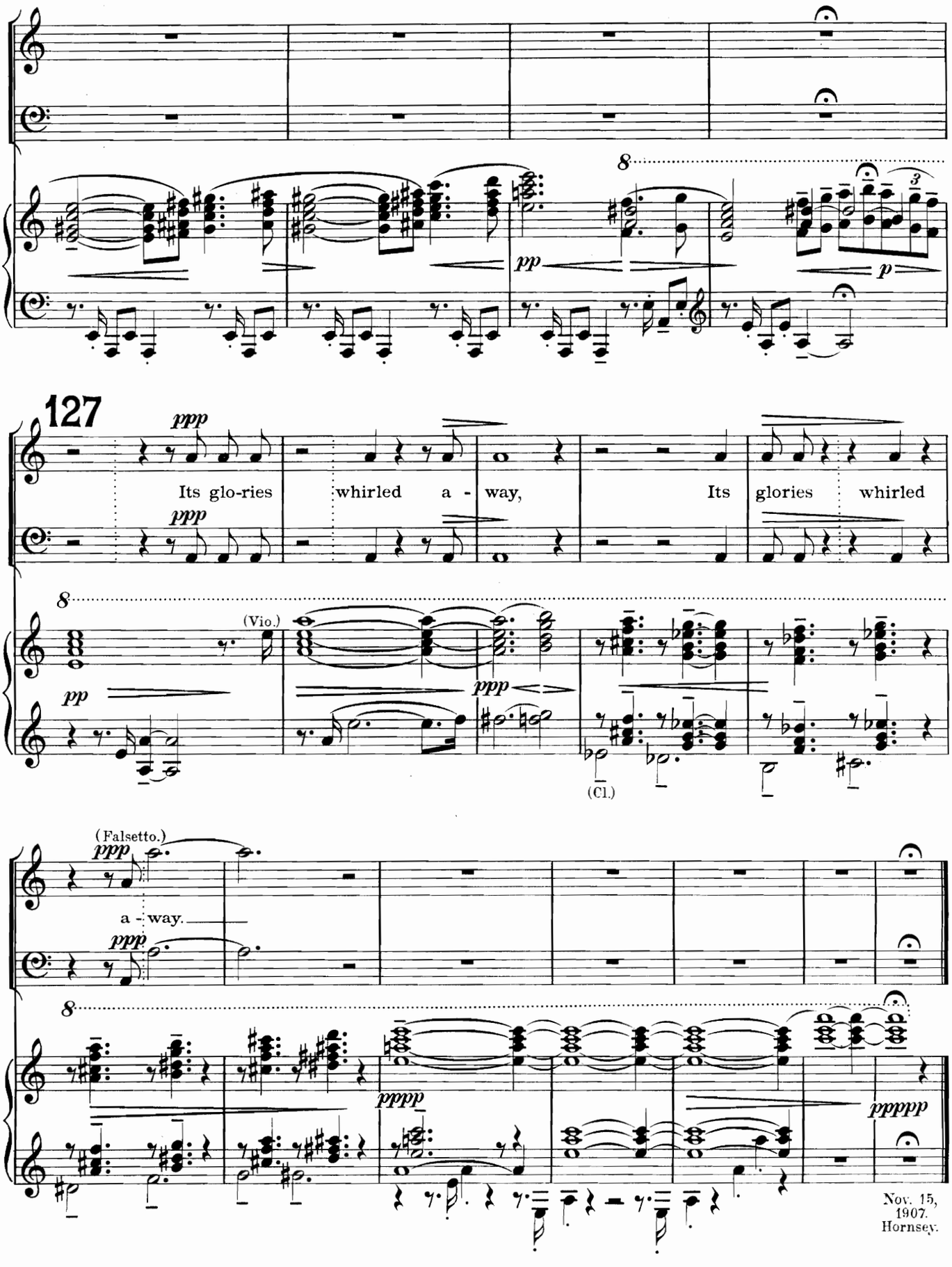

door - way he looked up Keen - eyed.
He could have vowed It was his
wife stood shin - ing there,
Yon, where the lin - tel
dripped. With soft, pro -
cresc.
123
-found, famil - iar look Low-laugh - ing forth she slipped; Her mute nod warned him


Più Animato.
(while her hair Released bright drops that fell)
And bade him watch,
but
Più Animato.
not dis-turb,
A
hap - py spec-ta-cle.
Now vapour'd were the cobble-stones,
And the run-nel where they stood
Fleet - ed a - down the mid-dle street,


124
Rays gleam - ing on its mud, When lo! he saw a
boy, their son, Squatted be-side the
flood, Like the ci - ty's sole in - hab - it - ant And lost to aught be -
Vl.


125
-side,
Wholly ab-sorbed,
aloof,
in-tent,
Upon that
Vla.
ruffling tide
Allegro.
espr. sost.
Moderato.
The boy em-barked a fae-ry ship
of pap-er,


white and gay,
And watched, with grave ec-sta-tic
126
smile, Its glories whirled a-way, Its glories
(Wd.)
Adagio.
whirled a - - - way.
Adagio.
rit.
espr. molto


127
ppp
Its glo-ries whirled a - way, Its glories whirled
(Vio.)
(Cl.)
(Falsetto.)
a - way.
pppp
ppppp
Nov. 15, 1907. Hornsey.