The Self-Banished.

Song for Soprano or Tenor.

The poem by Edmund Waller.

The music composed by

EDWARD ELGAR.

1875

Transcribed by John Morrison, 2019.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less
    Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad increase
    Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain! (alas!) for ev'ry thing
    Which I have known belong[1] to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
    And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun
    Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
    Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
    And to shadows thick he doth retire;
About with him he bears the rage,[2]
   And in his tainted blood the fire.

[Abscence is vain for ev'ry thing
    That I have known belong[1] to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
    And makes my old wounds bleed anew.][3]

But vow'd I have, and never must
    Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may distrust[4]
    The vow I made to love you, too.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687).

Notes

1. "belong" [sic]
2. Here Elgar substitutes "pain" for Waller's "rage".
3. This stanza was added by Elgar, with curious (mock-baroque?) spelling of "Absence".
4. Here Elgar puts "mistrust" for Waller's "distrust".

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Song

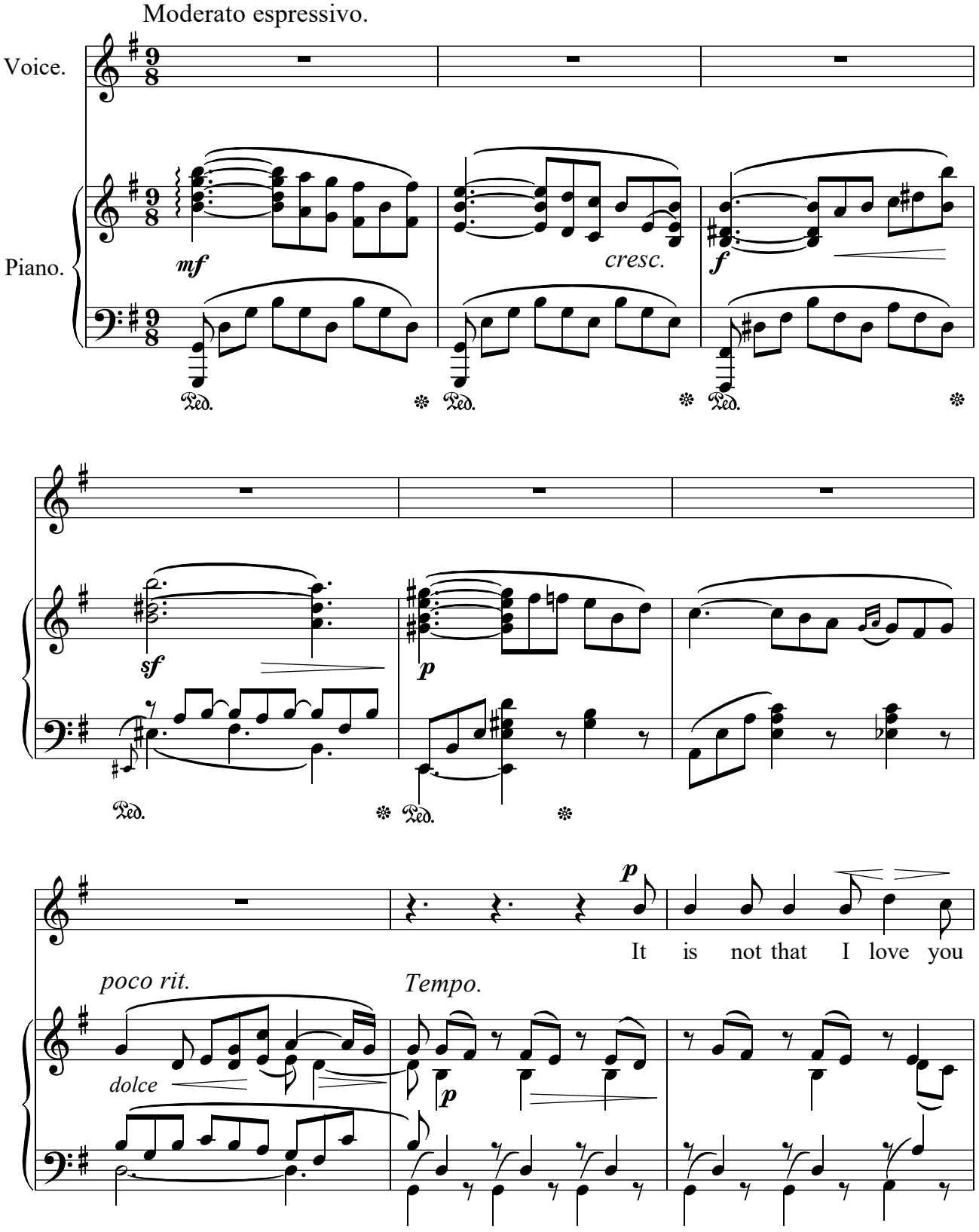
for Soprano or Tenor.

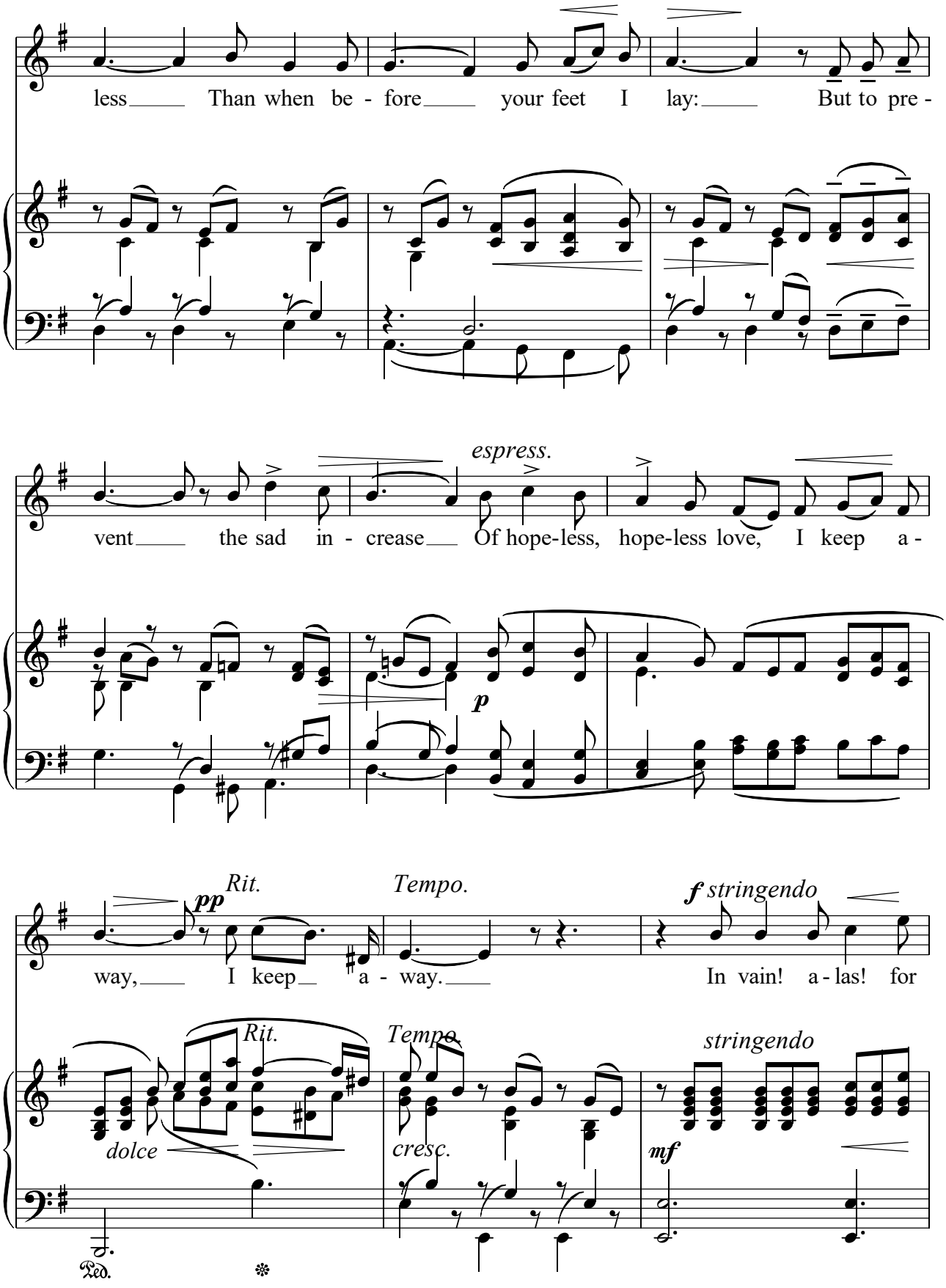
The poem by
Edmund Waller (1606-1687).

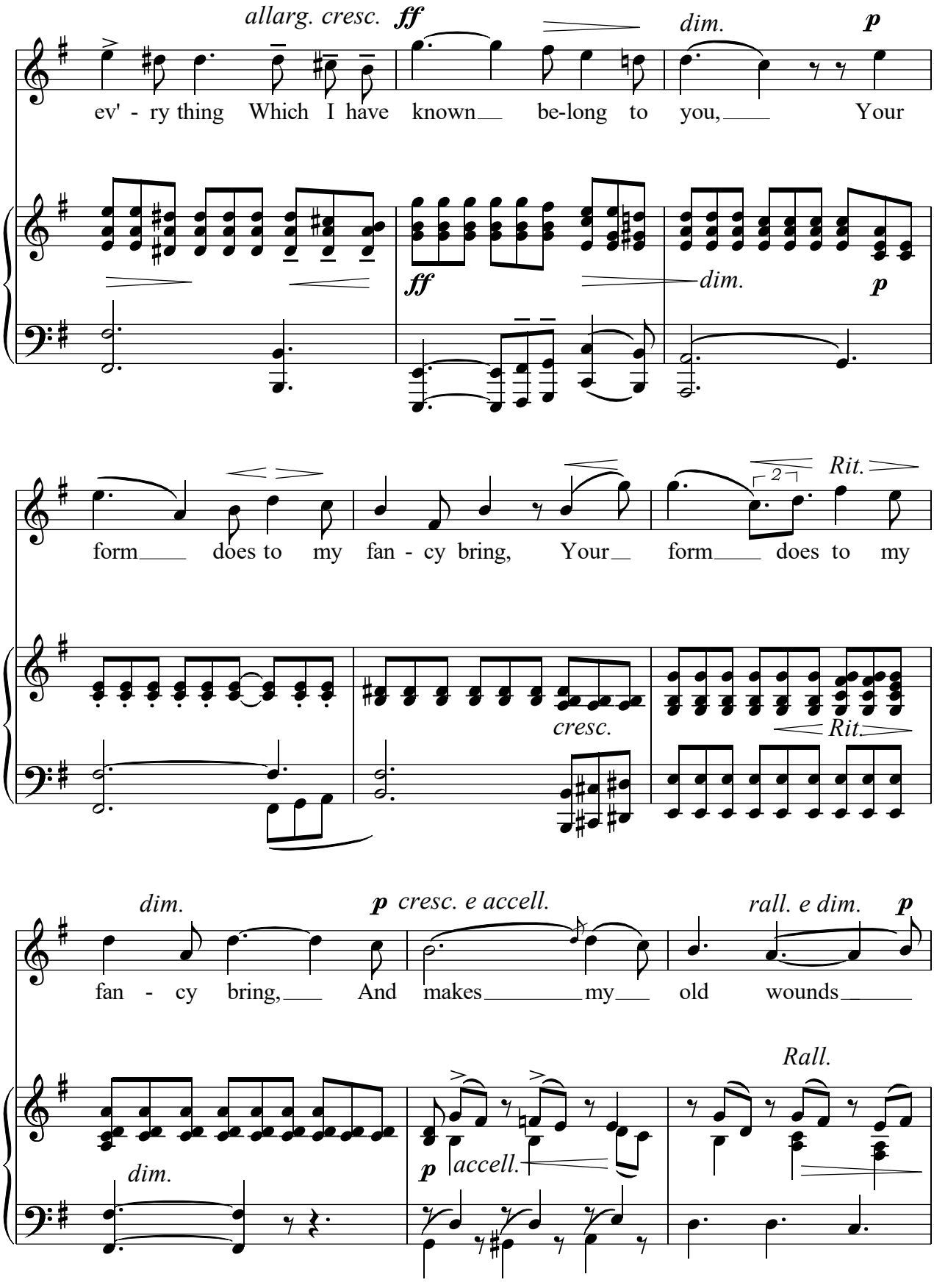
The music composed by
Edward Elgar, 1875.

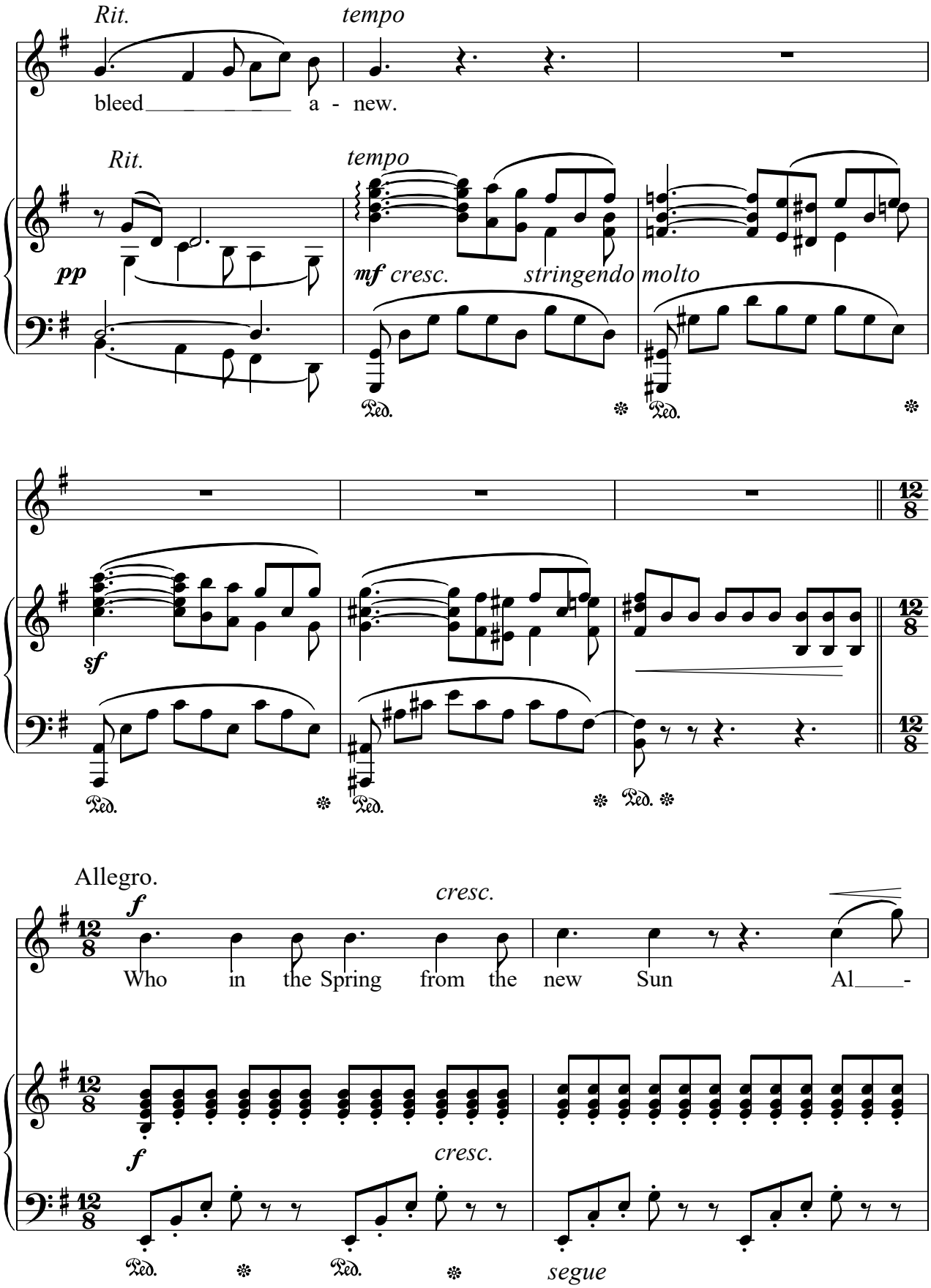
Duration: 4 minutes

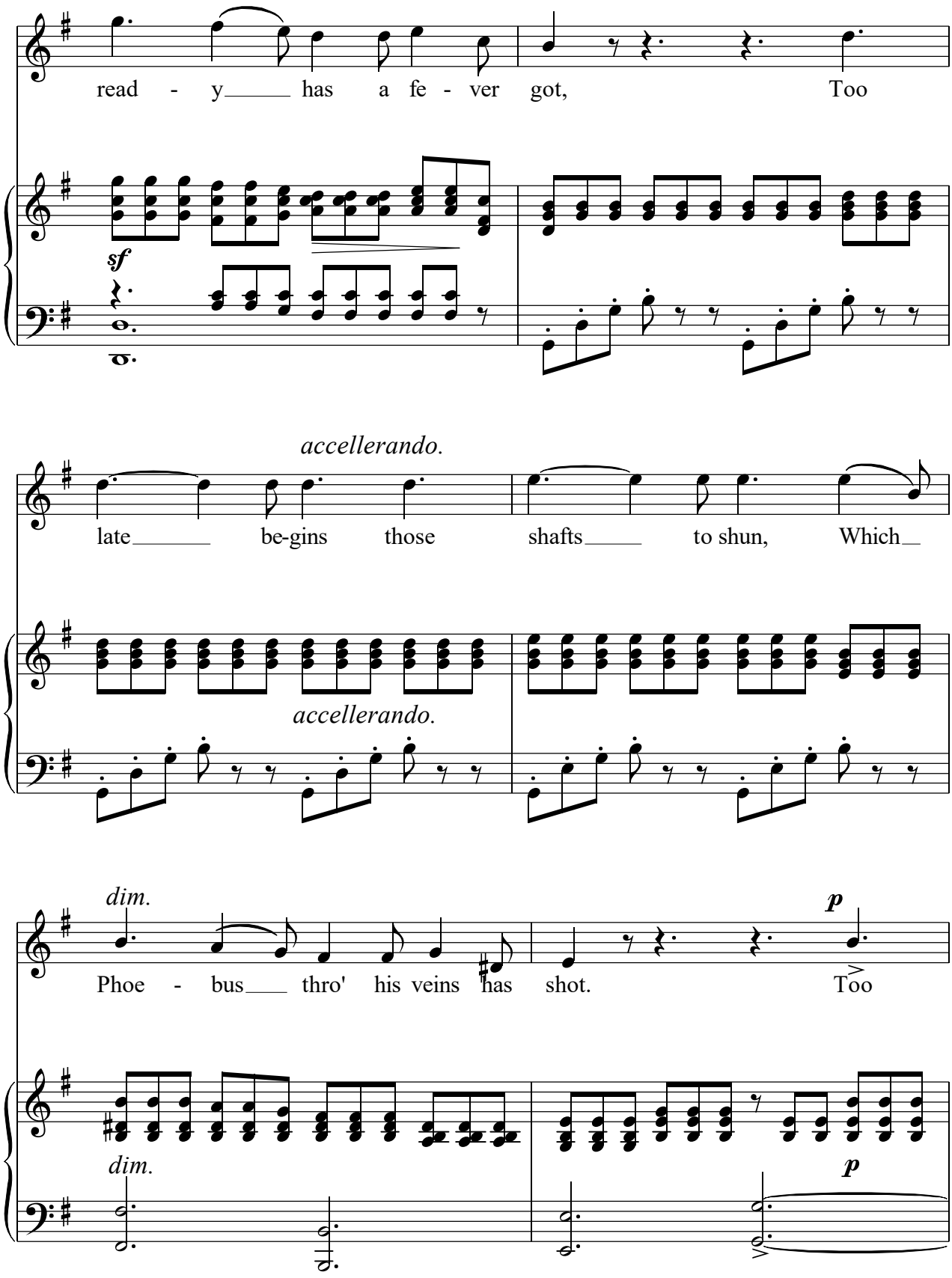
Transcribed by John Morrison, 2019.

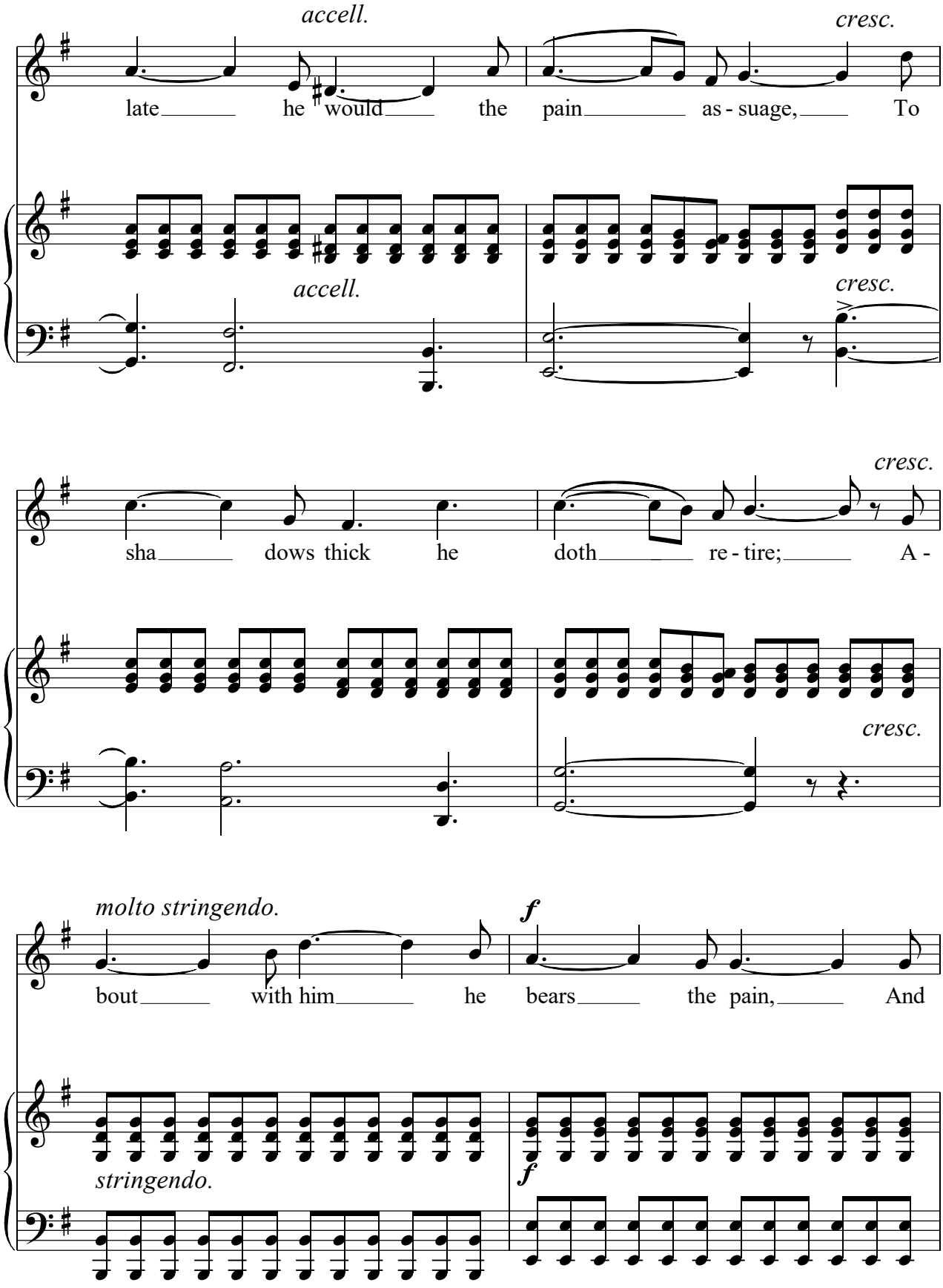


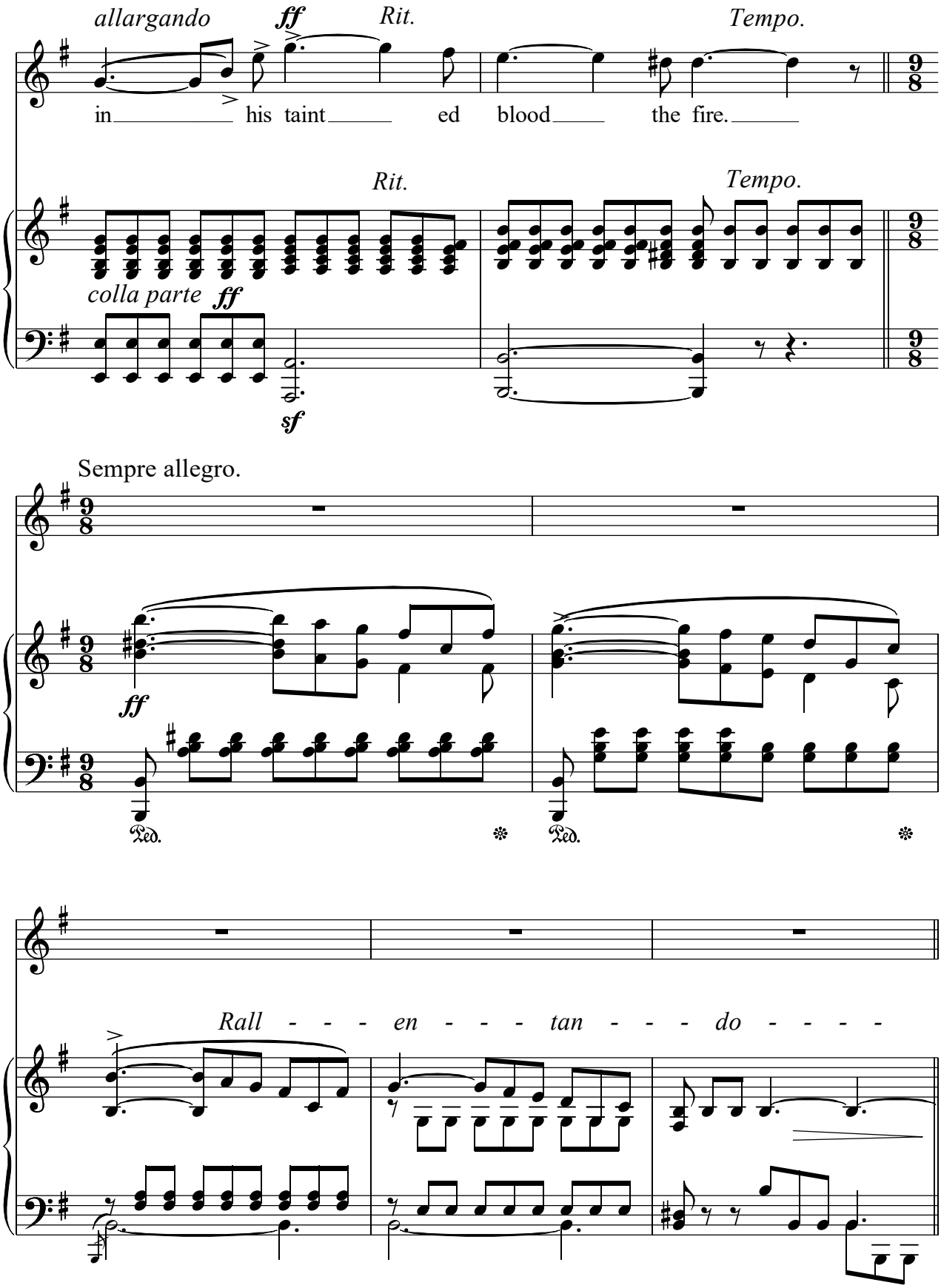

less Than when be - fore your feet I lay: But to pre -
espress.
vent the sad in - crease Of hope-less, hope-less love, I keep a -
p
pp
Rit.
Tempo.
f stringendo
way, I keep a - way. In vain! a - las! for
Rit.
Tempo
stringendo
dolce
cresc.
mf
Ped.

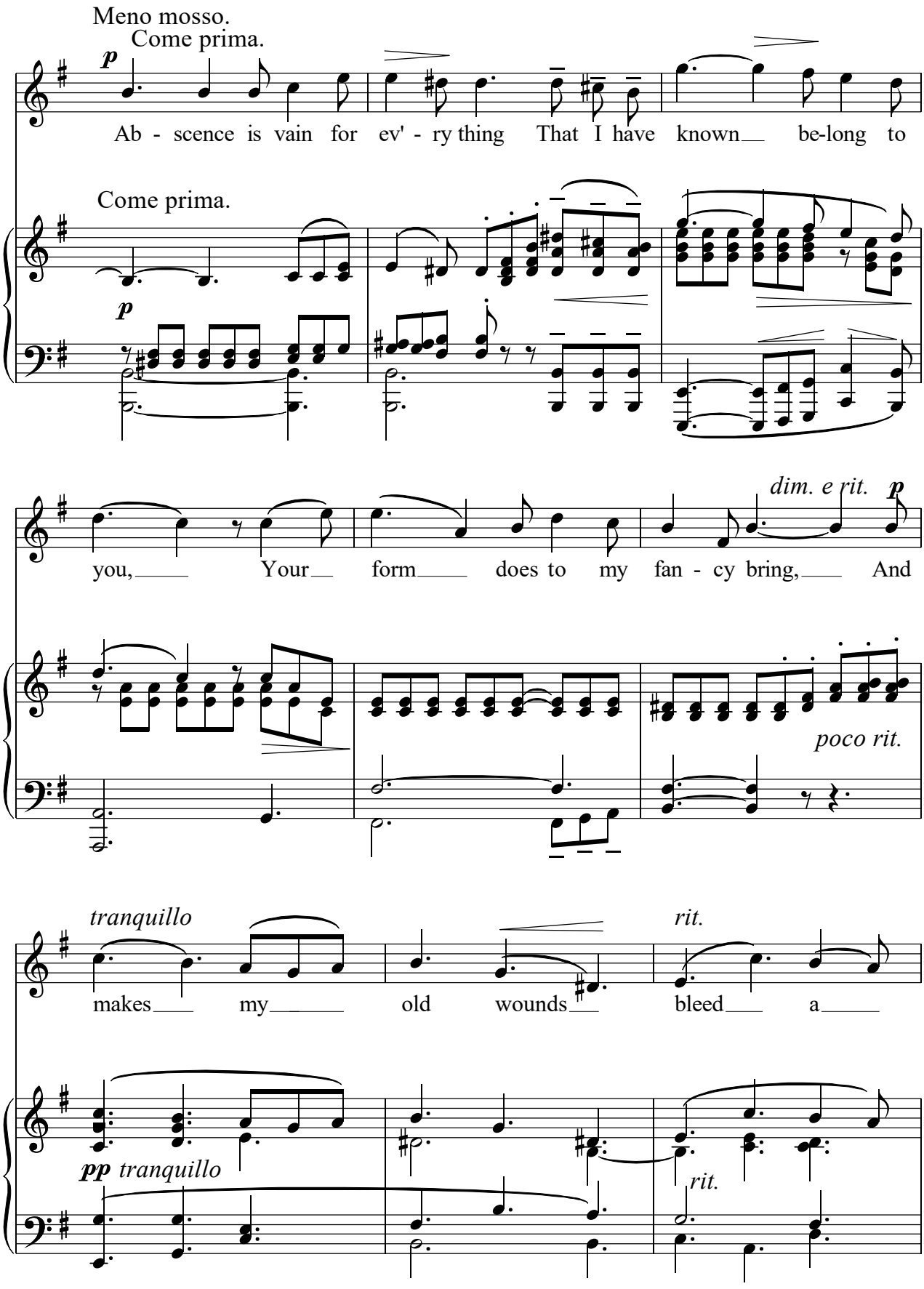

allarg. cresc.
ff
dim.
p
ev' - ry thing Which I have known be-long to you, Your
ff
dim.
p
form does to my fan - cy bring, Your form does to my
2
Rit.
cresc.
Rit.
dim.
p cresc. e accell.
rall. e dim.
p
fan - cy bring, And makes my old wounds
Rall.
dim.
p
accell.

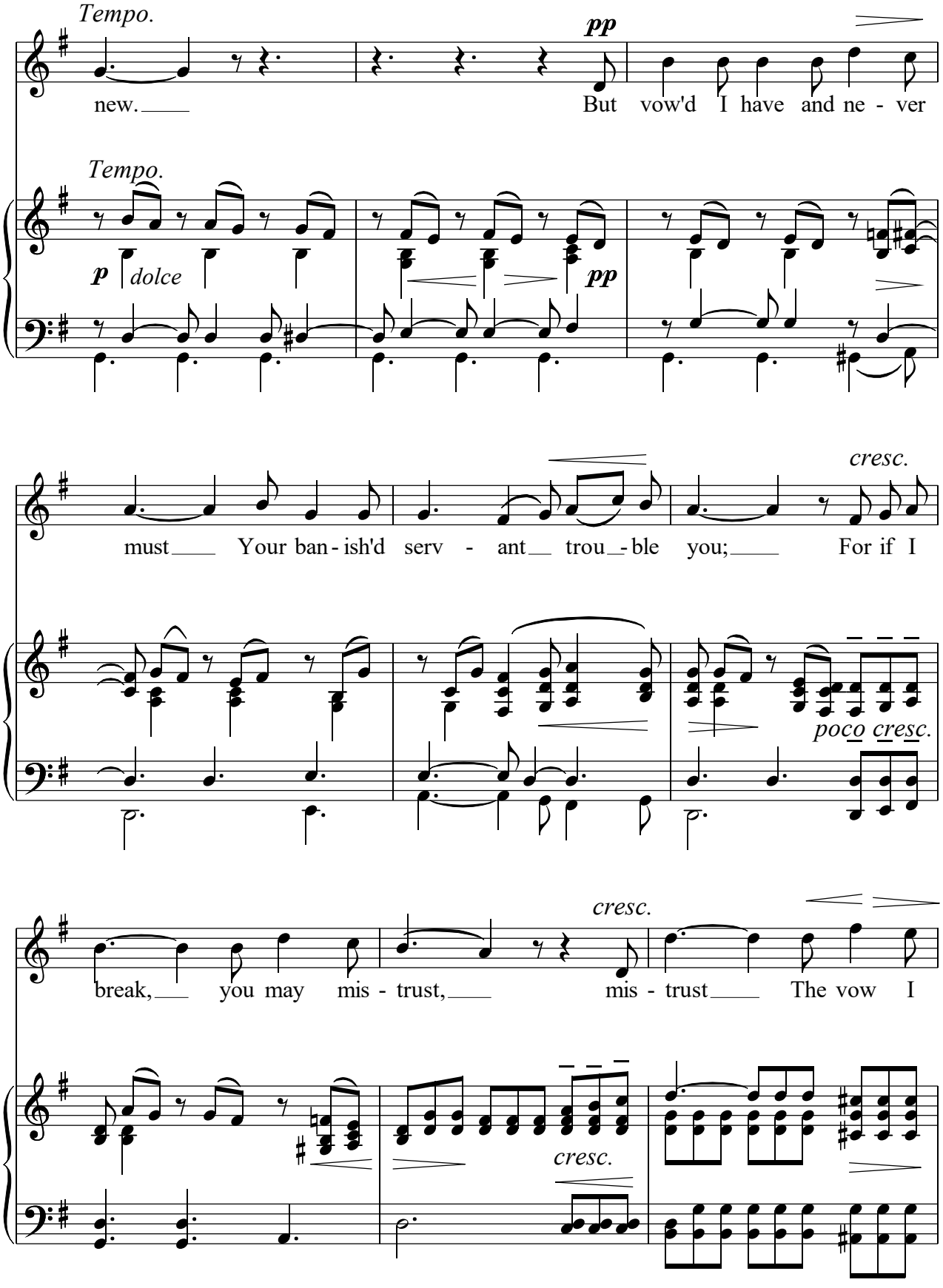

Rit.
tempo
bleed a - new.
Rit.
tempo
pp
mf cresc.
stringendo molto
Ped.
sf
Allegro.
f
cresc.
Who in the Spring from the new Sun Al-
segue

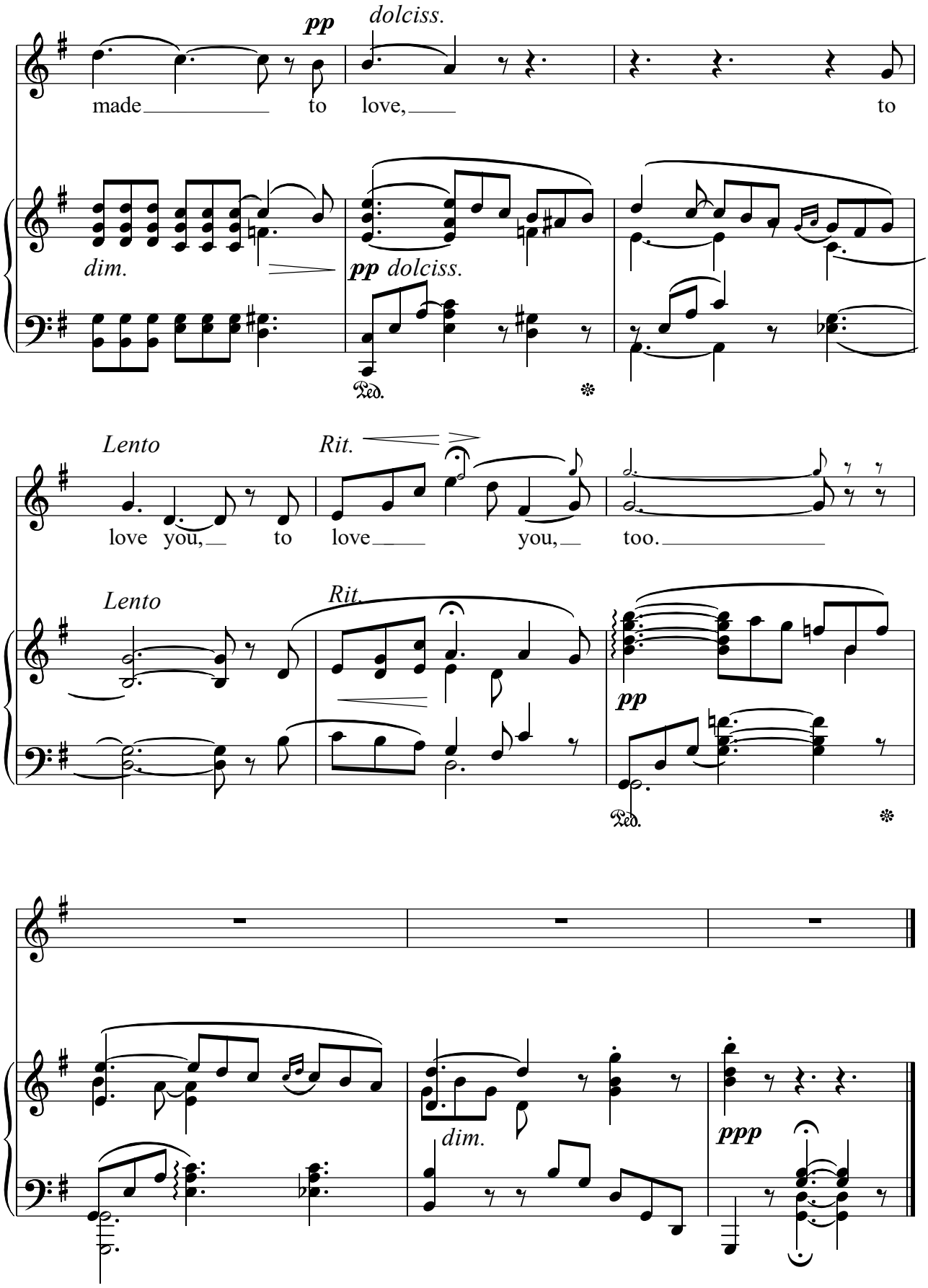

read - y has a fe - ver got, Too
sf
accellerando.
late be-gins those shafts to shun, Which
accellerando.
dim.
p
Phoe - bus thro' his veins has shot. Too
dim.
p


accell.
cresc.
late he would the pain as - suage, To
accell.
cresc.
cresc.
sha dows thick he doth re - tire; A -
cresc.
molto stringendo.
f
bout with him he bears the pain, And
stringendo.
f


allargando
ff
Rit.
Tempo.
in his taint ed blood the fire.
Rit.
Tempo.
colla parte
ff
sf
Sempre allegro.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Rall - - - en - - - tan - - - do - - - -


Meno mosso.
Come prima.
p
Ab - scence is vain for ev' - ry thing That I have known be-long to
Come prima.
p
you, Your form does to my fan - cy bring, And
dim. e rit.
p
poco rit.
tranquillo
makes my old wounds bleed a
rit.
pp tranquillo
rit.


Tempo.
pp
new.
But vow'd I have and ne - ver
Tempo.
p dolce
pp
cresc.
must Your ban - ish'd serv - ant trou - ble you; For if I
poco cresc.
cresc.
break, you may mis - trust, mis - trust The vow I
cresc.



Transcribed and typeset by John Morrison, 16/01/2019.