

THREE SONNETS

for bass/baritone and piano

POETRY BY G.K. CHESTERTON
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, EDWARD SHANKS

MARTHA HELEN SCHMIDT



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Three Sonnets

Bass/Baritone and Piano

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SONNET 29**William Shakespeare**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

UNCEASING LIGHT From SONGS ON SEPARATION VII**Edward Shanks**

We're at the world's top now. The hills around
 Stand proud in order with the valleys deep,
 The hills with pastures drest, with tall trees crowned,
 And the low valleys dipt in sunny sleep.
 A sound brims all the country up, a noise
 Of wheels upon the road and labouring bees
 And trodden heather, mixing with the voice
 Of small lost winds that die among the trees.
 And we are prone beneath the flooding sun,
 So drenched, so soaked in the unceasing light,
 That colours, sounds and your close presence are one,
 A texture woven up of all delight,
 Whose shining threads my hands may not undo,
 Yet one thread runs the whole bright garment through.

SONNET TO A STILTON CHEESE**G.K. Chesterton**

Stilton, thou shouldst be living at this hour
 And so thou art. Nor lovest grace thereby;
 England has need of thee, and so have I--
 She is a Fen. Far as the eye can scour,
 League after grassy league from Lincoln tower
 To Stilton in the fields, she is a Fen.
 Yet this high cheese, by choice of fenland men,
 Like a tall green volcano rose in power.
 Plain living and long drinking are no more,
 And pure religion reading "Household Words",
 And sturdy manhood sitting still all day
 Shrink, like this cheese that crumbles to its core;
 While my digestion, like the House of Lords,
 The heaviest burdens on herself doth lay.

Sonnet 29

William Shakespeare

Martha Helen Schmidt

♩ = 54 - 60

Baritone

mf

When, in dis - grace with for - tune and men's

Piano

f

mf

f

4 eyes, I all a -

8 lone be - weep my out - cast state, and trou - ble

mp

mf

cresc.

12 deaf heav - en with my boot - less cries, And look up - on my -

mf

cresc.

f

15

self, and curse my fate,

15

15

18

mf

Wish - ing me like to one more rich in here,

18

mf

21

Fea-tur'd like him, like him w^h friends pos - sses'd, De - sir - ing this man's art and that man's

21

24

rit. ----- ♩ = 48

scope, ----- With what i most en - joy con - ten - ted least;

24

rit. ----- ♩ = 48

24

dim. ----- *mp*

27 *mp*

Yet in these thoughts my - self al-most de-spis - ing,

27 *mf*

30 *p*

Ha - ly I think on

32 *mf*

thee, and then my state, Like to the

35 *f* *dim.*

lark at break of day a - ri - sing From sul - len earth, sings hymns at heav - en's

35 *mf* *f* *dim.*

39 --- *mp*

gate;

39 --- *mp* *mf*

42 *mp* *mf* *moving forward*

For thy sweet — love re - mem - ber'd such wealth brings That then I scorn to

42 *mp* *mf* *moving forward*

45 *f* *Regal* *moving forward*

change mystate with kings

45 *f* *moving forward*

50 *dim.* *mf*

50

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Perusal score only

from "Sonnets on Separation VII"

Unceasing Light

for baritone voice and piano

Edward Shanks

 $\text{♩} = 48 - 54$

Martha Helen Schmidt

Baritone

Piano

mf

Sparkling with joy

3 *mf*

B

We're at the world's top — now. — The hills a-round stand

Pno.

5

B

proud — in or - der with the val - leys deep, — the

rit. a tempo *mf*

Pno.

rit. a tempo *mf*

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a tempo **f**

13

B

Pno.

a tempo

A

14

B

sound brims all the coun-try up, a noise of wheels u-pon the road and

Pno.

Relax tempo **dim** **molto rit.** **mp**

16

B

la - bour-ing bees and

Pno.

dim. **molto rit.** **mp**

Slower $\text{♩} = 69 - 72$

18

rit.

B

trod-den heath - er, mix - ing with the voice of small lost winds that die a - mong the

Pno.

mp

rit.

20

a tempo

B

trees.

a tempo

Pno.

22

molto rit.

B

molto rit.

Pno.

mf

24 **a tempo** **molto rit.** **mp** ♩ = 50 - 54

B

And we are prone be-

Pno. **a tempo** **molto rit.** ♩ = 50 - 54 **mp**

27 **rit.** **cresc.** **mf** **a tempo**

B

neath the flood - ing sun, — so drenched, — drenched, so soaked in the un - ceas - ing

Pno. **rit.** **cresc.** **a tempo**

30

B

that col - ours, sounds and your close — pres - sence are

Pno.

33 *cresc.* *f*

B

one, a tex - ture wo - ven up of al de - light, whose

Pno. *cresc.* *f*

35 *dim.* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

B

shin - ing threads my hands may not un - do, yet one, _____

Pno. *rit.* *a tempo* *dim.* *p*

Slightly faster *mp* *mf*

38

B

one thread _____ runs, yet

Pno. *mp*

39 *cresc. - - - -*

B

one thread runs, yet one thread runs

Pno. *mf* *cresc. - - - -*

41 *f*

B

the whole bright garment through.

Pno. *f*

43 *molto rit.*

B

Pno. *ff* *molto rit.*

Sonnet to a Stilton Cheese

G.K. Chesterton

Martha Helen Schmidt

♩ = 63 - 69

Baritone *f*

Stil - ton, Stil - ton, thou shouldst be liv - ing, — be

Piano *f*

4 *dim.*

liv - ing at this hour and so thou art. — Nor los est grace there by;

7 *mf*

Eng - land has need of thee, and so have I—

11 *f*

She — is a Fen, she is — a Fen.

11 *rit.*

11 *f*

14 ♩ = 69-76

f

Far as the eye can scour —

mp *cresc.* *f*

18

league af - ter grass - y league from Lin - coln — tow - er to Mil - ton in the — fields,

18

Broader

♩ = 63

molto rit.

21

she is a — Fen, she is — a — Fen.

21 **Broader** ♩ = 63

molto rit.

mf

24 *a tempo*

Yet this — high cheese by choice of fen —

mp *mf*

28

- land men, Like a tall green vol - ca - no rose in

28

31

pow - er. Plain

31

34

liv - ing and long drink - ing are no more,

34

36

and pure re - li - gion read - ing 'House - hold Words',

36

36

mf

mf

39 *cresc.* *f*

and stur - dy man - hood sit - ting all day shrink,

43 shrink, like this cheese that run - bles to its

46 core; while my di - ges - tion, like the House of

49 Lords, the

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