A Shelley Triptych

Three Poems by

Percy Bysshe Shelley

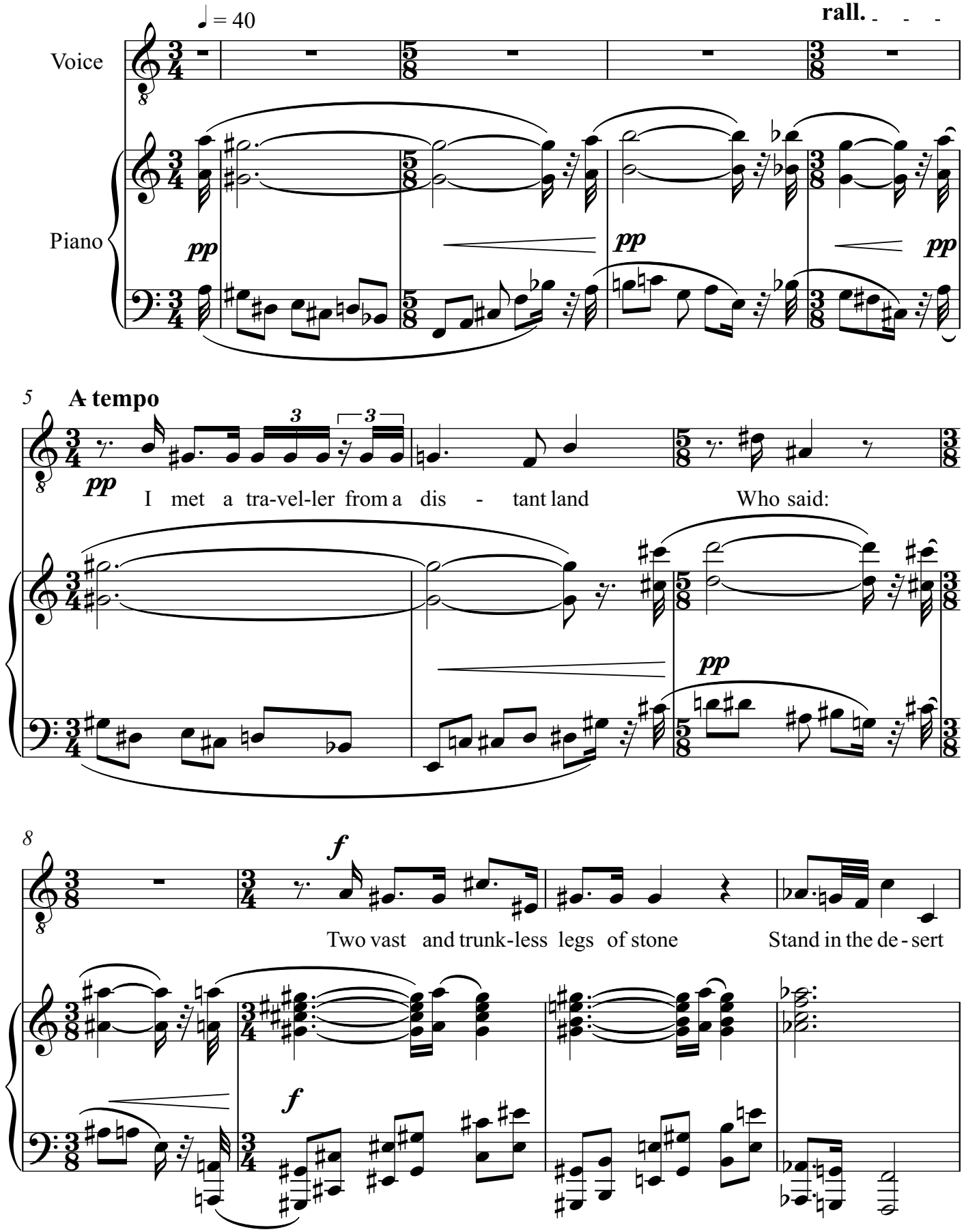
set to music by

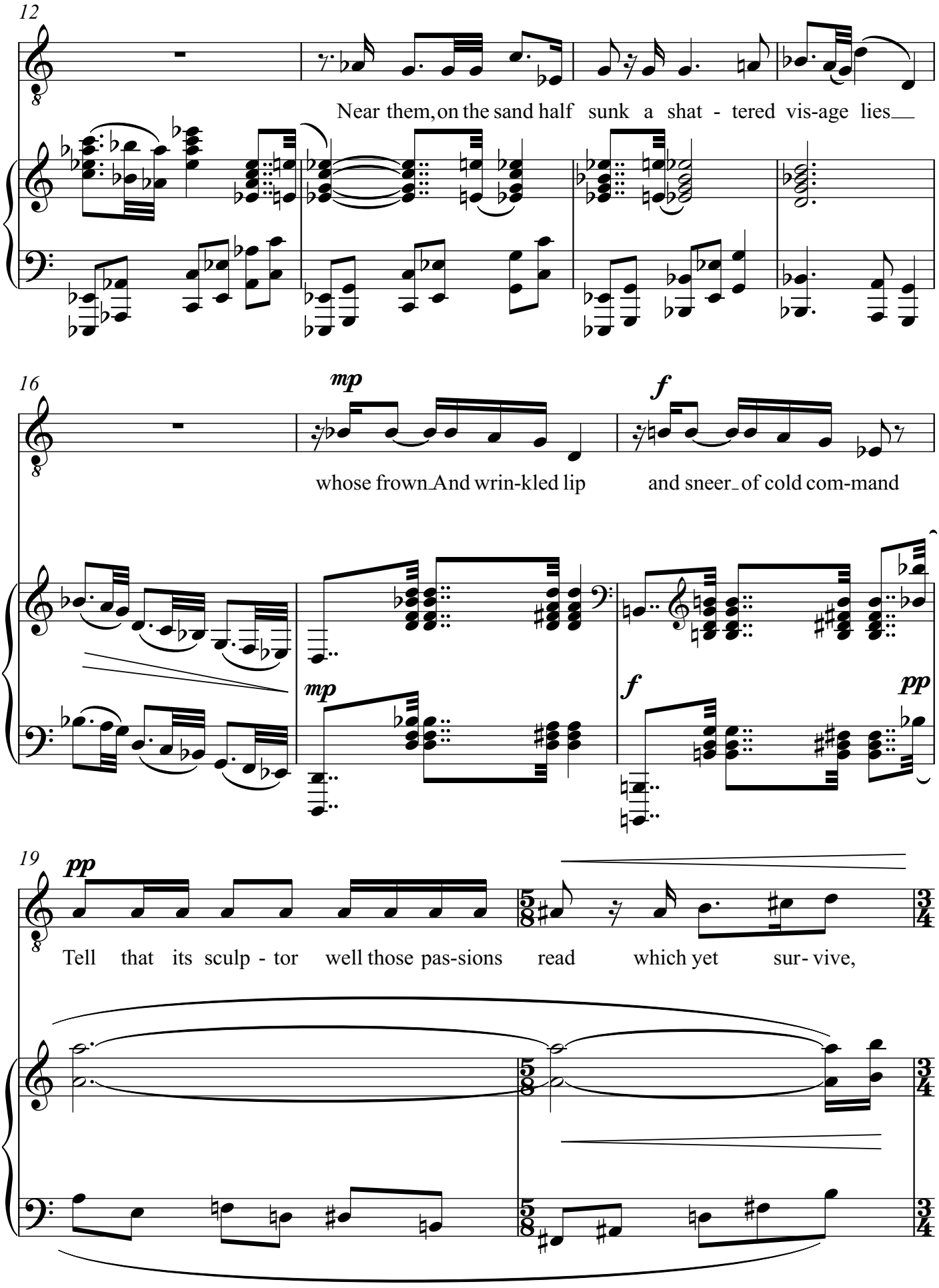
Richard Ratner

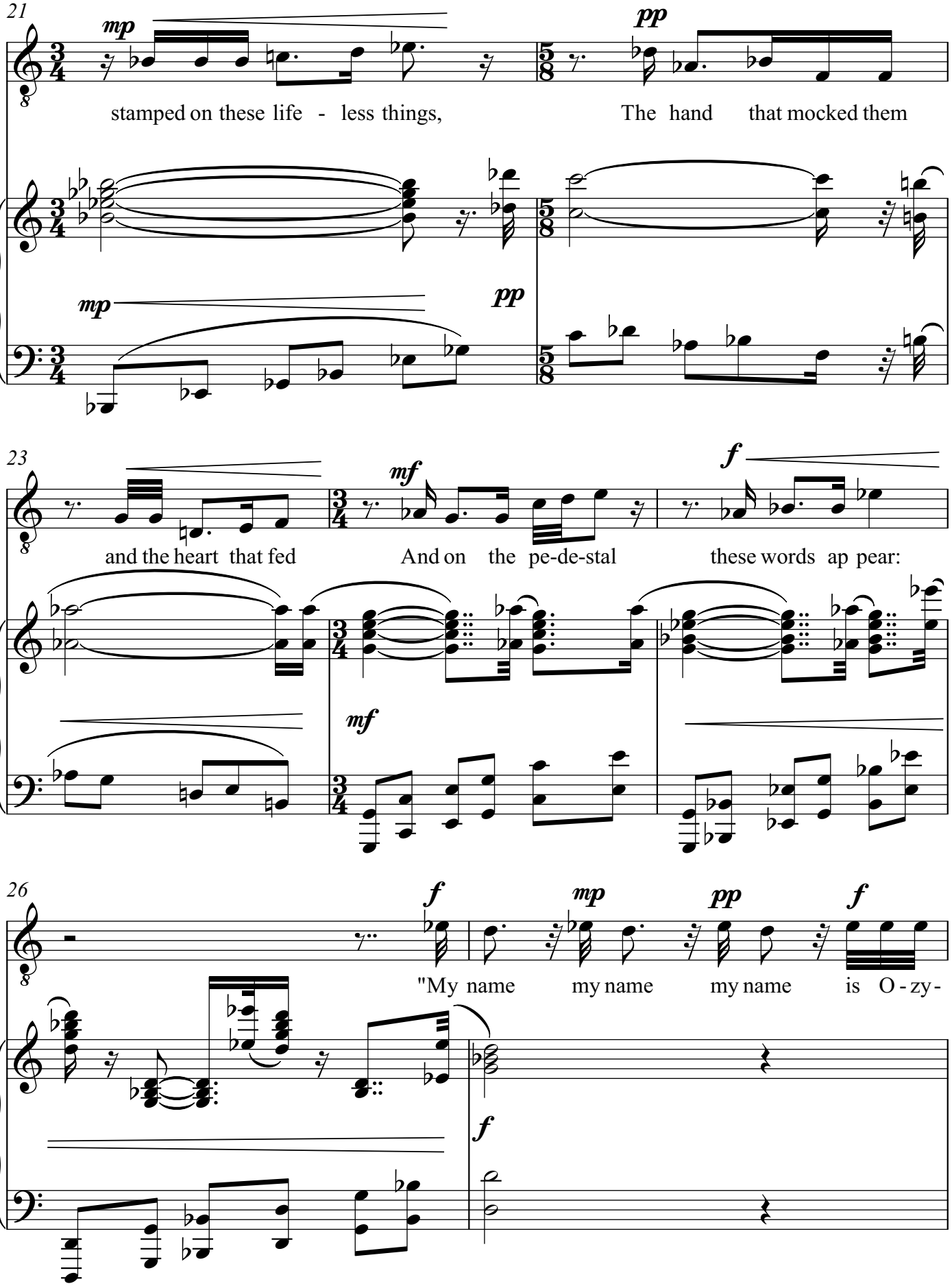
Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Richard Ratner




12
Near them, on the sand half sunk a shat - tered vis-age lies
16
mp
f
whose frown And wrin-kled lip
and sneer of cold com-mand
mp
f
pp
19
pp
Tell that its sculp - tor well those pas-sions read which yet sur- vive,



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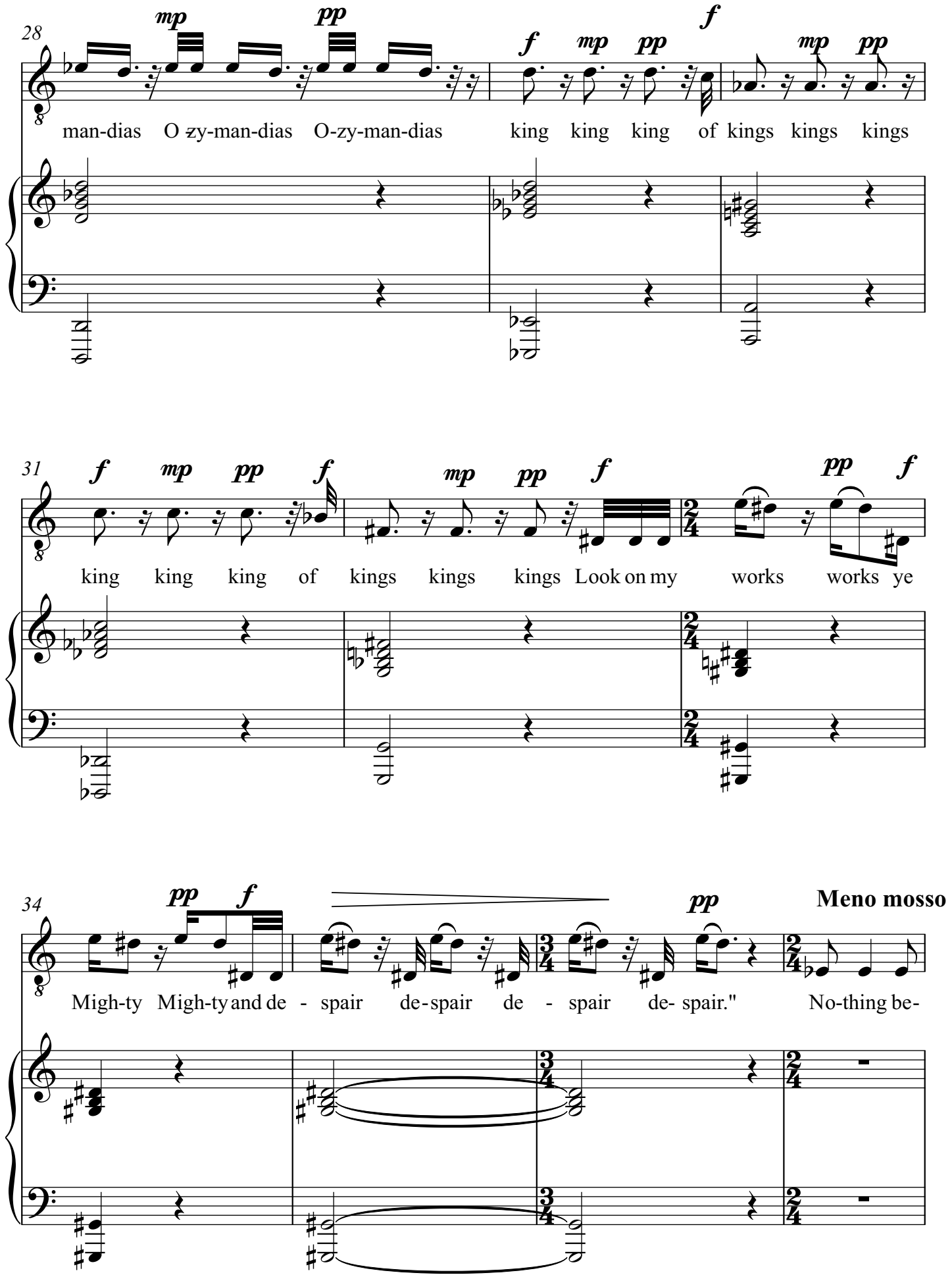
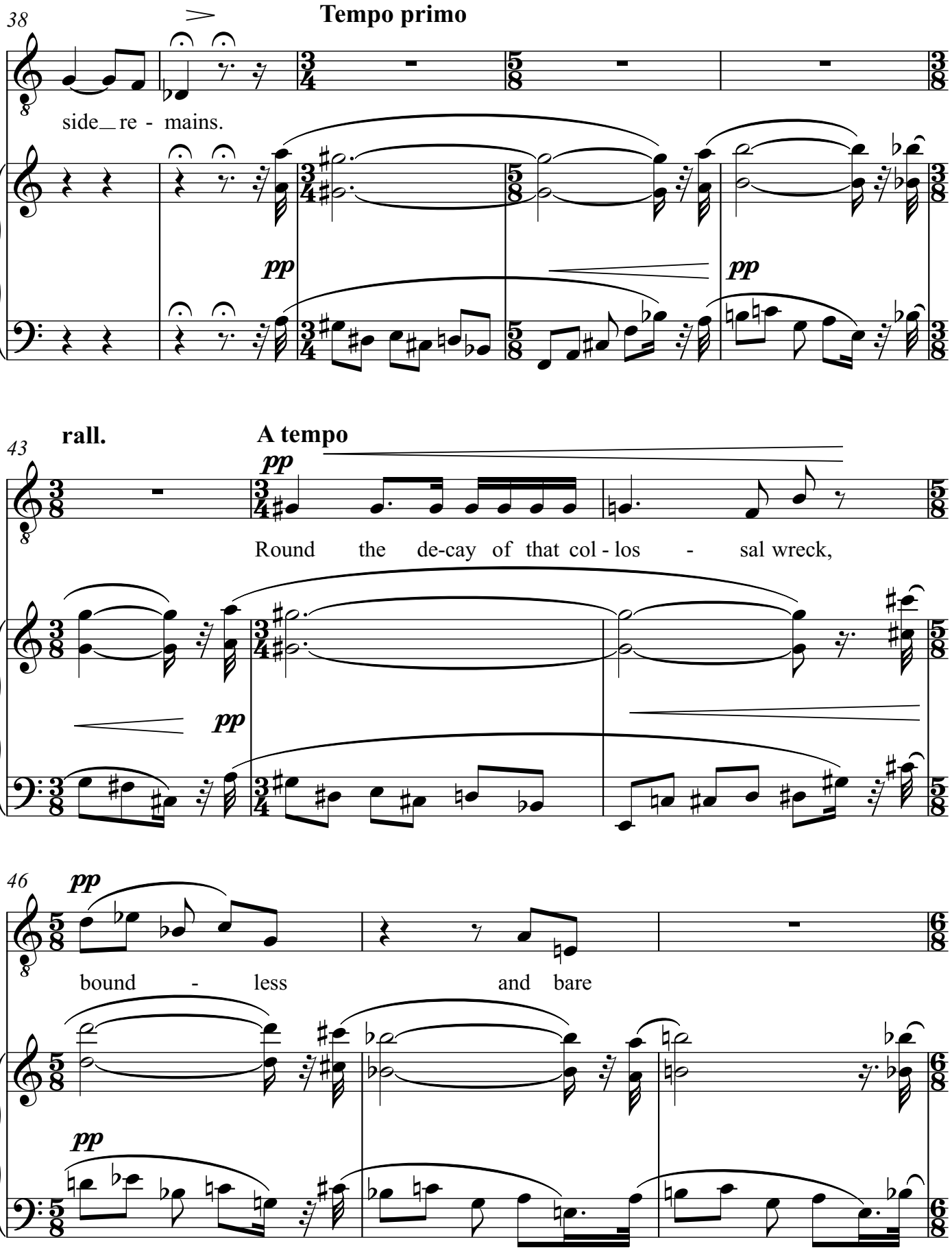

28
mp
pp
f
f
mp
pp
mp
pp
man-dias O zy-man-dias O-zy-man-dias king king king of kings kings kings
31
f
mp
pp
f
mp
pp
f
pp
f
king king king of kings kings kings Look on my works works ye
34
pp
f
pp
Meno mosso
Migh-ty Migh-ty and de - spair de-spair de - spair de- spair." No-thing be-



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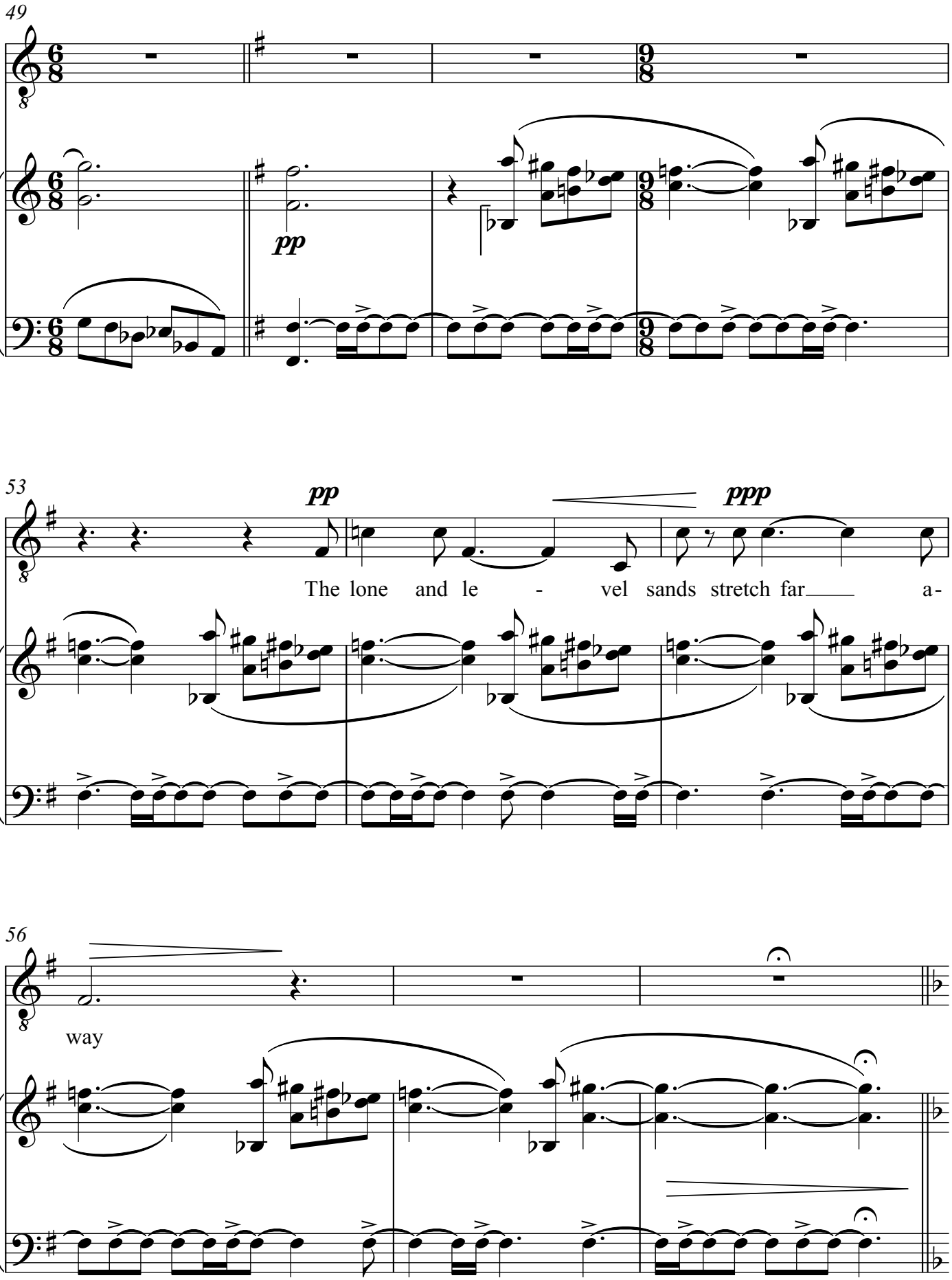
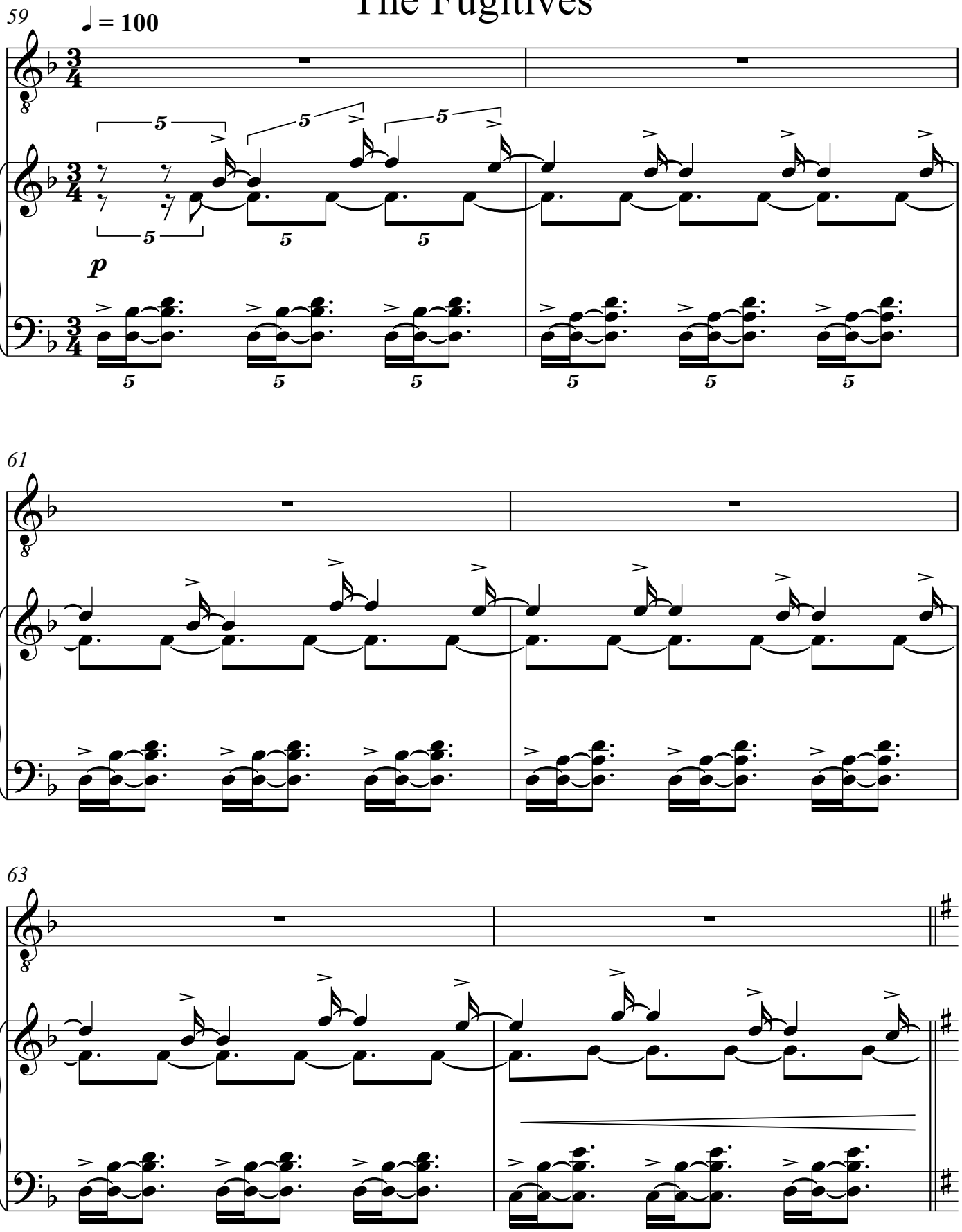

49
pp
53
pp
ppp
The lone and le - vel sands stretch far a-
56
way

The Fugitives



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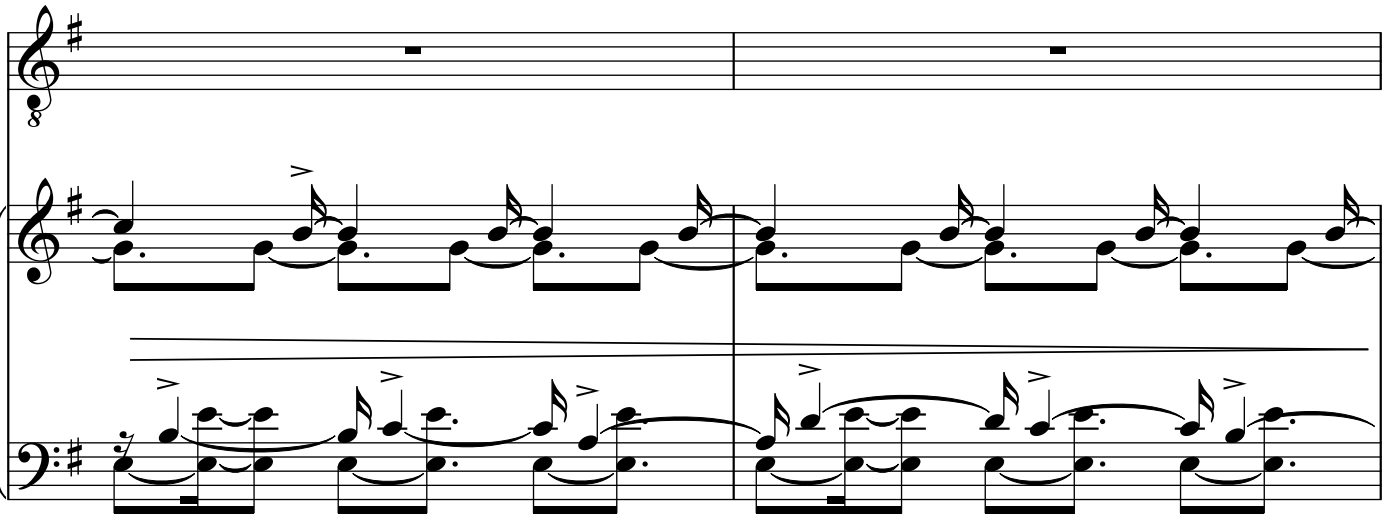

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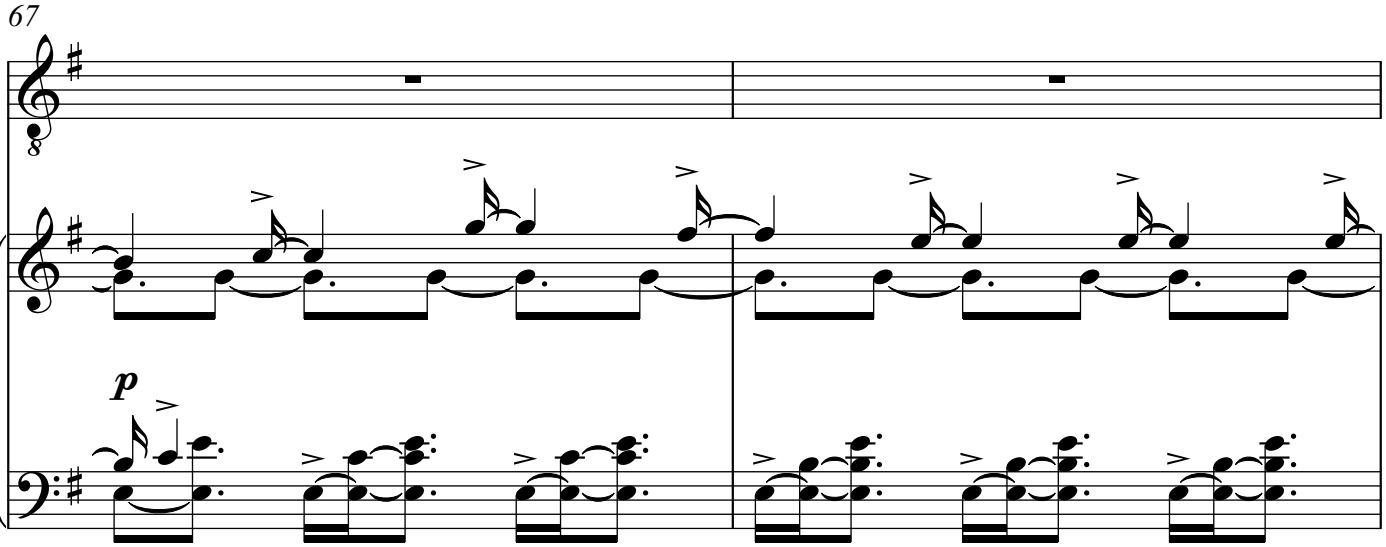
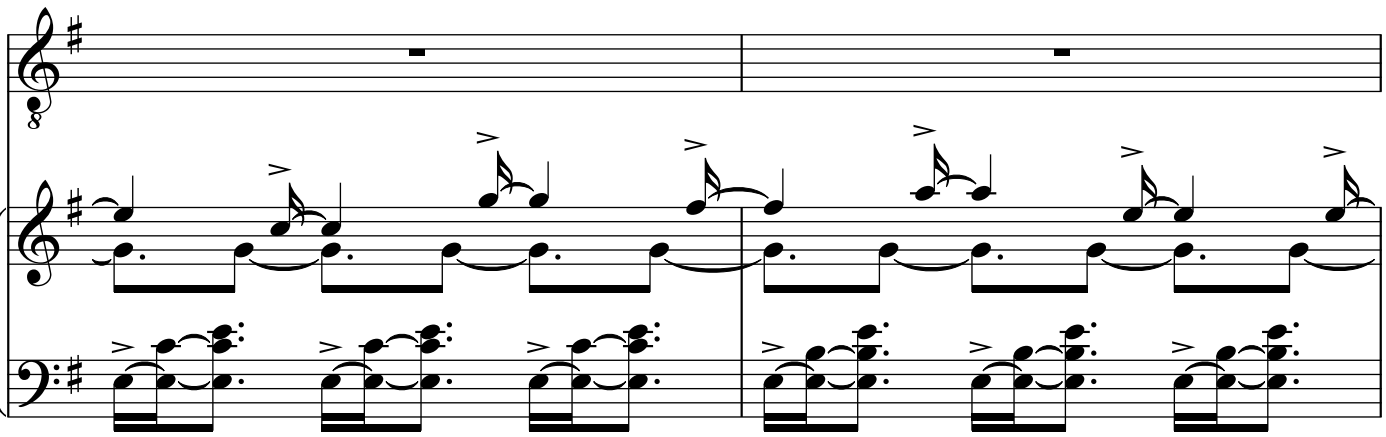


69



71

73

mp

75

f

The wa - ters are fla - shing, The white hail is da -

sim.

f *p*

col un poco pedale

77

shing.

f

79

f

3

The light-nings are glan - cing,

f

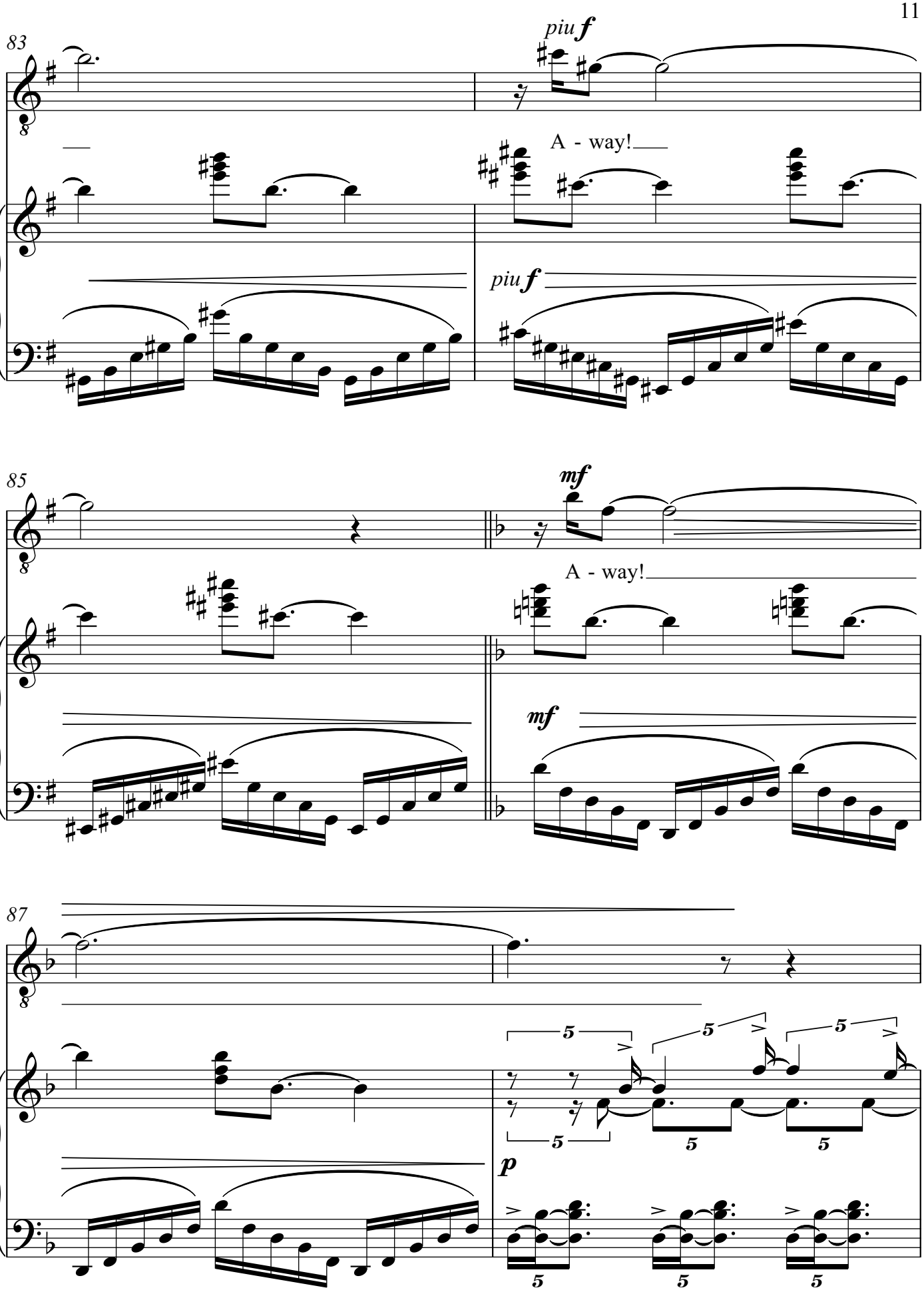
81

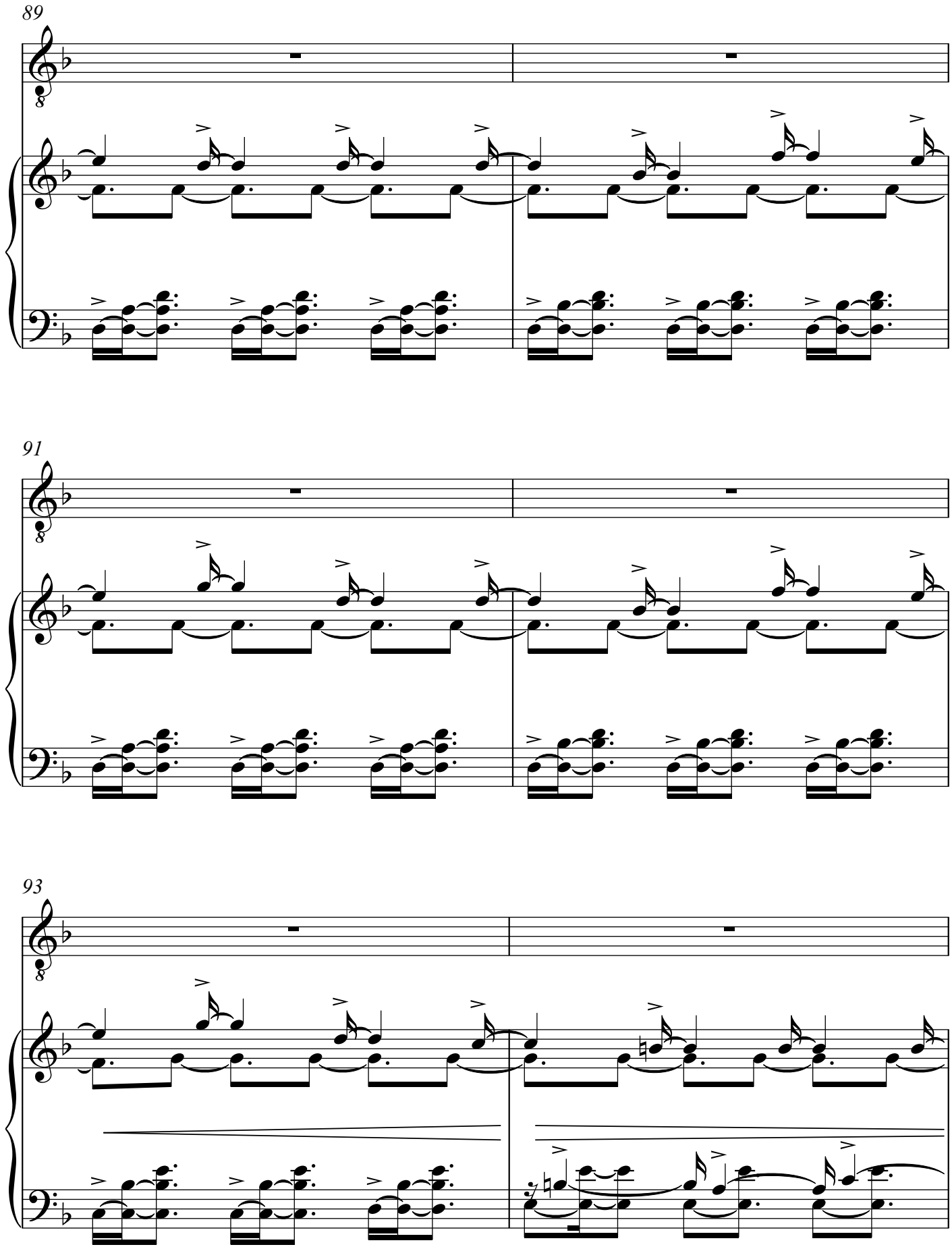
3

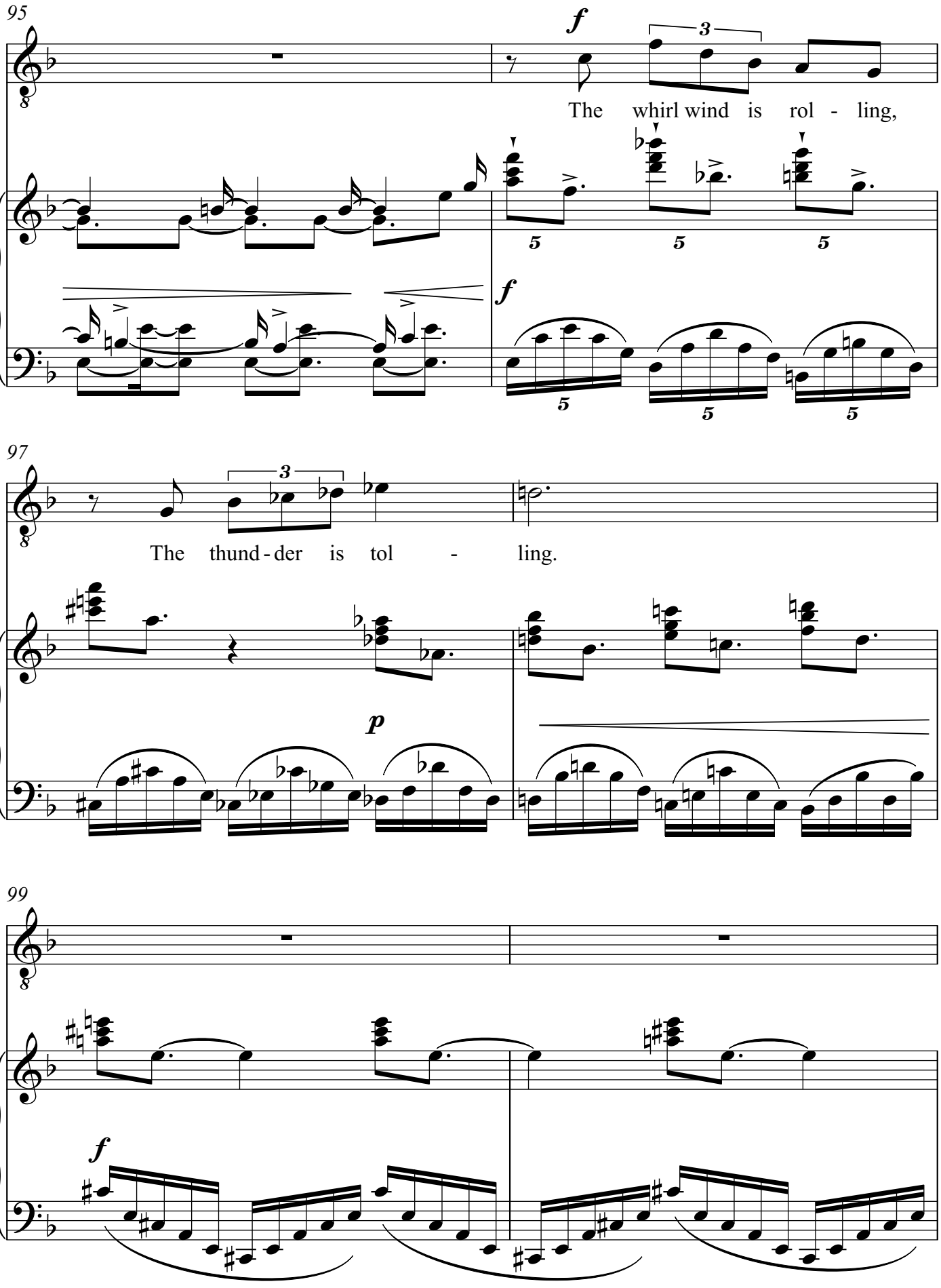
The hoar-spray is dan - cing

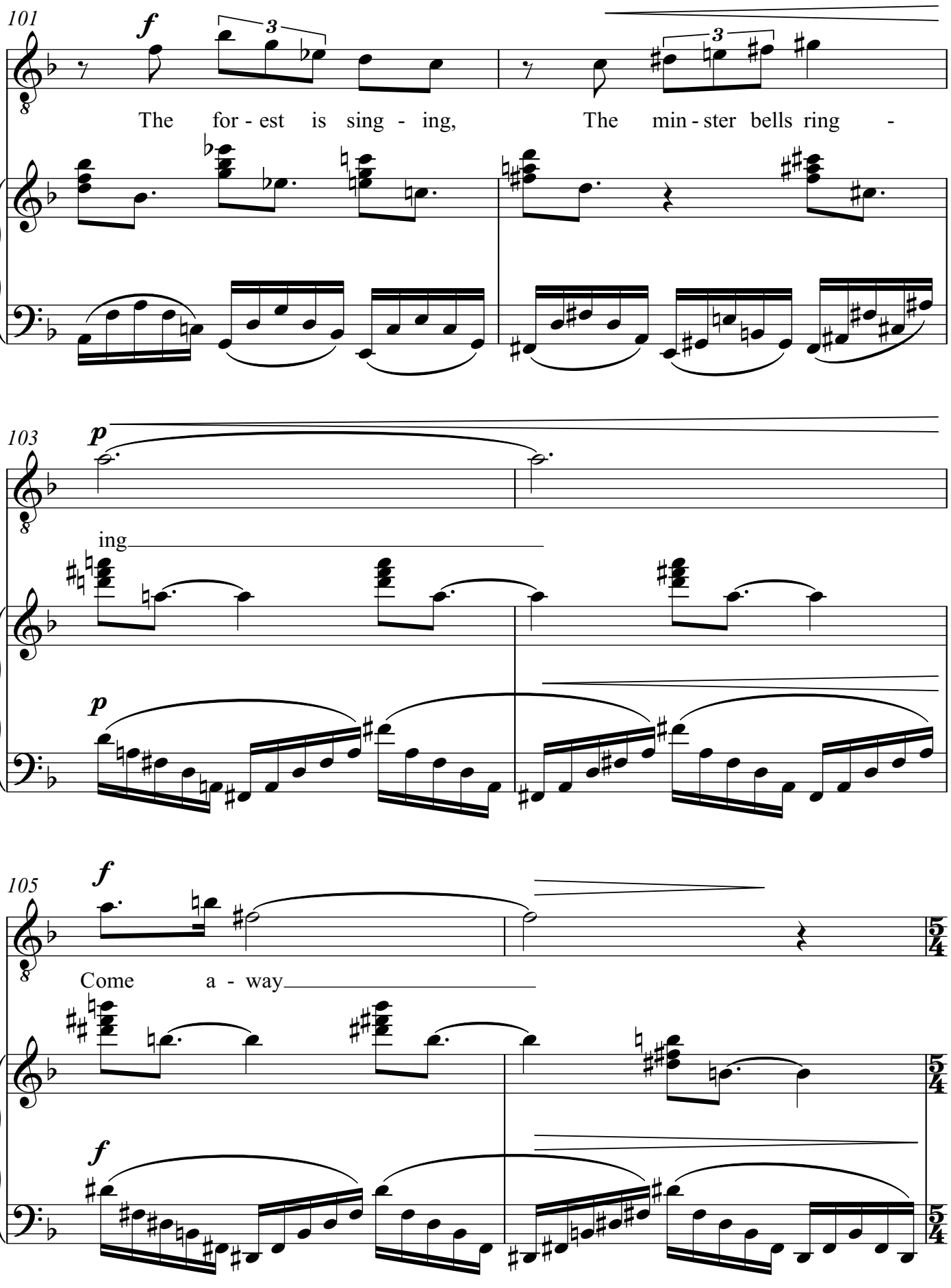
p

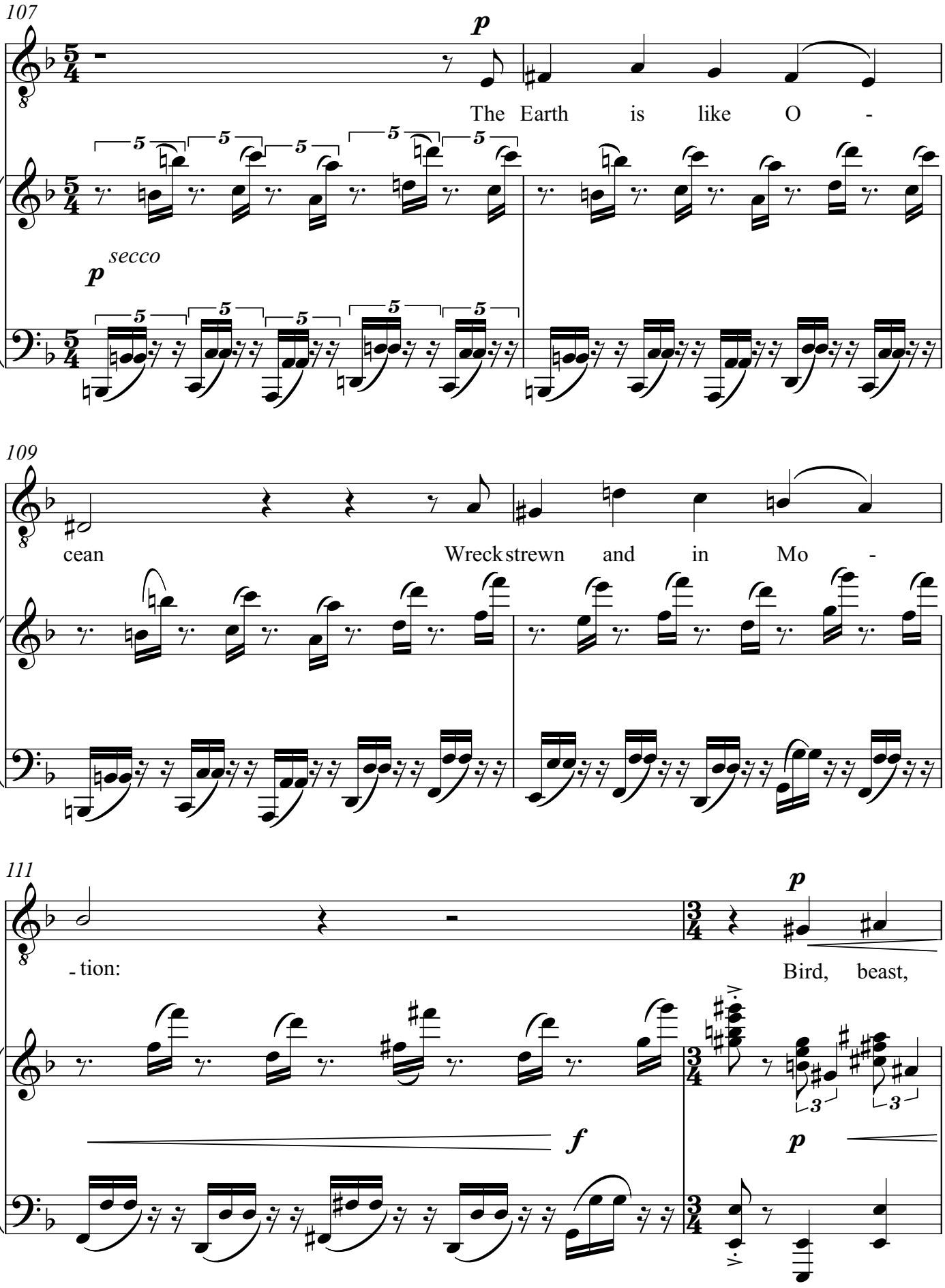
f

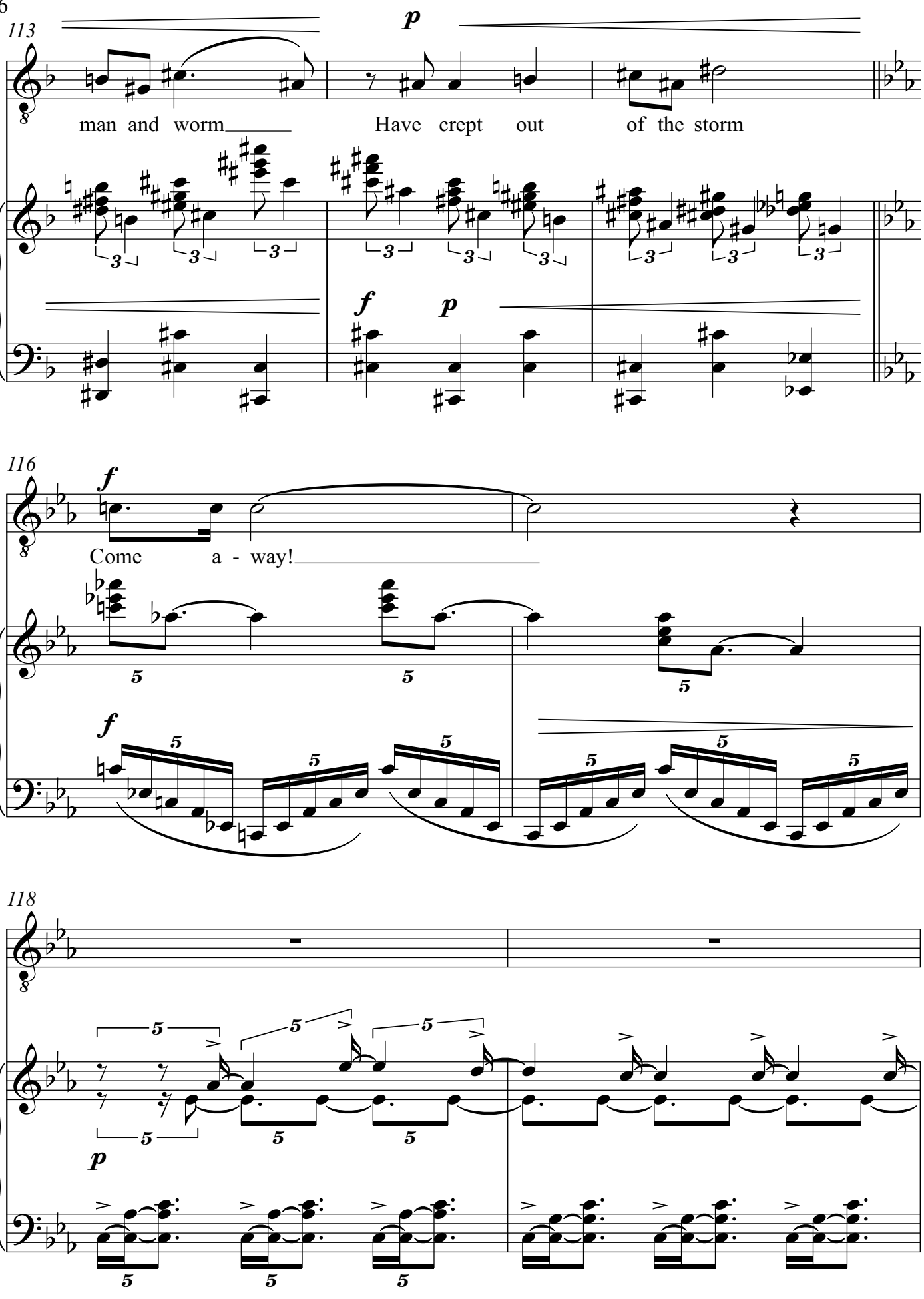

83
piu f
A - way!
piu f
85
mf
A - way!
mf
87
5
5
5
5
5
5
p


89
91
93

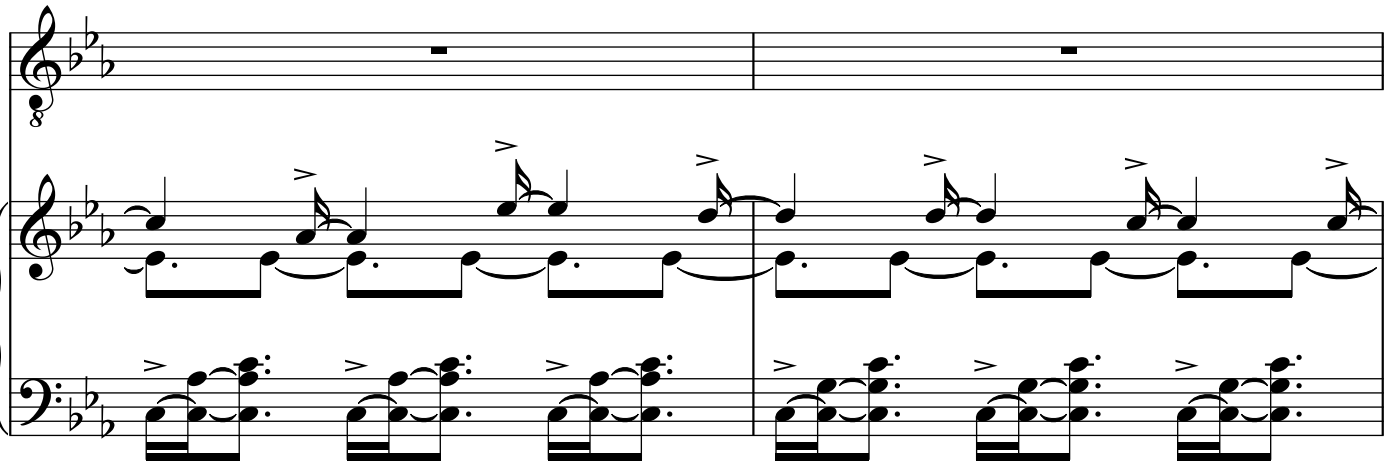

95
f
3
The whirl wind is rol - ling,
5
5
5
f
5
5
5
97
3
The thund - der is tol - ling.
p
99
f


101
f
3
The for - est is sing - ing,
3
The min - ster bells ring -
103
p
ing
p
105
f
Come a - way
f
5/4
5/4

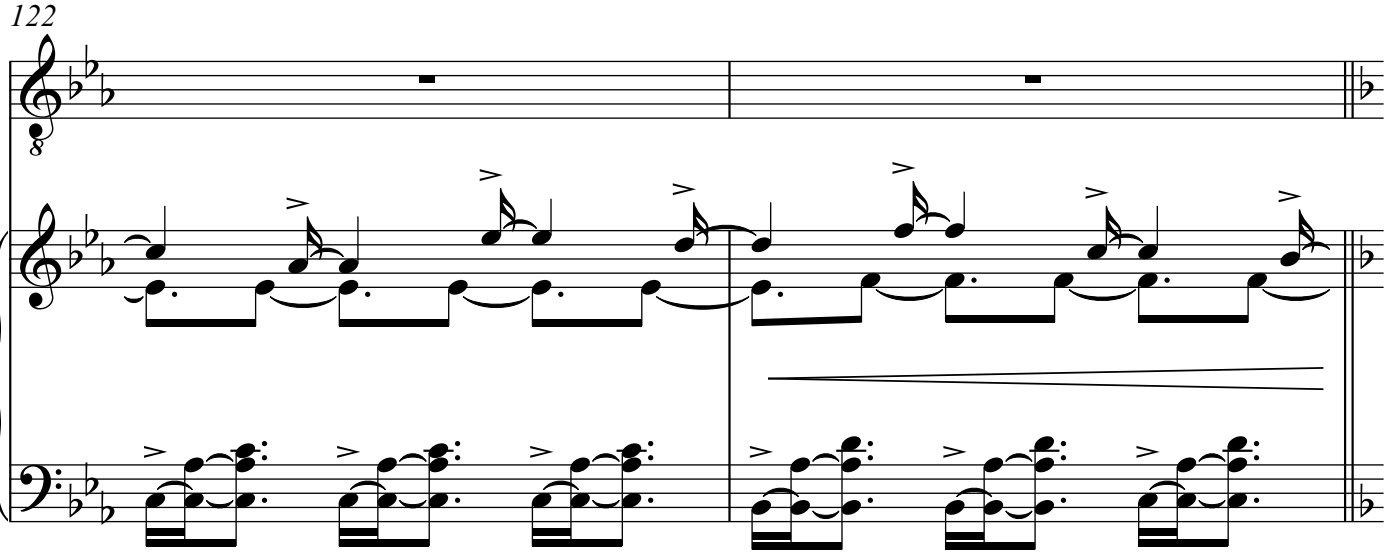

107
p
The Earth is like O -
p secco
109
cean Wreckstrewn and in Mo -
111
p
- tion:
Bird, beast,
f
p


113
p
man and worm
Have crept out of the storm
f
p
116
f
Come a - way!
f
118
p

120



122



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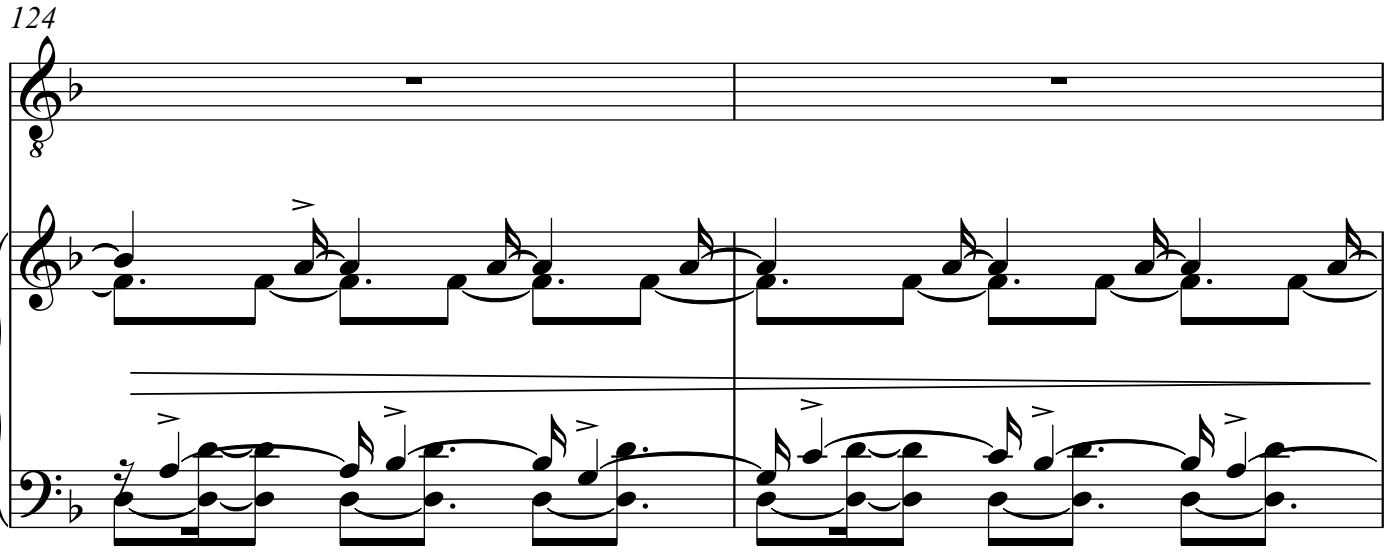

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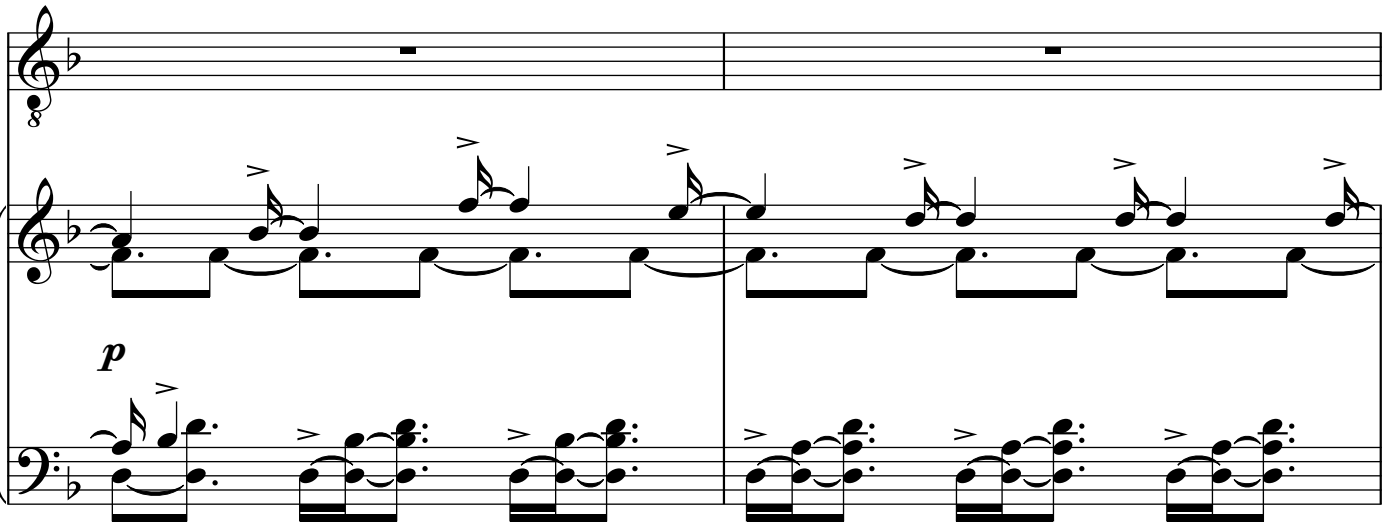

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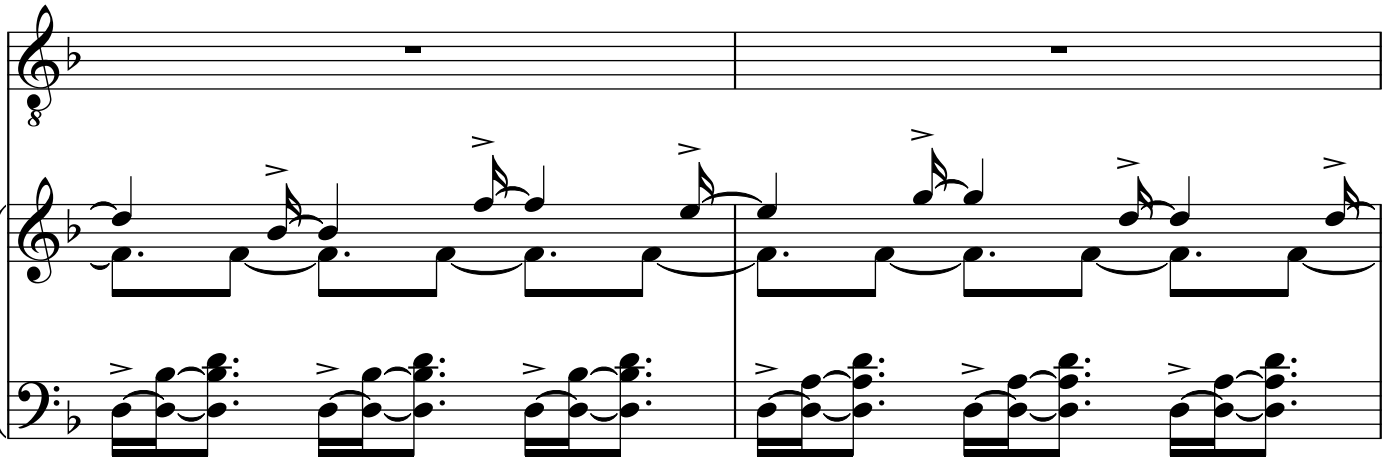
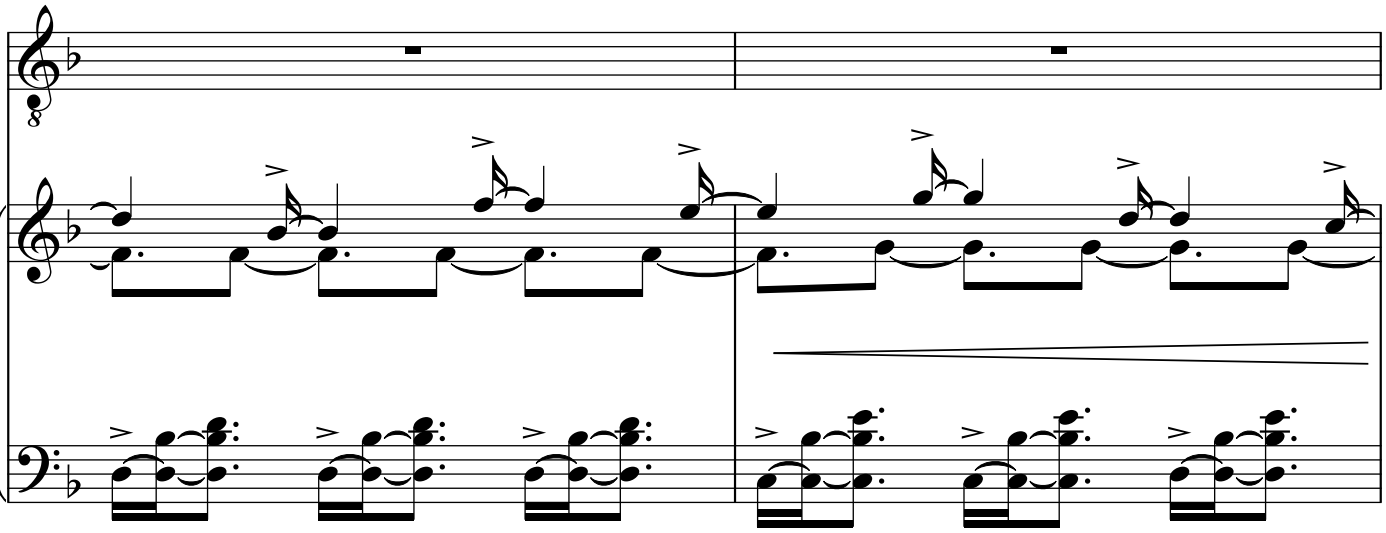


130



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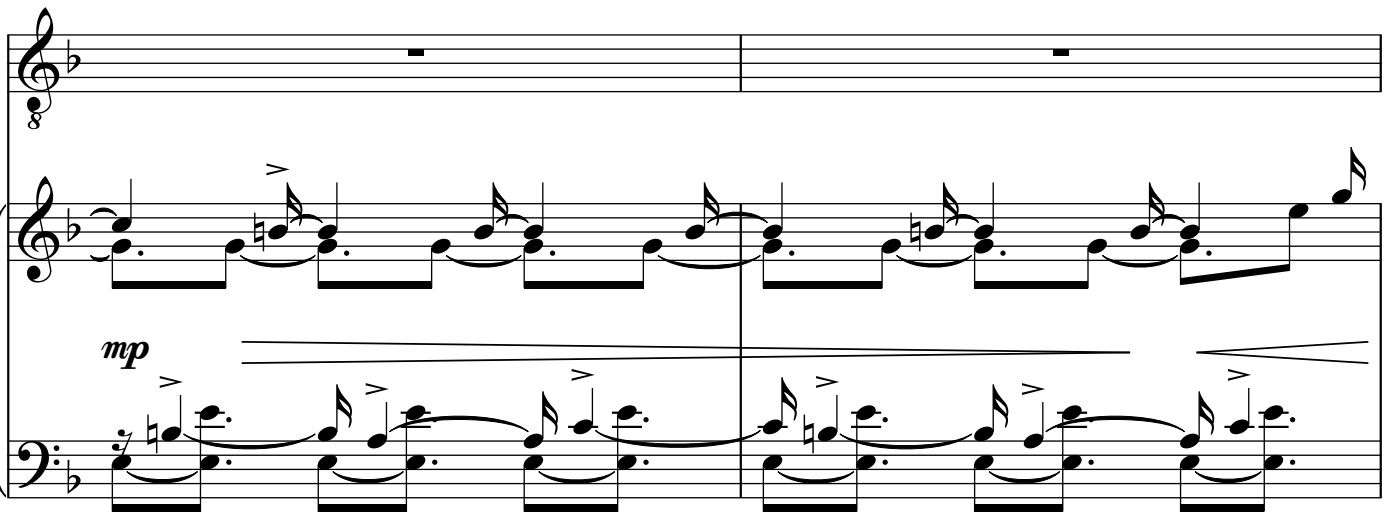

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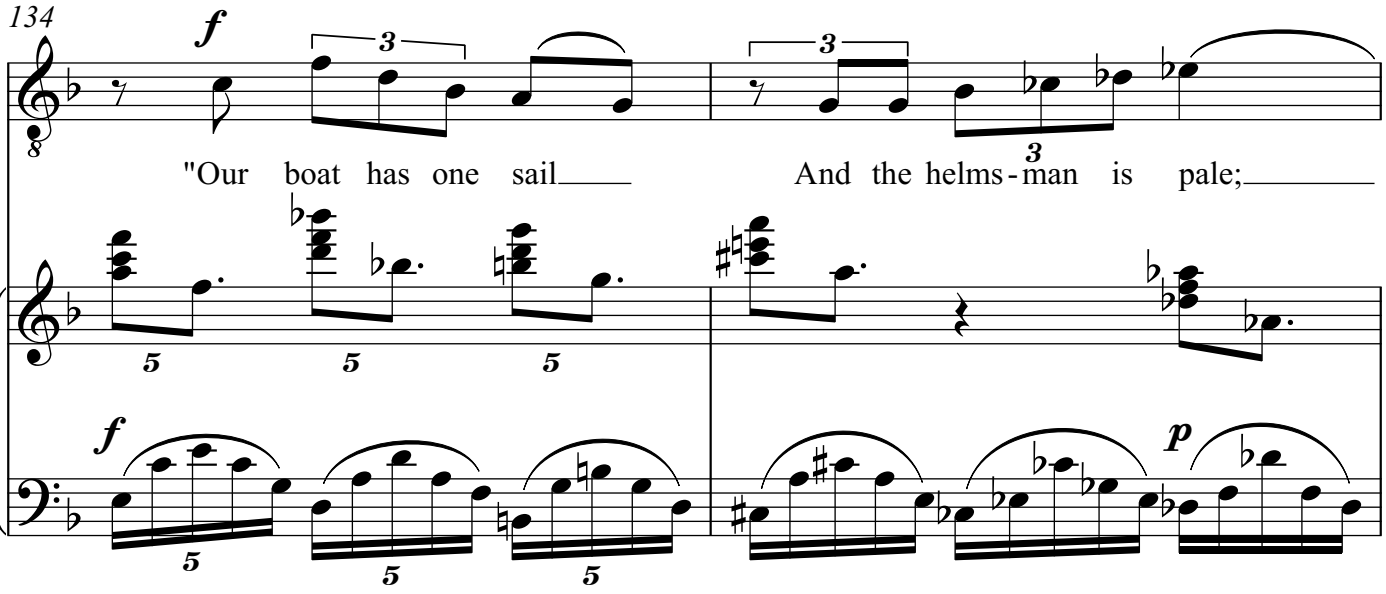

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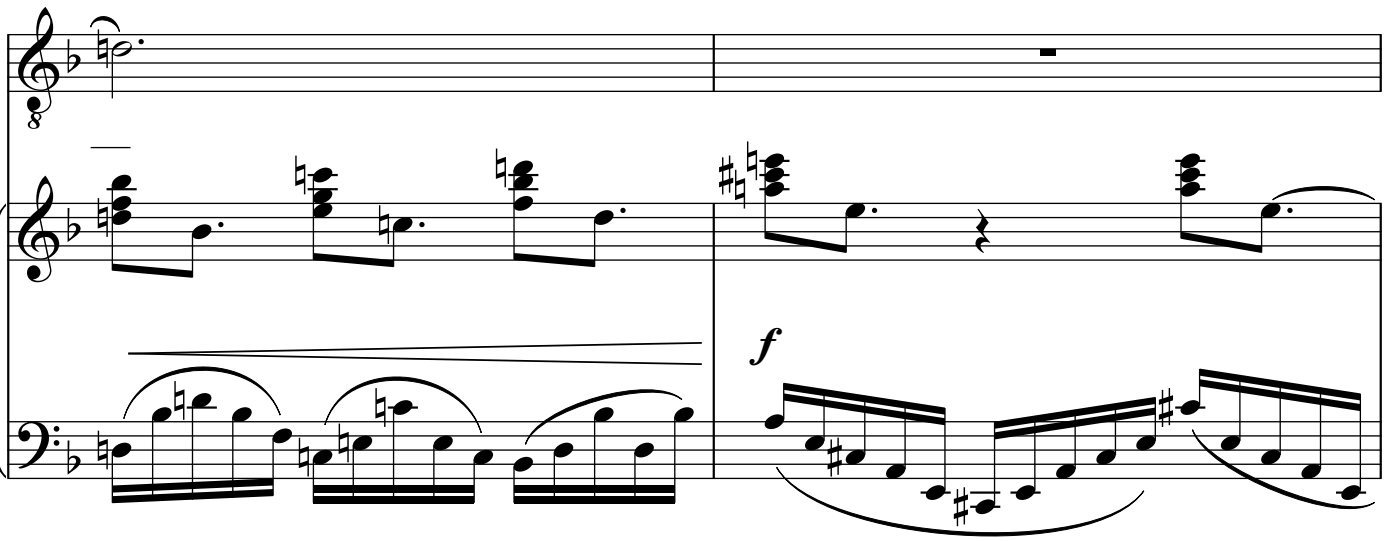
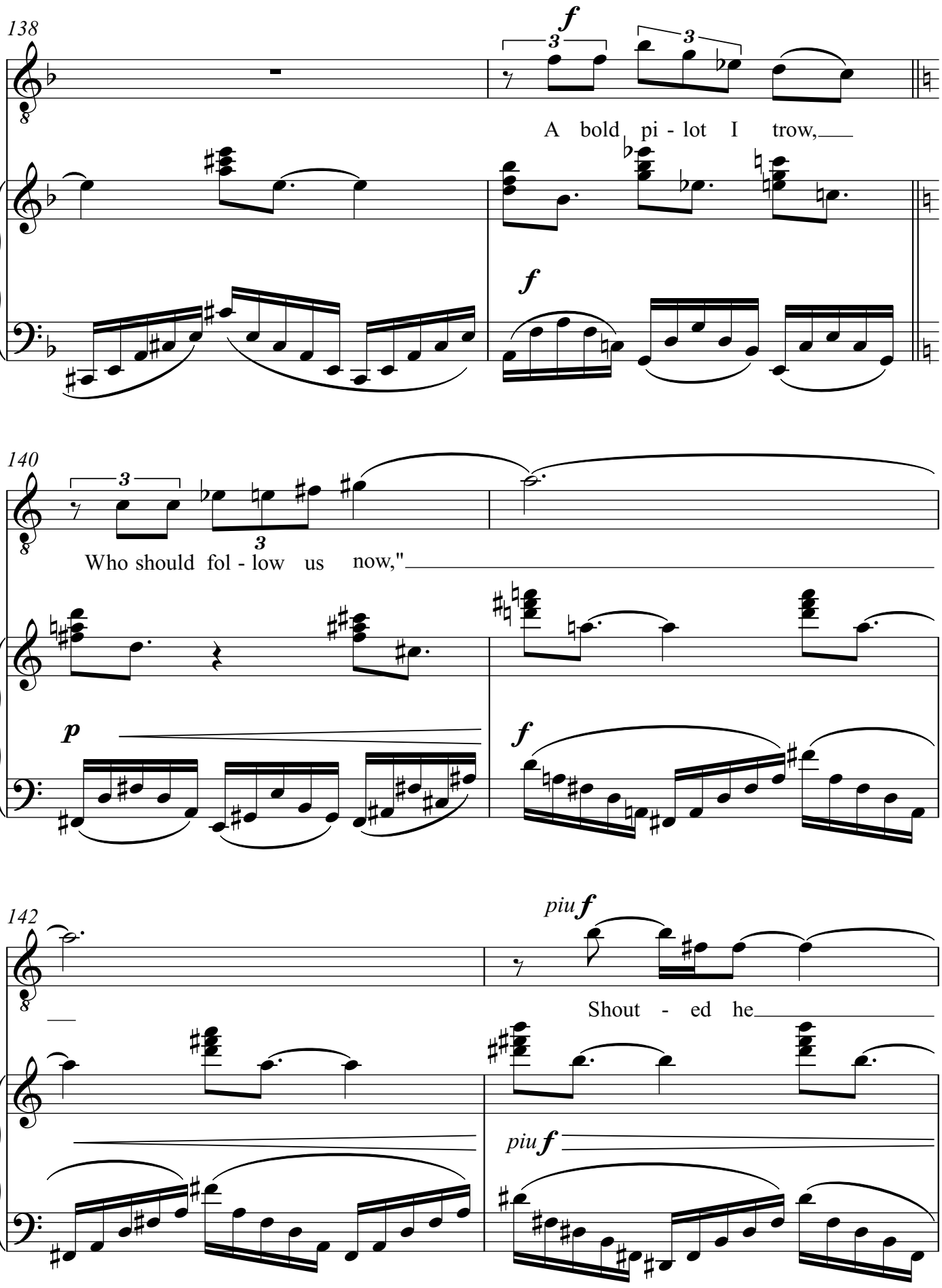
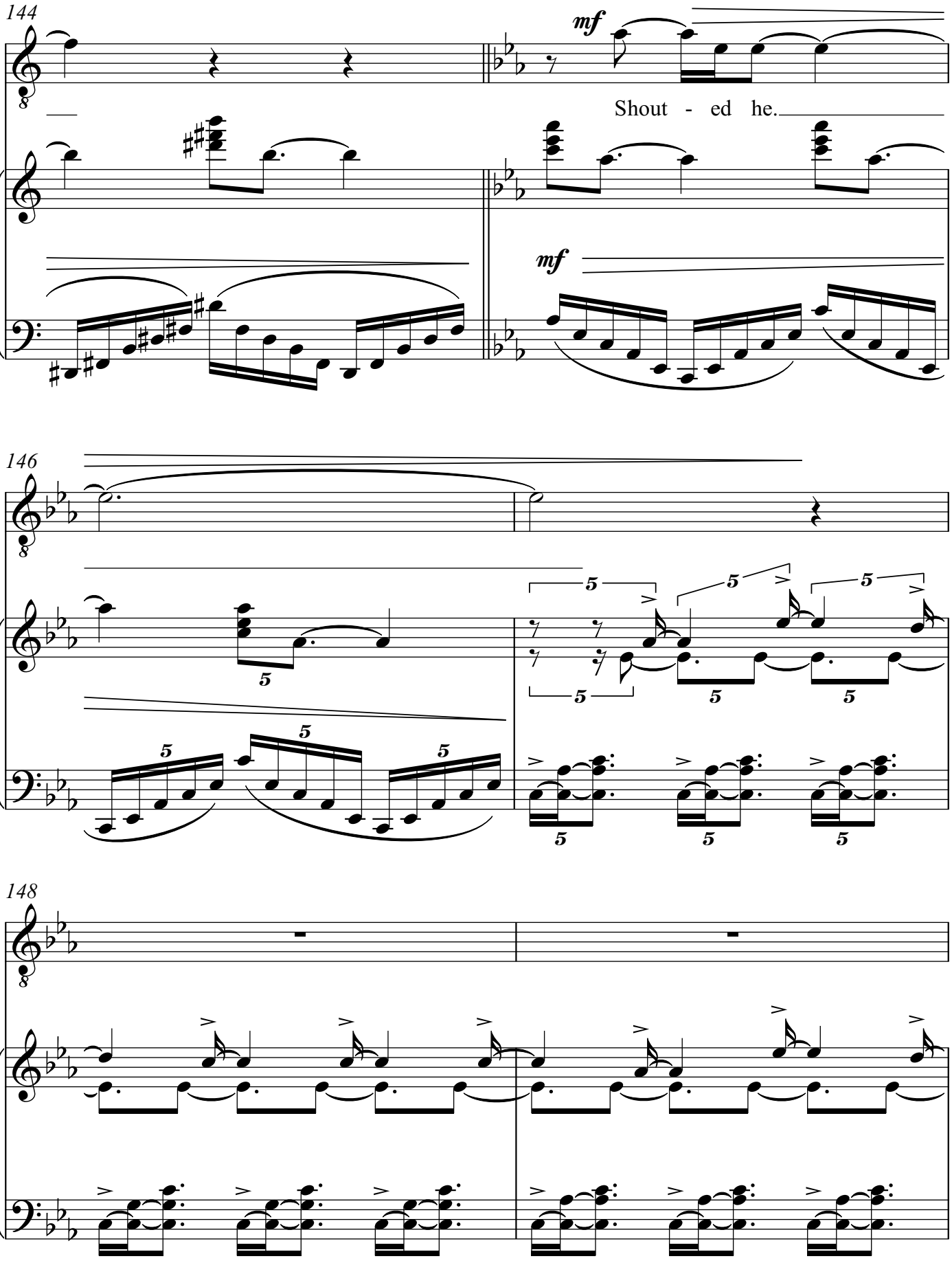
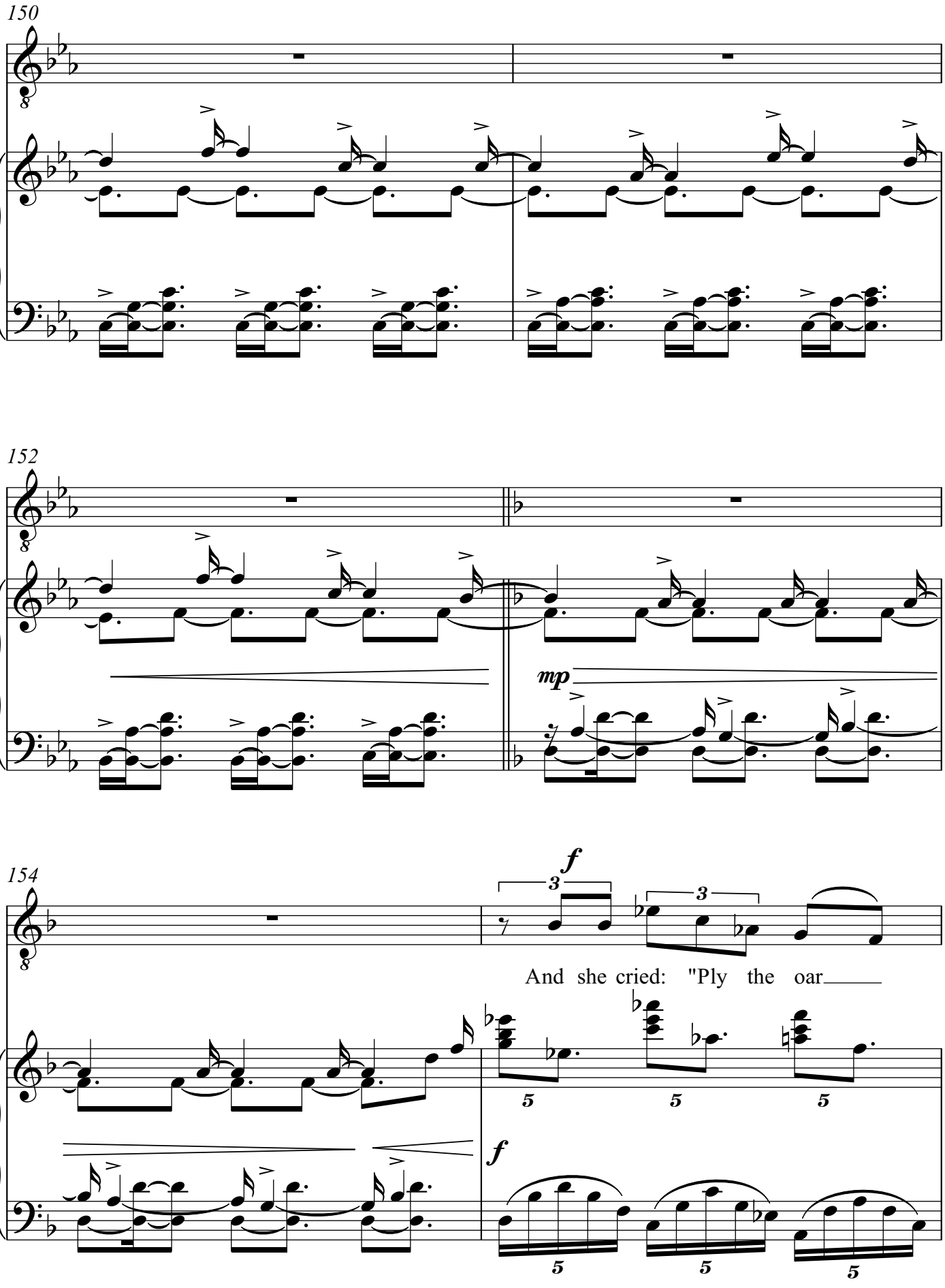
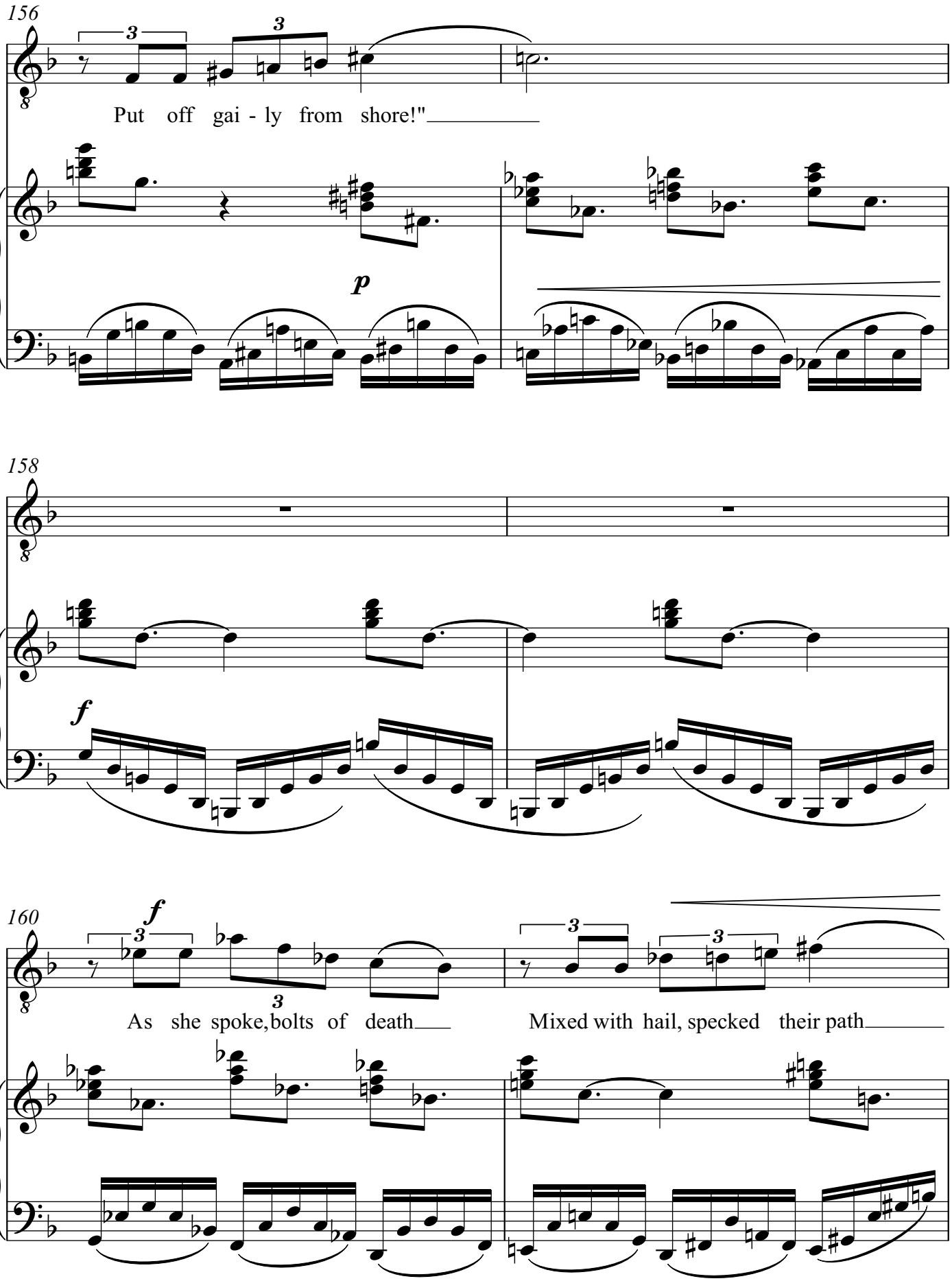
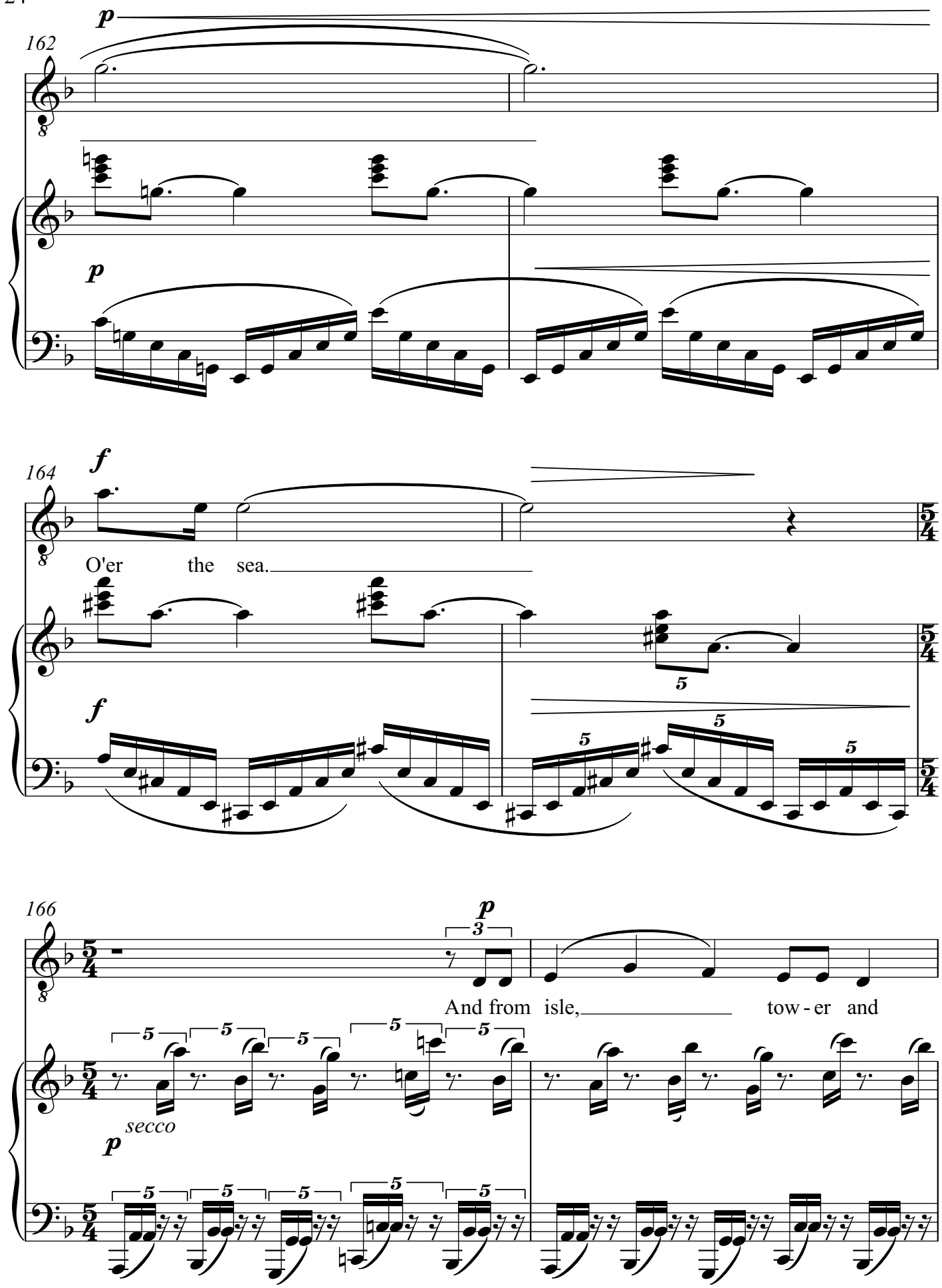



138
f
A bold pi - lot I trow,
f
140
Who should fol - low us now,"
p
f
142
piu f
Shout - ed he
piu f


144
mf
Shout - ed he.
mf
146
5
148


150
152
mp
154
f
3
3
And she cried: "Ply the oar
5
5
5
f
5
5
5


156
Put off gai - ly from shore!"
p
158
f
160
f
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path


162
p
p
164
f
O'er the sea.
f
166
p
And from isle, tow - er and
secco
p

168

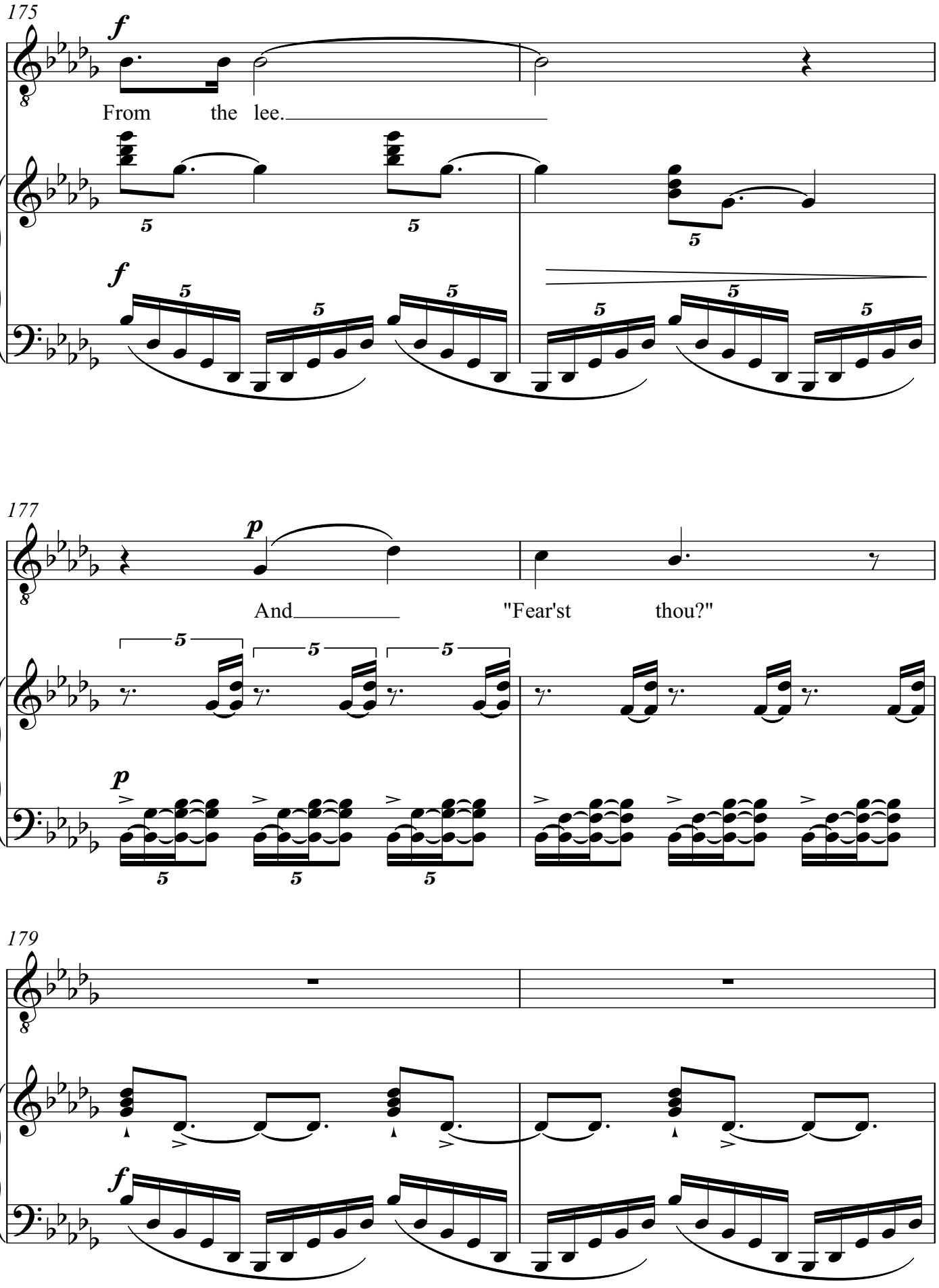
rock, The blue bea - con cloud

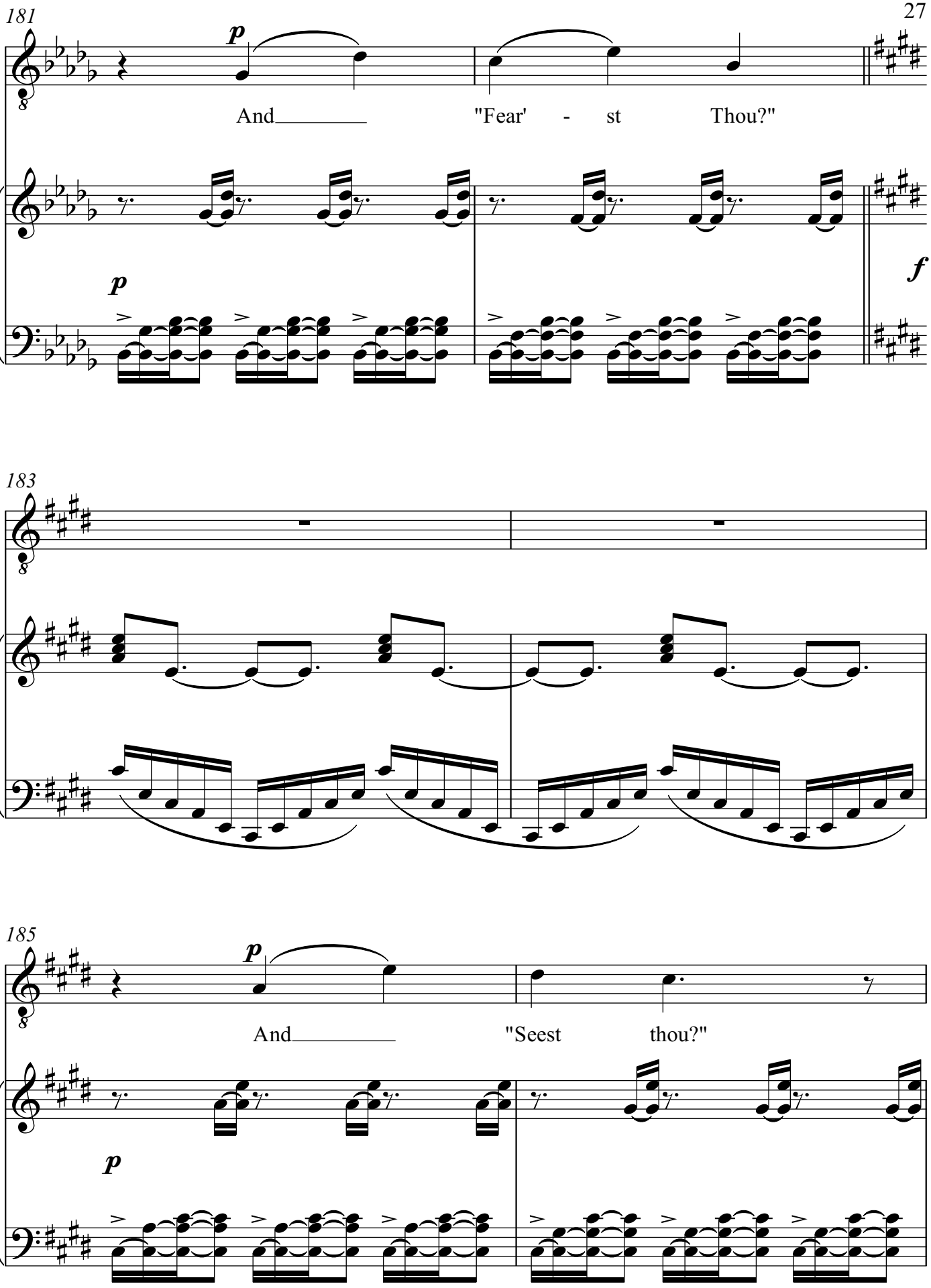
170

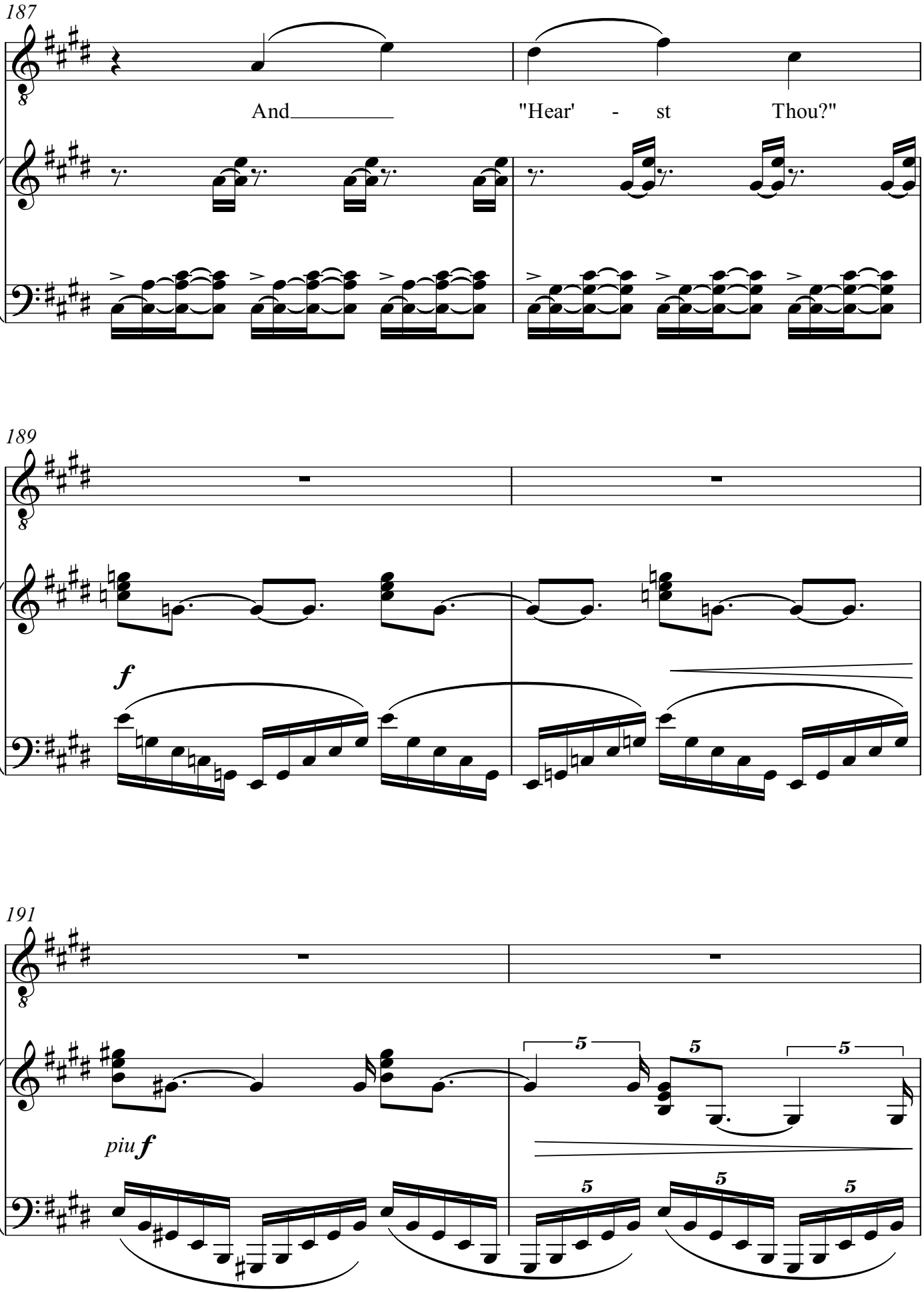
broke, And though

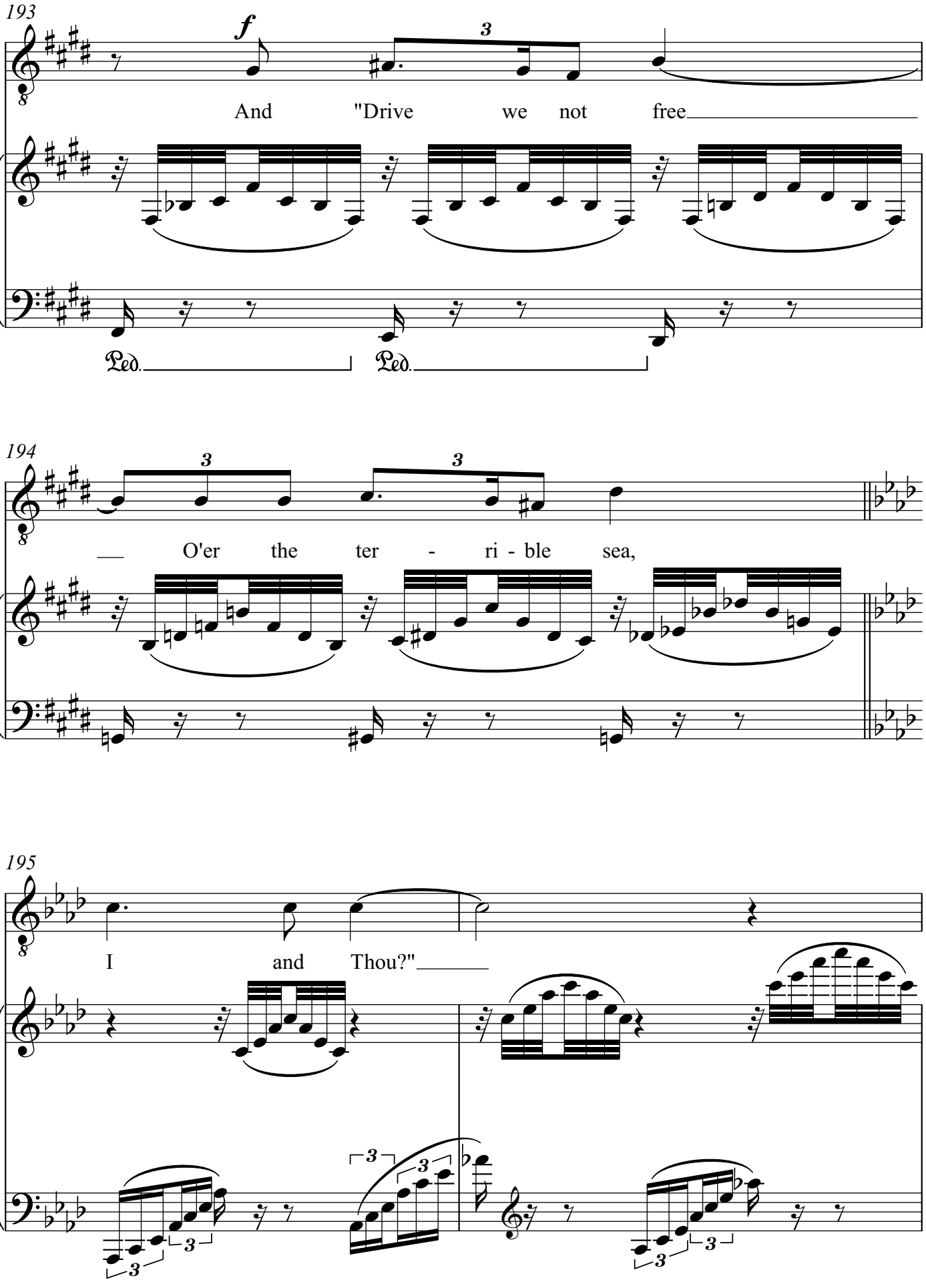
172

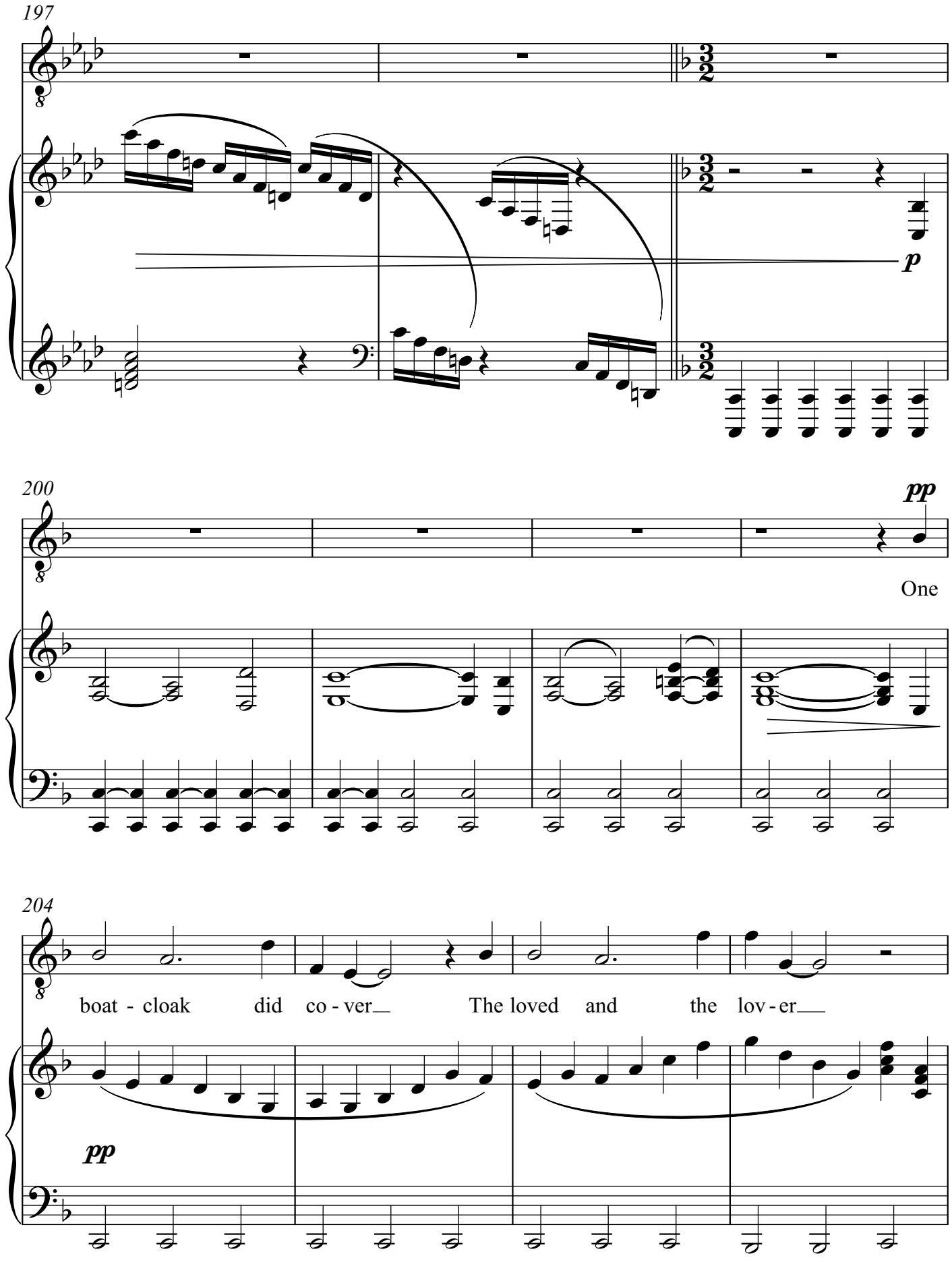
dumb in the blast, The red can-non flashed fast


175
f
From the lee.
f
177
p
And "Fear'st thou?"
p
179
f


181
p
And
"Fear' - st Thou?"
p
f
183
185
p
And
"Seest thou?"
p


187
And
"Hear' - st Thou?"
189
f
191
piu f
5
5
5
5
5
5


193
f
3
And "Drive we not free
Ped.
Ped.
194
3
3
O'er the ter - ri - ble sea,
195
I and Thou?"
3
3
3
3
3


197
p
200
pp
One
204
boat - cloak did co - ver The loved and the lov - er
pp

208

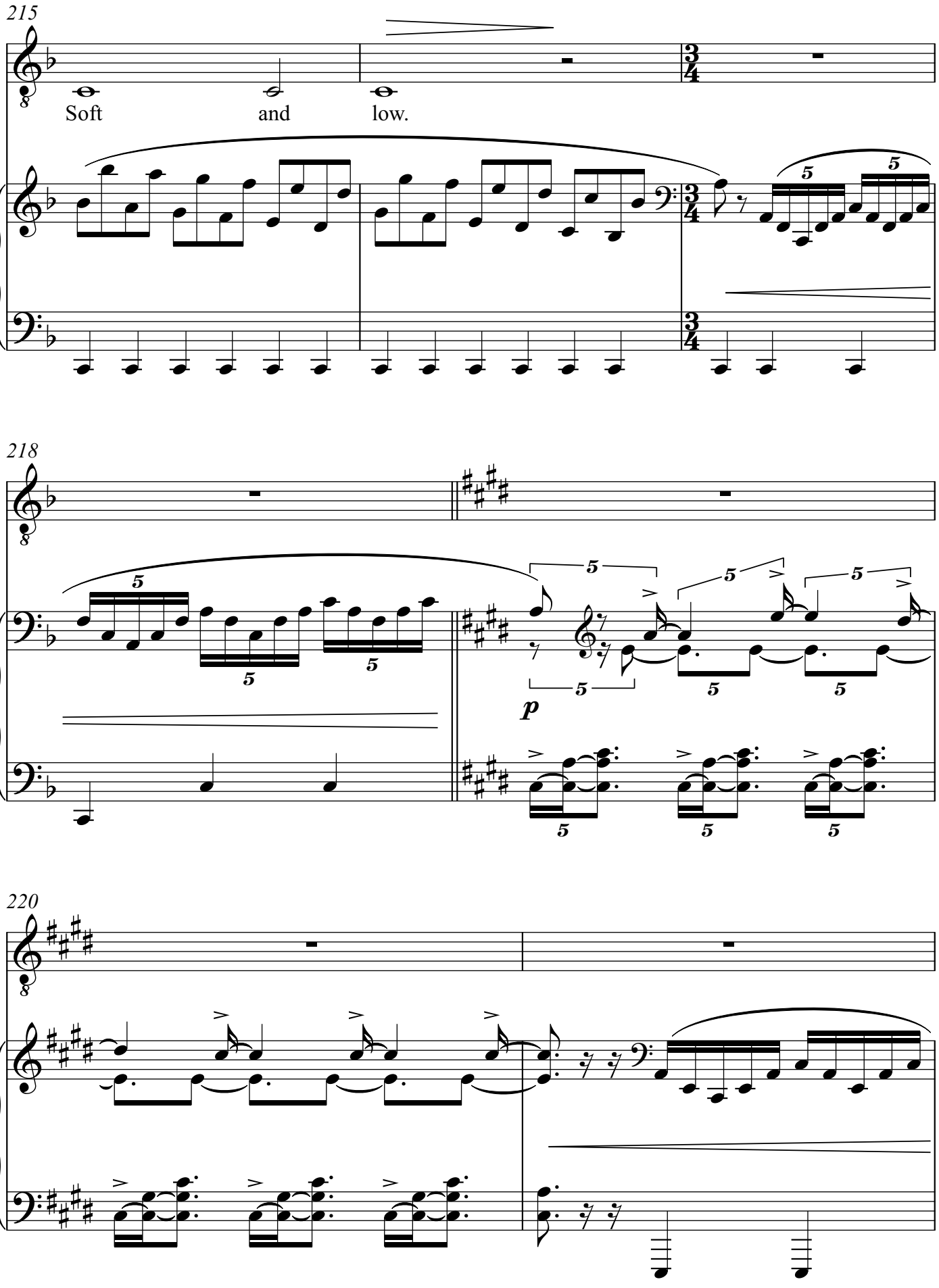
Their

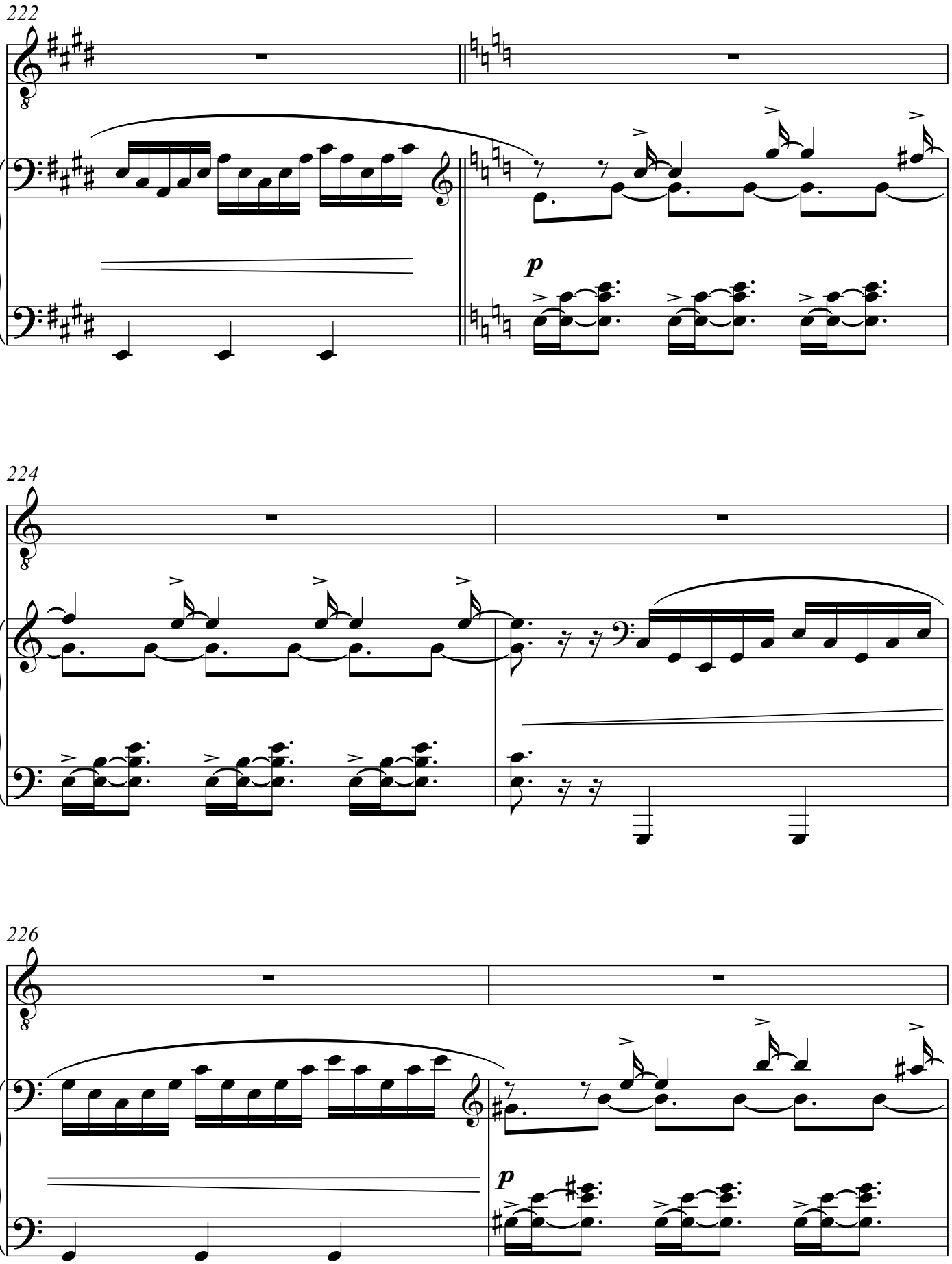
211

blood beats one mea - sure, They

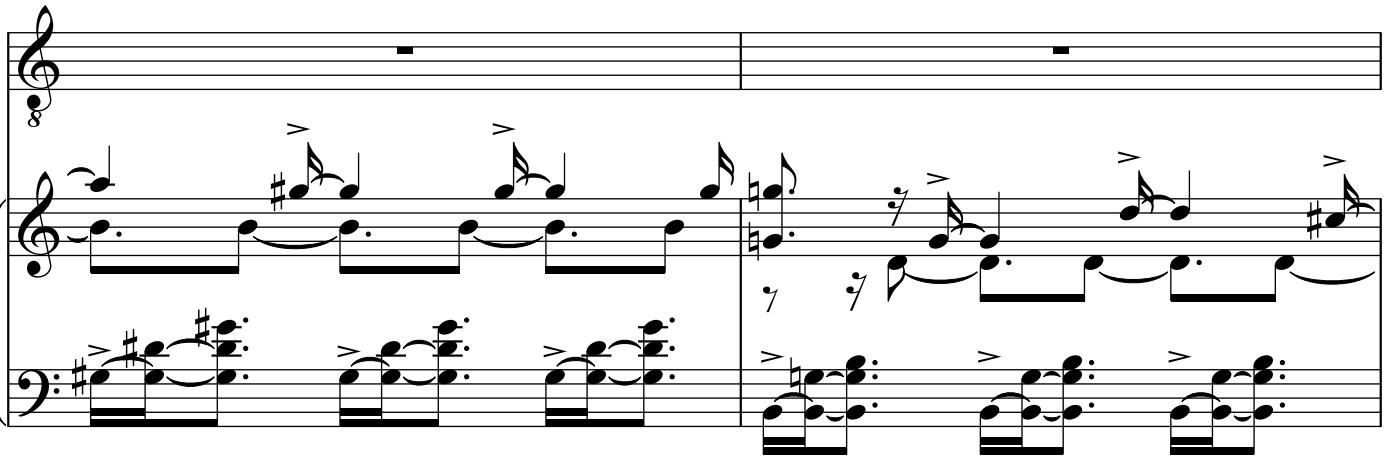
213

mur - mur proud plea - sure

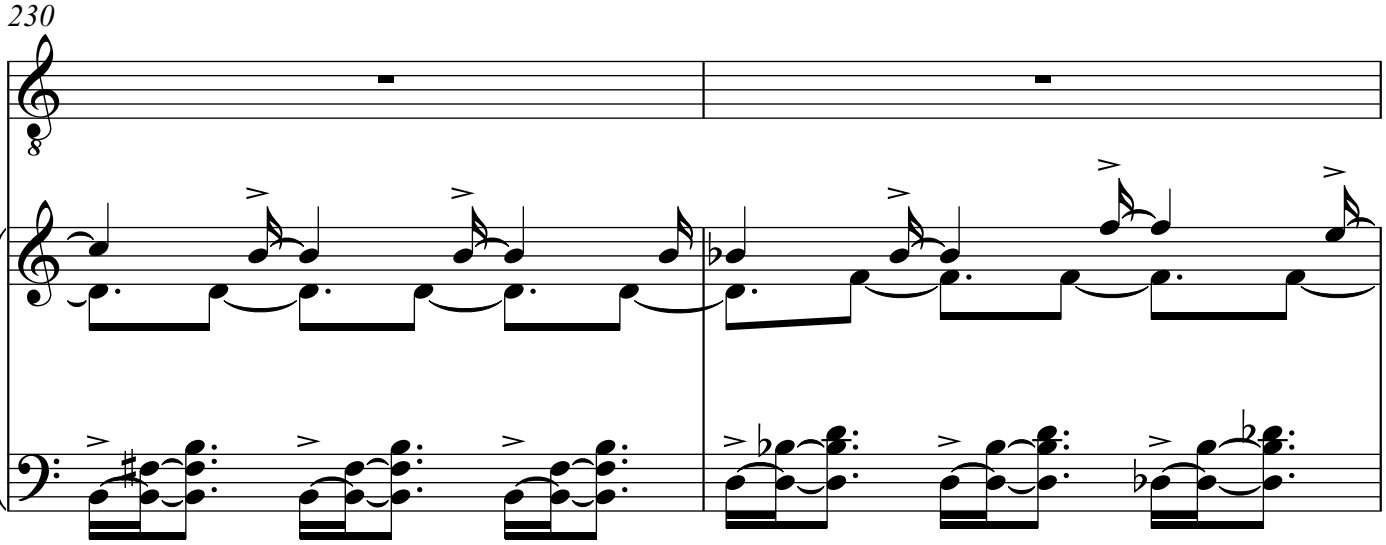

215
Soft and low.
218
p
220


222
p
224
226
p

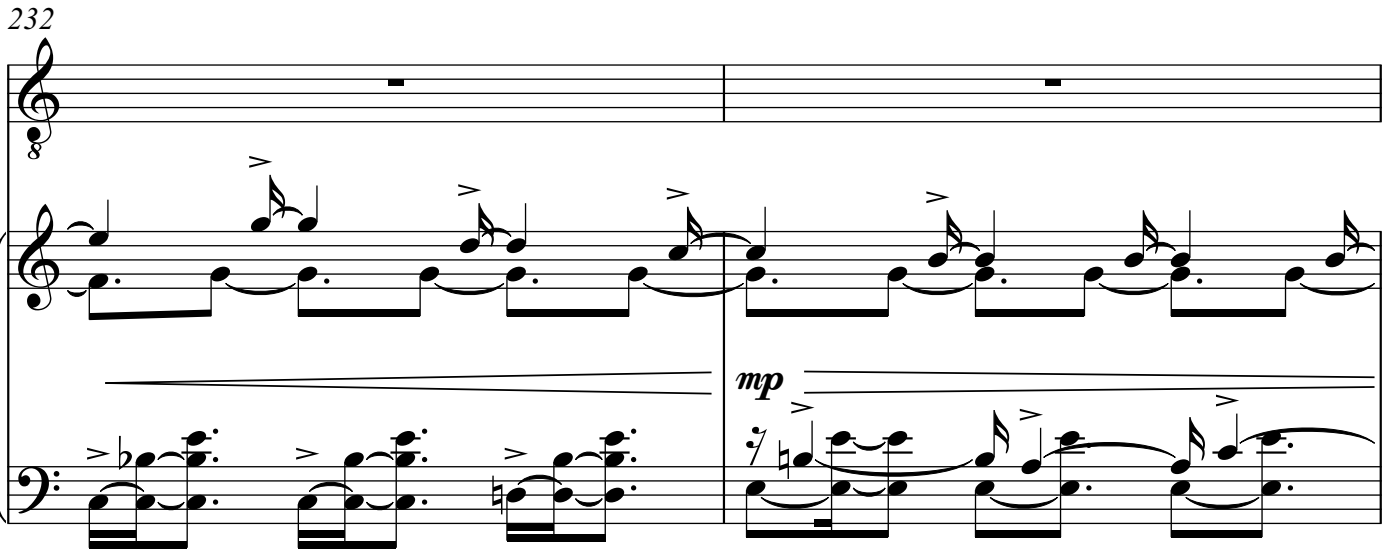
228

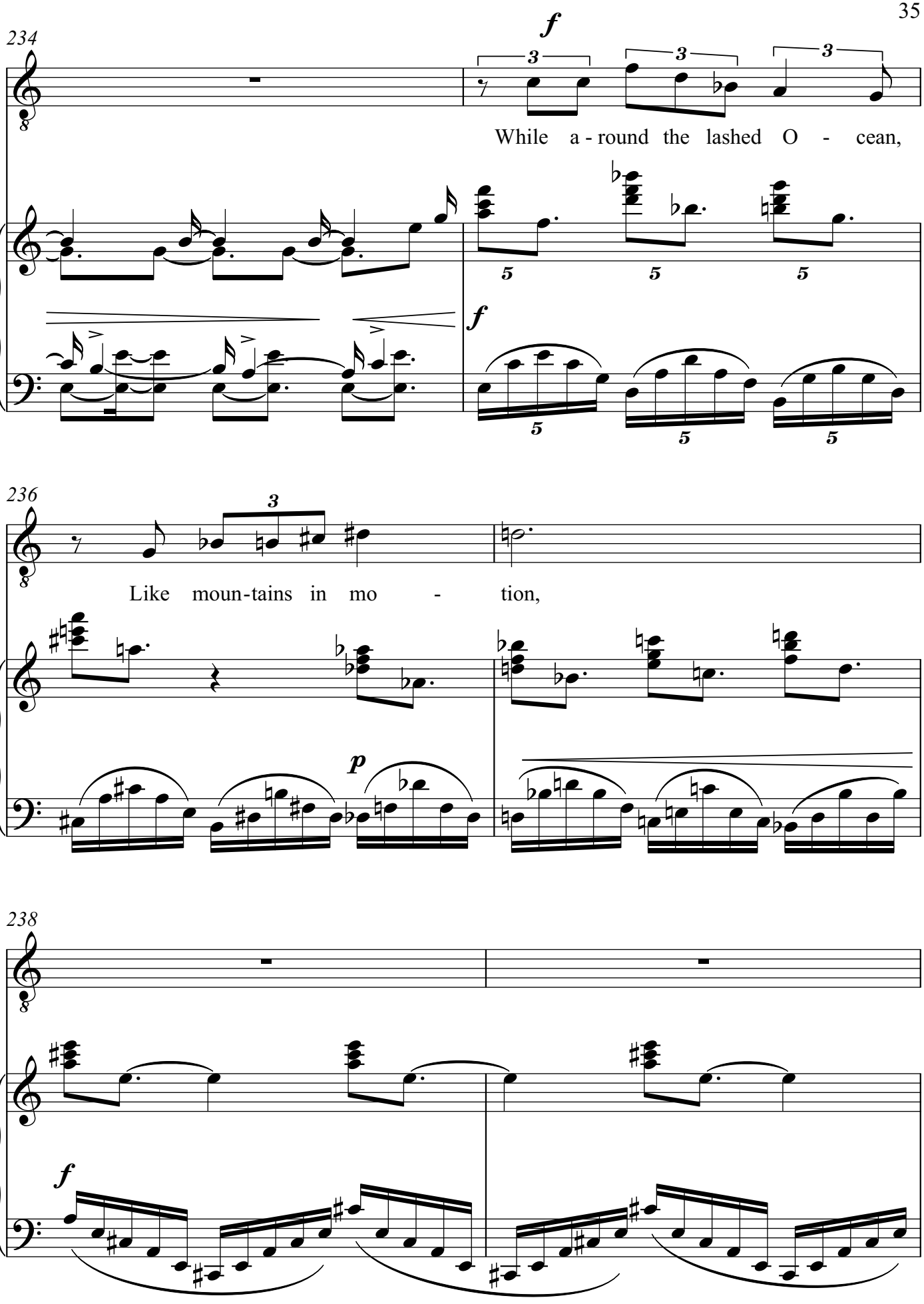


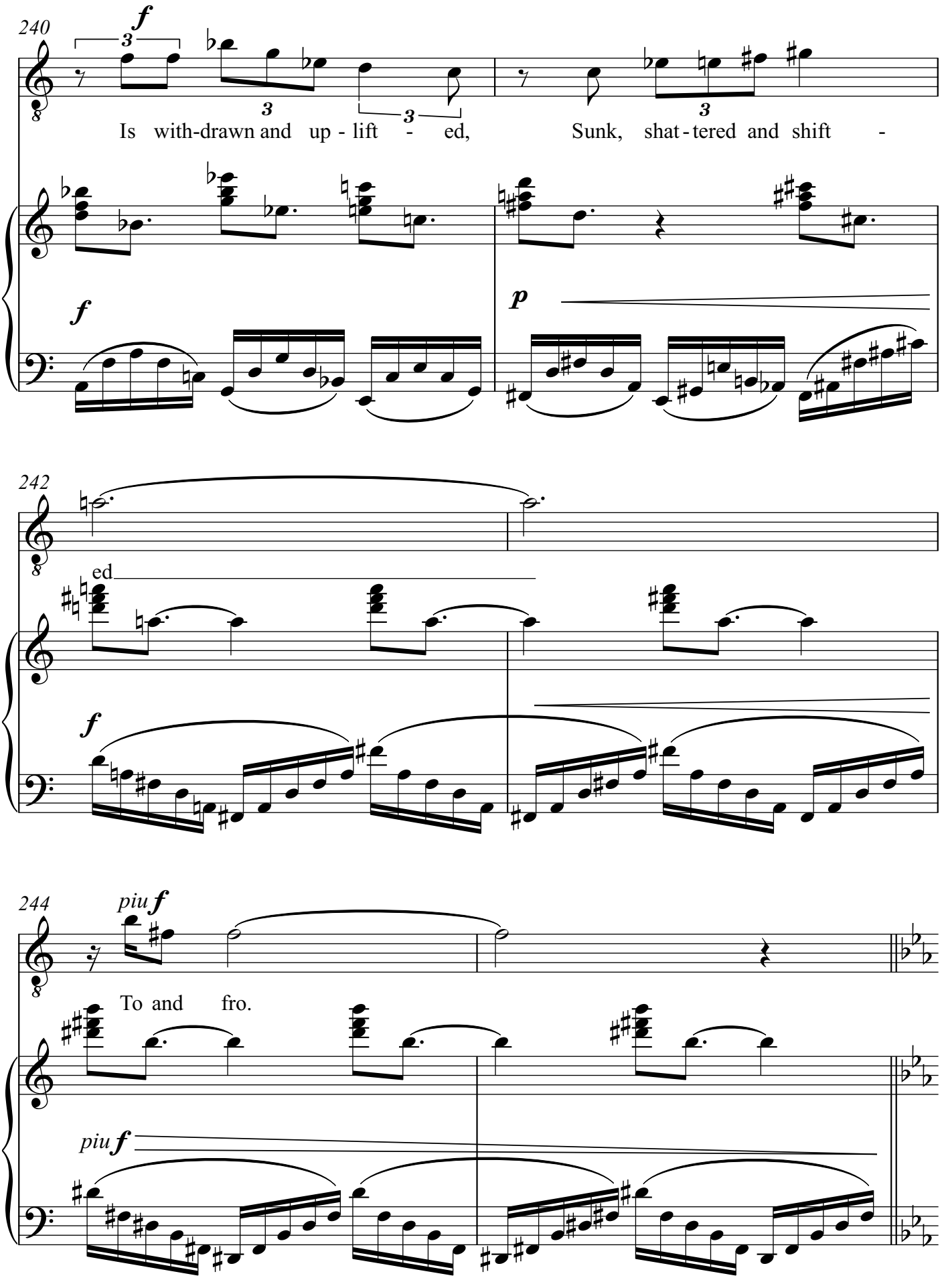
230

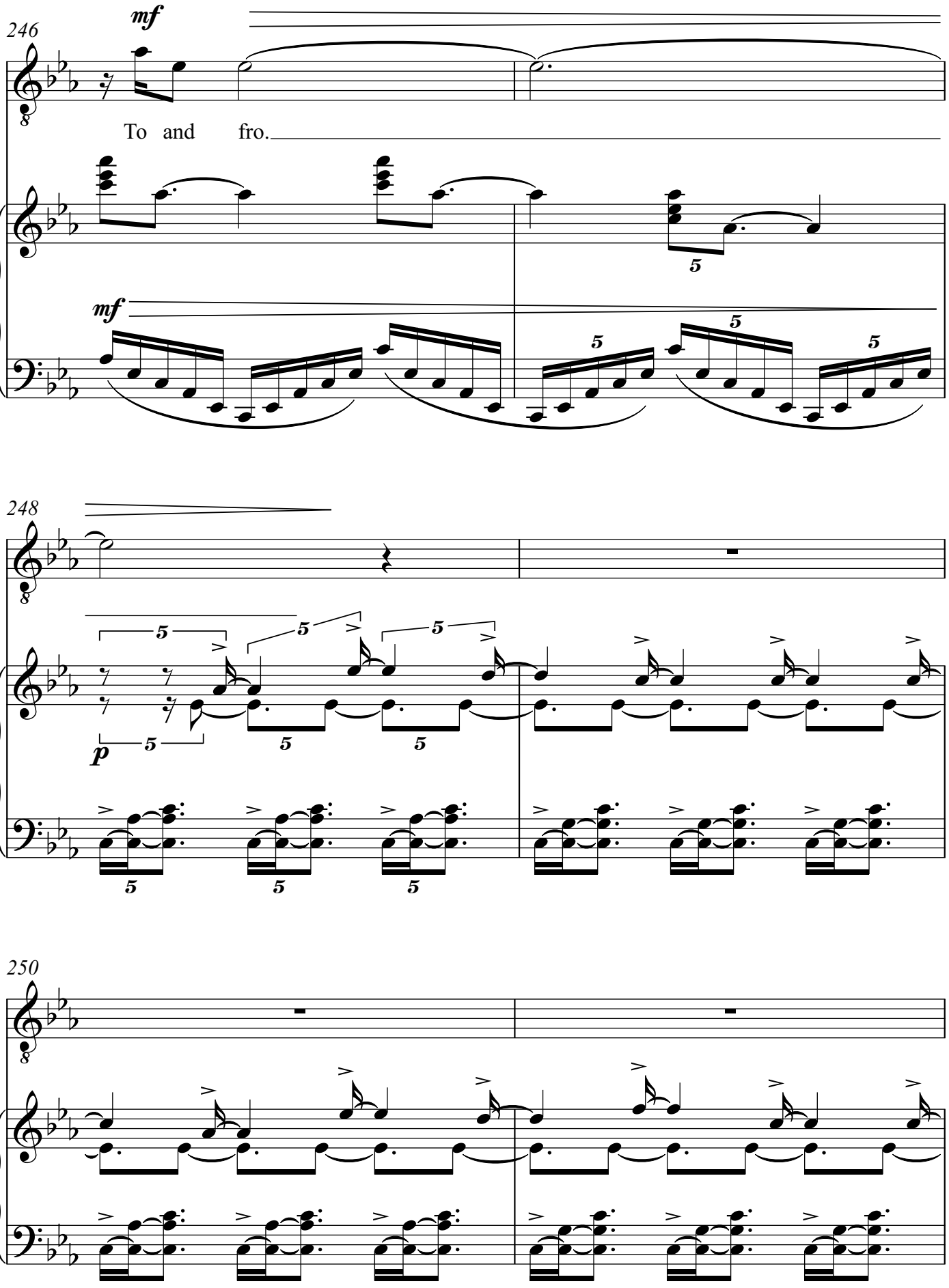


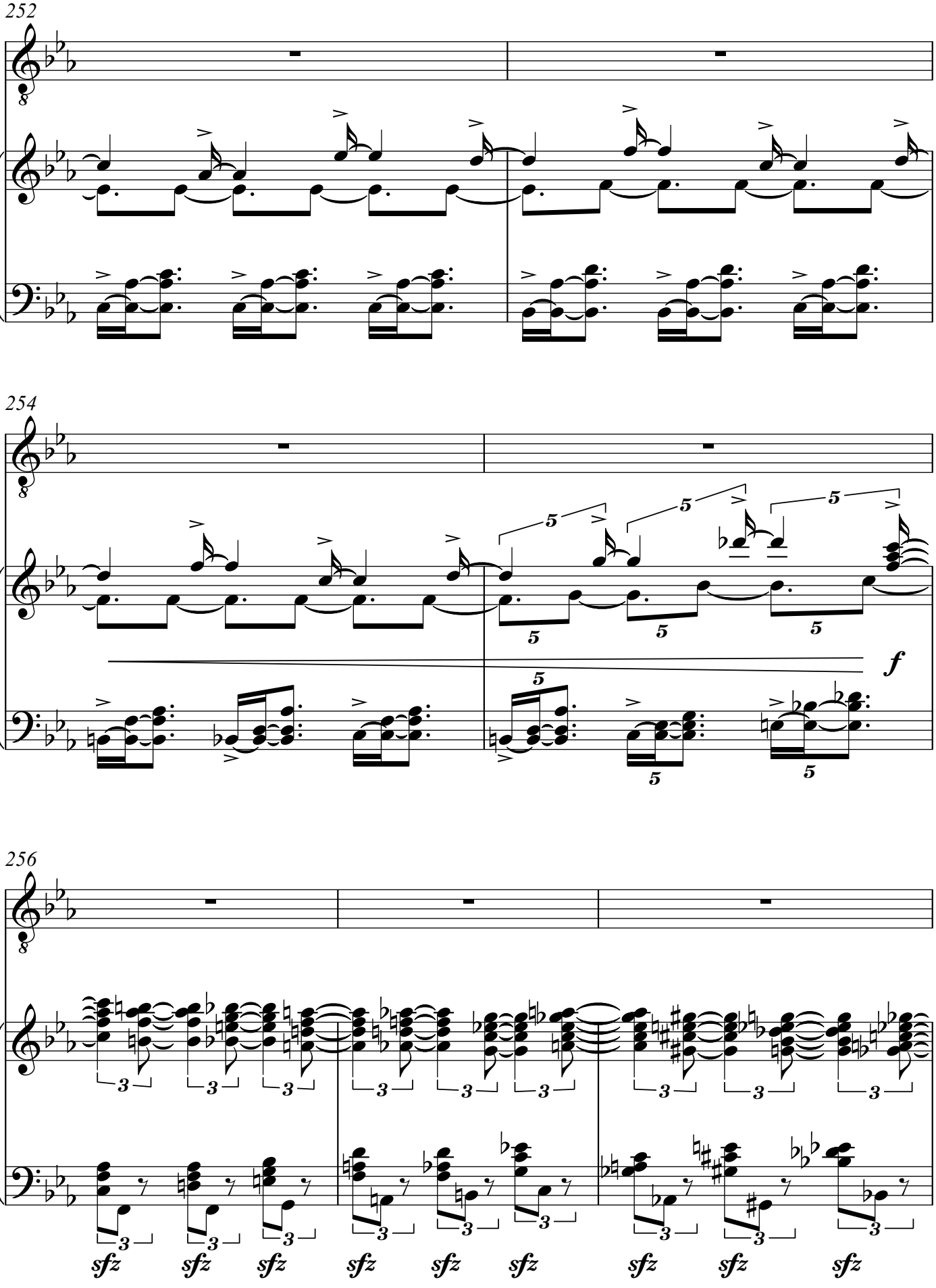
232

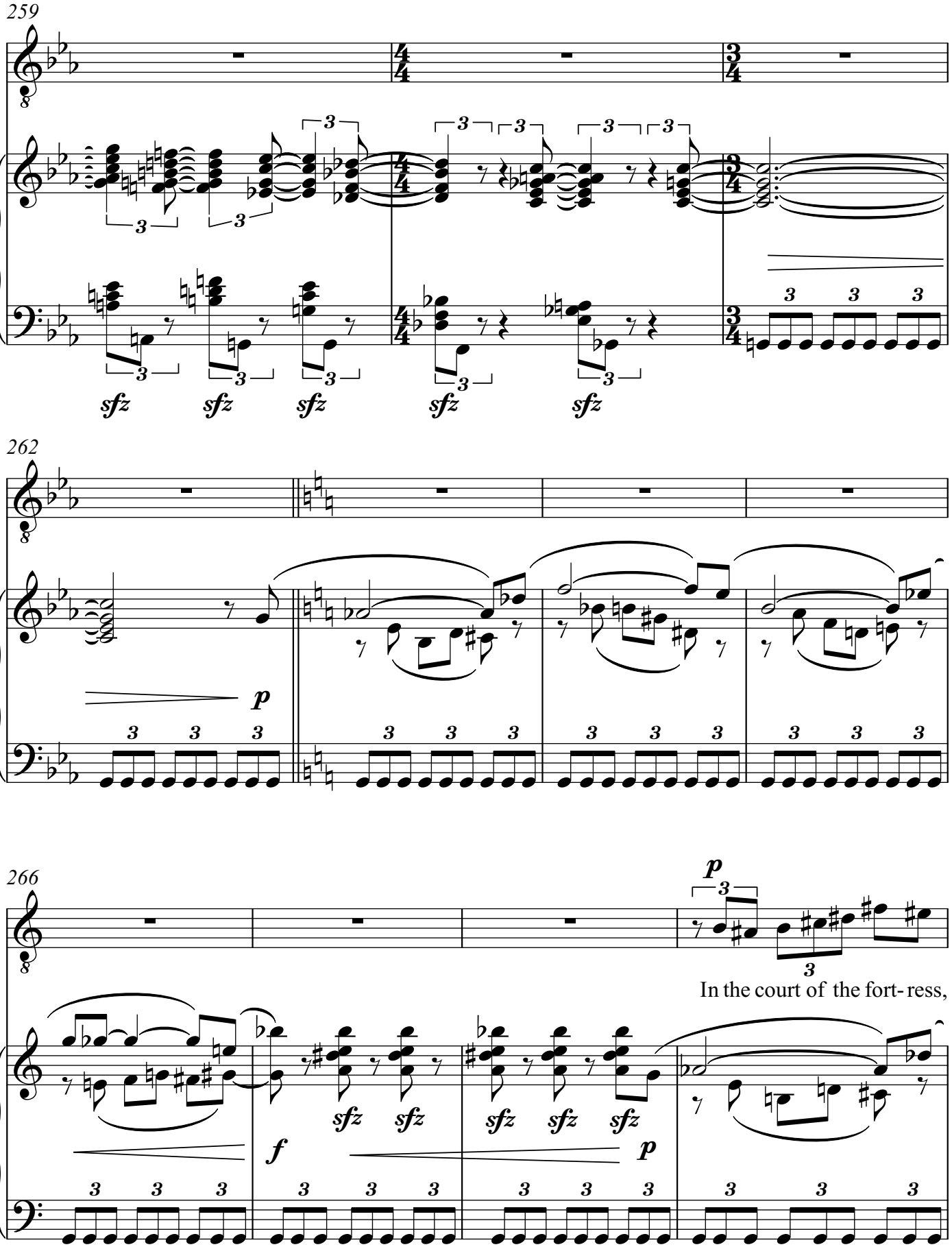


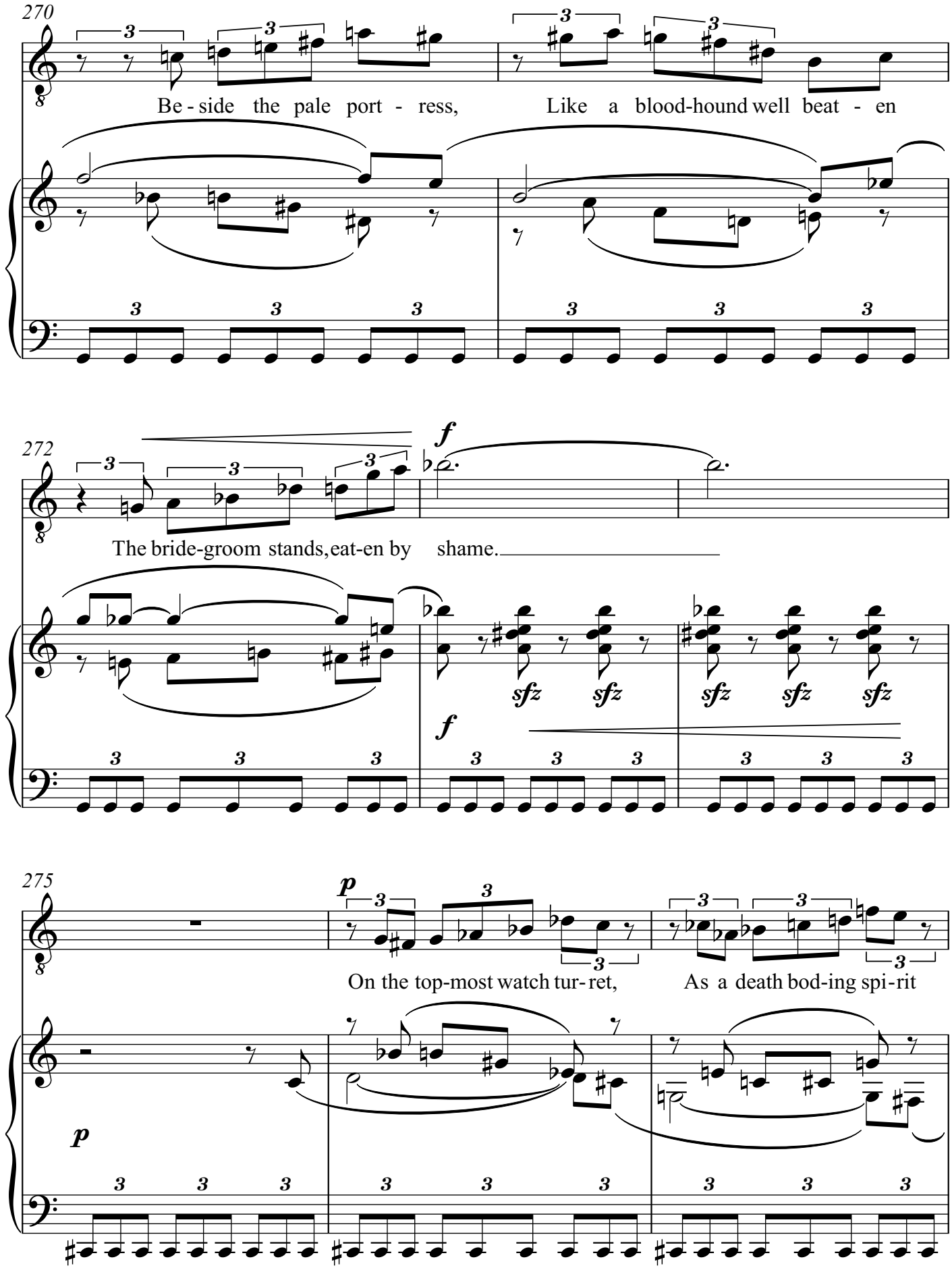

234
f
While a - round the lashed O - cean,
236
Like moun-tains in mo - tion,
p
238
f

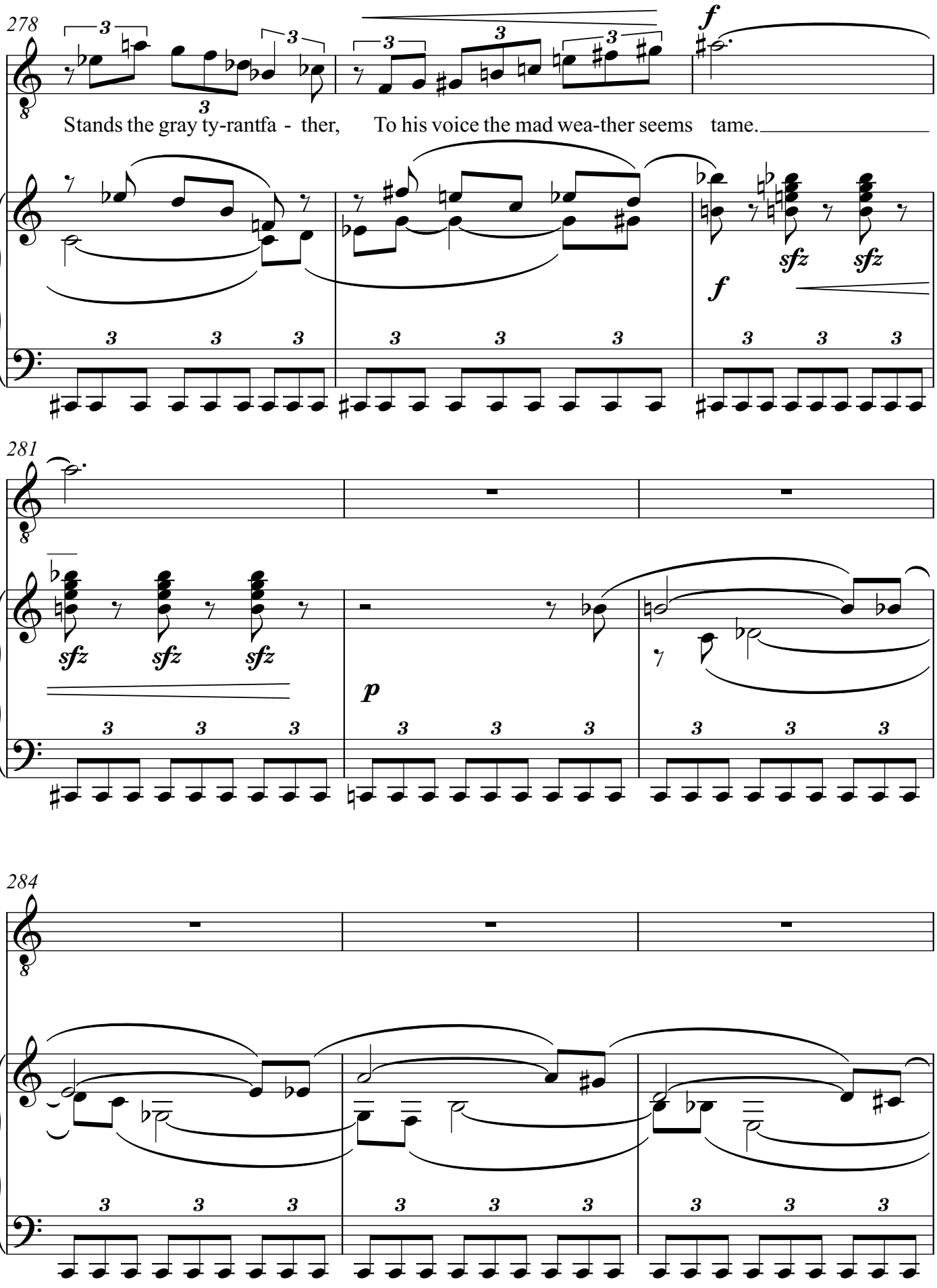

240
f
Is with-drawn and up - lift - ed,
Sunk, shat - tered and shift -
f
p
242
ed
f
244
piu f
To and fro.
piu f

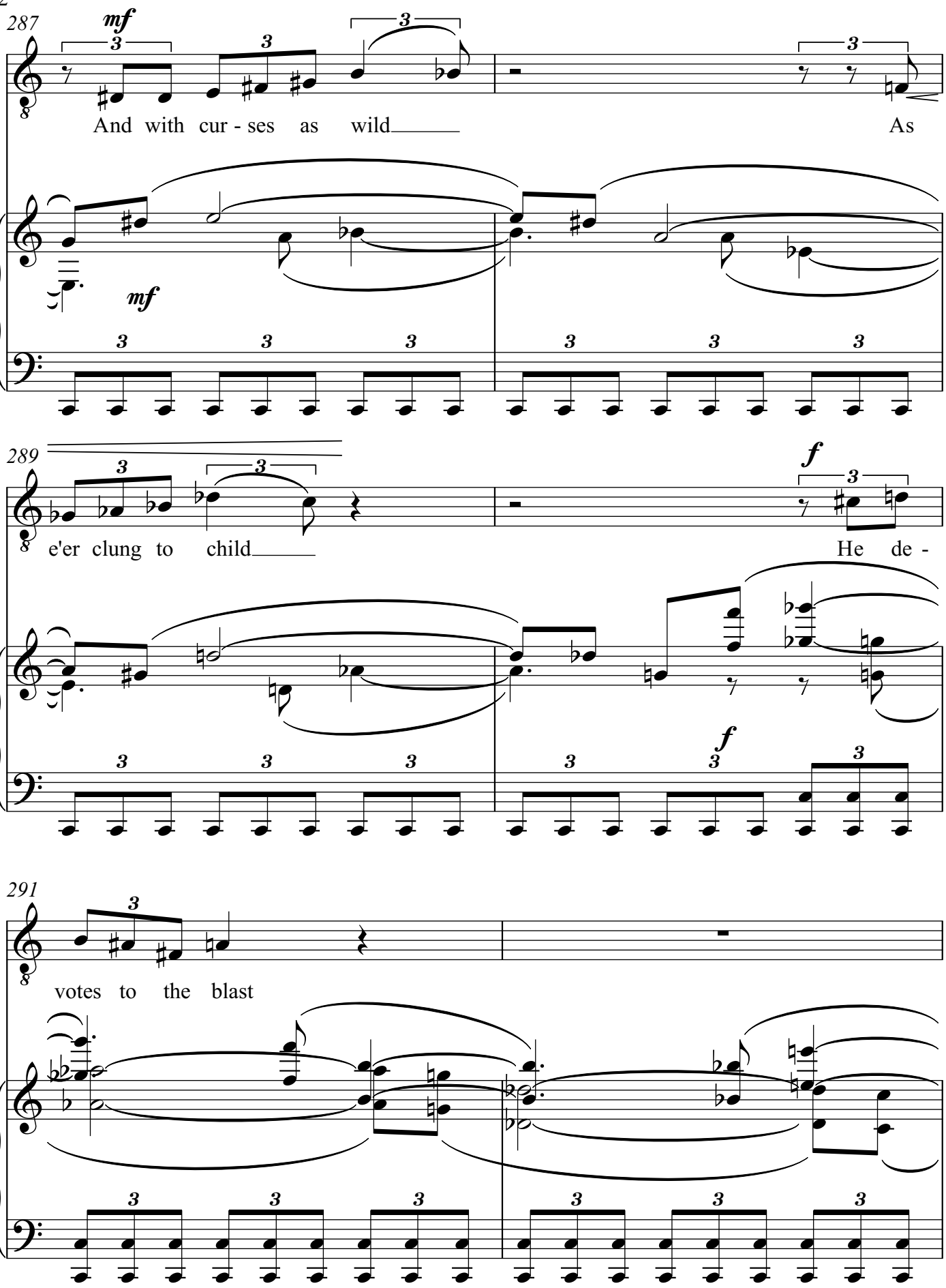

246
mf
To and fro.
mf
248
p
250

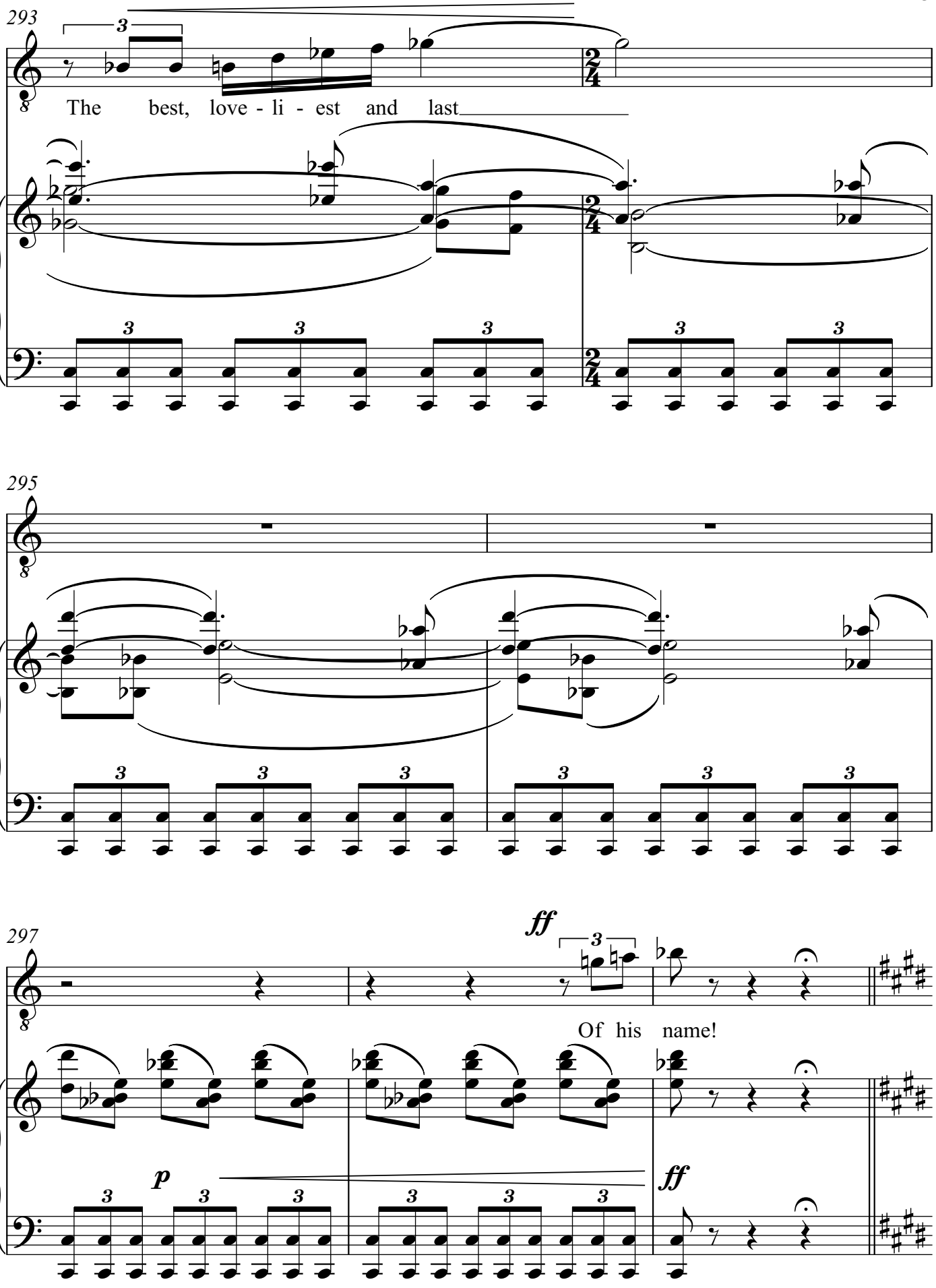

252
254
256
f
sfz


259
sfz
262
p
266
p
In the court of the fort- ress,
f
sfz
p


270
Be - side the pale port - ress,
Like a blood-hound well beat - en
272
The bride-groom stands, eat-en by shame.
f
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
f
275
On the top-most watch tur- ret,
As a death bod-ing spi-rit
p
p


278
Stands the gray ty-rantfa - ther, To his voice the mad wea-ther seems tame.
f
sfz
sfz
f
281
sfz
sfz
sfz
p
284


287
mf
And with cur - ses as wild
As
mf
289
e'er clung to child
He de -
f
f
291
votes to the blast


293
The best, love - li - est and last
295
297
ff
Of his name!
p
ff

To...

(...Mom)

300 **Allegretto**

ppp (***pp***)

304 (***ppp***) (***pp***)

308 sim.

312

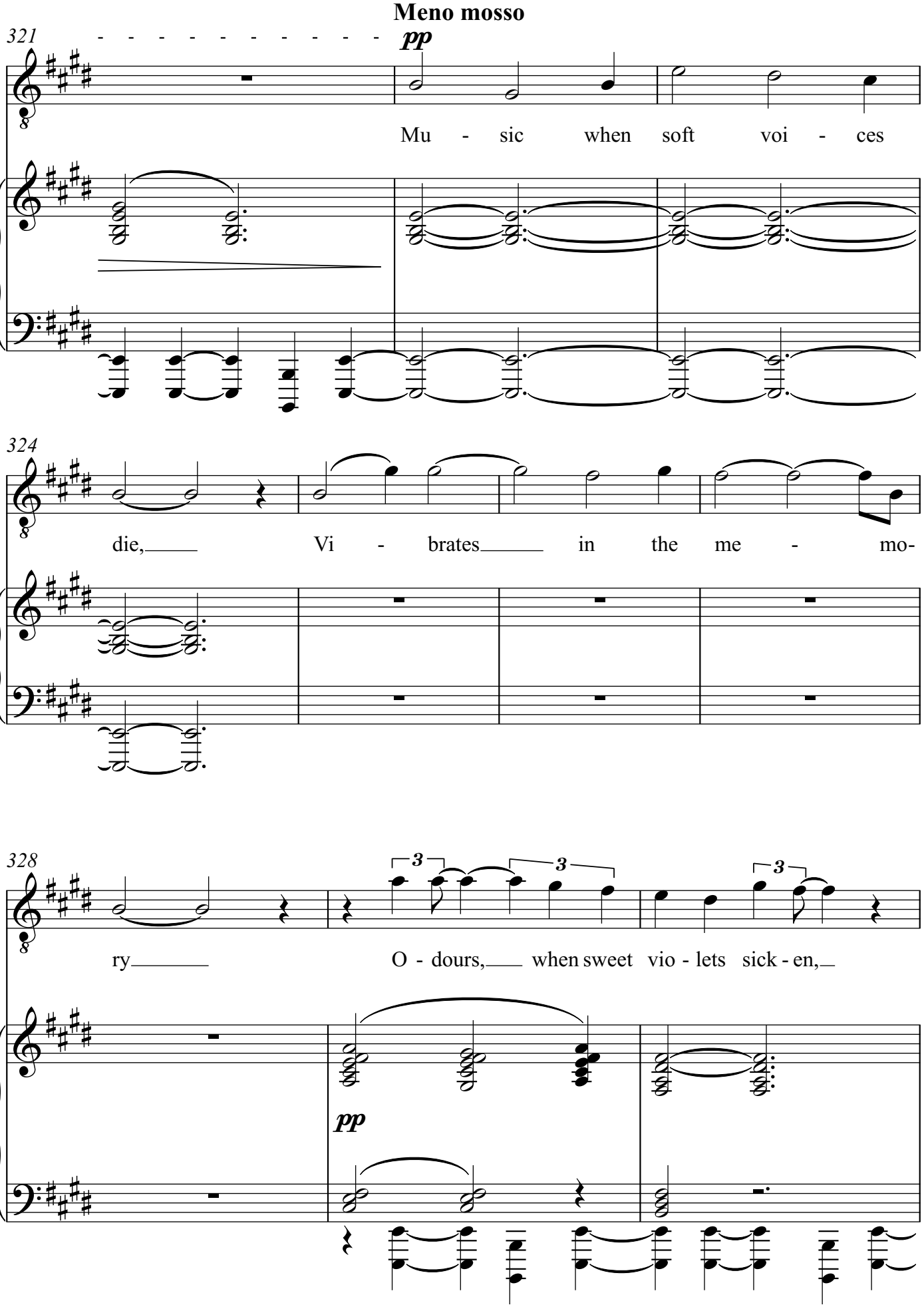
ppp

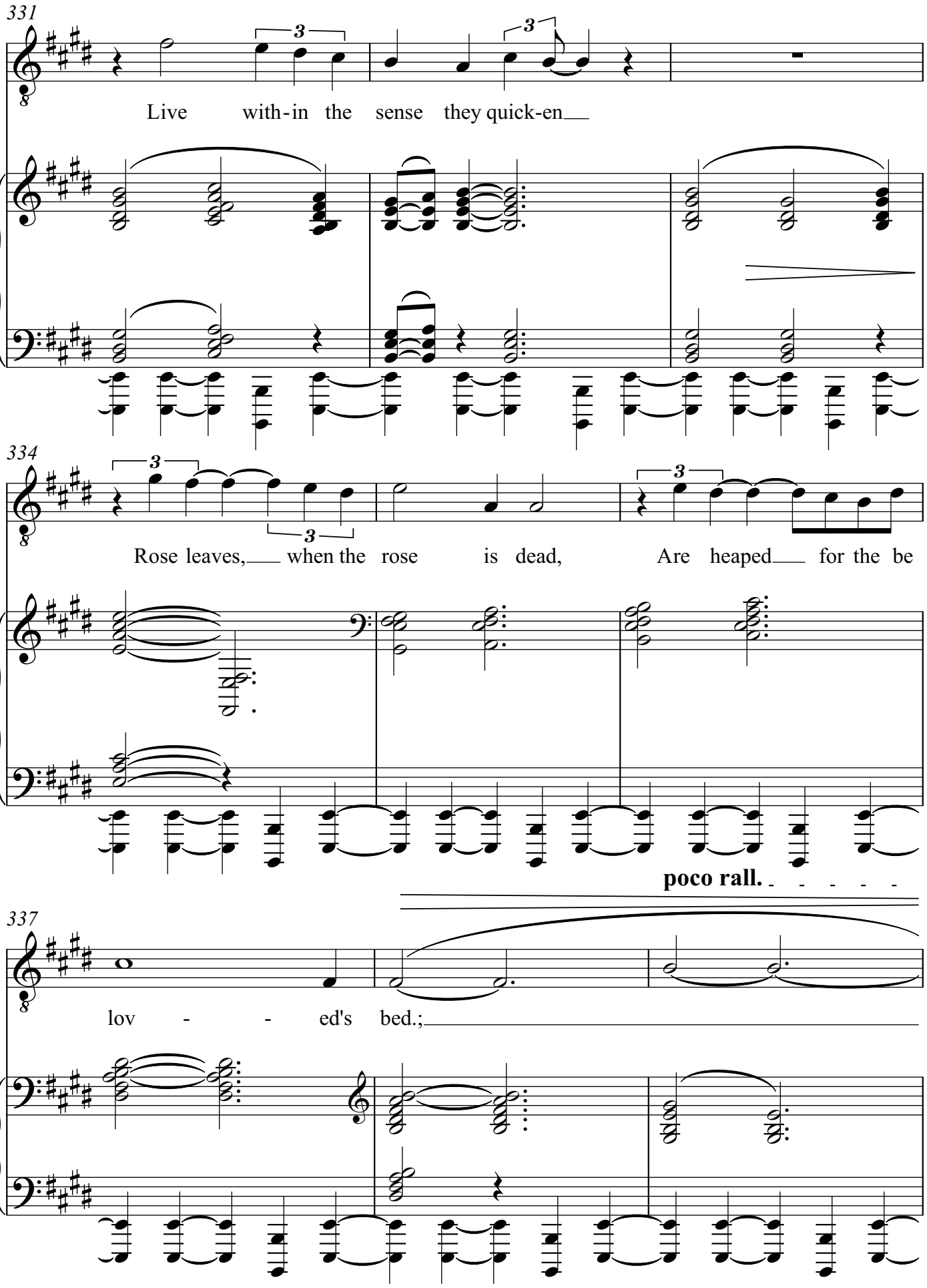
315

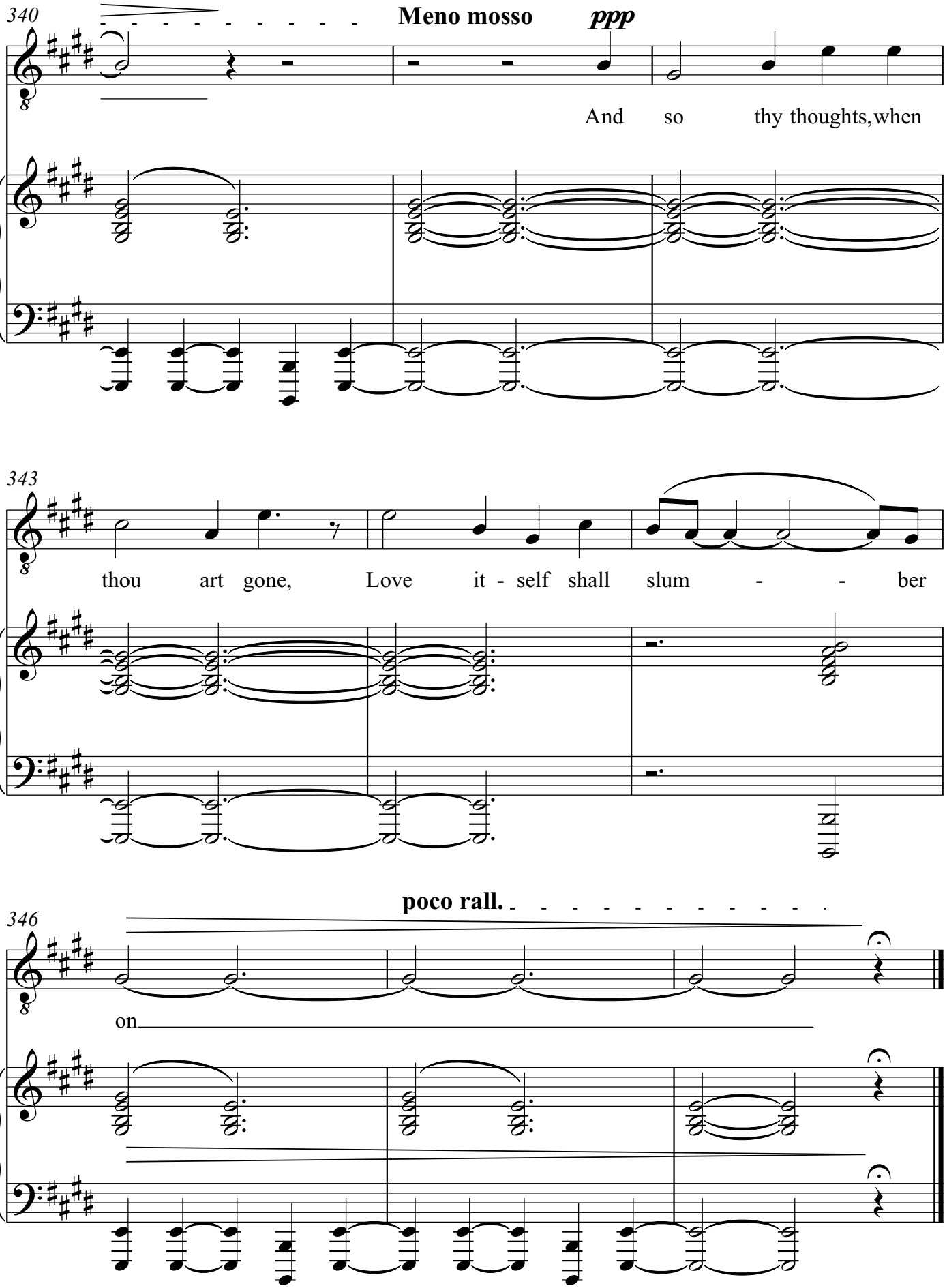
poco rall.

318

p


Meno mosso
321
pp
Mu - sic when soft voi - ces
324
die, Vi - brates in the me - mo-
328
ry O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick - en,
3
3
3
pp


331
Live with-in the sense they quick-en
334
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heaped for the be
poco rall.
337
lov - - ed's bed.;


340
Meno mosso
ppp
And so thy thoughts, when
343
thou art gone, Love it - self shall slum - - ber
346
poco rall.
on