A Shelley Triptych

Three Poems by

Percy Bysshe Shelley

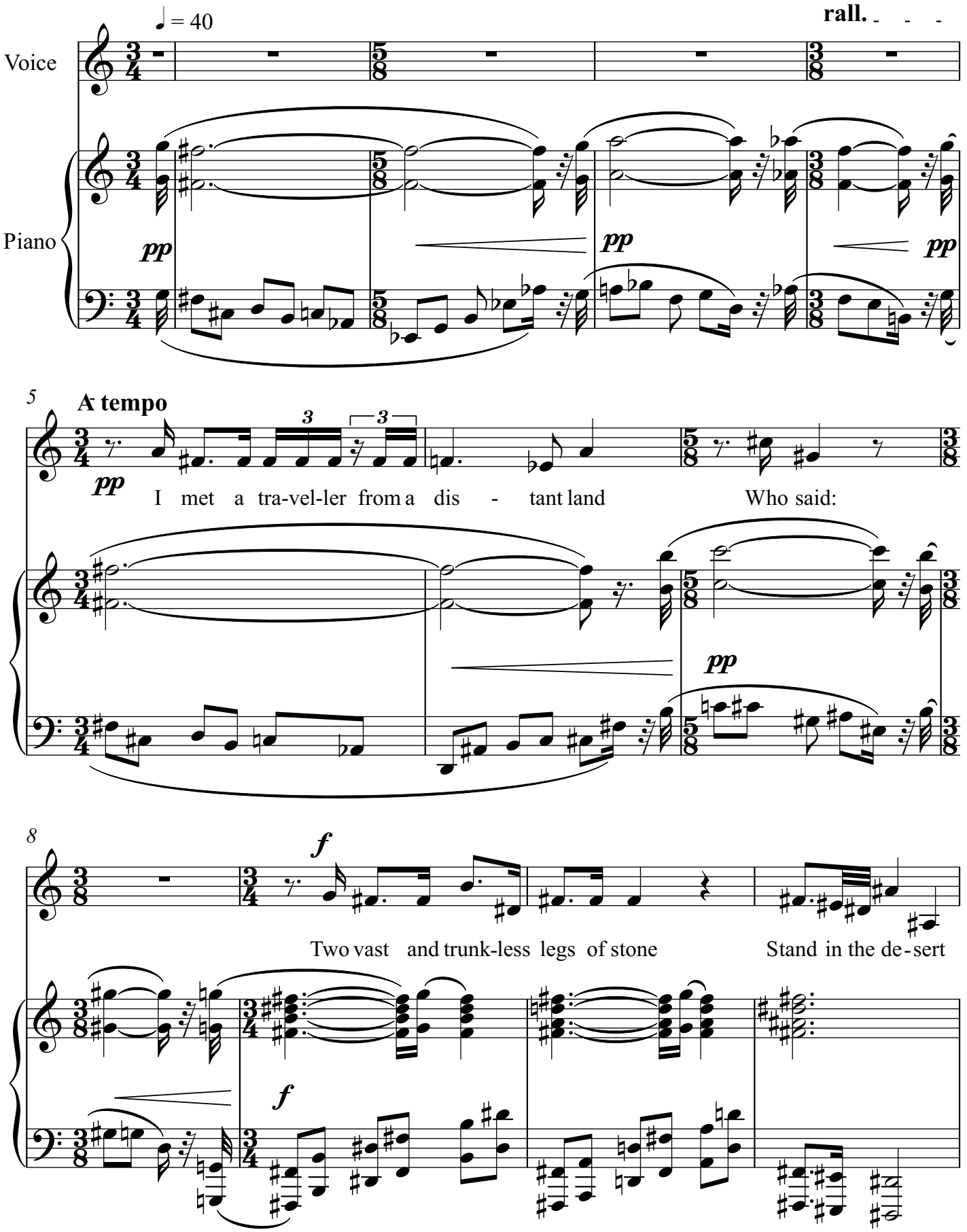
set to music by

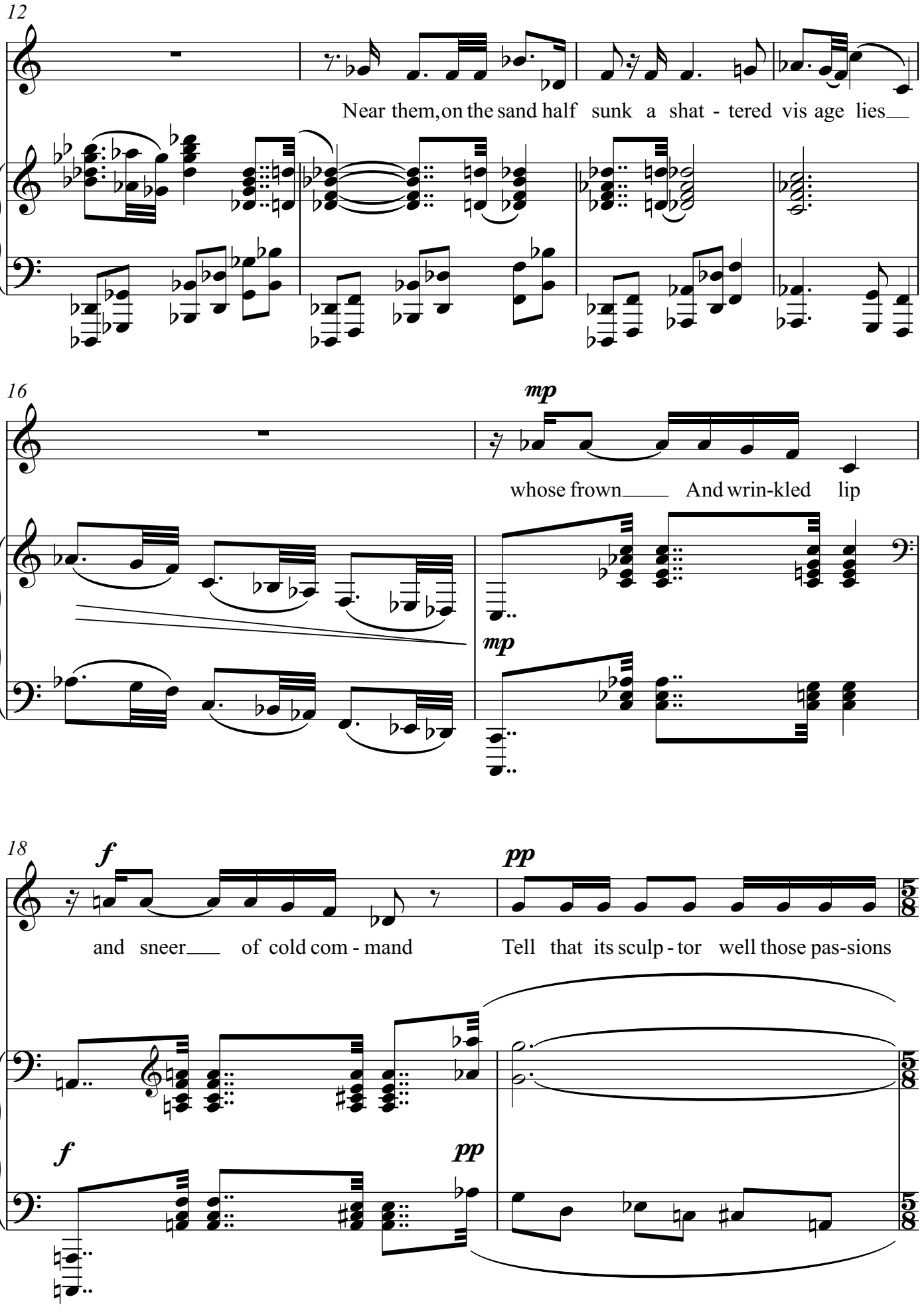
Richard Ratner

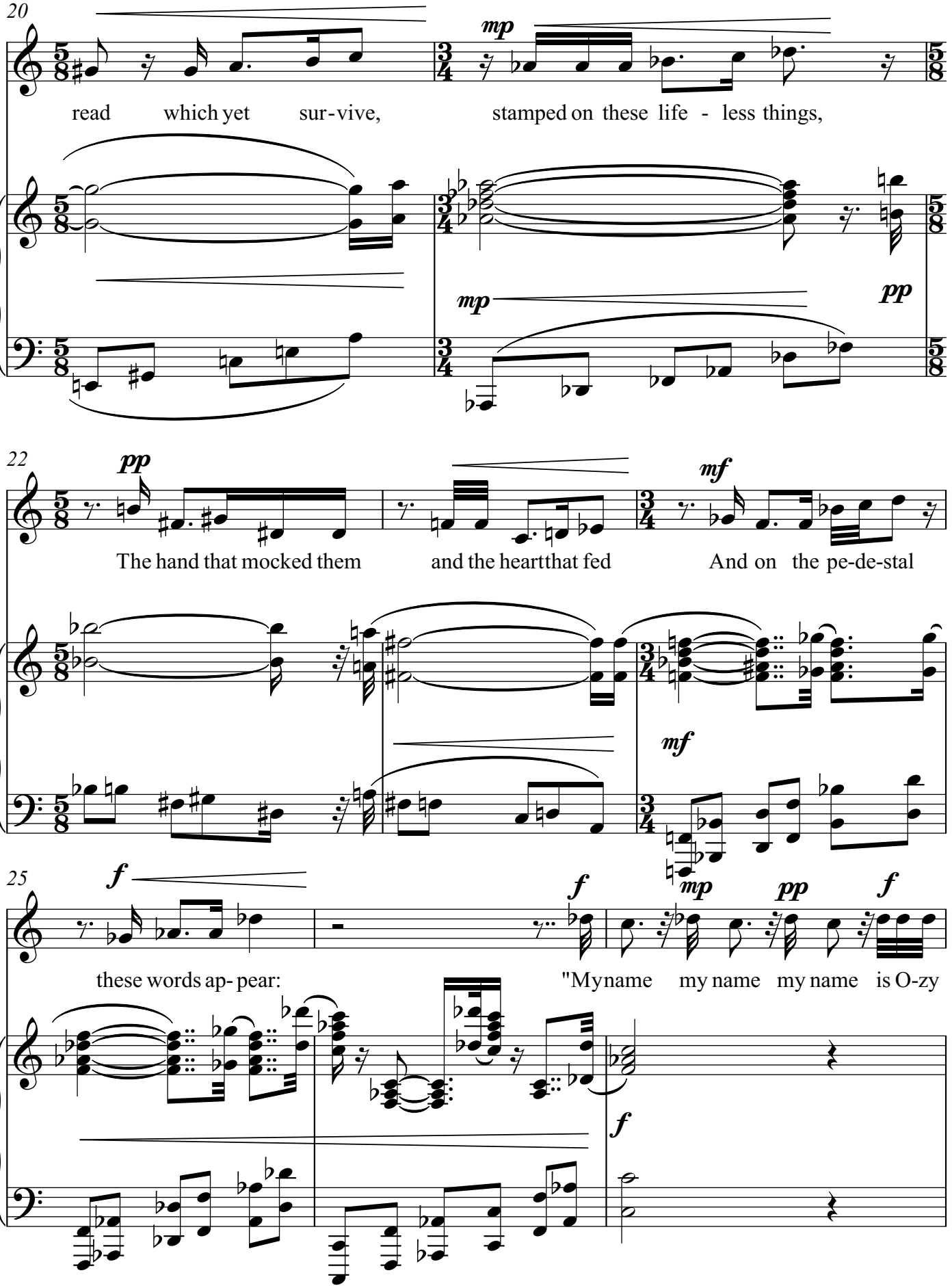
Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Richard Ratner




12
Near them, on the sand half sunk a shat - tered vis age lies
16
mp
whose frown And wrin-kled lip
mp
18
f
pp
and sneer of cold com - mand
Tell that its sculp - tor well those pas-sions
f
pp



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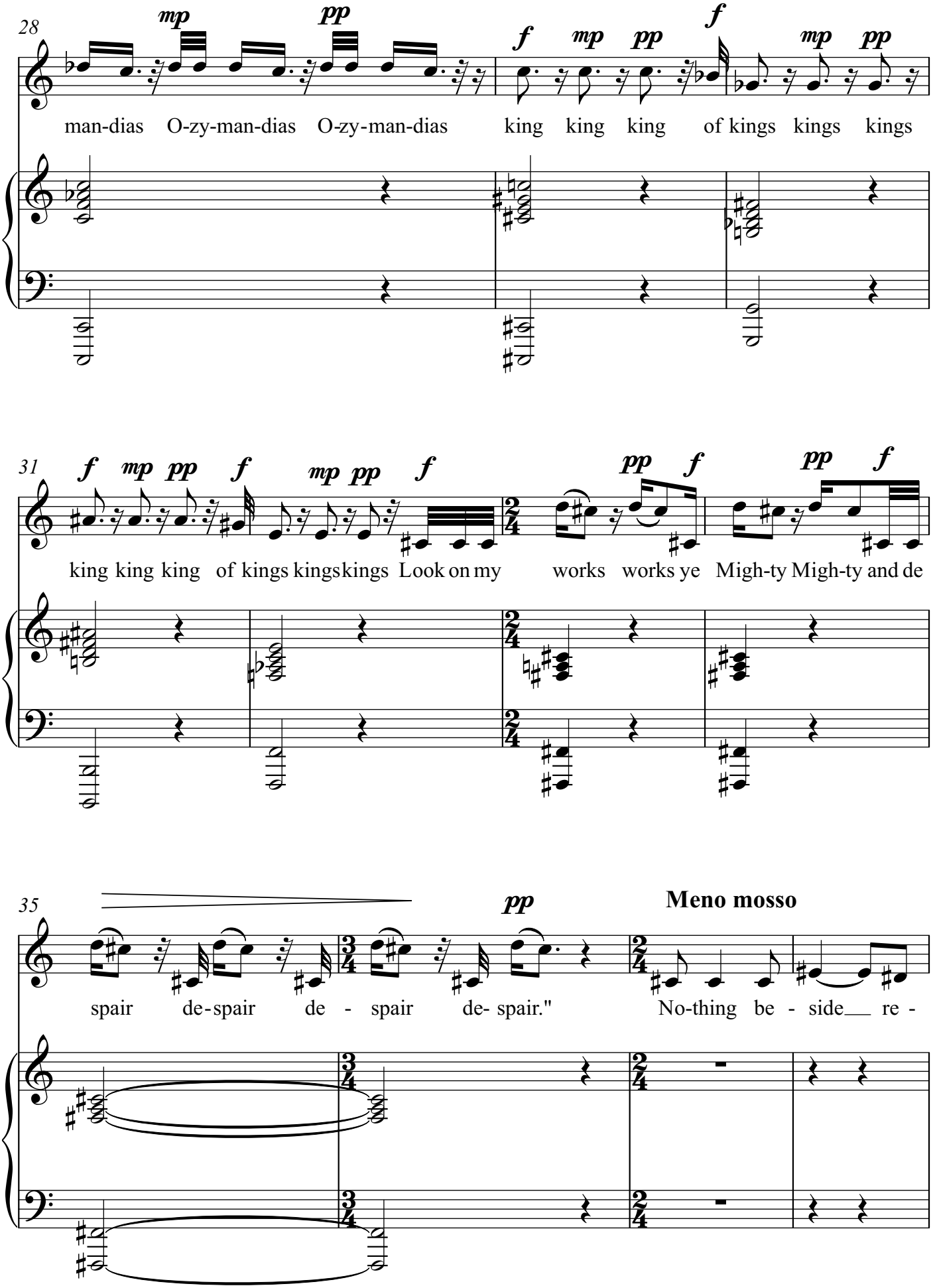
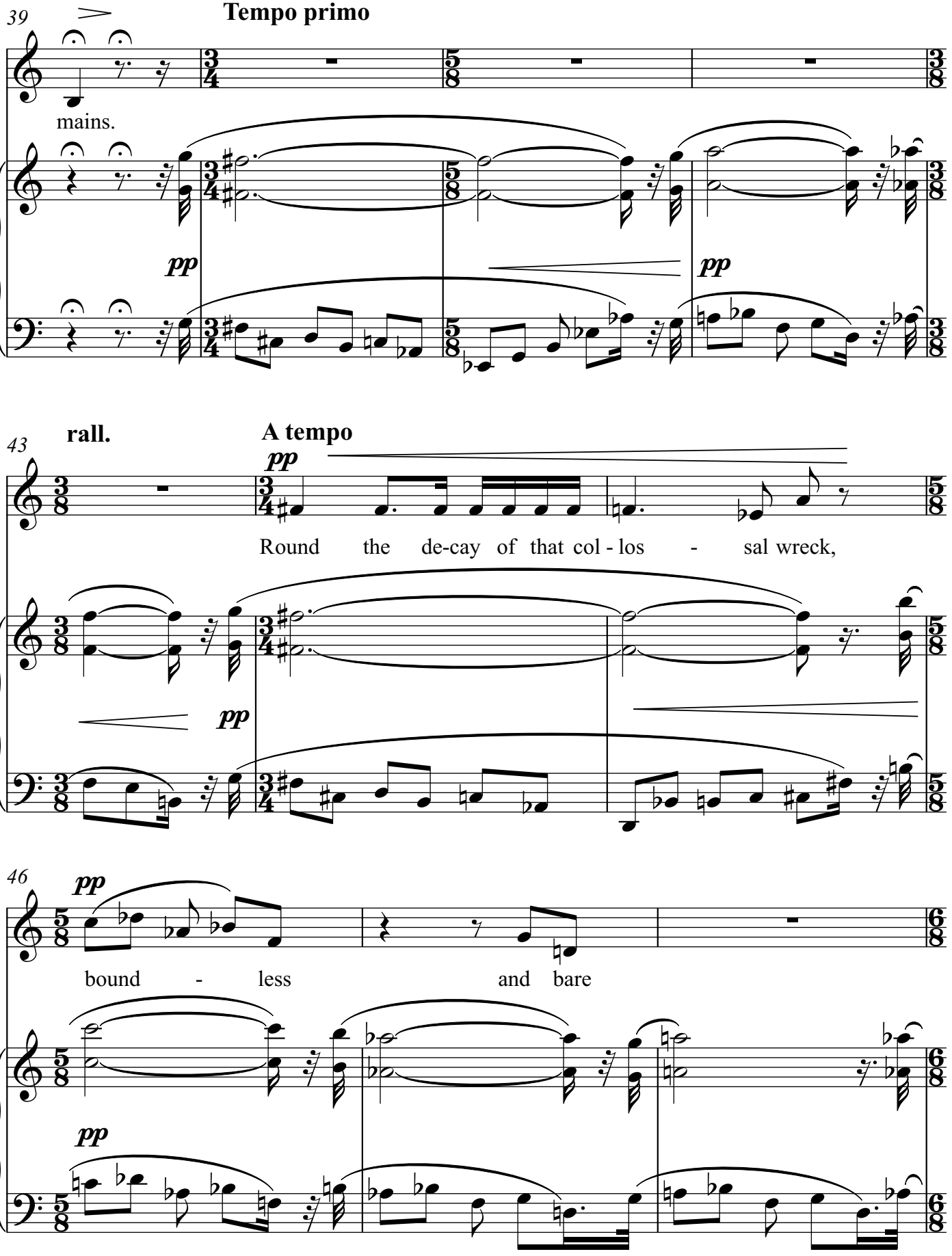
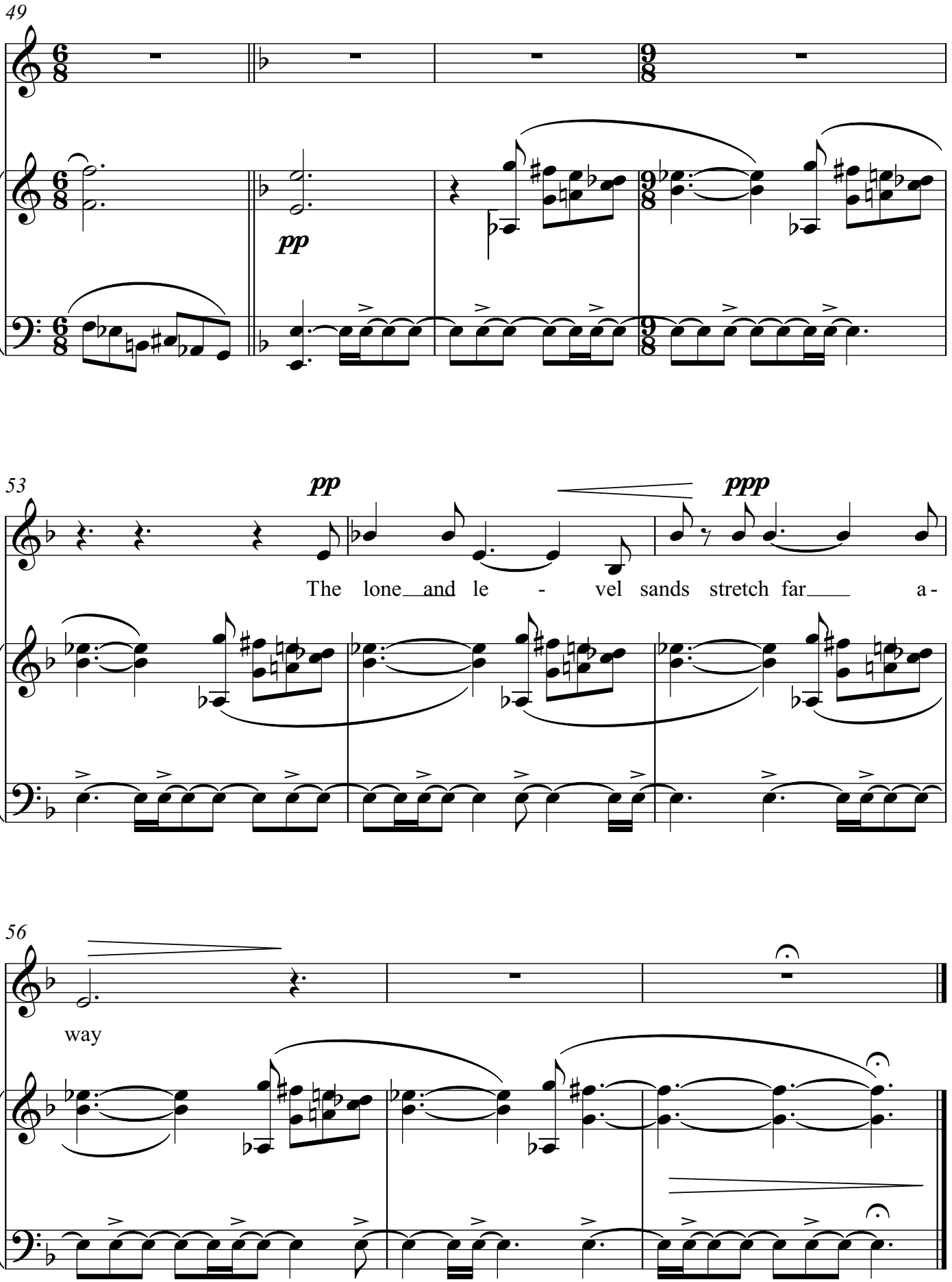
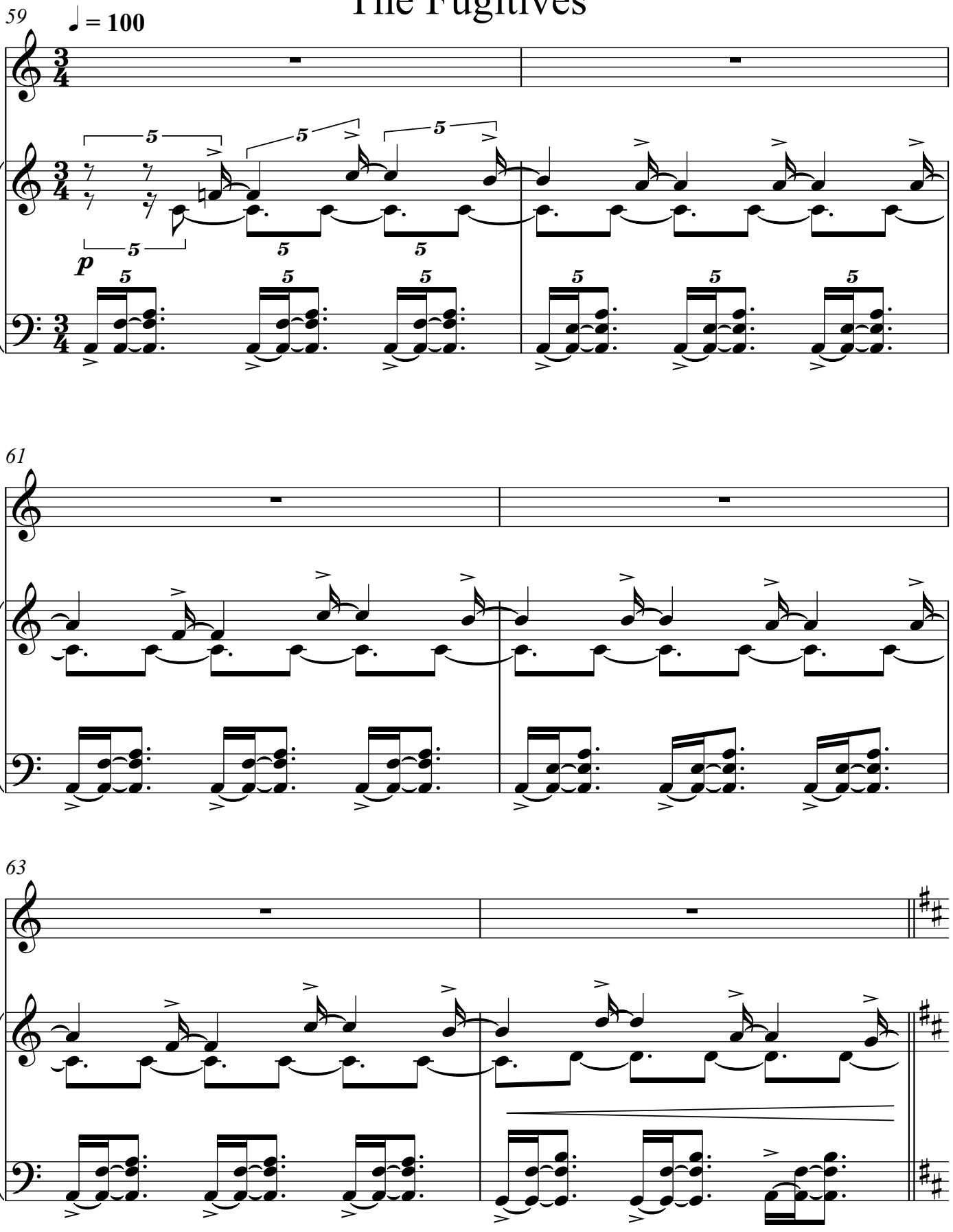

28
mp
pp
f
mp
pp
f
mp
pp
man-dias O-zy-man-dias O-zy-man-dias king king king of kings kings kings
31
f
mp
pp
f
mp
pp
f
pp
f
pp
f
king king king of kings kingskings Look on my works works ye Migh-ty Migh-ty and de
35
pp
Meno mosso
spair de-spair de - spair de- spair." No-thing be - side re -


39
Tempo primo
mains.
pp
pp
43
rall.
A tempo
pp
Round the de-cay of that col - los - sal wreck,
pp
46
pp
bound - less and bare
pp


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

The Fugitives



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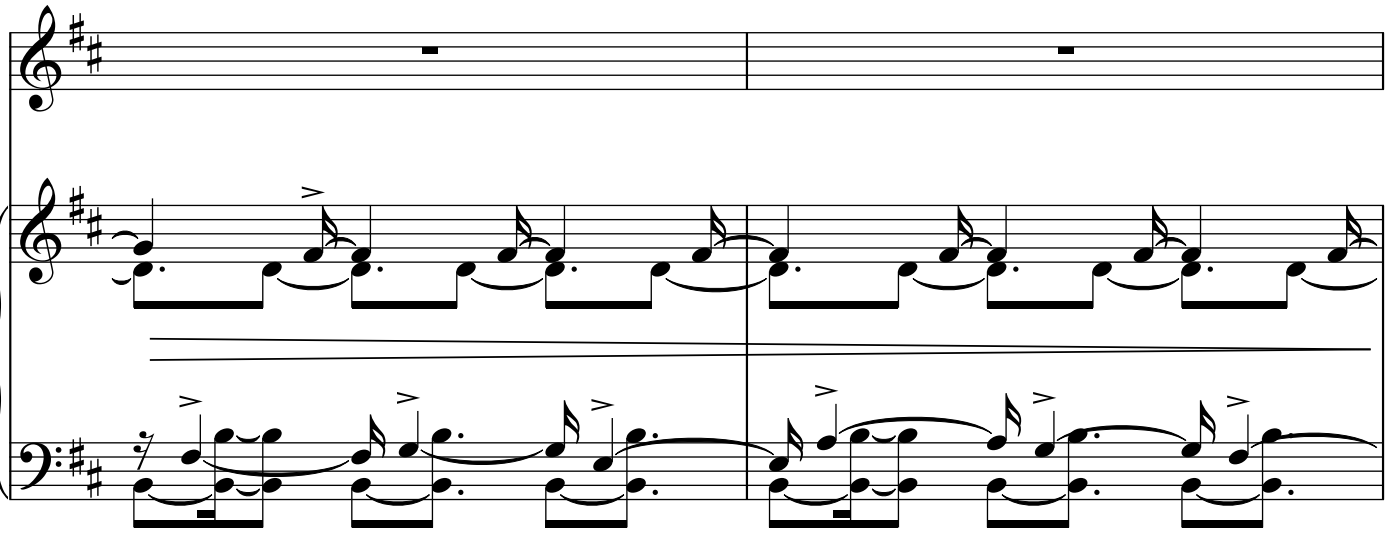
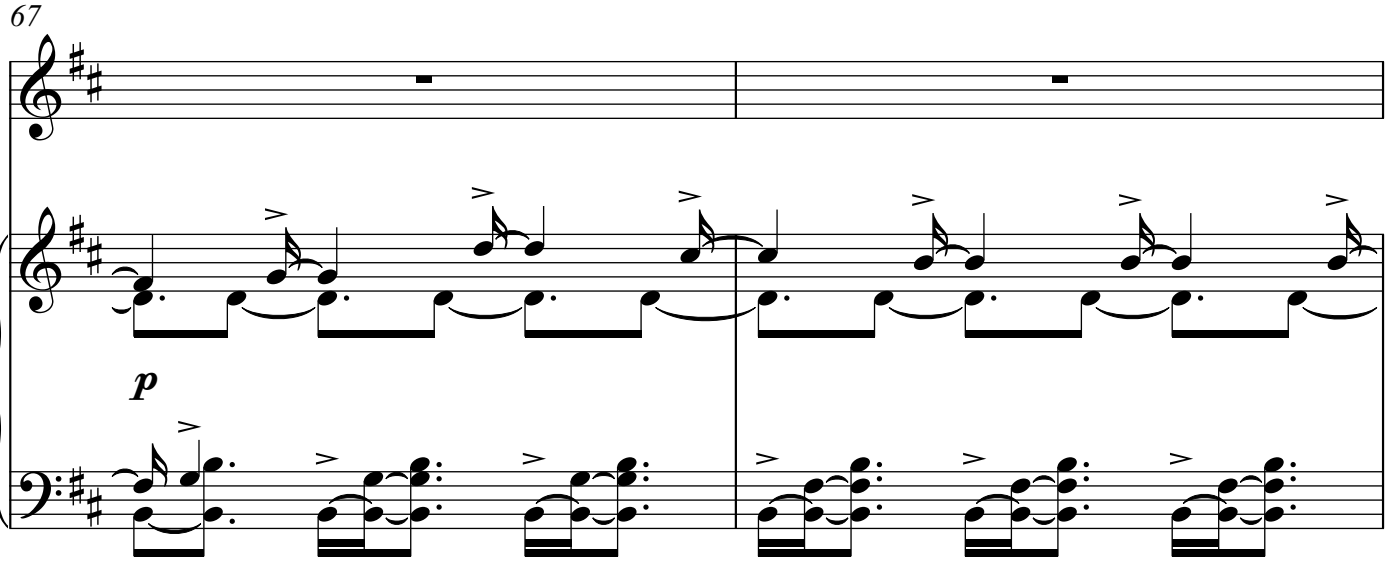
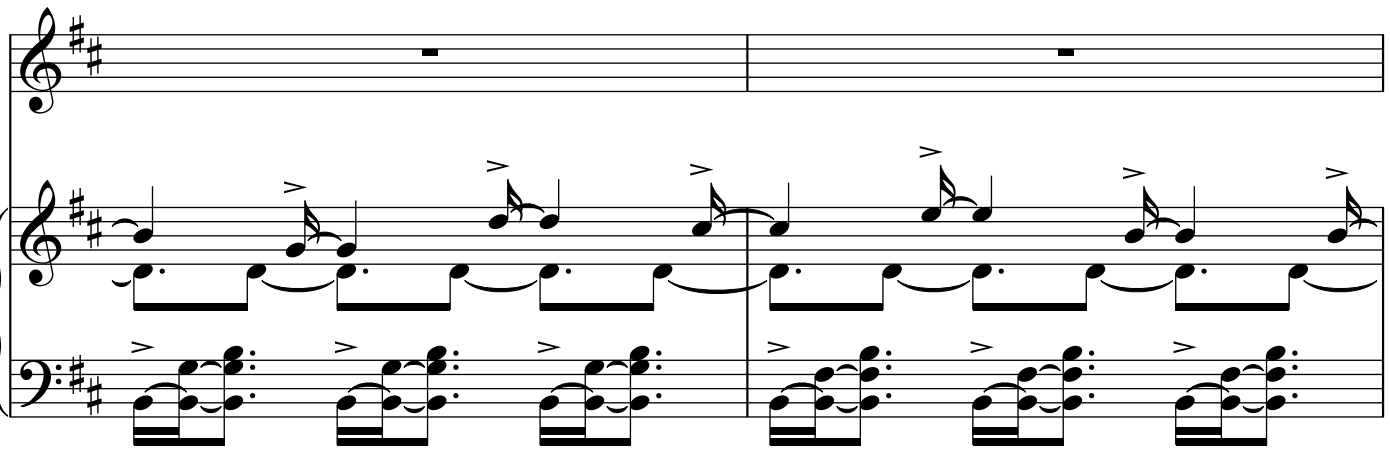


67



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

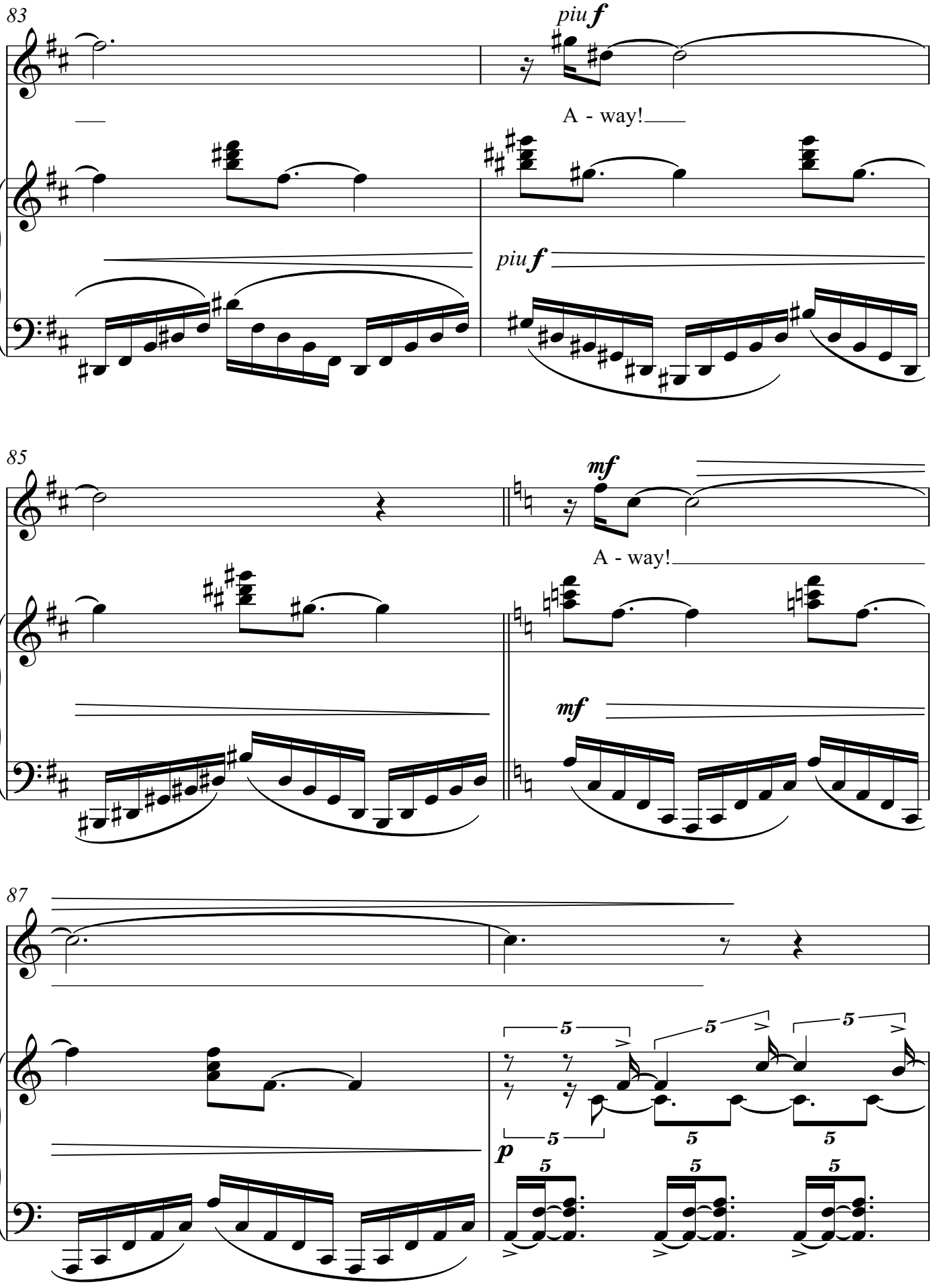
81

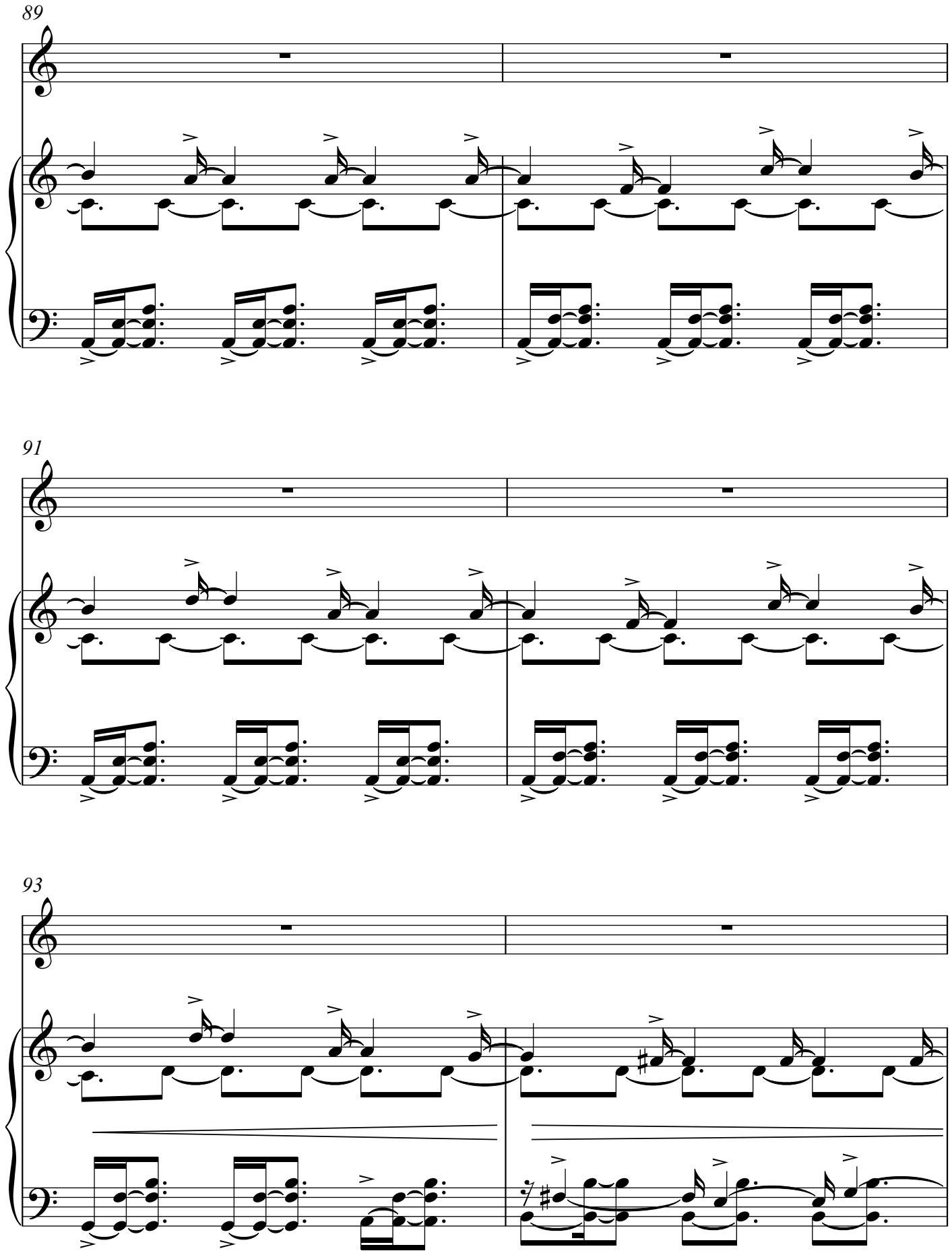
3

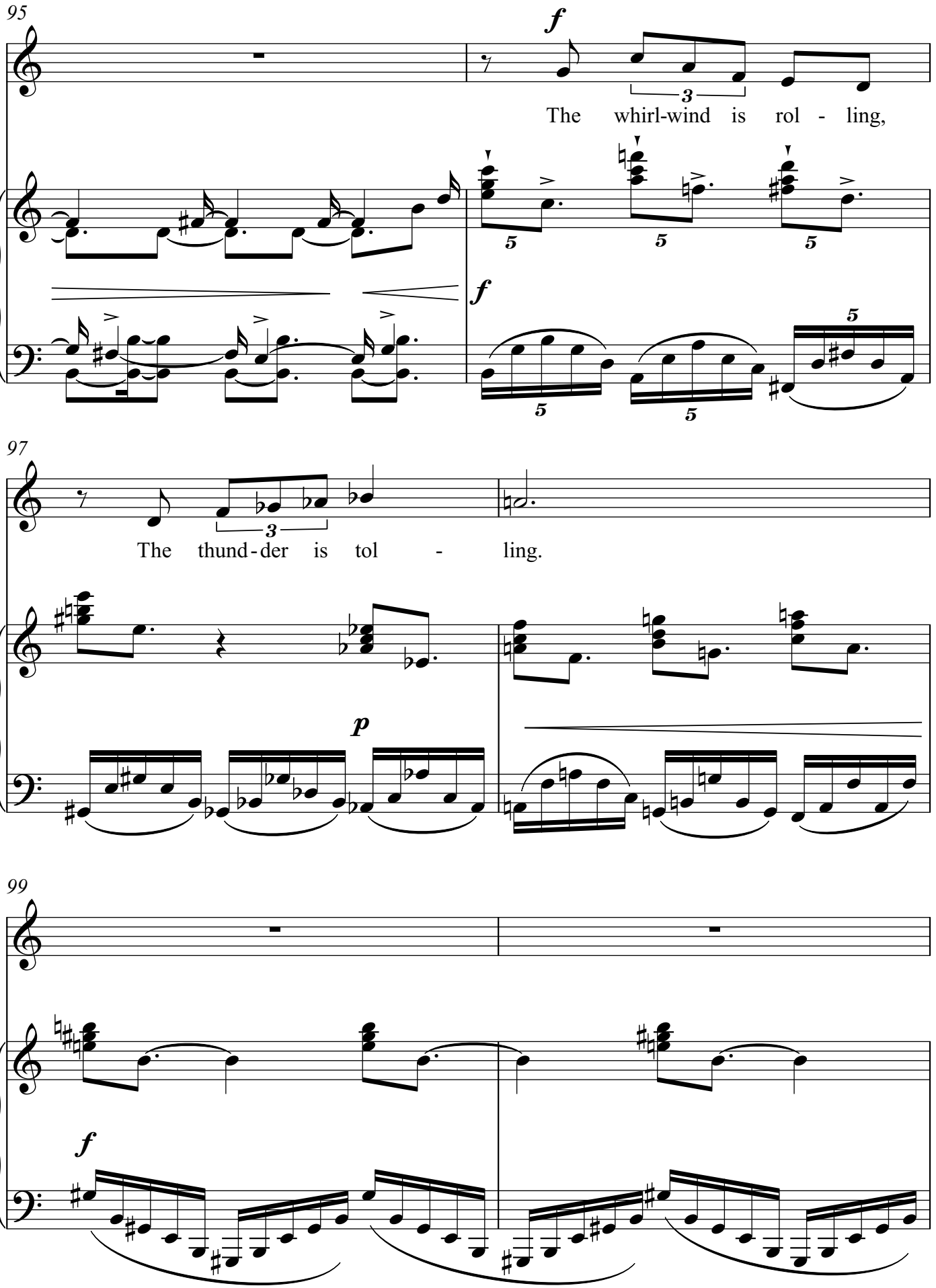
The hoar-spray is dan - cing

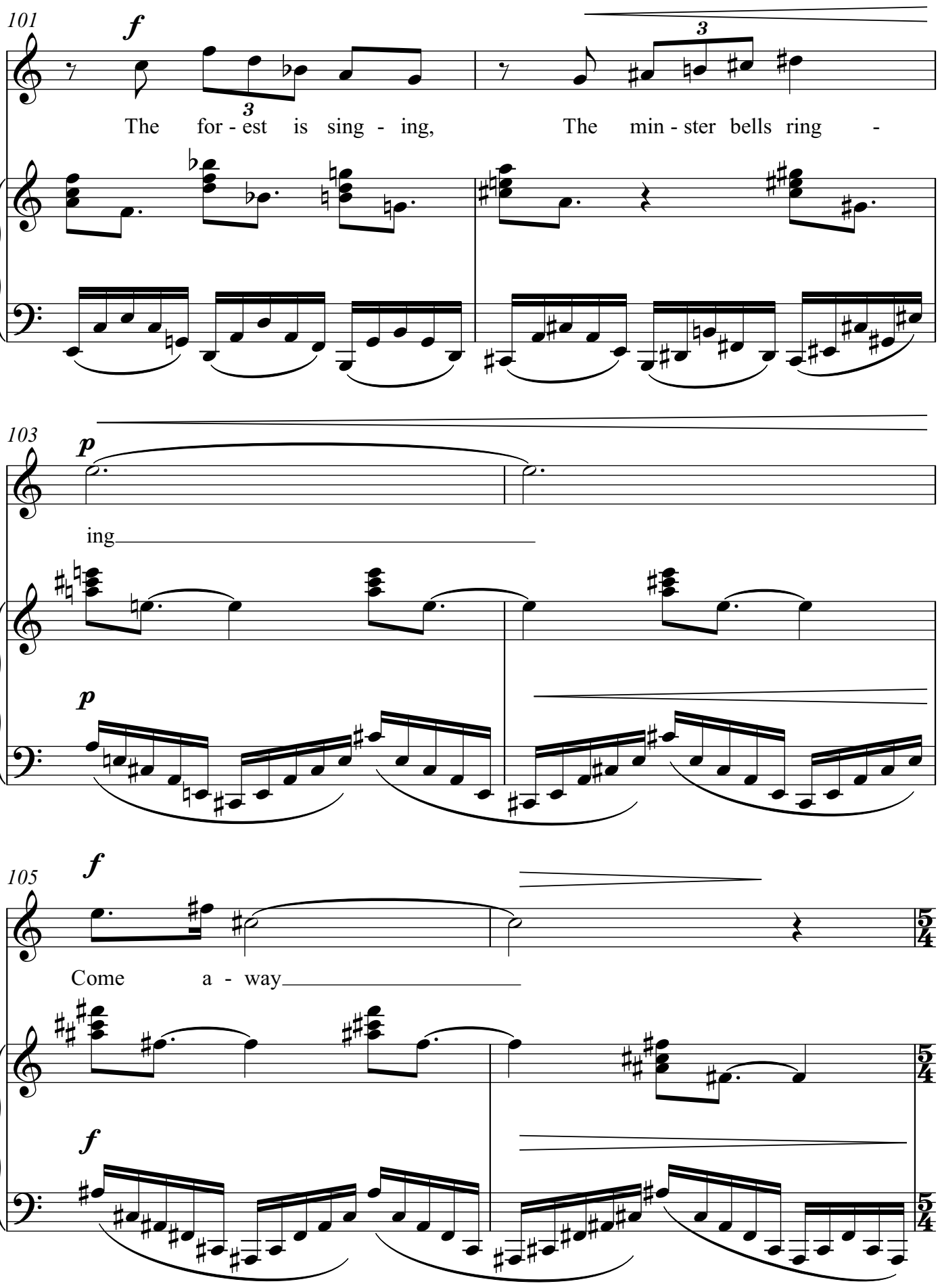
p

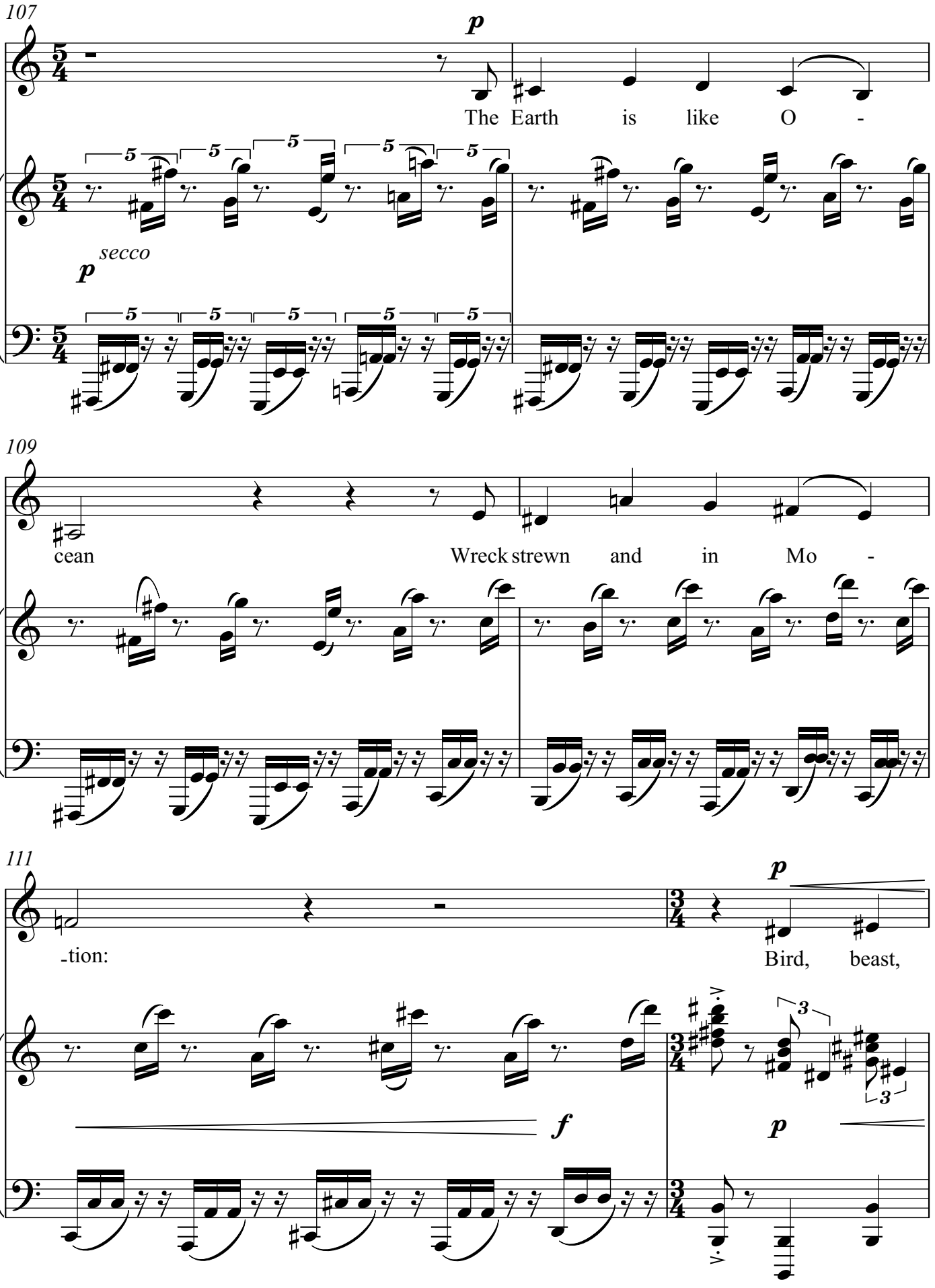
f

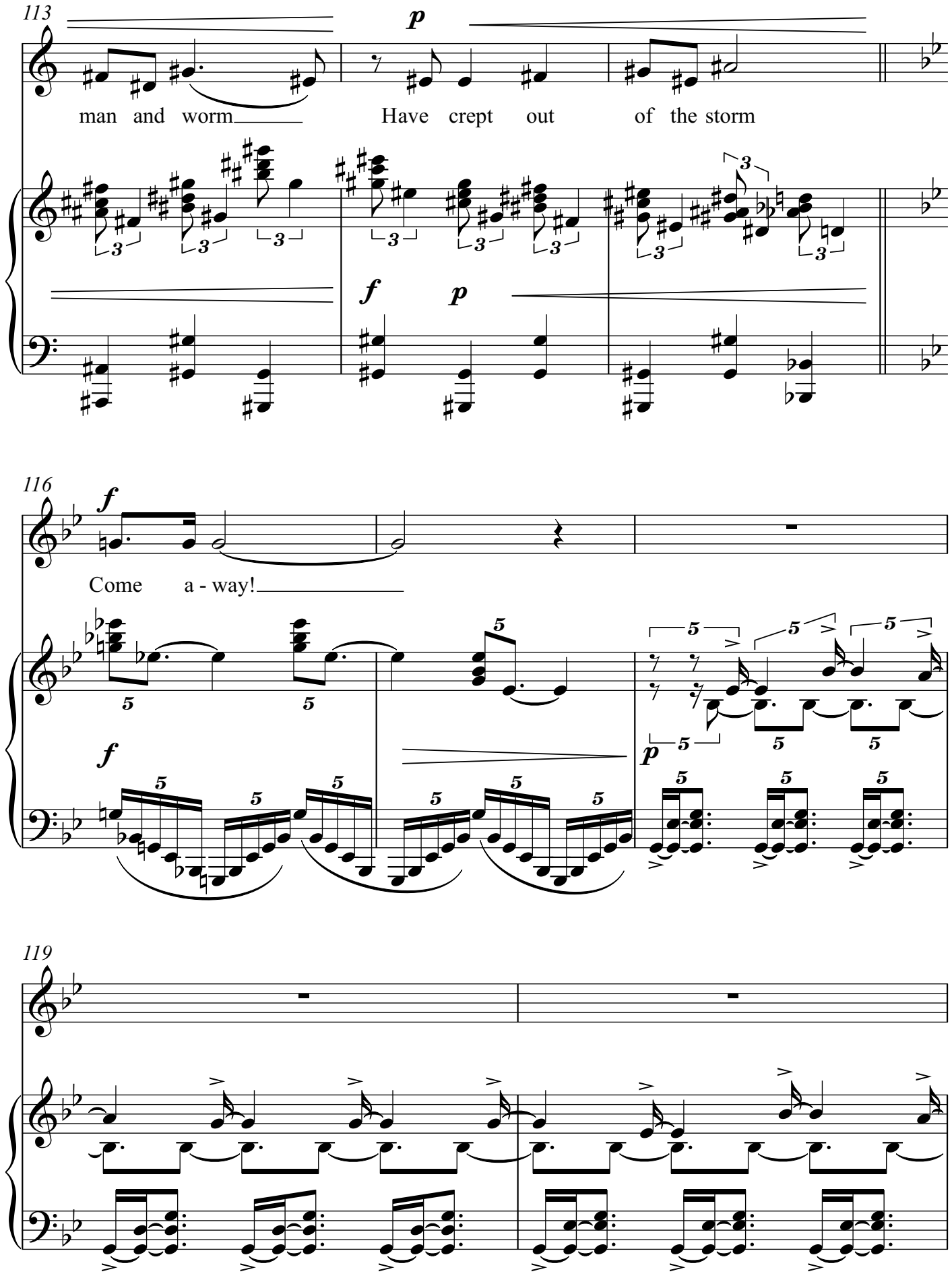

83
piu f
A - way!
piu f
85
mf
A - way!
mf
87
5
5
5
p
5
5
5

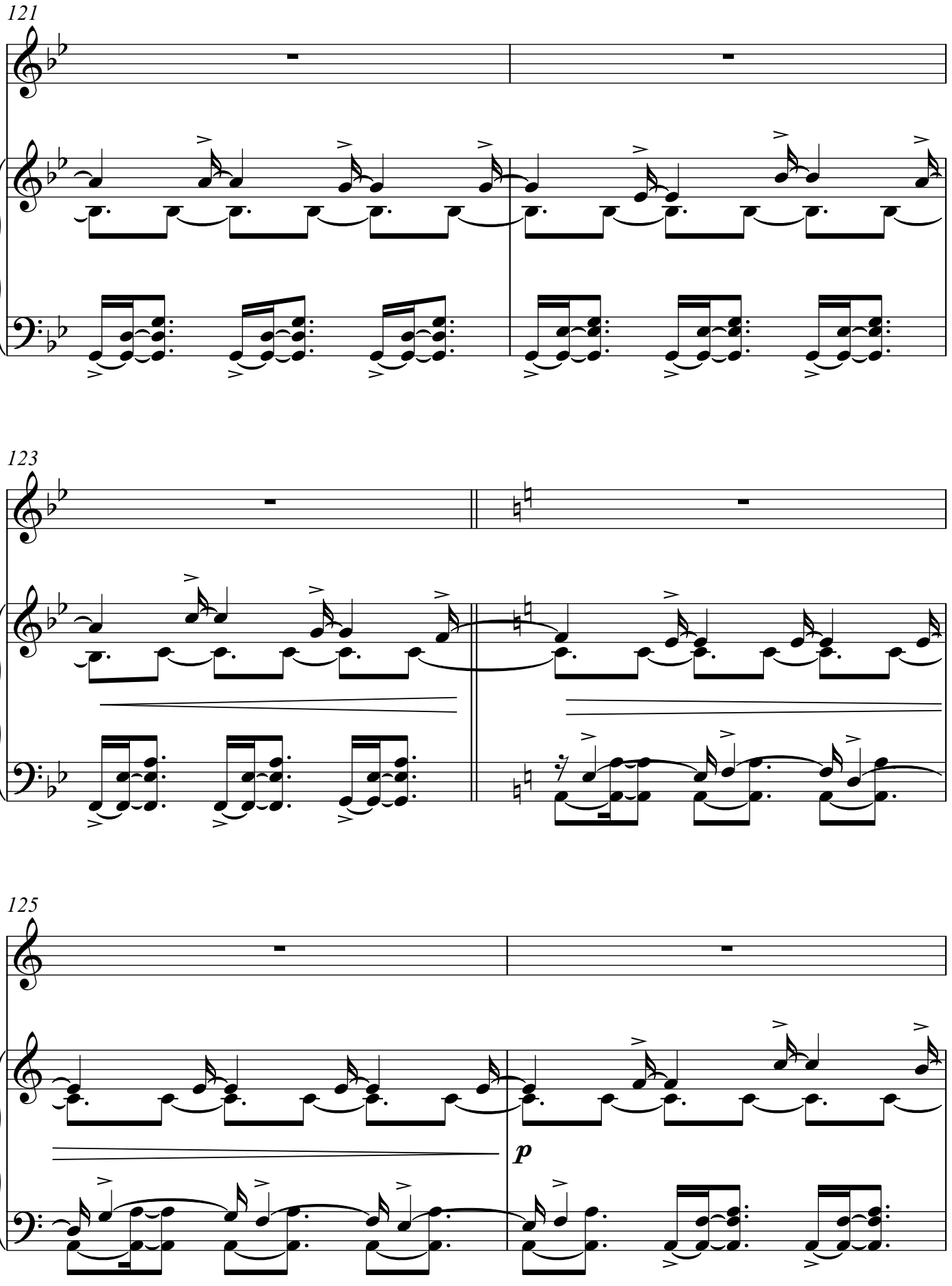

89
91
93

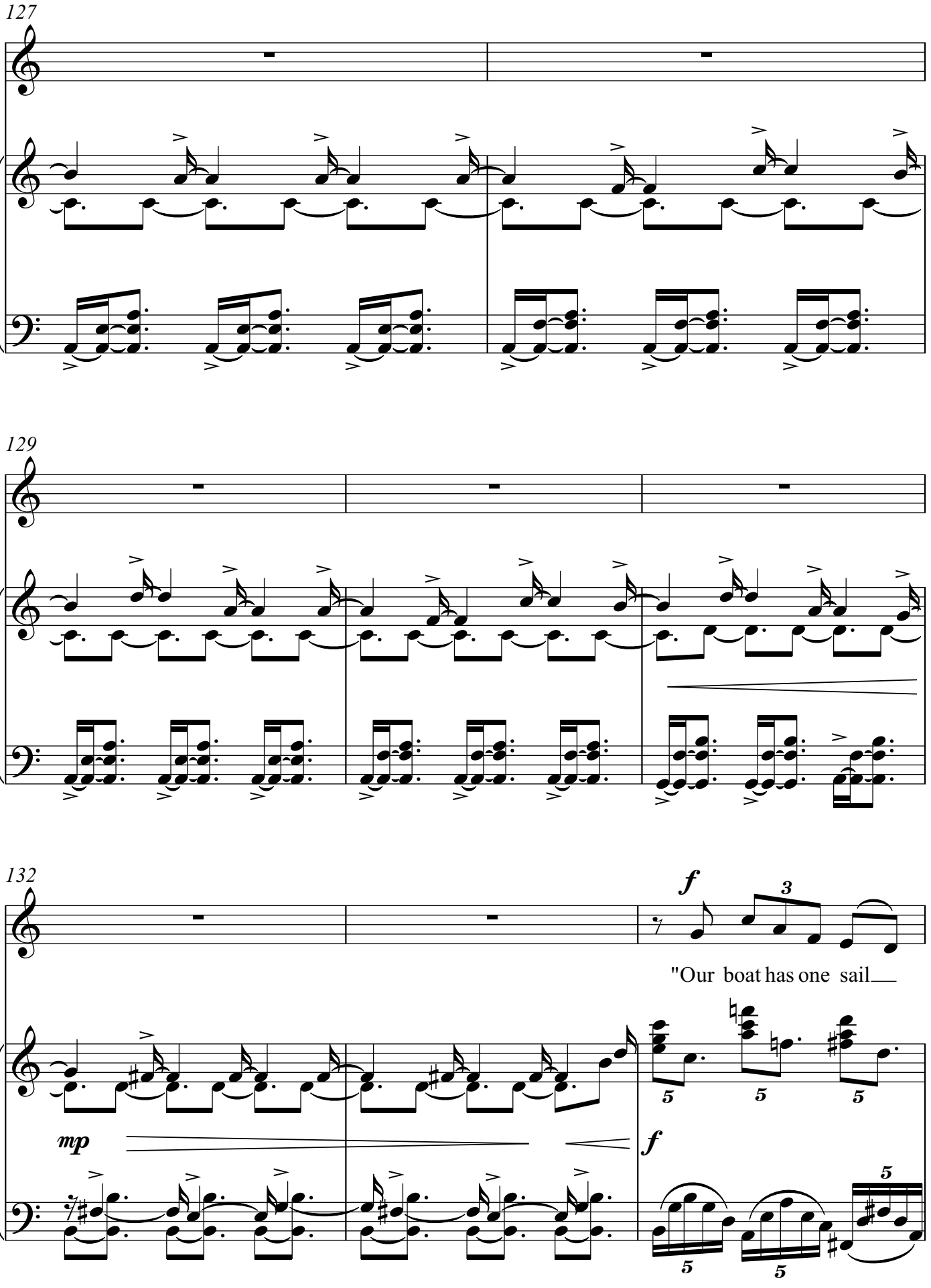

95
f
3
The whirl-wind is rol - ling,
5
5
5
f
5
5
5
97
3
The thund - der is tol - ling.
p
99
f

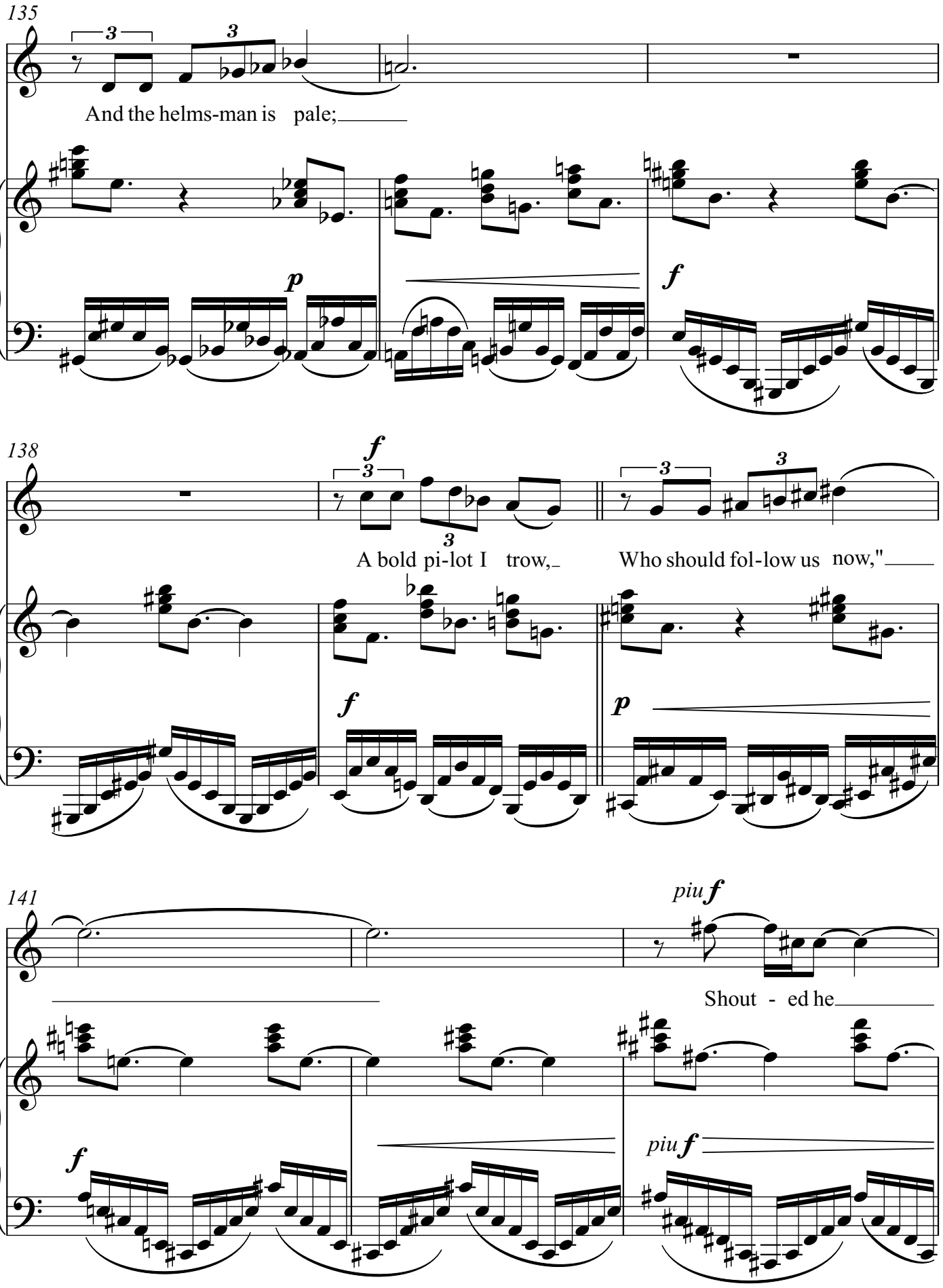

101
f
3
3
The for - est is sing - ing, The min - ster bells ring -
103
p
ing
p
105
f
Come a - way
f
5/4
5/4
5/4

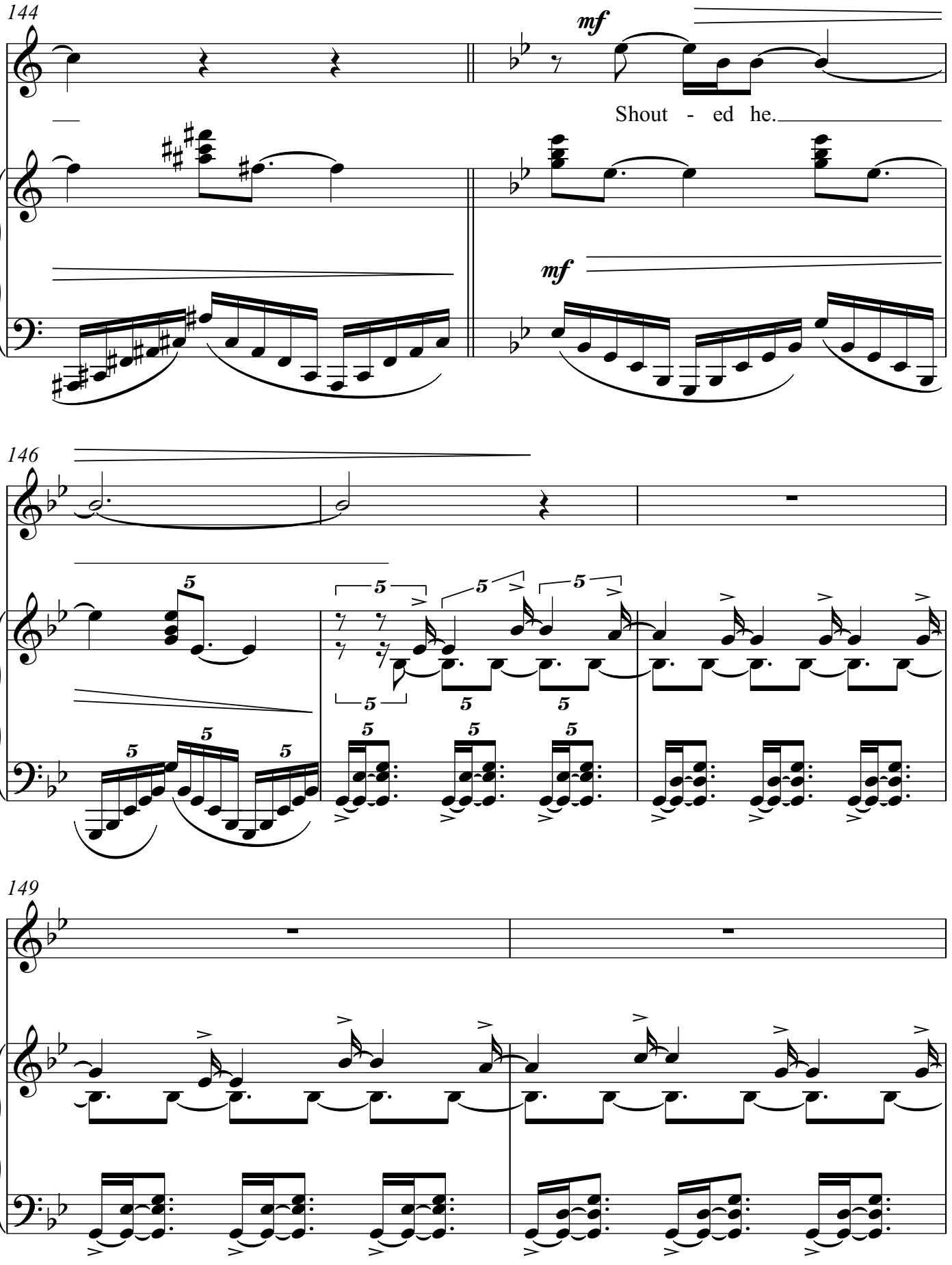

107
p
The Earth is like O -
p secco
109
cean Wreck strewn and in Mo -
111
-tion:
p
Bird, beast,
f
p

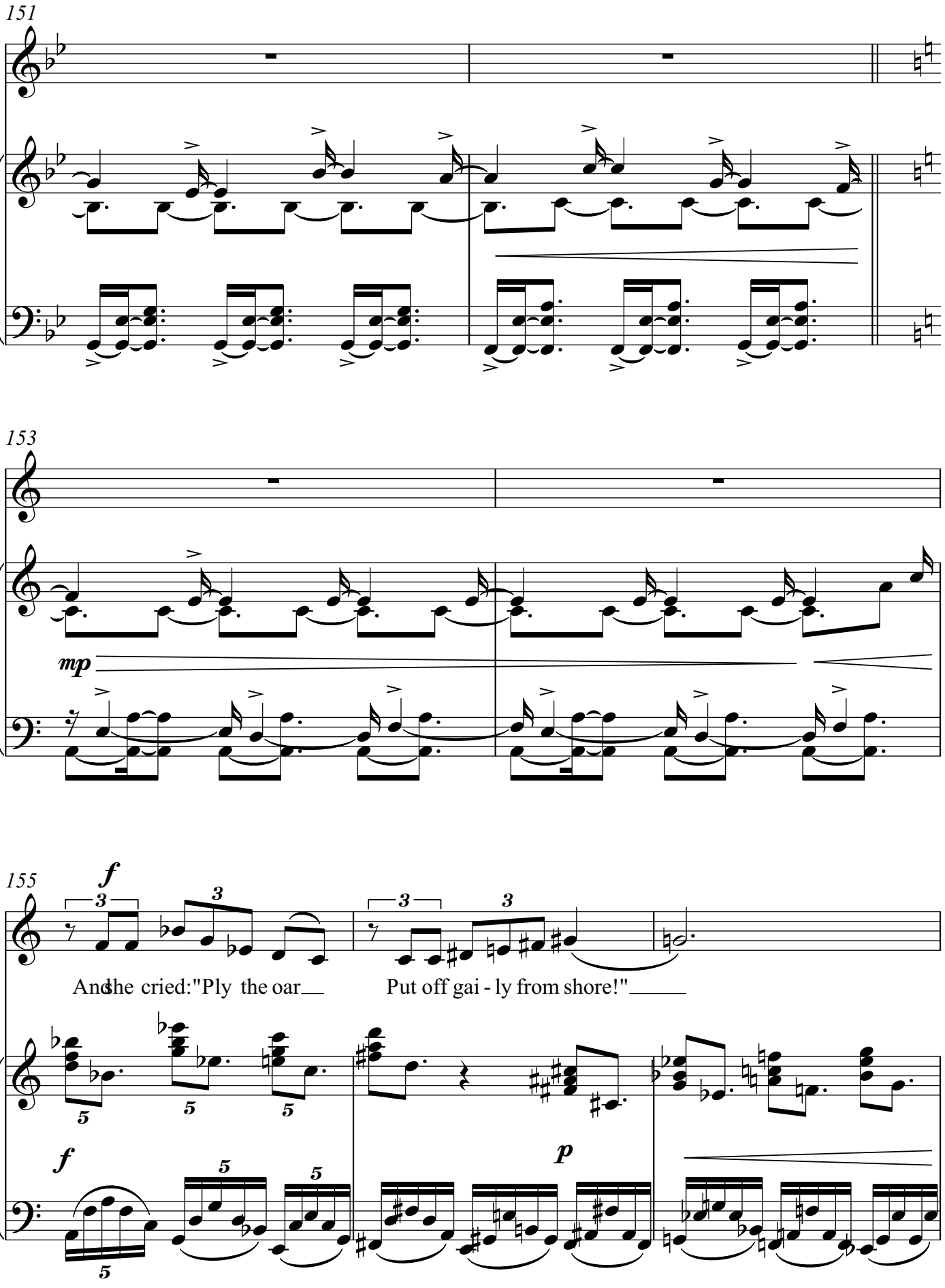

113
p
man and worm
Have crept out of the storm
f
p
116
f
Come a - way!
f
p
119

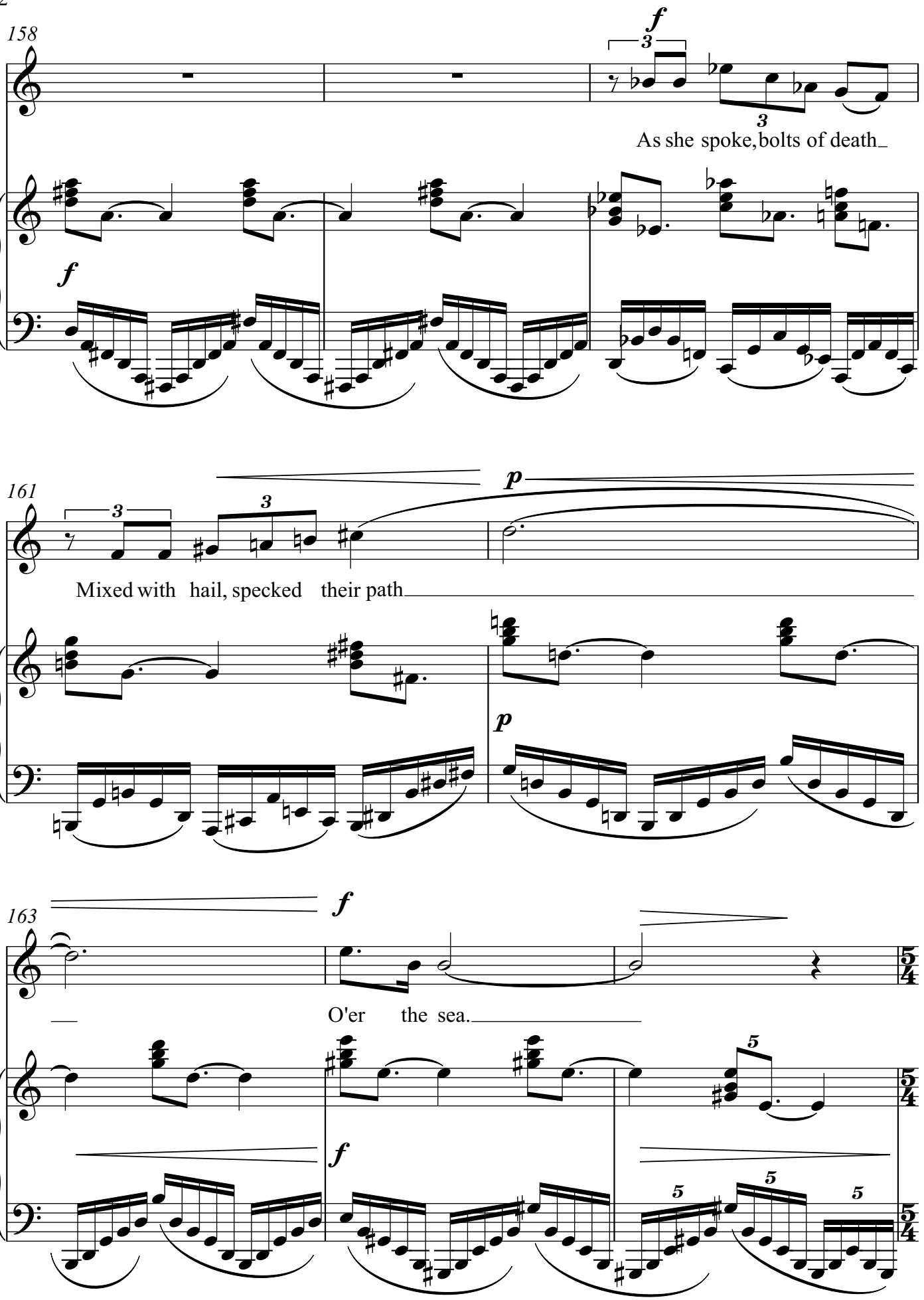

121
123
125
p

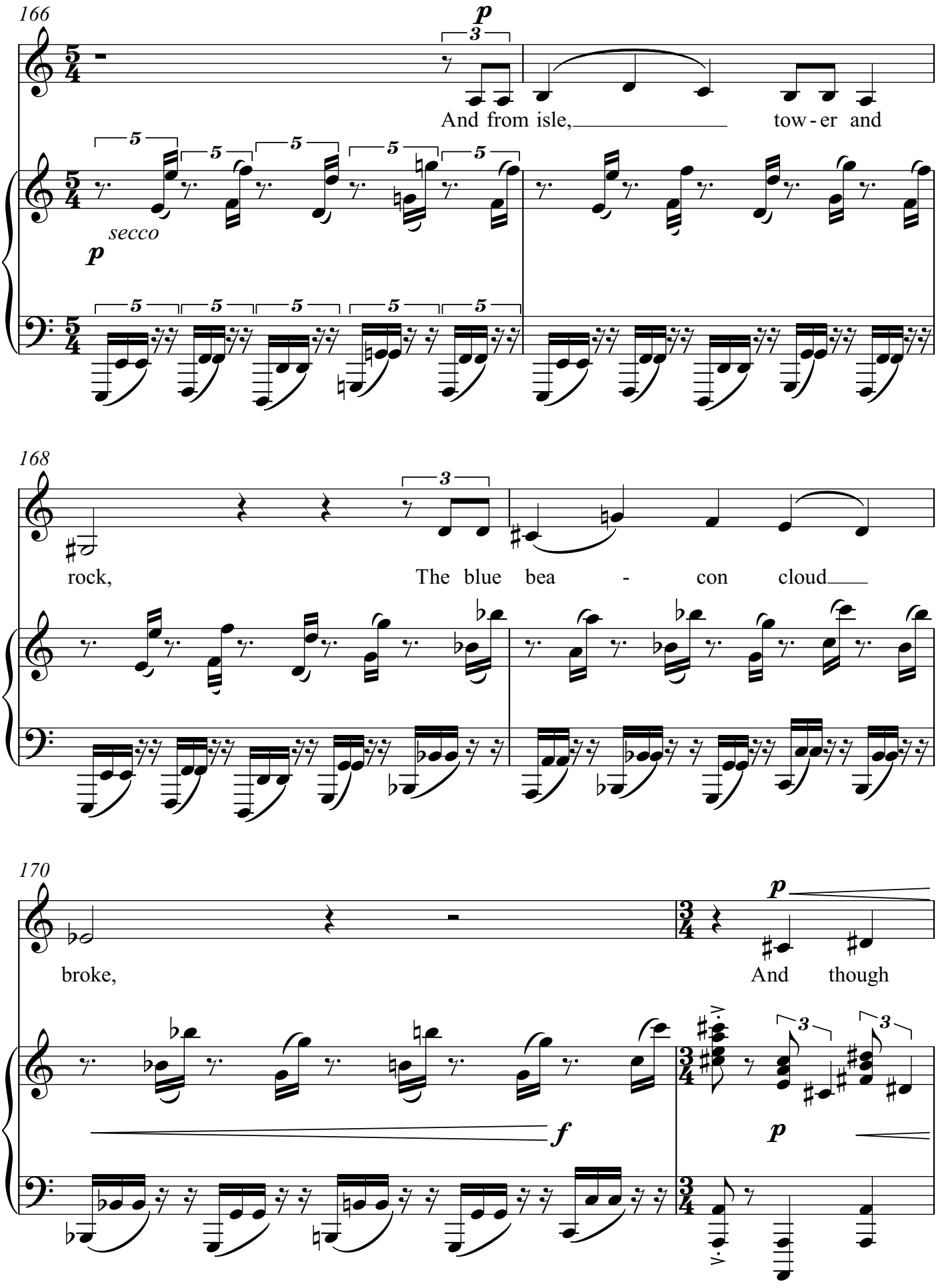

127
129
132
f
3
"Our boat has one sail
mp
f
5
5
5
5
5
5

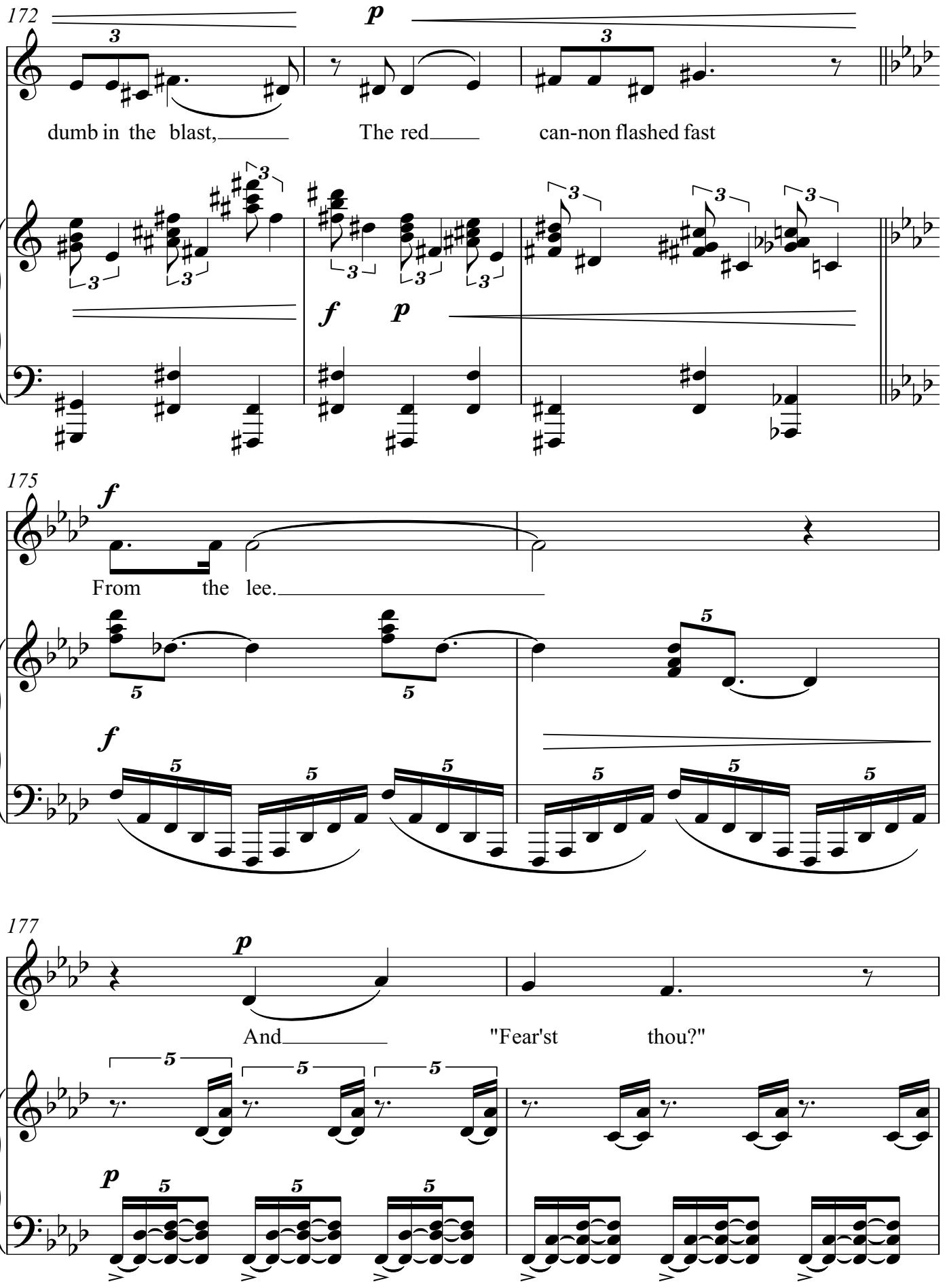

135
And the helms-man is pale;
p
f
138
A bold pi-lot I trow,
Who should fol-low us now,"
f
f
p
141
piu f
Shout - ed he
f
piu f


144
mf
Shout - ed he.
mf
146
5
149

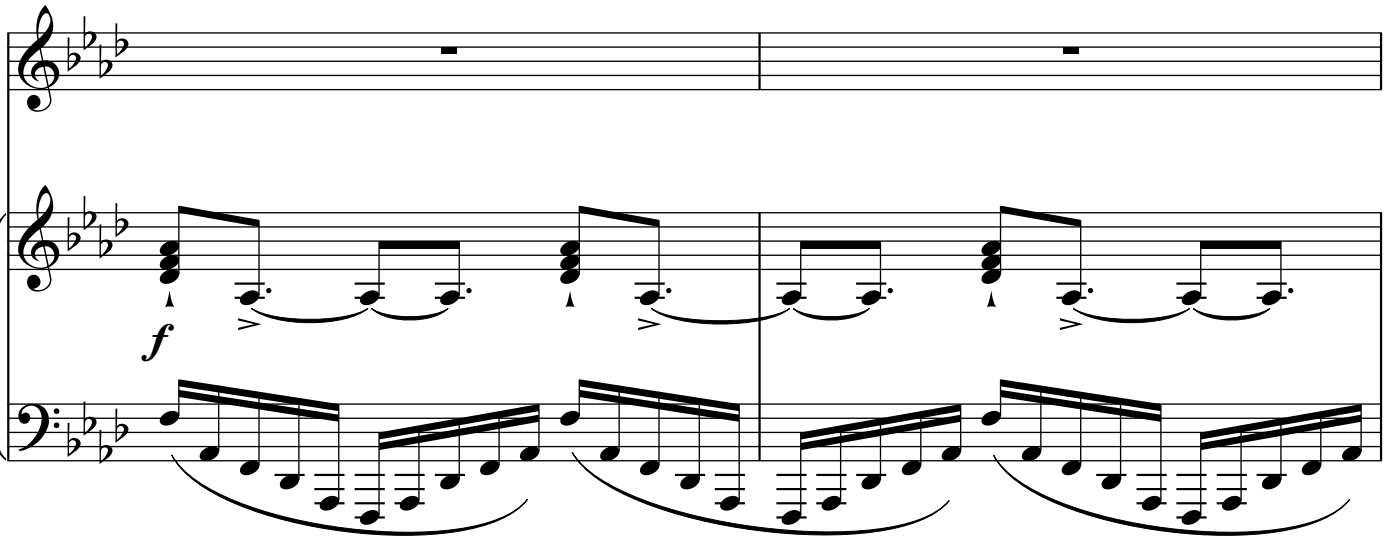

151
153
mp
155
f
And she cried:"Ply the oar
Put off gai - ly from shore!"
f
p


158
f
3
3
As she spoke, bolts of death_
f
161
3
3
p
Mixed with hail, specked their path_
p
163
f
O'er the sea._
f
5
5
5
5
5/4
5/4


166
p
And from isle,
tow - er and
secco
p
168
rock,
The blue bea - con cloud
170
p
broke,
And though
f
p


172
p
dumb in the blast,
The red
can-non flashed fast
f
p
175
f
From the lee.
f
177
p
And
"Fear'st thou?"
p

179



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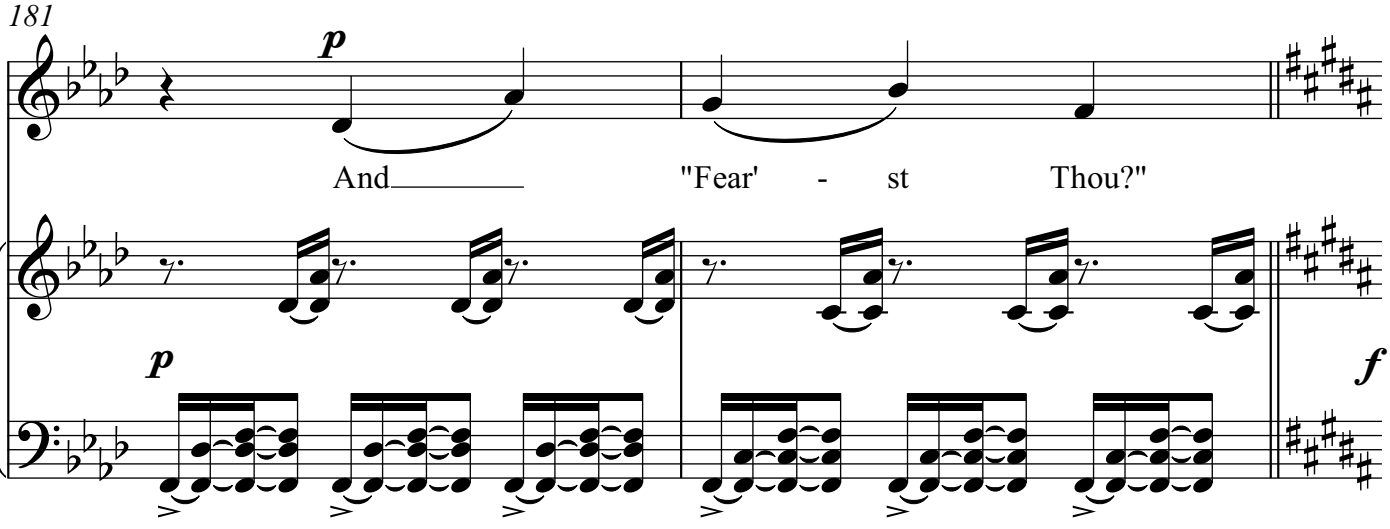

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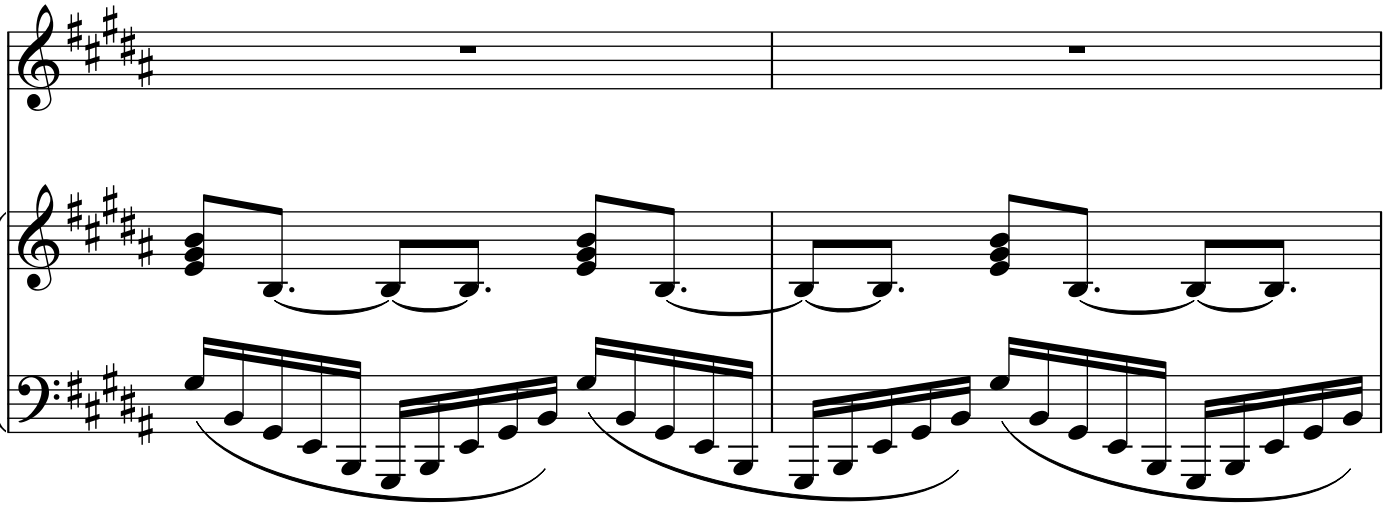

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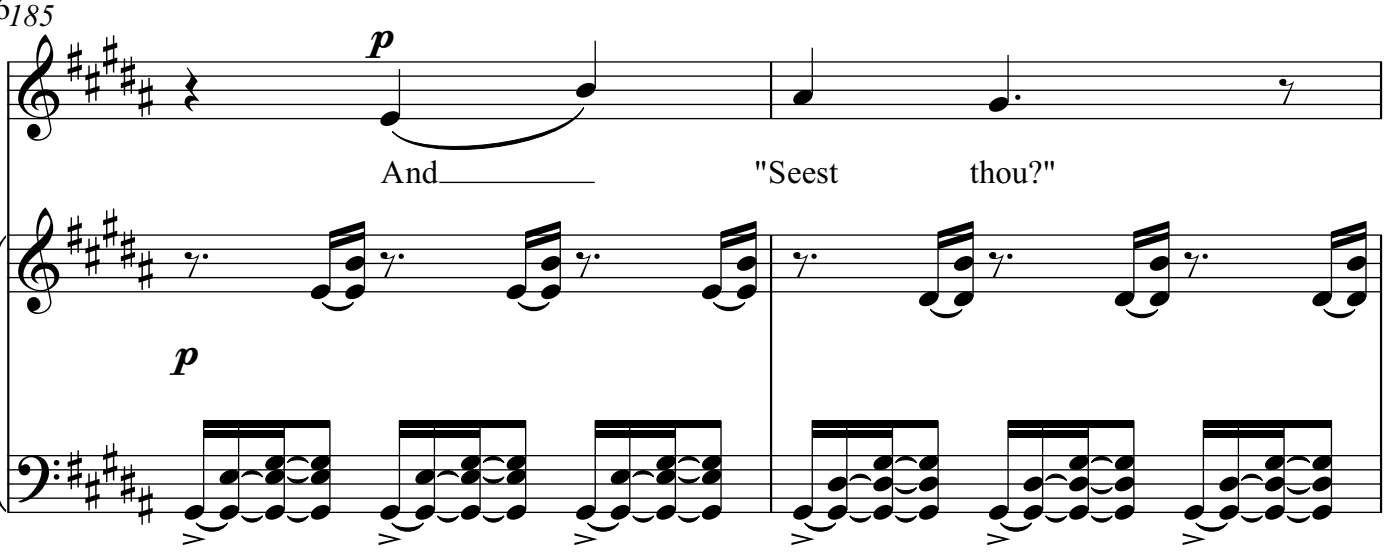

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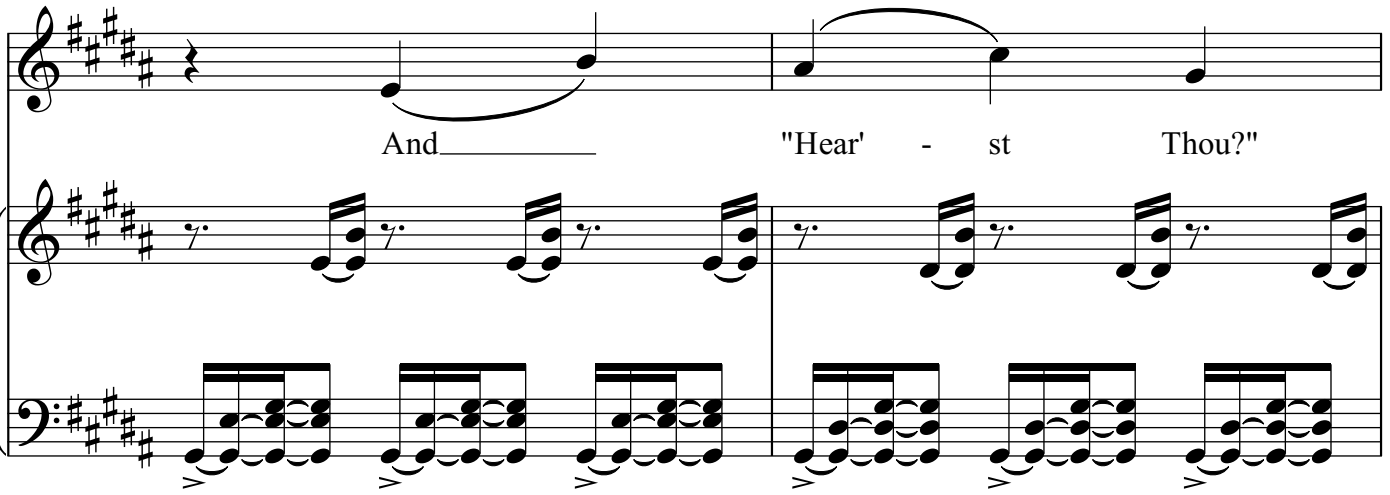

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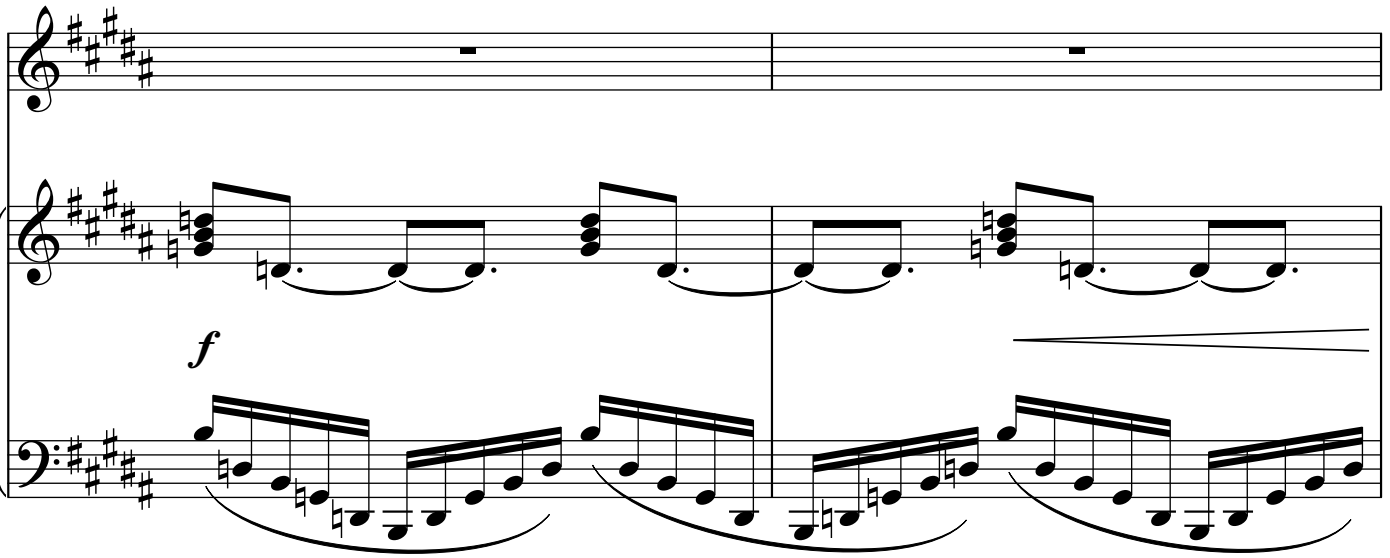
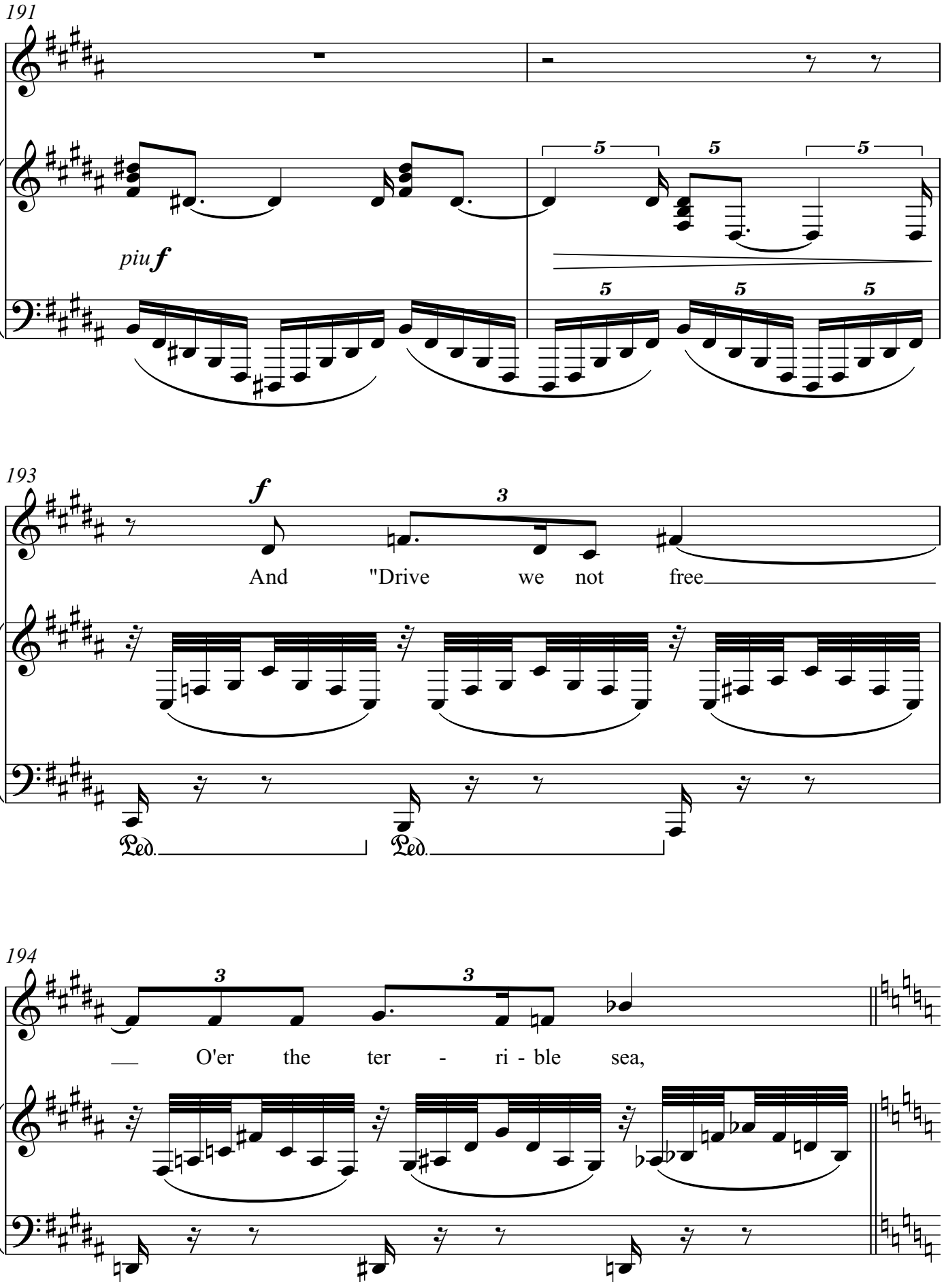
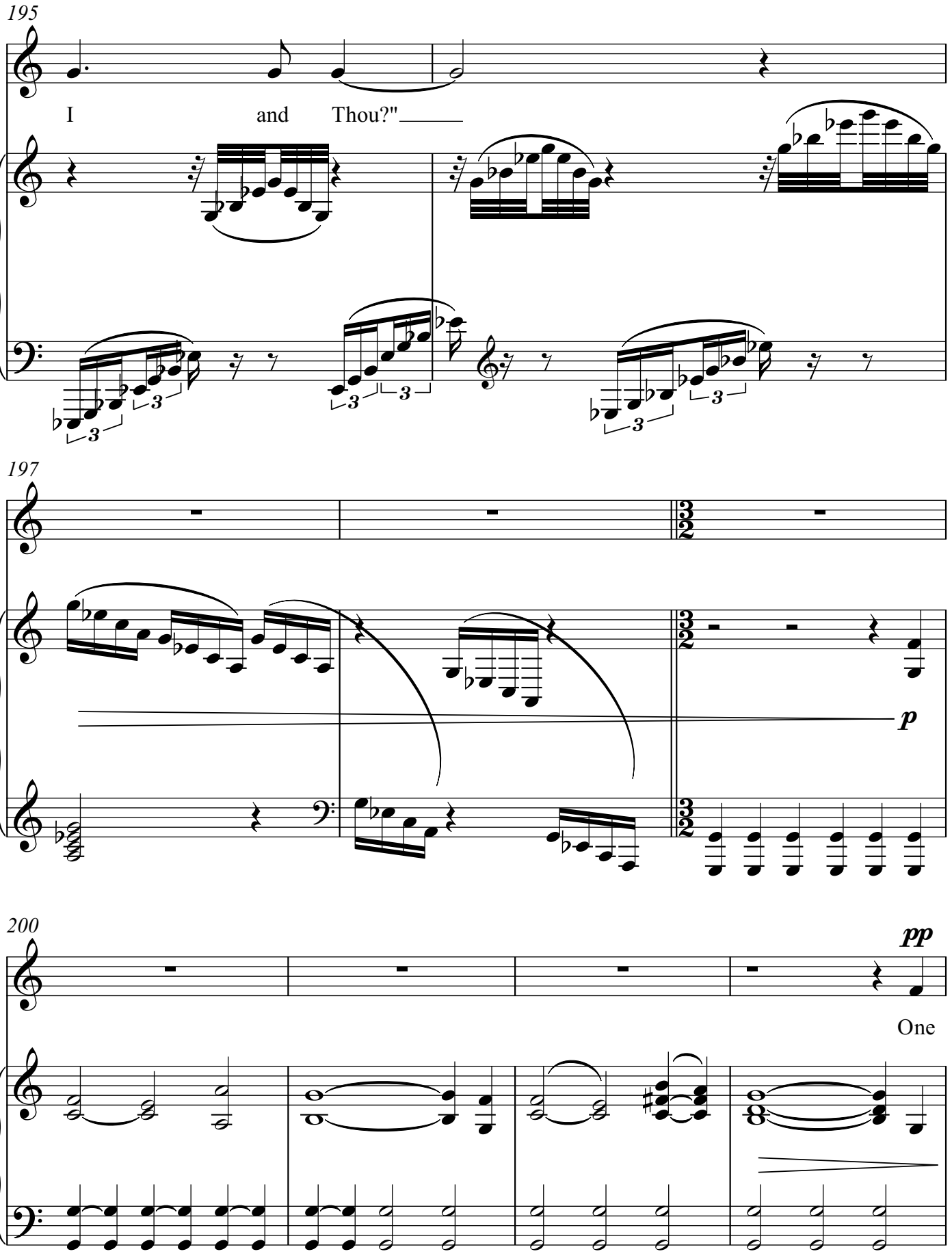
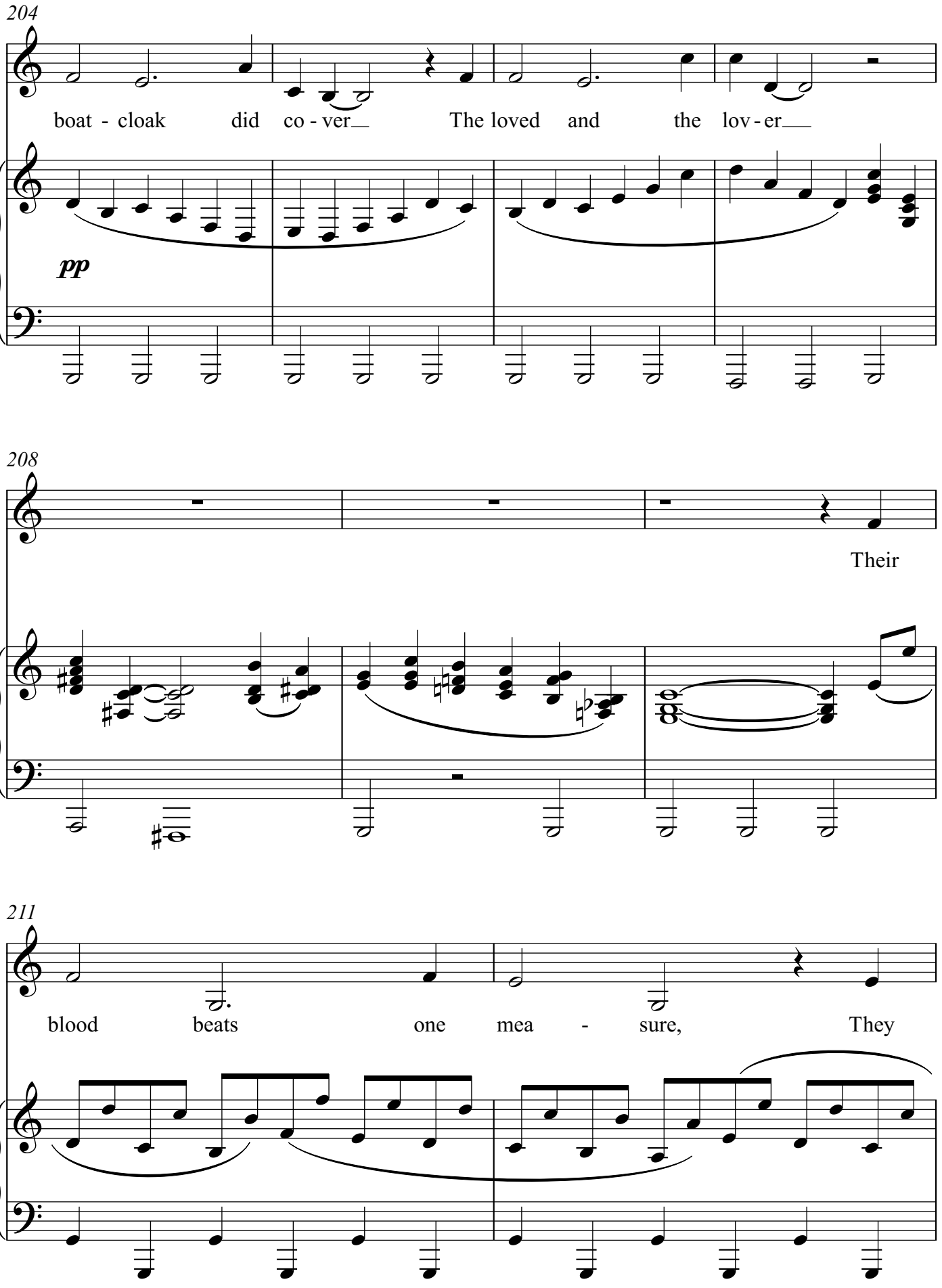
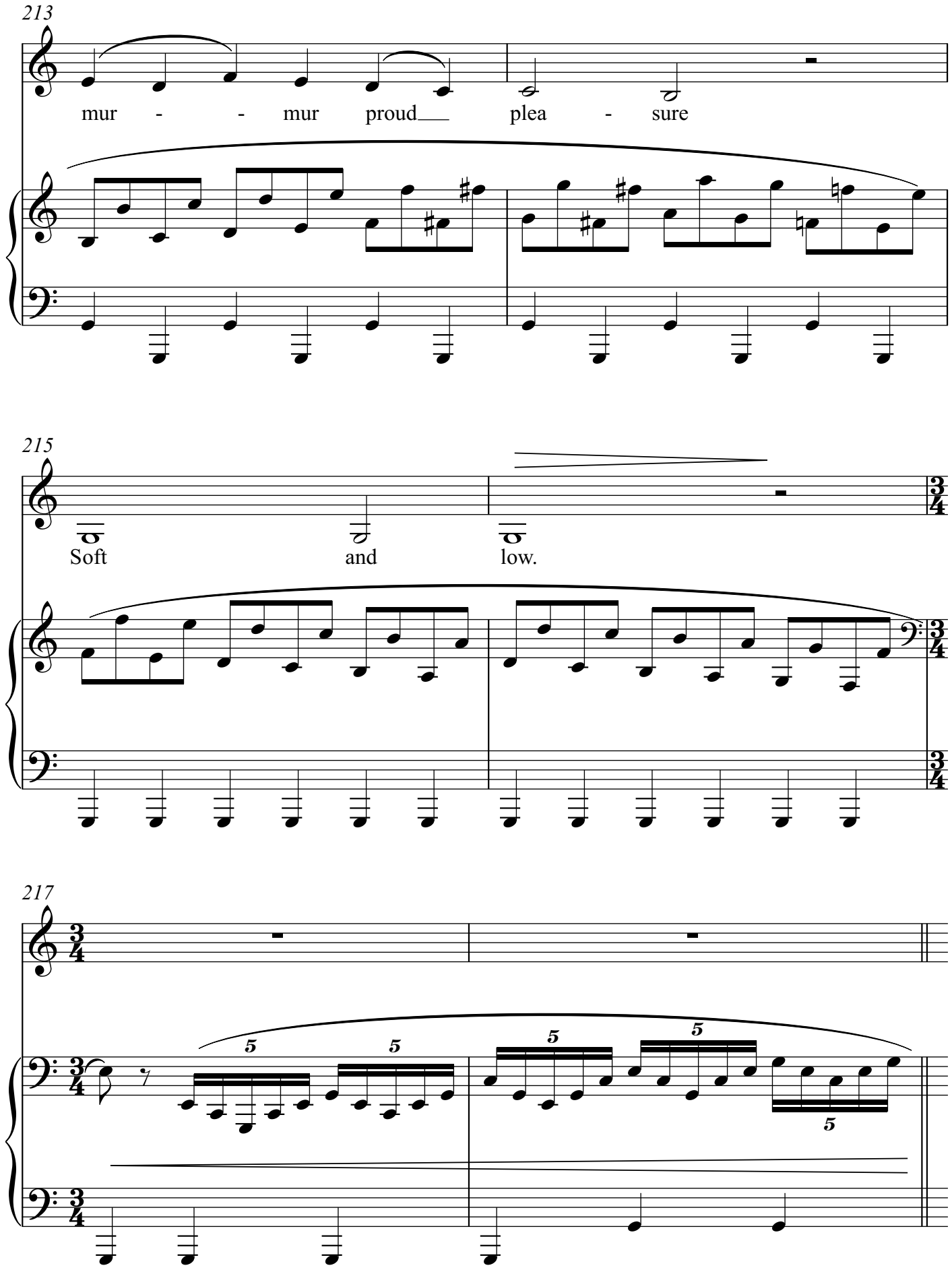
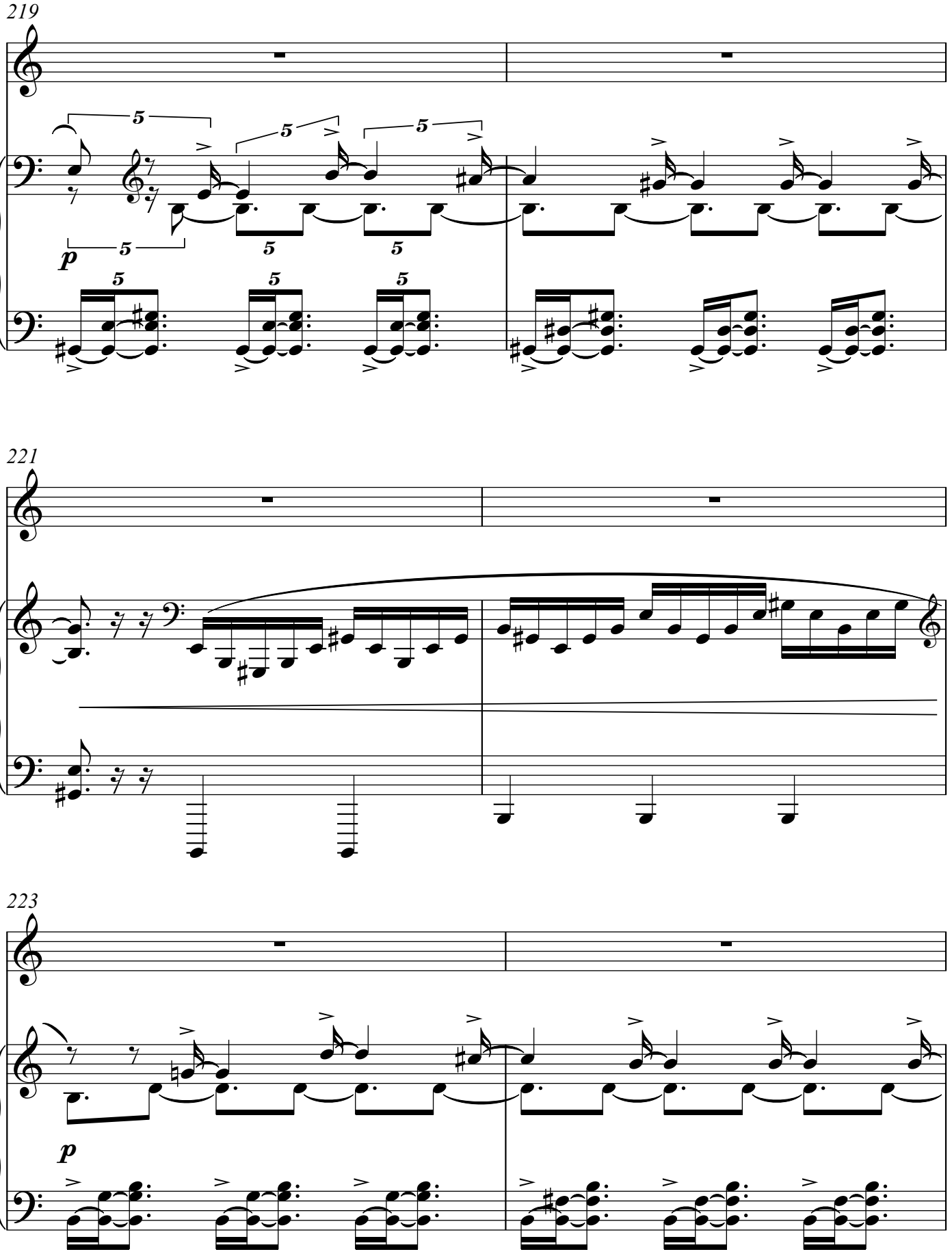


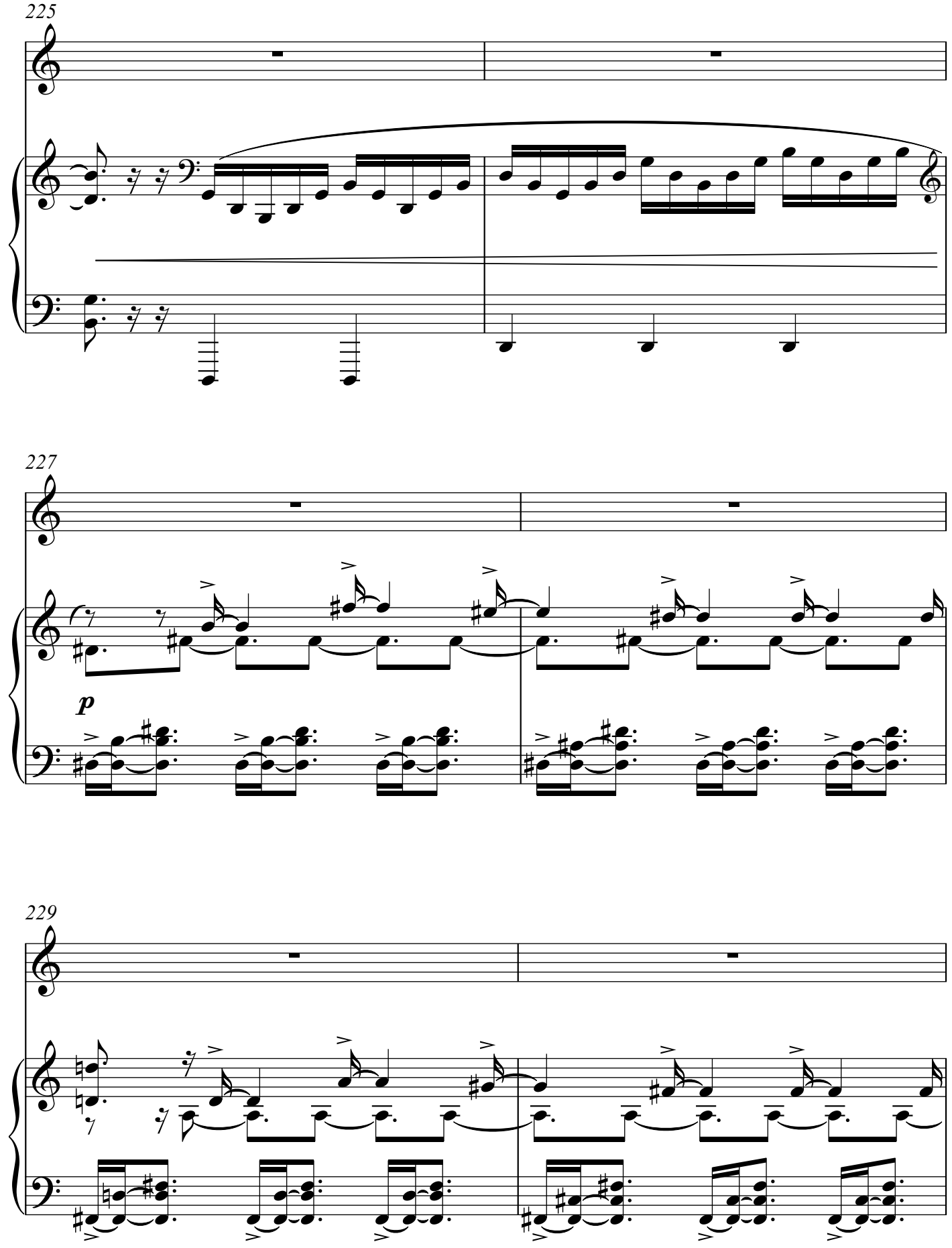

191
piu f
193
f
And "Drive we not free
Ped.
Ped.
194
O'er the ter - ri - ble sea,

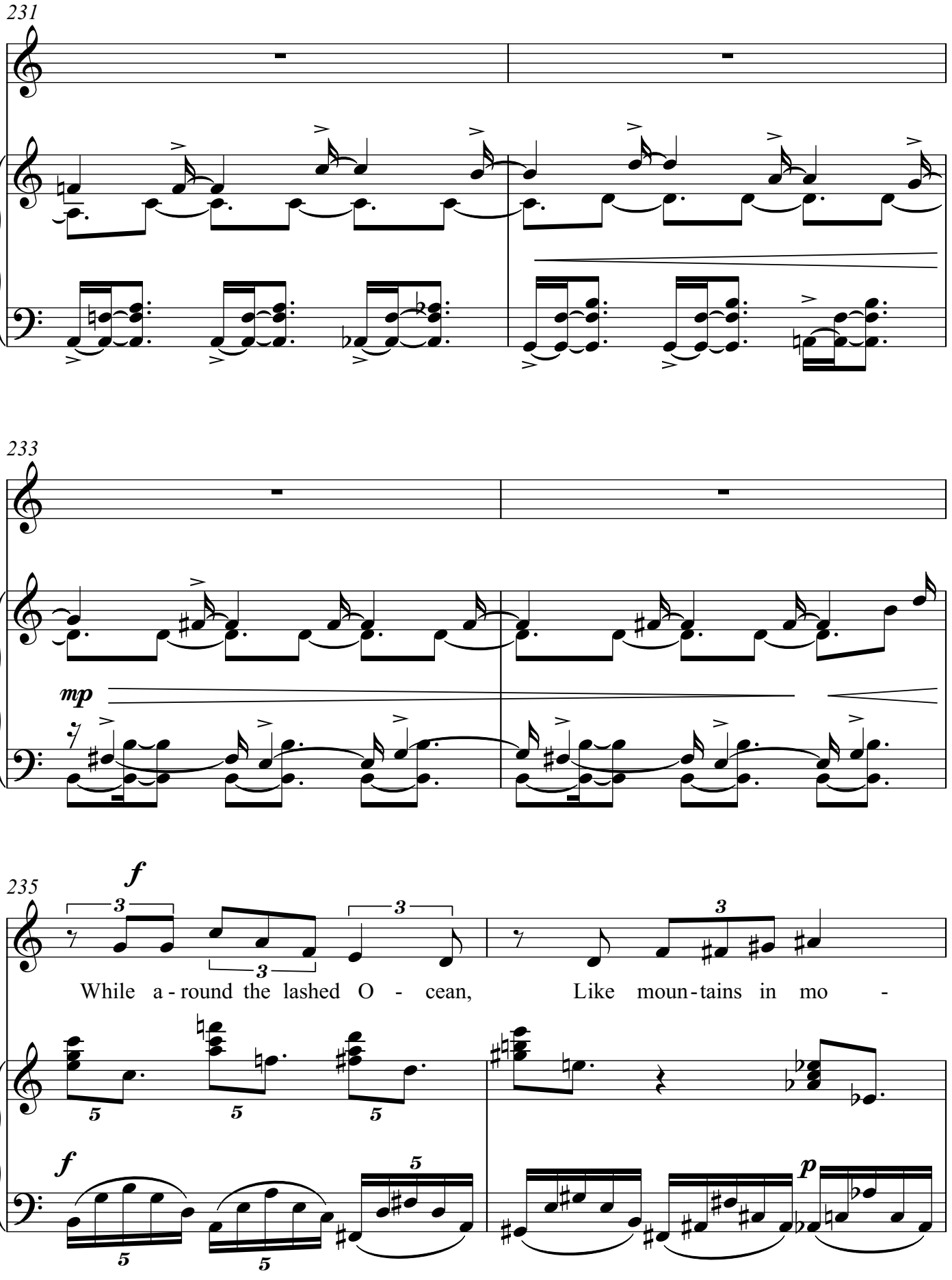

195
I and Thou?"
197
p
200
pp
One

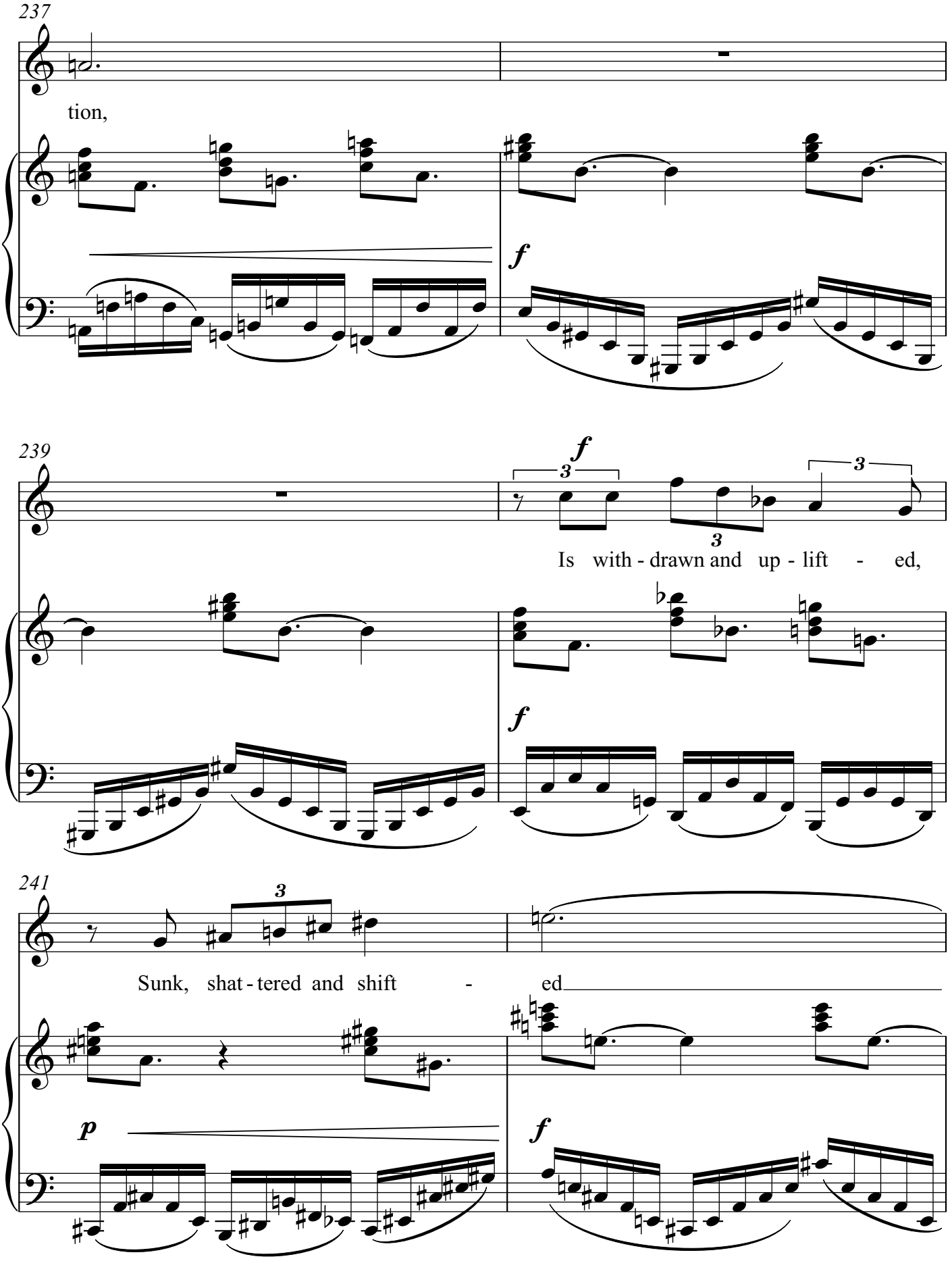

204
boat - cloak did co - ver The loved and the lov - er
pp
208
Their
211
blood beats one mea - sure, They

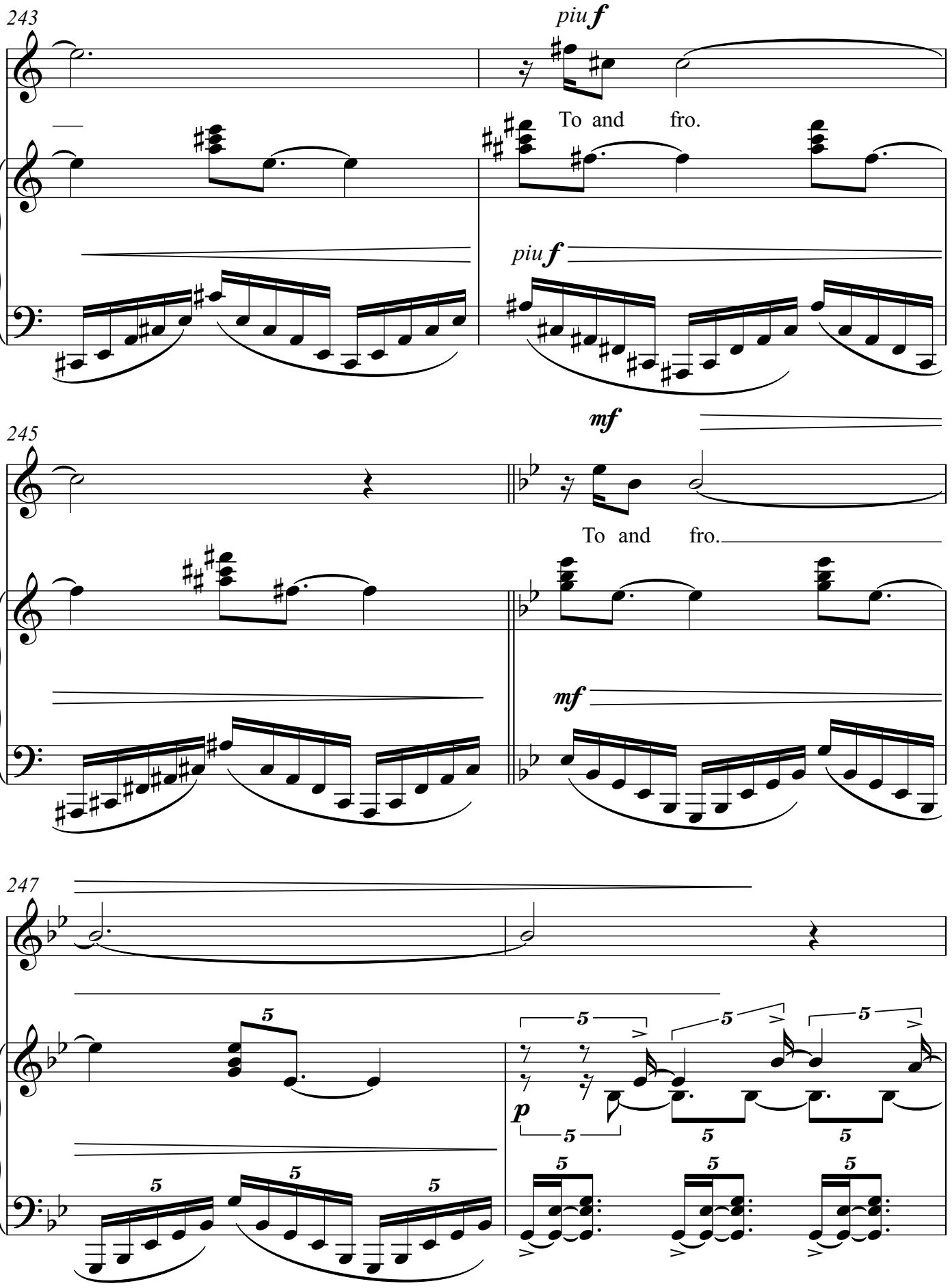

213
mur - - mur proud plea - sure
215
Soft and low.
3/4
217
3/4
5
5
5
5

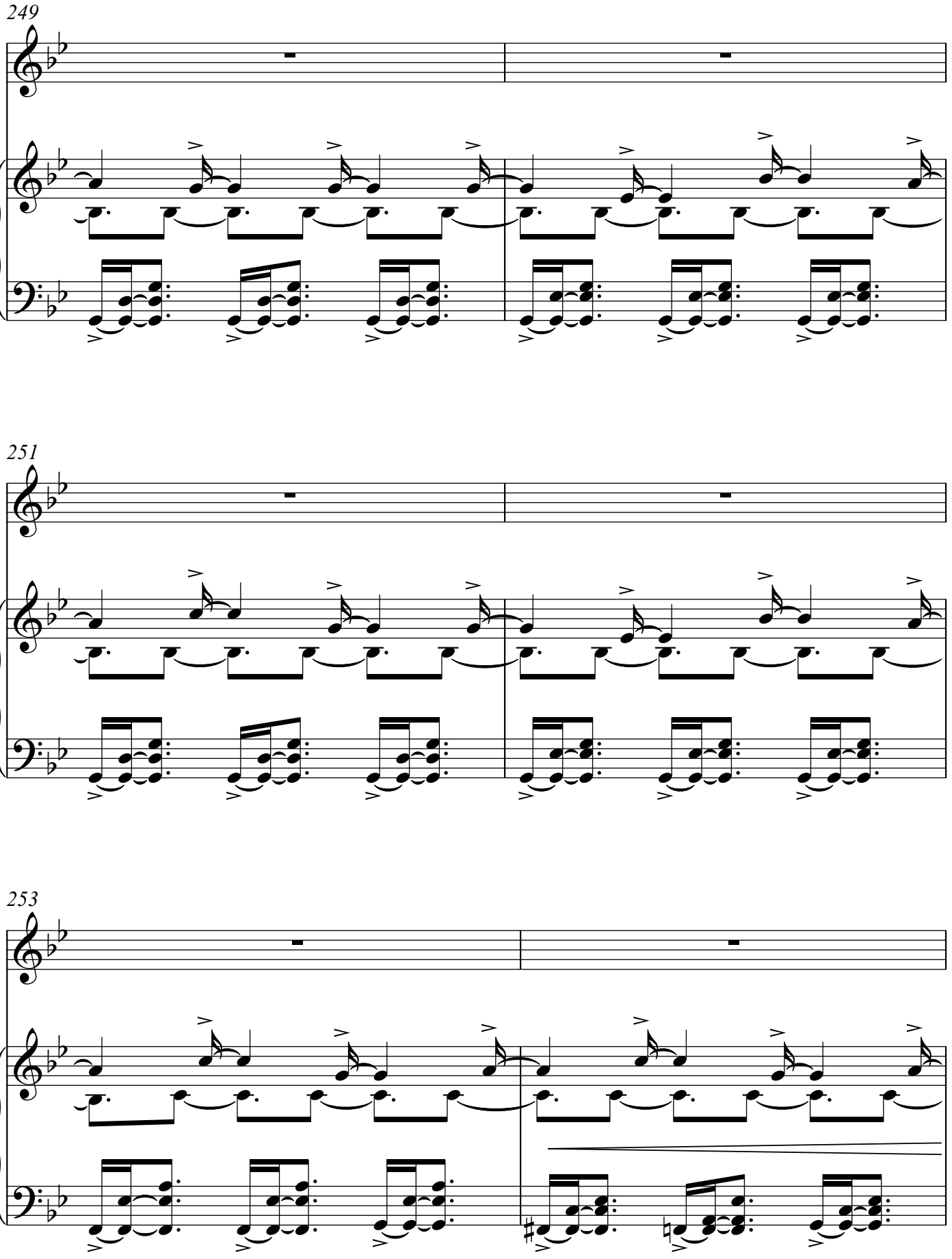

219
221
223
p
p

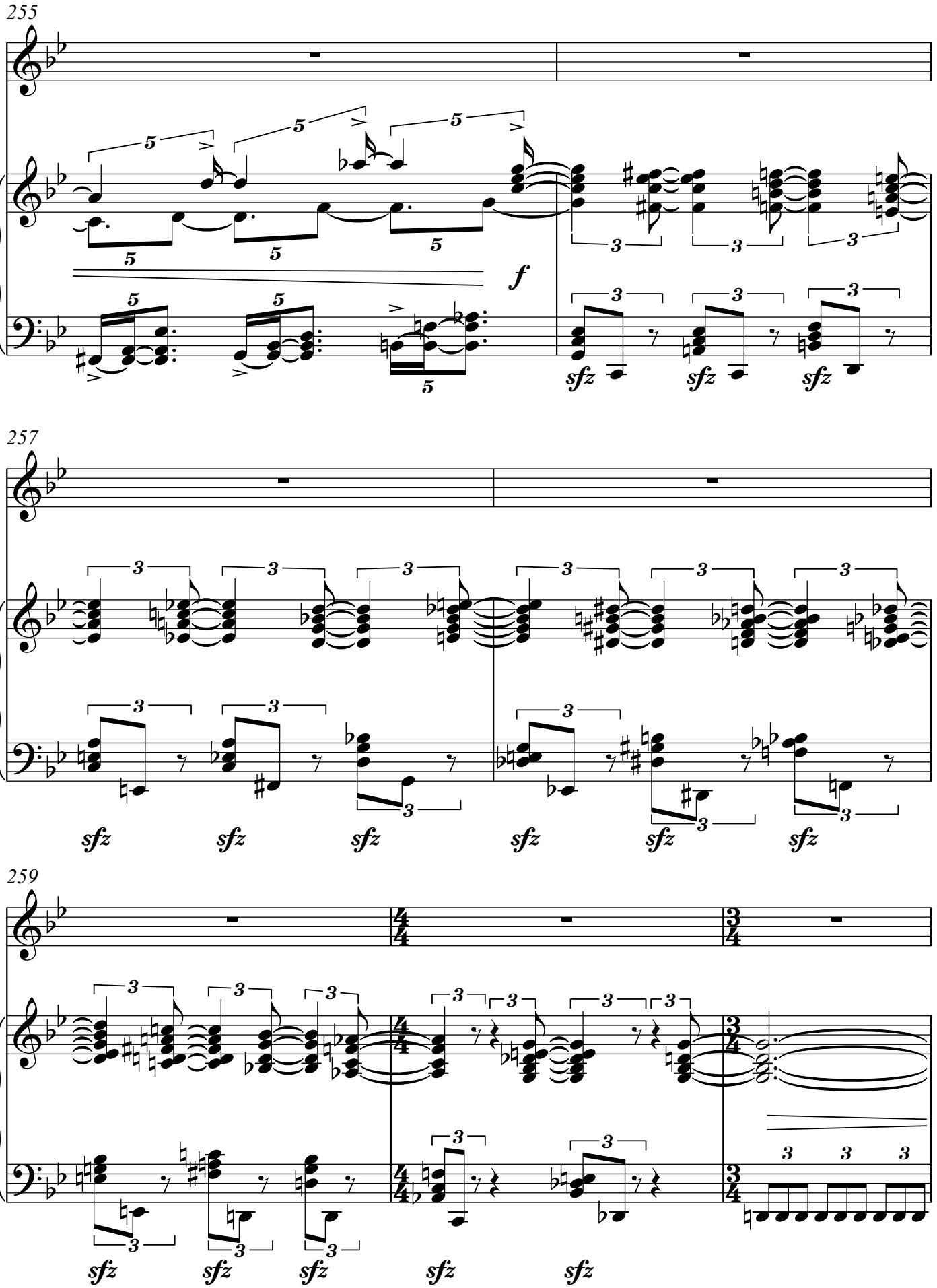

225
227
p
229

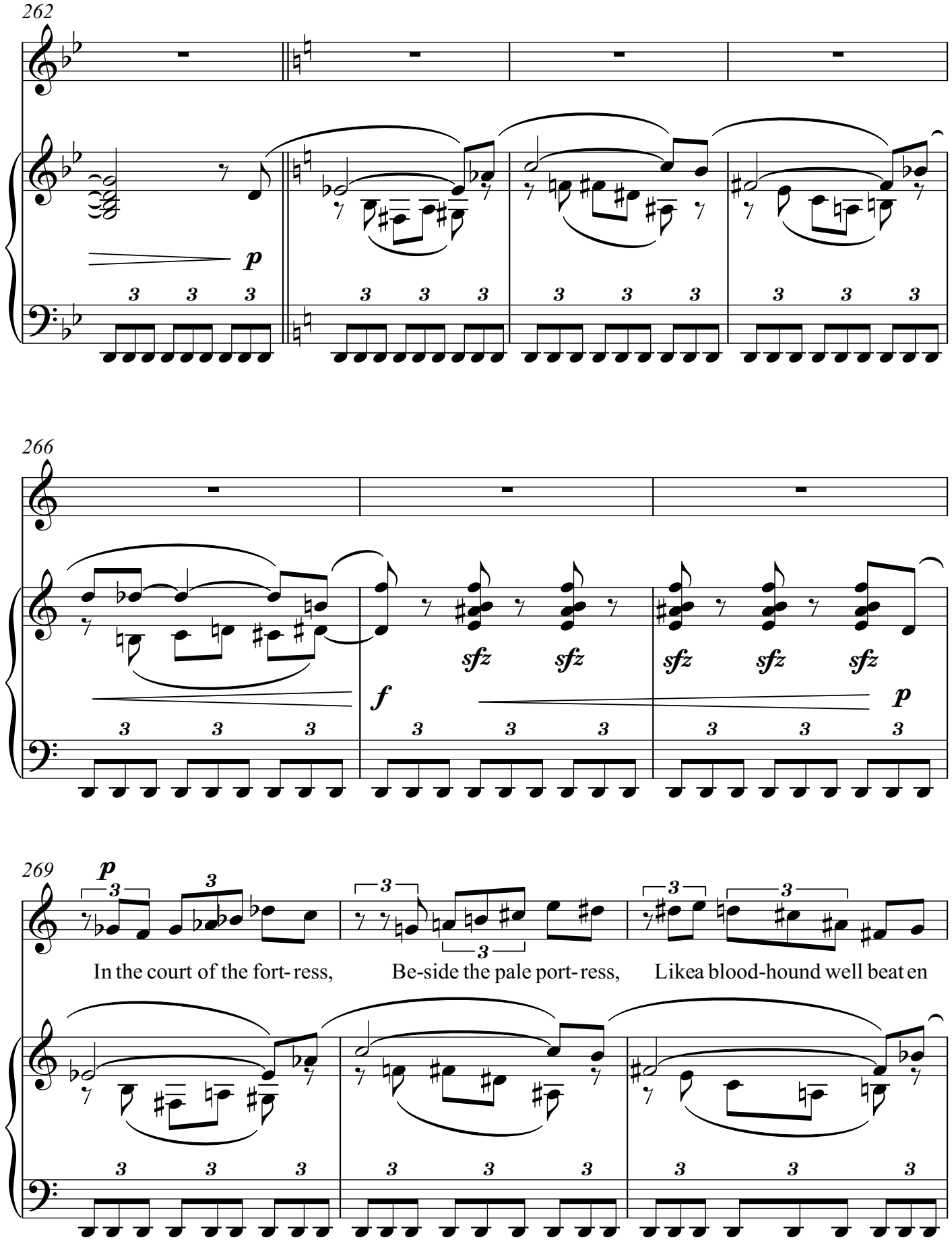

231
233
mp
235
f
While a - round the lashed O - cean,
Like moun - tains in mo -
f
p

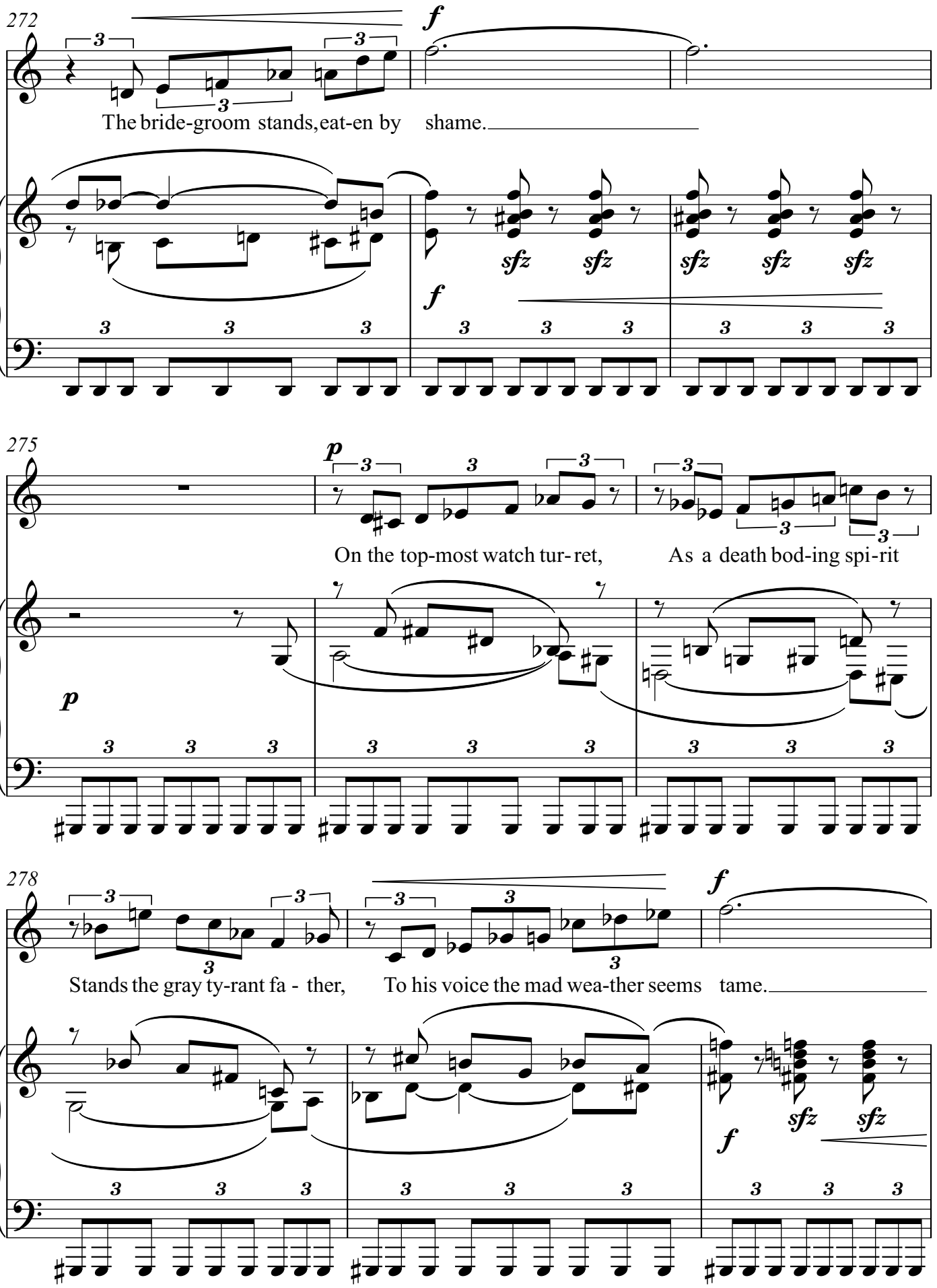

237
tion,
f
239
f
3
3
3
Is with - drawn and up - lift - ed,
f
241
3
Sunk, shat - tered and shift - ed
p
f


243
piu f
To and fro.
piu f
245
mf
To and fro.
mf
247
p


249
251
253


255
f
sfz
257
sfz
259
sfz


262
p
266
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
f
p
269
p
In the court of the fort- ress,
Be-side the pale port- ress,
Likea blood-hound well beat en


272
f
The bride-groom stands, eat-en by shame.
sfz sfz sfz sfz sfz
f
275
p
On the top-most watch tur-ret, As a death bod-ing spi-rit
p
278
f
Stands the gray ty-rant fa - ther, To his voice the mad wea-ther seems tame.
sfz sfz
f

281

sfz sfz sfz

p

284

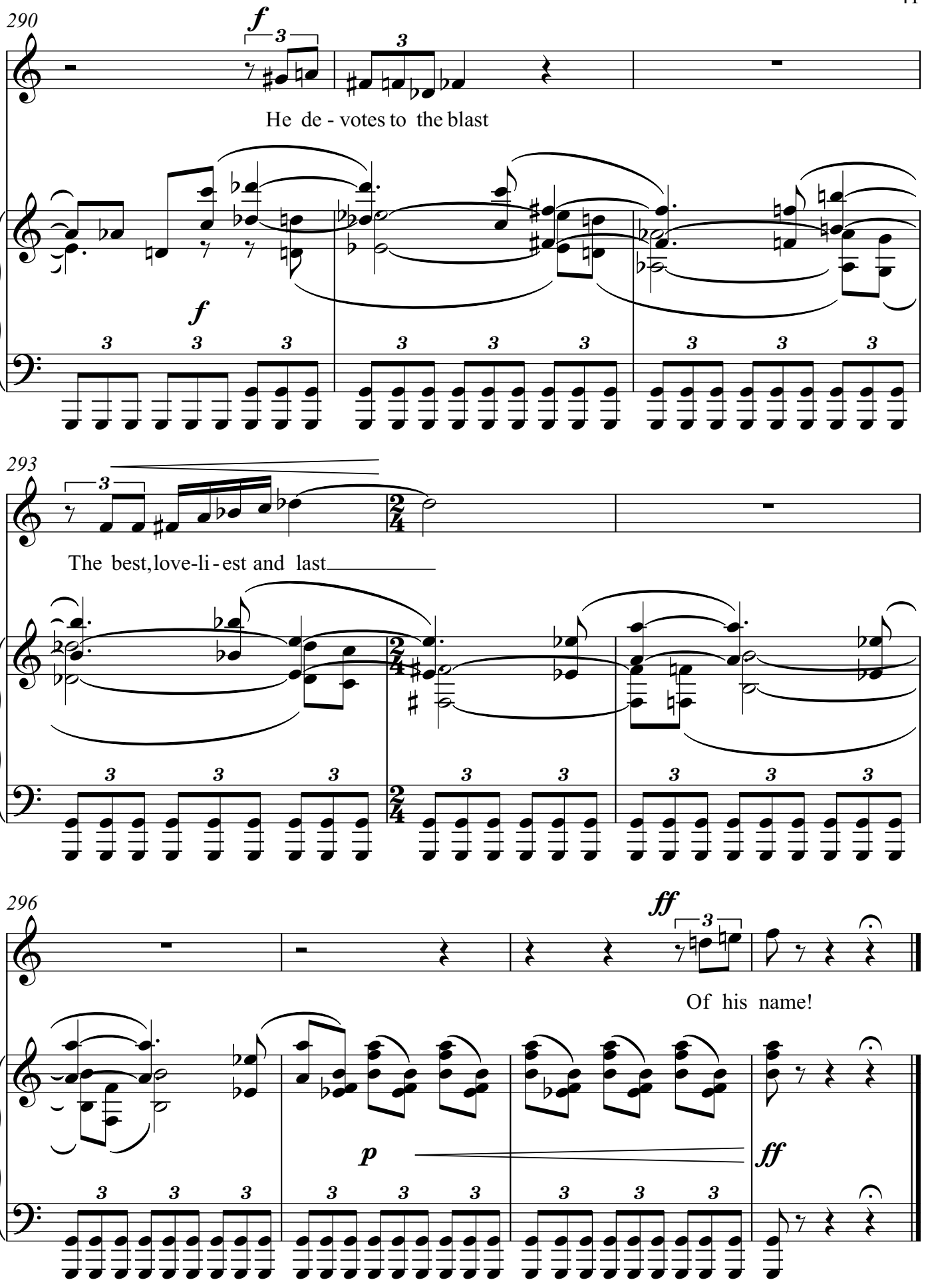
287

mf

And with cur-ses as wild

As e'er clung to child

mf


290
f
He de - votes to the blast
f
293
The best, love-li - est and last
296
ff
Of his name!
p
ff

To...

(...Mom)

Allegretto

300

ppp

(*pp*)

304

(*ppp*)

(*pp*)

308

sim.

312

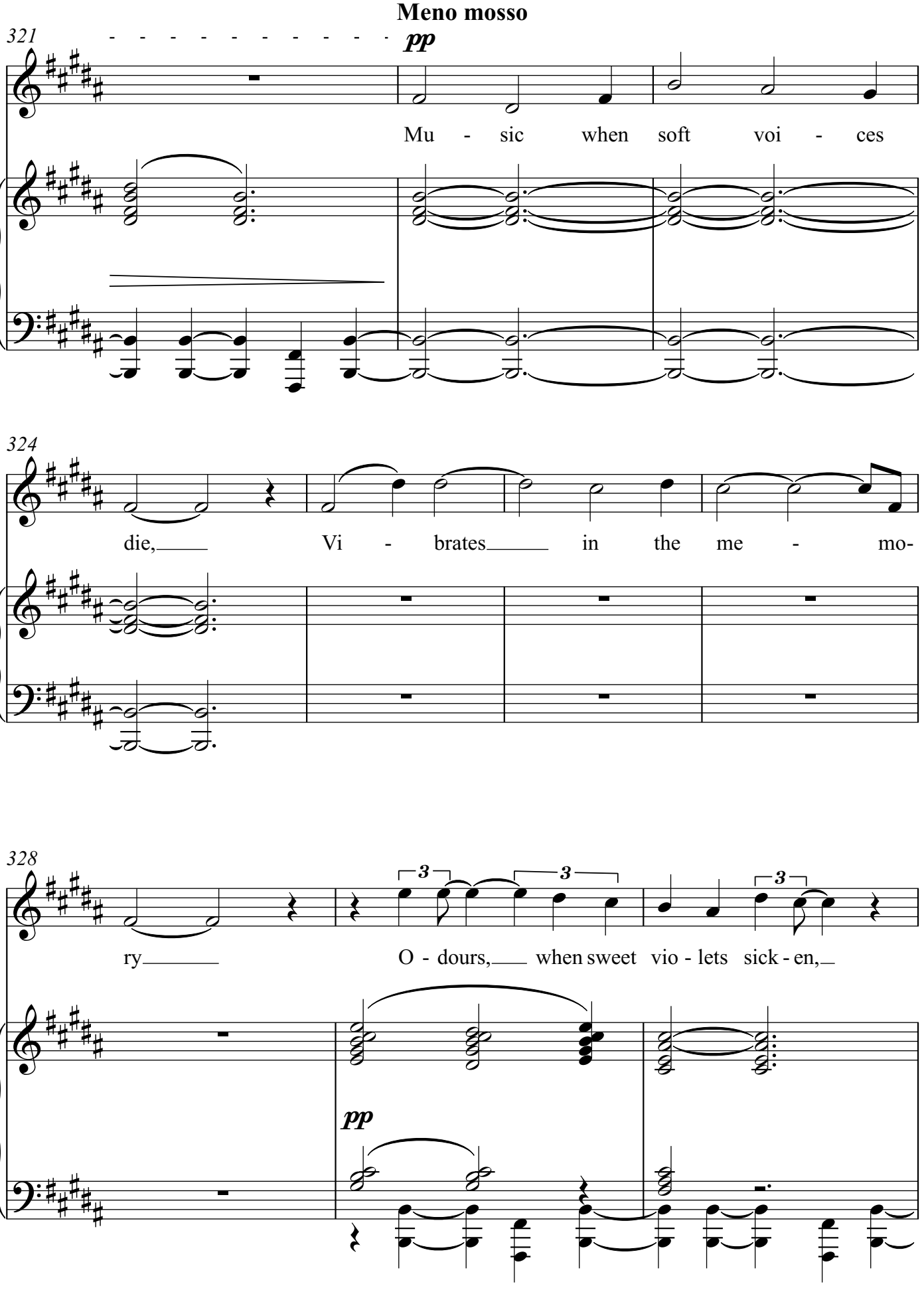
ppp

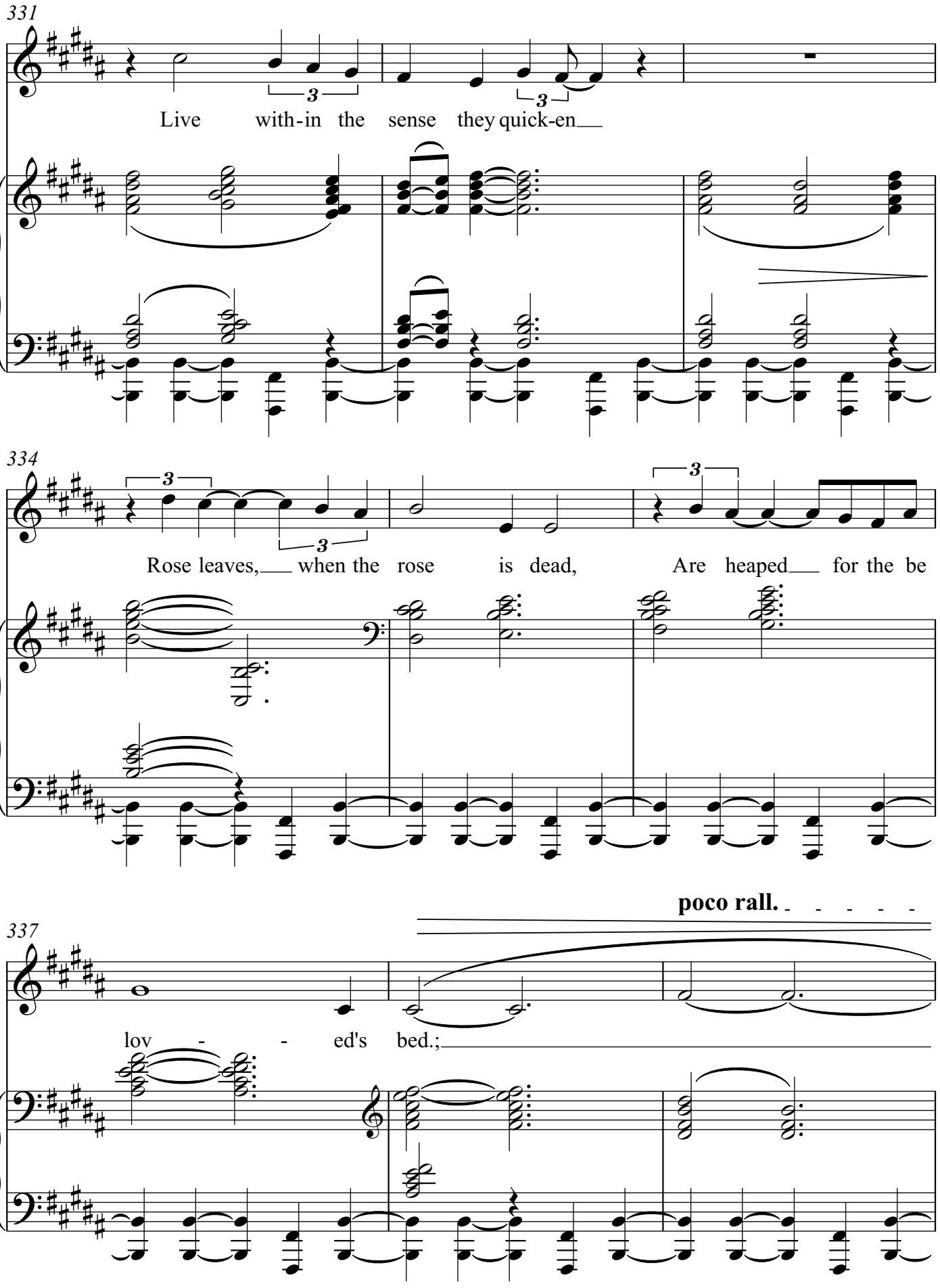
315

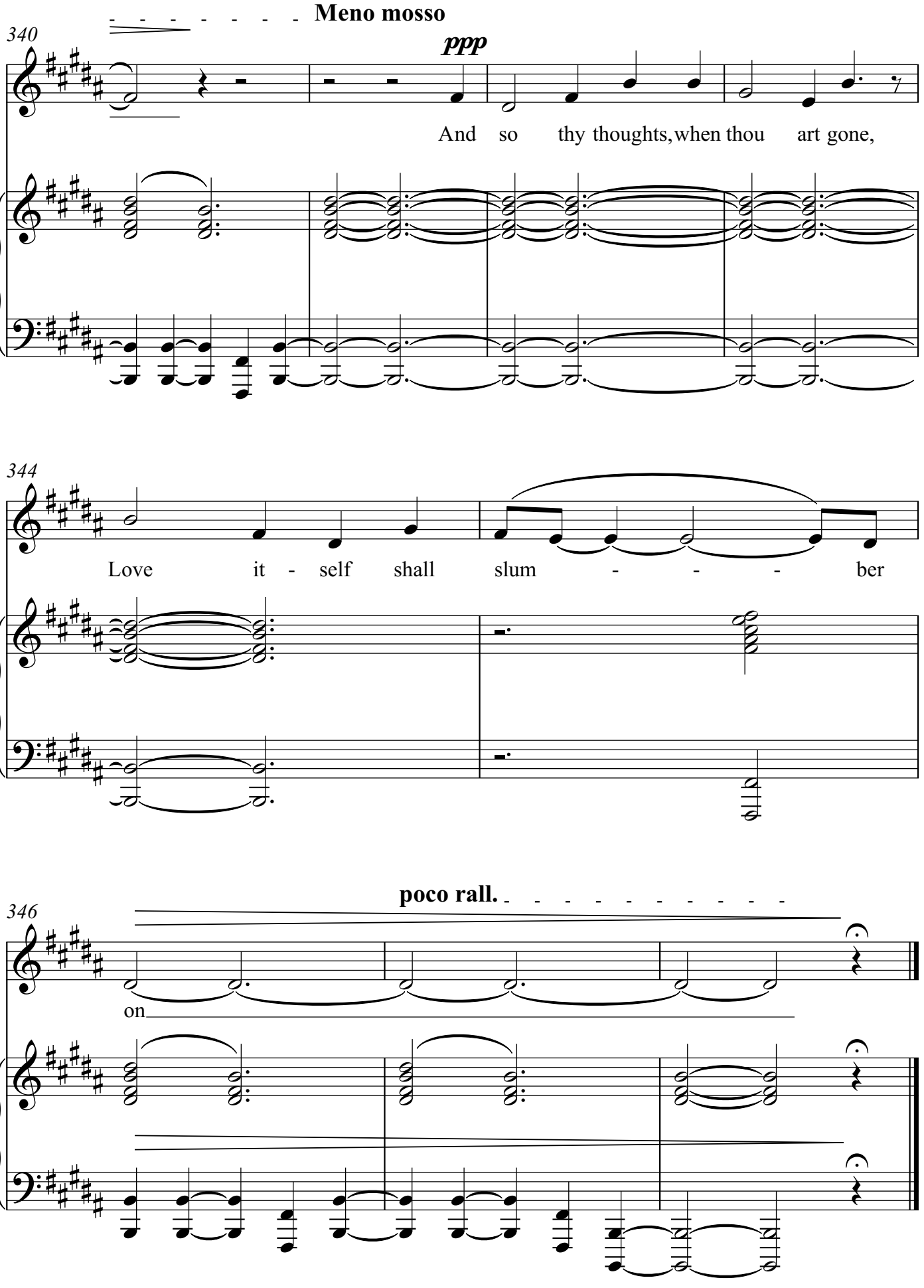
poco rall.

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.;


Meno mosso
340
ppp
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
344
Love it - self shall slum - - - ber
346
poco rall.
on