

Crosses and Troubles

'a double Henley diptych'

T.: William Ernest Henley (1849-1903)

M.: Martin Sloodmaekers

Prelude

♩ = ca. 112

Piano

ff *mp*

con Ped.

I: Crosses and Troubles

6 *mp non legato* *poco*

Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

non legato p *poco*

(quasi echo) Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

(quasi echo) *mp legato*

Cros - ses

mf legato

Cros - ses and

mp sempre

10

Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me.

Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me.

and trou - les a - ma - ny have proved me. One or

trou - les a - ma - ny have proved me. One or two

14

Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me.

Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-les a - ma - ny have proved me.

two wo - men (God bless them) have loved me. *mp* I have worked

wo - men (God bless them) have loved me. *mf* I have worked and

18

Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

and dreamed, and I've talked at will. Of art

dreamed, and I've talked at will. Of art and

22

Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me. Cros-ses and trou-bles a - ma - ny have proved me.

and drink I have had my fill. I have had my fill.

drink I have had my fill. I have had my fill.

molto legato

molto rit.

26

mp

p

Musical score for measures 26-29. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "com - for - ted here, and I suc - coured there." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Dynamics range from mezzo-piano (*mp*) to piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*).

30

Musical score for measures 30-33. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "com - for - ted here, I suc - coured there." and "com - - - for - ted here and there. I've". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. Dynamics are consistent with the previous section.

Interlude I

66 *ppp*

69 *ff*

8^{va}

8^{vb}

73 *Molto sostenuto* ♩ = ca. 66

pp

77

II: Invictus

81 *p*

8

Out out of the night the night that co - vers me, that co - vers me, Black Black

p

Out out of the night the night that co - vers me, that co - vers me, Black Black

pp

mp

I thank what - e - ver gods may

mp

I thank what - e - ver gods may

mp

as the Pit the Pit from pole to pole. I thank what - e - ver gods may

mp

as the Pit the Pit from pole to pole. I thank what - e - ver gods may

p

f

mp

be For my un - con - que - ra - ble soul, my soul. In the

f

mp

be For my soul, my un - con - que - ra - ble soul. In the

f

be For my soul, my un - con - que - ra - ble soul.

f

be For my soul, my un - con - que - ra - ble soul.

mf

pp

molto rit.

123

f

mf

p

fate: I am the cap - tain of my soul, my soul, the cap - tain of my soul.

f

mf

p

fate: of my fate The cap - tain of my soul, the cap - tain of my soul.

f

mf

p

fate: of my fate, The cap - tain of my soul, the cap - tain of my soul.

f

mf

p

fate: of my fate, The cap - tain of my soul, the cap - tain of my soul.

mf

mp

Interlude II

129

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 69$

ppp

133

III: Fill a Glass...

136

f

Fill a glass with gol - den wine, And the while the while your lips are

f

Fill a glass with gol - den wine, with gol - den wine, And the while your lips are

f

Fill a glass with gol - den wine, And the while the while your lips are

f

Fill a glass with wine, with gol - den wine, And the while your lips are

mf

The musical score for 'Fill a Glass...' consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, respectively. Each vocal line begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lyrics are: 'Fill a glass with gol - den wine, And the while the while your lips are'. The piano accompaniment is on the fifth staff, starting with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The music features a 3/4 time signature that changes to 2/4 in the second measure of each vocal line. There are triplet markings over the first three notes of the vocal lines in the second measure.

141

poco rit. *mp* **A tempo**

wet Set your per - fume un - to mine, And for - get, for - get. E - ve - ry

wet Set your per - fume un - to mine, And for - get, for - get. E - ve - ry

wet Set your per - fume un - to mine, And for - get, for - get. E - ve - ry

wet wet and for - get, for - get. E - ve - ry

mp *p*

The second section of the musical score starts at measure 141. It features four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The tempo markings are *poco rit.* (ritardando), *mp* (mezzo-piano), and **A tempo** (return to original tempo). The lyrics are: 'wet Set your per - fume un - to mine, And for - get, for - get. E - ve - ry'. The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic marking of *mp* and later changes to *p* (piano). The music includes triplet markings over the final three notes of each vocal line.

poco rit.

A tempo

147

147
kiss we take and give Leaves us less, less of life to live.
kiss we take and give, take and give Leaves us less of life to live.
kiss we take and give Leaves us less, less of life, life to live.
kiss we take and give, take and give Leaves us less of life to live. *p* Yet a -
pp

153

153
p Yet a - gain! Your whim and mine, your whim and mine In a
p Yet a - gain! Your whim and mine, your whim and mine In a
p Yet a - gain! a - gain! Your whim and mine, your whim and mine In a
gain! a - gain! Your whim and mine In a

157

f *lyrically*

hap - py a hap - py while have met. All All your sweets to

hap - py a hap - py while have met. All All your sweets to

hap - py a hap - py while have met. All All your sweets to

hap - pay while have met. All your sweets All your sweets to

mf

161

me re - sign, Nor re - gret That we press with e - ve - ry

me, to me re - sign, Nor re - gret That we press with e - ve - ry

me, to me re - sign, Nor re - gret That we press with e - ve - ry

me re - sign, Nor re - gret That we

184

mp

pp

less of life, less of life to live.

less of life, less of life to live.

life, less of life, life less of life to live.

life, less of life, life less of life to live.

ppp

Interlude III

189 $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 66$

f *sonore*

always let vibrate

rit.

195

IV: Life is bitter...

A tempo

200 *f* Life, life, life is bit - ter. All the fa - ces, young and

f Life, life, life is bit - ter. All the fa - ces of the years, the

f Life, life is bit - ter. All the fa - ces, young and

f Life, life is bit - ter. All the fa - ces of the years, the

mf *p*

205 *f* old, are gray, gray with tra - vail and with tears.

f fa - ces of the years are gray, gray with tra - vail and with tears.

f old, are gray, gray, gray with tra - vail and with tears.

f fa - ces of the years are gray, gray, gray with tra - vail and with tears.

mf *poco rit.*

A tempo

mf

209

Must we on - ly wake to toil, to tire, to weep? In the

Must we on - ly wake to toil, to tire, to weep? In the

Must we on - ly wake to toil, to tire, to weep? In the

Must we on - ly wake to toil, to tire, to weep? In the

a tempo

mp

213

mf

In the sun, a - mong the leaves, up - on the flo - wers, Slum - ber

sun, a - mong the leaves, the leaves up - on the flow'rs, Slum - ber, slum -

sun, a - mong the leaves, the leaves up - on the flow'rs, Slum - ber, slum -

In the sun, a - mong the leaves, up - on the flo - wers, Slum - ber

mf

stills to drea - my death, slum - ber stills the hea - vy hours... Let

- ber stills to drea - my, drea - my death, to drea - my death the hea - vy hours...

- ber stills to drea - my, drea - my death, to drea - my death the hea - vy hours...

stills to drea - my death the hea - vy hours...

mf

poco rit. . . .

A tempo

me sleep. Let me sleep. Rit - ches won but mock, mock the

Let me sleep. Let me sleep. Rit - ches won but mock, mock the

Let me sleep. Let me sleep. Rit - ches won but mock, mock the

Let me sleep. Let me sleep. Rit - ches mock, mock, mock,

f p mf

mp

Met dit werk werd de componist laureaat van de prijs van de Stad Ninove voor compositie vocale muziek.

Prelude	pg. 3
I: Crosses and Troubles	pg. 3
Interlude I	pg. 11
II: Invictus	pg. 11
Interlude III	pg. 16
Fill a Glass	pg. 17
Interlude III	pg. 22
IV: Life is bitter	pg. 23

If performed a cappella, omit the Prelude and Interludes.

Cover design: Stefaan Vermeulen

D/2019/6045/062
ISMN 979-0-3654-2218-0

© EUPRINT ed., Parkbosstraat 3, B-3001 Heverlee

Tel. : +32-16-40.40.49
Fax : +32-16-40.70.49

info@euprint.be
www.euprint.be

Niets uit deze uitgave mag worden verveelvoudigd en/of openbaar gemaakt door middel van druk, fotokopie, microfilm of op welke andere wijze dan ook zonder voorafgaande schriftelijke toestemming van de uitgever.
No part of this book may be reproduced in any form, by print, photoprint, microfilm or any other means without written permission from the publisher.

Crosses And Troubles

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me.
One or two women (God bless them) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will.
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I've comforted here, and I succoured there.
I've faced my foes, and I backed my friends.
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I've prayed for light, and I've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end I know is the best of all.

William Ernest Henley

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

Fill A Glass With Golden Wine

Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet
Set your perfume unto mine,
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! Your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death.

William Ernest Henley

Life Is Bitter

Life is bitter. All the faces of the years,
Young and old, are gray with travail and with tears.
Must we only wake to toil, to tire, to weep?
In the sun, among the leaves, upon the flowers,
Slumber stills to dreamy death the heavy hours ...
Let me sleep.

Riches won but mock the old, unable years;
Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears;
Love must wither, or must live alone and weep.
In the sunshine, through the leaves, across the flowers,
While we slumber, death approaches through the hours ...
Let me sleep.

William Ernest Henley