MEG BLANE: A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

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Meg Blane: A Rhapsody of the Sea for Mezzo-Soprano Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra by Robert Buchanan & S. Coleridge-Taylor

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ROBERT BUCHANAN & S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

MEG BLANE: A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

Trieste

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

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TO MISS WAKEFIELD.

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MEG BLANE

A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA

FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

(Op. 48.)

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G. SCHIRMER, JR. 26 WESI SI.,--- BOSTON

MEG BLANE

A RHAPSODY OF THE SEA.

PROLOGUE.

"Lord, hearken to me ! Save all poor souls at sea ! Thy breath is on their cheeks-Their cheeks are wan with fear ; No man speaks, For who could hear ?

The wild white water screams, The wind cries loud ; The fireflaught gleams On tattered sail and shroud !

Under the red mast-light The hissing surges slip ; Thick reeks the storm of night Round him that steers the ship-And his eyes are blind, And he knows not where they run. Lord, be kind ! Whistle back Thy wind For the sake of Christ Thy Son I"

. Black was the oozy lift, Black were the sea and land ; Hither and thither, thick with foam and drift,

Did the deep waters shift, Swinging with iron clash on stone and sand. Faintlier the heavy rain was falling Faintlier, faintlier the wind was calling With hollower echoes up the drifting dark ! While the swift rockets shooting through the night

- Flash'd past the foam-fleck'd reef with phantom light,
- And shewed the pitcous outline of the bark, Rising and falling like a living thing,
- Shuddering, shivering, While, howling beastlike, the white breakers there

Spat blindness in the dank eyes of despair.

Then one cried, "She has sunk ! "- and on the shore

Men shook, and on the heights the women cried ; But, lo! the outline of the bark once more! While flashing faint the blue light rose and died.

Ah, God, put out Thy hand ! all for the sake Of little ones, and weary hearts that wake Be gentle ! chain the fierce waves with a chain ! Let the gaunt seaman's little boys and girls Sit on his knee and play with his black curls Yet once again !

- And breathe the frail lad safely through the foam
- Back to the hungry mother in her home ! And spare the bad man with the frenzied eye ; Kiss him, for Christ's sake, bid Thy death go by-

He hath no heart to die !

- Now faintlier blew the wind, the thin rain ceased, The thick cloud cleared like smoke from off the strand,
- For, lo ! a bright blue glimmer in the East-God putting out His hand.

And overhead the rack grew thinner too,

And through the smoky gorge

The wind drave past the stars, and faint they flew

Like sparks blown from a forge.

And now the thousand foam-flames o' the sea Hither and thither flashing visibly;

And gray lights hither and thither came and fled.

- Like dim shapes searching for the drowned dead;
- And where these shapes most thickly glimmer'd by,
- Out on the cruel reef the black hulk lay, And cast, against the kindling Eastern sky,
- Its shape gigantic on the shrouding spray.

Silent upon the shore, the fishers fed

Their eyes on horror, waiting for the close, When in the midst of them a shrill voice rose: "The boat! the boat!" it said.

Like creatures startled from a trance, they

turned To her who spake : tall in the midst stood she, With arms uplifted, and with eyes that yearned

Out on the murmuring sea.

Some shrugging shoulders, homeward turned their eyes,

And others answered back in brutal speech; But some, strong-hearted, uttering shouts and cries.

Followed the fearless woman up the beach.

A rush to seaward—black confusion—then A struggle with the surf upon the strand—

'Mid shrieks of women, cries of desperate men, The long oars smite, the black boat springs from land !

Around the thick spray flies;

The waves roll on and seem to overwhelm, With blowing hair and onward gazing eyes

The woman stands erect, and grips the helm. . . .

Now fearless heart, Meg Blane, or all must die ! Let not the skilled hand thwart the steadfast eve.

The crested wave comes near—crag-like it towers Above you, scattering round its chilly showers: One flutter of the hand, and all is done ! Now steel thy heart, thou woman-hearted one ! Softly the good helm guides; Bound to the liquid ridge the boat leaps light— Hidden an instant—on the foaming height, Dripping and quivering like a bird it rides. Athwart the ragged rift the moon looms pale,

Driven before the gale, And making silvern shadows with her breath, Where on the shining sea it shimmereth; And, lo I the light illumes the reef; 'tis shed Full on the wreck, as the dark boat draws nigh. A crash —the wreck upon the reef is fied; A scream I—and all is still beneath the sky, Save the wild waters as they whirl and cry.

EPILOGUE.

"Lord, hearken to me ! Save all poor souls at sea ! Thy breath is on their cheeks— Their cheeks are wan with fear ; No man speaks,

For who could hear ?

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For the sake of Christ Thy Son ! "

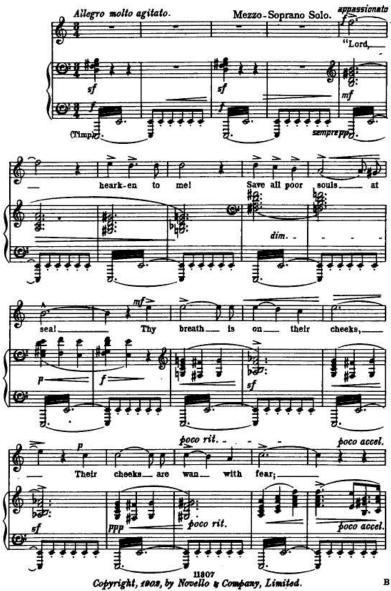
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

MEG BLANE

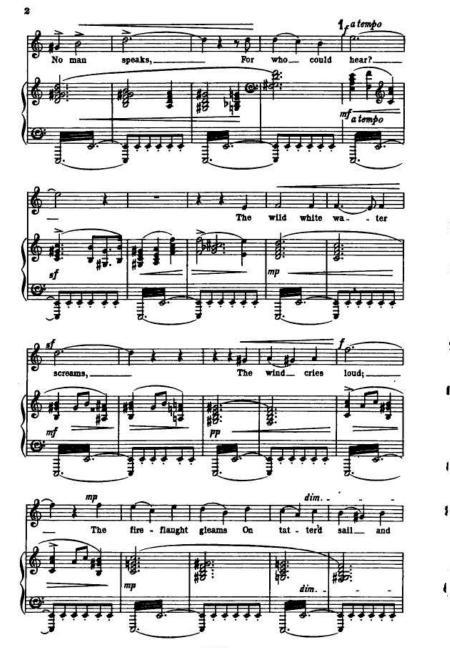
A Rhapsody of the Sea. PROLOGUE.

Robert Buchanan.

S. Coleridge - Taylor Op.48.



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