A STAR SONG: LYRIC RHAPSODY; FOR SOLO QUARTET, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649331567

A Star Song: Lyric Rhapsody; for Solo Quartet, Chorus and Orchestra by Henry Bernard Carpenter

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HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER

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Trieste

A Star Song

Lyric Rhapsody

for
Solo Quartet
Chorus
and
Orchestra.

The Text by
HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

The Music
by
HORATIO PARKER.
OP. 54.

(Orchestra parts may be had of the Publishers.)

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G. SCHIRMER, JR.
[Director, Music Co.]
26 WEST ST., --- BOSTON.

I

A Star Song.

I

MERCURY.

Who is this that looketh forth
With the beauty of the morning,
And the brightness of his birth
Laughs my herald light to scorning,
Like new day between the darkness and
the dawning?

MARS.

Who is this to whom I yield
At his glory's far-seen shimmer,
And my sanguine-circled shield
Fades before him, dim and dimmer,
Swooning deathward as a torrent-thwarted
swimmer?

JUPITER.

Who is this, whose light, like foam,
Blinds mine eyelids, sight impeding,
From whose ray comes cowering home
Eagle knowledge, downward speeding
Like a sea-gull into storm-torn waves
receding?

SATURN.

Who is this from whom I wane,
I, a hermit pale and hoary,
Dreaming o'er my thoughts domain,
I, the crownless king of story,
And my gray shape sinks unsceptred
in his glory?

THE MORNING STAR.

I am Love, and sit as God
On my silver morn-star singing;
At my music poured abroad,
Every star, his censer swinging,
Strews the darkness with sweet echoes
ever ringing.

II

Where the Moon makes her nest
In the bed of the waning West,
And her veil of thin light through heaven is
no more uplifted,
We, sons of the starry morn,
Out of darkness born,
To the strand of still Night like showers of
her pearl are drifted,—
Gems from her quarried azure aglow,
Eddying flakes from her endless snow,
Gold grain on Time's threshing-floor, by the
fan of his tempest winnowed and sifted.

Lo, the Moon sinks dim
As a bead on a goblet's rim,
Whence the feaster has drained the last
spark of its life resplendent;
And the sky's deep cup, down-turned,
With light unadorned,
Hangs hollow, injewelled with stars, above
earth impendent;
And into the vessel of darkness flow
The shadows borne hither from earth below,—
A stairway stretching to heaven for Death
and the angels on Death attendant.

As a meadow-born mist
Which the cloud-shaping Sun hath kissed,
Melts earthward in showers whose many
rich hues commingle,
So the thoughts that from man aspire
Float up through our lyre
And mix and flow back from our consonant
chords atingle,
And the sigh sent hither that seemed
in vain
Returns like the sound of a spring-tide rain;
For heaven and earth are one world, where
none lives alone, and nothing is single.

14118

When Life plants the thorn
Where its roses no more are born,
And dark is the way, and the spirit is
weary with searching,
Men look unto us and live
Through the power that we give,
And strong grow their steps to the sound
of our measured marching,
And we shine like silver cells inwrought
In the dome that bends over God's own
thought,
Strong-pillared in Love, lifted high as Love's
self, in its infinite overarching.

III

Oh, the music that rings
From our harp of unnumbered strings
When that Hand is spread forth which
spans all the starry spaces!
When o'er us the world's great Soul
Is breathed, as the roll
Of a lenghtening wave down the shores
loud-echoing places;
Then we sink as shells in the tide, we fill
With the music and might of Love's deep will,
As we sing of the yet unharvested hopes
for the far earth's happy races.

Aloft and alone,
All orbs are the wheels of thy throne.
What space can contain thee, O Life
that livest for ever,
O Light beyond lights of the morn,
On whose tides we are borne,
As we drink of thy drainless heart as out
of a river?
Yet the least of the stars beneath thy feet
Is the home of thy Son, and Love's own seat,
At whose rise both twilight skies melt away
in the smiles from his love-stored quiver.

O bringer of dawn
And of dusk to a world overworn!
Sweet star, twice-named and twice-loved,
of morn and of even,
Thou leadest our planet throng
In the choral song
With thy prelude string to the strings of the
starry seven;
And the hushed skies listen, and back
there rolls,
Like a chant from a blessed chorus of souls,
The low sweet thunder of answering harps
through the deeps and the heights of
heaven.

IV

When Night goes abroad,
Assembling her senate for God,
Thou kindlest thy song as a torch, and goest
before us;
And when the winter nights wane,
Thou recallest our train,
And lightest us home with the banners of
morning spread o'er us.
Thou openest our house, and we shine
as kings;
Thou shuttest the door, and the daylight
springs,
O Love! the first and the last, thou rereward
and van of the starry chorus.

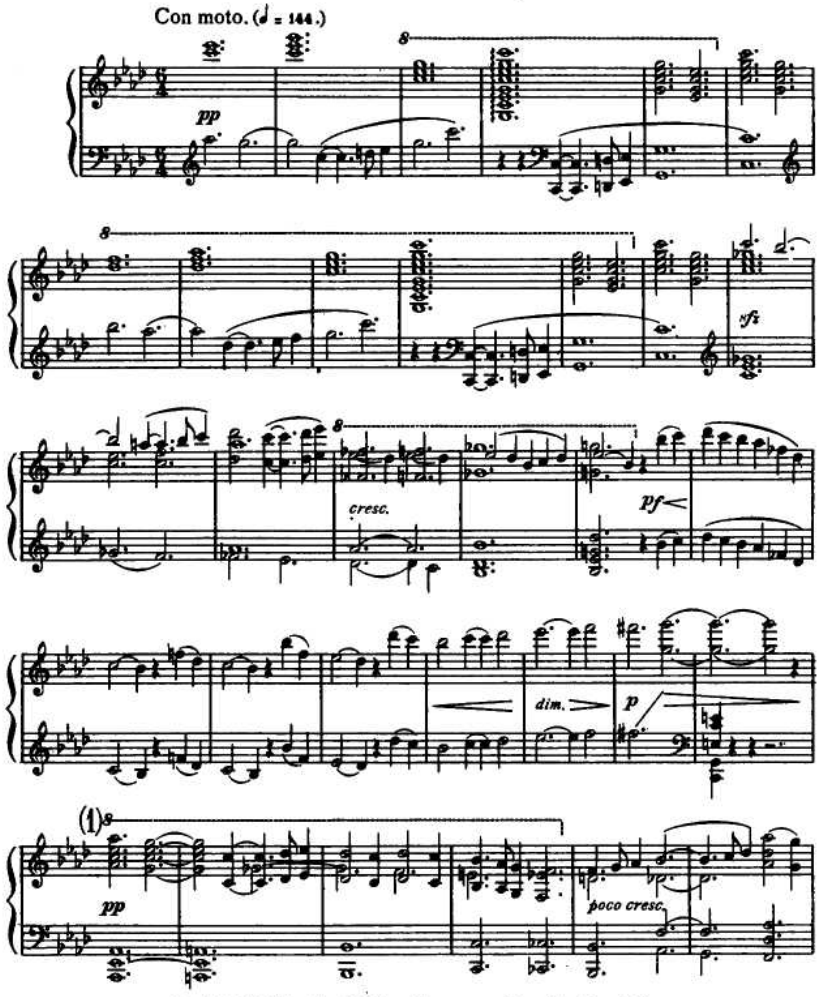
All wisdom and worth,
All lights and loves upon earth,
All shapes that are born from our moods go
hence or come hither,
And angels, and Gods of the sky
Grow old and then die,
Born into new life, caught upward we know
not whither,—
Yea, the stars feel the autumn's hand and
fade,
By the breath of the spoiler disarrayed;
But thine, O Love, is unwasted strength, and
the lights of thy crown cannot wither.

H. Bernard Carpenter.

A Star Song.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER. **I.** HORATIO PARKER, Op. 54.

Introduction, Choral Recitative and Tenor Solo.
"Who is this that looketh forth?"



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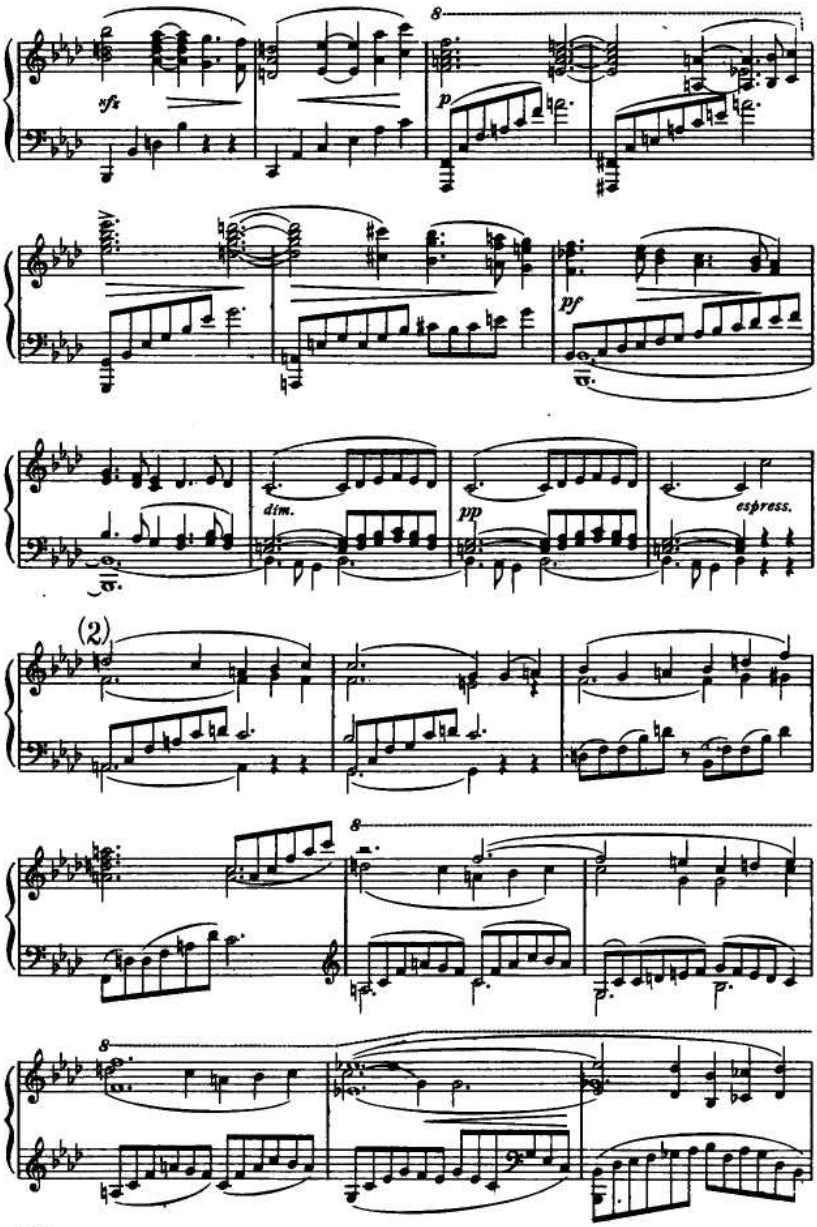
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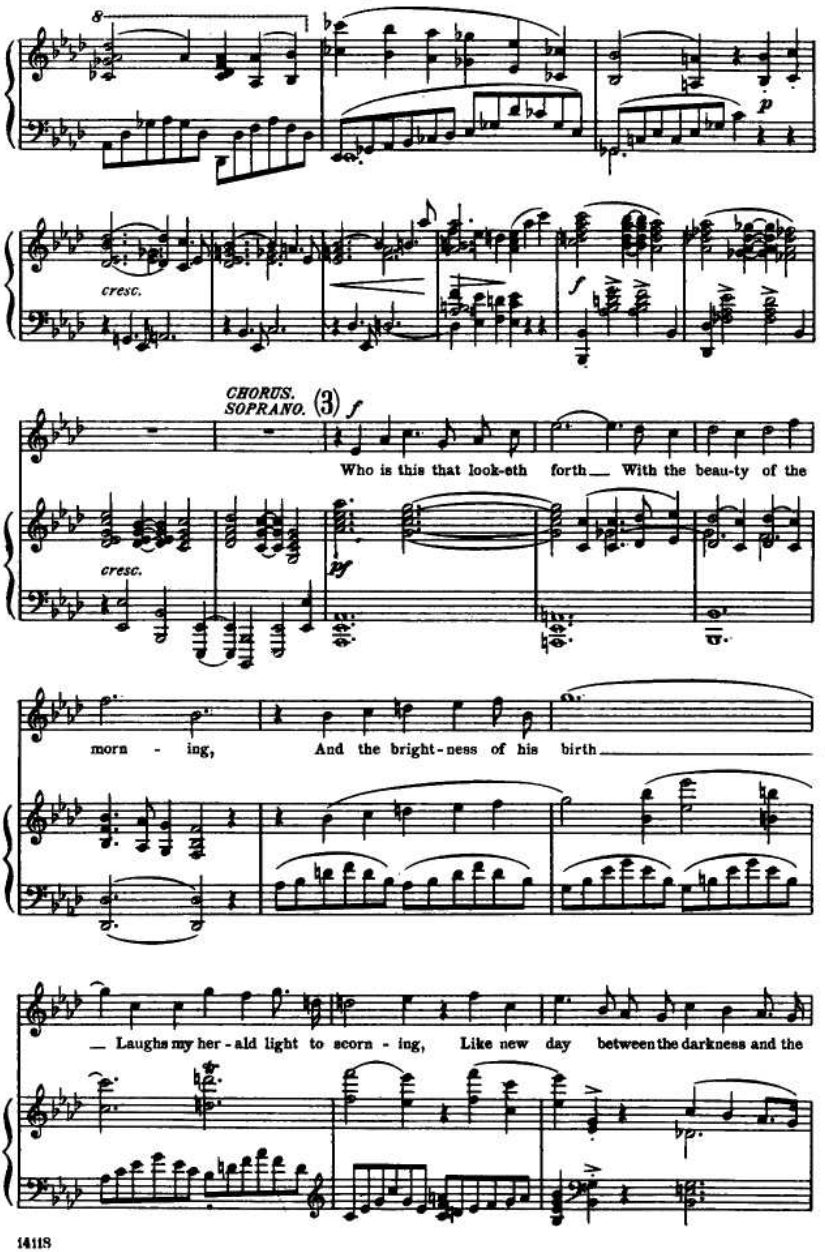
cresc.
f
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
(3)
f
Who is this that look-eth forth — With the beau-ty of the
cresc.
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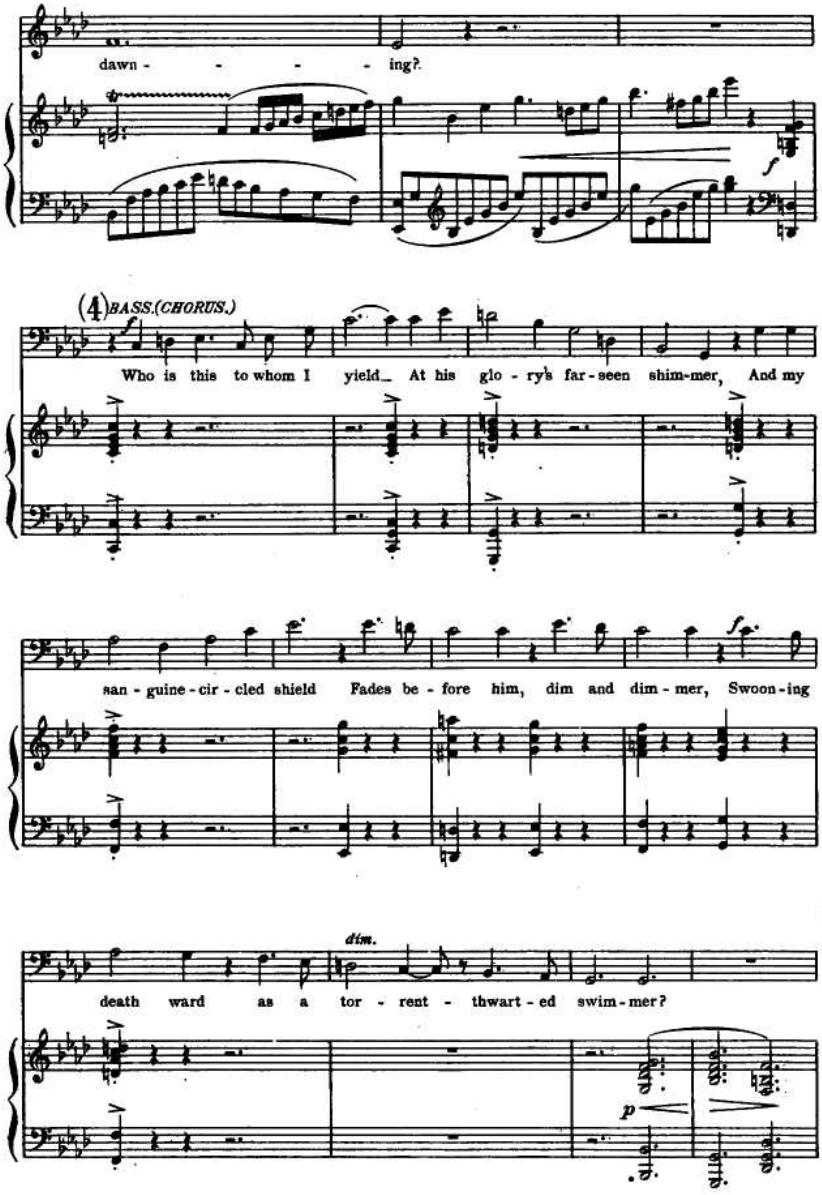
morn - ing, And the bright-ness of his birth —
— Laughs my her-ald light to scorn - ing, Like new day between the darkness and the


dawn - - - - ing?
(4) BASS.(CHORUS.)
Who is this to whom I yield_ At his glo - ry's far-seen shim-mer, And my
san - guine - cir - cled shield Fades be - fore him, dim and dim - mer, Swoon - ing
dim.
death ward as a tor - rent - thwart - ed swim - mer?
p