ODE TO PSYCHE

Flute 1
Flute 2
Oboe
Bass Solo
Soprano chorus
Alto chorus
Harp
Celesta
Violin 1
Violin 2
Viola 1
Viola 2
Cello
Percussion - tom toms
- sus. cym.
- triangle
- bell tree

lyrics abridged adapted by chris wind from Keats' "Ode to Psyche"
music composed by chris wind

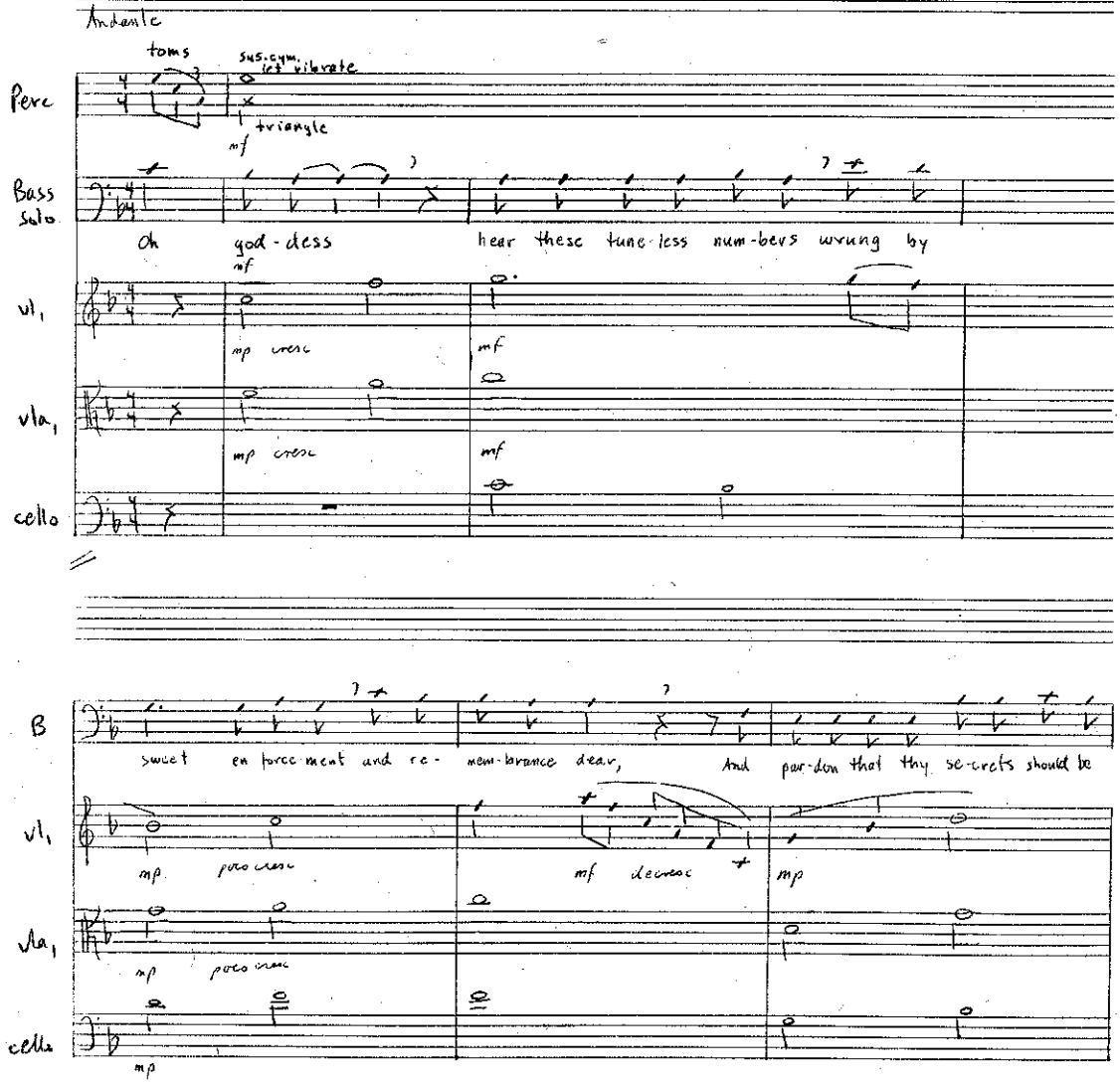
duration - approximately 5-7 minutes

category b)

ODE TO PSYCHE

original poem by Keats
adapted by chris wind

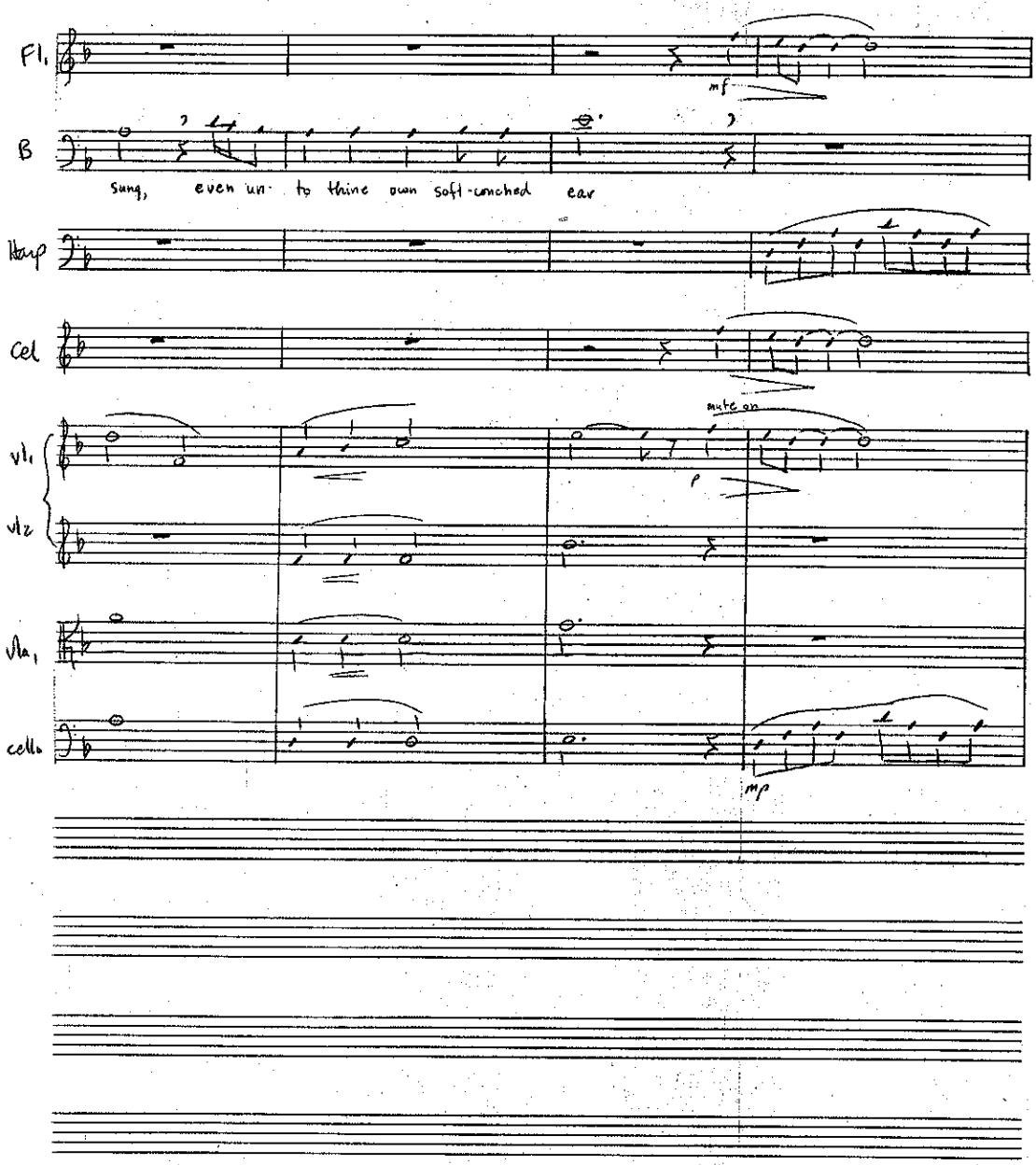
music by chris wind

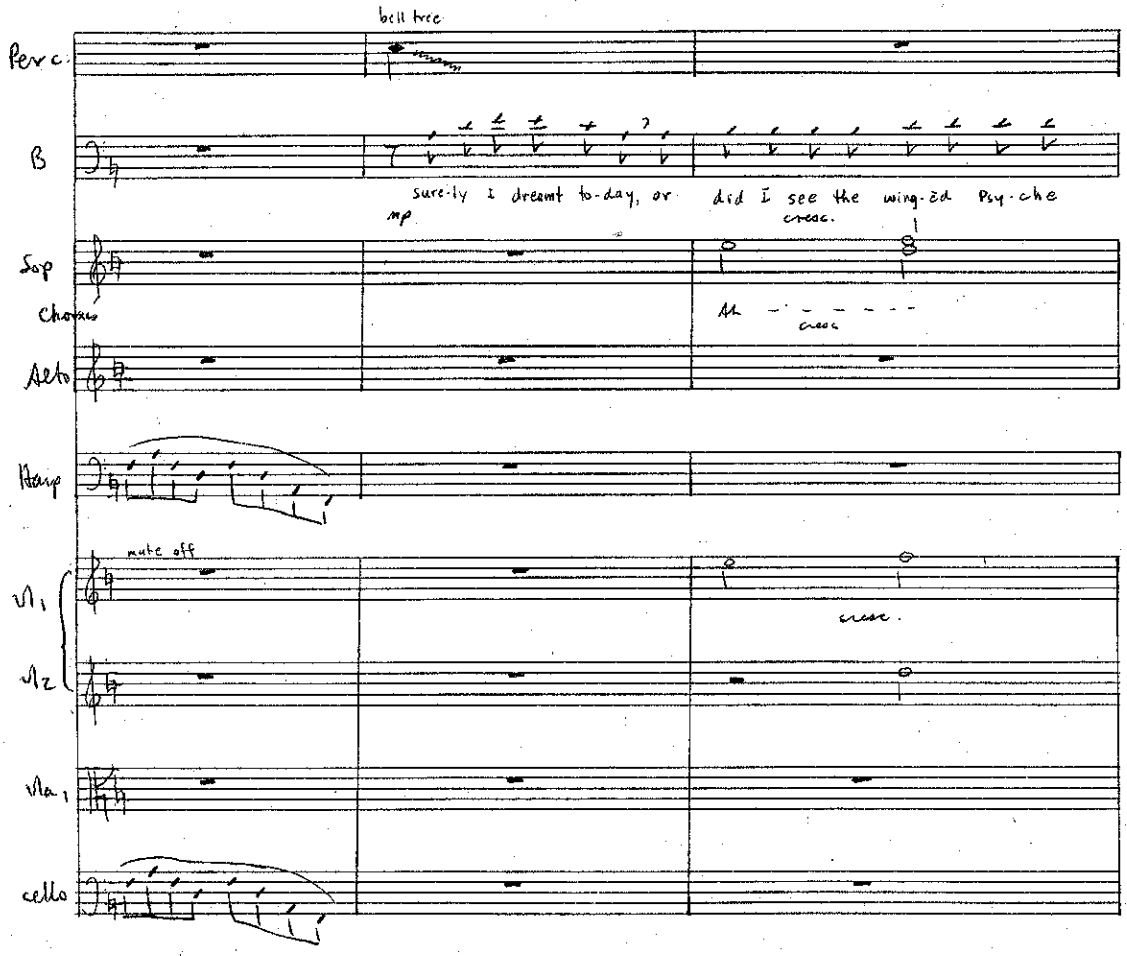


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

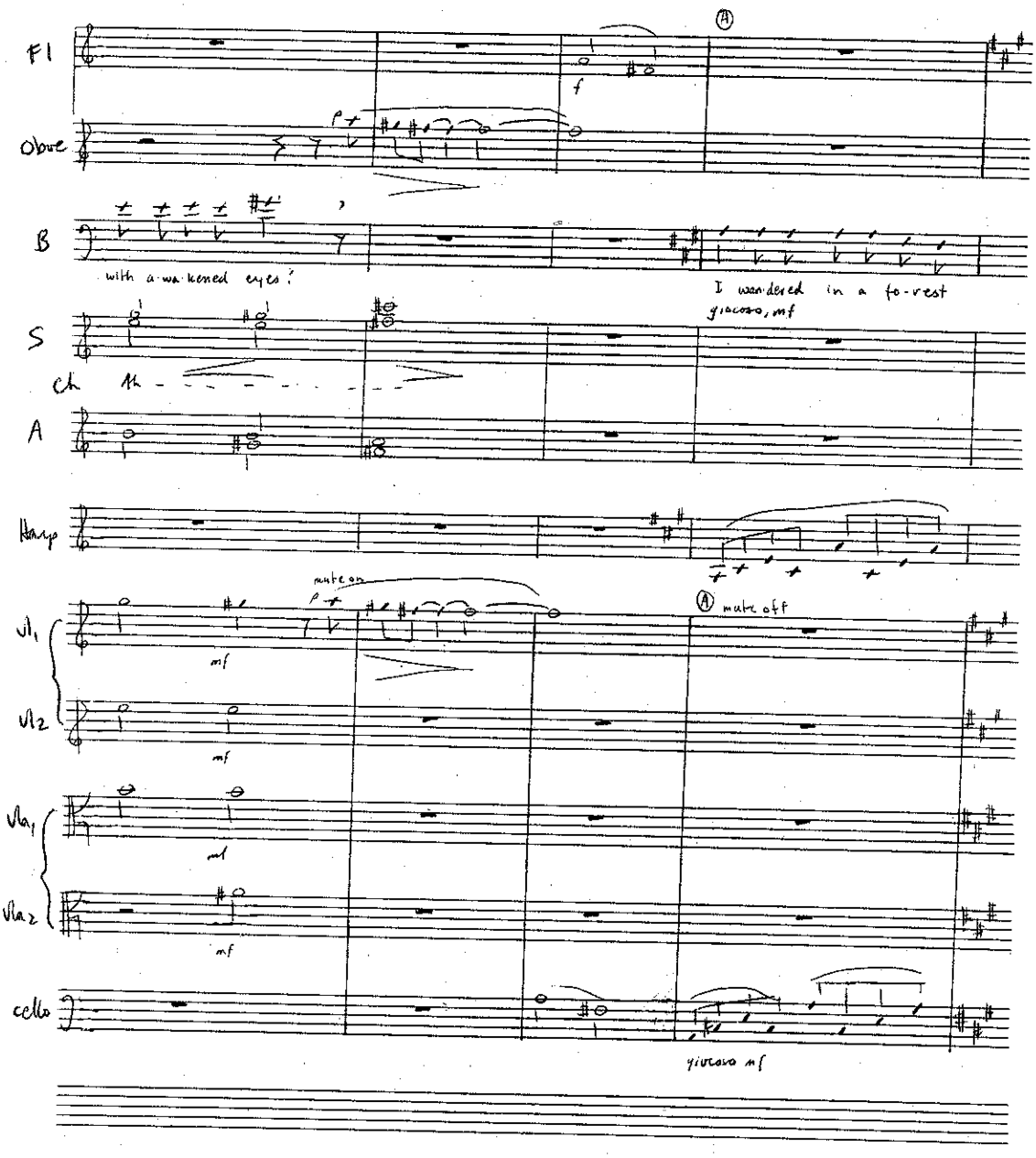

Fl.
mf
B
sung, even un- to thine own soft-couched ear
Harp
Cel
mute on
p
Vl. 1
Vl. 2
Vla.
cello
mp

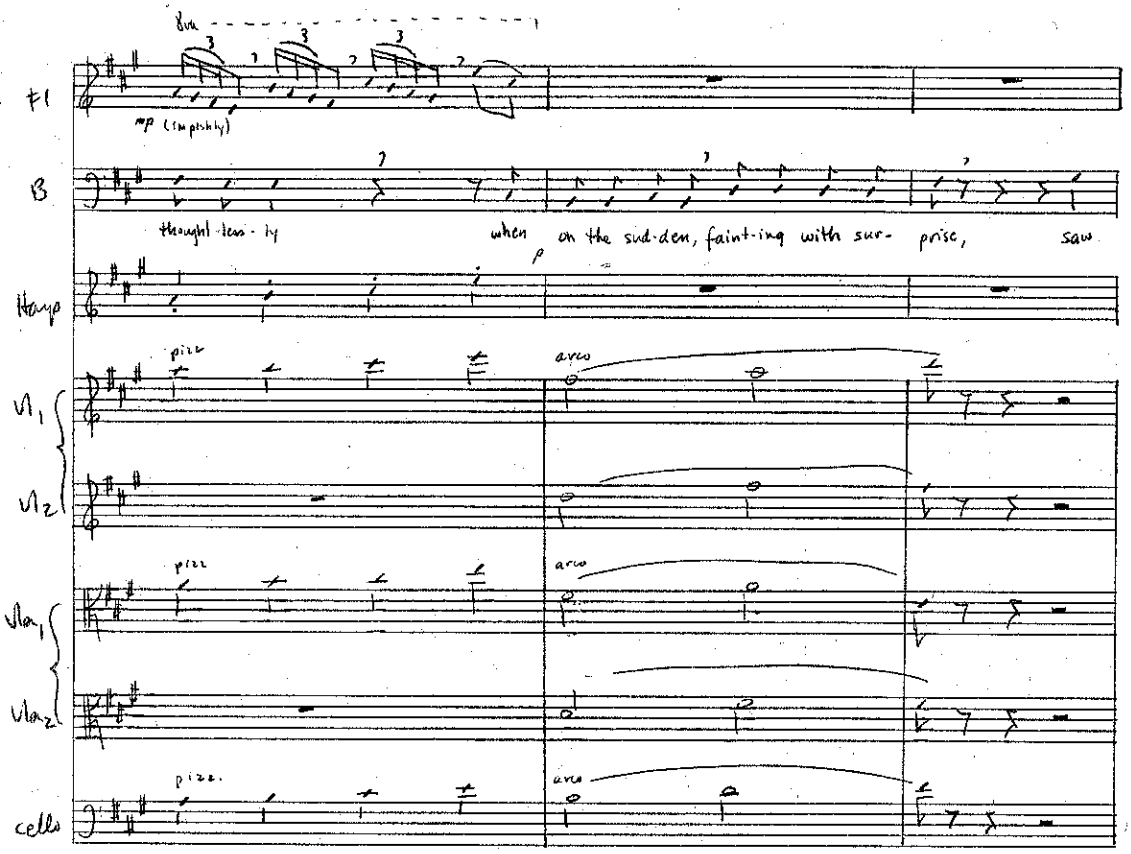


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

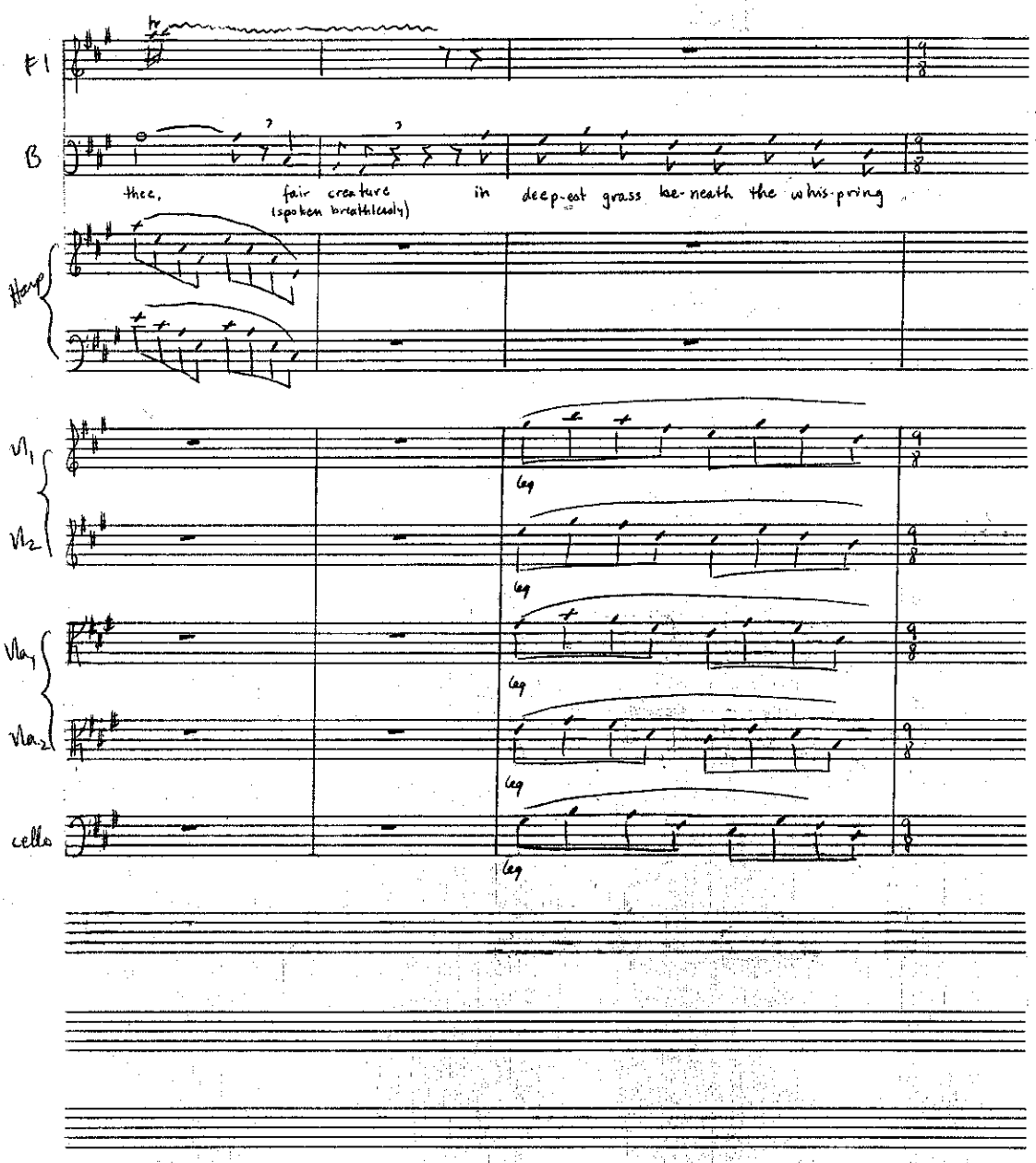

Fl
Oboe
B
with a-wa-kened eyes?
I wan-dered in a fo-rest
giocoso, mf
S
Ch
A
Harp
mute on
mute off
Vl1
Vl2
Vla1
Vla2
cello
mf
giocoso mf

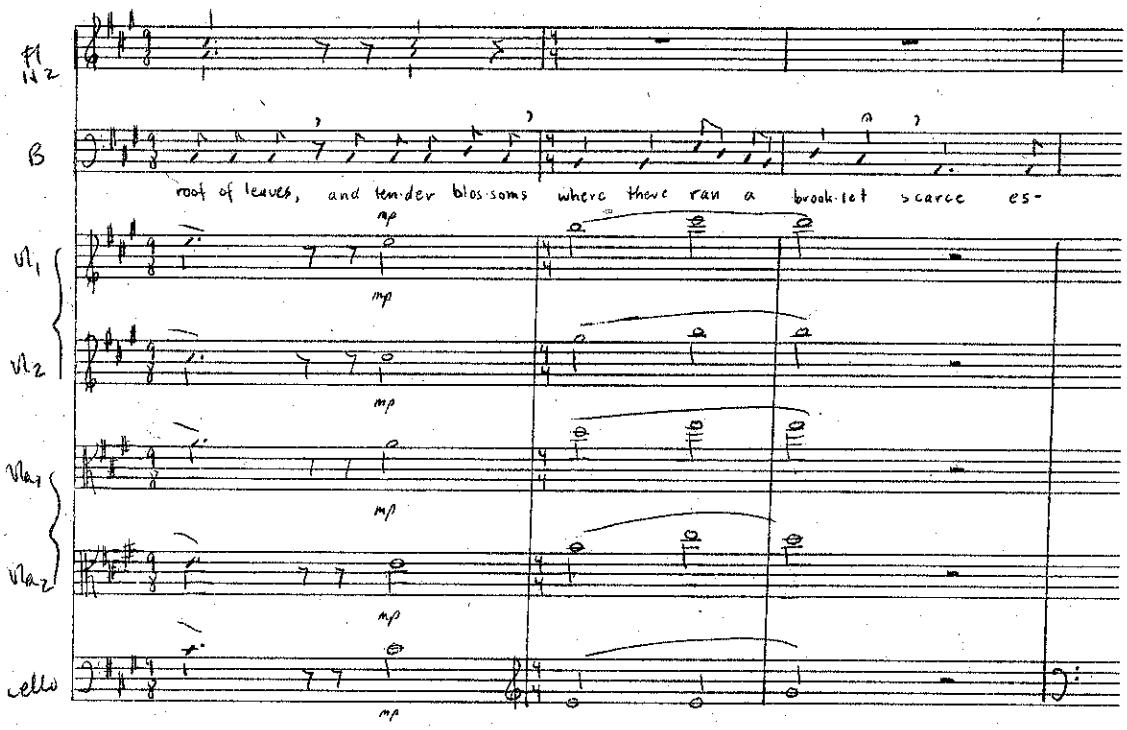


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED,
OAKVILLE, CANADA

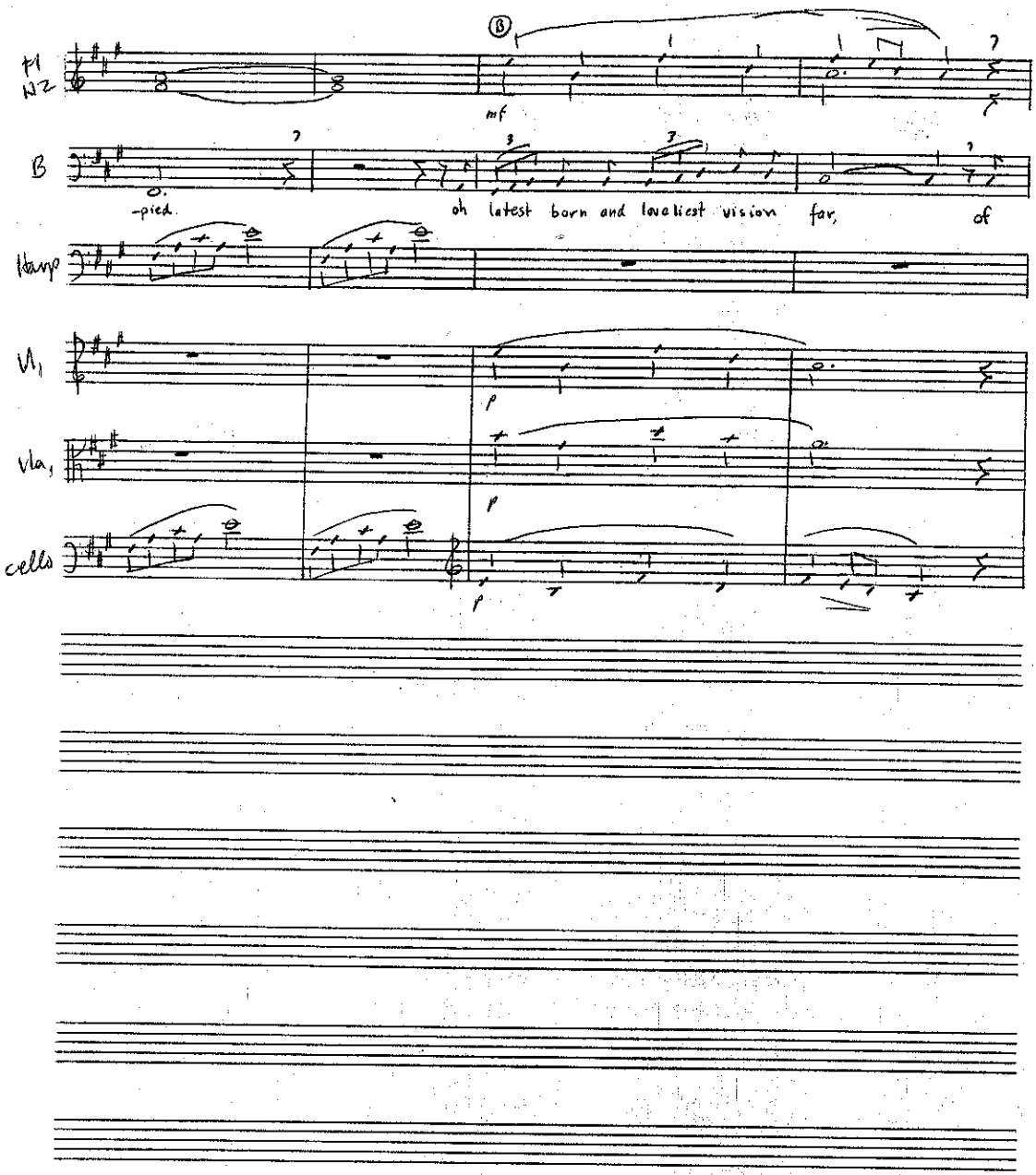

Fl
B
thee, fair creature in deep-est grass be-neath the whis-pring
(spoken breathlessly)
Harp
Vl1
Vl2
Vla1
Vla2
cello
leg

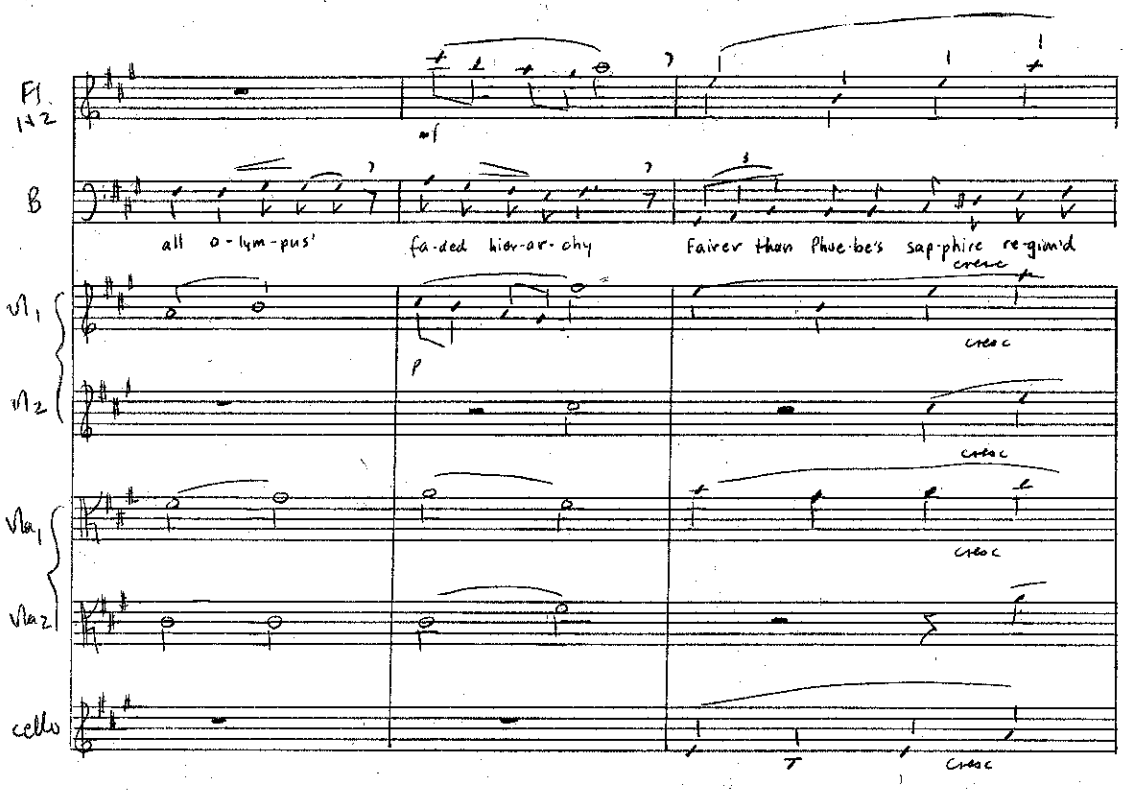


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED,
OAKVILLE, CANADA

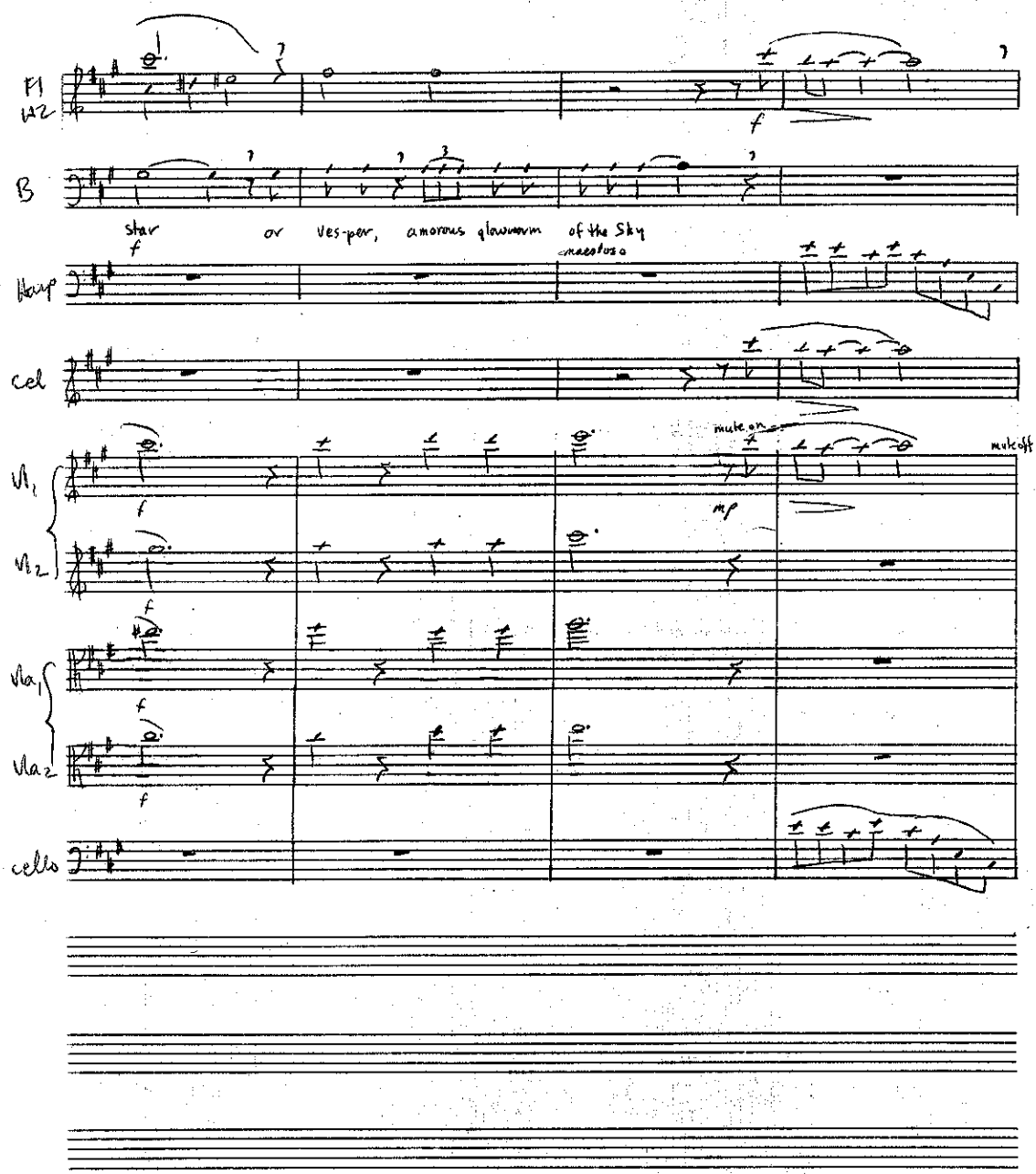

Fl
Fl2
B
mf
-pied.
oh latest born and loveliest vision far, of
Harp
Vl1
Vla1
cello
p

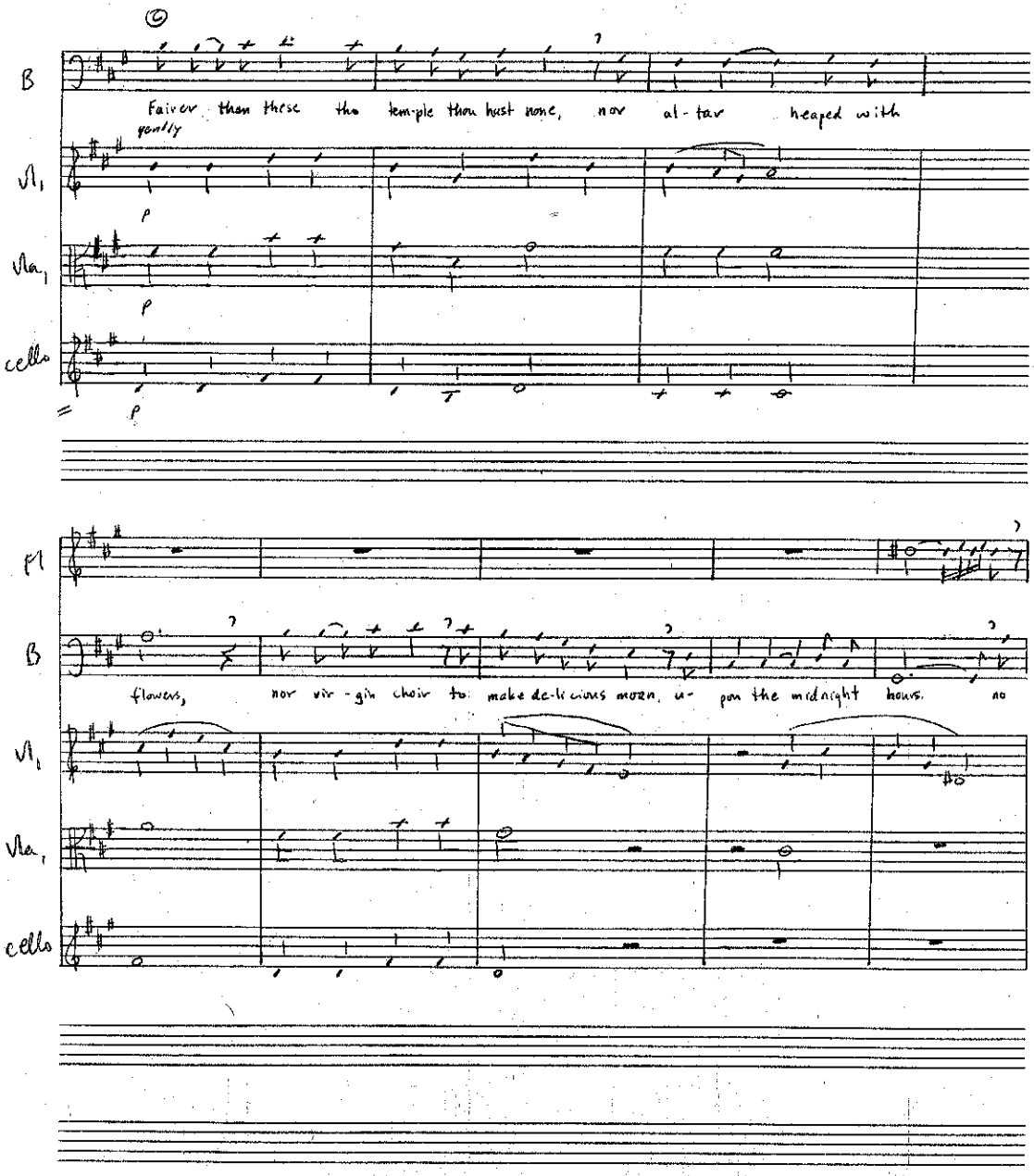


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

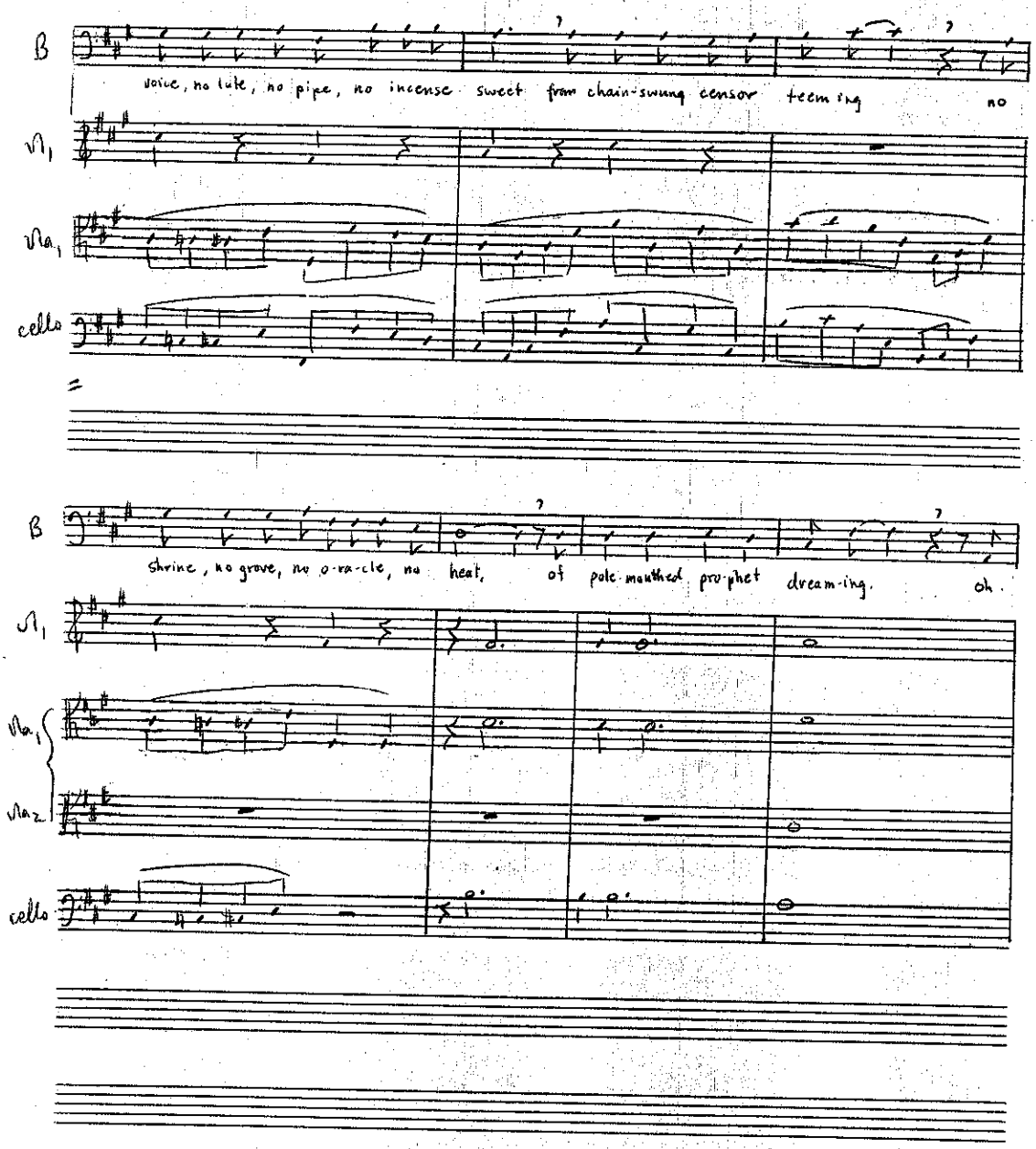

Fl 1,2
B
star
f
or
ves-per,
amorous glowworm
of the Sky
maestoso
Harp
cel
mute on
mute off
mf
Vln 1
Vln 2
Vla 1
Vla 2
cello

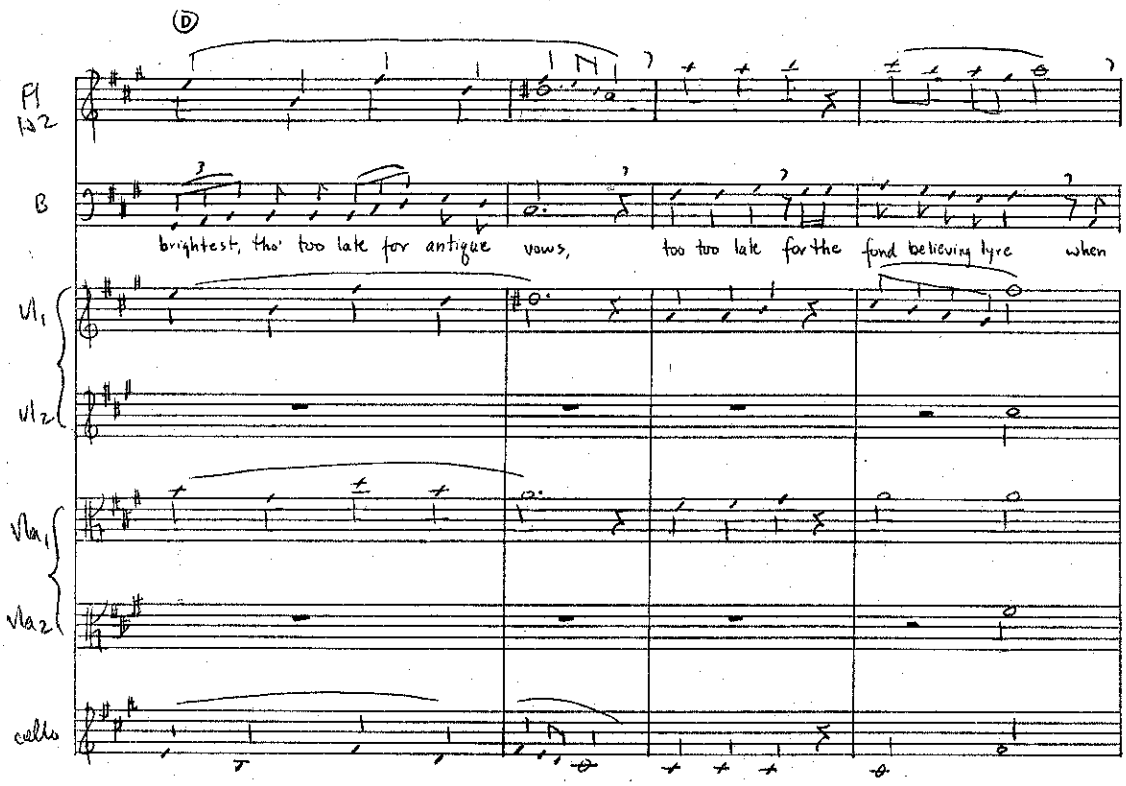


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED,
OAKVILLE, CANADA

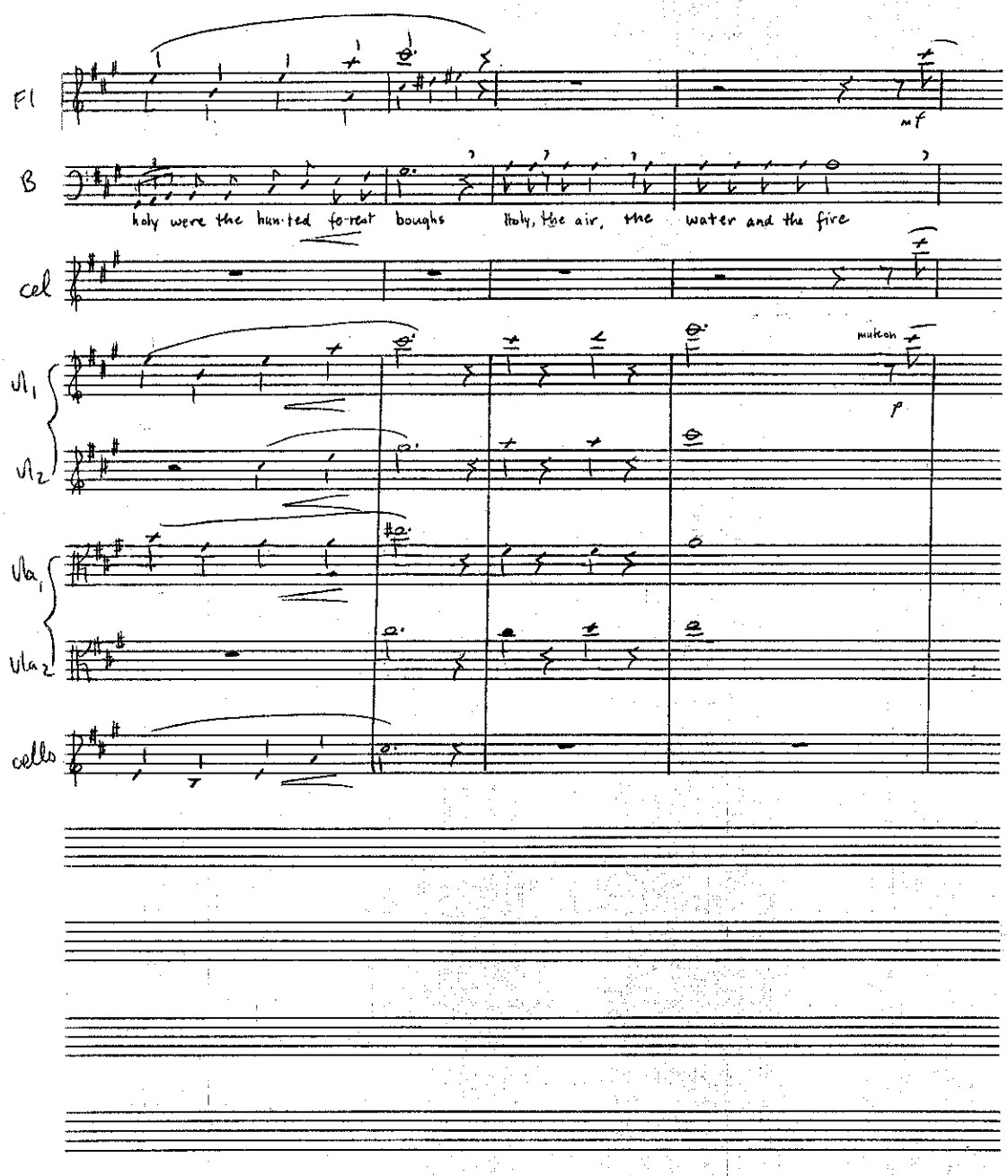

B
voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet from chain-swung censor teem ing no
Va1
Va2
cello
=
B
shrine, no grove, no o-ra-cle, no heat, of pale-mouthed pro-phet dream-ing. oh.
Va1
Va2
cello

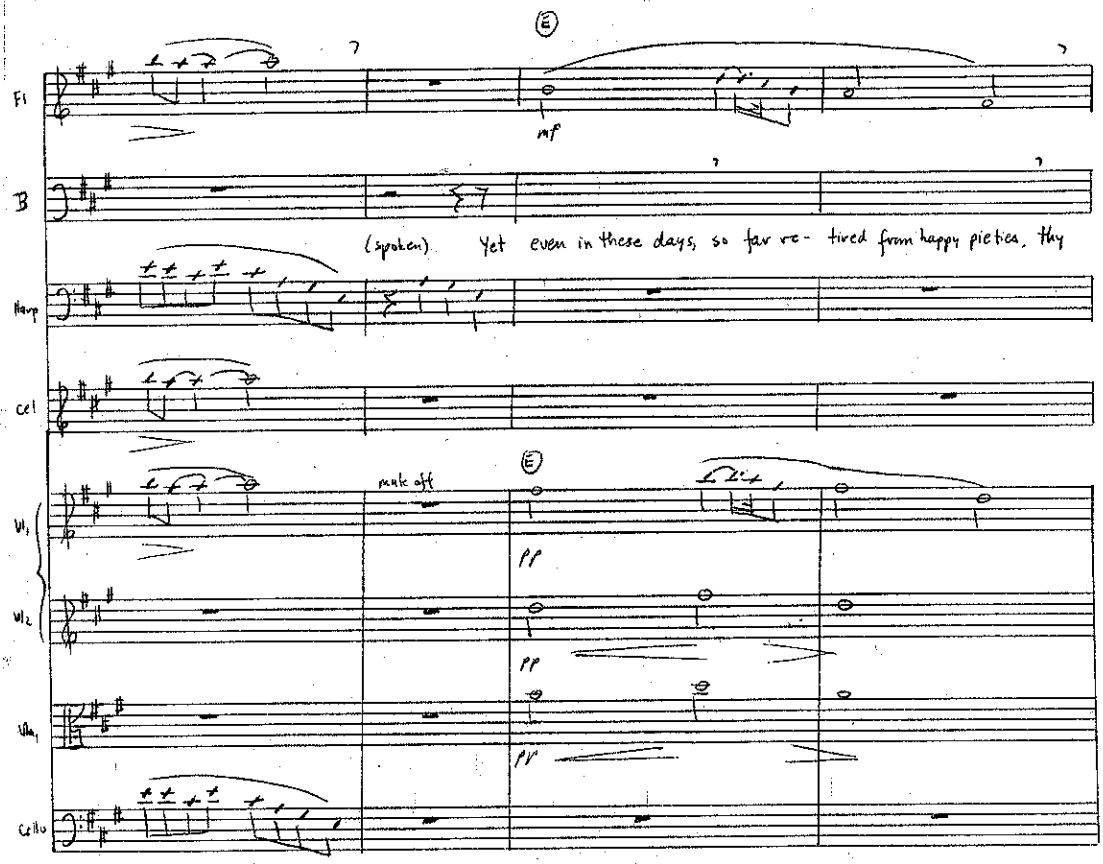


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

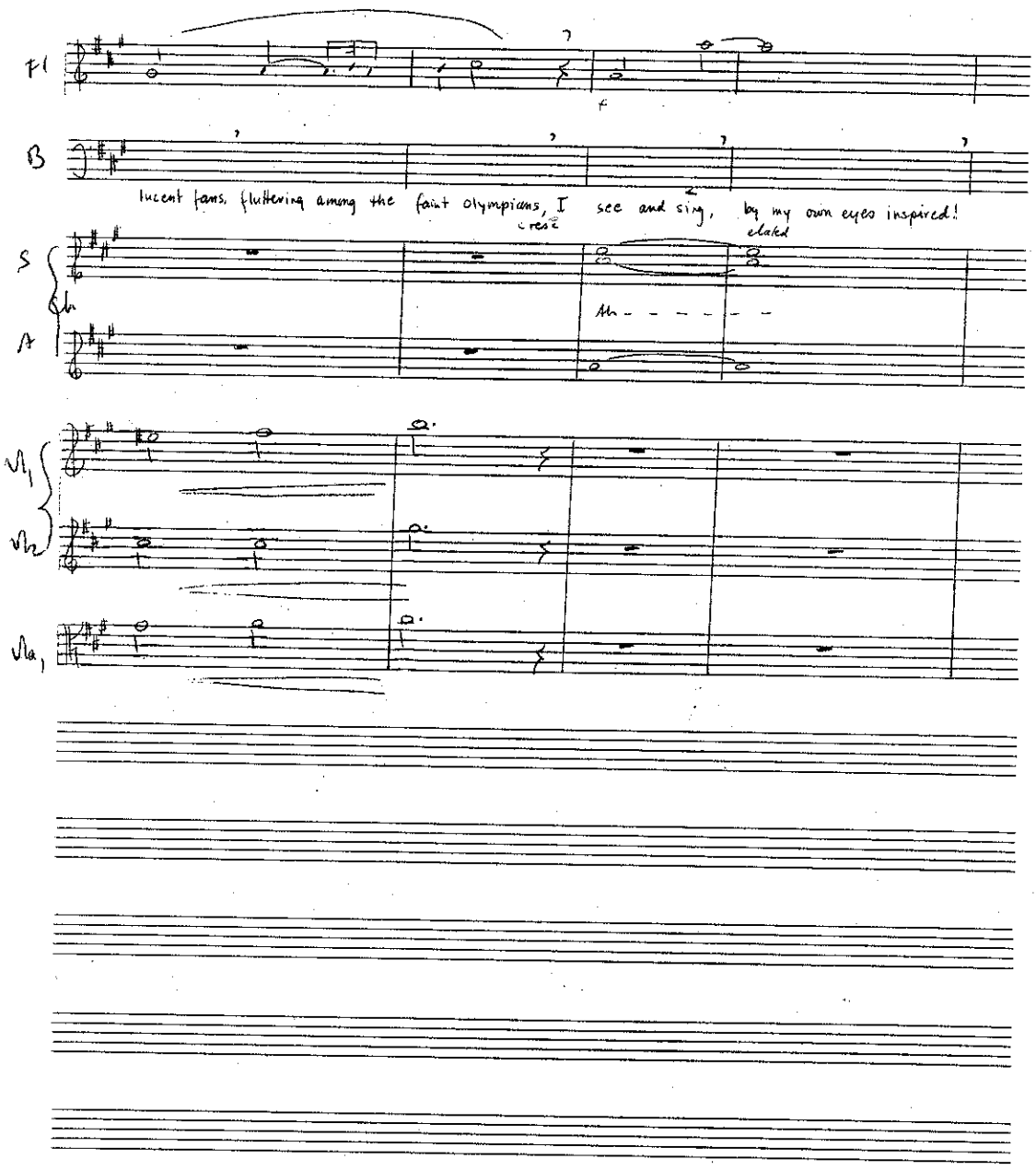

Fl
mf
B
holy were the hun-ted fo-rest boughs Holy, the air, the water and the fire
cel
Vl1
Vl2
mute on
p
Vla1
Vla2
cello

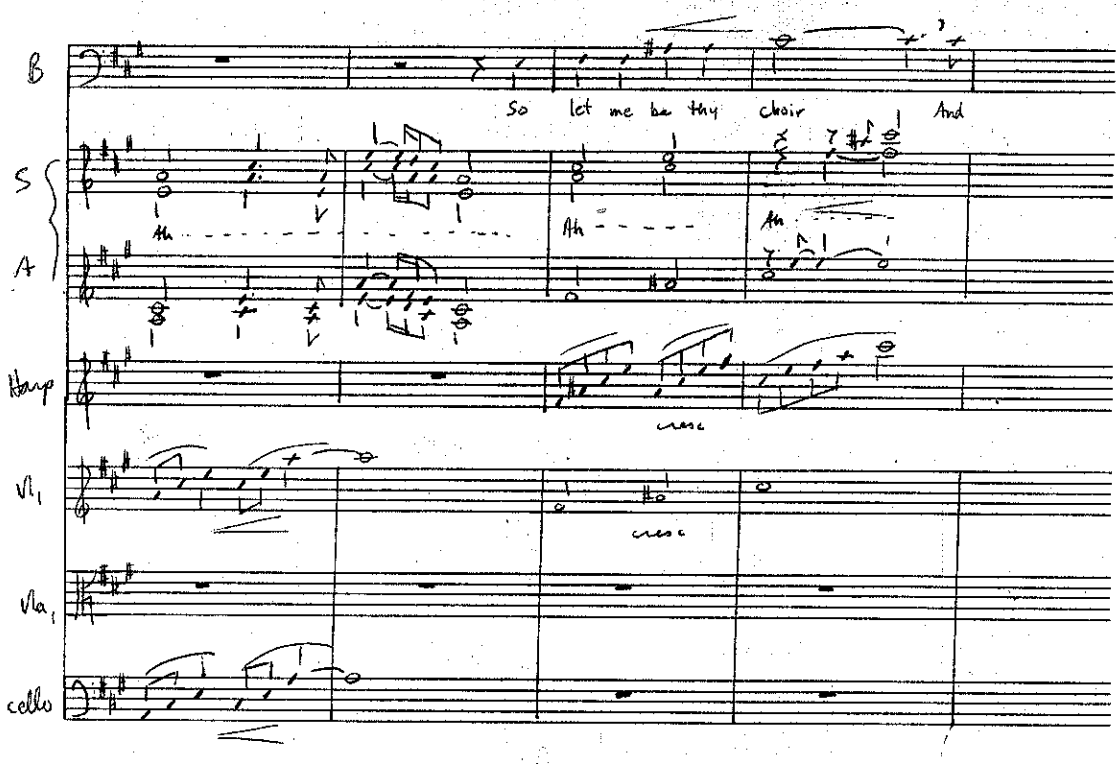


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

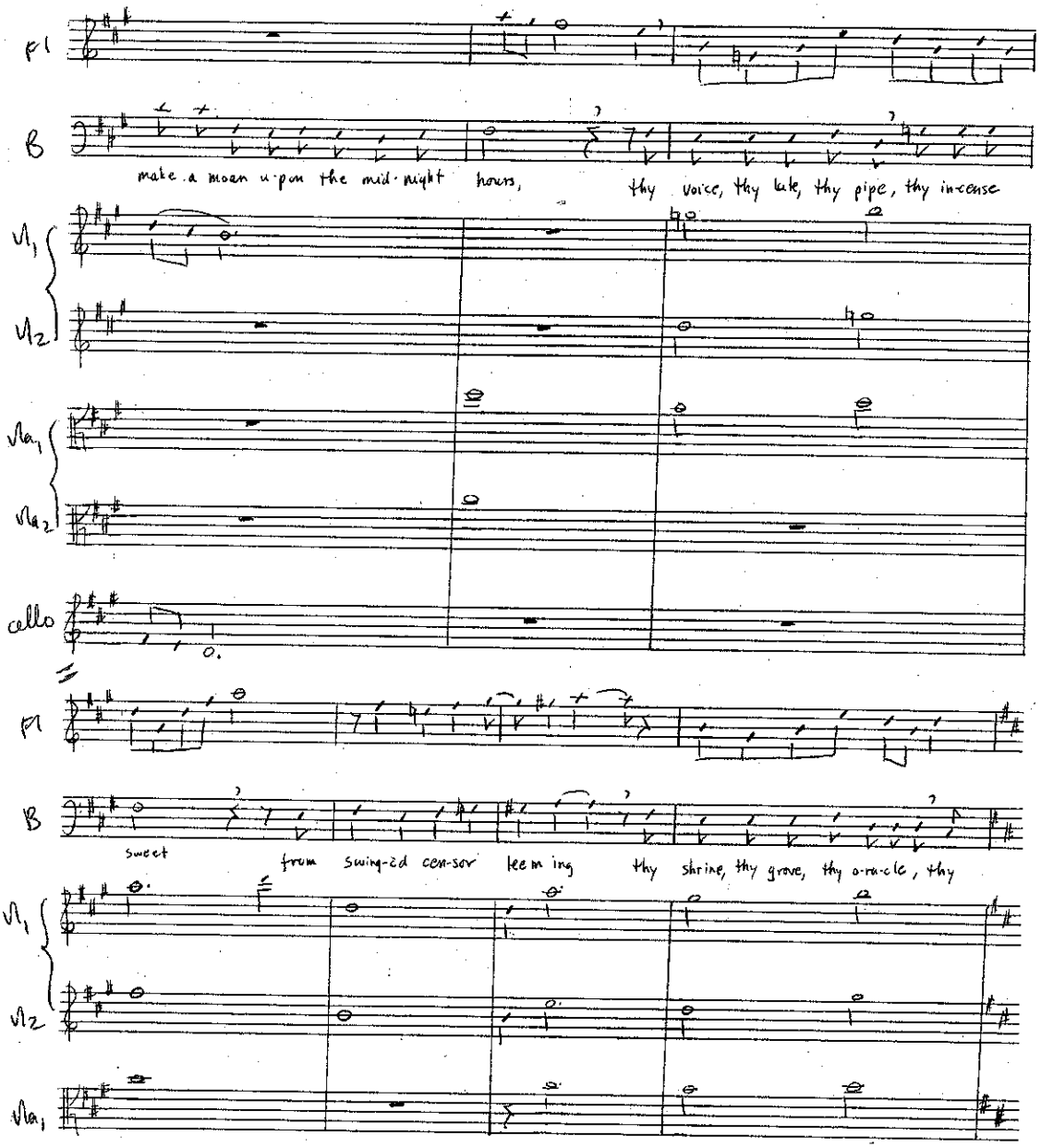

Fl
f
B
lucent fans, fluttering among the faint olympians, I see and sing, by my own eyes inspired!
cease
elated
S
A
Vl1
Vl2
Vla1

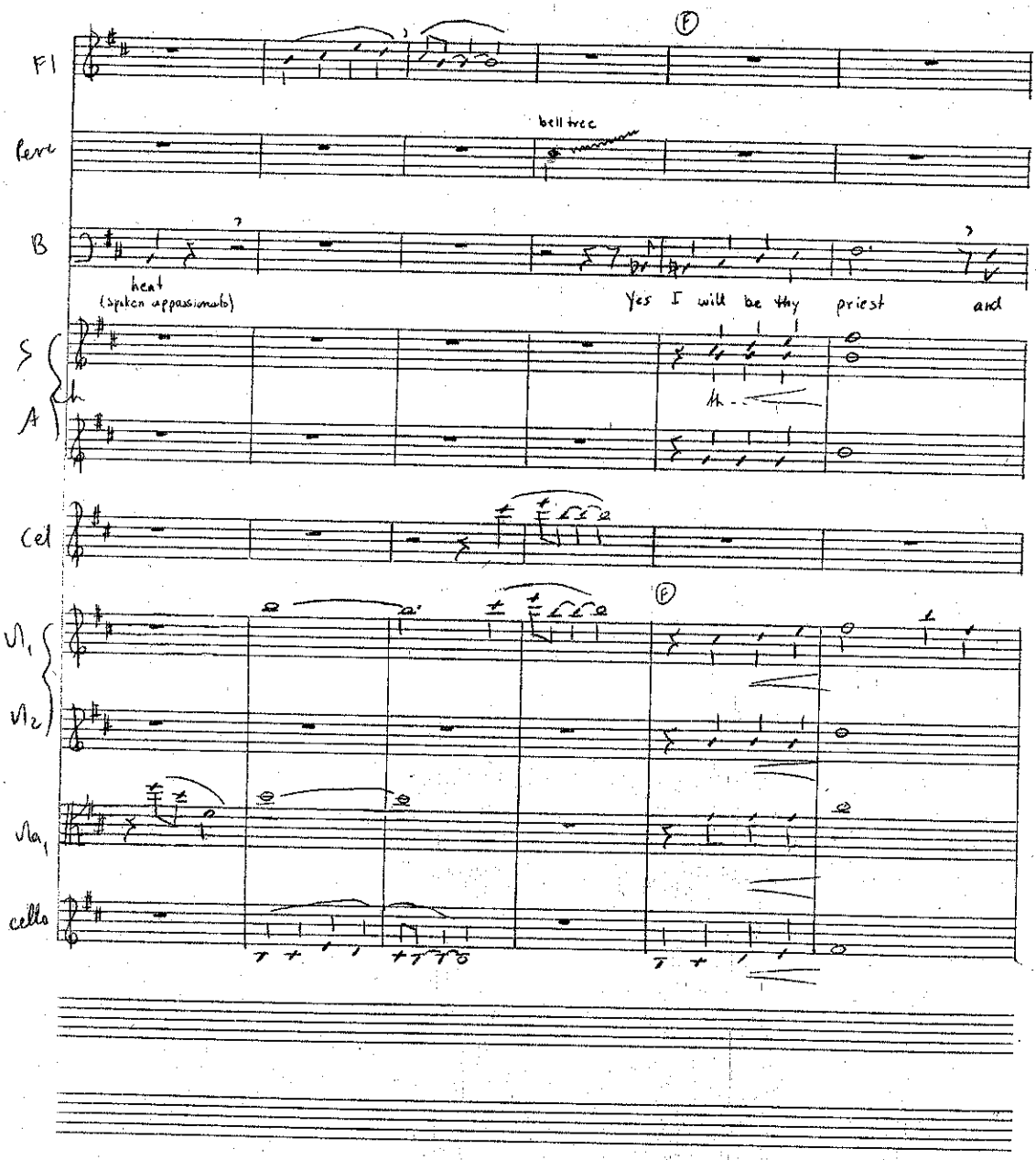


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED,
OAKVILLE, CANADA

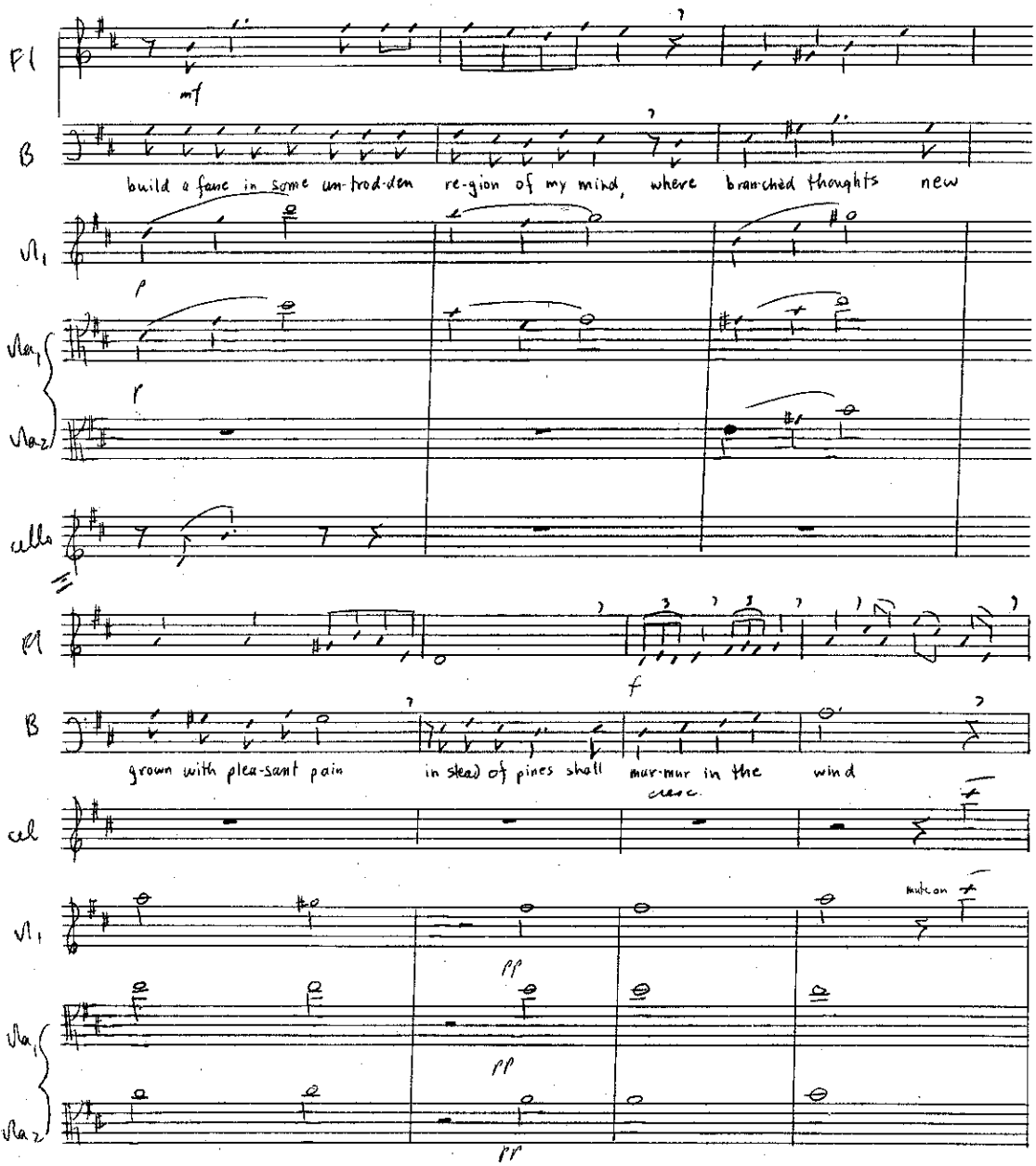

Fl
B
make a moan u-pon the mid-night hours,
thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy in-cense
Vl1
Vl2
Vla1
Vla2
cello
Fl
B
sweet
from swing-ed cen-sor teem ing
thy shrine, thy grove, thy o-ra-cle, thy
Vl1
Vl2
Vla1

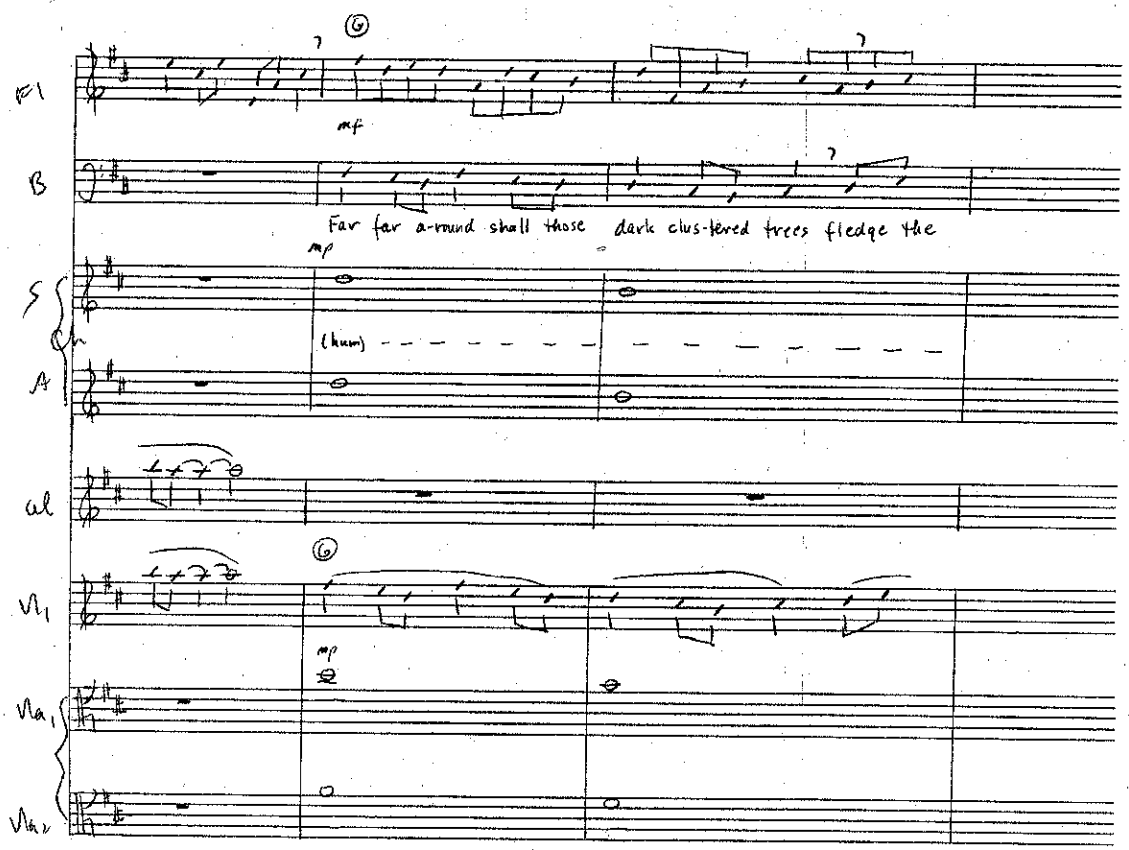


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

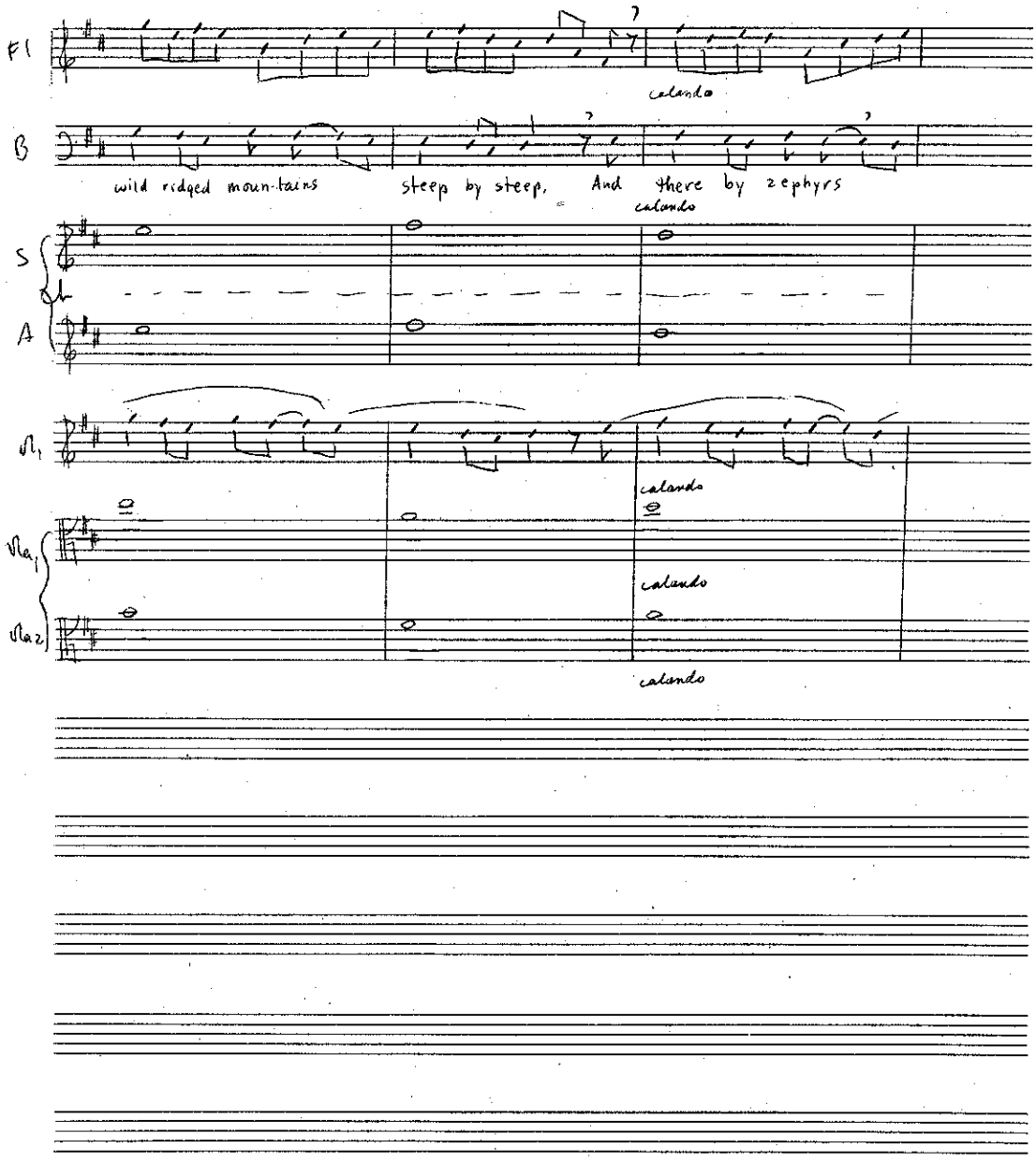

Fl
mf
B
build a fane in some un-trod-den re-gion of my mind, where bran-ched thoughts new
Vln1
p
Vla1
Vla2
p
vlc
Fl
f
B
grown with plea-sant pain
in stead of pines shall mur-mur in the wind
cresc.
vlc
Vln1
mute on
pp
Vla1
pp
Vla2
pp

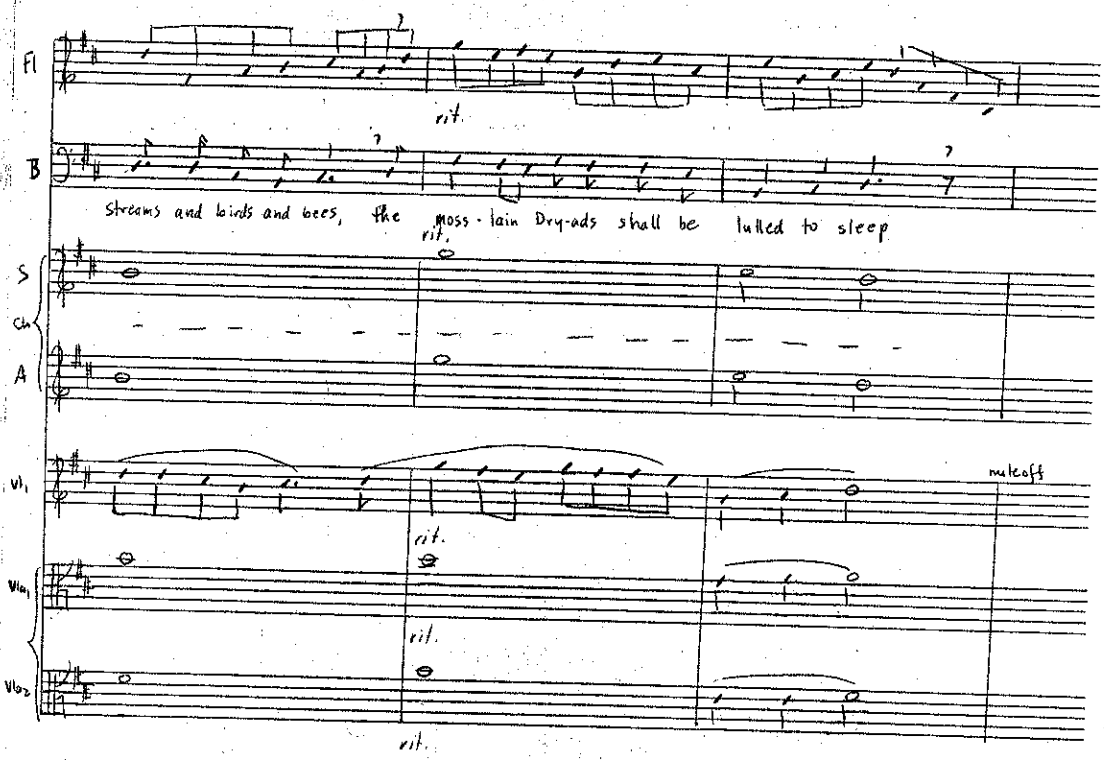


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

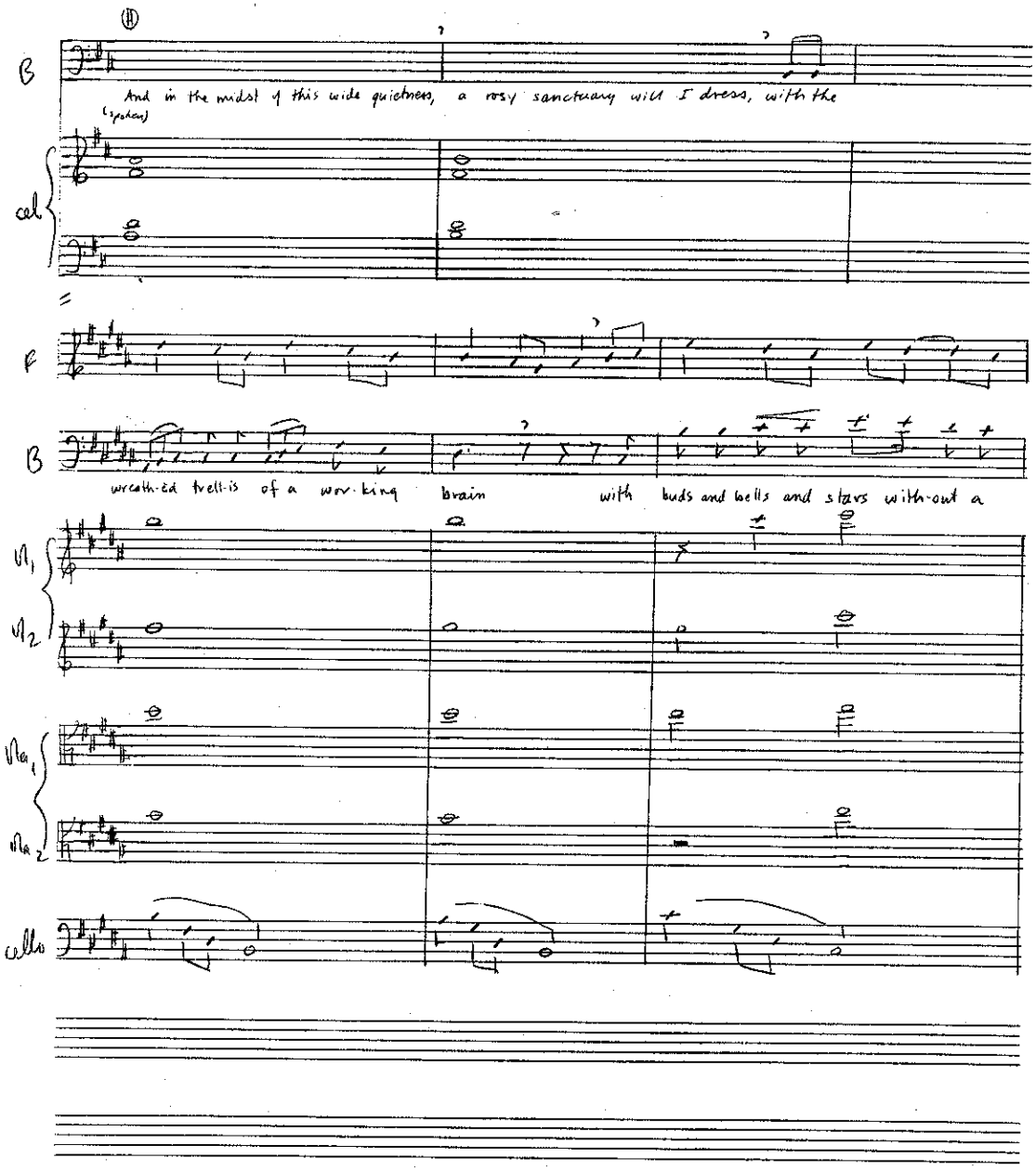

Fl
calando
B
wild ridged moun-tains
steep by steep, And there by zephyrs
calando
S
A
calando
calando
calando

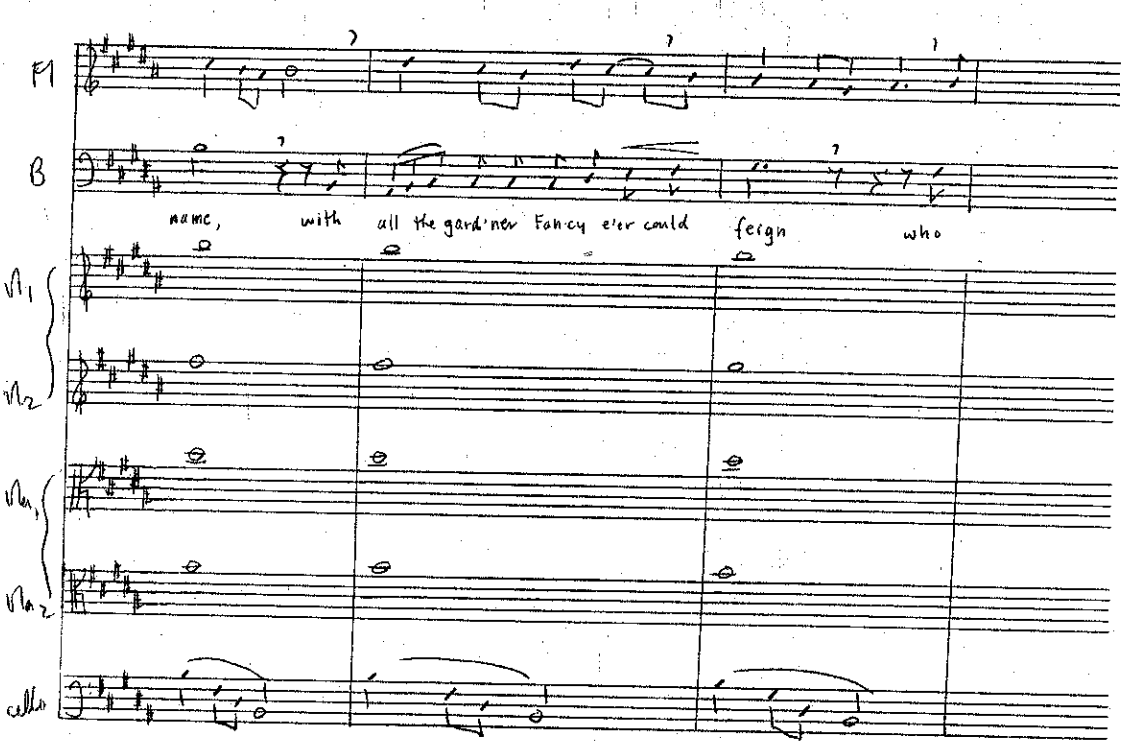


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

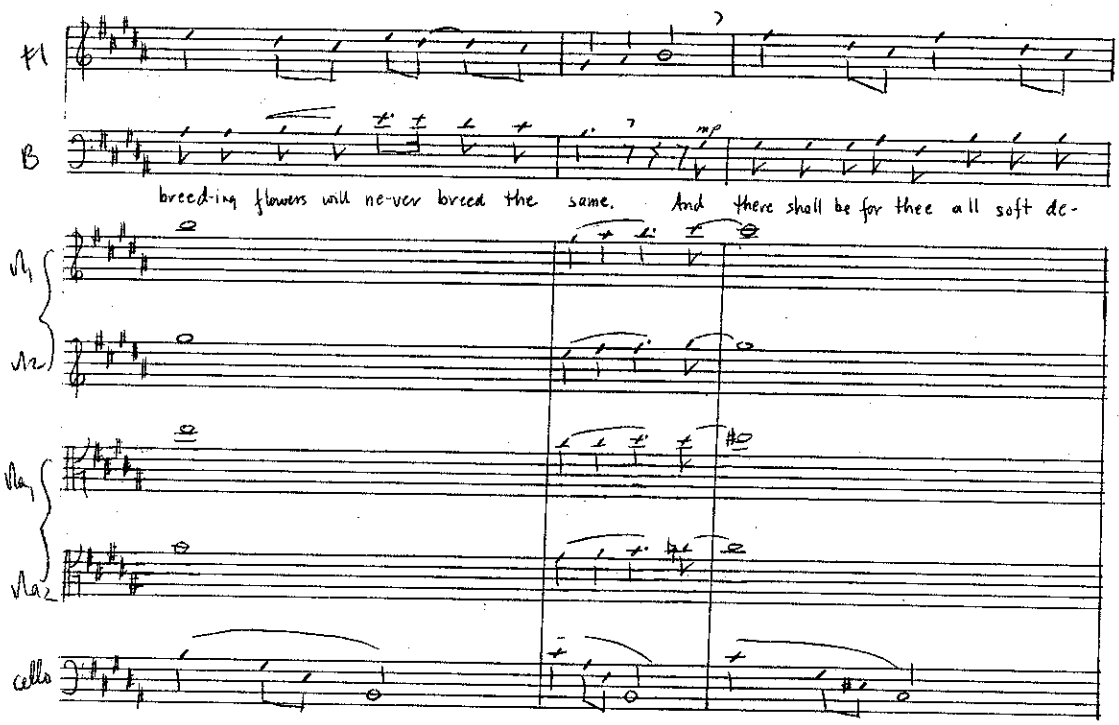

B
And in the midst of this wide quietness, a rosy sanctuary will I dress, with the
(spoken)
cel
F
B
wreath-ed trell-is of a wor-king brain with buds and bells and stars with-out a
Vl1
Vl2
Va1
Va2
cello

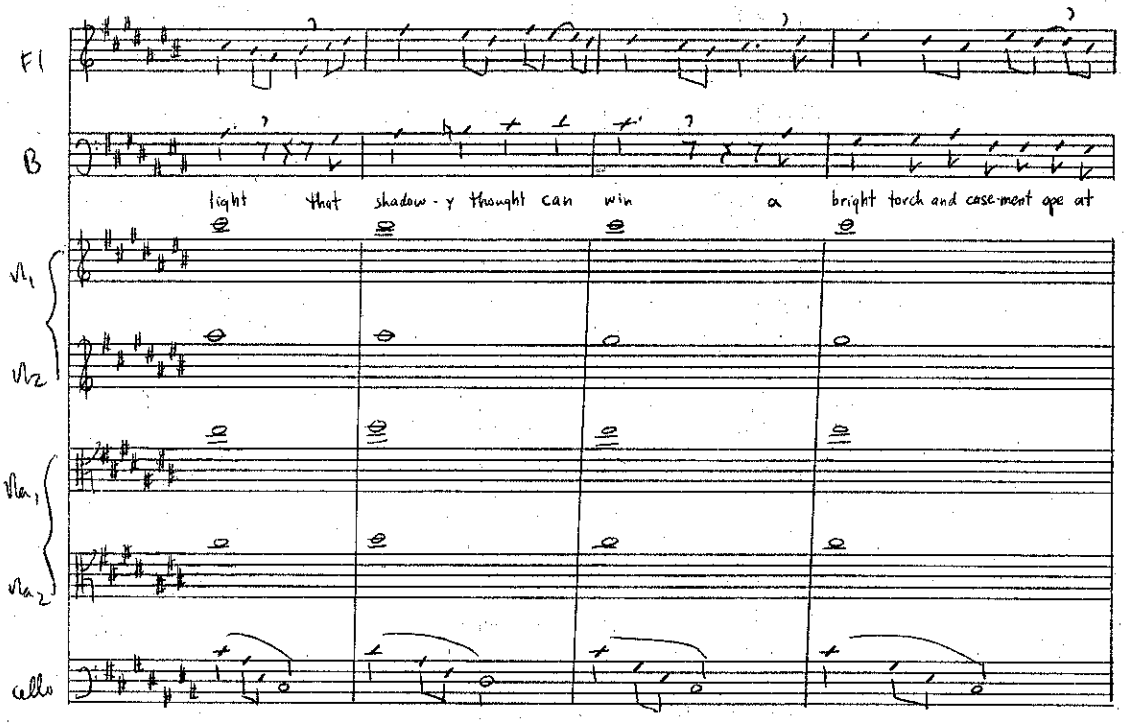


Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

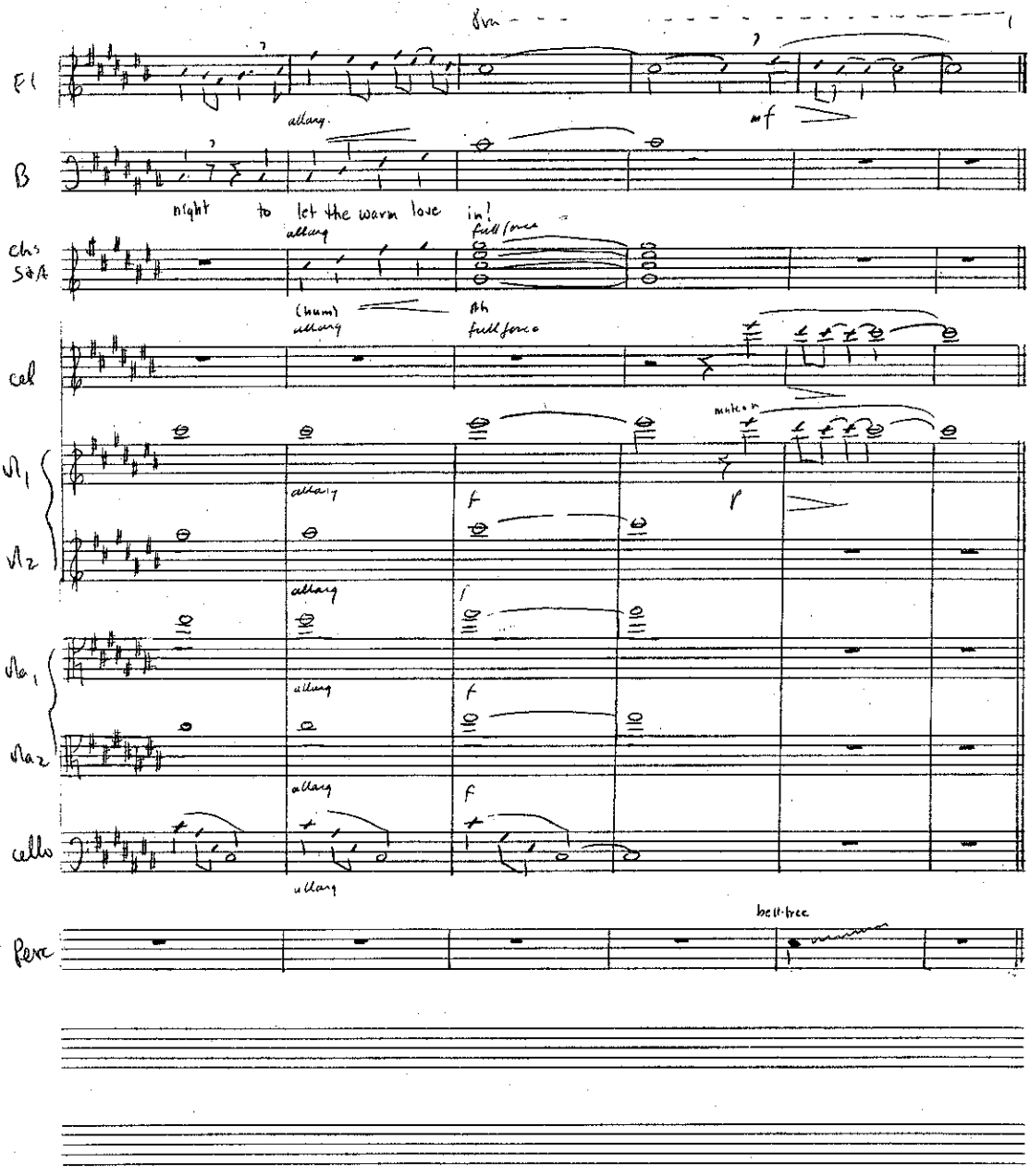

Fl
B
breed-ing flowers will ne-ver breed the same. And there shall be for thee all soft de-
Vn1
Vn2
Va1
Va2
cello



Conservatory Brand

Printed in Canada

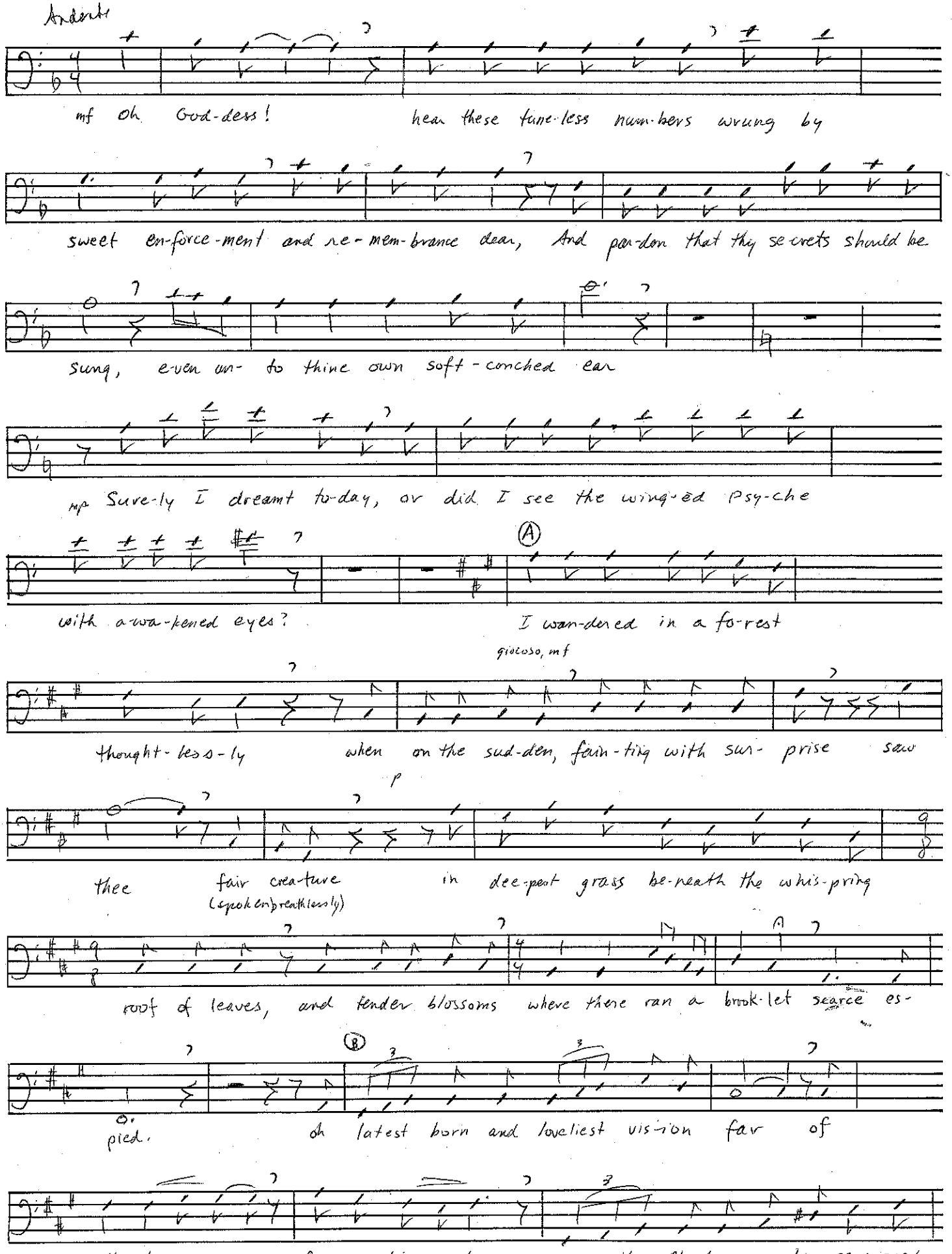
THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LIMITED.
OAKVILLE, CANADA

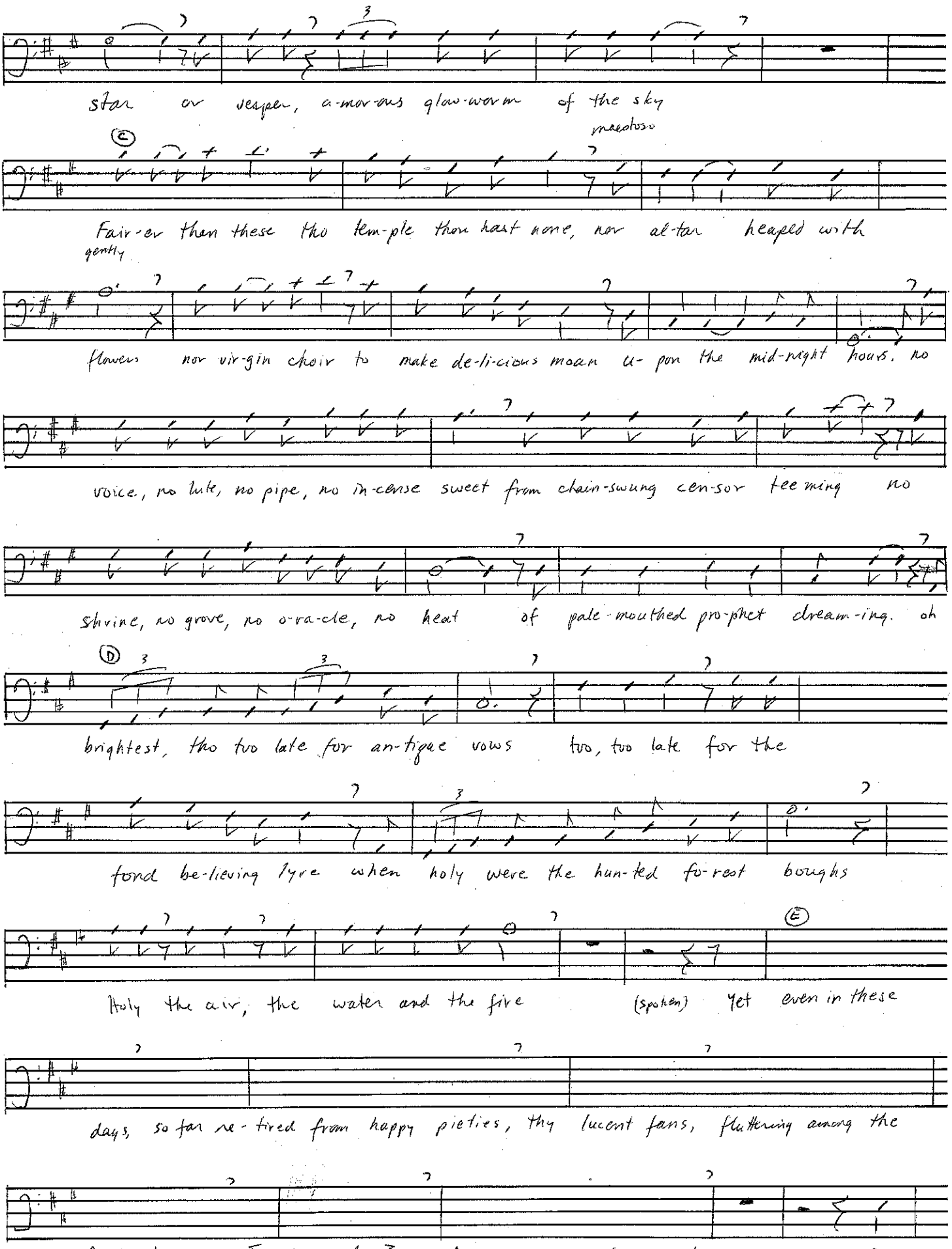

Fl
allarg.
mf
B
night to let the warm love in!
Chs S&A
allarg
full force
(hum)
Ah
cel
mute on
Vl1
Vl2
allarg
f
p
Vla1
Vla2
cello
Perc
bell-tree

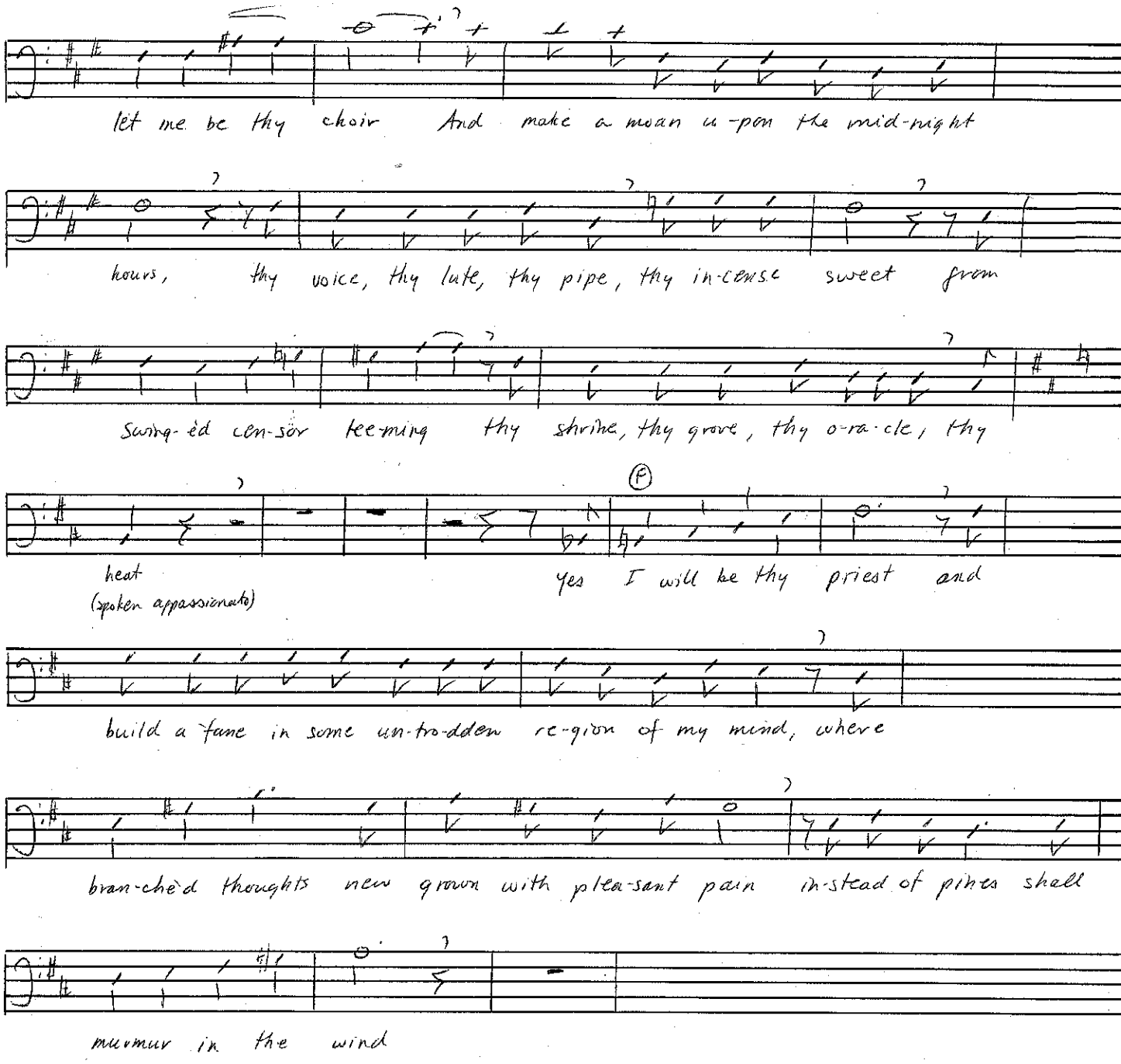
ss Solo

ODE TO PSYCHE

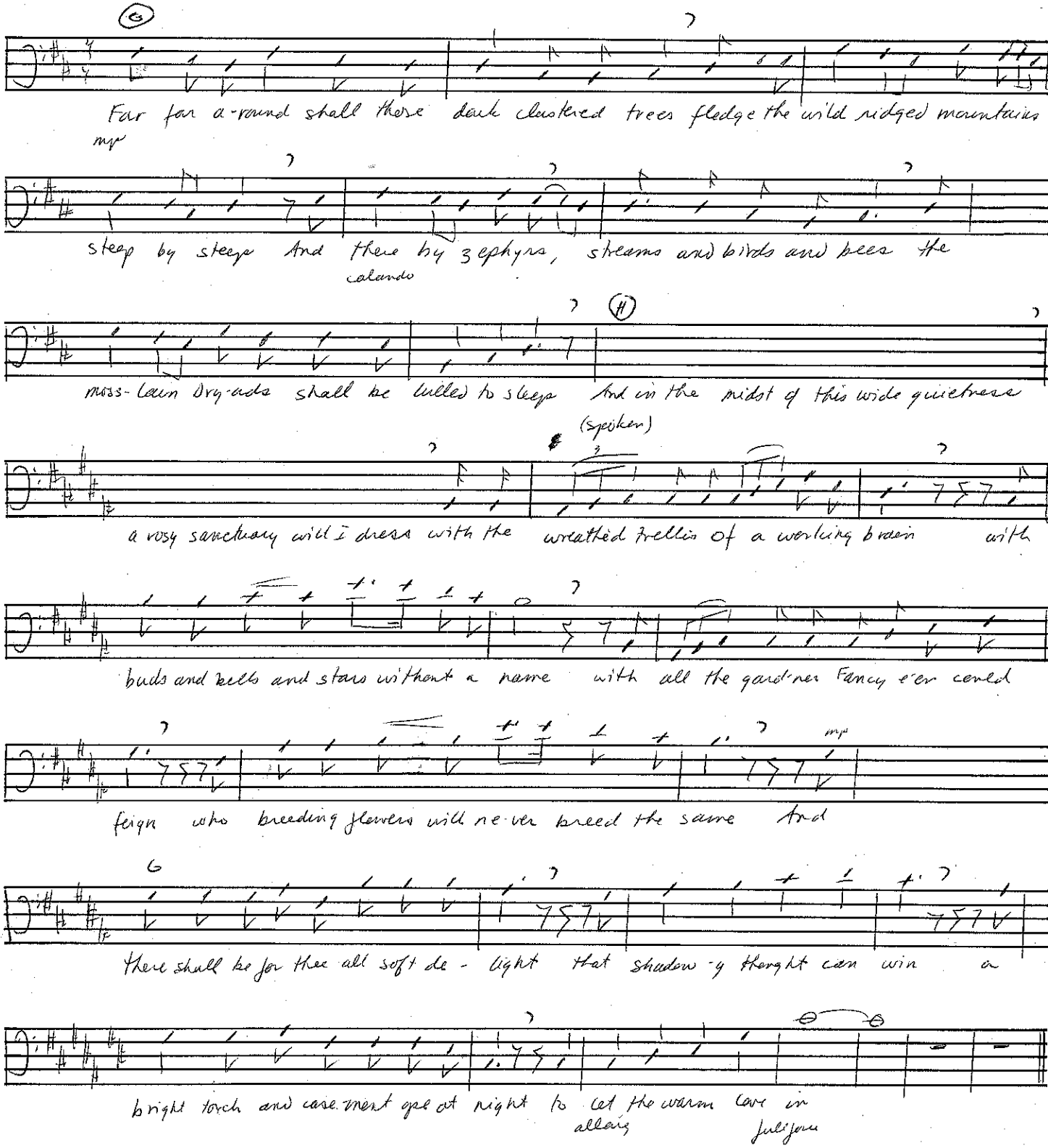
Andante




star or vesper, a-mor-ous glow-worm of the sky
maestoso
C
Fair-er than these tho tem-ple thou hast none, nor al-tar heaped with
gently
flowers nor vir-gin choir to make de-li-cious moan u-pon the mid-night hours. no
voice, no lute, no pipe, no in-cense sweet from chain-swung cen-sor teeming no
shrine, no grove, no o-ra-cle, no heat of pale-mouthed pro-phet dream-ing. oh
D
brightest, tho too late for an-tique vows too, too late for the
fond be-lieving lyre when holy were the hun-ted fo-rest boughs
E
Holy the air, the water and the fire (spoken) yet even in these
days, so far re-tired from happy pieties, thy lucent fans, fluttering among the
faint Olympians, I see and sing, by my own eyes inspired! So
(related)


let me be thy choir And make a moan u-pon the mid-night
hours, thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy in-cense sweet from
Swing-ed cen-sor teeming thy shrine, thy grove, thy o-ra-cle, thy
heat
(spoken appassionato)
(F)
yes I will be thy priest and
build a fane in some un-tro-dden re-gion of my mind, where
bran-che'd thoughts new grown with plea-sant pain in-stead of pines shall
murmur in the wind

Bass Solo


G
Far far a-round shall those dark clustered trees fledge the wild ridged mountains
mp
steep by steep And there by zephyrs, streams and birds and bees the
calando
H
moss-lain Dry-ads shall be lulled to sleep And in the midst of this wide quietness
(spoken)
a rosy sanctuary will I dress with the wreathed trellis of a working brain with
buds and bells and stars without a name with all the gard'ner Fancy e'er could
mp
feign who breeding flowers will ne-ver breed the same And
G
there shall be for thee all soft de - light that shadow-y thought can win a
bright torch and casement ope at night to let the warm Love in
allay
Julijon

Ode to Psyche adapted from Keats

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that they secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear:
Surely I dreamt today, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw thee! fair creature
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-regioned star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heaped with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! Though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be they choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, they grove, thy oracle, thy heat

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
In stead of pines shall murmur in the wind:

Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
  Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds and bees,
  The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep'
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
  With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy ever could feign,
  Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
  That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
  To let the warm Love in!