Ulysses

Poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Music by Evan L. Snyder

For Richard Fracker

Ulysses

Song Cycle for Tenor and Piano

Prelude 1
It little profits that an idle king 7
I cannot rest from travel 10
I am a part of all that I have met 17
This is my son 25
There lies the port 31
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks 36
That untravell'd world 42

Approximate Duration: 21 minutes

The cover artwork, Mediterranean Seascape with Cloud Study by Gustave Le Gray, used with generous permission from The J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles

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It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

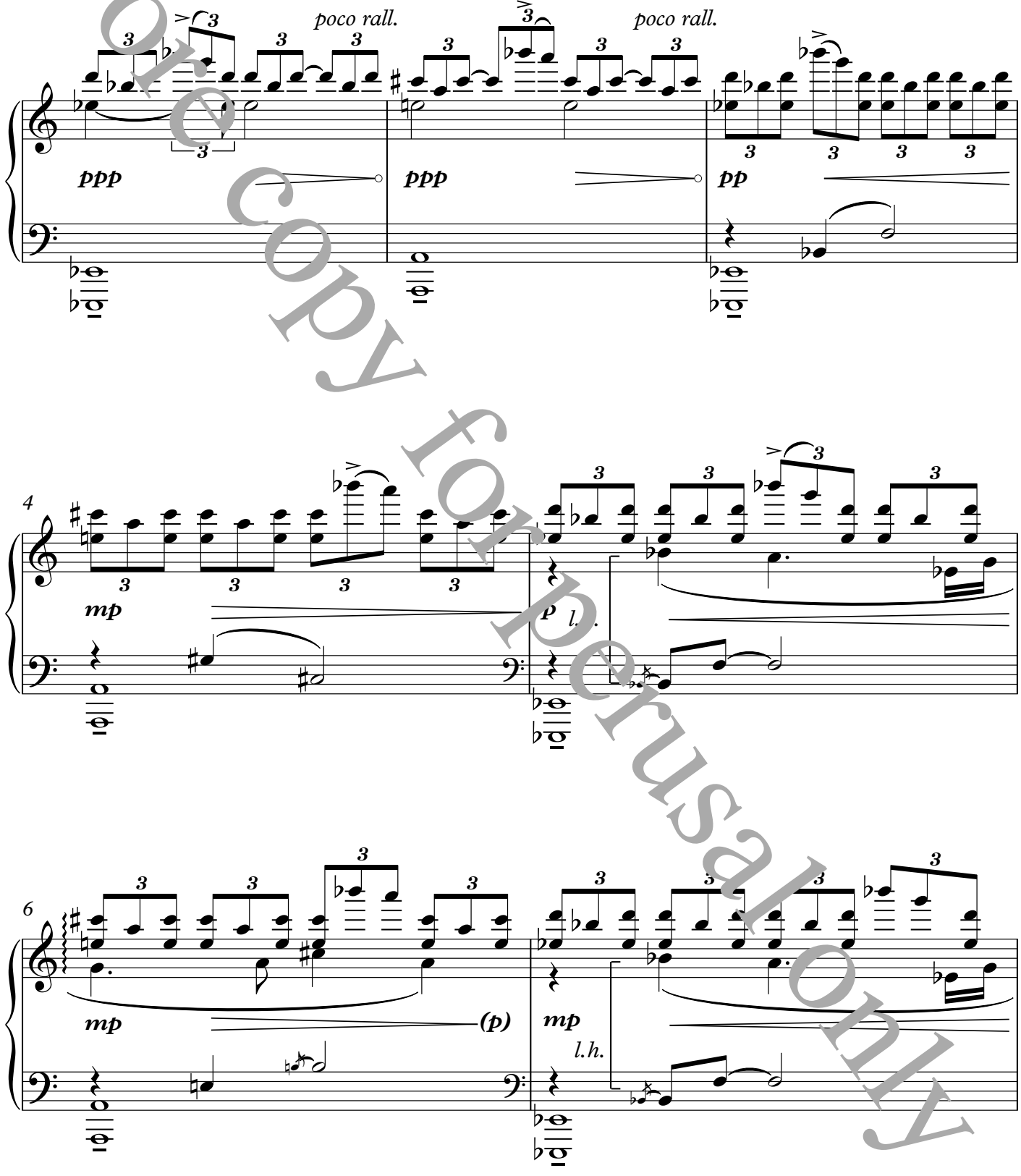
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Prelude

Evan L. Snyder

Slowly at first, with rubato (♩=80)



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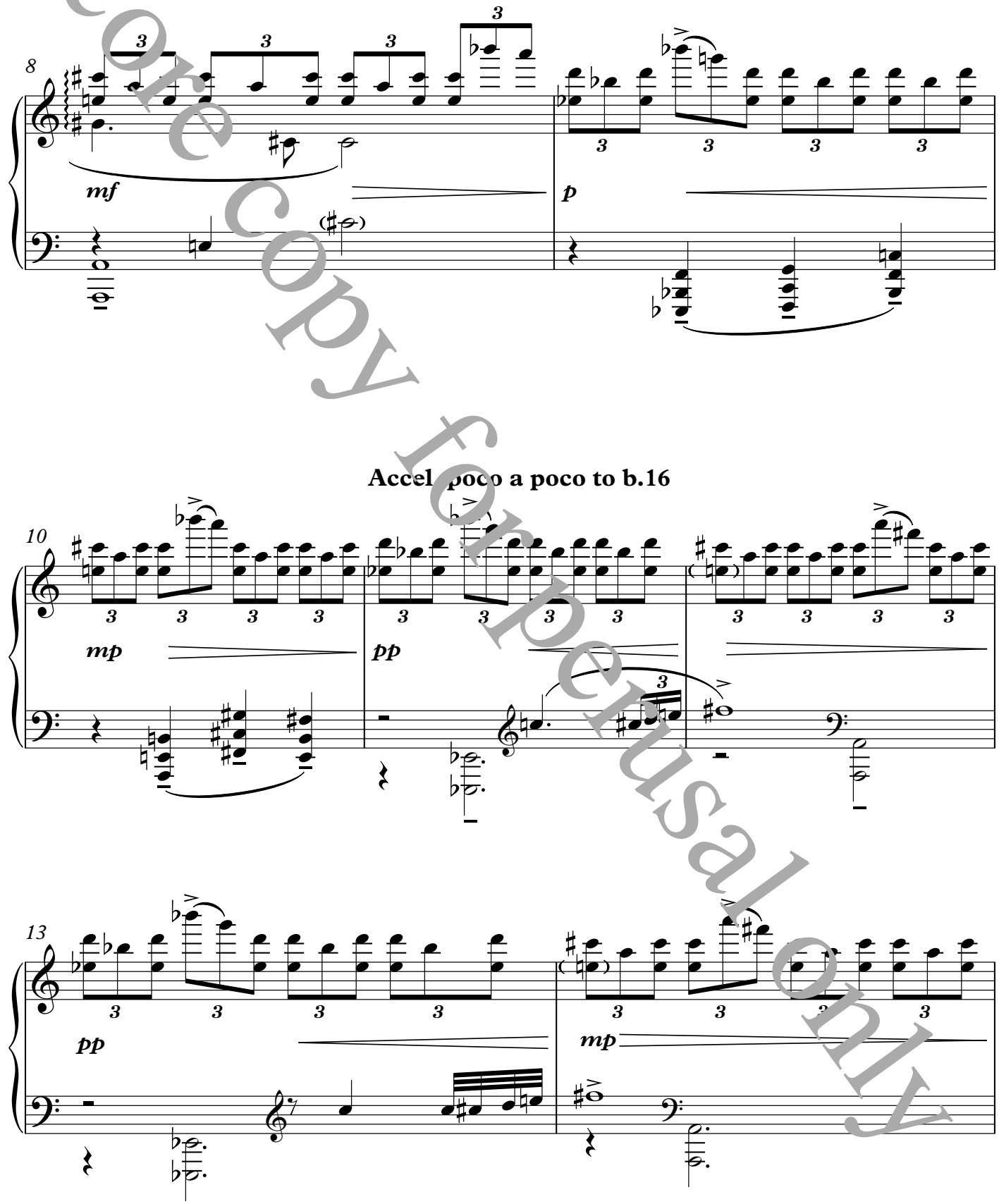

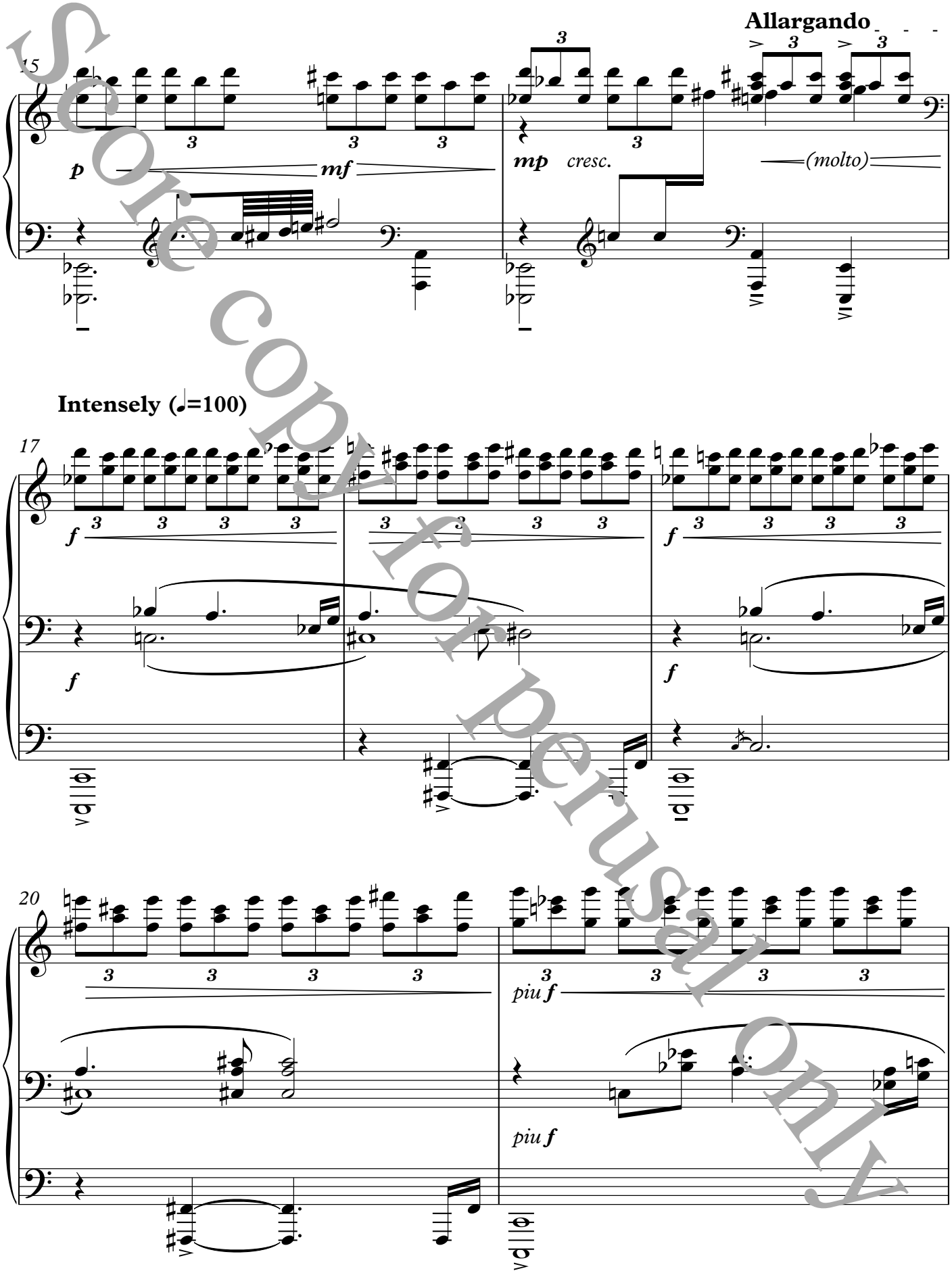

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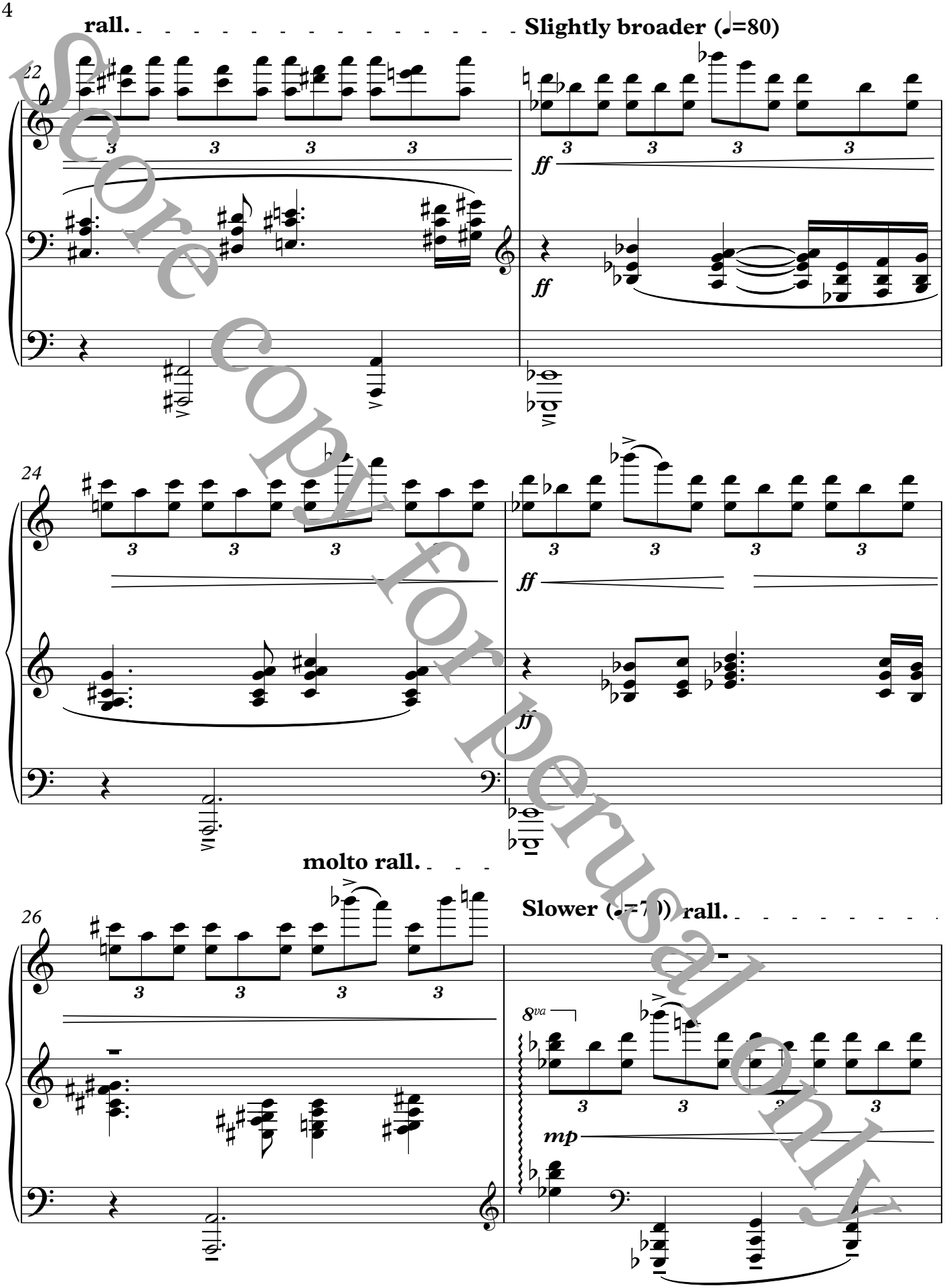

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Even Slower (♩=60)

28

mp *(mf)* *mp* *(sub.)*

30

p *(mp)* *p* *mp* *mf*

33

f *mp* *(sub.)* *piu p*

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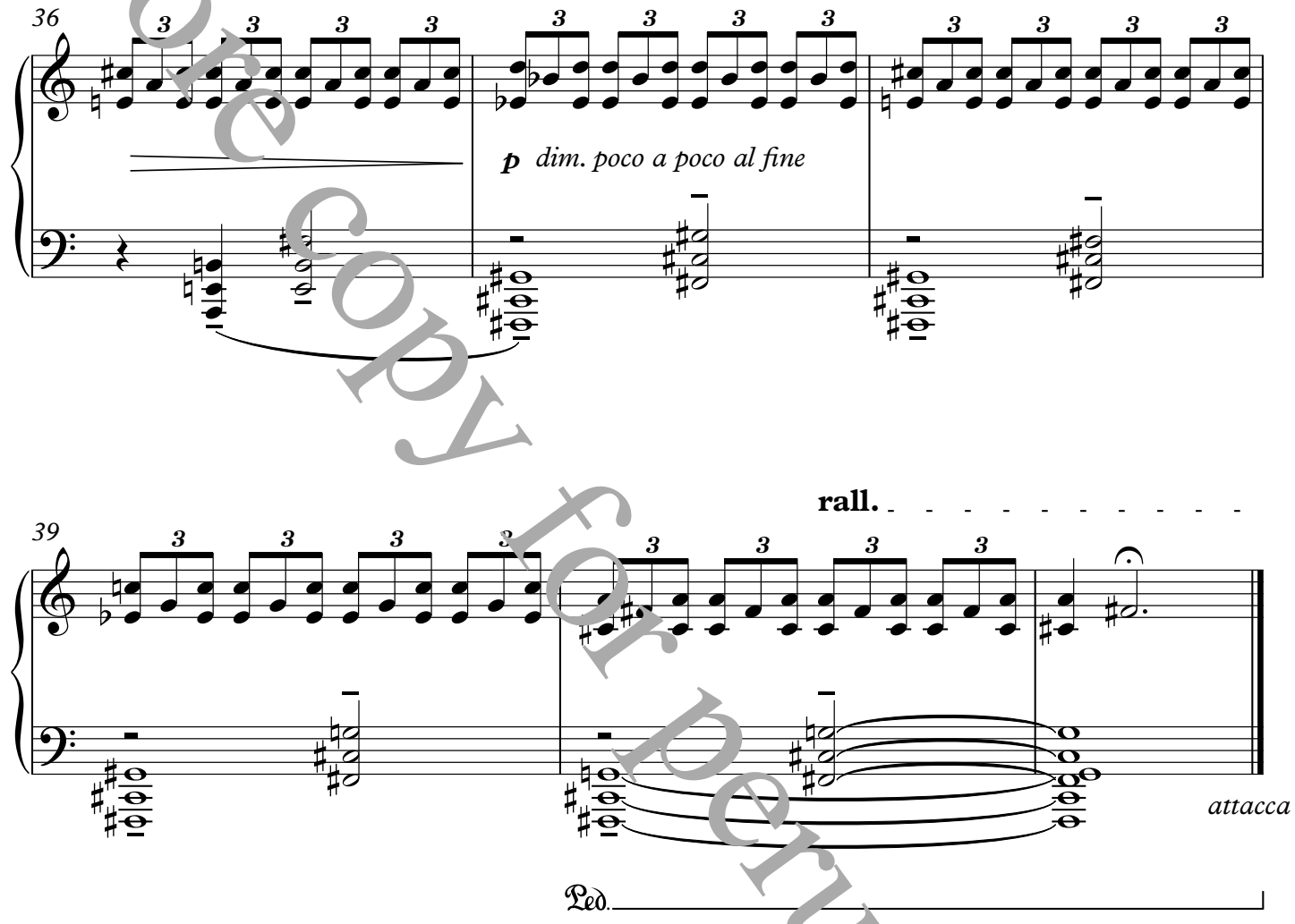

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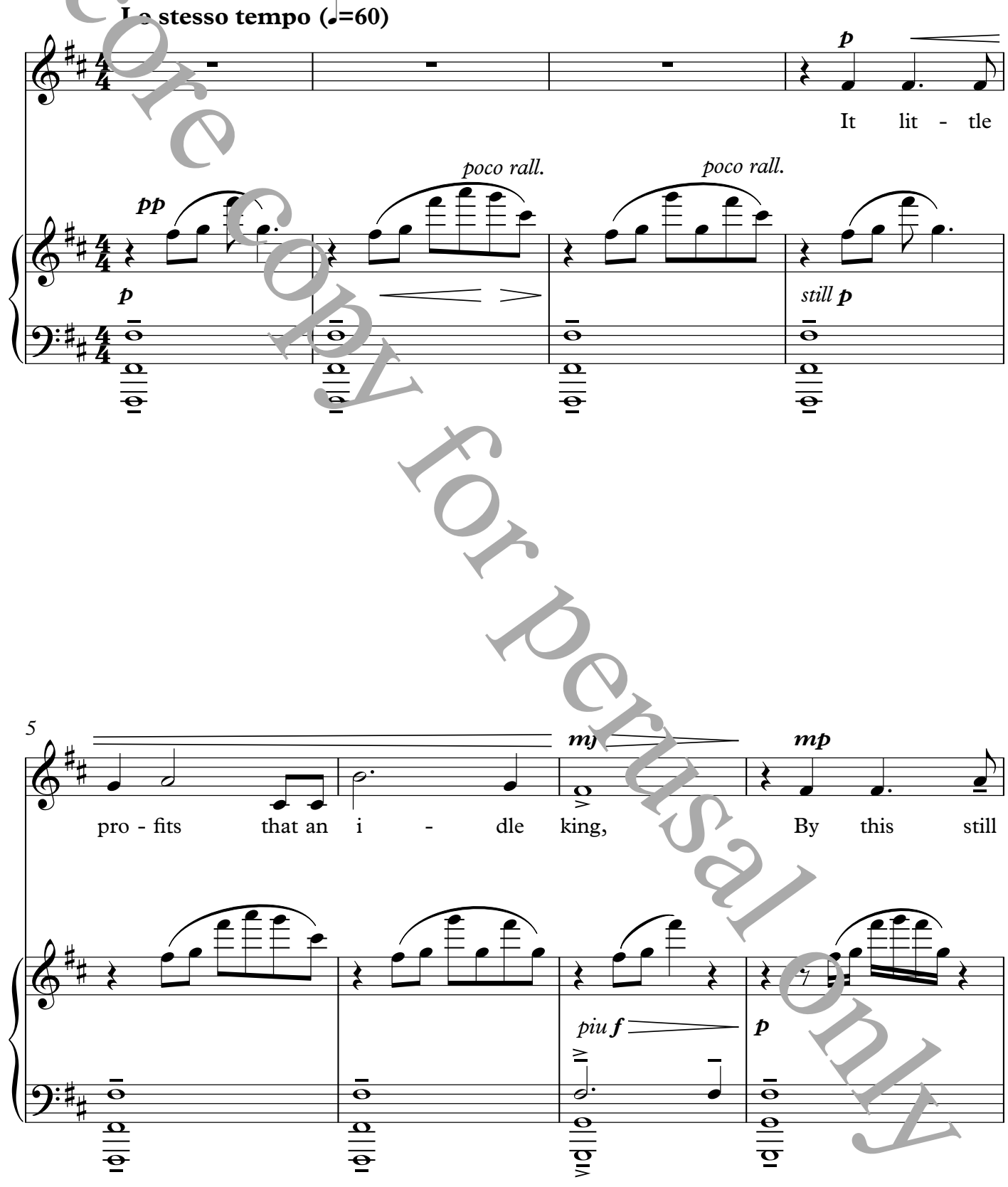
I. It little profits that an idle king

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder



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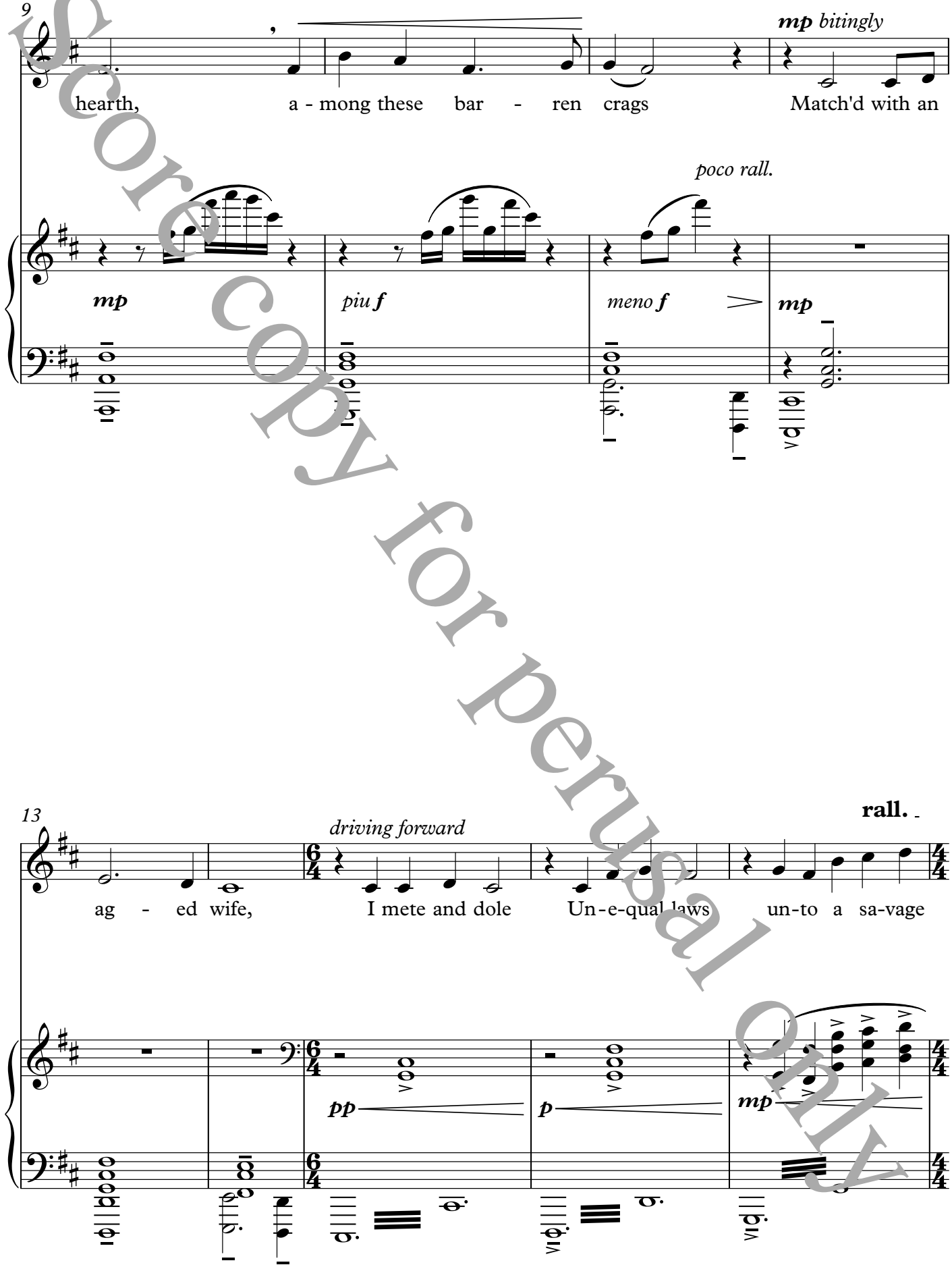

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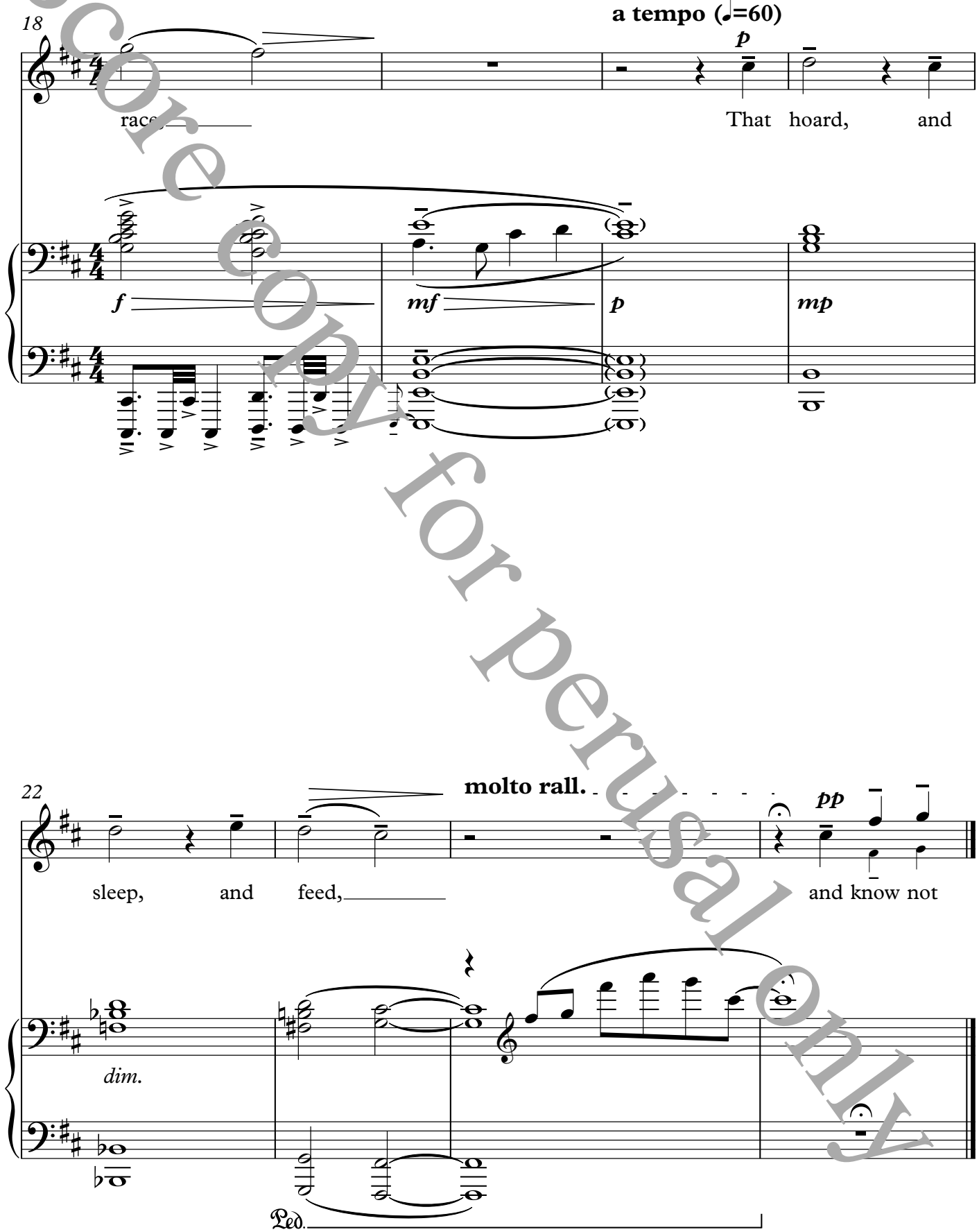

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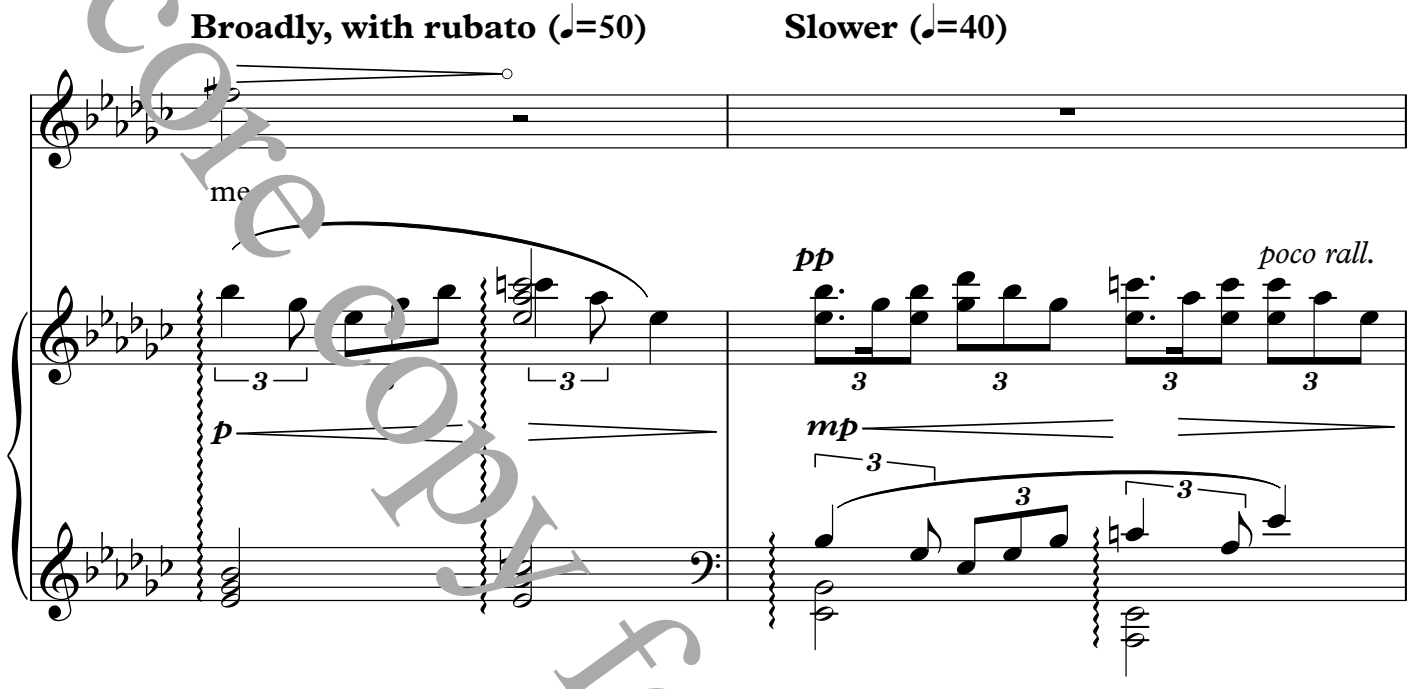
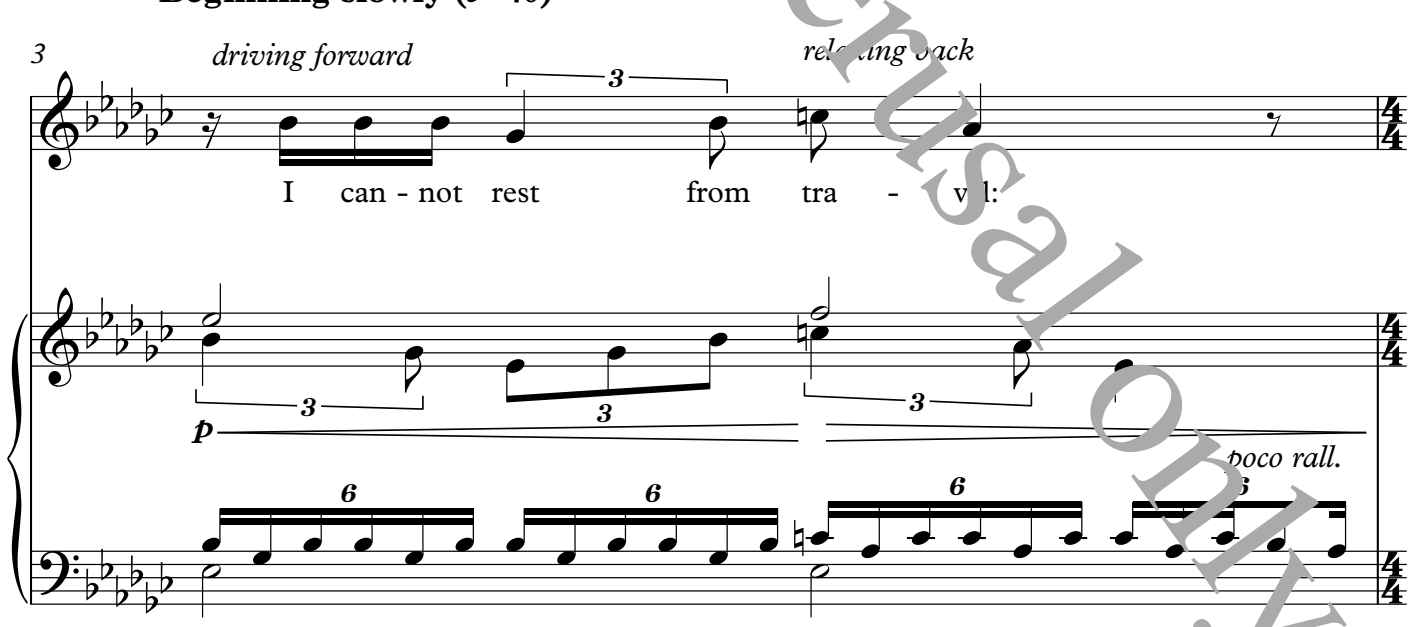
II. I cannot rest from travel

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder





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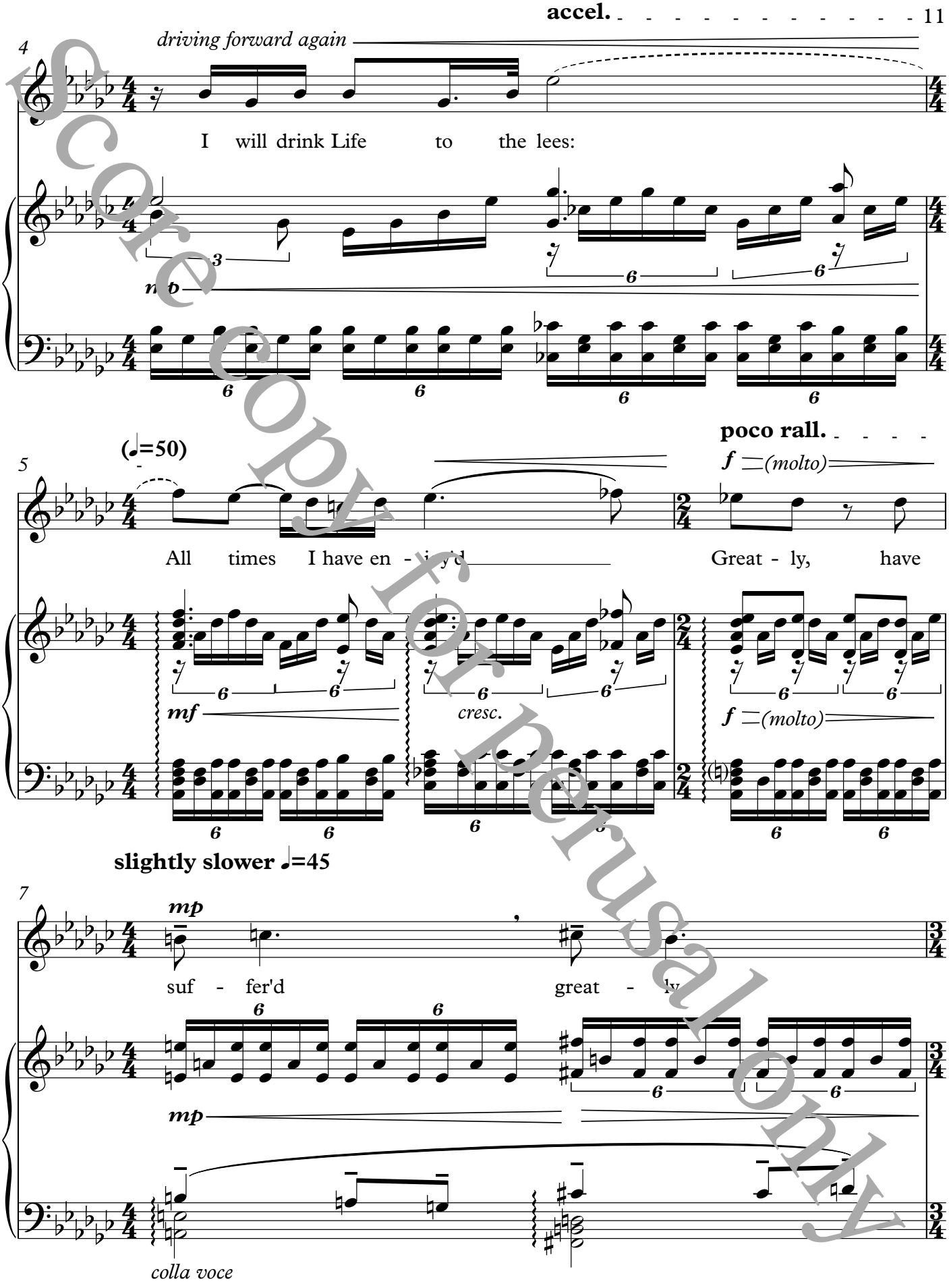

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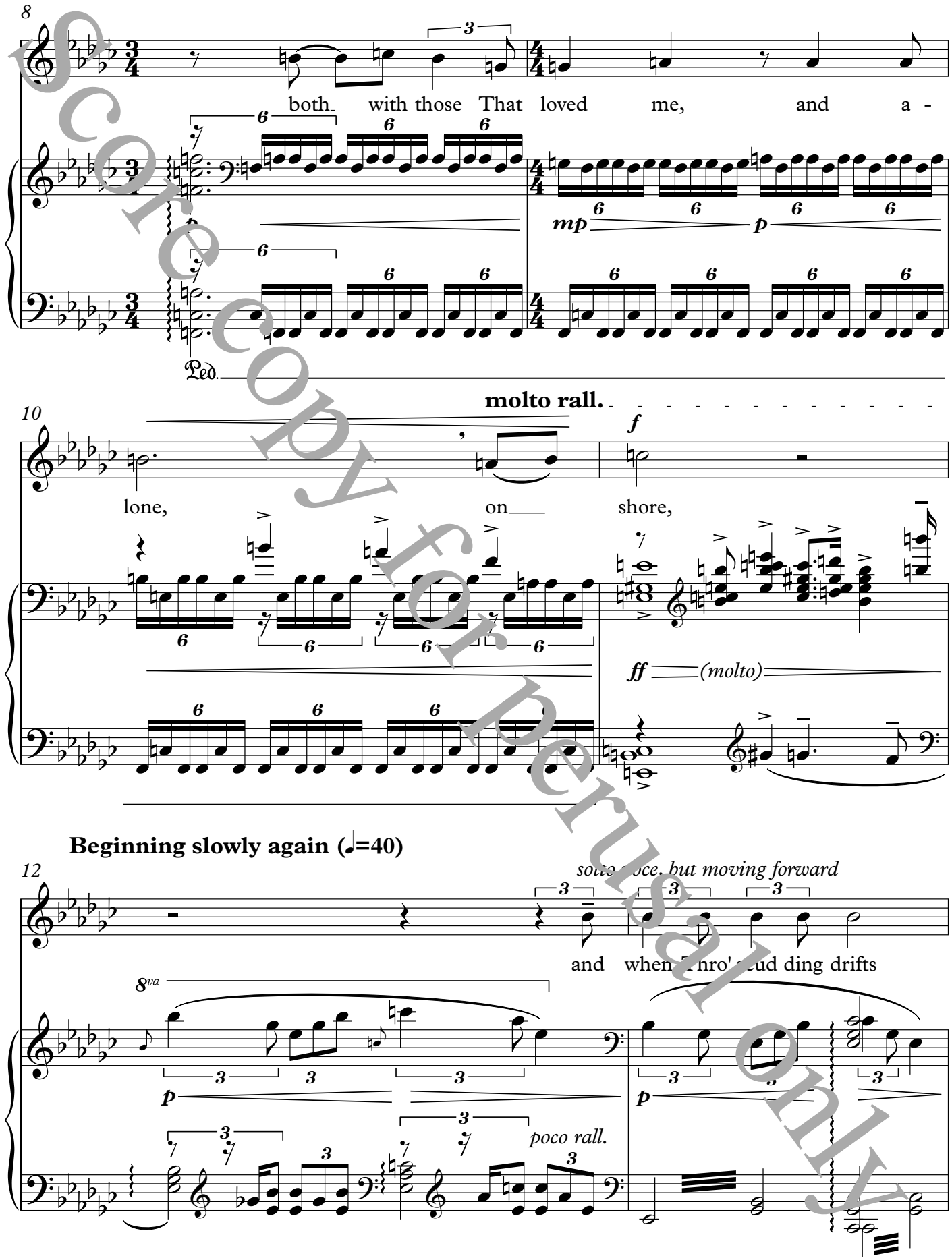

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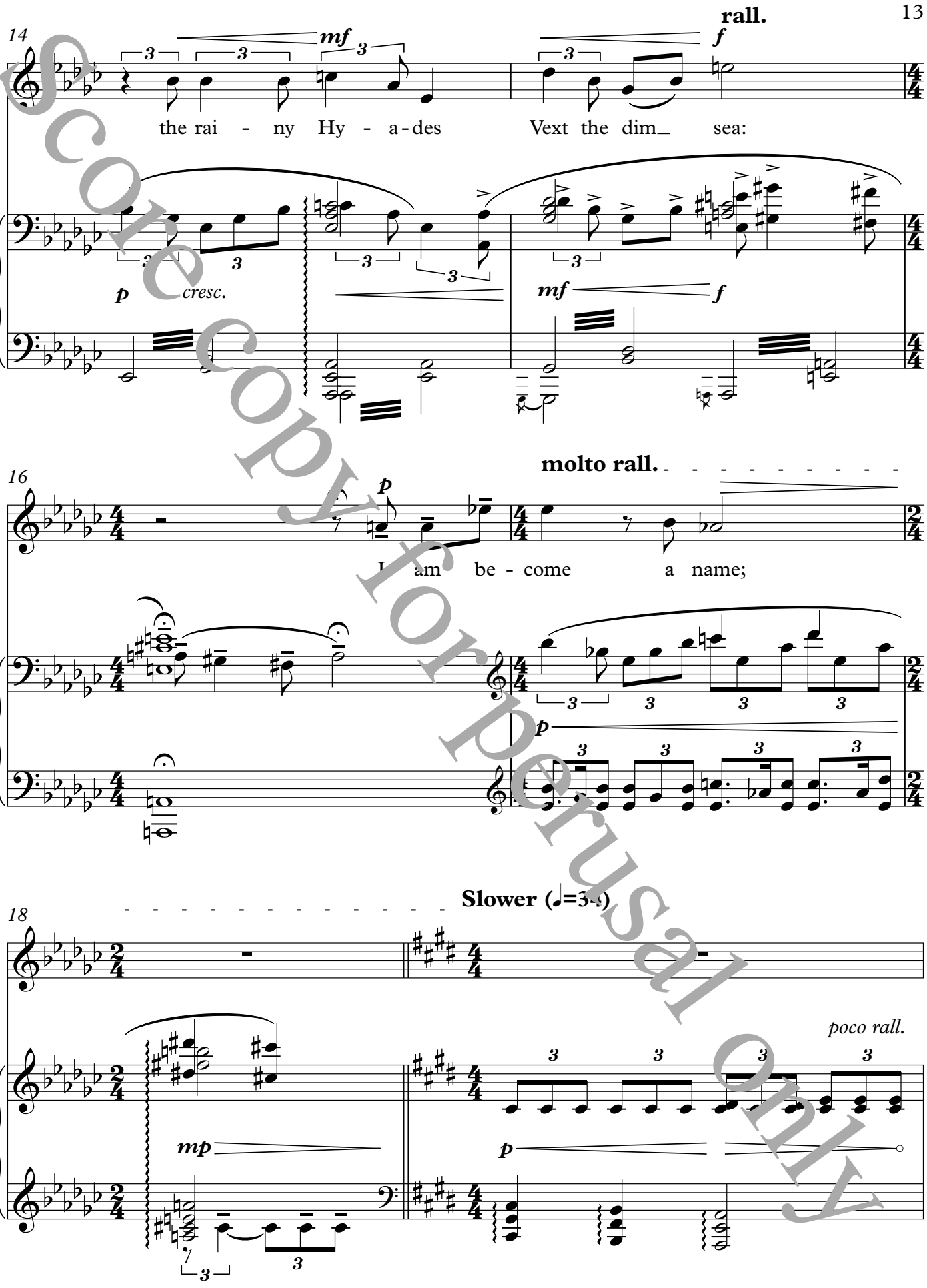

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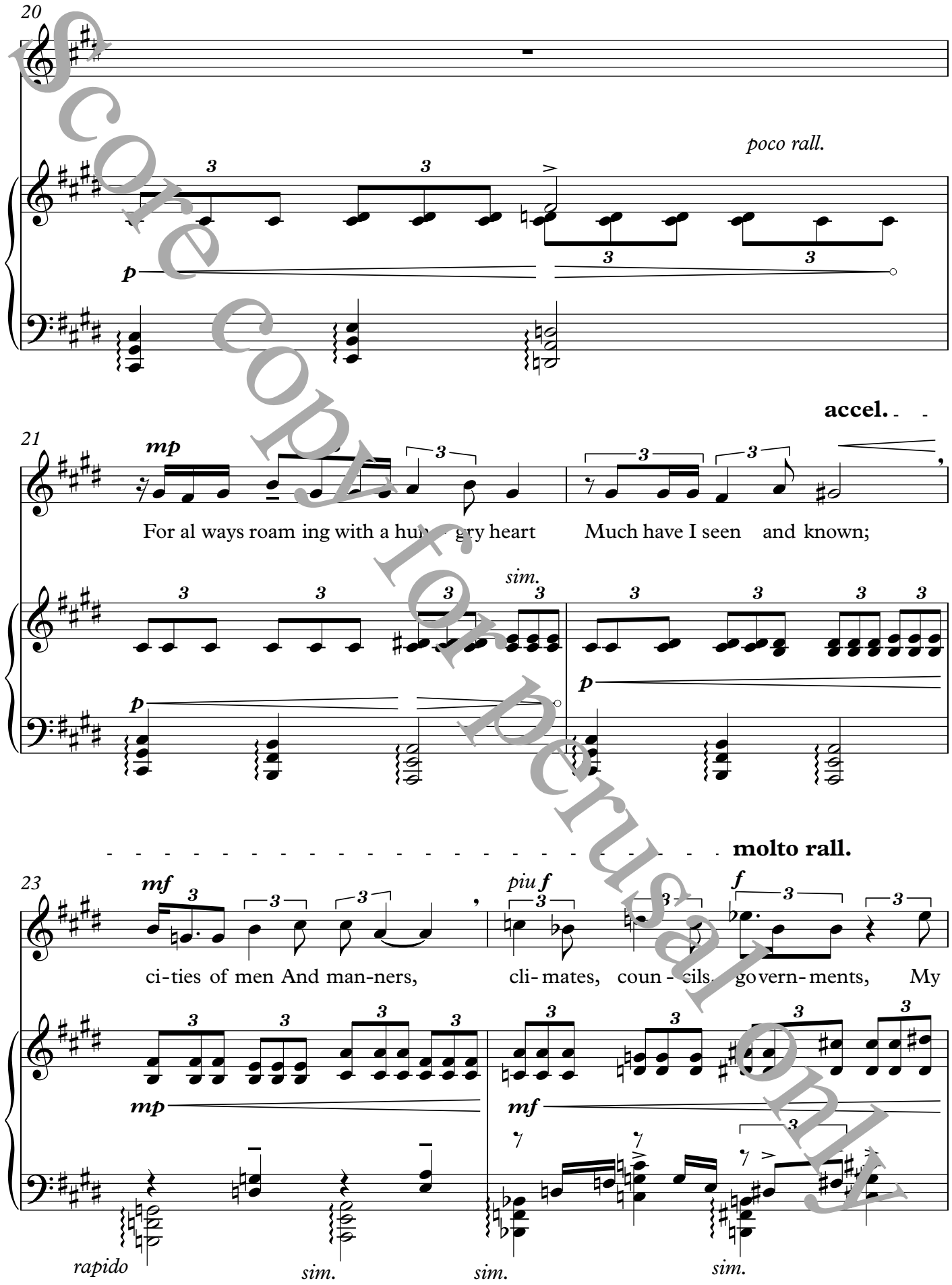

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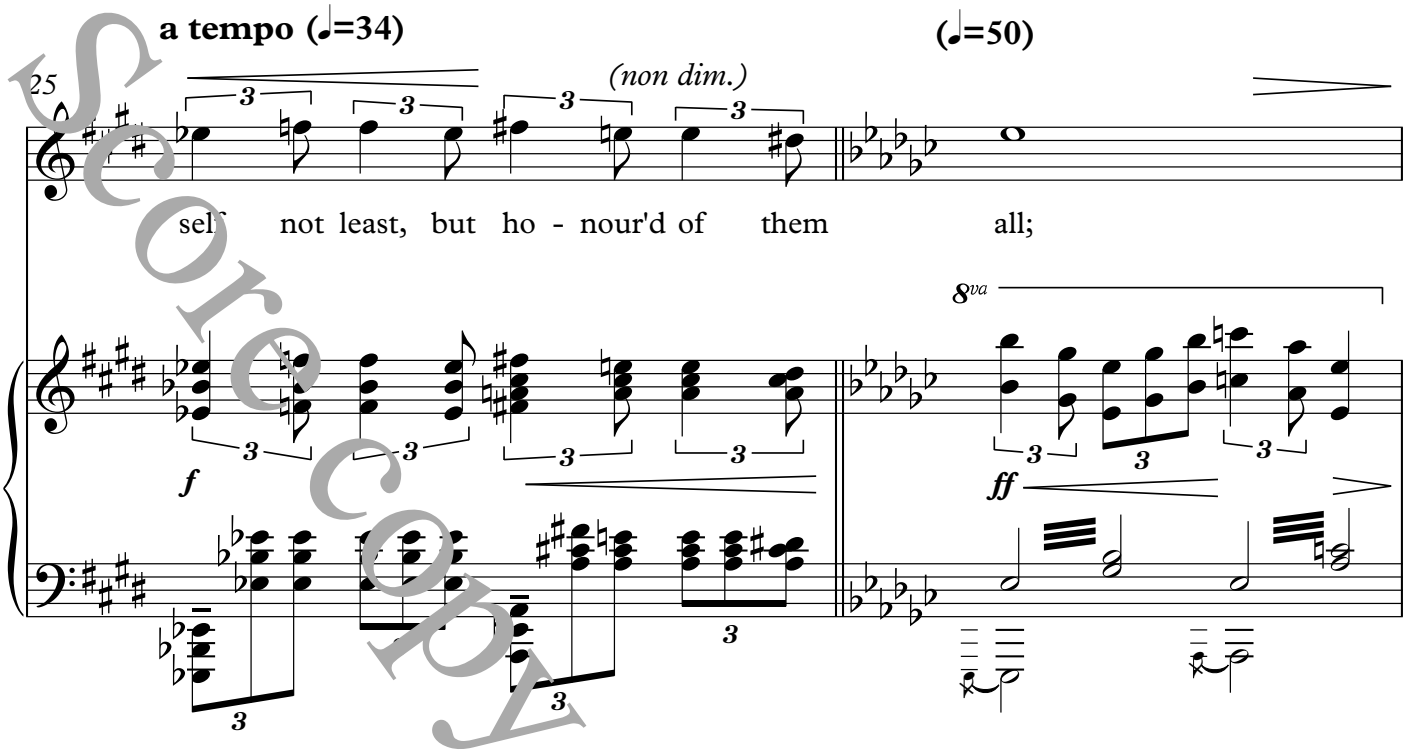

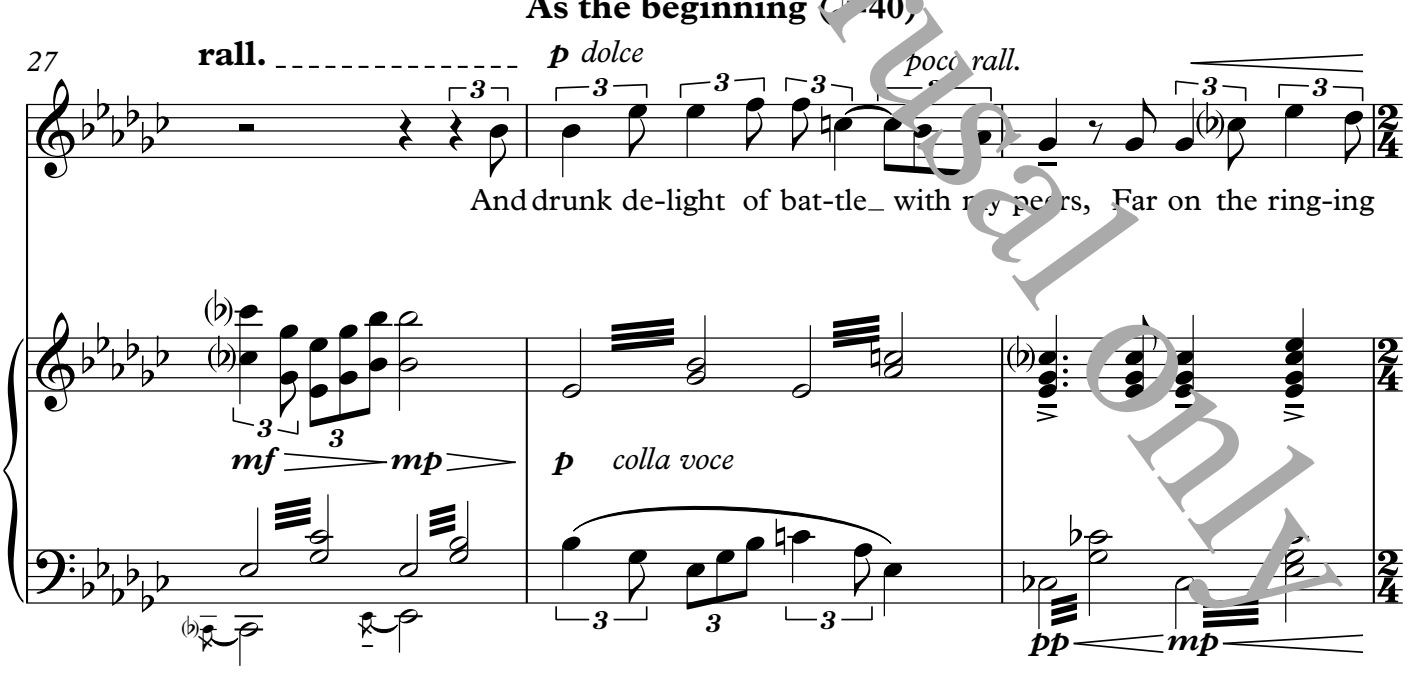

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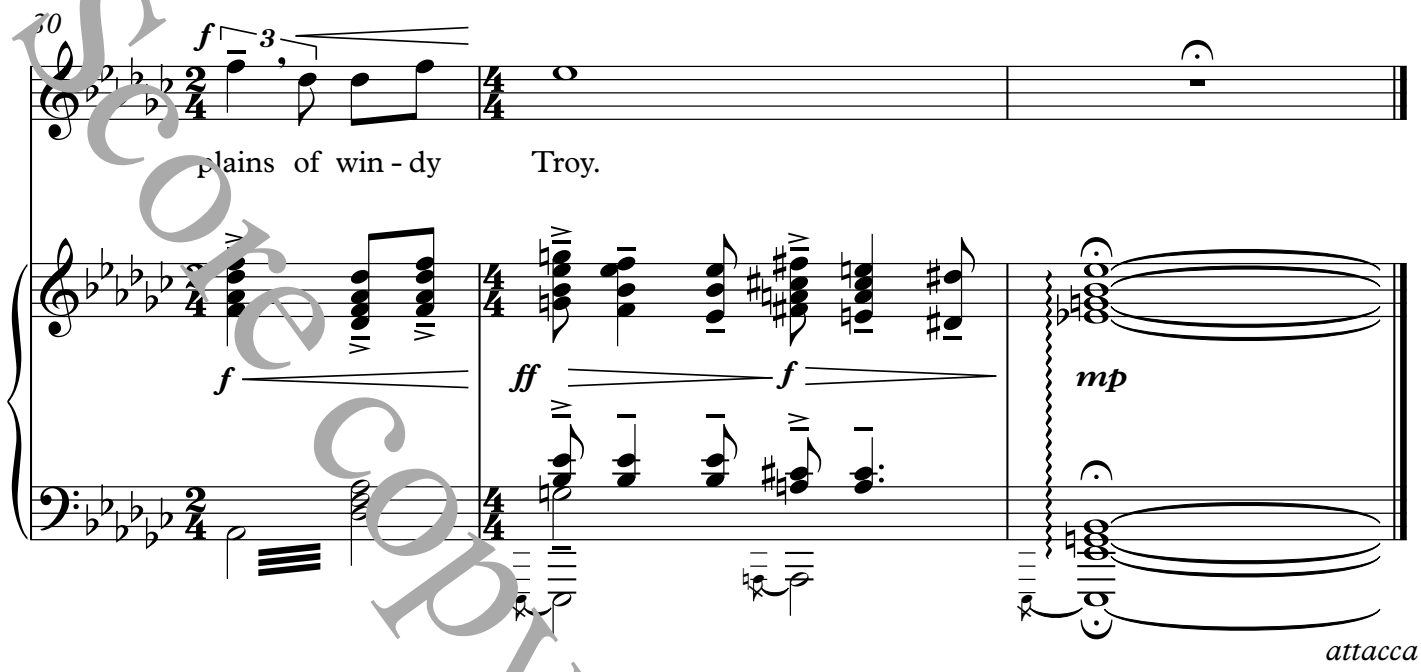

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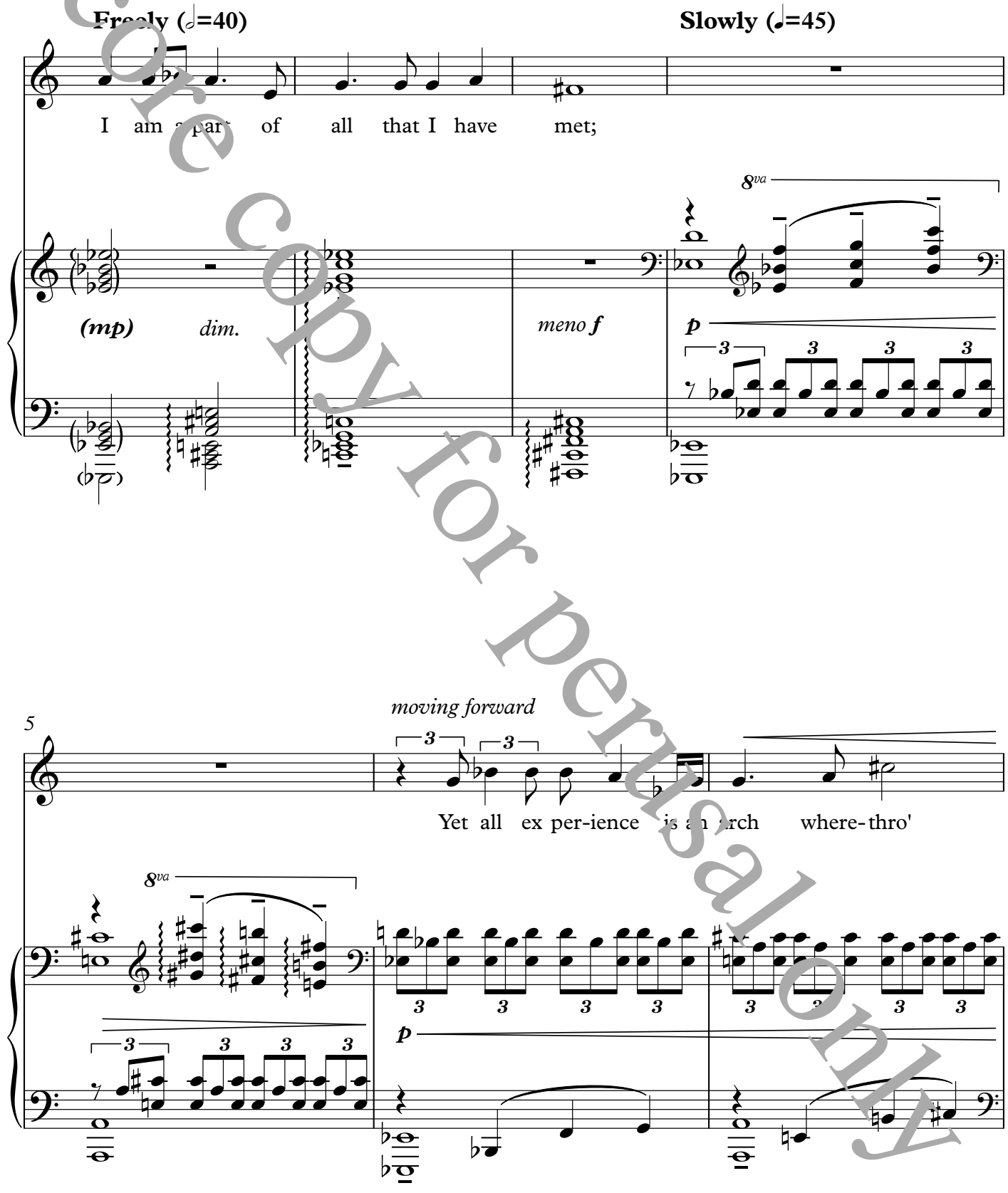
III. I am a part of all that I have met

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder



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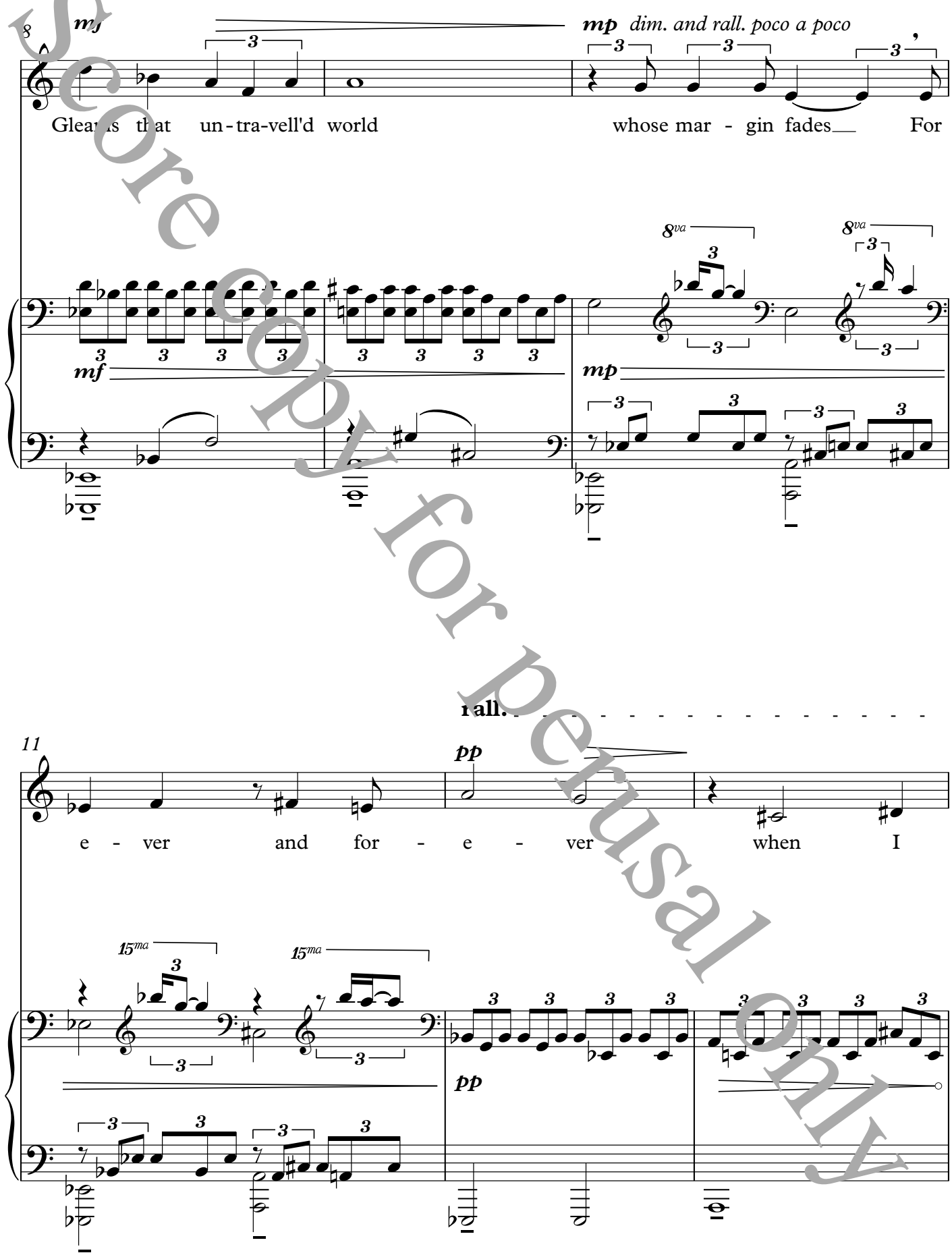

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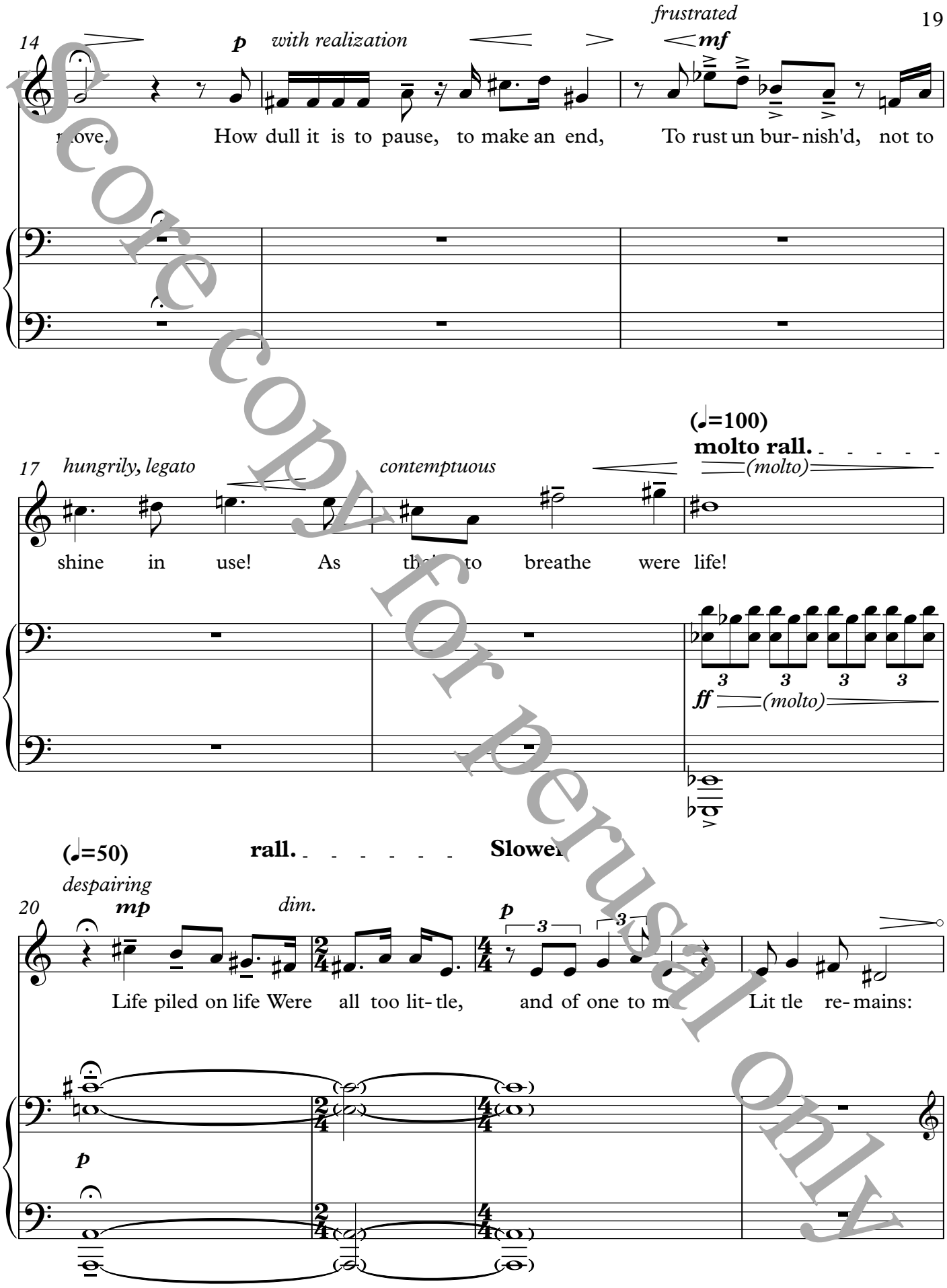

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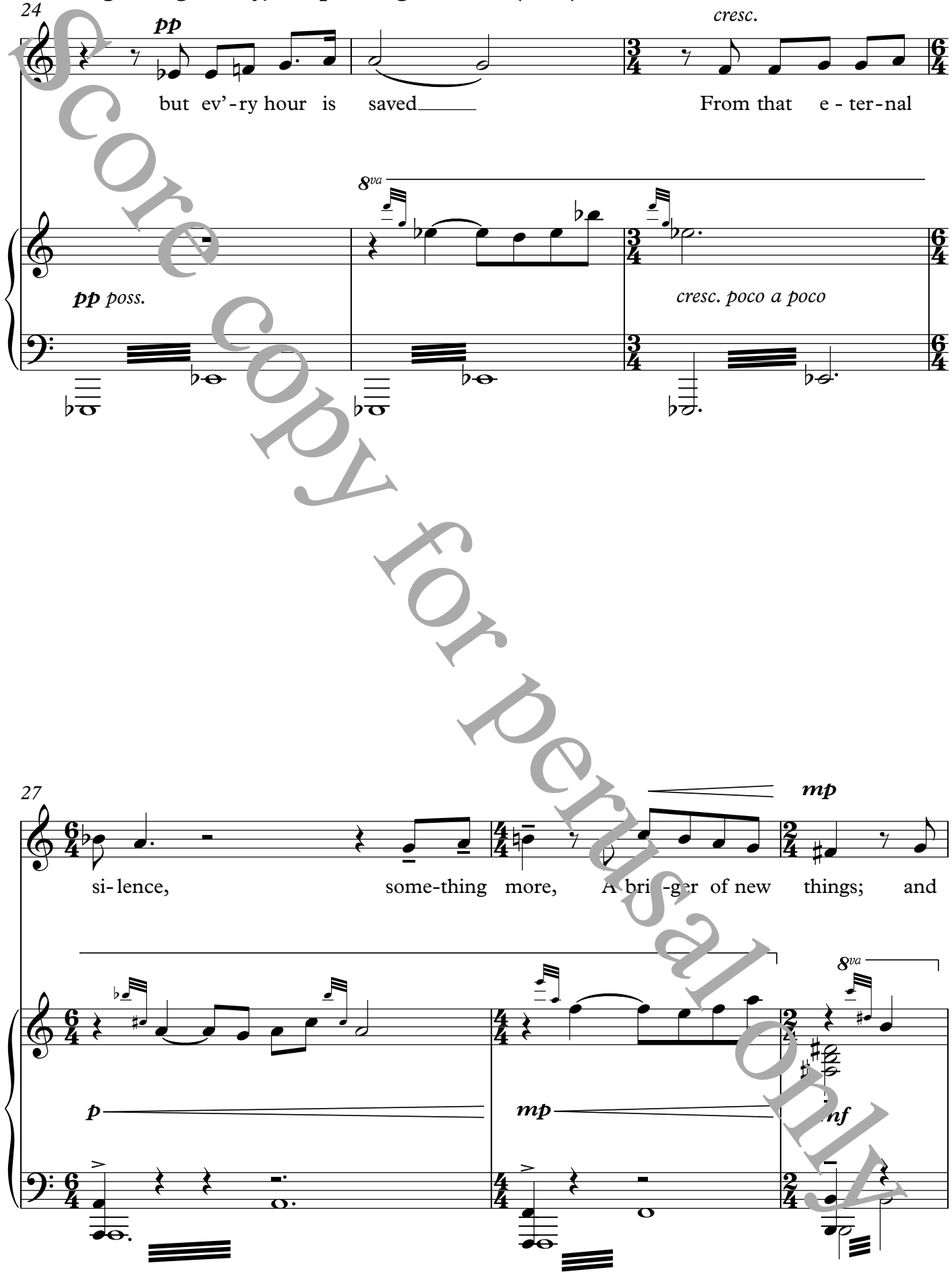
Beginning slowly, but pushing forward (♩=50)



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30 *bitterly*

vile it were For some three suns to store and hoard my- self,

8va 8va 8va

*tremolo continues, accented on the stemmed beats

32 *longingly*

mf **mf** **f**

And this gray spi-rit year-ning in de-sire To fol - low know-ledge

f **mf** *(sub.)* **f** **ff**

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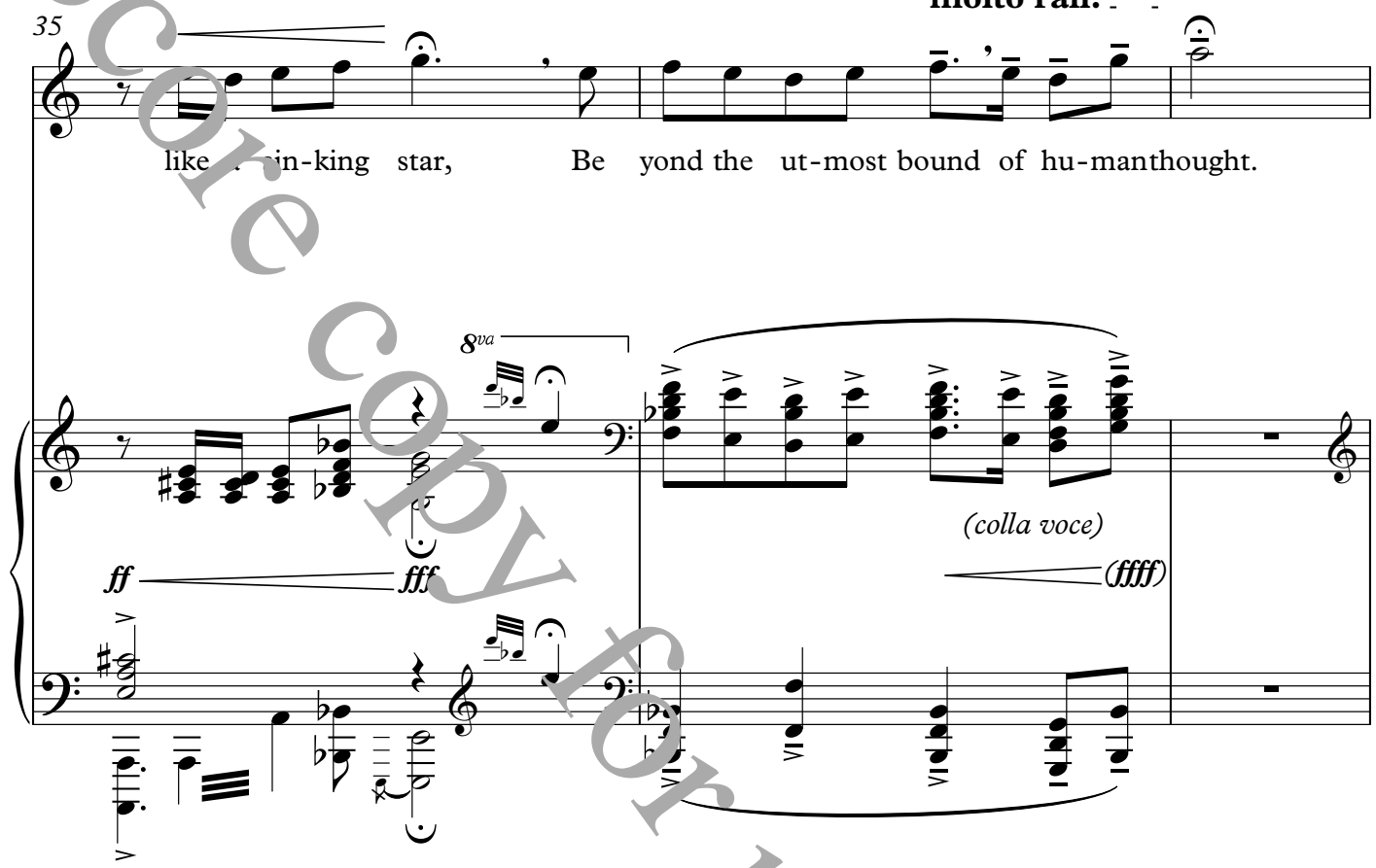

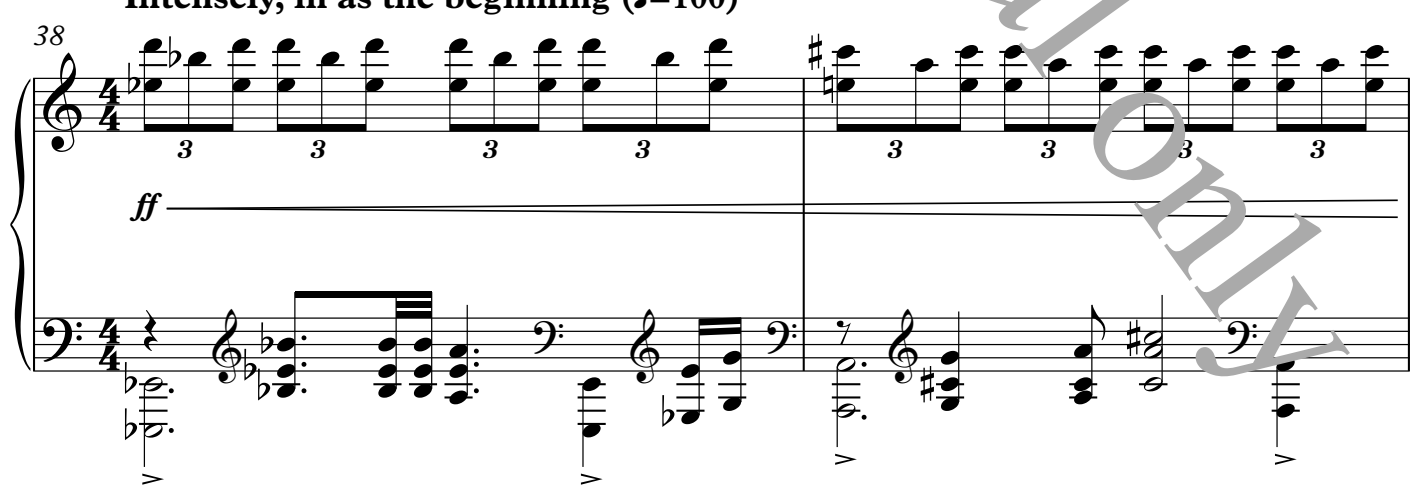

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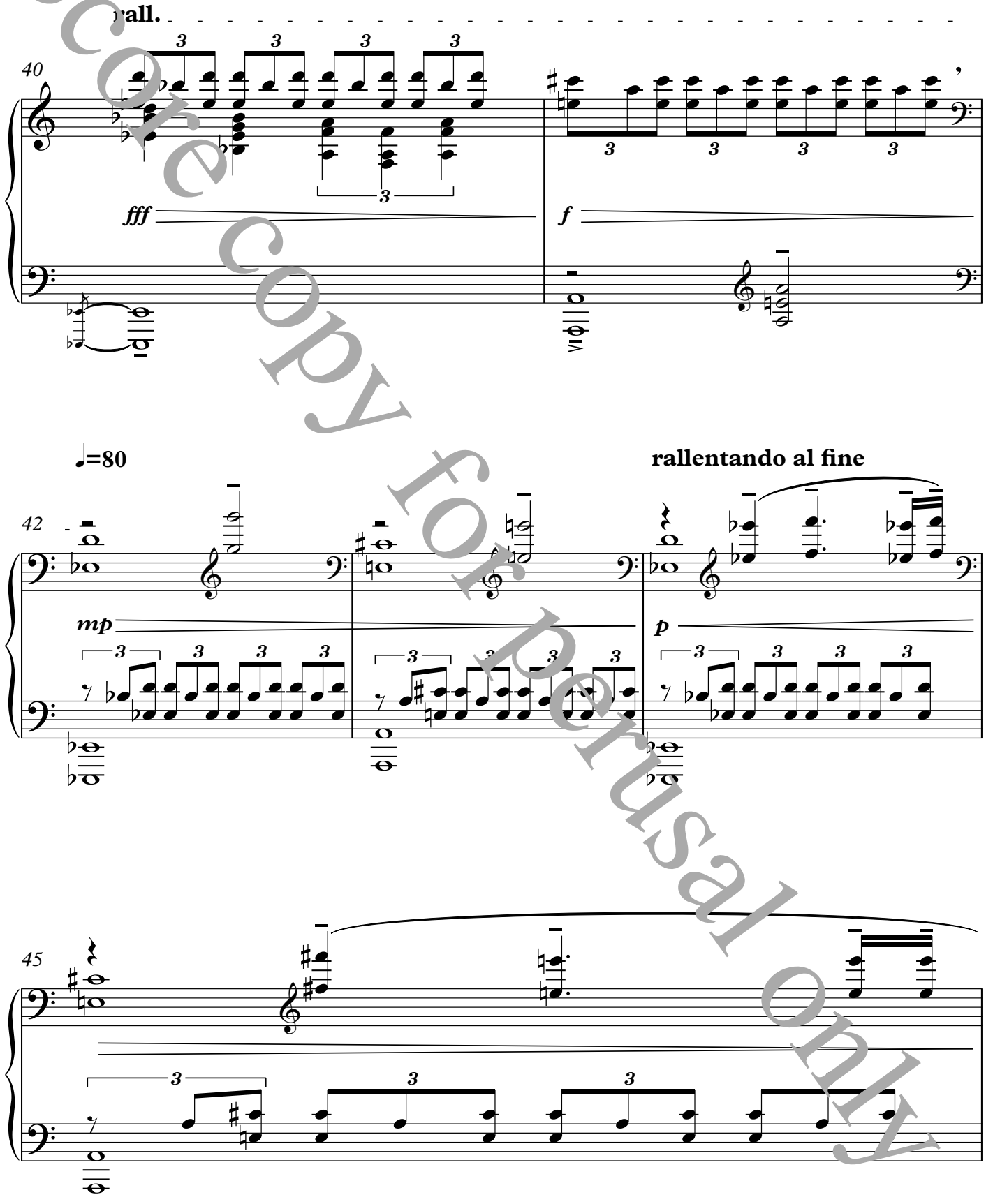

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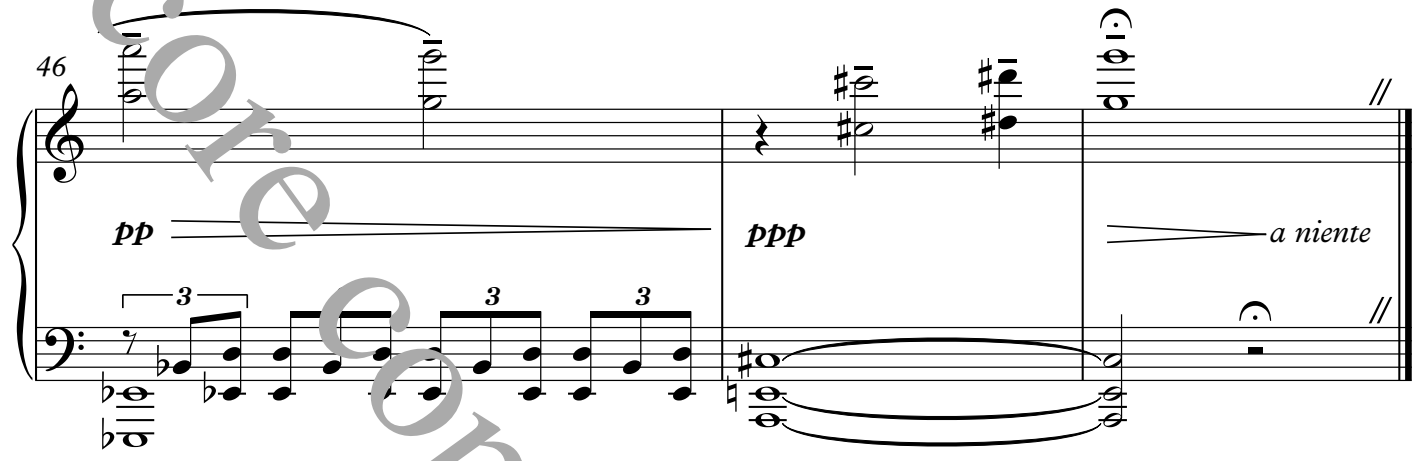

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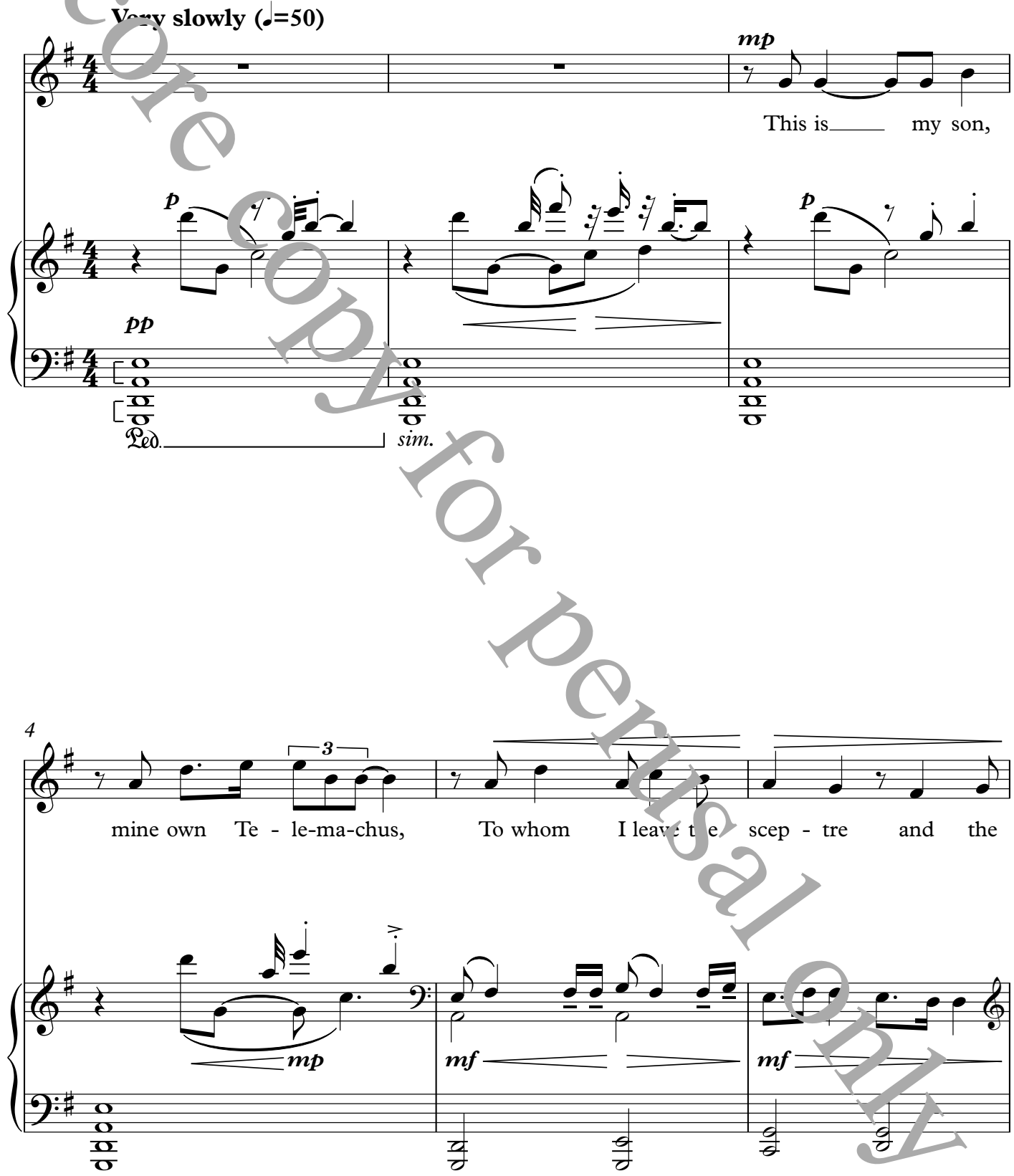
IV. This is my son

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder



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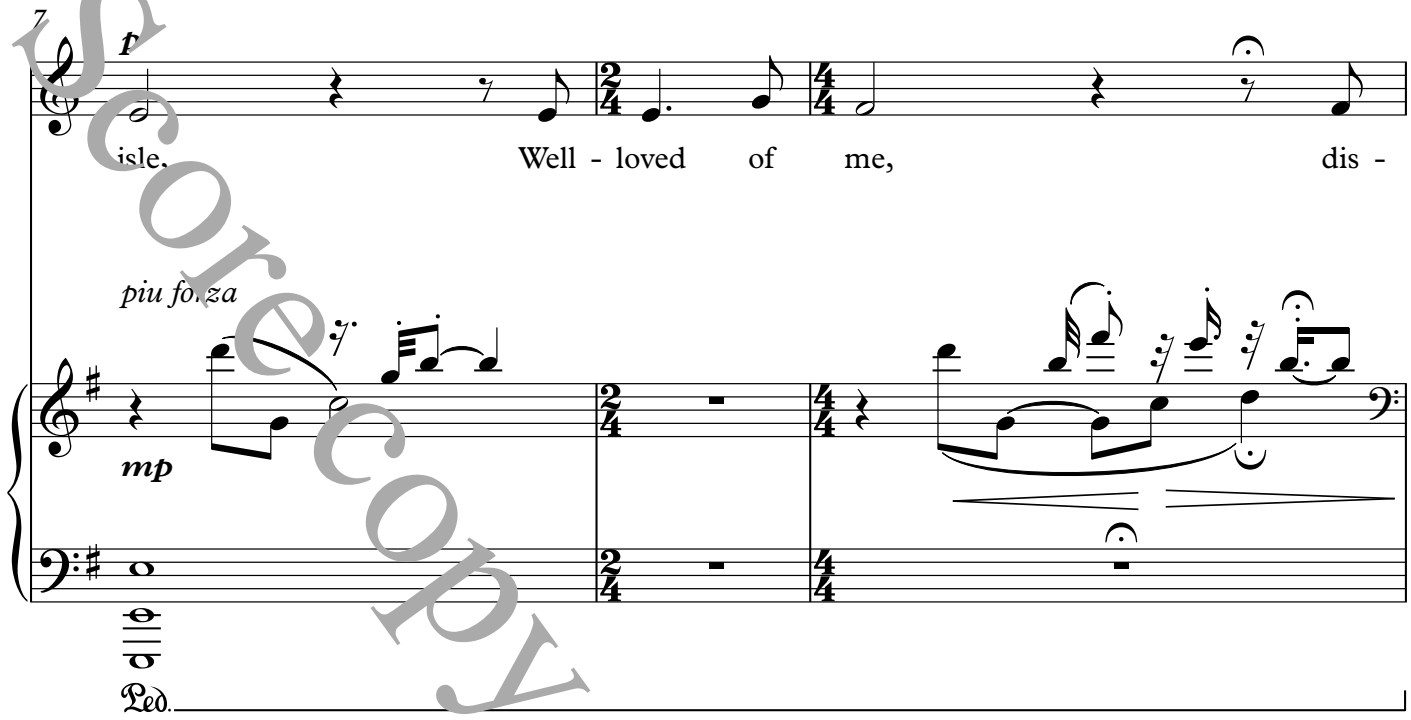

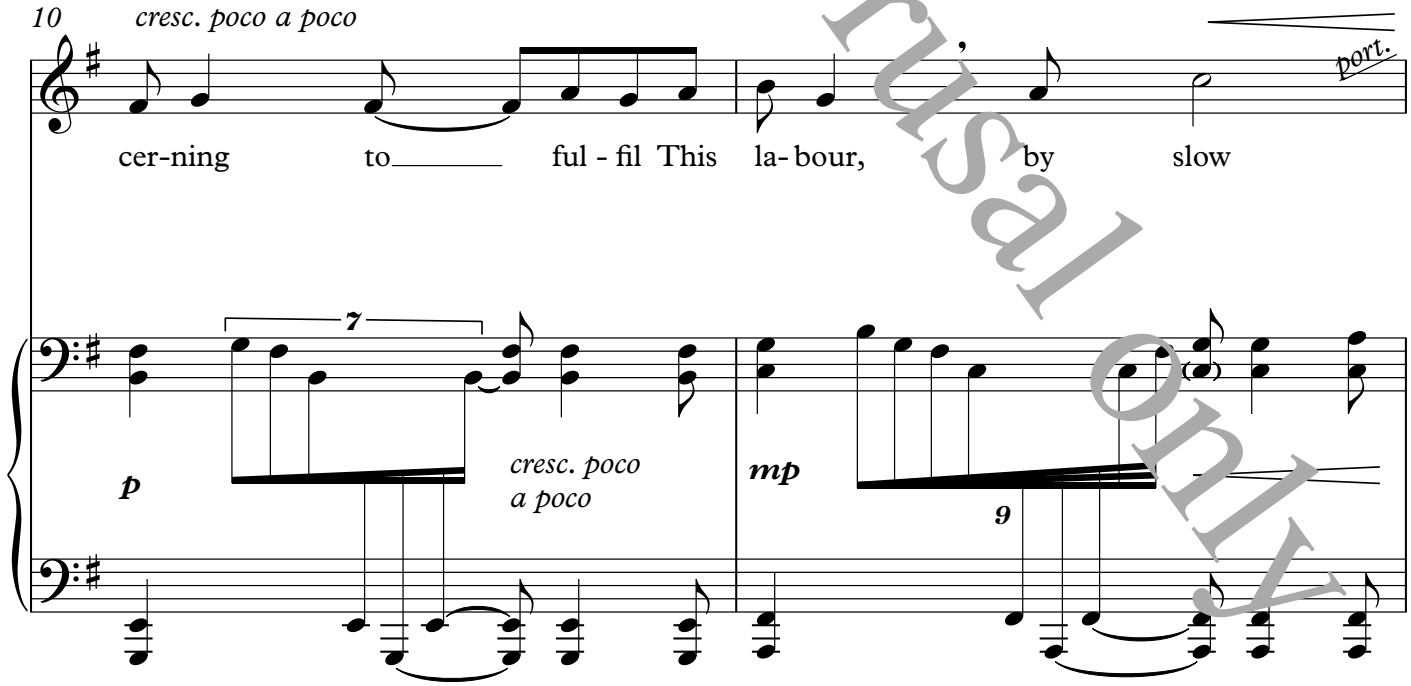

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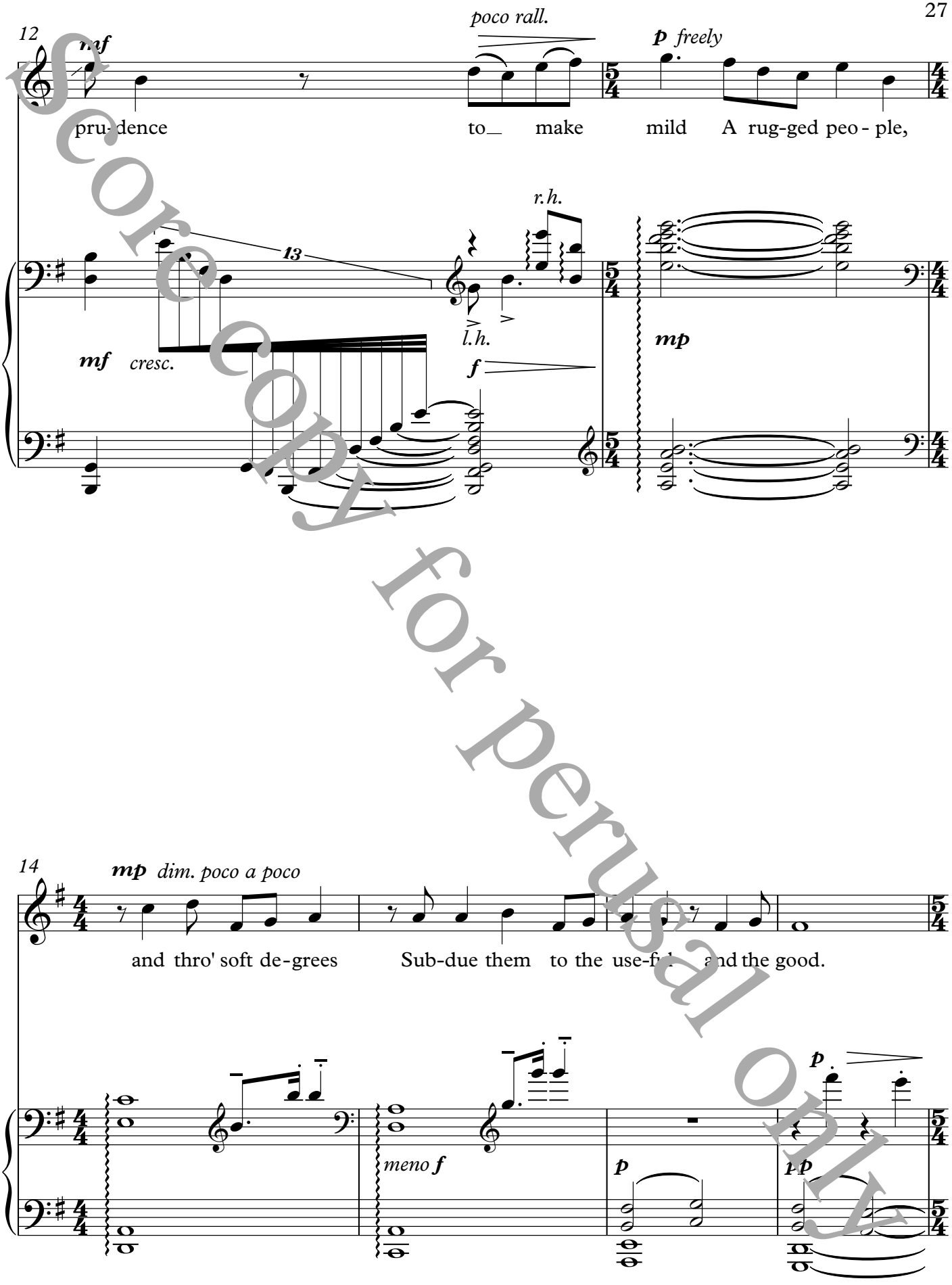

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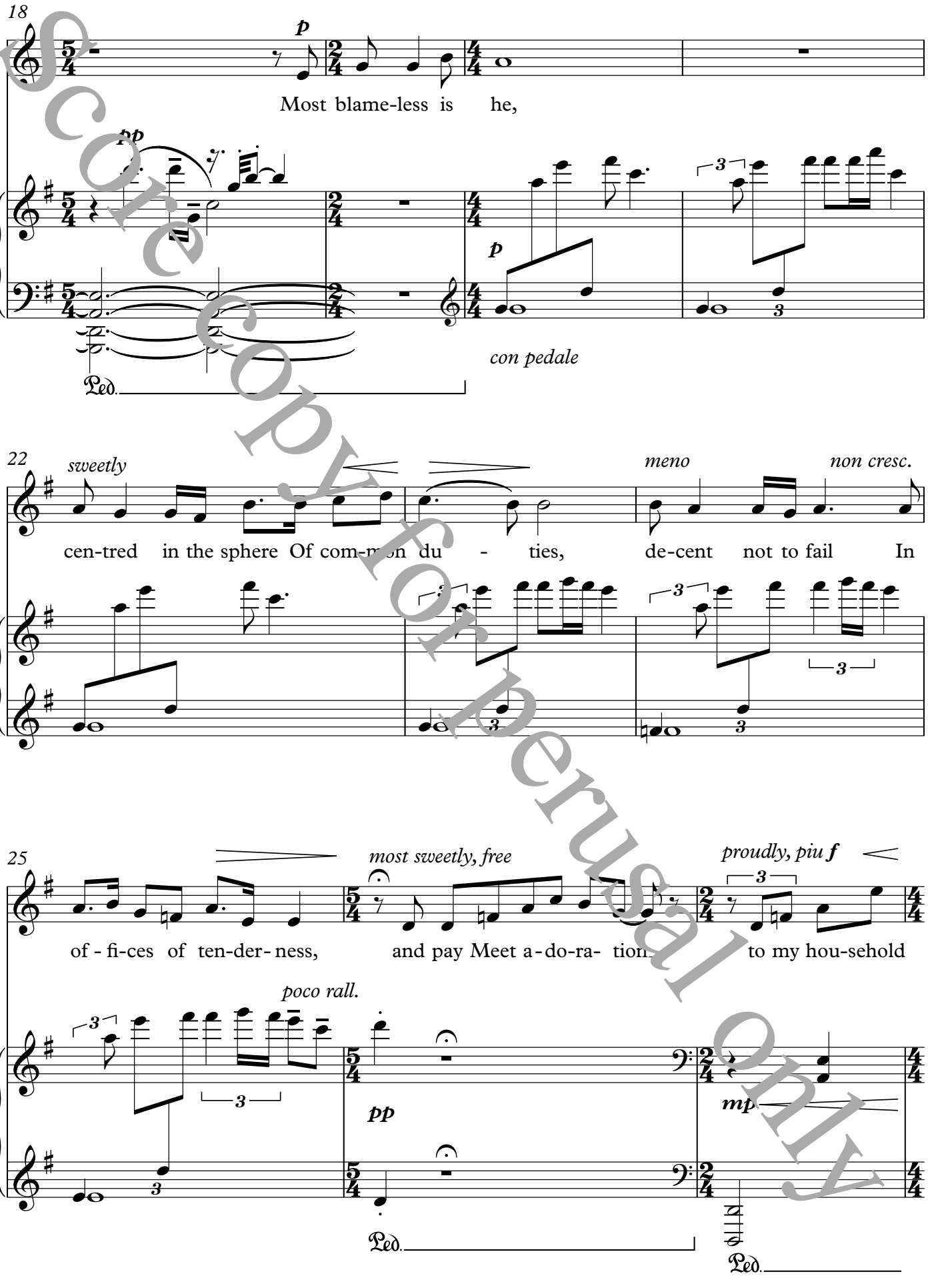

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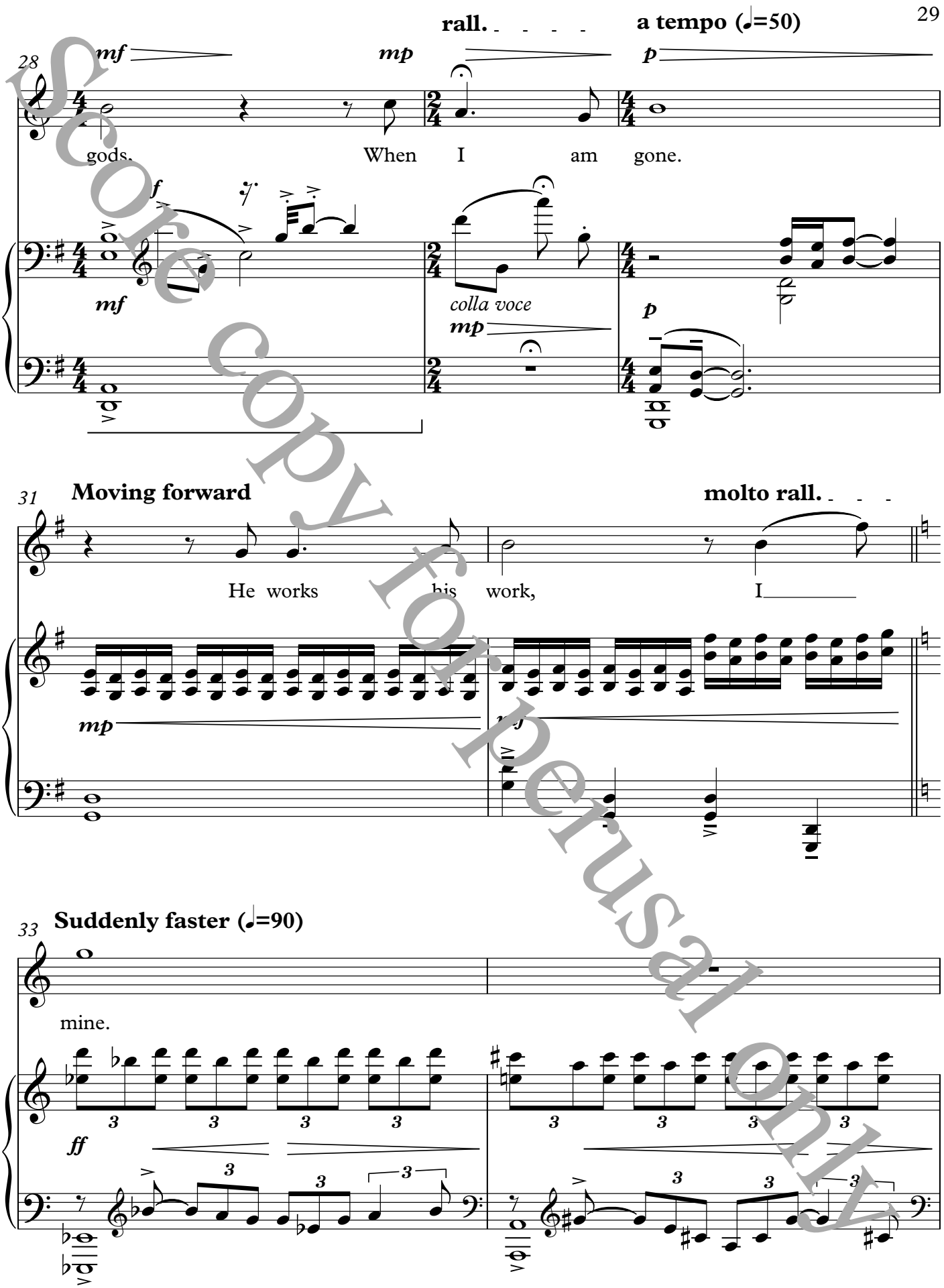

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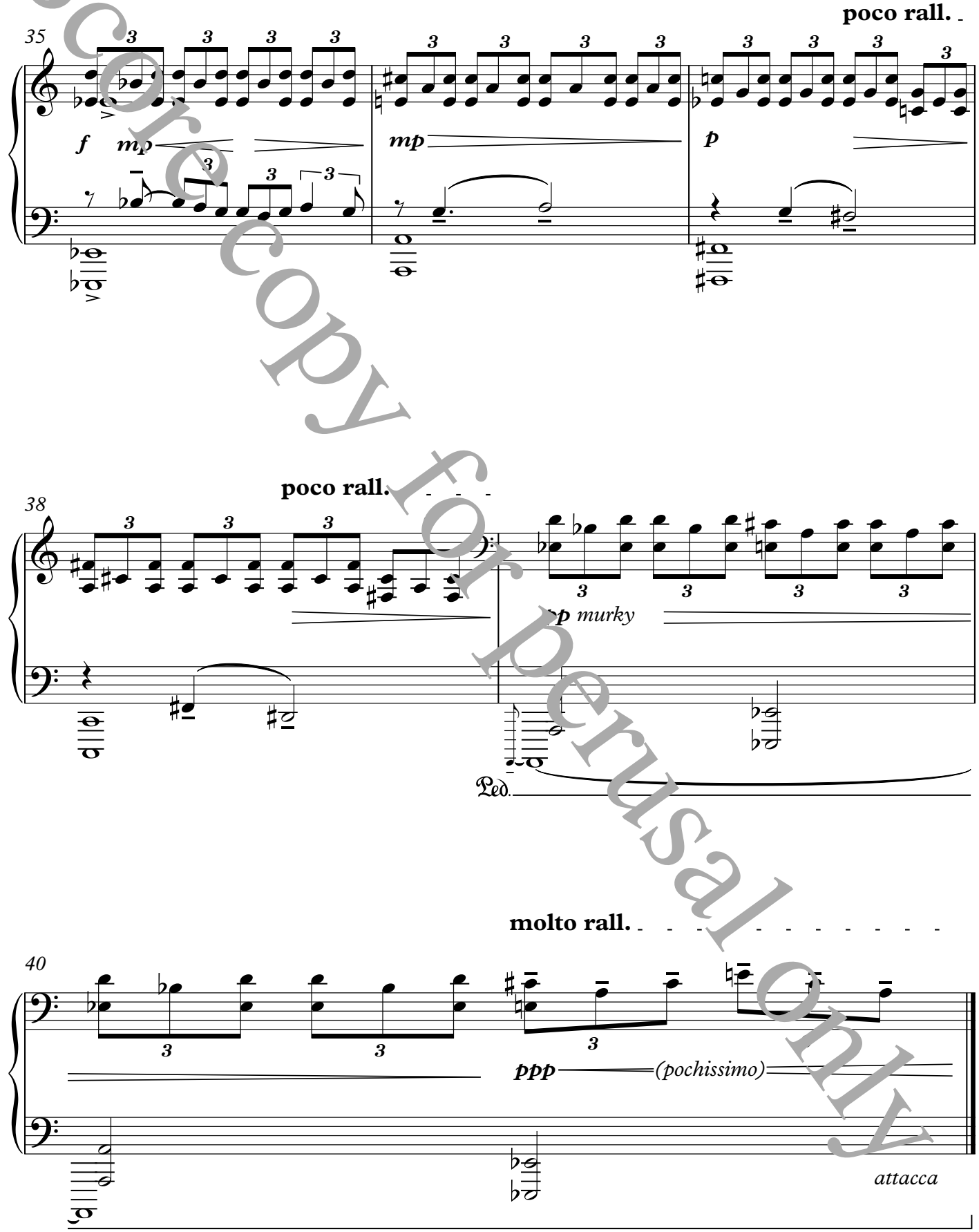

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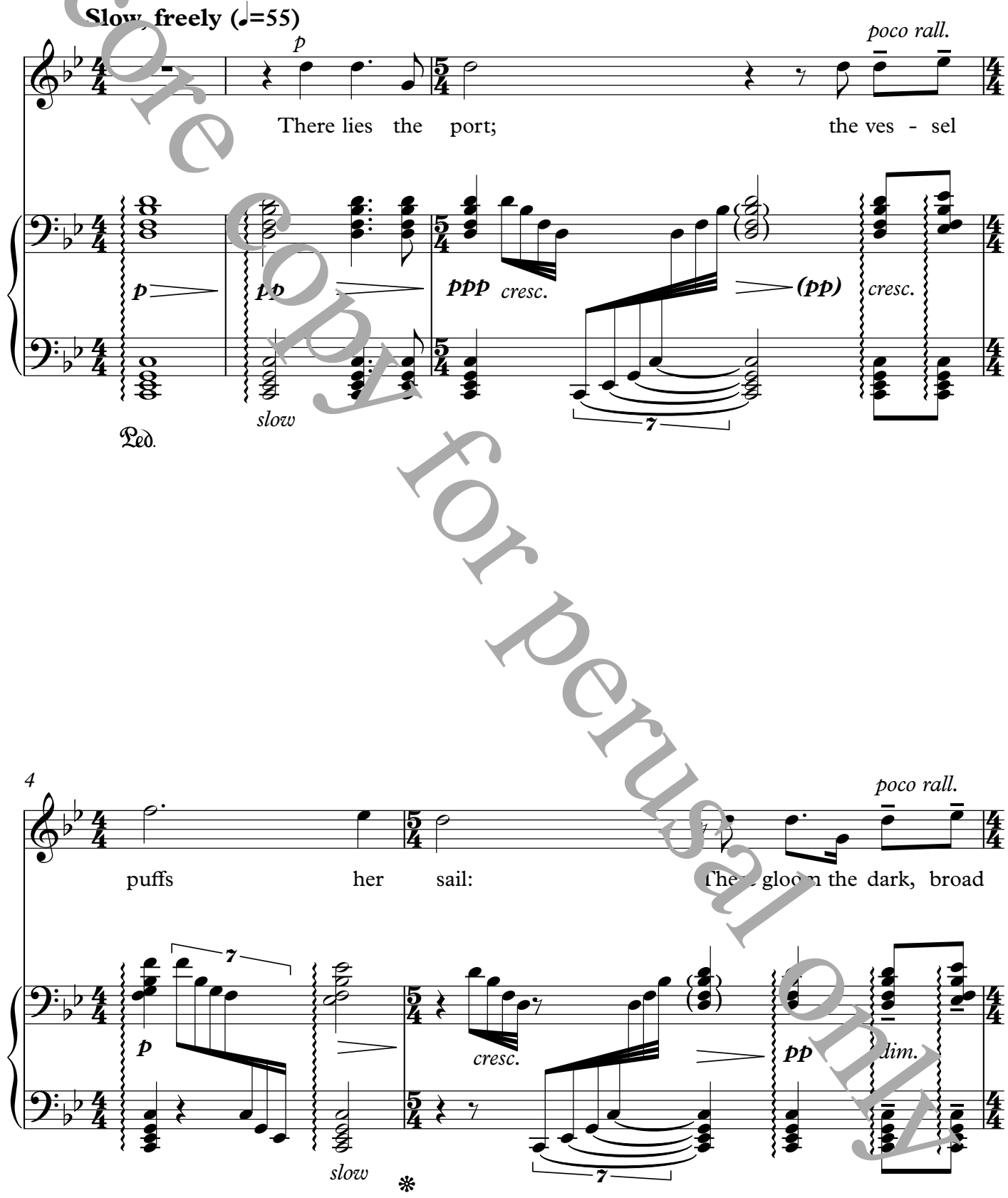
V. There lies the port

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder



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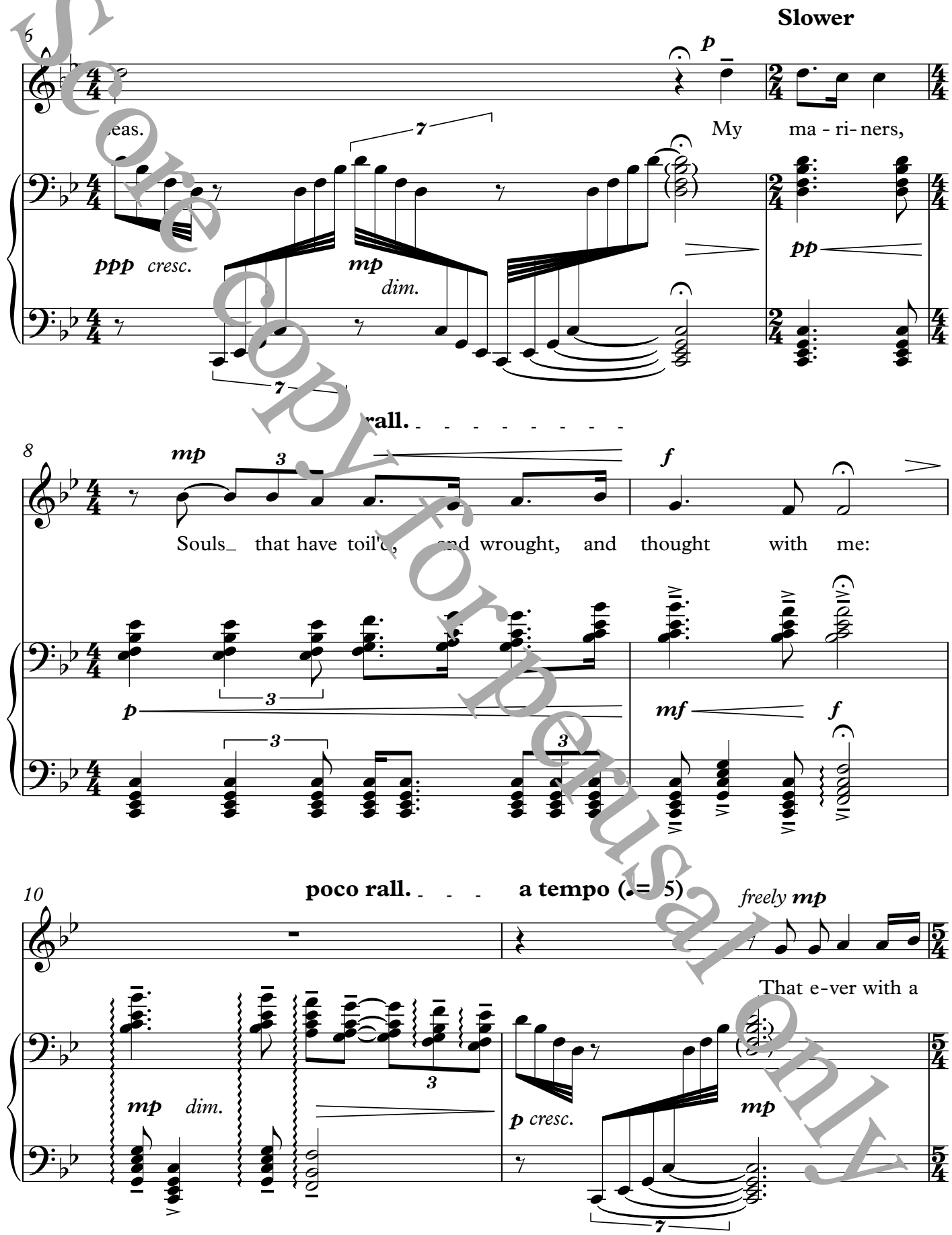

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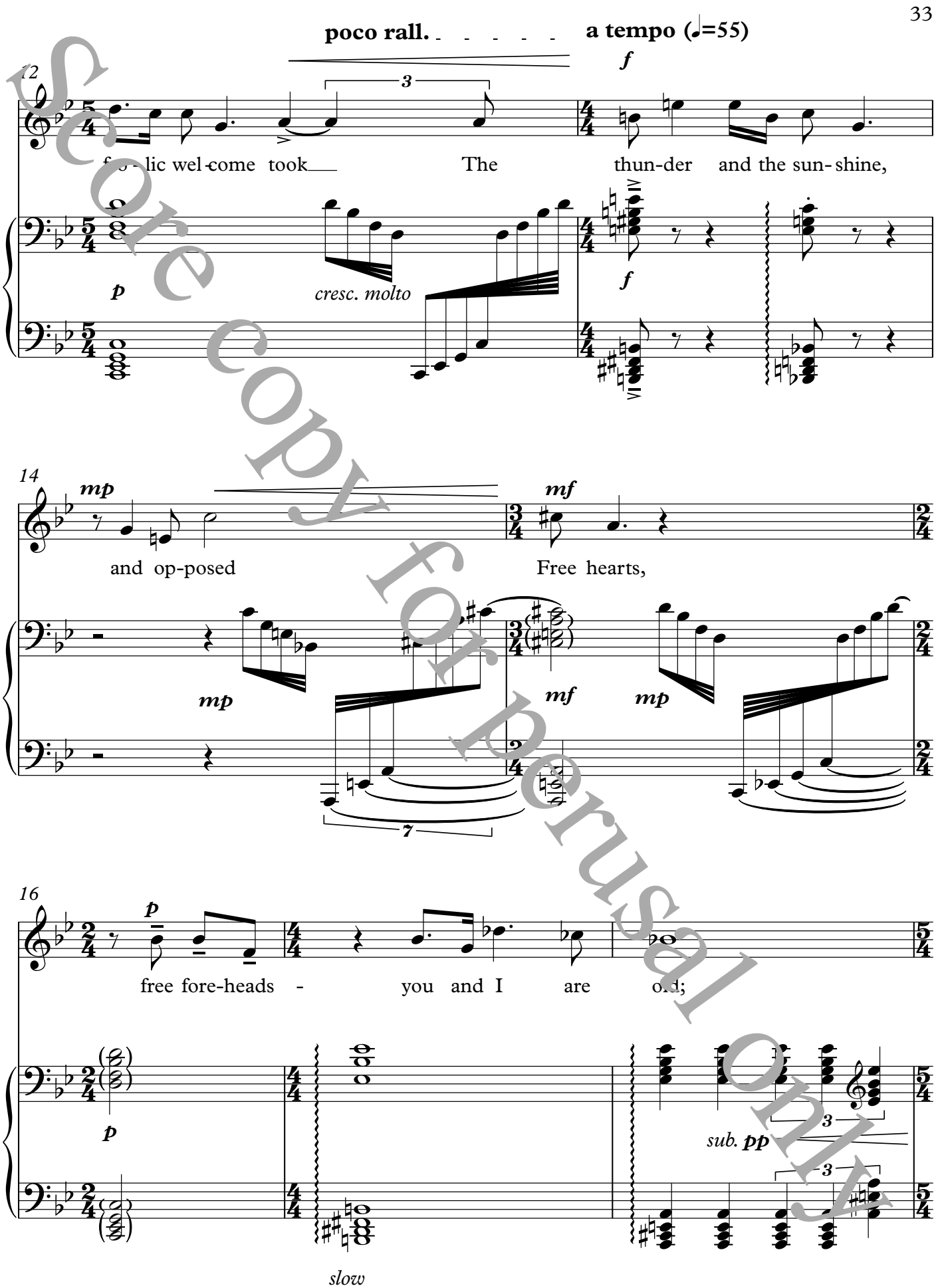

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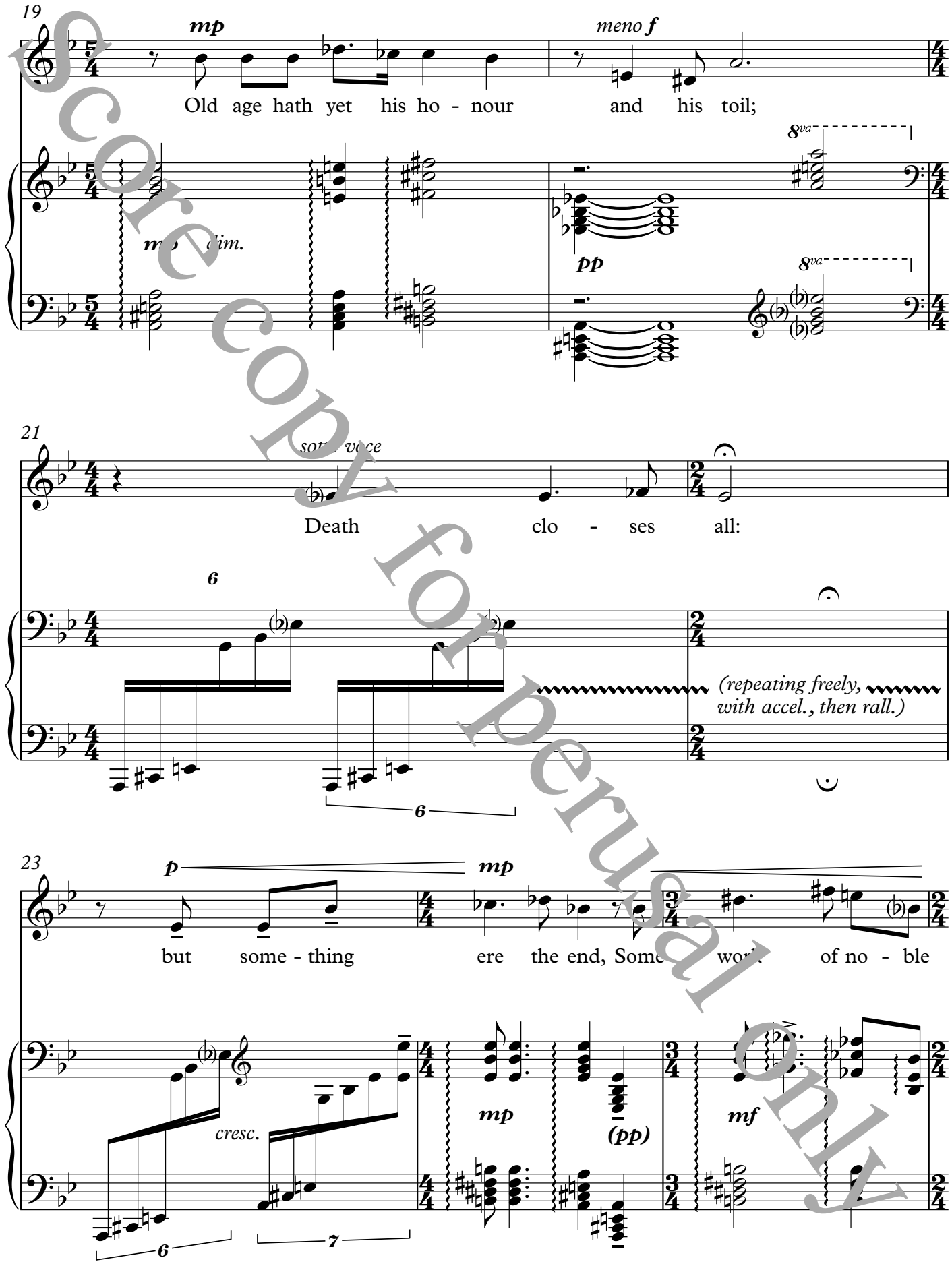

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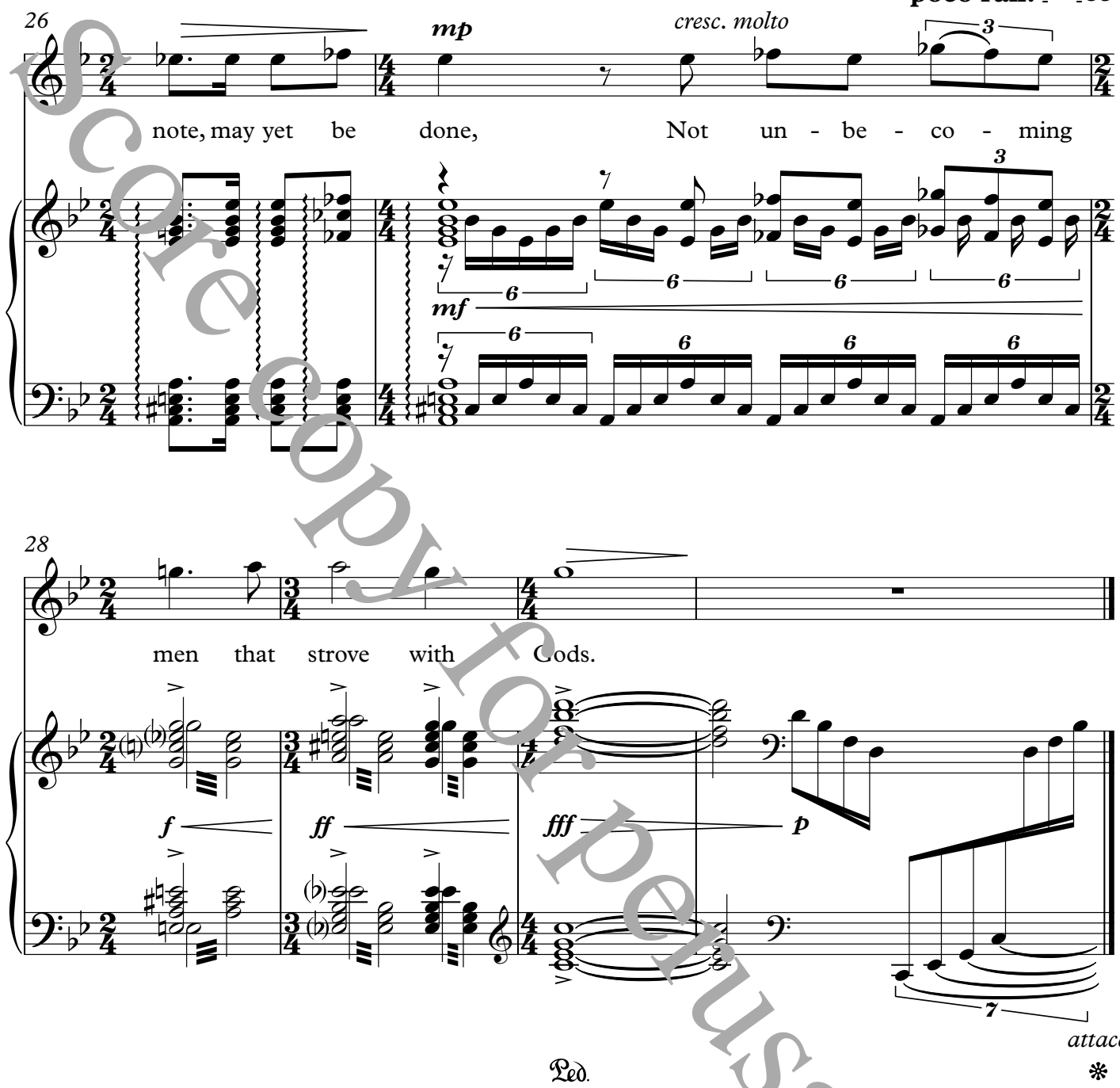

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VI. The lights begin to twinkle

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder

Somewhat faster (♩=70)

freely, sotto voce, espressivo

The lights be-gin to twin-kle from the rocks: The

poco rall.

mp

p *pp* *mp*

Ped.

long day wanes: the

rall.

pp *cresc.* *p* *pp*

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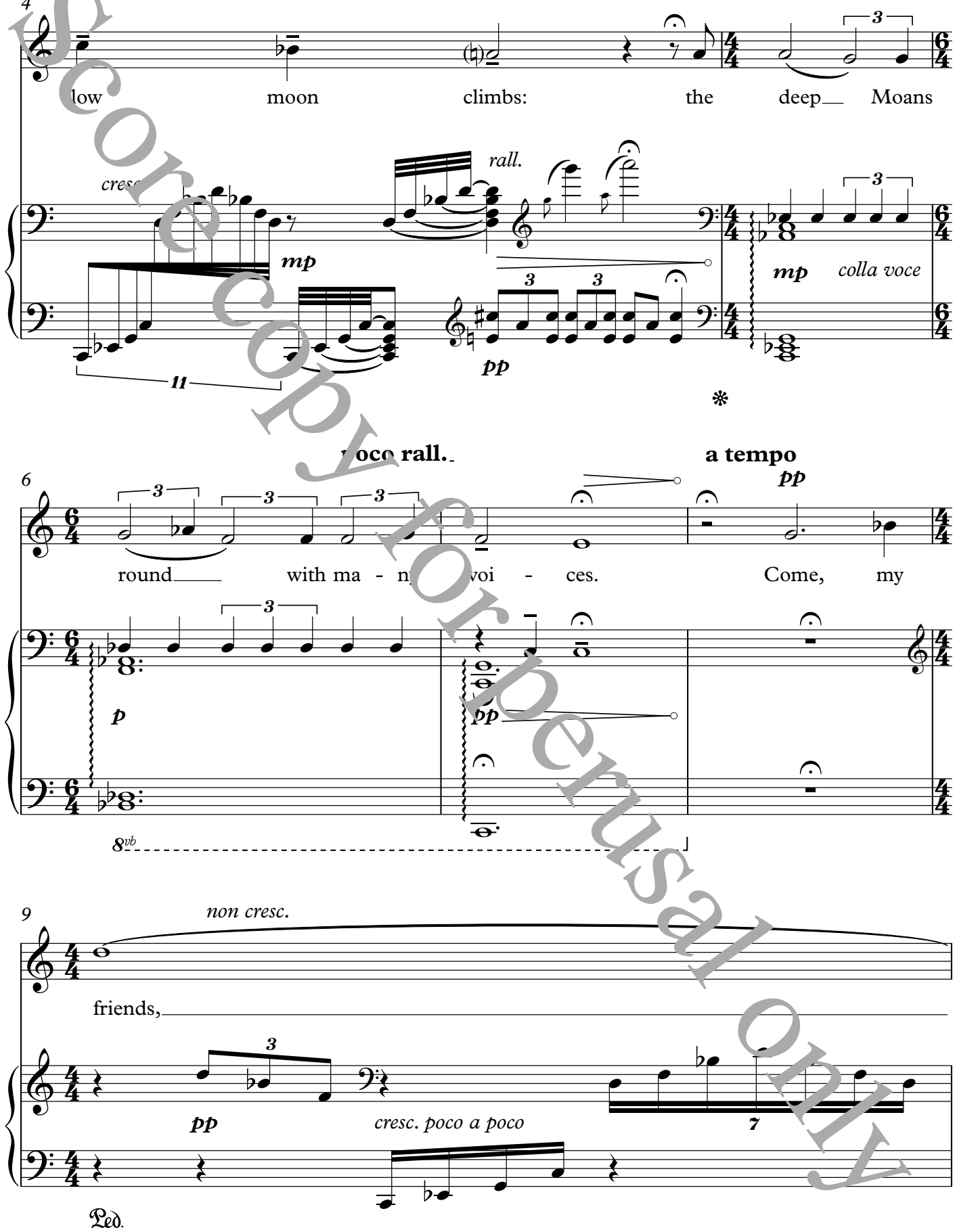

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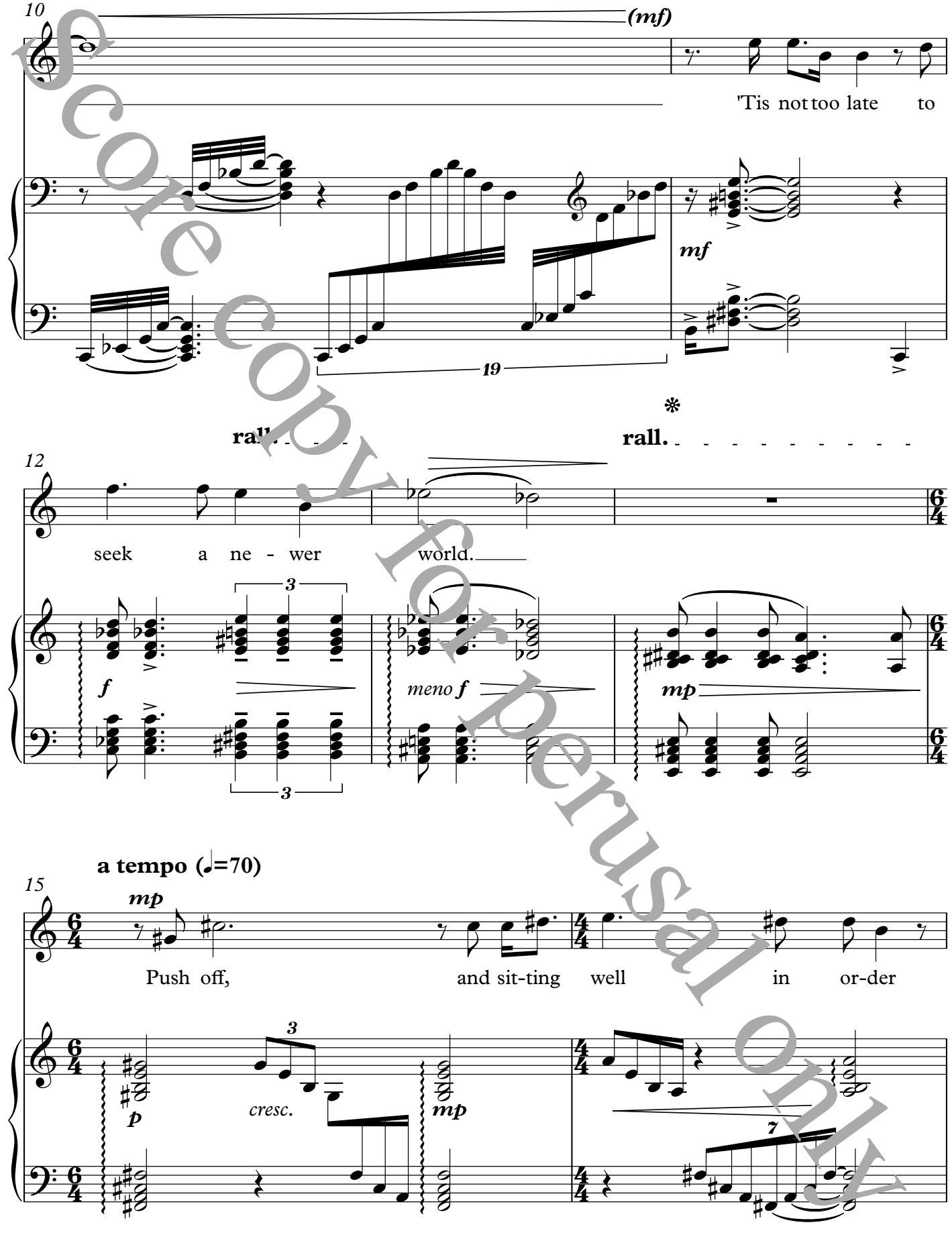

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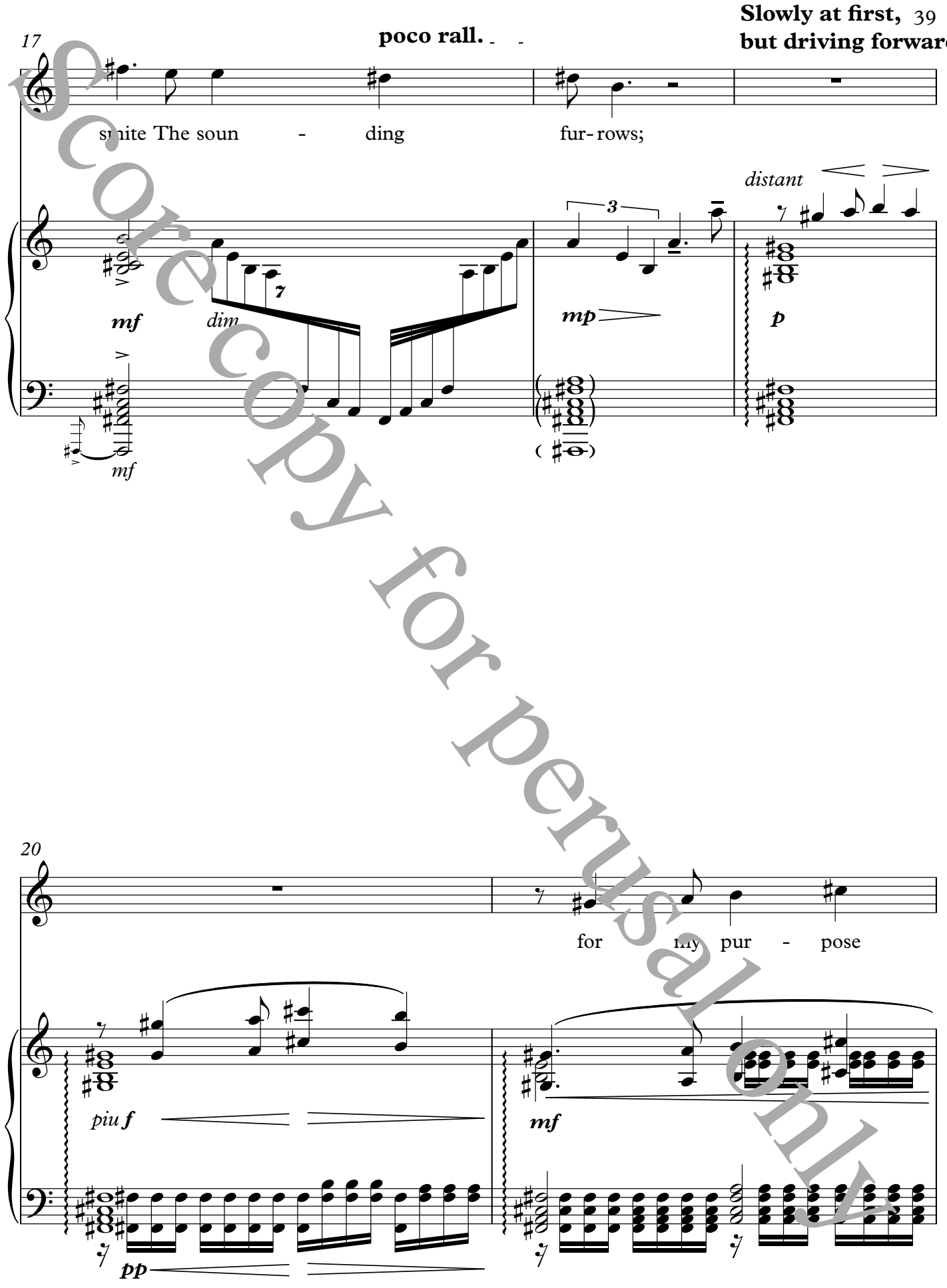

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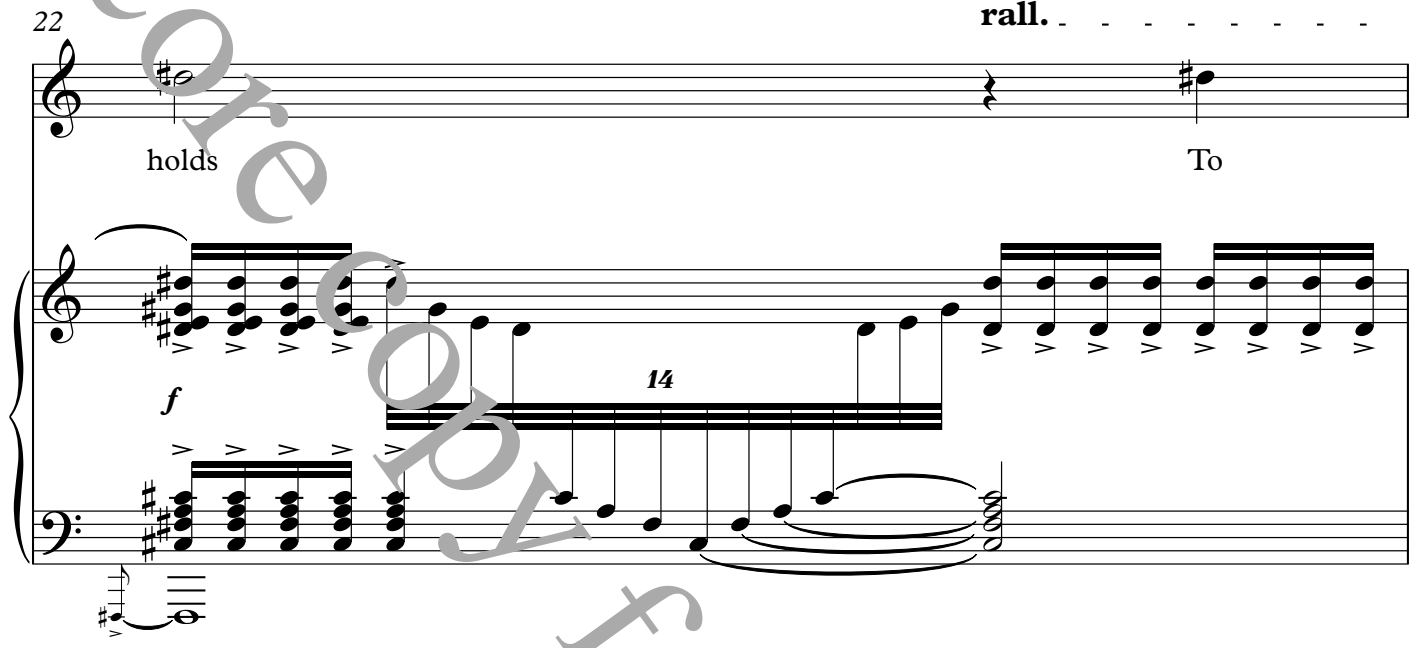

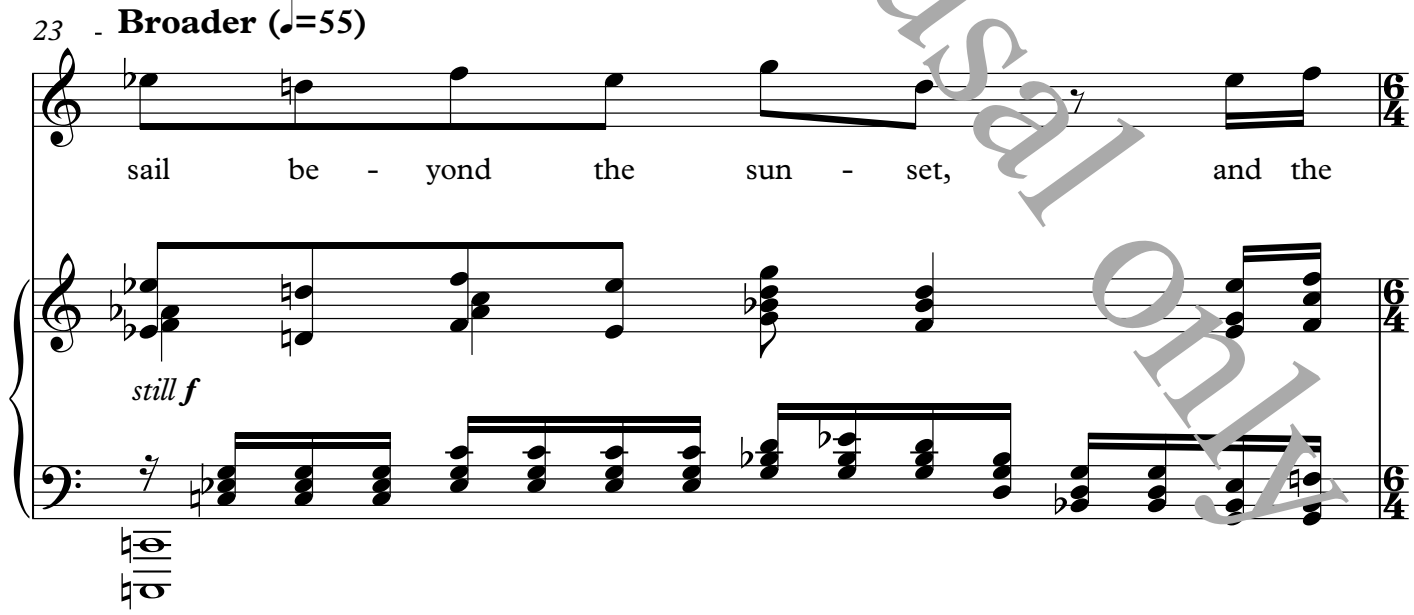

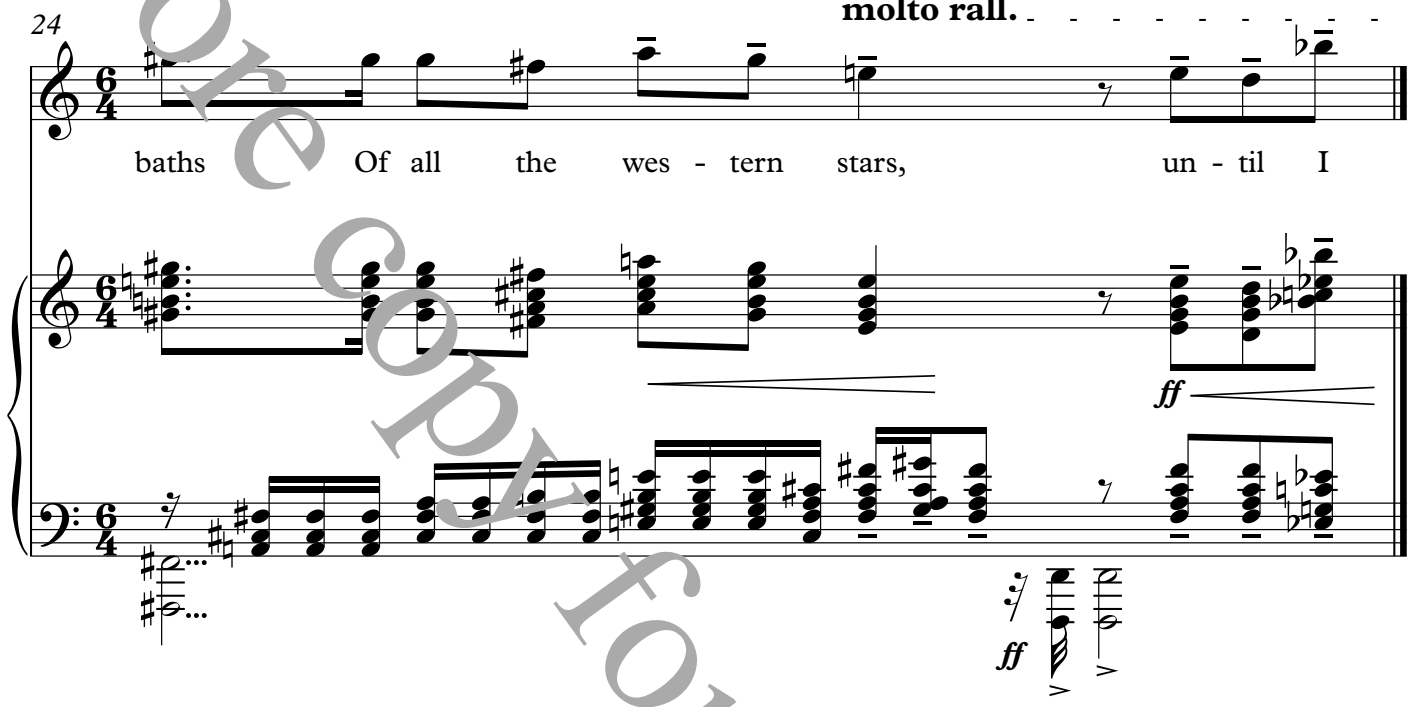

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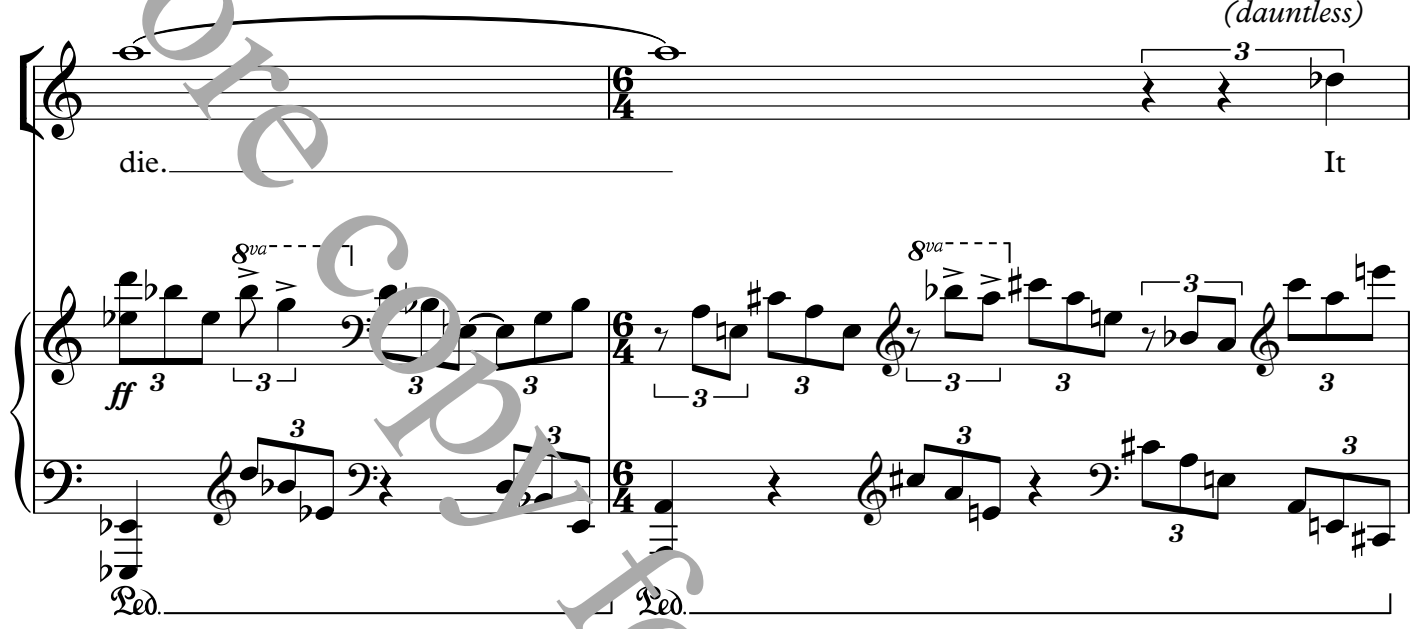
VII. The Untravell'd World

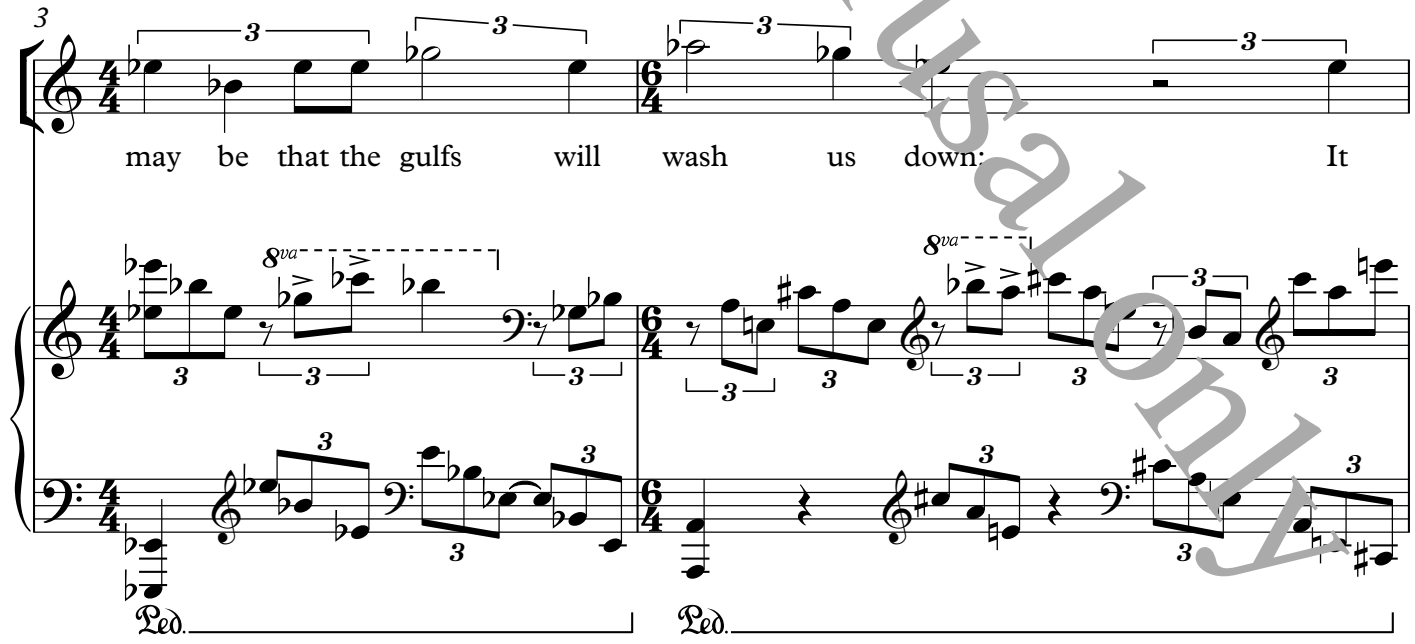
Alfred Lord Tennyson

Evan L. Snyder

Fast, flowing (♩=120)

(dauntless)





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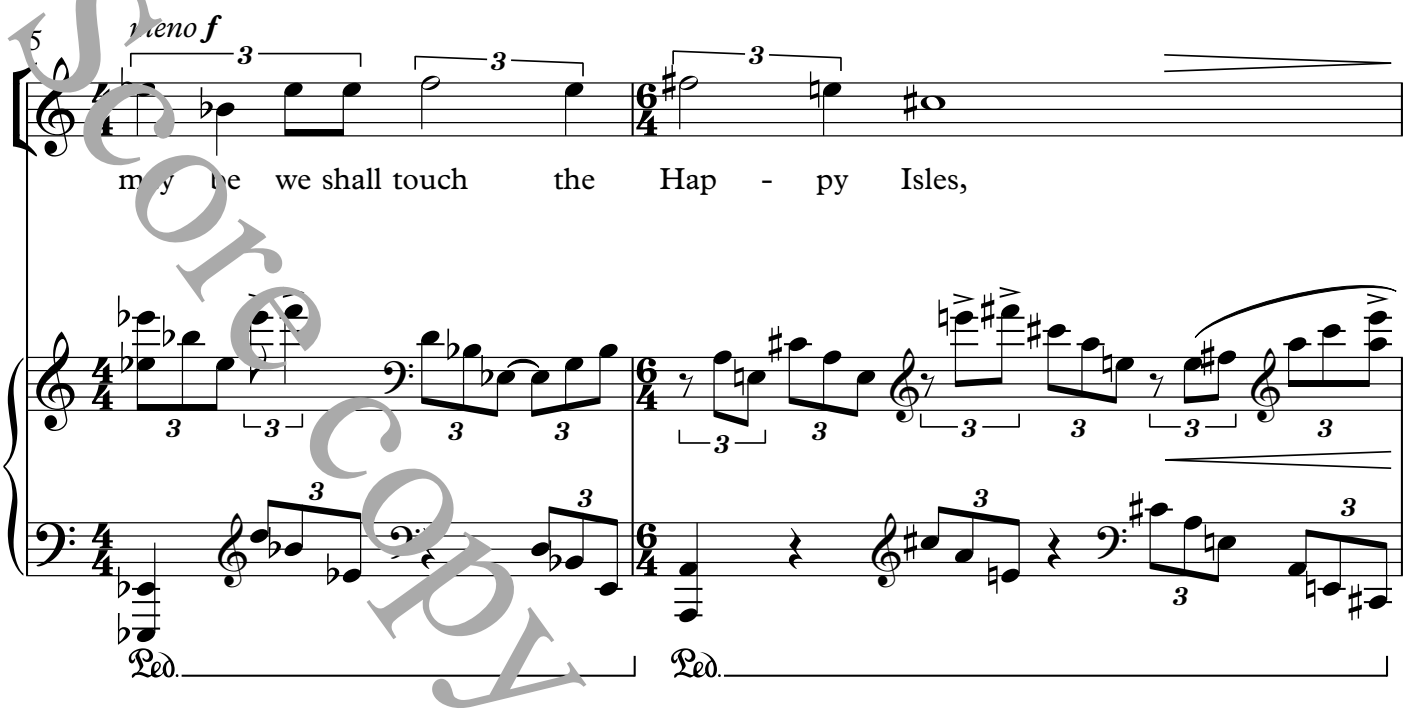

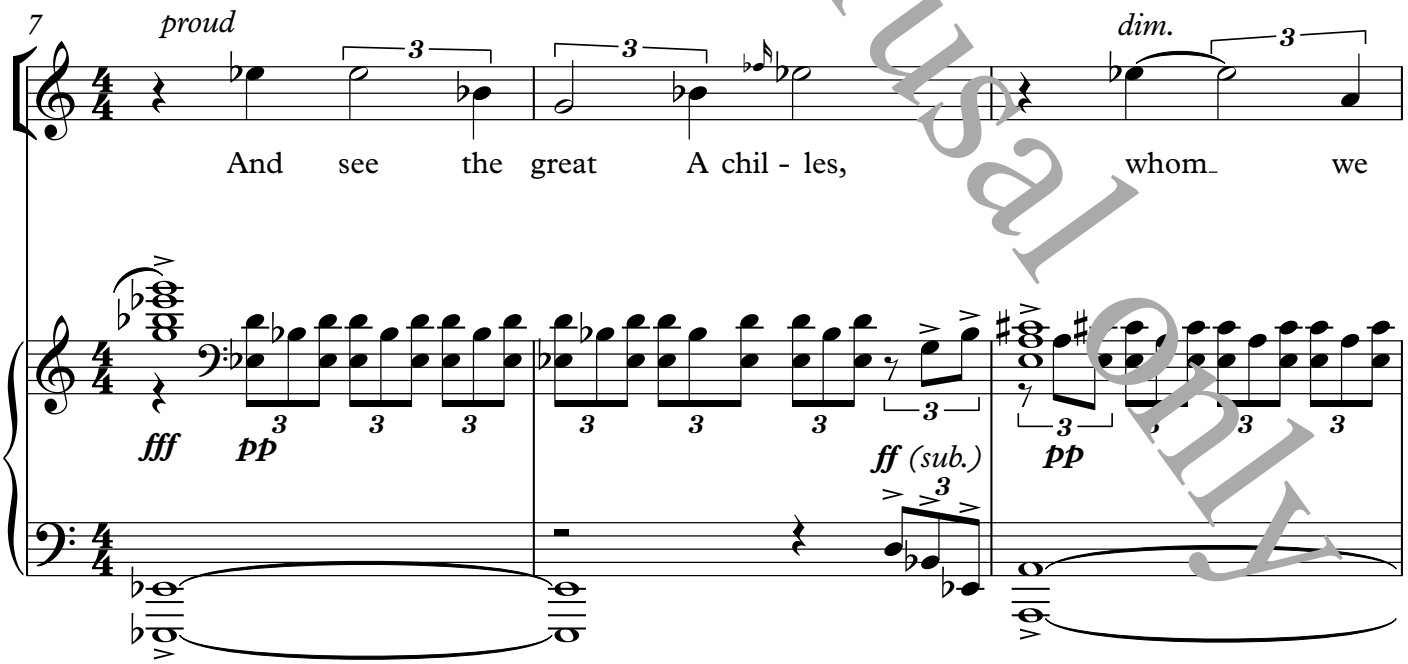

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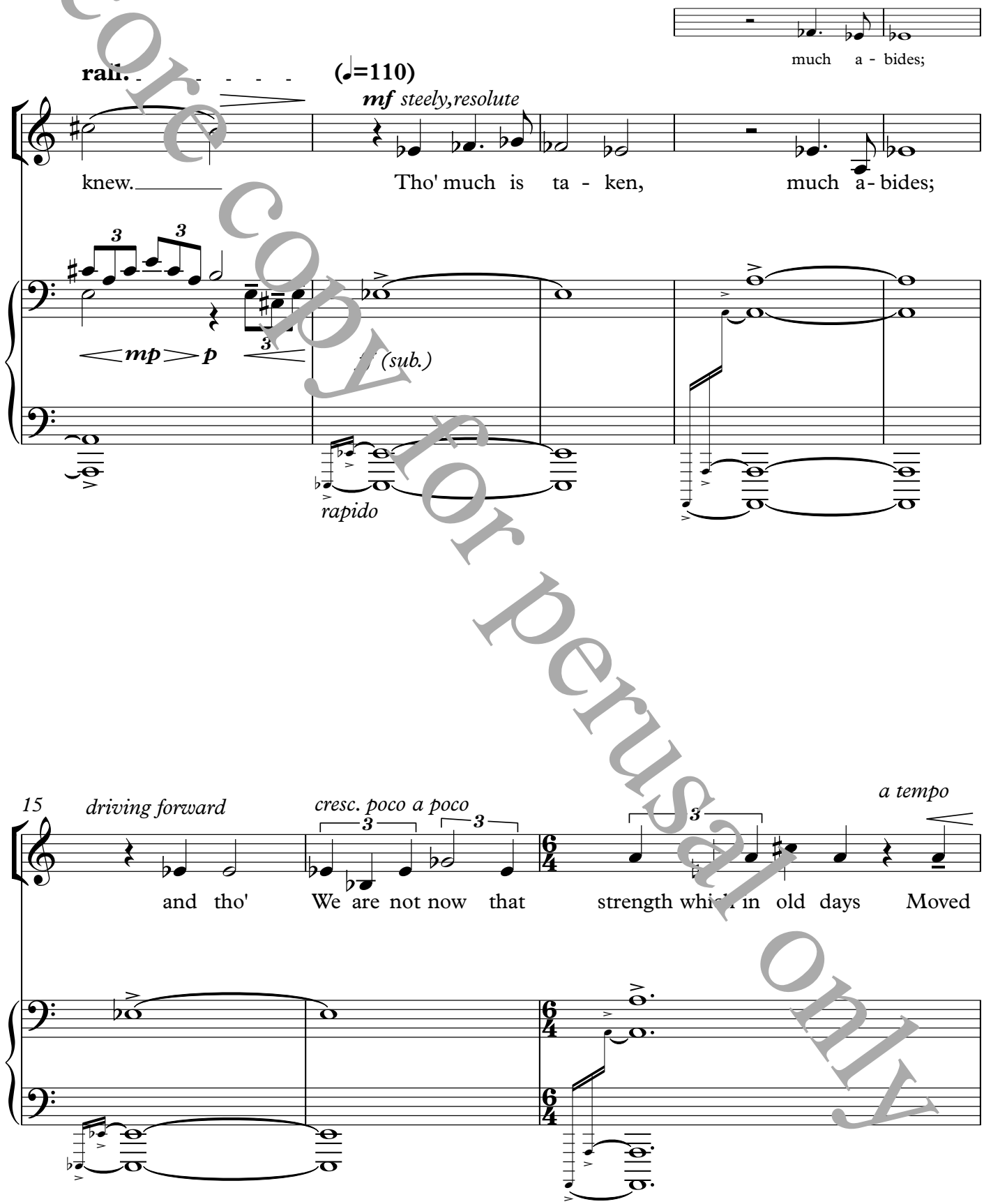

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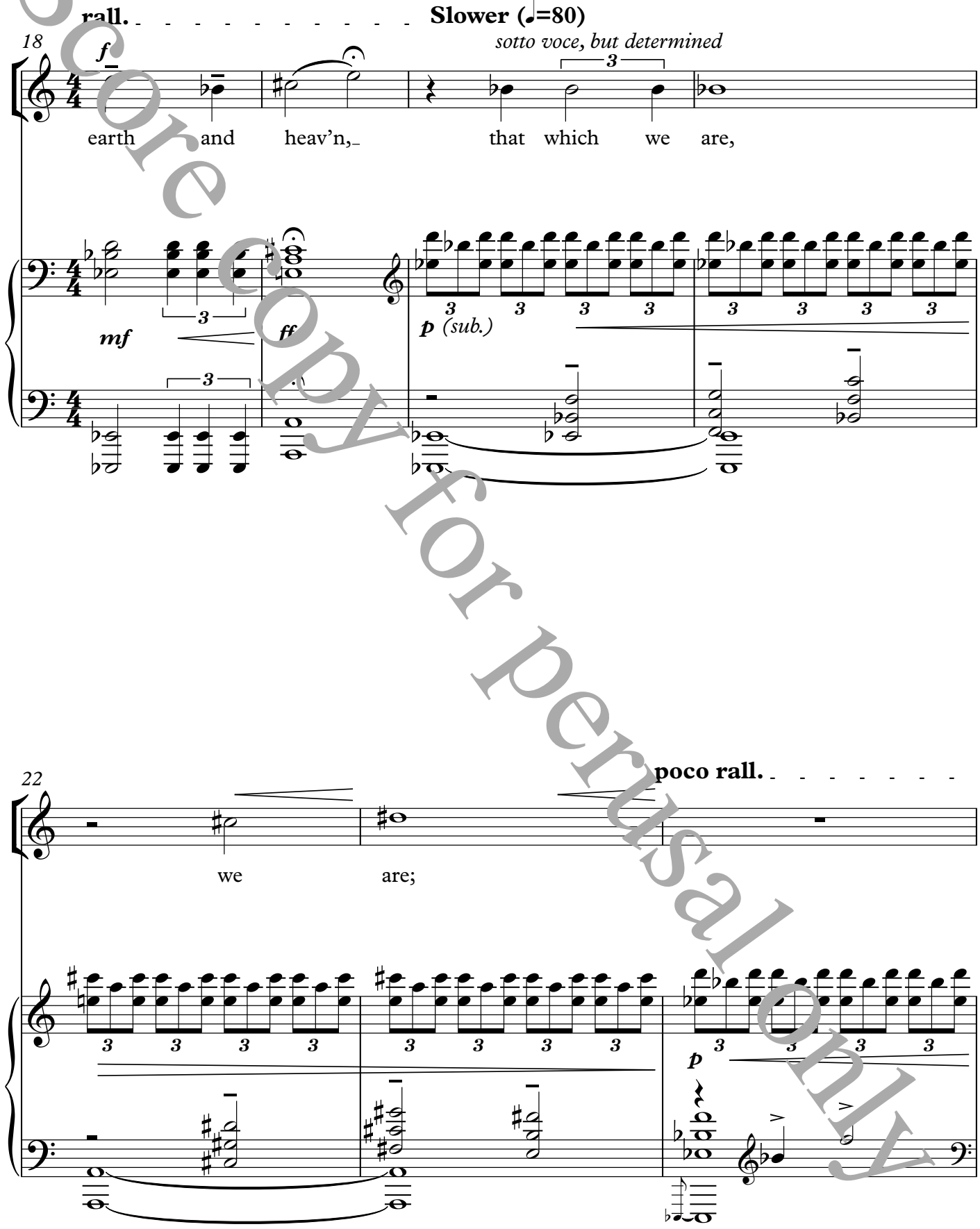

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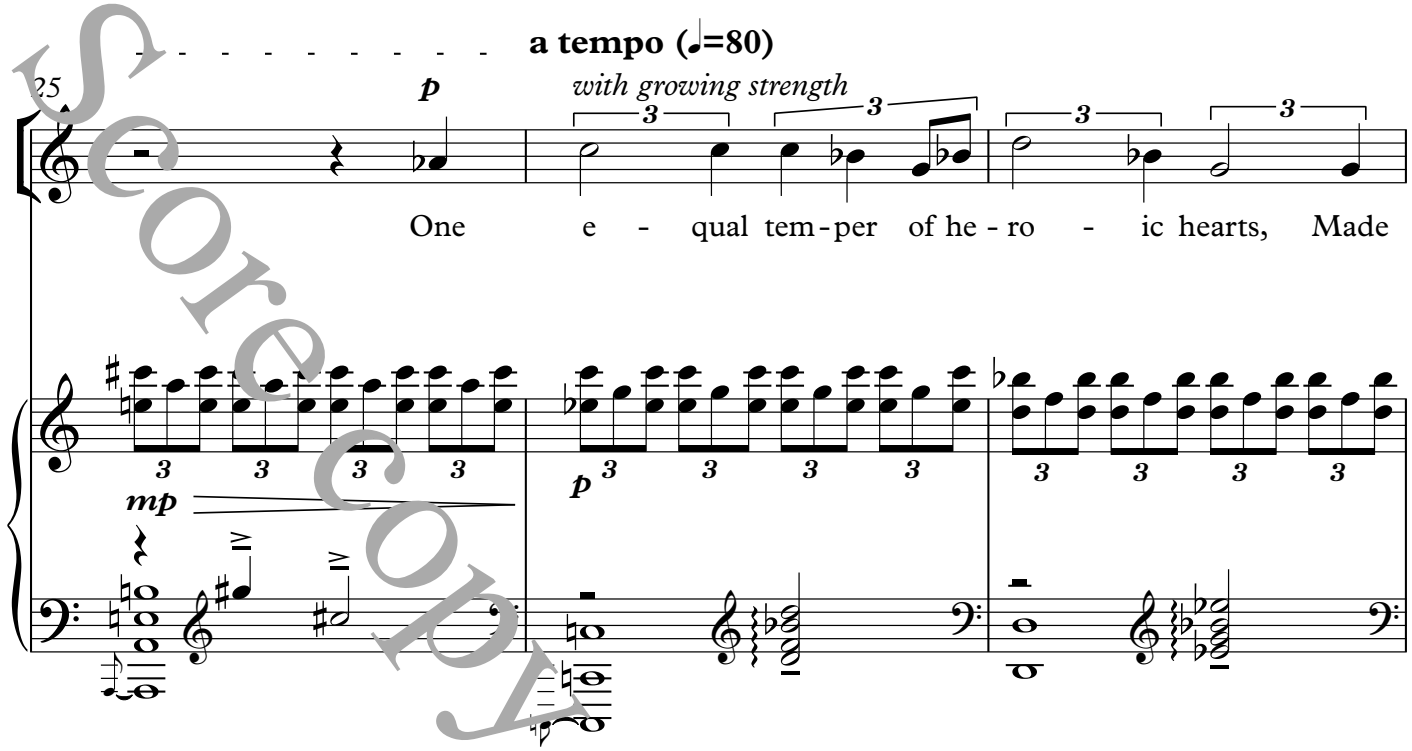

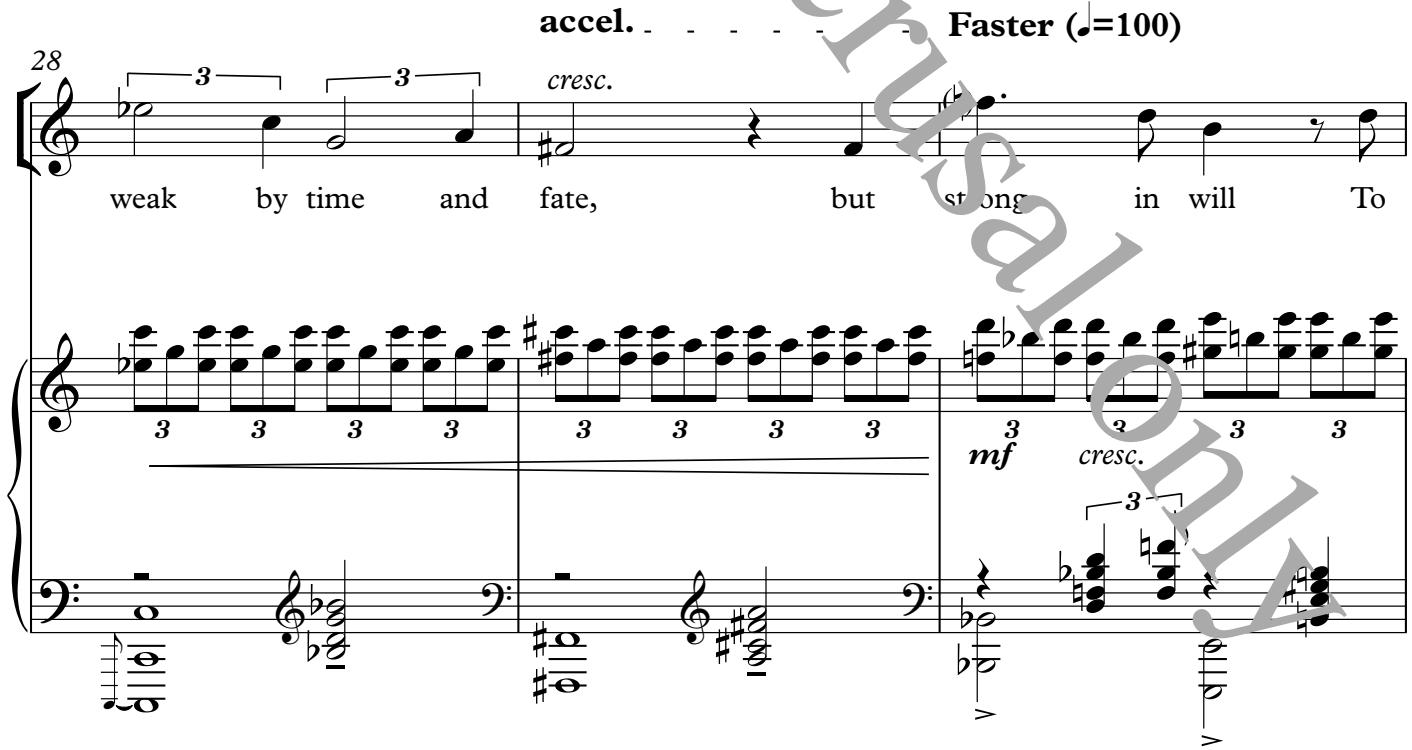

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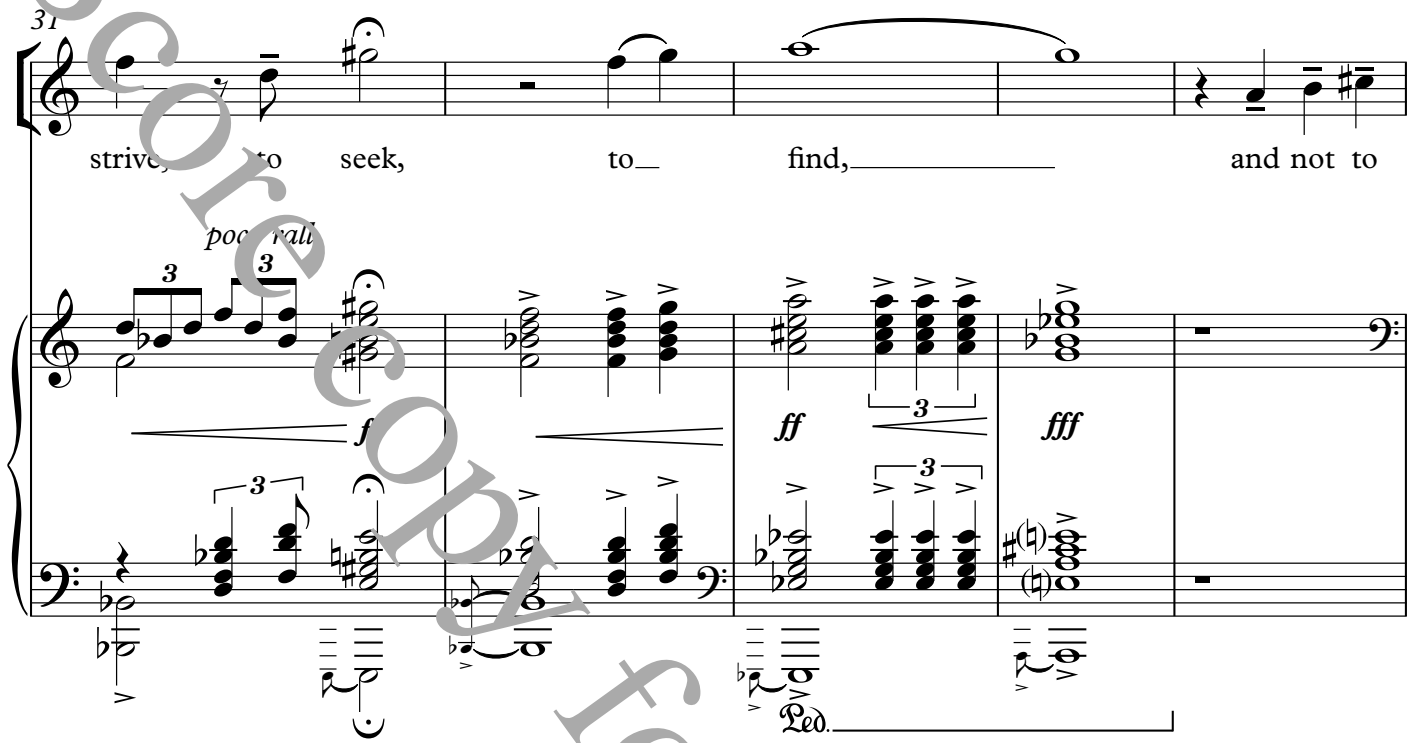

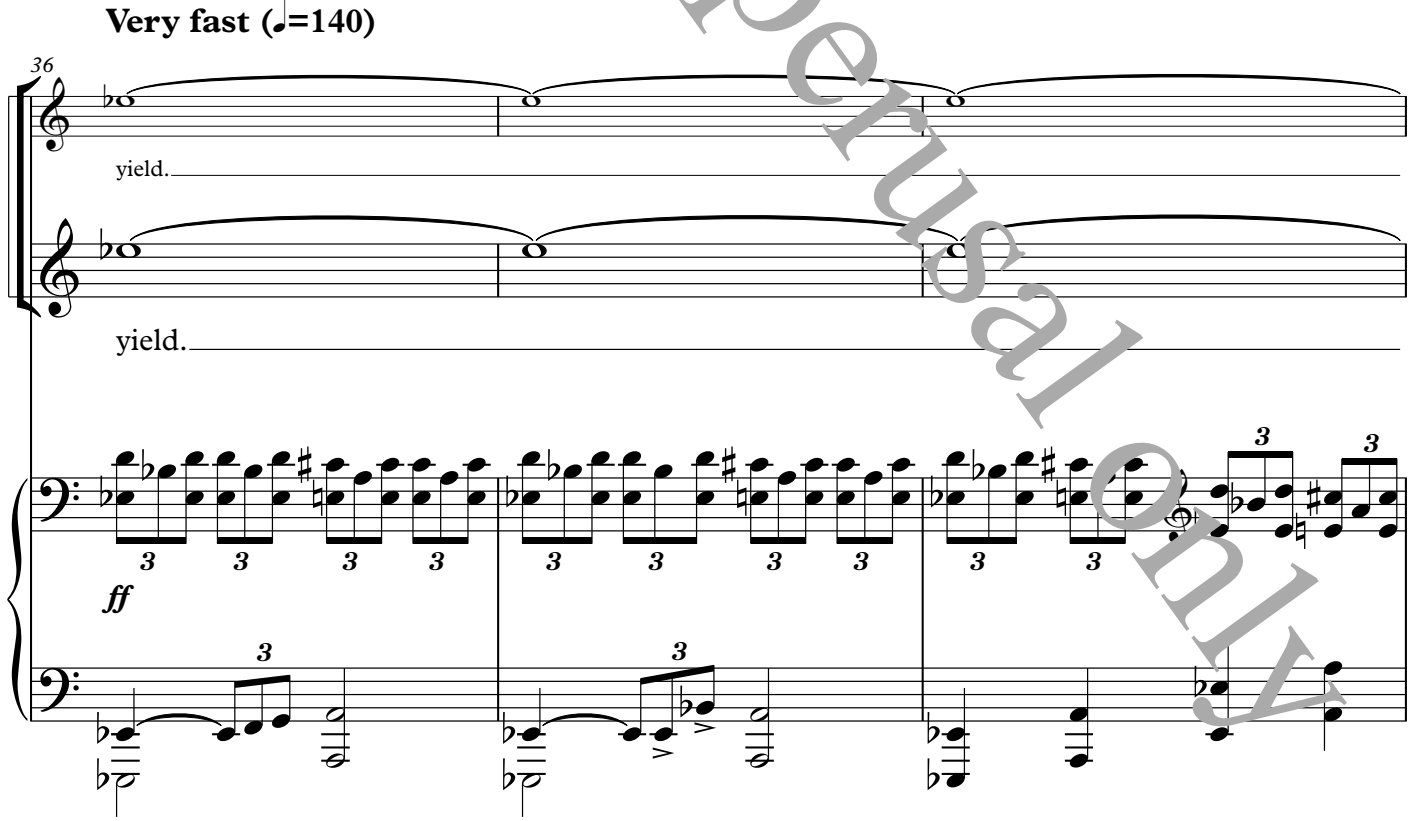

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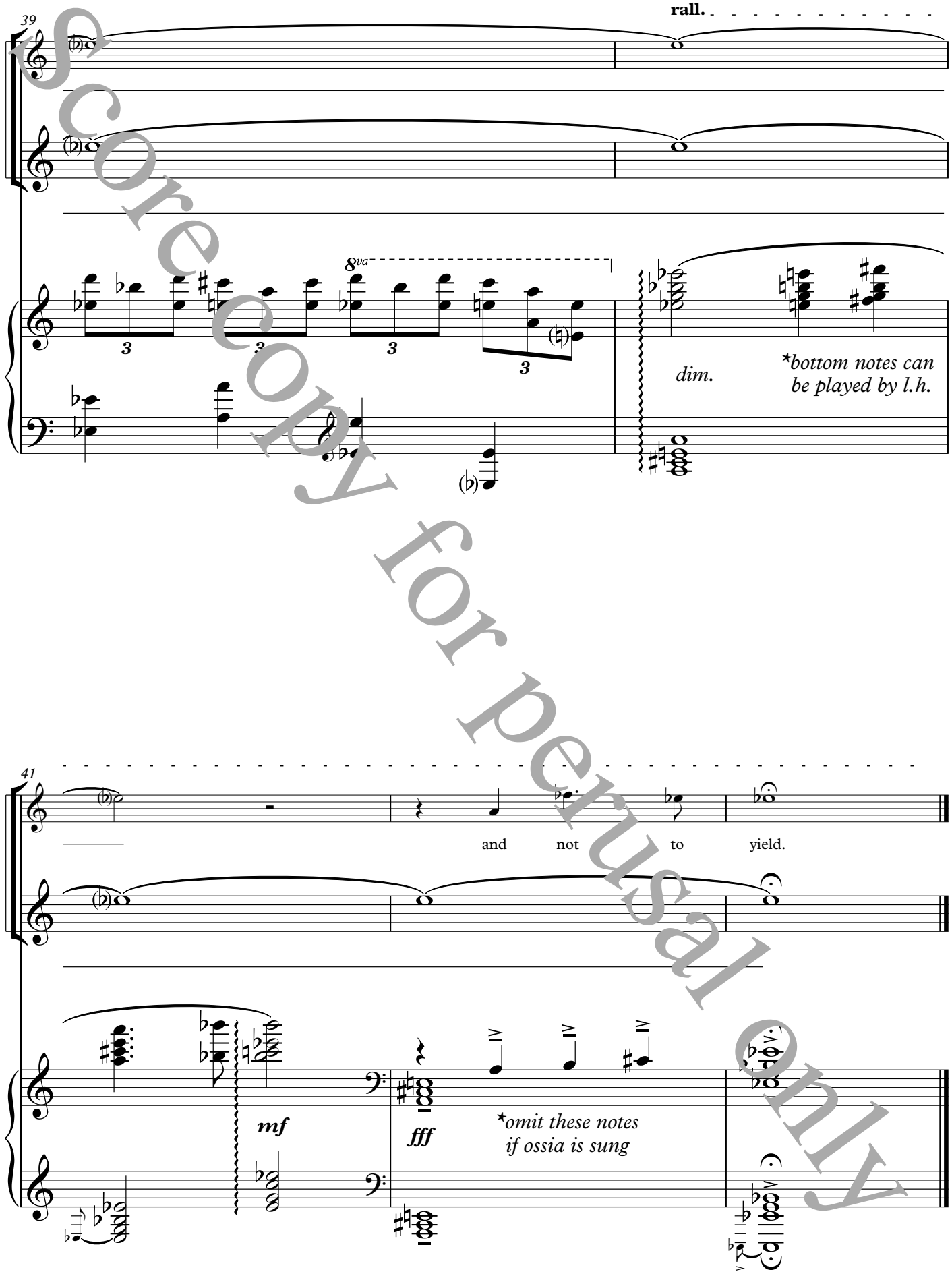

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