

1. My soul

Shelley

Adagio  $\text{♩} = 46$

pp

My soul is an enchanted boat,

*sempre pp e legato una corda*

Ped

#0: col 8 e basso

Which, like a sleeping swan doth float Upon the silver waves of thy sweet

*\* Ped*

singing;

And

*col 8va*

*\* Ped*

thine doth like an angel sit Beside the helm conducting it Whilst all the winds with

1/3 Pedal indications are to be strictly adhered to



me — lody are ring-ing.

col Sve

It seems to float ever for e — ver U-

\* Ped

-pon that many-windi — ing river, Be-tween mountains, woods, a-

\* Ped col Sve

-hysses, A paradise of wilderness.

\* Ped col Sve



Handwritten musical score for the first system. The treble clef staff contains a series of notes with sharp signs, while the bass clef staff has rests. A lightning bolt symbol is present in the bass staff. The system concludes with a fermata and the number 7.

\* Ped

col 8e

\* Ped

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The treble clef staff includes the lyrics "like one in summer bound,". The bass clef staff features a sequence of notes with sharp signs. A lightning bolt symbol is in the first measure, and a fermata is in the second. The system ends with a fermata and an asterisk.

#0. col 8e

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The treble clef staff includes the lyrics "Borne to the ocean, I float down, a-round,". The bass clef staff has notes with sharp signs. A lightning bolt symbol is in the first measure, and a fermata is in the second. The system ends with a fermata and an asterisk.

#0. Col 8e

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The treble clef staff includes the lyrics "Into a sea profound, of ever spread". The bass clef staff has notes with sharp signs. A lightning bolt symbol is in the first measure, and a fermata is in the second. The system ends with a fermata and an asterisk.

\* Ped



ing, ever spread ing sound.

Maestoso  $\text{♩} = 92$  2. FIRST-BORN Cowley \*

*f* First-born of Charles, who so fair didst

*f* tre corde sim.

come From the old Negro's darksome womb, which,

when it saw the lovely child, The melancholy mass put on kind looks and



\*  
p 3

smiled... Say, from what quivers of the sky Do all thy winged arrows fly?

3 3 3 3

Swiftness and power by birth are thine: From thy great sire they

cresc

p f dim

came, thy sire the word divine, the word divine, the word di-

dim

f

-vine, the word divine

p

\* independent tempo



*f* 3

Swift as light thoughts their empty career

*f*

*sim.*

run,

Thy race is finished when begun:

Let a

post- an - get start with thee And thou the goal of earth's shalt reach as soon as

he...

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes Is but thy



Several liveries = Thou the rich dye on them bestowest

Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou goest... the

word divine, the word divine the word divine

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and sea,



which open all their pores to thee, Like a

*cresc* *f*

clear ri — ver thou dost glide And with thy living stream through the close channels

*f* *cresc*

slide . But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose, Gently thy

*p* *3*

source the land overflows, Takes there possession, and dost make, of colours

*cresc* *3* *cresc*