

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

THE PLAYER QUEEN

(Song from an Unfinished Play by W. B. Yeats)

A SONG FOR A MEDIUM VOICE WITH
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

Price, 75 cents

G. SCHIRMER

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THE PLAYER QUEEN

My mother dandled me and sang,
“How young it is, how young!”
And made a golden cradle
That on a willow swung.

“He went away,” my mother sang,
“When I was brought to bed”;
And all the while her needle pulled
The gold and silver thread.

She pulled the thread, she bit the thread,
And made a golden gown,
And wept because she’d dreamt that I
Was born to wear a crown.

“When she was got,” my mother sang,
“I heard a sea-mew cry,
And saw a flake of the yellow foam
That dropped upon my thigh.”

How therefore could she help but braid
The gold into my hair,
And dream that I should carry
The golden top of care?

W. B. YEATS

The Player Queen

Song from an unfinished play by
W. B. Yeats *

John A. Carpenter

Lento ($\text{♩} = 92$)

Voice

Piano

My moth-er dandled me and sang,

rall.

p a tempo

R.D.

*

"How young it is, how young!"

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a C-clef and a key signature of four flats. The middle staff is for the Piano, with two staves: the upper staff uses a C-clef and the lower staff uses a bass F-clef. The bottom staff is also for the Piano. The music is in common time. The tempo is Lento, indicated by the instruction $\text{♩} = 92$. The vocal part begins with a long rest followed by a sustained note. The piano part features eighth-note patterns in the middle section. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "My moth-er dandled me and sang," with dynamic markings like *rall.* (rallentando) and *p a tempo* (pianissimo a tempo). The piano part concludes with a melodic line over a harmonic progression. The final vocal line is "How young it is, how young!"

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mf
 And made a gold-en cra - dle _____ That on a wil - low
poco rall.

mf
poco rall.

a tempo
 swung.

a tempo
molto rall.
Reed. *

p a tempo
 "He went a-way," my moth-er sang, _____ "When I was brought to

p a tempo

bed;" *mf* And all the while her nee - dle pulled The

poco rall. *a tempo* gold and sil - ver thread.

poco rall. *a tempo*

She pulled the thread, she bit the thread, And

poco rall. *a tempo*

Re. *

mf

made a gold - en gown, *subito pp* *poco più lento* And wept be - cause she'd

mf *subito pp* *poco più lento*

dreamt that I Was born to wear a crown.

f

rall.

p a tempo

"When she was got," my moth-er sang, *p a tempo* "I heard a sea - mew

p a tempo

mf poco rall.

cry,

And saw a flake of the yellow foam
*poco rall.**mf*

That dropped up - on my thigh".

*a tempo**Poco più mosso*

How there - fore could she help but braid The gold in-to my

Rd.

*

molto rall.

hair,

And dream that I should car-ry The gold-en top of care?

molto rall.

Le Ciel

The Sky

Poem by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G Chapman

John A. Carpenter

D'un sentiment simple et pur
Simply and naturally

p
Le ciel est par-dessus le
The sky hangs far above the

Lent (♩ = 60)
pp
piano

toit,
roof,
Si bleu,
So blue,
si calme,
and calm;

Un arbre bleu par-dessus le toit
A tree sways far above the roof,

mf

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PRICE 60 CENTS

649

Il pleure dans mon cœur

"The tears fall in my heart"

Poem by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G Chapman

John A. Carpenter

Modéré (♩ = 126)

p

Voice
Piano

(The eighth-notes subdued and closely bound throughout)

molto rall.

pleure dans mon cœur, Comme il pluie sur la ville.
tears fall in my heart, Like the rain on the ga-bles.

a tempo

simile

Quelle est cette langueur? Qui pénétre mon cœur?
Would I knew what thou art, That hast flood-ed my heart!

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PRICE 60 CENTS

Dansons la gigue!

Come Dance the Jig!

Poem by Paul Verlaine
English version by Helen Dudley

John A. Carpenter

Mouvementé (♩ = 72)

Con moto

Voice
Piano

mf
Dan-sous la gi-gue!
Come dance the jig!
Pai-mais sur-tout ses jo-lis yeux,
I al-ways loved her pret-ty eyes.

mf

p
Plus clairs que l'é-toile des
Far bright-er to me than star-ry

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PRICE 60 CENTS

Chanson d'Automne

Song of Autumn

Poem by Paul Verlaine
English version by Henry G Chapman

John A. Carpenter

Lent et grave (♩ = 60)

p

Voice
Piano

Les san-glots longs des vi-o-lons de Pau.
Au-tum-nal sobs Like vi-o-lon-throbs Mo-no-

p
ton-ne Bles-sent mon cœur du-ne lan-gueur mo-no-to-ne.
ton-ing. My spir-it wound With the sad sound Of their moan-ing...

f
Tout suf-focant et blè-me quand son-ne l'heu-re,
And breath-less pain Is mine, white time Is creep-ing,
semper p

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PRICE 40 CENTS