TO MY FRIEND W. DONALD

VLALVME

FOURTH POEM

COMPOSED BY

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

0P35

Arrangement for Pianoforte Solo by the Composer Price 3/_net.

LONDON W. BREITKOPF&HÄRTEL

54, Great Marlborough Street.

■ MUSICAL WORKS ■

BY

JOSEF HOLBROOKE

1895—1904

Opus :	5 Anthems and Psalms.
^-	2. 9 Pieces for the pianoforte.
~ -	3. 6 Violin and Piano pieces.
~ .	1. 10 Pieces for the Pianoforte.
~ -	Ballade and Legende for Violin and Pianoforte.
~ -	5. Danage and Legende for violin and rianoforte.
Opus (Duets, 1. for Violin and Pianoforte,
0	2. for Clarinet and Pianoforte.
Opus	
Opus 8	
Opus o	
Opus 10	
Opus 1	
Opus 12	
Opus 13	Serenade (No. 1) for String Orchestra.
Opus 14	. 5 Songs.
Opus 1	5. Trio (No. 1) > Characteristic Pieces of Piano,
•	Violin and Violoncello.
Opus 10	
	celli. (Henry Vaughan.)
Opus 1	
*Opus 1	
Opus 1	
Opus I	(E. A. Poe).
	a. full score.
	b. pianoforte arrangement.
Onus	
Opus 20	
0	Dances (not for Pianoforte duet).
Opus 2	
Opus 2	
Opus 2	3. 5 Pieces for Violoncell and Pianoforte.
Opus 2.	4. Suite (No. 4) for Grand Orchestra, Pantomimic«.
-	a. for string orchestra (No. 3).
	b. pianoforte solo.
Opus 2	
•	and Horn (Byron).
Opus 2	
Opus 2	forte).
Opus 2	
Opus 1	Viola, Cello and Horn (Emerson).
0	
Opus 2	
	sance (Wordsworth).
\sim	a. pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 2	p. Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, Ode to Vic-
Opus 2	o. Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, Ode to Victory (Byron).
-	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, »Ode to Victory« (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands.
Opus 30	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, »Ode to Victory (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands. b. 6 Songs.
-	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, Ode to Victory (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands. b. 6 Songs. Symphonic Quartet (No. 2) for Pianoforte, Violin,
Opus 30	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, »Ode to Victory (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands. b. 6 Songs.
Opus 30	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, »Ode to Victory« (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands. b. 6 Songs. Symphonic Quartet (No. 2) for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Cello (Byron).
Opus 3	 Poem (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra, »Ode to Victory« (Byron). a. Pianoforte arrangement for four hands. b. 6 Songs. Symphonic Quartet (No. 2) for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Cello (Byron).

a. arrangement for pianoforte duet.

Clarinet, Horn and Passoon.

Opus 33. Sextet (No. 3, Prize) for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe,

1904	
1001	
0	MC to a C to Ole of C to the control
	Miniature Suite (No. 5) for 5 wind instruments.
Opus 34.	5 Songs.
*Opus 35.	Poem for Grand Orchestra (No. 4) • Ulalume •
	(E. A. Poe).
0	a. arrangement for Pianoforte.
Opus 36.	Poem (No. 6.) for Pianoforte and Orchestra. a. Pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 37.	Suite (No. 6) for Grand Orchestra, >Bohemian.
Opus 37.	a. Pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 38.	Suite (No. 7) for Grand Orchestra, Dreamland«.
- r J	a. Pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 39.	Poem (No. 7) for Grand Orchestra (and Chorus
1 3	ad. lib.) »Ode to Byron« (Keats).
	a. arrangement for Pianoforte.
Opus 40.	20 Variations (No. 1) for Grand Orchestra, on
	Three Blind Mice«.
	a. Pianoforte arrangement, 4 hands.
Opus 41.	5 Songs.
Opus 42.	10 Rhapsodie-Etudes for Pianoforte Solo.
Opus 43.	Sextet (No. 4). In Memoriam, for Pianoforte, 2 Violins, Violoncello and Double Bass.
Opus 44.	3 Concert Waltzes for Grand Orchestra.
•	a. Pianoforte arrangement.
*Opus 45.	Poem (No. 5) for Grand Orchestra, and Chorus
-	(ad lib.) »Queen Mab« (Shakespeare).
	a. arrangement for Pianoforte.
Opus 46.	6 Songs.
Opus 47.	Poem (No. 8) for Grand Orchestra, The Masque
	of the Red Death (E. A. Poe.)
0 0	a. Pianoforte arrangement, 4 hands.
Opus 48.	15 Variations (No. 2) for Grand Orchestra on
	The Girl I Left Behind Me.
	a. arrangement for Military Band.b. arrangement for Pianoforte.
Opus 49.	Symphonic Quintet (No. 2) for Pianoforte, 2 Vio-
Opus 49.	lins, Viola and Violoncello. (Shelley.)
Onus so	Poem (No. 9) for Chorus and Grand Orchestra,
Opus 50.	The Bells (E. A. Poe).
	a. Vocal Score.
Opus 51.	5 choral Songs.
	Intermezzo for small Orchestra.
	a. Pianoforte arrangement.
	b. Marche »Nationale« for Grand Orchestra.
	c. Pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 53.	Variations (No. 3) for Grand Orchestra on
	Auld Lang Syne«.
_	a. Pianoforte arrangement.
Opus 54.	
Opus 55.	Dramatic Cantata, Heaven and Earth (Byron)
	for Soli, Chorus and Grand Orchestra.

a. Vocal Score.

ULALUME.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the sun-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—

Come up through the lair of the Lion, With love in her luminous eyes "

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said— "Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendour is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of a vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
"Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober

As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere;
And I cried—"It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here!
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,—
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

WRITTEN IN 1847.

(EDGAR ALLAN POB.)

Edgar Allan Poe.

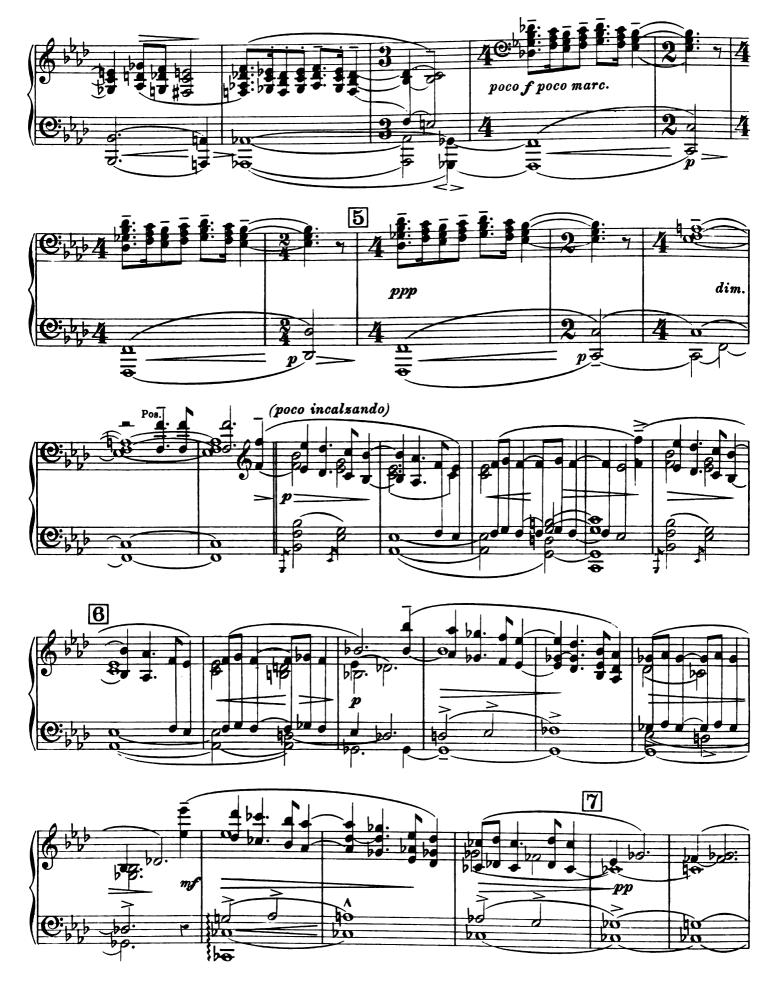
(Fourth Poem.)
(First performed at the Queens Hall Symphony Concerts.)

Josef Holbrooke Op. 35a. Time of Performance, 15 Minutes.

Adagio molto sostenuto.







L. 66.







Più allegro agitato.

c.) These were days when my heart was volcanic As the scoriac rivers that roll—



