## Three sonnets of Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

## 1. Mezzo cammin

Adagio $d=60$



B.

and
have not ful - fill'd
the
A.

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Three sonnets of Longfellow







$$
\text { Andante }(d=76)
$$

2. The sound of the sea
accel. .

A.

D

A.



Three sonnets of Longfellow







Three sonnets of Longfellow
3. The poets

Andante ( $\quad(=82$ )





S.

T.




Three sonnets of Longfellow
Adagio $(0=75)$


# 1. Mezzo cammin <br> ( $\sim 1836$, but only published posthumously) 

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
Half my life is gone, and I have let the years slip from me and have not fulfilled the aspiration of my youth: to build some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret of restless passions that would not be stilled, but sorrow, and a care that almost killed, kept me from what I may accomplish yet.
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past lying beneath me with its sounds and sights ...
-A city in the twilight dim and vast, with smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lightsand hear above me on the autumnal blast the cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

The title refers to the opening of one of the most famous poems in literature, which Longfellow would later become the first American to translate in full:

## La Divina Commedia (The Divine Comedy)

## Inferno: Canto I

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)
Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita mi ritrovai per una selva oscura che la diritta via era smarrita.

In the middle of the journey of our life, I found myself in a dark wood with the right road lost.

## 2. The sound of the sea

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, and round the pebbly beaches far and wide I heard the first wave of the rising tide rush onward with uninterrupted sweep: A voice out of the silence of the deep, a sound mysteriously multiplied as of a cataract from the mountain's side, or roar of winds upon a wooded steep. So comes to us, at times, from the unknown and inaccessible solitudes of being, the rushing of the sea-tides of the soul. And inspirations that we deem our own are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing of things beyond our reason or control.

## 3. The poets

O ye dead Poets who are living still, immortal in your verse, though life be fled; and ye, O living Poets, who are dead though ye are living, if neglect can kill: Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill, with drops of anguish falling fast and red from the sharp crown of thorns upon your head, ye were not glad your errand to fulfil? Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song have something in them so divinely sweet, it can assuage the bitterness of wrong. Not in the clamor of the crowded street, not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, but in ourselves are triumph and defeat.


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Three sonnets of Longfellow
2



Three sonnets of Longfellow
Organ
2. The sound of the sea
accel. .




> Three sonnets of Longfellow


## 117




To Cornet, Reed(s),
(non rall.)

or Trumpet
-

To Flue
$\mapsto$

$6 \quad \mathbf{H} \quad$| Three sonnets of Longfellow |
| :---: |
| Organ |

$$
\text { Andante }(0=82)
$$

161 Cornet, Reed(s),
3. The poets


$174 \quad \mathbf{I}$


182


189


Three sonnets of Longfellow


211
accel. .



Three sonnets of Longfellow


