

Please note:
For internet publishing purposes, this is an incomplete score.
If you'd like to see a full perusal score, contact Paul Carey at
paul@paulcarey.net

Incantation

Song cycle for soprano and piano

texts by Elinor Wylie
music by Paul Carey

- I. The Little Clock
- II. Where, O, Where?
- III. Fair Annet's Song
- IV. Incantation
- V. Little Elegy

The Little Clock

The little clock half-past-four and the first bird waking,
Falling on my heart like a thin green leaf.
If you are alive, your heart is breaking,
If you are dead, you are done with grief.

Half-past-five and the birds singing sweetly,
World washed silver with the rain and the wind.
If you are a saint, you have lived discreetly,
If you are a sinner, you have surely sinned.

Half-past-seven and the birds singing madly,
Sun flames up in the sky like a lark.
If there are things to remember sadly,
Wait and remember them after dark.

Fair Annet's Song

One thing comes and another thing goes:
Frosts in November drive away the rose;
Like a blowing ember the wind-flower blows
And drives away the snows.
It is sad to remember and sorrowful to pray:
Let us laugh and be merry,
Who have seen today the last of the cherry
And the first of the May;
And neither one will stay.
One thing comes and another thing goes:
Frosts in November drive away the rose;
Like a blowing ember the wind-flower blows
And drives away the snows.

Where, O, Where?

I need not die to go so far
You cannot know my escape, my retreat,
And the prints of my feet
Written in blood or dew;
They shall be hid from you,
In fern-seed lost or the soft flakes of frost.
They will turn somewhere under water,
Over air, to earth space or stellar,
Or the garret or the cellar
Of the house next door,
You shall see me no more
though each night I hide in your bed,
At your side.

Incantation

A white well in a black cave;
A bright shell in a dark wave
A white rose black brambles hood;
Smooth bright snows in a dark wood.
A flung white glove in a dark fight;
A white dove on a wild black night.
A white door in a black lane;
A bright core to bitter black pain.
A white hand waved from dark walls;
In a burnt black land bright waterfalls.
A bright spark where black ashes are;
In the smothering dark one bright star.

Little Elegy

Withouten you no rose can grow;
No leaf be green if never seen your sweetest face;
No bird have grace or power to sing;
Or anything be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

Incantation

Elinor Wylie

Paul Carey

● = 144

Voice

silently press the keys named below and then depress
sostenuto pedal (middle pedal)- leave sostenuto pedal down
for mm. 1-7). If no true sostenuto on the piano, hold
right pedal down

(the piece starts with measure 2)

mp

sostenuto  -----

3

Voice

3

Pno.

5

Voice

mf

A white well in a black cave;

5

Pno.

7

Voice

7

Pno.

A bright shell in a dark wave. A

f

9

Voice

9

Pno.

white—rose black bram-bles hood; smooth brightsnows in a dark—wood.

11

Voice

11

Pno.

silently depress the keys named below,
then press sostenuto (middle) pedal—
do not play this measure,
it should be silent

white keys

black keys

ff

mp

(sostenuto) *ped.*

21 *mp* (still with intensity)

Voice

black lane; a bright core to bit - ter black pain.

Pno.

rolled down *mp*

24 $\bullet = 90$

Voice

Pno.

p rit.

ped. (right pedal) ----- pedal stays down through m. 31

28 **Tempo primo** $\bullet = 144$ *mf*

Voice

A

Pno.

mp