

# *Elegies for Emma*

*Responses to Thomas Hardy's Emma poetry*

I - *Days to Recollect (part 1)*

II - *The Walk*

III - *Rain on a Grave*

*Interlude - I Look Into My Glass*

IV - *The Voice*

V - *She to Him*

VI - *Days to Recollect (part 2)*

Written for Lotte Betts-Dean and James Girling

Duration: c. 21'

Arthur Keegan

23.11.23



## **Programme Note**

*Elegies for Emma - Responses to the Poems of 1912-13*

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[prog note]

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## **Performance Notes:**

—

## Poetry

### Days to Recollect

Do you recall  
That day in Fall  
When we walked towards Saint Alban's Head,  
On thistledown that summer had shed,  
Or must I remind you?  
Winged thistle-seeds which hitherto  
Had lain as none were there, or few,  
But rose at the brush of your petticoat-seam  
(As ghosts might rise of the recent dead),  
And sailed on the breeze in a nebulous stream  
Like a comet's tail behind you:  
You don't recall  
That day in Fall?

### The Walk

You did not walk with me  
Of late to the hill-top tree  
By the gated ways,  
As in earlier days;  
You were weak and lame,  
So you never came,  
And I went alone, and I did not mind,  
Not thinking of you as left behind.

### Rain on a Grave

Clouds spout upon her  
Their waters amain  
In ruthless disdain, -  
Her who but lately  
Had shivered with pain  
As at touch of dishonour  
If there had lit on her  
So coldly, so straightly  
Such arrows of rain:

One who to shelter  
Her delicate head  
Would quicken and quicken  
Each tentative tread  
If drops chanced to pelt her  
That summertime spills  
In dust-paven rills  
When thunder-clouds thicken  
And birds close their bills.

Then do you remember  
That sad November  
When you left me never to see me more,  
And looked quite other than theretofore,  
As if it could not be you?  
And lay by the window whence you had gazed  
So many times when blamed or praised,  
Morning or noon, through years and years,  
Accepting the gifts that Fortune bore,  
Sharing, enduring, joys, hopes, fears!  
Well: I never more did see you. -  
Say you remember  
That sad November!

I walked up there to-day  
Just in the former way;  
Surveyed around  
The familiar ground  
By myself again:  
What difference, then?  
Only that underlying sense  
Of the look of a room on returning thence.

Would that I lay there  
And she were housed here!  
Or better, together  
Were folded away there  
Exposed to one weather  
We both, - who would stray there  
When sunny the day there,  
Or evening was clear  
At the prime of the year.

Soon will be growing  
Green blades from her mound,  
And daisies be showing  
Like stars on the ground,  
Till she form part of them -  
Ay - the sweet heart of them,  
Loved beyond measure  
With a child's pleasure  
All her life's round.

### I Look Into My Glass

I look into my glass,  
And view my wasting skin,  
And say, "Would God it came to pass  
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest  
By hearts grown cold to me,  
Could lonely wait my endless rest  
With equanimity.

### The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to  
me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you had changed from the one who was all  
to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,  
Standing as when I drew near to the town  
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you  
then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown!

### She to Him 1

When you shall see me in the toils of Time,  
My lauded beauties carried off from me,  
My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,  
My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free;

When, in your being, heart concedes to mind,  
And judgment, though you scarce its process  
know,  
Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,  
And you are irked that they have withered so;

But Time, to make me grieve,  
Part steals, lets part abide;  
And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
With throbbings of noontide.

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness  
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,  
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,  
And the woman calling.

Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame,  
That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to kill,  
Knowing me in my soul the very same  
One who would die to spare you touch of ill!  
Will you not grant to old affection's claim  
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill?

Thomas Hardy

*Dedicated to David Fay, with love.*

# Elegies for Emma

## I - Days to Recollect (part 1)


Thomas Hardy

Arthur Keegan

held back, sotto voce  
intimate, intense, imploring (slightly marcato)  
**p**

♩ = c. 116

Voice



Do \_\_\_\_\_

**sempre sostenuto**

rests mark rhythm except where damp signs  $\phi$  are given

⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ①

Guitar



**pp**

but resonant and intense

6



— you — re-call — that day —

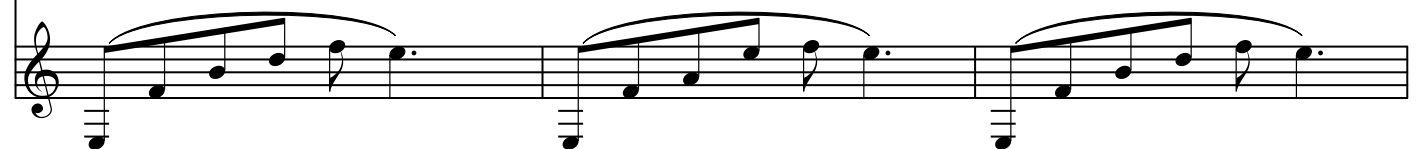
nb: change!



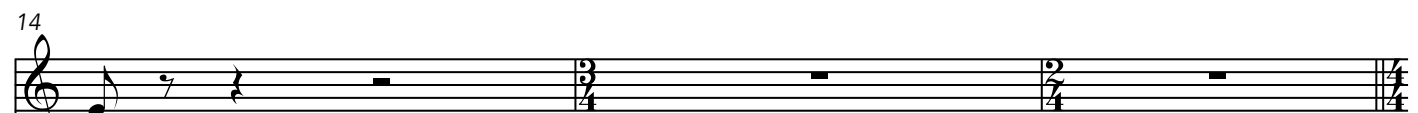
11



— in — fall —



14



slower

♩ = c. 78

Emma's ghost voice in Tom's head

intimate articulation like Anna B Savage/Silent Songs - on edge of getting sound out

17 **ppppp**

we walk'd to - ward "d" St. Al - ban's Head

**ppppp**

barely above guit harmonic, sooo quiet

22 **mm**

**pp** **mp** **pppp** **mf**

ritmico

Tom's voice (happy, nostalgic past) bright, airy

**mf**

28

wing'd this-tle seeds which hi-ther-to had lain as none were there or

**mf**

Tom's voice (sad/scared present)  
accentuate change of tone to lower reg

**f**

34

few But rose at the brush of your pet-ti-coat seams As Ghosts might rise of the re - cent

**f**



[if Cornish is not possible, vocalise]  
Emma's ghost, more distant than before

40 *p* **pppp**

dead May nyj an gull -

*pp* VII VII

*p* *mp* **pppp** [ *pp* ]

nail → flesh

44

as\_ gwyn yth af, Dhe'n dow-row e - fan\_gar-row or,

gliss.

**pppp** *mf*

flesh → nail

Tom's voice (nostalgic past)

48 *mf*

And sail'd on the breeze in a neb-ul - ous stream Like a co -

XII XII VII V XII

⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ① ⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ① ⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ①

54

- met's tail be - hind you

XII VII V XII

⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ① ⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ①

*p* **ppp** *f* **ppp**

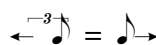
Emma's ghost, distant

*pppp*

59

May tARTH mor-glas may-wheth gwYNS cref

gliss.



♩ = c. 116

held back, sotto voce  
intimate, intense, imploring  
*p* (slightly marcato)

62

Ow har rak why-las yn lan - wes mor You\_\_\_\_\_

molto extreme sul pont

*p*

66

don't\_\_\_\_\_ re - call\_\_\_\_\_ that\_

71

day\_\_\_\_\_ in\_\_\_\_\_ fall\_\_\_\_\_

attacca

# II - The Walk

♩ = c.92      ♩ = c.69

mf

sempre sostenuto

f      mp      soft

① ② ③ ④ ③ ②

o  
⑥  
XII  
RH

\* exaggerated tenuto/marcato, almost a repeated 'mf p'

7

p\*

you      you      did      not

14

12

walk with me      walk with me of late

f      p      f angular

② ③ ④ ③ ② ③

17 *poco* *mp* *f* *soften*

to the hill top tree

*mp*

22 *P soft*

by the ga - ted ways

let ring

④ ④ ⑤ ② ③ ①

warm

**molto accel.**  $\text{♩} = 103.5(!)$

27 **29** *mf* *strong, emphatic*

as in ear - li - er days you were

*ff*

32 *f* *mf*

weak and lame so you ne - ver

*poco*

37

36 *mp* soft

came | | | did not mind

① ② ③ ①

*p*

39 *f* *mp*

not think - ing of you as left be - hind

*f* *mp*

44

43 *p*

allow notes to ring wherever possible

VI

46

walked up there to - day just in the

VI XII

51

50 *soft* *mf* *p* *f*

for-mer way sur-vey'd a-round the fa-mil-liar ground

XII  
⊕  
⊙

*mf* *f*

61

56 *f* *emphatic*

by my-self ag-ain what dif-f'erence then?\_\_\_\_\_

*p*

62 *rit.* *free, like recitativo* *p* *3* *3*

on-ly that un-der ly-ing sense of the

68 *mp espress.* *poco rit.*

look of a room on re-turn-ing thence

*p*

# III - Rain On a Grave

♩=160

*dramatic, forceful*

Voice

*f*

Clouds spout up-on her their wa-ters a-main! in ruth-less dis-

Guitar

*p* *f*

③ ② ④ ③ ④ ② ④

6

*mp* *molto legato*  
*slight sotto voce*

dain her who but

pont-----> *tasto* ord.

*pp* *p*

*jagged, emphasise sychopation*

9

late - ly had shi - ver'd with pain

*f*

12

*f* *p* *f*

as at touch of dis-hon - our if there had lit on her

*mf*

14

21

'place' each note

17

so

*f*

damp

*pp*

26

**molto rit.** . . . . ,

24

cold - ly so straight - ly such ar - rows of rain

[sim. arpeggio]

c. ♩=116

*lilting, light & shade  
like a remembered folk song*

33

28

would that I lay there and she were hous'd here or bet - ter to - ge - ther were

let ring  
molto tasto, with nails\*

*pp* gentle

\* aim is to sound like  
a music box

**molto accel.** . . . . ,

38

34

fold - ed a - way there ex posed to one wea - ther we both

ord.

*mp*

*f*

let ring



a tempo (c.♩=116)

39 **41** *reflective, wistful*  
*p* *mp*

who would stray there when sun - ny the day there or eve-ning was

**47** ♩=160 (tempo 1)

clear at the prime of the year

**53**

soon will be grow-ing grow-ing green

**55**

blades from her mound

58

57 *mp*

dai - sies be dai show - ing like

let ring

*pp*

61

59 *f*

stars on the ground till\_ she forms part

*ff*

66

63 *f* *p* *molto vib.*

of them ay\_ the\_ sweet heart

*p* *f* *ff* *p*

70

68 *ord.* *p*

of them Soon will be grow - ing green

let ring

*pp*

75

72

blades from her mound and dai - sies be show - ing like stars on the

77

ground heart of them

80

sweetly  
*mp*

till she forms part of them aye! the sweet

82

83

**84** a little slower

heart of them loved be - yond mea - sure

86

all her life's round

## Interlude - I Look Into My Glass

Singer reads: \*

*I look into my glass,  
 And view my wasting skin,  
 And say, "Would God it came to pass  
 My heart had shrunk as thin!"*

*For then, I, undistrest  
 By hearts grown cold to me,  
 Could lonely wait my endless rest  
 With equanimity.*

*But Time, to make me grieve,  
 Part steals, lets part abide;  
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
 With throbbings of noontide*

\* Begin reciting poem around here.  
 Judge pacing with guitarist to avoid  
 a long pause before letter A

gradually tune  
 toward scordatura

Guitar

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84$

*mp*  
 maintain even dynamic throughout

repeat as needed

**A** Scordatura:  
 ④ = D#  
 ⑥ = D#

# IV - The Voice

♩ = c. 126

5

[thin / hollow?]

*f*

Voice

wo - man \_\_\_\_\_ much

Guitar

**scordatura**  
④ - D#  
⑥ - D#

⑤ ④ ③ ② ①

*f* *p*

**molto rit.** **molto accel.** **a tempo**

repeat ad. lib.

**dramatic rit.**

14

8

miss'd \_\_\_\_\_ how \_\_\_\_\_ you \_\_\_\_\_ call to me

pont

tasto  
④ ③ ① ②

ord

*pp* *f* *ff* *pp* *p*  
gentle

**ritmico**

21

*f*

16

call to me \_\_\_\_\_ say - ing \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp* *p*

31

25

that now \_\_\_\_\_ you are not \_\_\_\_\_

pont

ord

*ff*

36

**molto rit.** . . . .  
accusatory

34

as you were \_\_\_\_\_ when you had

**meno mosso**

40

softer

38

changed from the one who was all to me \_\_\_\_\_

**tempo 1**

44

**poco accel.** . . . . ♩ = c. 126

41

47

like a whisper?

**pp**

45

can it be you that I hear? flesh of thumb (dampened)

50

48

*p*

gradually toward open sound → open

let me view you then

(*f* →)

52

51

*f*

let me view you then

*f*

55

**molto rit.**

54

pont

*pp*

**senza misura**

parts should feel independent  
guitar takes on clear pulse at b 60

57

yes as I knew you then e-ven to the air blue gown

tasto

*p*

freely

5 4 3 2 1

**molto accel.** . . . . **a tempo**  
♩ = c. 126

**62**

59

extreme sul pont with nail  
6 4 5 4

*mf* *p* *ppp*

**67**

63

*pp* *pppp*

or is it on - ly the breeze? "ss....>...shhh"

*f pos* ② VII  
④ V

(*ppp*)

**71**

68

*mf* *f*

**75**

73

bring out rhythmic stresses in each triplet figure  
but soft

*f* 3 *p*

gliss.

thus I

3 3 3 3

1 2 3 4 5 — 6 5 4 3 2

*fff*



sing into guitar to create resonance

**slower** 19

♩ = c. 80

toward a whisper

**78**

*parlando*

*ff*

*mf*

mostly straight & emotionless  
maybe eventually soften slightly

*ff*

*p*

repeat, as fast as possible

finger chord for resonance  
[or just use open strings? Is there much difference?]

wild & aggressive rasgueado

**85**

**freely**

very long, to end of breath

*mf*

**88**

let ring

*f* *p subito*  
soft, (with flesh)

**molto rit.**

floated, very focussed sound  
not bright, muted

*f p*

XII V XII XII XII XII XII

① ④ ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ③

**a tempo**  
**(ritmico)**

95

*breathy*  
**p**

**molto rit.** . . . . .

and the wo - man

③ ② ① ②

**pp**

pont extremis  
with nail ord.



**a tempo**

**poco rit.** . . . . .

97

*breathy* → *ord.*

*poco*

call - - - - - ing

② XII

# V - She to Him

♩ = c. 84

Voice

still scordatura  
④ - D#  
⑥ - D#

when you shall see when you shall see

Guitar

*mf*

5

when you shall see me in the toils of time

↗ ↘ = slightly sharpen/flatten strings toward regular tuning  
(time turning of machine head so we hear the change)  
quarter tone accidentals are not meant to be accurate,  
they're just an indication of rough tuning

9

my laud-ed beau - ties car-ried from me

12

14

my eyes no lon - ger stars as in their prime

repeat bar as needed - normal tuning by bar 16

19

16

my name for-got of mai - den fair and free\_\_\_\_\_

*ff* subito

VII  
V<sup>o</sup> ④

angry, (operatic style?)

*ff*

23

20

When in your be-ing heart con-cedes to\_mind and judge -

*mp*

25

-ment\_\_\_\_\_ though you scarce its pro-cess know\_\_\_\_\_

*ff* subito

28

re - calls the ex - ce len-cies\_\_\_\_\_ I once en - shrin'd\_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

*mf*

⑥ ⑤ ④ ② ⑤ ④ ⑤ ⑥

rit. . . . .

32 *p*

and you are irked they've wi - thered so

*pp*

35  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 58$   
 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 39$

*Emma's ghost voice - intimate*  
*pp*

sport's - man Time rears his brood

*ppp*

*soft - [with flesh?]*

*p*  $\text{p}$  *ppp*

41

to kill Will you not grant to old af-fec-tion's claim the

*soft - with flesh*  
*to bar 53*

## double time

48  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 116$

hand of friend ship down Life's sun-less hill?

*fff*

57

*f*

62 **attacca**

*mp*

→ pont

\* if playing as a standalone song end at bar 60  
as part of the cycle, carry onto attacca at bar 64

# VI - Days to Recollect (part 2)

held back, sotto voce  
intimate, intense  
(slightly marcato)

♩ = c. 116

Voice

Then do you re - mem - ber\_\_\_\_\_

Guitar

*pp*  
but resonant and intense

molto extreme sul pont  
⑥ ⑤ ④ ③ ② ①

6

more focussed

*poco*

*pp*

molto accel. .

that sad No - vem - ber\_\_\_\_\_

nb: change!

11

a tempo

ord.

*mf* *p*

*p* ① ②

tasto

rh ② ④ ⑤ ③ ①

*mf* *p*

18

gentle [ Tom's voice, sad present ]

*p*

you\_\_\_\_\_ left\_\_\_\_\_ me\_\_\_\_\_

ne - ver to\_\_\_\_\_

rh sim.

25 *poco* **molto accel.** **molto rit.**

see me \_\_\_\_\_ more \_\_\_\_\_

pont

**♩ = c. 78**  
 Emma's ghost voice in Tom's head  
 intimate articulation **pppp** warmer / stronger **pp**

30 and look'd quite o-ther than there to fore As if it could

tasto ord XII

**pppp** **pp**

39 *poco* **pp**

not be you \_\_\_\_\_

tasto ord XII VII V

**p** **mf**  
 brighter, with movement

47 Tom's voice (present, bitter) **mf**

And lay by the win - dow whence you had gazed ma-nytimes when blamed or



53

praised mor-ning or noon through years

*f* *ff*

60

and years shar - ing en - dur - ing joys, hopes,

*pp* *mf* *p*

*emphatic, angry* *reflective*

wild, loose *mp* *subito* *tasto*

69

fears! well:

*mp*

*stated, matter of fact slightly sprechtesang*

ord hammer on (4) (5) *ppp*

*f*

76

I ne-ver more did see you

*softer* *ord.*

Emma's ghost voice - distant

**ppp**

82

*pp warm*

VII ③

VII ④

*mf*

*ppp*

Where white gulls fly so there go

86

I Down to the stor - my\_wa-terswide, Where green seas roar and wild winds blow To seek my

91

love up-on\_ the tide.

gliss.

5 4 3 2 1

*pppp*

*mf*

95

$\overset{-3}{\curvearrowright} \text{♪} = \text{♪} \overset{-3}{\curvearrowleft}$

$\text{♪} = \text{c. } 116$

imploing - slightly marcato

*mf*

Say \_\_\_\_\_

tasto

*pp*

100

you re - mem - ber that sad

*p*

104

No - vem - ber! lunga \*

RH \*

l.v.

*pppp*

\* time harmonic to fade out together

