

Jacob Beranek

# THREE POEMS

for Medium Voice and Piano

(SCORE)



BERANEK MUSIC

## INSTRUMENTATION

Voice  
Piano

Total Duration: *approx.* 12'

## TEXTS

*I love all beauteous things*  
by Robert Bridges (1890)

I love all beauteous things,  
I seek and adore them;  
God hath no better praise,  
And man in his hasty days  
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make  
And joy in the making;  
Altho' to-morrow it seem  
Like the empty words of a dream  
Remembered on waking.

*My Heart Leaps Up*  
by William Wordsworth (1802)

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Excerpts from *Ode on a Grecian Urn*  
John Keats, 1819

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both?  
What mad pursuit? What maidens loth?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; [therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;]  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd.

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

## C O N T E N T S

I Love All Beauteous Things . . . . .	1
<i>(approx. duration 4' 15")</i>	
My Heart Leaps Up . . . . .	8
<i>(approx. duration 2' 45")</i>	
Truth, Beauty, Love . . . . .	12
<i>(approx. duration 5' 00")</i>	

## P R O G R A M N O T E

This set of *Three Poems* unites the perspectives of three different nineteenth-century British poets (Bridges, Wordsworth, and Keats, respectively) on the topic of beauty. The first song describes the creative reaction to beauty—not only to “love all beauteous things,” but to *respond* to that love by making more beauteous things. The second song explores the reaction of wonder, marveling at “a rainbow in the sky” and then reflecting on the wonder of childhood which is often lost as people grow older. Finally, the third song transcendently sums up the two prior songs in its conclusion: “Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all you know on earth, and all you need to know.”

While there are many musical connections between the songs, perhaps the most noticeable through-line is a motive which represents the “creative spark,” a shimmering arc in the piano that appears in each song.

*Three Poems* was composed for the superb mezzo-soprano Stephanie Bell, my classmate at Juilliard, and is dedicated to the great Source of my inspiration, the Holy Trinity.

*Performance materials available for sale at [www.BeranekMusic.com](http://www.BeranekMusic.com).*

for Stephanie Bell

# Three Poems

## 1. I Love All Beauteous Things

(to the Holy Spirit)

Robert Bridges

Jacob Beranek

**Fairly slow** (*gentle, flowing*) (♩ = c. 50) *mp* *(moving forward)* *mf* *(molto rit.)*

Voice

Piano

*(freely)* *p* *mp*

I love all beau-teous

3 *(a tempo)* *p* *(moving forward)* *mp espr.* *mf* *p*

things. I seek and a - dore them;

*p dolce* *mp* *(moving forward)*

8vb

6 **Moderately** (♩ = c. 66) *mp*

God hath no bet - ter praise, And

*p*

\* All meter changes are (♩ = ♩).

8

man in his hast - y days Is hon - our'd

*mf* *p*

*mp warm* *mf* *mp*

10

for them, is hon-our'd for them, is hon - our'd for them, is hon - our'd for them.

(moving forward) (hold back) (a tempo)

*p* *mp* *p* (pure, clear)

**Hold back** (*heavy*) (♩ = c. 44),  
but immediately *poco a poco accel.*

14

*mf* molto *espr.*, sempre *cresc.* *f*

## 2. My Heart Leaps Up

(to God the Father)

William Wordsworth

Jacob Beranek

**Meterless** (with wonder) ( $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 92$ )

*p dolce*  $\langle$  *mp*  $\rangle$  *p* *mp*  $\langle$  *mf*  $\rangle$  *mp*

Voice

My heart leaps up, my heart leaps up —

Piano

2 **Fairly slow** ( $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 50$ )

*p* *mp* *ten., p* (rall.)

when I be - hold — A rain - bow in <sup>3</sup> the

*p semplice* *mp* *p*

5 (a tempo) ( $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 60$ ) *mp*

sky: So

*p pure* *pp*  $\langle$  *p*  $\rangle$  *pp* (l.v.)

*8va*

9 Moving forward (*blossoming, poco accel.*) . . . . . (♩ = c. 76)

*(mp)* joyful, flowing *mf*

was it when my life be - gan; So is it now I am a

*(light, buoyant)* *mp*

12 *mf*

man; So be it when I shall grow old;

*p mp*

15 *mf*

So was it when my life be-gan; So

*mf*

## 3. Truth, Beauty, Love

(to the Lord Jesus Christ)

John Keats

Jacob Beranek

**Fairly slow** (*still, frozen*) (♩ = c. 54)

Voice

Piano

(chorale-like)

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*mf molto espr.*

6 (hold back) **8 Very slow** (♩ = c. 42) (dolce)

*p*

Thou still un-rav-ish'd bride of qui-et-ness, Thou

*p*

*pp*

(*p*) warm

(with ped.)

8<sup>vb</sup>

9 (moving forward) (♩ = c. 50)

*mf* 3

fos-ter-child of si-lence and slow time, Syl-van his-to-ri-an, who canst ex-press

*cresc.*

*mp*

(crystalline)

3



12 *p* *mp* *pp*

a flow-'ry tale more sweet-ly than our rhyme: —

*8va* (rall.)

*p* *mp* *pp* *distantly*

15 **Tempo I** (*moving forward*) (♩ = c. 54)

*mf* *f*

What leaf-fring'd le - gend haunts a-bout thy shape Of

*8va*

*mf*

17 (*molto espr.*) *mf* *f* *mf*

de-i-ties, or mor - tals, or of both? What mad pur - suit? What maid - ens

*mp* *mf*