Louise Talma

Seven Songs
One Need Not Be a Chamber to Be Haunted

Andante \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 60

\[
\text{One need not be a chamber to be haunt-ed,}
\]

\[
\text{One need not be a house; The brain has cor-rid-ors sur-
}\]

\[
\text{pass-ing Ma-te-ri-al place.}
\]

\[
\text{Far sa-fer, of a mid-night, meet-ing Ex-ter-
}\]
ghost, 

Than an in-te-ri-or con-front-ing 

That whi-ter host.

Far sa-fer through an

Ab-bey gal-llop. 

The stones a-chase,

Strict in time, 

without expression, 

like a Dali painting of 

bones in a desert.
Than, moon-less, One's own self encounter In lone-some place. Our-

self, be-hind our self con-cealed, Should startle most; As-

sas-sin, hid in our a- part-ment, Be hor-ror's least.

The pru-dent car-ries a re-vol-ver He bolts the
36

door, legato

sempre staccato

39

O'er parlando

42

parlando

O'er look-ing a su-pe-ri-or

44

spec-tre More near.

sans nuances
Rain Song

My Giocoso mp $q = 88$

Sad bad rain that falls in lisp and

Pronounce the ds on the rests

Dib-ble-dab-ble dib-ble-dab-ble dib-ble-dab-ble on the porch

And under stairs and puddles in the driveway
brimmed and doll-oped by the slow loitering

Of the

not- quite clapping hands So slight they are

on the prim-rose leaves and the periwinkle And keeps such

bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble bab- ble
bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble

crescendo

bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble

crescendo

bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble going through the day.

bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble bab-ble

f

Cats in beds sleep

p legato

long

And
I'd do the same
cresc.

If all the birds weren't gone.

legato
It's silk under the elm leaves. It's slip into the streams that clasp the globe a-

round. It's in the stealth to steal another tongue than

cresc. bell that does not strike but holds All in its spell holds All in its

Meno mosso
So fresh and so small. So fresh so small.

Tempo

\[ \text{Tempo I} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{\texttt{\textbackslash \textbackslash p}} & = 88 \\
\text{\texttt{\textbackslash \textbackslash u \textbackslash \textbackslash c. legato, murmuring}} & \\
\text{\texttt{\textbackslash \textbackslash a \textbackslash \textbackslash tempo dim.}} & \\
\text{\texttt{\textbackslash \textbackslash a \textbackslash \textbackslash tempo dim.}} & \\
\text{\texttt{\textbackslash \textbackslash p \textbackslash \textbackslash p senza rit.}} & \\
\end{align*} \]

spell
Glory Be to God for Dappled Things

Allegro Vivace $\frac{4}{4} = 132$

 senza pedale

for dappled things

brinded cow

stipple upon trout

poco

p

Fresh fire
coal chestnut falls; finches' wings;

Landscape plotted out pieced fold, fallow and plough;

And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things count-er or-ig-in-al spare,

strange,____

What-ev-er is

fick-le, freck-led____ (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour;
a - daz - zle  dim;  He  fa - thers  forth  whose
beau - ty  is  past  change:
Praise  him.

Poco rit.  poco rit.
Spring and Fall: To a Young Child

Allegretto \( \frac{\text{b}}{\text{b}} \) = 152 throughout

Entirely legato throughout, but very transparent, with the least possible amount of pedal

Margaret, are you grieving over Golden Grove unleaving?

Leaves, like the things
of man, you with your fresh thoughts care for can

Ah!

you?

Ah!

as the heart grows old -

It will come to such sights cold -
By and by, nor spare a sigh though worlds of wan-wood leaf-meal lie; And yet you will weep and know why.

Now no mat-ter, child, the name: Sor-row’s springs
are the same.

Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed What heart

heard of ghost guessed: It is the

diminish to the end

blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.
Sonnet: Carrion Comfort

Not, I’ll not, car-ri-on com-fort, Des-pair, not

Not feast on thee; Not un-

twist slack they may be these last strands of man_ In_

me or most wea-ry cry I can no more, I
can no more.

can some-th-ing, hope, wish day-

---

come, not choose not to

be. But ah, but O thou

murmurando molto legato
23 ter - rib - le why wouldst thou

24 rude on me Thy

25 poco a poco cresc. wring - world right foot rock? lay a

27 li - on - limb a - gainst me? Scan_
with darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan, O in turns of tempest, me
heap-ed there, me frantic to avoid thee and flee.

Why?

Why?
That my chaff might fly; my grain lie sheer and clear.

Nay in all that toil, that coil since (seems) I kissed the rod, Hand rather, my heart, lo!

Tempo I $\left( \frac{q}{\text{beat}} = 50 \right)$
lap-ped strength, stole joy, would laugh,

cheer

p a tempo

whom, though? The hero whose heaven flung me, foot

p

trod me? or me that fought him?

ritenuto

mf sf
O which one? is it each one? That

night, that year of now done darkness

wretch lay wrestling with (my God!)

my God.
Sonnet: I Wake and Feel the Fell of the Dark

Very slow \( \underline{q} = 40 \)

I wake and feel the fell of dark,

not day.

What

f very intense

fell of dark,

not day.

What

molto

hours,

O what black hours

we have

f very intense

\( \underline{m.d.} \)}
spent this night!

(5 + 3 + 4)

what sights you, heart, saw;

p agitated

ways you

went!

And
this.

But where I say

I mean

years,

life.

And my lament is cries countless,

Hours I mean years,
cries like dead letters sent to dearest

him that lives alas! alas! a -

way.

play as 3 groups of 4
I am gall, I am heart-burn. God's most deep decree

Bit-ter would have me taste: my taste was
35  me;  Bones  built in me,

35  f

37  flesh  filled,  blood  brimmed the curse.

37  mp

39  Self - yeast of spirit a dull dough sours.

39  mp legato

41  I see the lost  are like this,  and their

41  p
scourge to be As I am mine, their sweat-ing selves; but worse.

dim. al fine

m.d.
Leap Before You Look

Allegro molto vivace

The sense of danger must not disappear:

f very sharp and dry

harsh, but dry

The way is

Certainly both short and steep,

However
gradual it

looks from here;

Look if you like,

but you will have to leap.
Tough minded men get mushy in their cresc.

sleep
And break the

by-laws any fool can keep;

It is not the convention
but the fear that has a tendency to disappear.

The worried efforts of the busy heap,
The dirt, the imprecision, 
and the beer produce a poco a poco cresc. 

few smart wise cracks every year;
94

\[ \text{Laugh if you can, but you will have to leap.} \]

98

\[ \text{The clothes that are considered right to wear will not be,} \]

\[ \text{very short, no pedal} \]

\[ \text{p grazioso} \]

104

\[ \text{Will not be} \]
either sensible or cheap,

So long as we consent to

live like sheep

And never

semper
er mention those who dis-
appear;

Much can be said for social savoir faire, but to rejoice
when no one else is there is even even harder

brilliant

without expression

than it is to weep; No
one is watching, but you have to leap.

A

very short

thousand fathoms deep sustains the bed on which we
lie, my dear:

Although I love you,
192

you will have to leap;

198

brilliant

you will have to leap;  Our

203

dream
of safety has to disappear.

Our dream of

più f

sf

safe - ty has to disappear.