



CHARLES T. GRIFFES  
Op. 10

FIVE POEMS  
OF ANCIENT  
CHINA AND  
JAPAN

*For Medium Voice  
and Piano*



Price, \$1.50 net

(In U. S. A.)

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### SO-FEI GATHERING FLOWERS

In a dress of gauzy fabric  
Of the "Lien" leaf's em'rald hue  
So-fei glides among the lilies  
Sprinkled with the morning dew.

Rose-hued are the lotus blossoms,  
Rose-hued, too, the maiden's cheeks;  
Is it So-fei's form I follow,  
Or the flowers she seeks?

Now I hear a song arising  
From the lotus bowers,  
Which distinguishes the maiden  
From her sister flowers.

WANG CHANG-LING (circa 750 A.D.)

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# So-fei Gathering Flowers

Poem by  
Wang Chang-Ling

(circa 750 A.D.) Con moto e gaiezza (M. M.  $\text{♩} = 132$ )

Charles T. Griffes. Op.10, No.1

Piano



In a dress of gau - - - zy fab - ric of the

"Lien" leaf's em - 'rald hue,

*mf*

So - fei glides a - mongst the lil - ies sprinkled with the morn-ing

dew.

Rose - hued are the lo - tus\_ blos - soms, Rose - hued,

too, the maid - en's cheeks; Is it

So - fei's form I fol - - - low, Or the

flow - ers she seeks? *sans nuance*

*mf* *p* *pp* *\*p* *sempre col Pedale*

Now I hear a song a - ris - ing From the lo - tus

\* This is a genuine Chinese melody

*poco rall.*

bow - ers, Which dis - tin-guish-es the maid - en From her -

sis - ter flow - - - - - ers.

*a tempo*

*sempre col Pedale*

*dim. ma non rit.*

*pp*

## LANDSCAPE

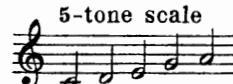
Out across the wave all is bare,  
Not a scarlet leaf!  
Not a flower there!  
Only over thatched huts falling brief,  
Twilight, and the lonely autumn air.

SADA-IHE (Japanese : 13th Century)

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# Landscape

Poem by Sada-ihe  
Japanese (13<sup>th</sup> Century)



Charles T. Griffes. Op. 10, No. 2

Dolente (M.M. ♩ = circa 80)

**Voice**

**Piano**

*p*

Out a - cross the wave all is

*pp*

bare,

Not a

scar - let leaf! Not a flow - - - er there!

*poco cresc.* *mf*

(d = d) *pp*

On - ly o - ver thatched huts fall-ing brief, Twi - light, — and the lone-ly

*pp* *pp*

au - tumn air. —

*rit.*

September, 1916

## THE OLD TEMPLE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

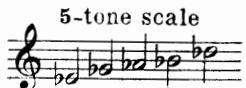
The temple courts with grasses rank abound,  
And birds throng in the forest trees around!  
But pilgrims few, though tablets still remain,  
Come to the shrine while revolutions reign.  
The mice climb through the curtains full of holes,  
And thick dust overspreads the 'broidered stoles;  
The temple pool in gloomy blackness lies,  
To which the sleeping dragon sometimes hies.

CHANG WEN-CHANG (T'ang Dynasty, 905-618 B.C.)

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# The Old Temple Among the Mountains

Poem by  
Chang Wen-Chang  
T'ang Dynasty (905-618) B.C.)



### Charles T. Griffes. Op. 10, No. 3

Misterioso, ma non troppo lento (M.M.  $\text{d} = 52$ )

**Voice**

**Piano**

*lontano*

*pesante ma p*

*sempre col Pedale*

*pp*

The tem - ple

*pp*

*p*

courts with grass - es rank a - bound, \_\_\_\_\_ And

birds throng in the for - est trees a -

round! But

pil - - grims few, though tab - - lets

still re - - main,

Come to the shrine while rev - o - lu - tions .

*mf*

*poco accel.*

Più mosso

reign. The mice climb through the cur - - tains

*p poco accel.*

full of holes, And thick dust o - - - ver -

spreads the 'broidered stoles;

*dim.*

*pp poco a poco meno mosso*

The tem - - ple pool in

*pp rit.**poco a poco meno mosso*

gloom - - y blackness lies,

To which the sleep ing

*dim.*

dra - gon some - times

hies.

*più lento**lontano**ppp*

November, 1946

## TEARS

High o'er the hill the moon-barque steers.  
The lantern lights depart.  
Dead springs are stirring in my heart;  
And there are tears.

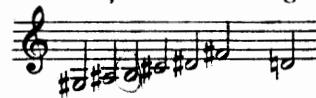
But that which makes my grief more deep,  
Is that you know not when I weep.

WANG SENG-JU (6th century)

# Tears

6-tone scale, with one foreign note

Wang Seng-Ju  
(6th Century)



Charles T. Griffes. Op. 10, No. 4

**Voice**

Lento (M.M.  $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 68$ )

High o'er the hill — the moon-barque steers...

**Piano**

*pp*

*cresc.* *f*      *dim.*

The lan - - tern lights de - part.

*f*      *dim.*      *p*

*mf*

Dead springs are stir - - ring in my heart;

And there are tears.

*f* dim.

Poco più mosso

But that which makes my grief more deep, Is that

*p*

Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

you know not when I weep.

*f* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

November, 1916

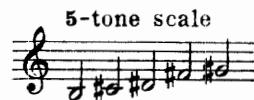
## A FEAST OF LANTERNS

In spring for sheer delight  
I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,  
Bright as the myriad argosies of night  
That ride the clouded billows of the sky.  
Red dragons leap and plunge in gold and silver  
seas,  
And O! my garden gleaming cold and white,  
Thou hast outshone the far, faint moon on  
high.

YUAN MEI (A.D. 1715-1797)

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# A Feast of Lanterns



Poem by Yuan Mei  
(A.D. 1715-1797)

Charles T. Griffes. Op. 10, No. 5

Molto vivace (M. M.  $\text{♩} = 138-144$ )

**Voice**

*poco leggiero*

In spring for sheer de -

*dim.*

*p*

*sempre staccato*

light \_\_\_\_\_ I set the lan-terns swinging

*mf*

*p*

through the trees, Bright as the

*mf*

*p*

myr - i - ad ar - go-sies of night, That

ride the cloud - ed bil - lows of the sky.

Red

*cresc.*

*mf*

dra - - gons leap and plunge

in gold and sil - - - ver

seas, And O! my

gar - den gleam - ing cold and white,

Thou hast out - shone the far faint  
*mf*

moon on high, the

*p*

far faint moon on high.

*Red.*

*pp*

446691

September, 1917



F.

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