

# To Whom?

A Collection of Poems to Unnamed Muses

For Baritone and Piano

Poems by Edgar Allan Poe  
Music by Elysia Ann Arntzen

approx. 8'48"

## Program notes

I've been a fan of Edgar Allan Poe my whole life and I love his vivid use of language. The poems I've chosen for this song cycle are poems of love with blank spaces in the titles. Poe's words are a joy to set to music, and I've arranged them to tell a story of discovering love, losing love, and falling head over heels. I encourage the performer to first get to know the words, then relate them to his own experiences in order to perform them with genuine emotion. *To Whom?* is dedicated to my own unnamed muse.

## About the Composer

Elysia Arntzen is a current DMA student at University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She holds a MM and BM in Composition from Ball State University. She is a composer, soprano, and pianist and enjoys performing in operas. Many of her works are for voice with or without accompaniment. Hobbies include cycling, video games, and studying other languages.

## Texts

### #1. To —

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see  
The wantonest singing birds,  
Are lips - and all they melody  
Of lip-begotten words -

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined  
Then desolately fall,  
O God! on my funeral mind  
Like starlight on a pall -

Thy heart - *thy* heart! - I wake and sigh,  
And sleep to dream till day  
Of the truth that gold can never buy -  
Of the baubles that it may.

### #2. To M. L. S—

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning -  
Of all to whom thine absence is the night -  
The blotting utterly from out high heaven  
The sacred sun - of all who, weeping, bless thee  
Hourly for hope - for life - ah! above all,  
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith  
In Truth - in Virtue - in Humanity -  
Of all who on Despair's unhallowed bed  
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen  
At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be light!"  
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled  
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes -  
Of all who owe thee most - whose gratitude  
Nearest resembles worship - oh, remember  
The truest - the most fervently devoted,  
And think that those weak lines are written by him -  
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

**#3. To F—**

Beloved! amid the earnest woes  
That crowd around my earthly path -  
(Drear path, alas! where grows  
Not even one lonely rose) -  
My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea -  
Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms - but where meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

**#5. To — —**

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,  
In the mad pride of intellectuality,  
Maintained "the power of words" - denied that ever  
A thought arose within the human brain  
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue:  
And now, as if in mockery of that boate,  
Two words - two foreign soft disyllables -  
Italian tones, made only to be murmured  
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew  
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill," -  
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,  
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,  
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions  
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel  
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures"),  
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.  
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.  
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,  
I cannot write - I cannot speak or think -  
Alas! I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,  
This standing motionless upon the golden  
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,  
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,  
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,  
Upon the left, and all the way along,  
Amid empurpled vapors, far away  
To where the prospect terminates - *thee only*.

**#4. To —**

I heed not that my earthly lot  
Hath little of earth in it -  
That years of love have been forgot  
In the hatred of a minute -

I mourn not that the desolate  
Are happier, sweet, than I,  
But that *you* sorrow for *my* fate  
Who am a passer by.

**#6. To F—S S. O—D**

Thou wouldst be loved? - then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being every thing which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be an endless theme of praise  
And love - a simple duty.

# To Whom?

A Collection of Poems to Unnamed Muses

## #1. To —

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Adoringly ♩ = 100

Baritone

*mp*

The bowers where-at, in dreams, I

Piano

*p*

4

B

see The wan-ton-est sing-ing birds, Are lips, and all thy mel-o - dy Of

Pno.

To Whom?

B

lip - be-got - ten words. de -

*mp*

Pno.

*p* *mf* *p*

*gva* *gva*

B

eyes, in Heaven of heart en - shrined Then des - o - late - ly

Pno.

*pp*

B

fall, O God! on my fu - ner - - - eal

*mf*

Pno.

*p*

To Whom?

6

13

B

*p*

mind Like star-light on a pall.

13

Pno.

*pp*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

*p*

Detailed description: This system covers measures 6 to 13. The bass clef part begins with a fermata over measure 6, then continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment starts with a tremolo in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* (piano). Performance markings include *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo* (return to original tempo).

16

B

*f*

Thy heart, thy heart! I wake and

16

Pno.

*mf*

Detailed description: This system covers measures 16 and 17. The bass clef part has a fermata over measure 16. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The dynamic is *mf* (mezzo-forte).

18

B

sigh, And sleep to dream till day Of the truth that gold can ne-ver buy,

18

Pno.

Detailed description: This system covers measures 18 to 20. The bass clef part continues the melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern from the previous system. Dynamics are not explicitly marked in this system but follow the *mf* from the previous system.

B

21

Of the bau - bles that it may. \_\_\_\_\_

Pno.

21

*f*

*8<sup>va</sup>*-----

Perusal Score

B

23

Pno.

23

Perusal Score

### #2. To M. L. S—

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Reverently ♩ = 72

Baritone

*mf*

Of all who hail thy pre-sence as the morn-ing, Of

Piano

*mf*

B

all to whom thine ab-sence is the night, The blot-ting ut-ter-ly from out high hea-ven The sac-red

Pno.

27



To Whom?

29

B

sun, of all who, weep - ing, bless thee Ho - ur - ly for

Pno.

31

B

hope, for life, ah! — a - bove all, For the res - ur - rec - tion of deep - bur - ied faith In

*f* *rubato* *mp*

Pno.

*f* *subito p*

33

B

Truth, in Vir - tue, in Hu - man - i - ty, Of

*mf*

Pno.

*mf*

To Whom?

10

B

all who, on Des-pair's un - hall-owed bed Ly - ing down to die, have sud - den - ly a -

Pno.

B

ris - en At thy soft - mur - mured words, "Let there be light! At the soft - mur - mured words that were ful -

Pno.

B

filled In the ser - a - phic glanc - ing of thine eyes, Of

Pno.

To Whom?

44

B

*f*

all who owe thee most, whose gra - ti - tude Near - est re - sem - bles wor - ship, oh, re - mem - ber The

Pno.

*f*

46

B

*subito p*

3

tru - est, the most fer - vent - ly de - vot - ed, And think that those weak lines are writ - ten by him, By him who, as he pens them,

Pno.

*subito p*

48

B

*mp* *f*

thrills to think His spi - rit is com - mun - ing with an an - gel's.

Pno.

*mp* *f*

## #3. To F—

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Desolately  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

51 *mp*

Baritone

Be-loved! a-mid the earn-est woes That crowd a-round my earth-ly

51 *mp*

Piano

56

B

path (Drear path, a-las! where grows Not e-ven one lone-ly rose) My

56

Pno.

62

B

soul at least a sol-ace hath In dreams of thee, and there-in knows An E - den of bland re - pose.

Pno.

Turbulently  $\text{♩} = 80$

68

B

And thus thy mem-o - ry is to me Like some en - chant - ed

Pno.

73

B

far - off isle In some tu - mult - u - ous sea, Some o - cean throb - bing far and free With

Pno.

To Whom?

14

78

B

storms, but where mean - while Ser - en - est skies con - tin - ual - ly Just o'er that

Pno.

8va

83

B

one bright - is - land smile.

Pno.

83

8va

### #4. To —

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Stoically ♩ = 65

88 *p*

Baritone

I heed not that my earth-ly lot Hath lit-tle of earth in it, That

88 *p*

Piano

95

B

years of love have been for-got In the hat - red of a min-ute:

95

Pno.

*mf*

To Whom?

16

102

*mf*

B

I mourn not that the des - o-late Are hap - pi-er, sweet, than I, But that

Pno.

102

108

B

you sor - row for my fate Who am a pass - er by.

Pno.

108



### #5. To — —

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Rhapsodically ♩ = 90

113 *mf*

Baritone

Not long a - go, the writ-er of these lines, In the mad pride of

Piano

113 *mf* *pp*

8<sup>va</sup>----- 15<sup>ma</sup>-----

118

B

in - tell - ect - u - al - i - ty, Main - tained "the pow - er of words" de - nied that

Pno.

118 *mf*

8<sup>va</sup>-----

To Whom?

18

B

122

ev-er A thought a-rose with - in the hu-man brain Bey-ond the ut-ter-ance of the hu-man tongue:

Pno. *mp*

B

126

And now, as if in mock-er-y of that boast, Two words

Pno. *f* *mp*

B

132

two for-eign soft di - syll-ab - les, I - ta - lian tones, made on - ly to be mur-mured By

Pno. *mf*

136

B

an - gels dream-ing in the moon-lit "dew That hangs like chains of pearl\_\_\_ on Her-mon hill," Have

Pno.

140

B

stirred from out the ab-yss-es of his heart, Un-thought-like thoughts that are the

Pno.

*p* *cresc.* *8va*

144

B

*mf* souls of thought, Rich - er, far wild - er, far di - vin - er vis - ions Than e - ven the

Pno.

*f* *mp* *8va*

To Whom?

20

B

147

ser - aph har - per, Is - ra-fel (Who has "the sweet - est voice of

Pno.

147

*8va*

B

149

all God's crea - tures") Could hope to ut - ter.

Pno.

149

*8va*

B

152

And I! my spells are bro - ken. The pen falls pow - er - less from my shiv - er - ing hand.

Pno.

152

*f*

B

With thy dear name as text, though bid-den by thee, I can-not write, I can-not speak or think A-

Pno.

B

las! I can-not feel; for 'tis not feel-ing, This stand-ing mo-tion-less up -

Pno.

B

on the gold-en Thresh-old of the wide - op-en gate of dreams, — Gaz-ing, en-tranced, a-down the

Pno.

To Whom?

22

166

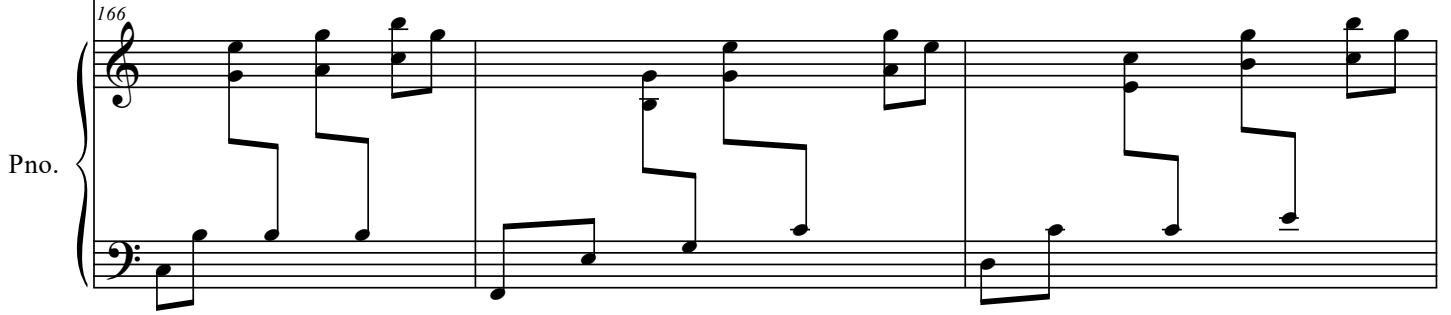
B



gor - geous vis - ta, And thrill - ing as I see, up - on the right, Up - on the left, and all the way a -

166

Pno.



169

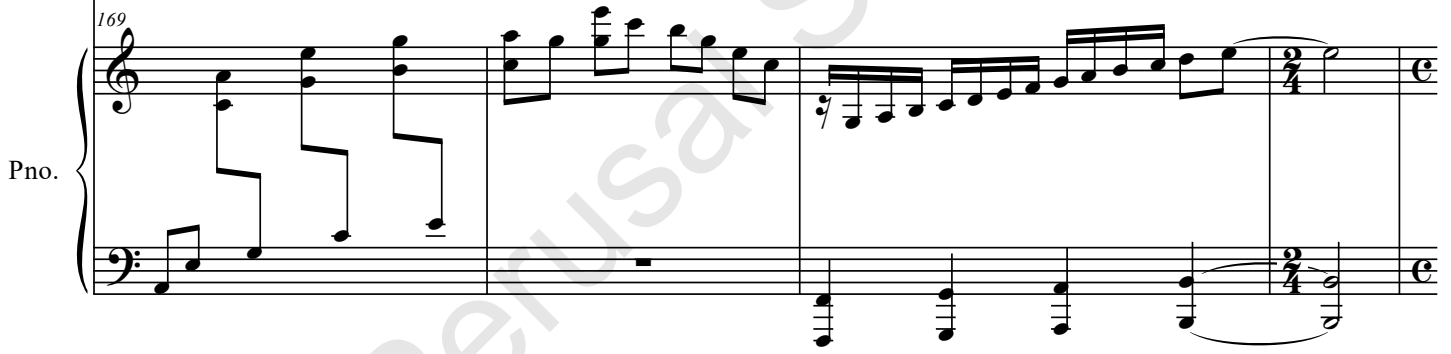
B



long, A - mid em - pur - pled va - pors, far a - way To where the pros - pect ter - min - ates, thee

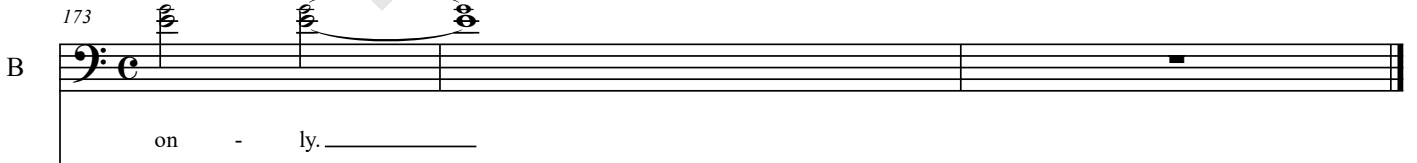
169

Pno.



173

B



on - ly.

173

Pno.



### #6. To F—S S. O—D

Edgar Allan Poe

Elysia Ann Arntzen

Rapturously ♩ = 120

176 *f*

Baritone

Thou wouldst be loved? then let thy heart \_\_\_\_\_ From its

Piano

*f*

8<sup>va</sup>-----

180

B

pre - sent path - way part not! \_\_\_\_\_ Be-ing eve - ry thing which now thou

Pno.

8<sup>va</sup>-----

To Whom?

24

184

B

art, Be noth - ing which thou art not.

*8va* -----, *8va* -----, *8va* -----,

Pno.

184

Detailed description: This system contains measures 184 through 187. The vocal line (B) is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "art, Be noth - ing which thou art not." The piano accompaniment (Pno.) consists of two staves. The right hand (RH) has a treble clef and features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and some accidentals. The left hand (LH) has a bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. A watermark "Perusal Score" is visible diagonally across the page.

188

B

So with the world thy gen - tle ways, Thy grace, thy more — than beau - ty,

*8va* -----,

Pno.

188

Detailed description: This system contains measures 188 through 191. The vocal line (B) is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "So with the world thy gen - tle ways, Thy grace, thy more — than beau - ty,". The piano accompaniment (Pno.) consists of two staves. The right hand (RH) has a treble clef and features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and some accidentals. The left hand (LH) has a bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. A watermark "Perusal Score" is visible diagonally across the page.



B

192

Shall be an end - less theme of praise \_\_\_\_\_ And love,

Pno.

B

196 *mf*

a sim - ple du - ty.

Pno.

196 *mp* *f*