

I Rose Up As My Custom Is

Words by Thomas Hardy

Music by Peter Golub

♩ = 60

The first system of the musical score consists of five measures. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three flats and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of three flats. The music begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo. The third measure changes to a 3/4 time signature and a mezzo-forte (*mp*) dynamic. The fourth measure changes to a 4/4 time signature and a pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic. The fifth measure changes to a 4/8 time signature and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line.

6

The second system of the musical score consists of three measures. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three flats. The lyrics are: "I rose up as my cus-tom is on the eve of All Soul's Day and". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and a more active treble line.

9

The third system of the musical score consists of three measures. The top staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three flats. The lyrics are: "left my grave for an hour or so to call on those I used to know bef- ore I passed a way". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and a more active treble line.

mf

I

vis-it-ed my for-mer love as she lay by her hus-band's side I asked her if life

rit. *a tempo* (march-like)

mf p

pleased her now she was rid of a po-et wrung in brow and crazed with the ills he eyed

23

Who used to drag her here and there where-ev-er his fan_cies

25

led and point out pale phan tas_ mal things and

29

♩ = 54

talk of_ vain vague pur-pos-ings that she dis-cred-it-ed

33

rit. slower/ad lib

She was quite civ-il and re plied

p

37 slowly

rit.♩ = 63
a tempo

"Old com-rade, is that you? Well, on the whole I

mf p

40

like my life I know I swore I'd be no_wife but

43

what was I to do? You see, of all men for my sex a

47

po - et is the worst wom-en are prac - tic - al and

52

they crave the where - with to pay their way and

$\text{♩} = 84$
faster, ironic

55

rit.

slake their soc - ial thirst_

58

You were a po - et quite the id-eal that we all love_ a-while but

62

look at this man snor - ing here he's no_ rom - man_ tic chant - tic-leer Yet

66

♩ = 90
faster

keeps me in good style He makes no quest

70

rit.

♩ = 69
broader

in-to my thoughts but a po-et wants to know what one has felt from

74

earl-'iest days why one thought not in oth-er ways and one's Loves of long ag-

o Her

p

words be-numbed my fond faint ghost the night-mares neighed from their stalls The

vam-pires screeched, the harp - ies flew and un - der the dim dawn I with - drew

85

rit. a tempo, slower

to Death's in - vi'ol - ate halls