

James Joyce / Roberto Di Marino

## **From Dewy Dreams**

for voice, harp or piano

2007

**Score**

# From Dewy Dreams

*From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,  
From love's deep slumber and from death,  
For lo! the trees are full of sighs  
Whose leaves the morn admonisheth.*

*Eastward the gradual dawn prevails  
Where softly-burning fires appear,  
Making to tremble all those veils  
Of grey and golden gossamer.*

*While sweetly, gently, secretly,  
The flowery bells of morn are stirred  
And the wise choirs of faery  
Begin (innumeros!) to be heard.*

Da rugiadosi sogni, mia anima, sorgi,  
da sonno profondo di amore e da morte.  
Vedi! gli alberi sono pieni di sospiri  
le cui foglie il giorno ammonisce.

Verso est l'alba lenta prevale  
là dove appaiono deboli fuochi,  
facendo tremare tutti quei veli  
di ragnatela grigia e dorata.

Mentre soavi, gentili, segrete,  
s'agitano le fiorite campane del giorno  
e i saggi cori delle fate  
si cominciano (innumerevoli!) a udire.

*James Joyce*

# From Dewy Dreams

for voice, harp or piano

words by James Joyce

music by Roberto Di Marino

Andante ♩ = c. 62

Voice

Harp or Piano

5

*mp*  
From

9

dew - y dreams, my soul, a - rise, from love's deep slum - ber and from death, for

13

lo! the trees are full of sighs whose leaves the morn ad - mon - ish - eth.

17 *p*

East-ward the grad - ual dawn pre - vails where soft - ly - burn - ing fires ap - pear,

21 *f*

mak - ing to trem - ble all those veils of grey and gold - en gos - sa - mer.

25 *mf*

From dew - y dreams, my

29 *mf*

soul, a - rise, from love's deep slum - ber and from death, for lo! the trees are

33 *p*

full of sighs whose leaves the morn ad - mon - ish - eth. While sweet - ly, gent - ly,

37

se - cret - ly, the flow - er - y bells of morn are stirred and the wise choirs of

41 *f*

faer - y be - gin (in - nu - mer - ous!) to be heard,

45 *pp*

While sweet - ly, gent - ly, se - cret -

49

ly, the flow - er - y bells of morn are

*(8<sup>va</sup>)*

53

stirred While sweet - ly, gent - ly, se - cret -

*(8<sup>va</sup>)*

57

ly, the flow - er - y bells of morn are

61

stirred From dew - y dreams, my soul, a - rise, from love's deep slum - ber

*mf*

65

and from death, for lo! the trees are full of sighs whose leaves the morn ad -

69

*p*  
mon - ish - eth. While sweet - ly, gent - ly, se - cret - ly, the flow - er - y bells of

73

morn are stirred and the wise choirs of faer - y be - gin (in - nu - mer - ous!) to be

77

*f*  
heard, to be heard.