PART-SONGS

BY

SAMUEL RICHARDS GAINES

No.	Price			
5142	.20	Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay	T.T. B.B.	*Walter Scott*
5364	.12	Salutation	T.T. B.B.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5534	.15	Irish Memories	T.T. B.B.	*Selected*
5542	.15	Youth	T.T. B.B.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5776	.15	Constancy	T.T. B.B.	*Anon.*
6589	.15	The Dream of Sakhran	T.T. B.B.	*N. Ogarev—S.R.G.*
6712	.15	Cornish Fiddler's Song	T.T. B.B.	*Cornwall Folksong*
6720	.12	County Clare Song ("The Well-Beloved")	T.T. B.B.	*Irish Folksong*
6983	.15	Immortalis	T.T. B.B.	*Spencer Magruder*
4913	.15	A Shepherd's Song	S.A.T.B.	*Christopher Marlowe*
5180	.40	Robin Goodfellow	S.A.T.B.	*Ben Jonson*
5189	.50	Fantasy on a Russian Folksong	S.A.T.B.	*Pletscheyeff—S.R.G.*
5521	.15	Spring and Youth	S.A.T.B.	*Charlotte R. Jones*
5365	.12	Salutation	S.A.T.B.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5541	.12	Salutation	S.A.B.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
4918	.50	Fantasy on a Russian Folksong	S.S.A.A.	*Pletscheyeff—S.R.G.*
4919	.15	Spring and Youth	S.S.A.A.	*Charlotte R. Jones*
5163	.15	Midnight Carol: Ghosts of the Year	S.S.A.A.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5363	.12	Salutation	S.S.A.A.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5539	.10	Salutation	S.A.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5540	.10	Salutation	S.S.A.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
5496	.15	Contrasted Songs	S.A. (Violin ad lib.)	*Samuel Richards Gaines*
		1. Winter Legendry	2. Vernal Song	
6709	.30	Cambria. A Welsh Rhapsody	S.S.A.	*Adapted by S.R.G.*
7003	.15	Carillon of Kharkov (Arensky)	S.A.T.B.	*Samuel Richards Gaines*

J. FISCHER & BRO. 119 WEST 40TH STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

Immortalis

I know man to man must render
That which came from the Hand Divine,
And I know I shall soon surrender
Back to heaven again the gifts that are mine!
Yet, sweet is the dream and the doing,
No mortal shall know this so well as I:
For love is not won without the wooing,
And when we have won, we're ready to die!

I know there are days in gray November
When the steps and the songs drag slow;
Ah yes, we shall all remember
Other songs of the Long Ago.
And I think, yes I know, there's a portal
Out beyond, where the triumph is sweet:
I know, brother man, we're immortal...
That the Song and the Singer shall meet!

I know where the rainbow calls me,
I know where the journey ends;
I'm smiling, whate'er befalls me,
For I am square with all my friends!
I know now what I was after,
Back there when the way seemed long:
All I needed to find was laughter,
And a glorious burst of song!

Spencer Magruder
At the front, Autumn, 1918

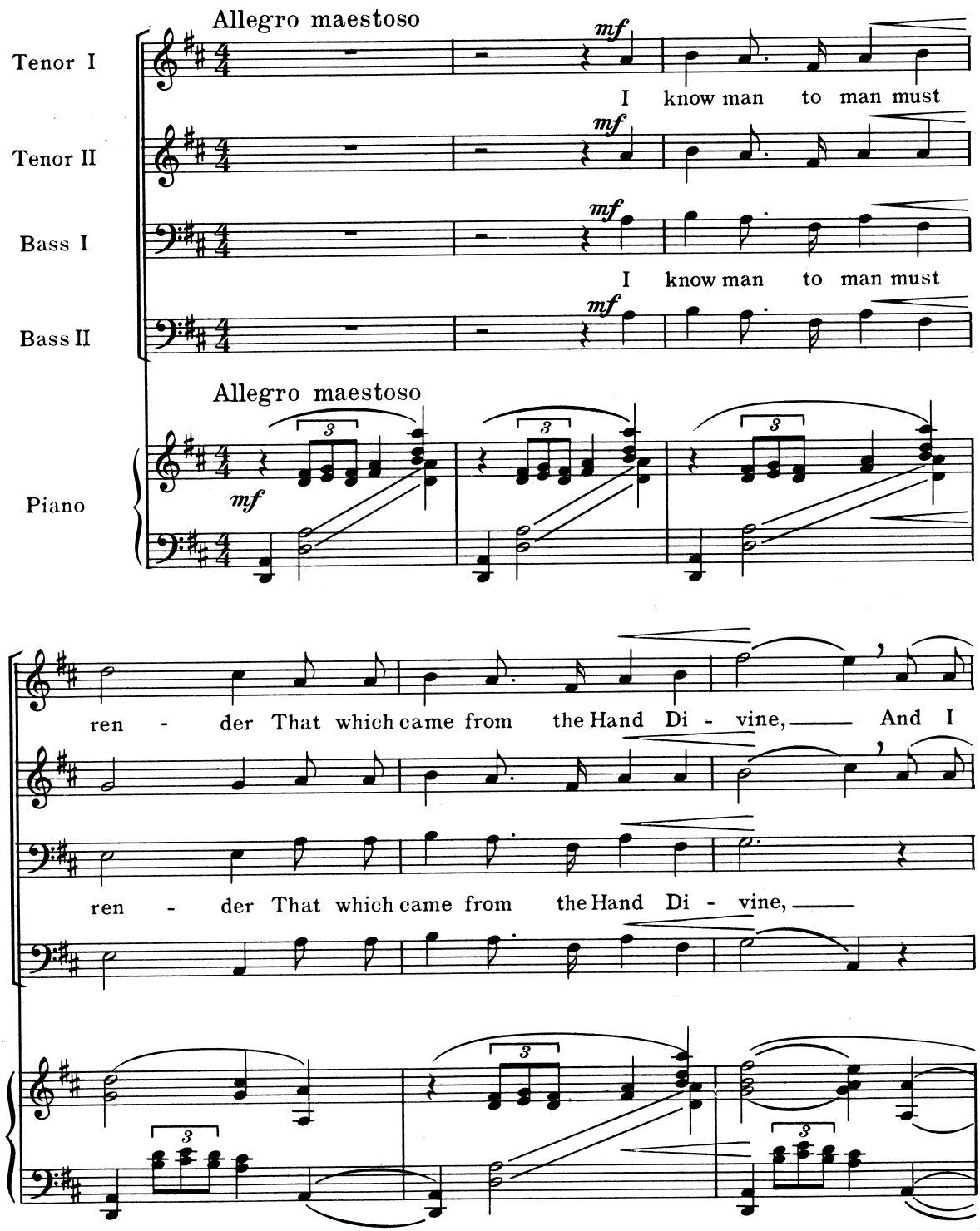
For program note see page 13

Immortalis

Part-Song for Men's Voices, with Piano

SPENCER MAGRUDER
(Sole use)

SAMUEL RICHARDS GAINES



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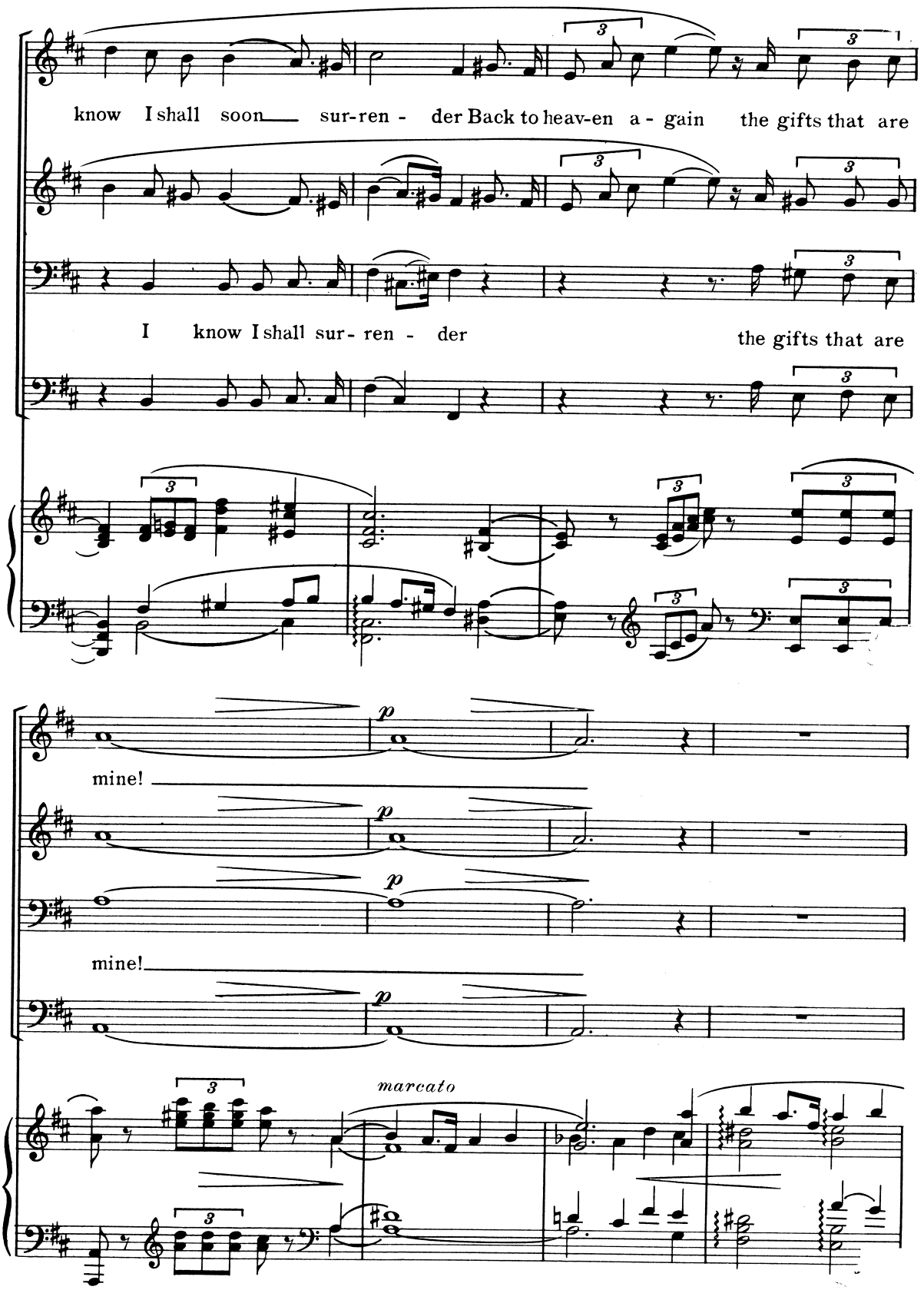
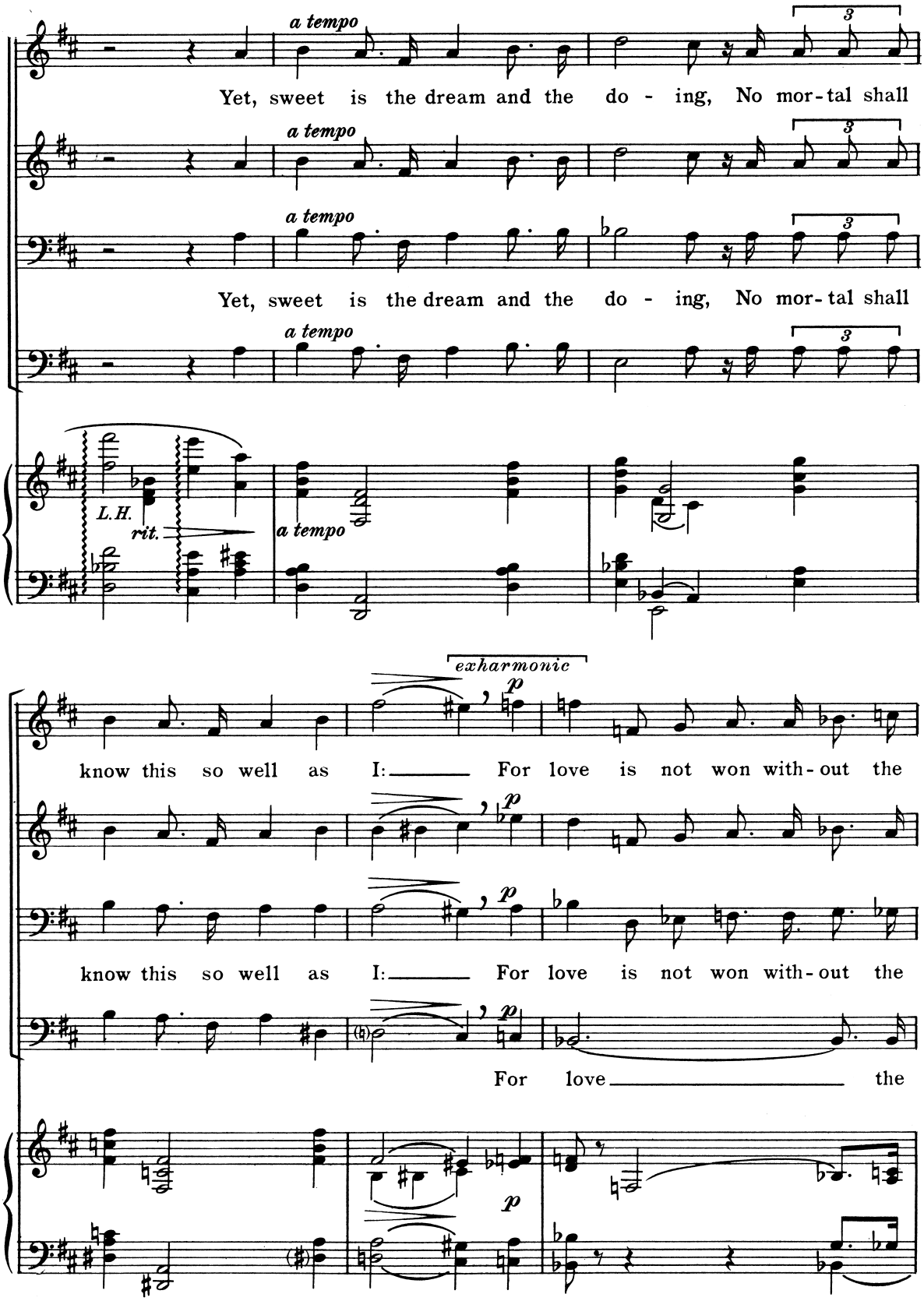
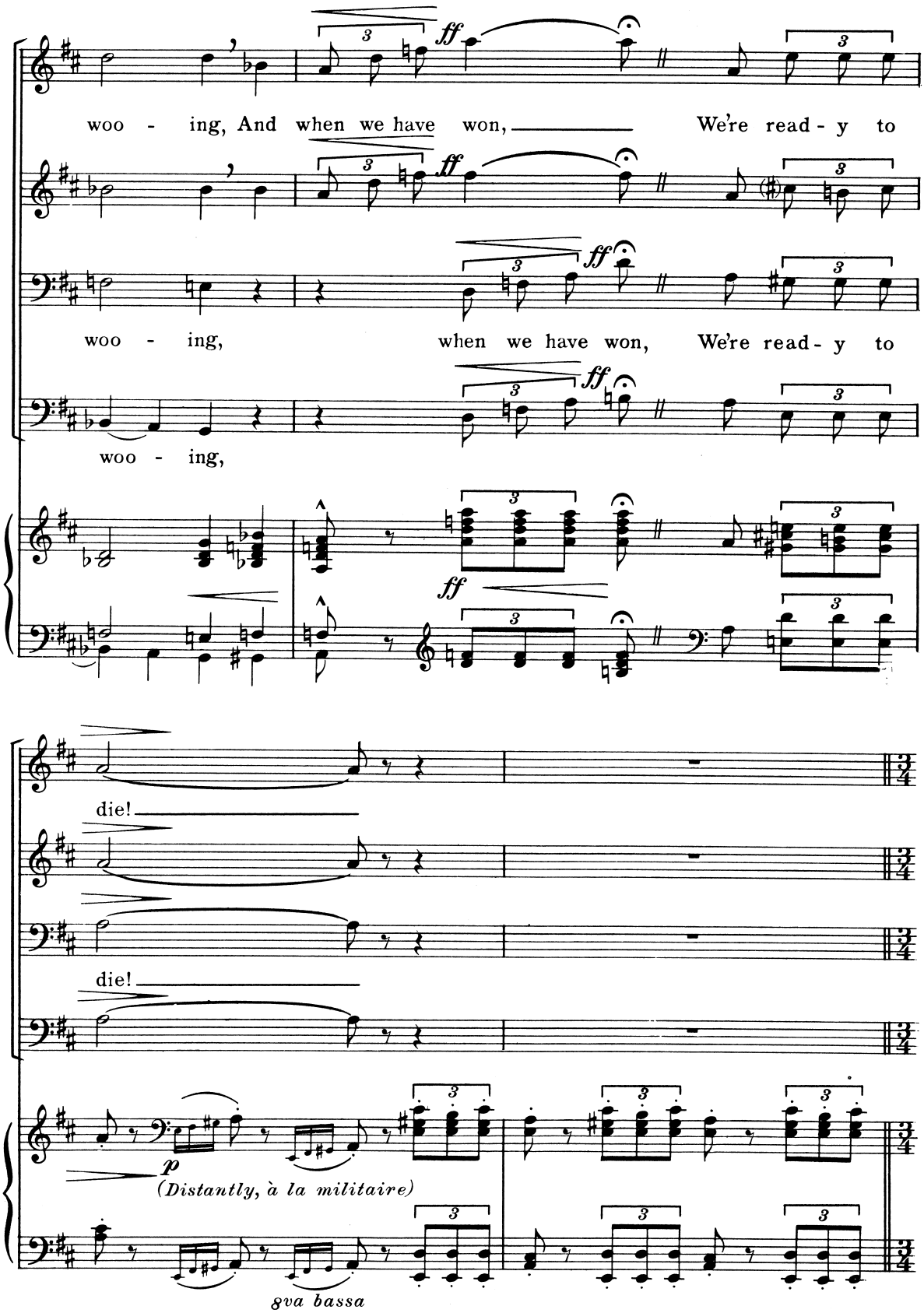
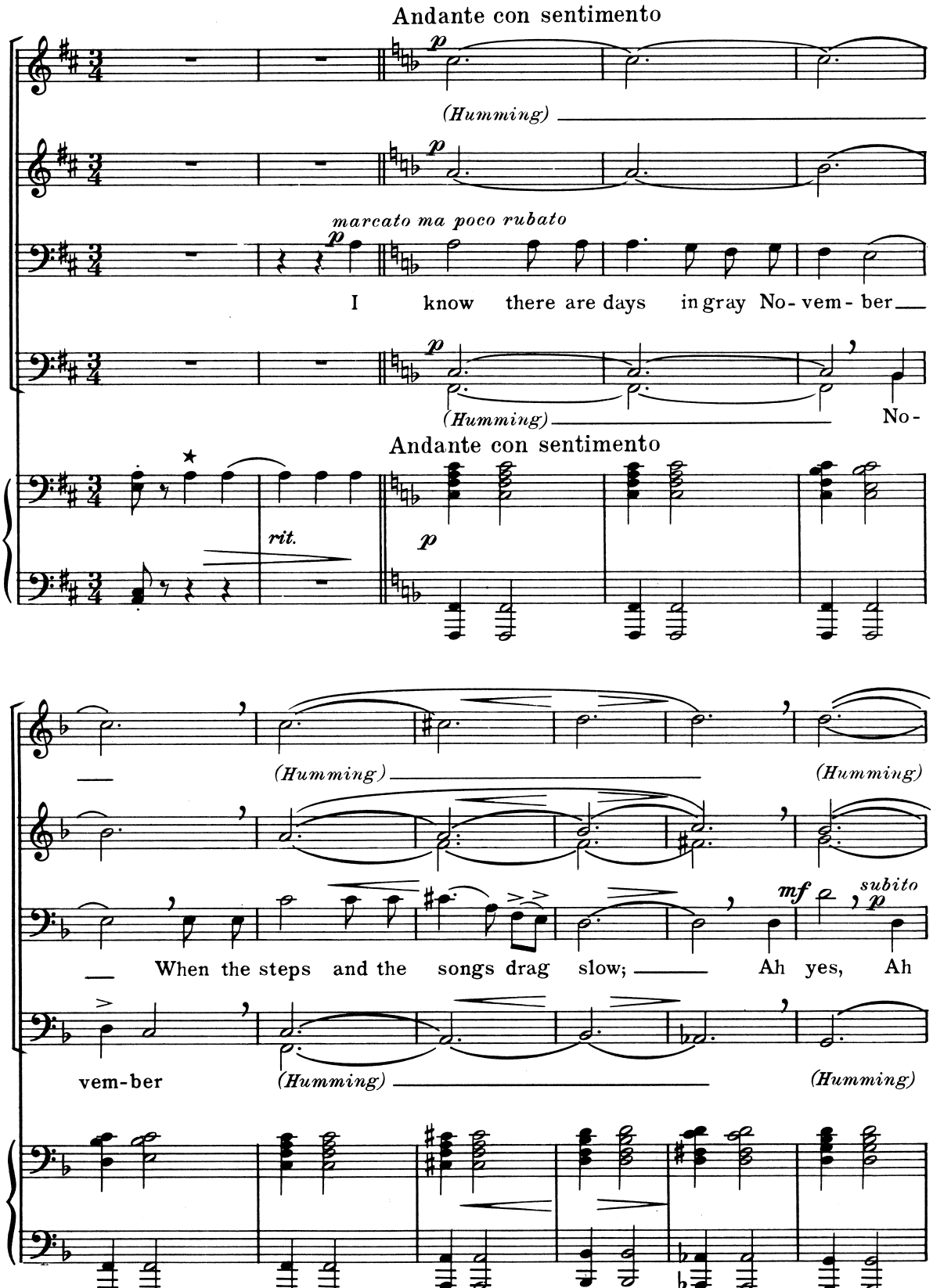
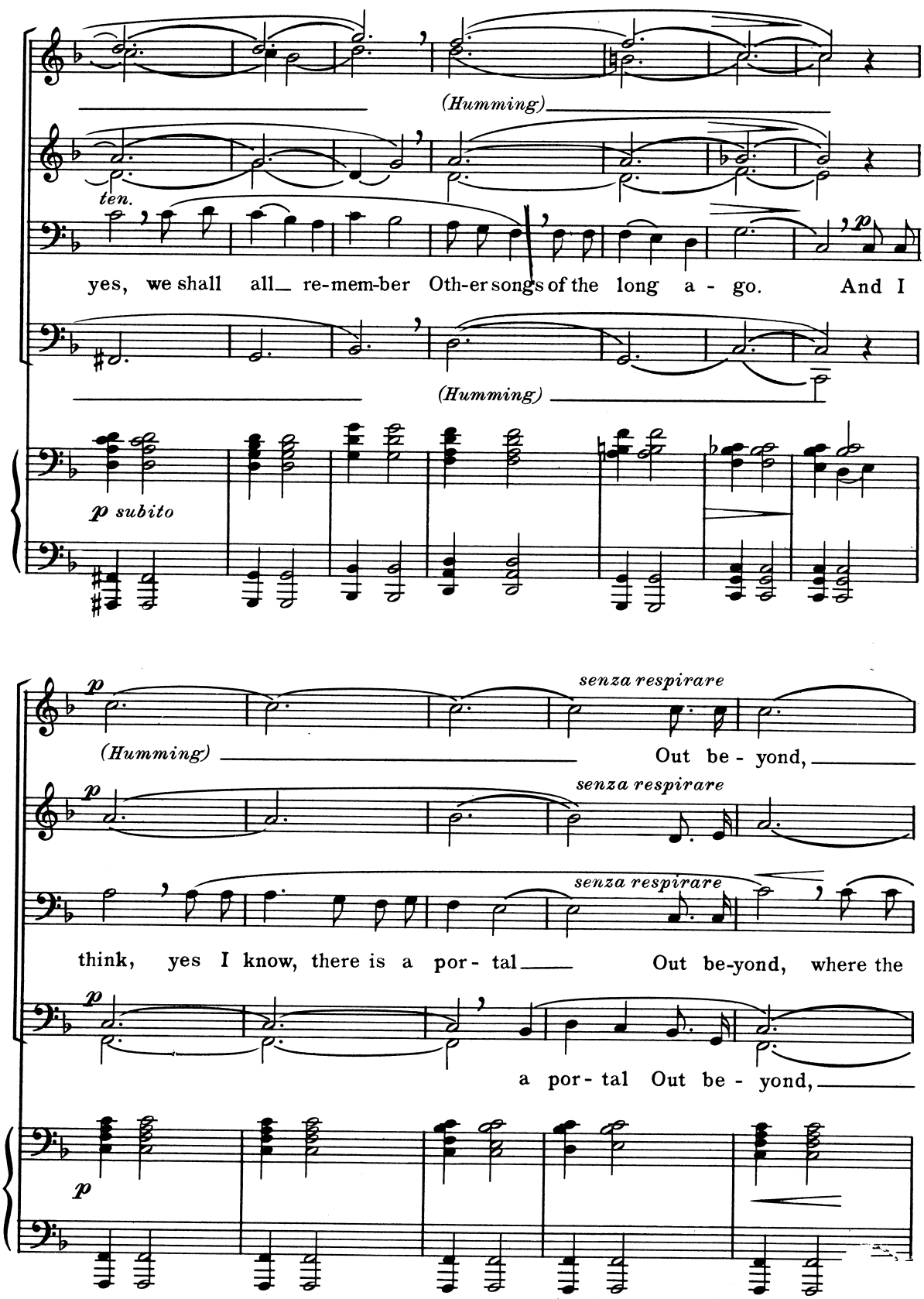

know I shall soon sur-ren - der Back to heav-en a - gain the gifts that are
I know I shall sur- ren - der the gifts that are
mine!
mine!
marcato

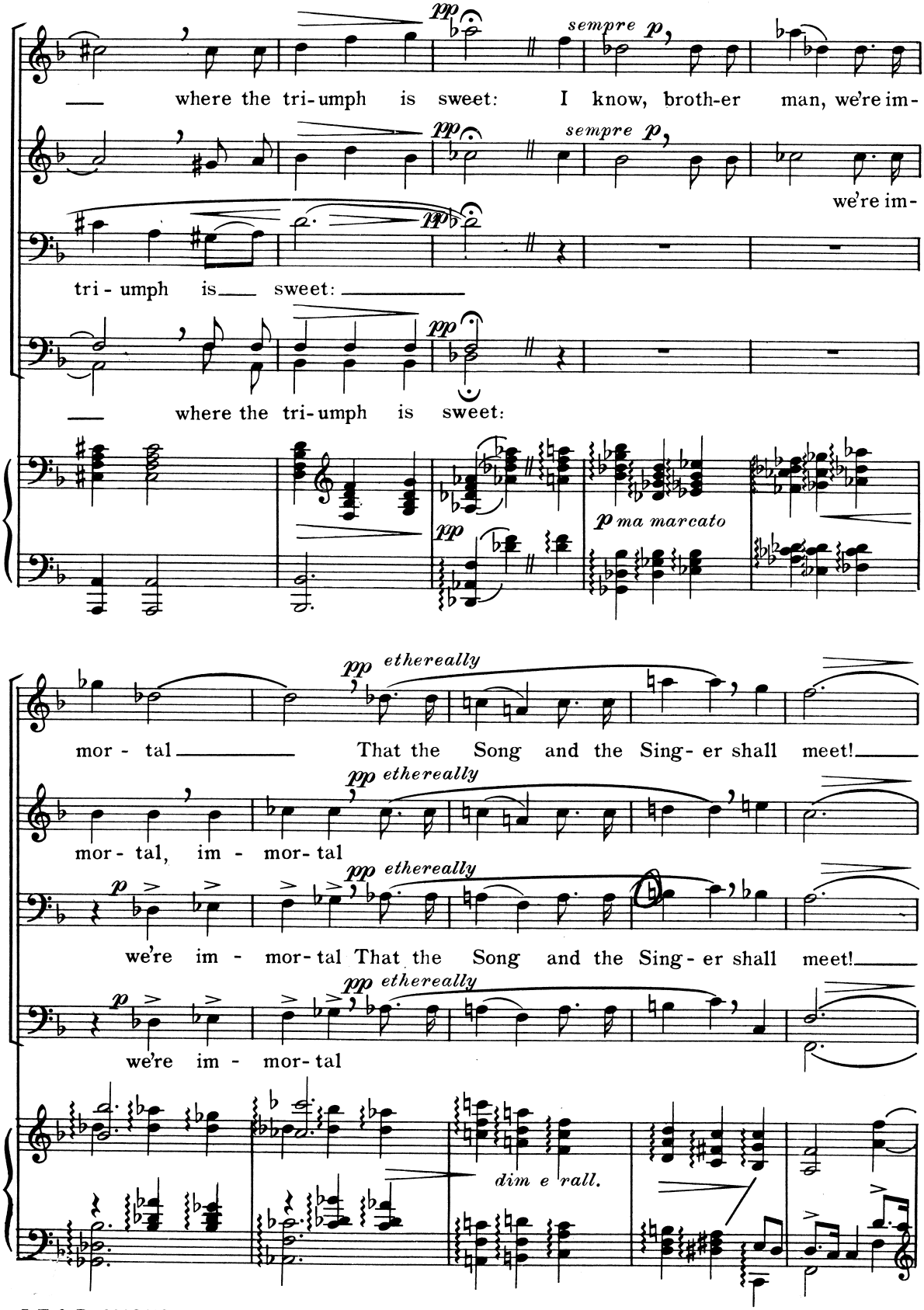

a tempo
Yet, sweet is the dream and the do - ing, No mor-tal shall
a tempo
Yet, sweet is the dream and the do - ing, No mor-tal shall
a tempo
L.H.
rit.
a tempo
exharmonic
know this so well as I: For love is not won with-out the
know this so well as I: For love is not won with-out the
For love the

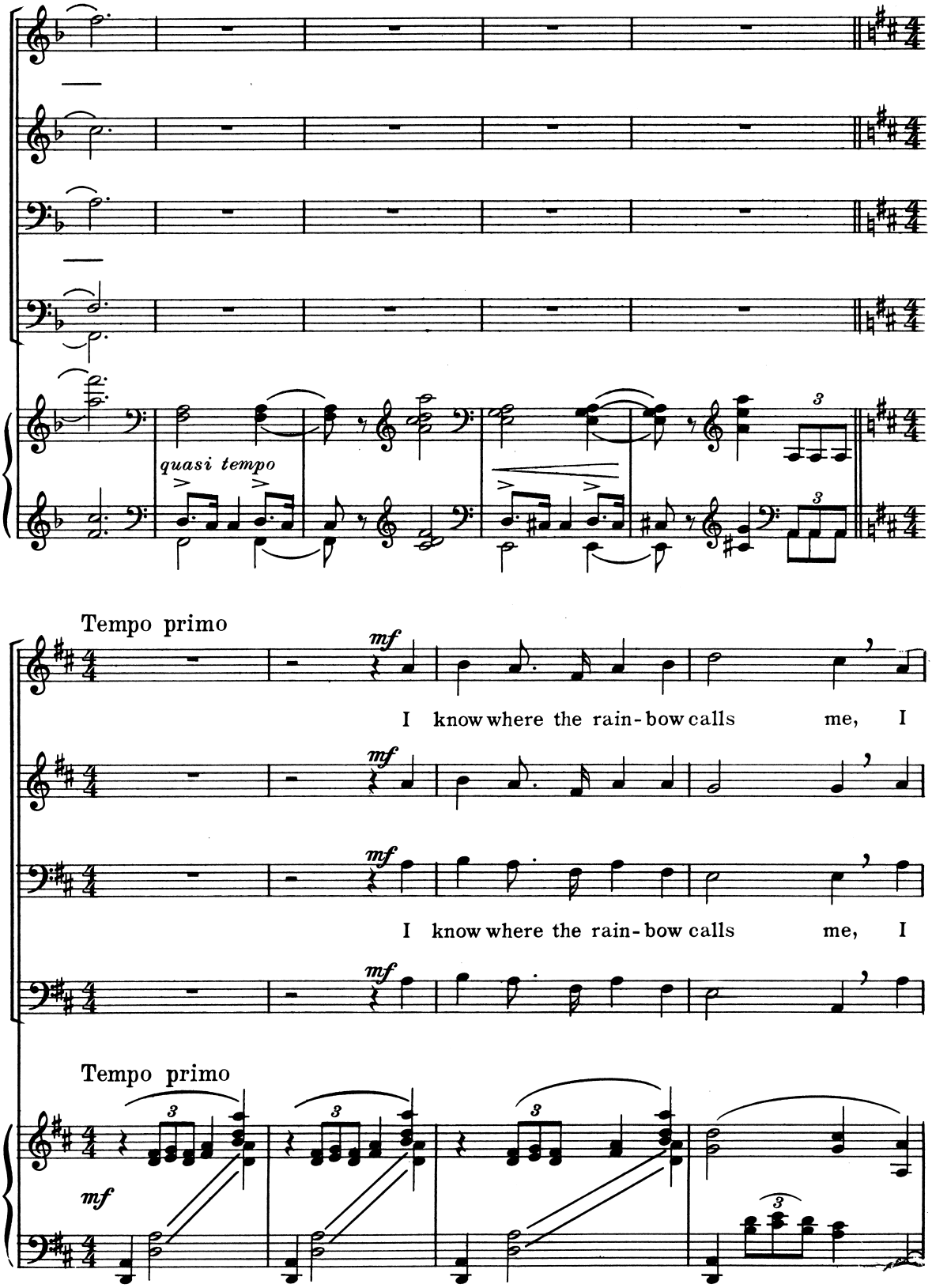

woo - ing, And when we have won, We're read - y to
ff
woo - ing, when we have won, We're read - y to
ff
woo - ing,
ff
die!
die!
p
(Distantly, à la militaire)
8va bassa

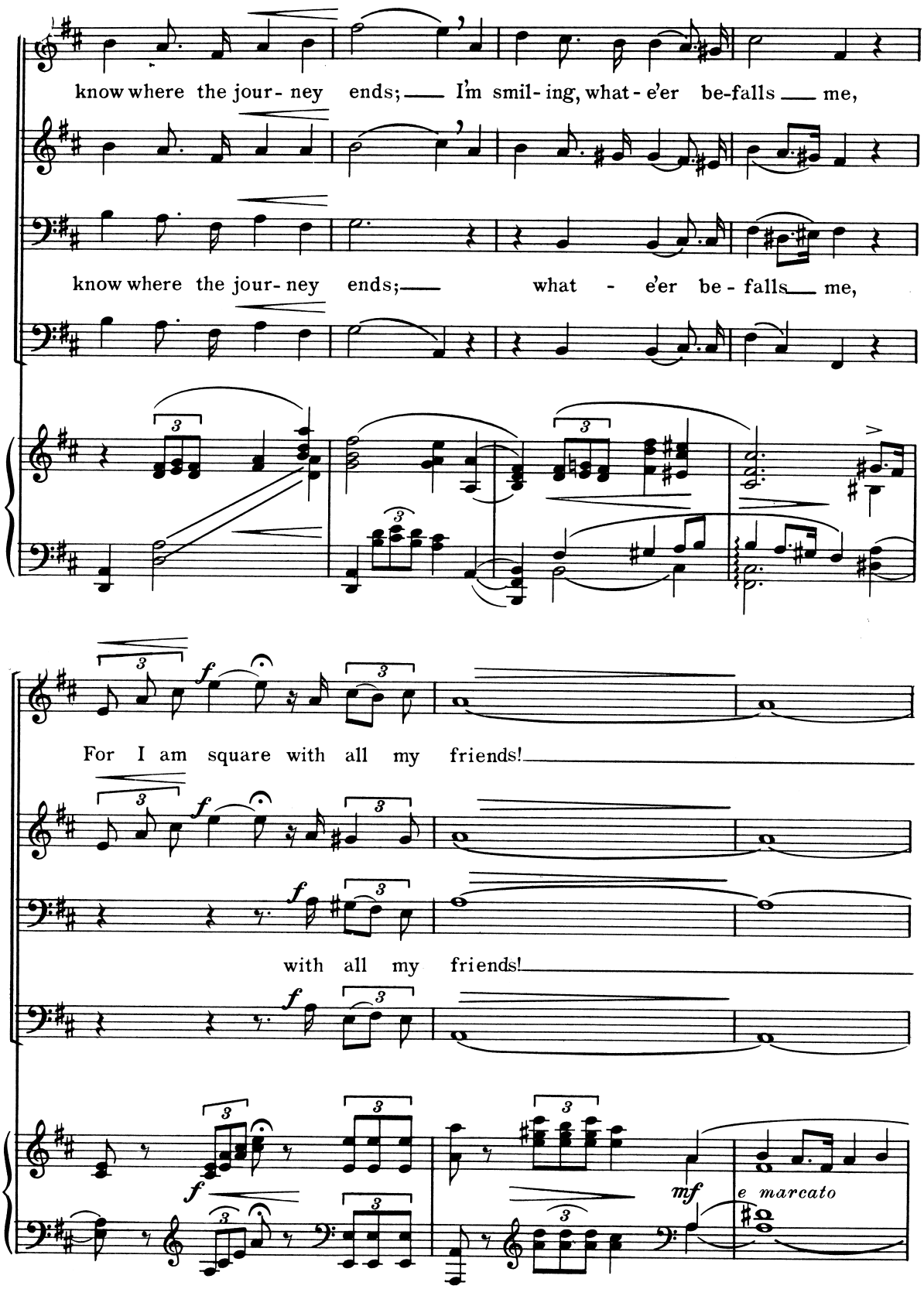


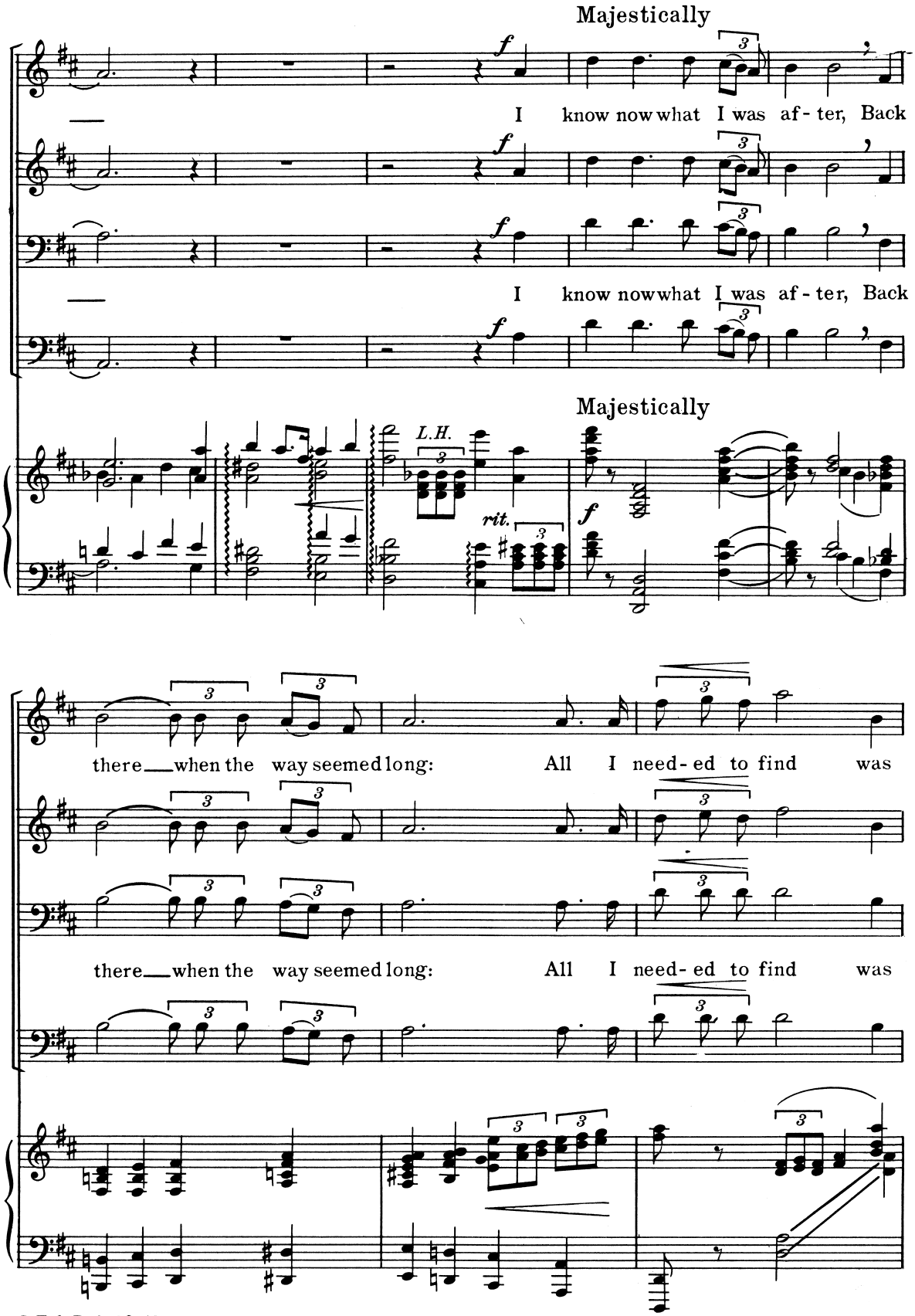
★ In case of an encore, begin here, rather than at the beginning.

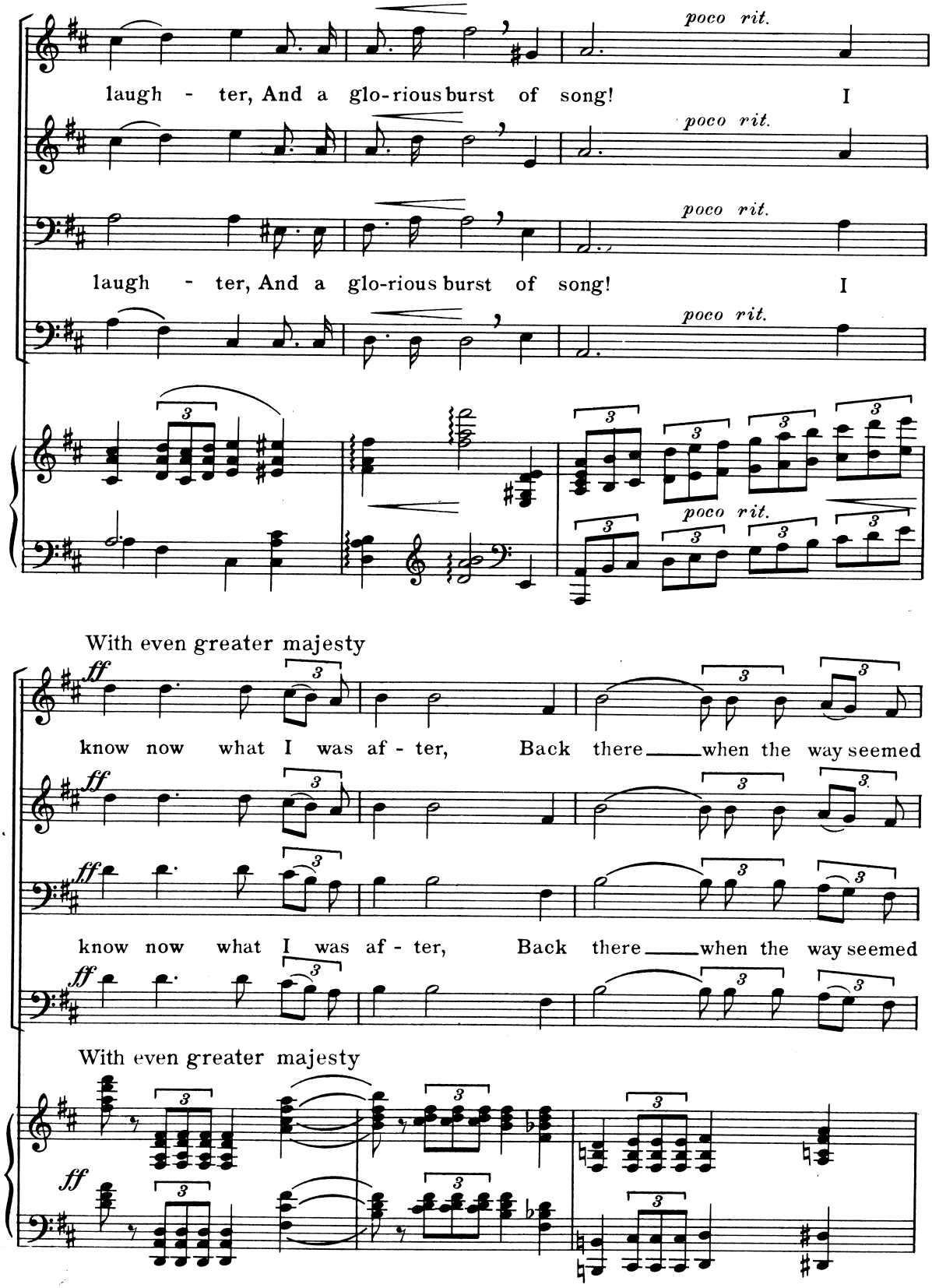

(Humming)
ten.
yes, we shall all re-mem-ber Oth-er songs of the long a - go. And I
(Humming)
p subito
p
senza respirare
(Humming)
Out be - yond,
p
senza respirare
think, yes I know, there is a por - tal
senza respirare
Out be-yond, where the
p
a por - tal Out be - yond,
p

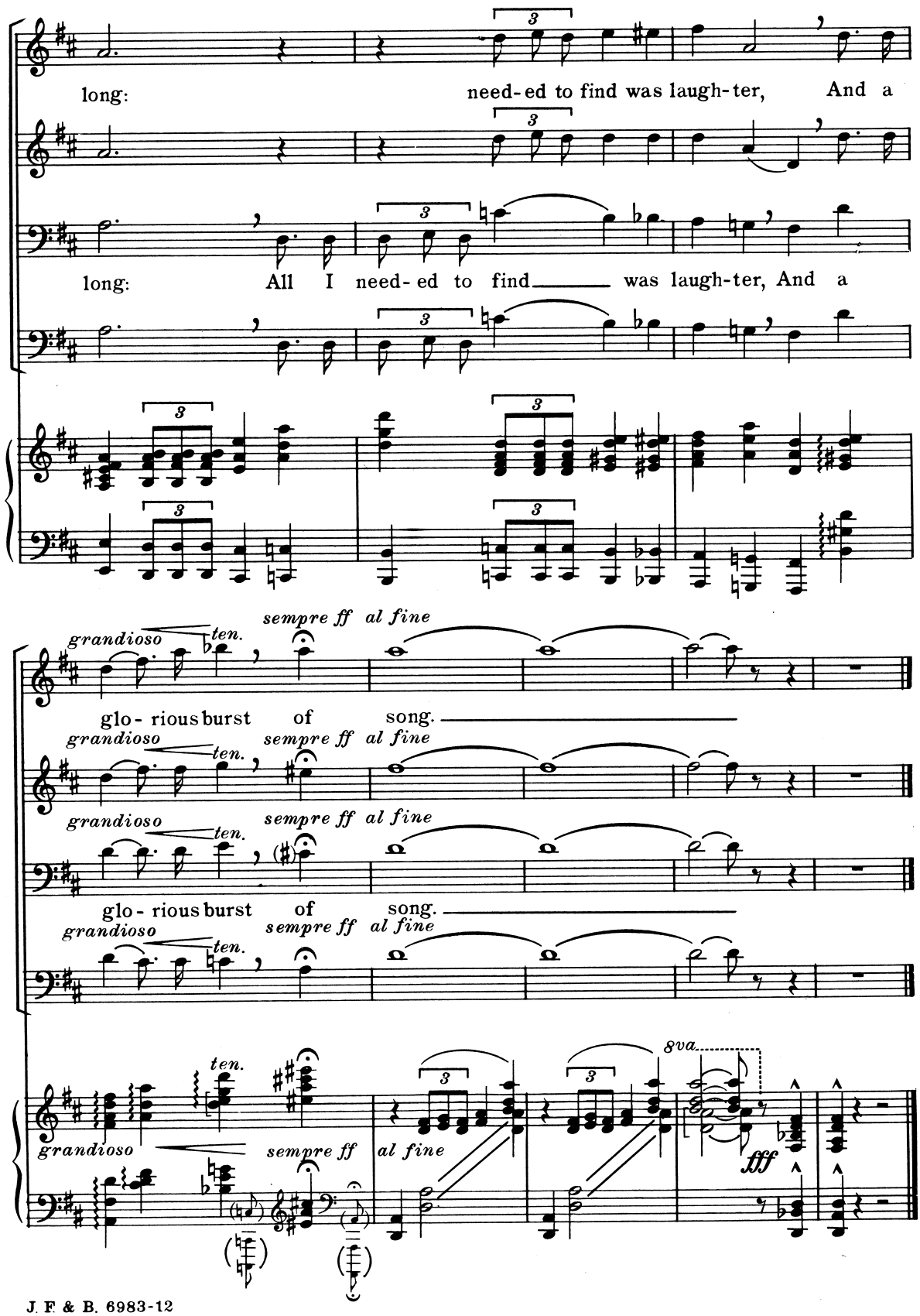

pp
sempre p
where the tri-umph is sweet: I know, broth-er man, we're im-
we're im-
tri-umph is sweet:
where the tri-umph is sweet:
p ma marcato
pp ethereally
mor-tal That the Song and the Sing-er shall meet!
mor-tal, im-mor-tal
we're im-mor-tal That the Song and the Sing-er shall meet!
we're im-mor-tal
dim e rall.


quasi tempo
Tempo primo
mf
I know where the rain-bow calls me, I
I know where the rain-bow calls me, I
Tempo primo
mf


know where the jour- ney ends; I'm smil- ing, what - e'er be-falls me,
know where the jour- ney ends; what - e'er be - falls me,
For I am square with all my friends!
with all my friends!
e marcato


Majestically
I know now what I was af - ter, Back
I know now what I was af - ter, Back
Majestically
L.H.
rit.
there when the way seemed long: All I need - ed to find was
there when the way seemed long: All I need - ed to find was


poco rit.
laugh - ter, And a glo-rious burst of song! I
poco rit.
poco rit.
laugh - ter, And a glo-rious burst of song! I
poco rit.
poco rit.
With even greater majesty
ff
know now what I was af - ter, Back there when the way seemed
ff
ff
know now what I was af - ter, Back there when the way seemed
ff
With even greater majesty
ff
ff


long:
need-ed to find was laugh-ter, And a
long:
All I need-ed to find was laugh-ter, And a
grandioso
ten.
sempre ff al fine
glo-rious burst of song.
8va
fff

Program Note

Spencer Magruder, gifted young poet, was strangely alone in the world, seeking few contacts, living very simply, hoping to achieve recognition as a writer.

I had set several of his lyrics and was interested in his development: knowing this he was likely to show me his new work.

At thirty-five, in the summer of 1918, he enlisted, and went at once to France to join the Expeditionary Forces.

In Autumn, while in the trenches, he scribbled the *Immortalis* verses and sent them to me without comment.

Magruder fell in action only a week or two before the Armistice, and 'twas about this time I received the verses. These I put away with other papers, and did not find them again for some fourteen years.

In the light of perspective, and knowing Magruder's sensitive, brooding nature, I am convinced he had a strong and definite premonition of death, as he wrote these lines; but what a vision, what faith, what brotherhood!

And how he loved music, its uplift, its inspiration . . . its "glorious burst of song!"

And so, after all these years, I decided to give his poignant lines a musical setting, just as I know he would have wished.

Boston, Massachusetts, 1935. Samuel Richards Gaines

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7552	.15	J. S. Bach	We Hasten to Ask for Thine Aid	T.B.
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