Charles Griffes Roman Sketches The White Peacock Op. 7, No. 1

... Here where the sunlight floodeth the garden, where the pomegranite reareth its glory of gorgeous blossom; where the oleanders dream through the noontides ... Where the heat lies pale blue in the hollows, ... Here where the dream-flowers, the cream-white poppies, silently waver ... here is the breath, as the soul f this beauty moveth in silence, and dreamlike, and slowly, white as a snowdrift in mountain valleys when softly upon it the gold light lingers: ... moves the white peacock, as tho' through the noontide a dream of the moonlight were real for a moment. Dim on the beautiful fan that he spreadeth, ... dim on the cream-white are blue adumbrations, ... pale, pale as the breath of blue smoke in far woodlands, here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty, moves the White Peacock ... William Sharp Sospiri di Roma















Nightfall (Al far della notte) Op. 7, No. 2

The long day is over. Dusk, and silence now: and night, that is dew on the flower of the world.

-- William Sharp, Sospiri di Roma

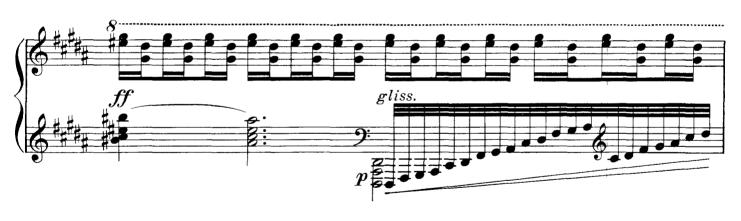






















The Fountain Of The Acqua Paola

Op. 7, No. 3

Shimmering lights, as though the Aurora's wild polar fires flashed in the happy bubbles, died in thy foam.

-- William Sharp, Sospiri di Roma



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Clouds Op. 7, No. 4

Mountainous glories, they move superbly; crumbling so slowly, that none perceives when the golden domes are sunk in the valleys of fathomless snows. -- William Sharp, Sospiri di Roma Tranquillo (= 60)







