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JULIANA HALL

THE HOLY SONNETS OF JOHN DONNE

9 Songs for Tenor and Piano

on Sonnets by
John Donne

*The Holy Sonnets of John Donne was commissioned by tenor Joel Burcham,
who along with pianist Elizabeth Avery premiered the song cycle in
Pitman Recital Hall of the Catlett Music Center at the
University of Oklahoma School of Music in Norman, Oklahoma
on Saturday, November 15, 2014.*

Cover design by David Sims.

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I. OH MY BLACKE SOULE! 4

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
 Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

II. BATTER MY HEART 16

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, 'and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to 'another due,
 Labour to 'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearely' I love you, 'and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye:
 Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you 'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

III. O MIGHT THOSE SIGHES AND TEARES 27

O might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV. OH, TO VEX ME 37

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit; that when I would not
 I change in vowes, and in devotione.
 As humorous is my contritione
 As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

V. WHAT IF THIS PRESENT..... 46

What if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my idolatrye
 I said to all my profane mistresses,
 Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

VI. SINCE SHE WHOM I LOV'D53

Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine:
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels, things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

VIII. THOU HAST MADE ME67

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

VII. AT THE ROUND EARTHS IMAGIN'D CORNERS 59

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

IX. DEATH BE NOT PROUD..... 73

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
 And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

In loving memory of my brother, Harold Michael Hall

The Holy Sonnets of John Donne

for Tenor and Piano

I. Oh my blacke Soule!

John Donne

Juliana Hall
(b. 1958)

Passionately (♩ = 104)

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7 *mf*

now thou art

Ped. * *Ped.* *

9 *Poco Rit.* ♩ = 80 *mp*

sum - moned By

Poco Rit. ♩ = 80 *mp*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

11

sick - nesse,

Ped. *

II. Batter my heart

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Imploringly (♩ = 116–120)

mp

4 *f* Bat - ter my

loco

f 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

7 heart,

ff 3 3

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9 *f*

three per - son'd God;

mf

12 *mp*

for, you As yet but

p

15 *pp* *p*

knocke, breathe, shine,

pp *p*

5/4

III. O might those sighes and teares

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Remorsefully (♩ = 120)

mp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped. simile*

5 *mp*

9

might those sighes and teares re - turne a -

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13

gaine In - to my breast and

17

eyes, which I have spent,

21

mp

That I might in this

p

IV. Oh, to vex me

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Perplexed (♩ = 116)

8^{va}-----

p *p* *p* *mf*

7 *f*

Oh, to vex me,

(8)

mp *mf* *f*

8^{vb}-----

12 *f*

con - trar - yes meet in one:

(8)

f *ff*

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17 *p* *p*

In - con-stanty un - nat-u-ral-ly hath be - gott

22 *mf* *p*

A con - stant hab - it; that

mp *mf* *pp*

8^{va}
8^{vb}

26 *mp*

when I would not I change in voves,

(8)

mp

(8^{vb})

V. What if this present

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Thoughtfully (♩ = 63)

7 *p*

What if this pres - ent were the worlds last night?

12

Marke in my heart, O Soule,

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17 *mp*

where thou dost dwell, — The pic - ture of

21 *mf* *p*

Christ cru - ci - fied, — and tell

26

Wheth - er that coun - te - nance can thee af - fright, —

VI. Since she whom I lov'd

John Donne

Juliana Hall
(b. 1958)

Tenderly (♩ = 52)

p

Since

5

she whom I lov'd_ hath payd her last debt_ To Na- ture,

11

and to hers, and my good is dead, And her

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15 *mp*
Soule— ear-ly in - to heav - en rav-ished, Whol-ly on

19 *mp*
heav-en - ly things my mind— is sett. Here the ad - myr - ing

22 *mp*
her my mind did whett To seeke thee God;

p

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VII. At the round earths imagin'd corners

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Majestically (♩ = 84)

8va

f

mf

4

f

At the round earths

mf

ff

f

8va

7

mf

im - ag - in'd cor - ners, blow Your trum - pets,

mf

8va

8vb

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10 *f* *p* *mp*

An - gels, — and a - rise, — a - rise —

f *p* *mp*

13 *p* *pp*

From death, — you num - ber - lesse in -

p *pp*

16

fin - i - ties — Of soules, —

f *p* *mp*

VIII. Thou hast made me

John Donne

Juliana Hall

(b. 1958)

Marcato (♩ = 58)

5 *mf* *mf*
Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?

9 *mp* *p*
Re-paire me now, for now mine end doth

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13 *p* *mp*

haste, I runne_ to death, and

17

death meets_ me_ as fast, And all my pleas - ures are like

21 *p*

yes - ter-day; I dare not move my dimme eyes an-y way,

IX. Death be not proud

John Donne

Juliana Hall
(b. 1958)

With Solemnity (♩ = 56)

5 *mp* Death be not proud, though *mp*

8 *f* some have called thee Might - y and dread - ful, *mf*

8^{vb}

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11 *mp* *p*

for, thou art not soe,

p

14 *mp*

For, those, whom thou think - 'st

17 *mp* *mf*

thou dost o - ver - throw, Die — not,

mp *mf*