

Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke,  
in the translation by J. B. Leishman.

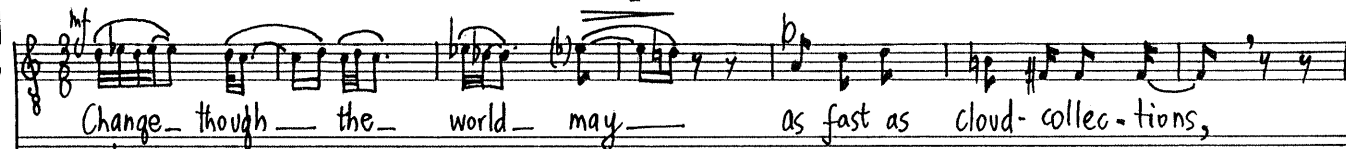
# five sonnets: to Orpheus

Colin Matthews

*Dedamato* (♩ = ca. 96)

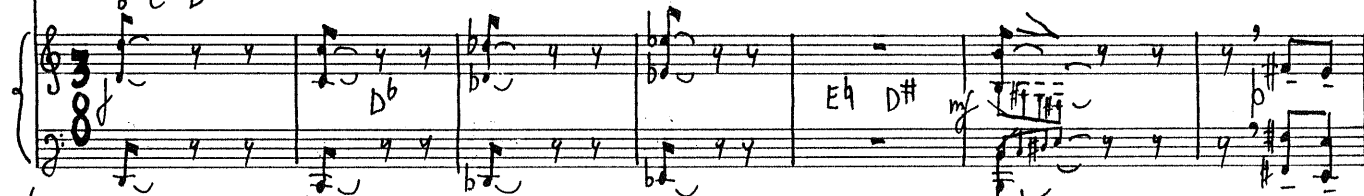
No 1

Voice



E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>#</sup> G A<sup>#</sup>  
B C D

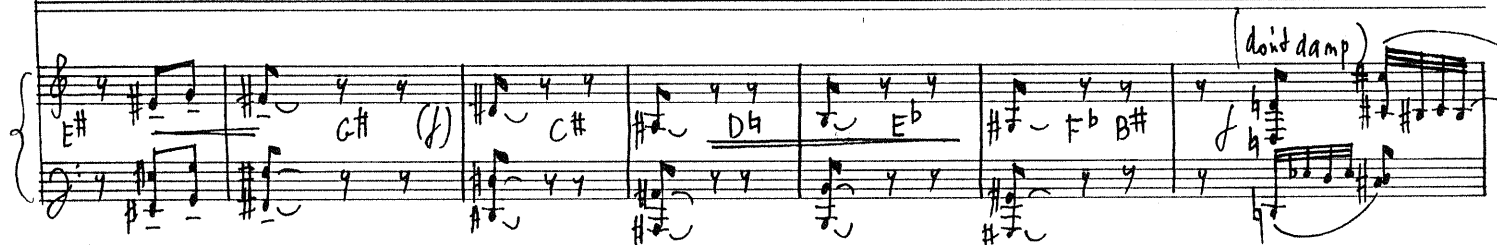
Harp



(Tune lowest string to C<sup>#</sup>)

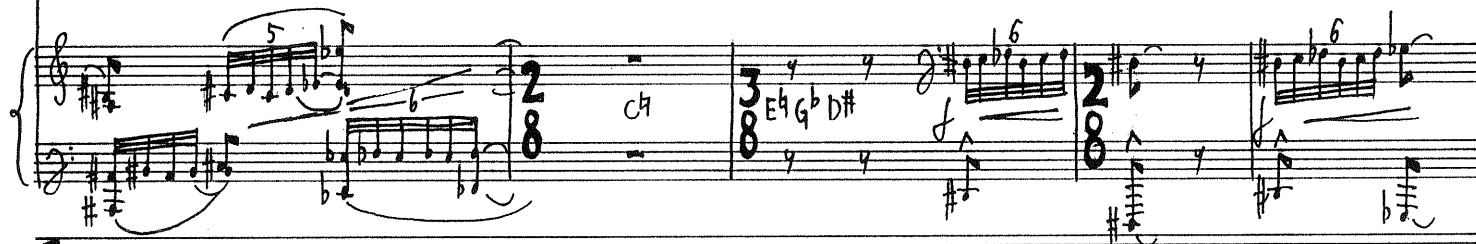
(mf)

home — to the changeless — at — last fall all per — fections. —



mf

O — ver the thrust and the throng, freer — and



Have we, men, ne-ver been a-ble, we sha-dows

and shades, with our do-ing that ri-pens too ear-ly

and then as sud-den-ly fades, to dis-turb that

e-ven tempered sum-mer's re-pose?

Retune low D#-4

Part II, Sonnet xvii

*pp simply*

To all that would soar—

our selves are the grand aggra-va-tion

we lay on them all we en-counter, proud of their weight;

what ter - ri - fy - ing tea - chers

we are for that

part of cre-a-tion

which loves its e-ter-na-lly childish state.