Dover Beach, 1867

Alan Stringer

Matthew Arnold

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Matthew Arnold

Soprano

The sea is calm to-night

Piano

The
tide is full. The moon lies far up on the straits.

On the French coast the light gleams

and is gone.
The cliffs of England stand glimmering and vast

out on the tranquil bay.

Come to the window. sweet is the night air.
only, from the long line of spray where the sea meets

the moon-blanch ed sand. Listen.

you hear the grating
roar of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling, at their return, up the high strand. Begin, and cease:
and then again begin, with tremulous cadence slow

and bring the eternal note of sadness

in. So-phoc-les, long a-go.
heard it on the Ae-gae-an, and it brought into his mind the turbid
ebb and flow of human misery: we find also
in the sound a thought.
hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith was once, too.

at the full, and round earth's shore lay like the
folds of a bright girtle furled: but

now I only hear its melancholy roar,

re-treating.

...
breath of the night wind, down the vast edges

drear and naked shingles

of the world.
Ah. love, let us be true.

true to one another! for the world, which seems to

lie before us, ah. like a land of dreams, so various.
so beautiful, so new, hath really

neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor

certainty, nor peace, nor help for
s

Pno.

and we are here as on a dark-ling plain,

swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight.
where ignorant armies, ignorant armies clash by night.

Ah, love.
let us be true, true to one another, Ah, love!

Ah, love!