

MARIONA VILA

ALONE

**VOICE AND PIANO
(MEDIUM)**

ALONE

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were; I have not seen
As others saw; I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone.

Then- in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life- was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still:

From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold,

From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by,
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.

ALONE

Music: Mariona Vila
Poem by Edgar Alan Poe

♩ = 58

Voice

From child - hood's hour I

p legatissimo

Piano

5

have not been As o - thers were; I

9

have not seen as o - thers saw; I

11

could not bring. My pas - sions

13

from a com mon spring.
molto rit....

molto rit....

16 **A TEMPO**

com - mon spring. From the same source I've not ta - ken
pp mp

pp mp

19

My sor - row; I could not
cresc...

cresc...

20

a - wa - - - - - ken.
cresc...

r.h. l.h.

22

My heart to joy at the same tone; and all I loved, I loved alone

mf *molto rit i dim.....* *p*

26

A TEMPO

I loved a-lone Then in

p ad libitum

29

my child-hood in the

32

dawn. of a

loco

34

most stor - my life was drawn From

36

e - very depth of good and ill

38

The mys - te - ry which binds

40

me still: molto rit....

molto rit....

42

A TEMPO

binds me still: *pp* From *mp* the tor - rent, or the foun - tain,

45

from the red cliff *cresc...* of the moun - -

47

tain, *mf* from the sun that round me *molto rit i dim.....*

50

rolled In its autumn tint of gold *p*

52 , A TEMPO

tint of gold From the

p *mp*

ad libitum

55

light - - - ning the light-ning

57

in the sky the

pp

59

sky as it pas - sed me

61

fly - ing by from the thun - der

63

and the storm.

8^{va}

64

And the cloud that took the

molto rit i dim.....

66

form. (when the rest of Heaven was blue) of a de - mon

pp

pp

$\text{♩} = 48$

69 **A TEMPO**

in my wiew. De-mon. A de - - - mon

mf poco accell.....

poco accell.....

mp

f

8va