

MARTIN ROMBERG

# POEMATA MINORA

CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND STRING ORCHESTRA

2015

FULL SCORE



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INSTRUMENTATION:

SOLO VIOLIN

STRINGS

TOTAL DURATION: 23 MIN CA.

## INTRODUCTION

H. P. Lovecraft's collection of childhood poems *Poemata Minora* from 1905 (written when the author was only 11 years old), was dedicated "affectionately" to the "Gods, Heros & ideals of the ancients, by a great admirer."

The poems promote two main artistic principles, namely, a young mans burning passion for classical language, syntax and form, and his strange and unexplainable romantic yearning for the glory and mysteries of the ancient, archaic past. In other words, a literary background that translates perfectly into classical music.

*Poemata Minora, concerto for solo violin and string orchestra*, was written on commission by the Vestfold International Festival and premiered by Catharina Chen and Telemark Chambre Orchestra at Støperiet in Tønsberg, June 2015.

France, December 20, 2017

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Martin Ravel". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

## POEMATATA MINORA, VOLUME II

By H. P. Lovecraft

### *Ode to Selene or Diana*

Immortal Moon, in maiden splendour shine.  
Dispense thy beams, divine *Latona's* child.  
Thy silver rays all grosser things define,  
And hide harsh truth in sweet illusion mild.

In thy soft light, the city of unrest  
That stands so squalid in thy brother's glare  
Throws off its habit, and in silence blest  
Becomes a vision, sparkling bright and fair.

The modern world, with all its care & pain,  
The smoky streets, the hideous clanging mills,  
Face 'neath thy beams, *Selene*, and again  
We dream like shepherds on *Chaldea's* hills.

Take heed, *Diana*, of my humble plea.  
Convey me where my happiness may last.  
Draw me against the tide of time's rough sea  
And let my sprit rest amid the past.

### *To the Old Pagan Religion*

Olympian gods! How can I let ye go  
And pin my faith to this new *Christian* creed?  
Can I resign the deities I know  
For him who on a cross for man did bleed?

How in my weakness can my hopes depend  
On one lone God, though mighty be his pow'r?  
Why can *Jove's* host no more assistance lend,  
To soothe my pain, and cheer my troubled hour?

Are there no Dryads on these wooded mounts  
O'er which I oft in desolation roam?  
Are there no Naiads in these crystal fountains?  
Nor Nereids upon the Ocean foam?

Fast spreads the new; the older faith declines.  
The name of *Christ* resounds upon the air.  
But my wrack'd soul in solitude repines  
And gives the Gods their last-received pray'r.

### *On the Ruin of Rome*

Low dost thou lie, O *Rome*, neath the foot of the *Teuton*  
Slaves are thy men, and bent to the will of thy conqueror:  
Wither hath gone, great city, the race that gave law to all nations,  
Subdu'd the east and the west, and made them bow down to thy consuls.  
Knew not defeat, but gave it to all who attack'd thee?

Dead! and replac'd by these wretches who cower in confusion  
Dead! They who gave us this empire to guard and to live in  
*Rome*, thou didst fall from thy pow'r with the proud race that made thee,  
And we, base *Italians*, enjoy'd what we could not have builded.

### *To Pan*

Seated in a woodland glen  
By a shallow reedy stream  
Once I fell a-musing, when  
I was lull'd into a dream.

From the brook a shape arose  
Half a man and half a goat.  
Hoofs it had instead of toes  
And a beard adorn'd its throat

On a set of rustic reeds  
Sweetly play'd this hybrid man  
Naught car'd I for earthly needs,  
For I knew that this was *Pan*

Nymphs & Satyrs gather'd 'round  
To enjoy the lively sound.

All to soon I woke in pain  
And return'd to haunts of men.  
But in rural vales I'd fain  
Live and hear *Pan's* pipes again.

### *On the Vanity of Human Ambition*

*Apollo*, chasing *Daphne*, gain'd his prize  
But lo! she turn'd to wood before his eyes.  
More modern swains at golden prizes aim,  
And ever strive some worldly thing to claim.  
Yet 'tis the same as in *Apollo's* case,

For, once attain'd, the purest gold seems base.  
All that men seek 's unworthy of the quest,  
Yet seek they will, and never pause for rest.  
True bliss, methinks, a man can only find  
In virtuous life, & cultivated mind.

# POEMATATA MINORA

Concerto pour violon et orchestre de cordes d'après les poèmes de H. P. Lovecraft  
*concerto for violin and string orchestra after the poems by H. P. Lovecraft*

Durée totale  
Total duration: 22.00 mn. env.

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## I. Ode to Selene or Diana

Martin ROMBERG

Misterioso  $\text{♩} = 70$

Violin solo

Violin I  
con sord.  
pp  
div. con sord. etc.

Violin II  
pp  
div. con sord. etc.

Viola  
pp  
div. con sord. etc. unis.

Violoncello

Double Bass

8

Vln. solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.  
con sord.

Vc.  
pp

Db.

unis.

**A**

16 *pp* *loco*

Vln. solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

**B**

23 *pp* *loco*

Vln. solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

con sord.

*pp*

29 *pp subito* *pp*

Vln. solo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*pp subito*

*pp*

*pp subito*

*pp subito*

*pp subito*

*pp subito*

*pp*

*pp subito*

*pp*

*pp subito*

*pp*