

1859

Rome! Thou Art No More!

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Recommended Citation

Rome! Thou Art No More!, "Rome! Thou Art No More!" (1859). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 59.
<http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/shower/59>

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ROME! THOU ART NO MORE!

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

Amoroso.

Dolce.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Rome, Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been! On thy seven hills of yore Thou sat'st a Queen.

Rome, Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been! On thy seven hills of yore Thou sat'st a Queen.

Thou had'st thy triumphs then, Purpling the street, Princes and sceptered men Bowed at thy feet.

Thou had'st thy triumphs then, Purpling the street, Princes and sceptered men Bowed at thy feet.

Detailed description: The page contains a musical score for the song 'Rome! Thou Art No More!'. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Amoroso' and 'Dolce'. The introduction features a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The piano part includes several 'Ped.' (pedal) markings. Following the introduction are two vocal staves, each with a treble clef and lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Rome, Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been! On thy seven hills of yore Thou sat'st a Queen.' This is followed by two piano accompaniment staves, each with a treble and bass clef, providing a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal lines. The final two staves are another vocal line and its piano accompaniment, with lyrics: 'Thou had'st thy triumphs then, Purpling the street, Princes and sceptered men Bowed at thy feet.'

Rome, Rome! thou art no more As thou hast been! No, no, no more as thou hast been!

Ritard.

Ritard.

Dolce.
Ped.

2
 Rome! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise:
 What hast thou left thee now?—
 Thou hast thy skies!
 Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright!
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With colored light.
 Rome, Rome, &c.

3
 Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress bough,
 Temple and tower!
 And all sweet sounds are thine,
 Lovely to hear,
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
 Rests darkly clear.
 Rome, Rome, &c.

4
 Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung,
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.
 Many a flute's low swell,
 On thy soft air
 Lingers, and loves to dwell
 With summer there.
 Rome, Rome, &c.

5
 Thou hast fair forms that move
 With queenly tread;
 Thou hast proud fanes above
 Thy mighty dead.
 Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
 A mournful mien:
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!
 Rome, Rome, &c.