CHRISTINA ROSETTI

GOBLIN MARKET

Twelve Songs for mezzo-soprano and piano

John Webber

WEBBER
0601

WEBBER MUSIC - KALAMAZOO - MICHIGAN

CHRISTINA ROSETTI 1830-1894

GOBLIN MARKET

12 Songs for Mezzo and Piano

I MORNING AND EVENING
MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes:

II CROUCHING CLOSE TOGETHER
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger-tips.
"Lie close," Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
"O! cried Lizzie, Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men."
Lizzie covered up her eyes
Covered close lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.

III LAURA STRECHED
HER GLEAMING NECK
Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

IV YOU HAVE MUCH GOLD
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answered altogether:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
She sucked and sucked and
sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore,
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away,

V LIZZIE MET HER AT THE GATE
Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.

VI FRESH ON THEIR MOTHER TWIGS
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
hat melons, icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead

VII GOLDEN HEAD BY GOLDEN HEAD
Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

VIII EARLY IN THE MORNING
Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere
bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

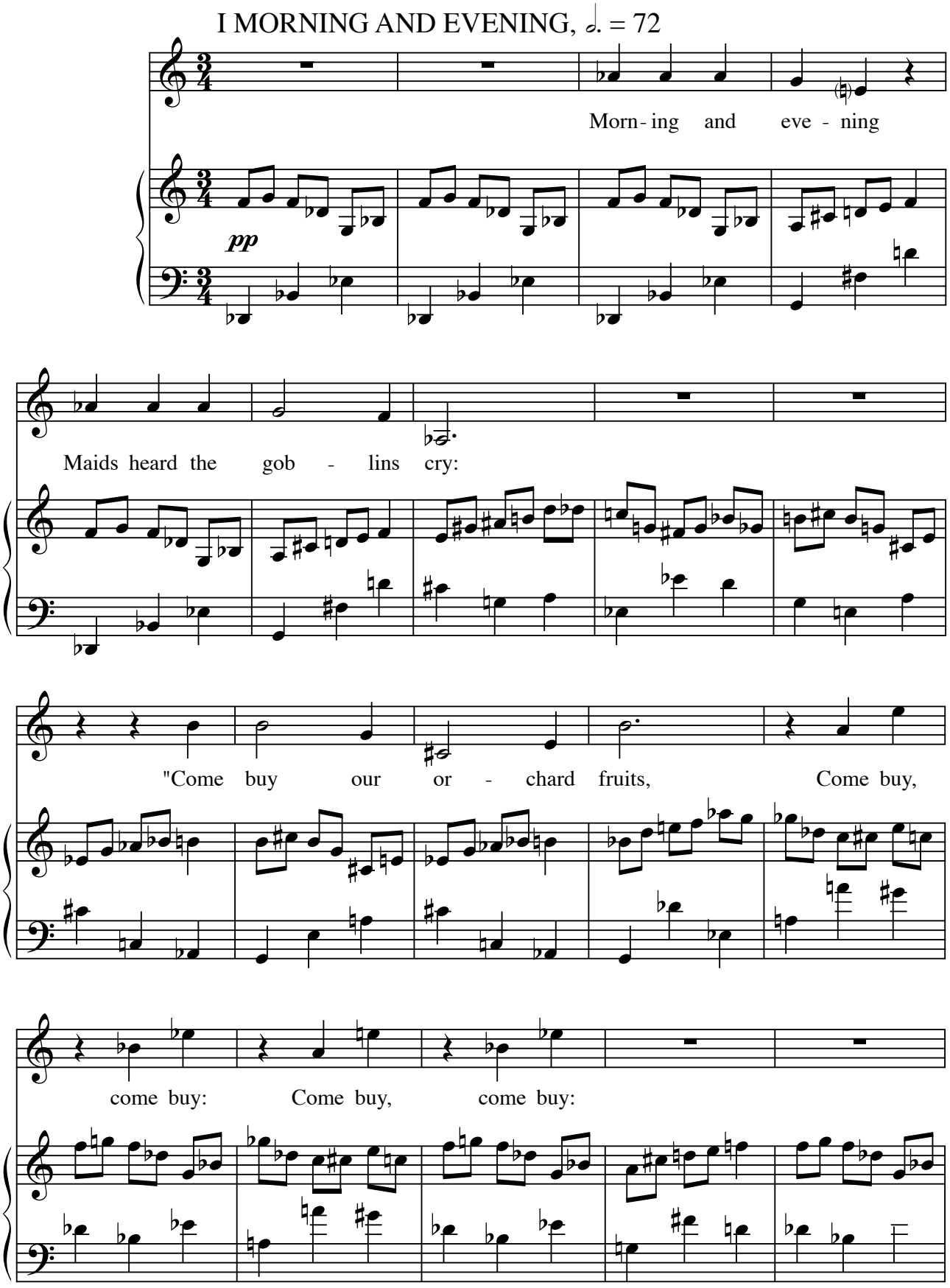
IX LIZZIE MOST PLACID
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come,
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain,
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."

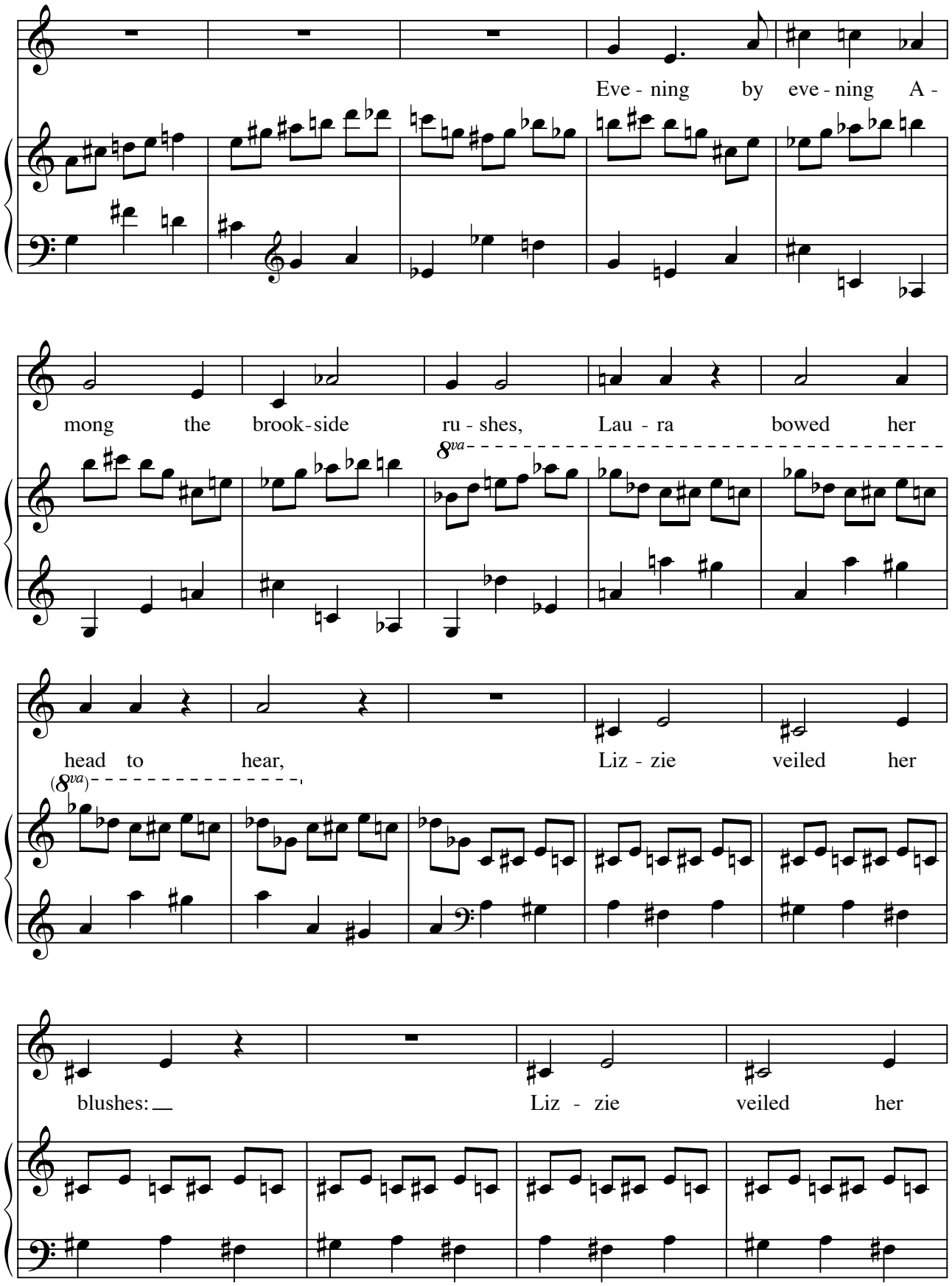
X HER HAIR GREW THIN AND GRAY
Her hair grew thin and gray;
She dwindled, as the fair full
moon doth turn
To swift decay, and burn
Her fire away.
She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

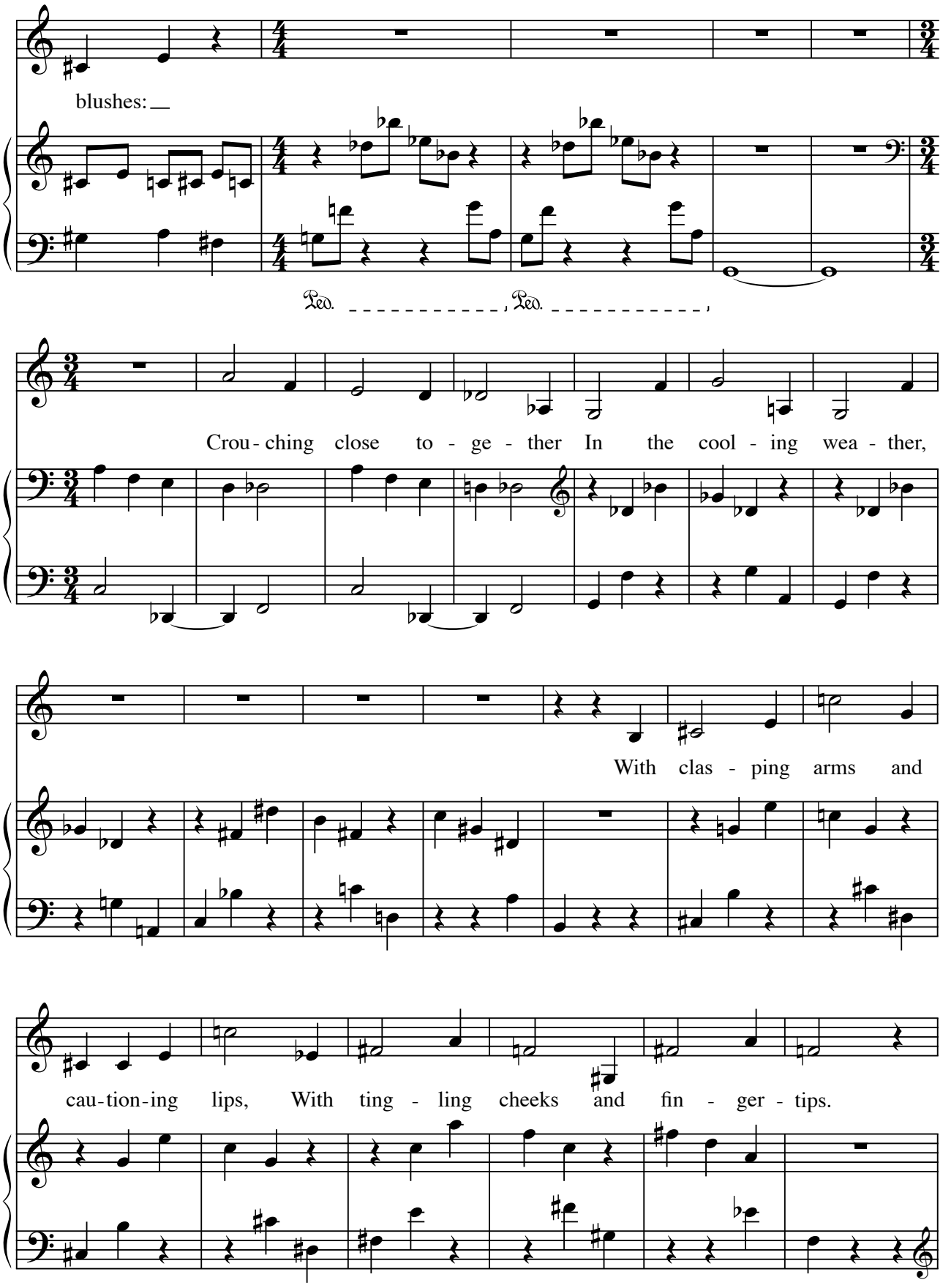
XI TENDER LIZZIE
COULD NOT BEAR
Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy."
Till Laura, dwindling,
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse,
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath
with clumps of furze

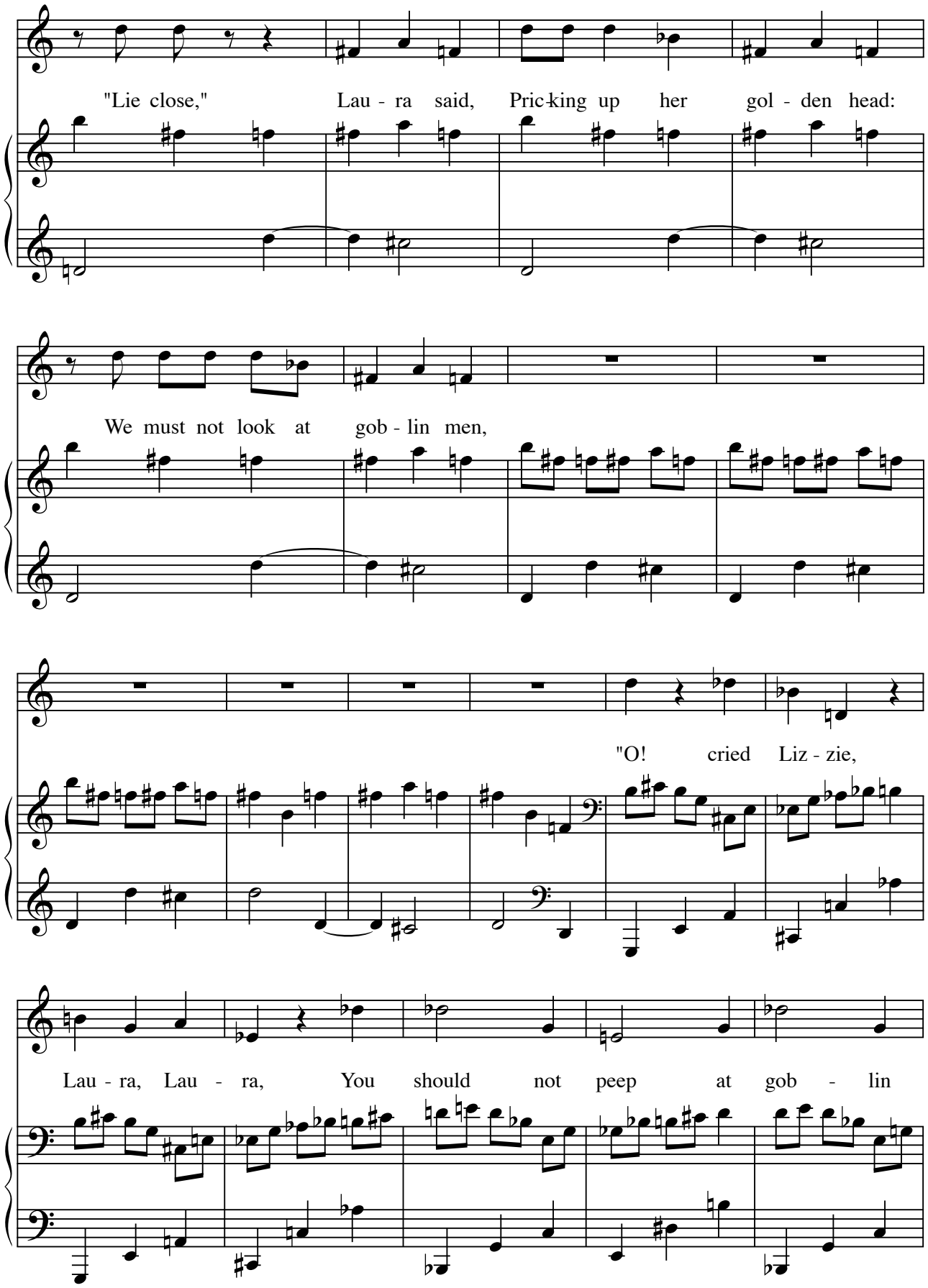
XII SHE CRIED "LAURA"
UP THE GARDEN
She cried "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

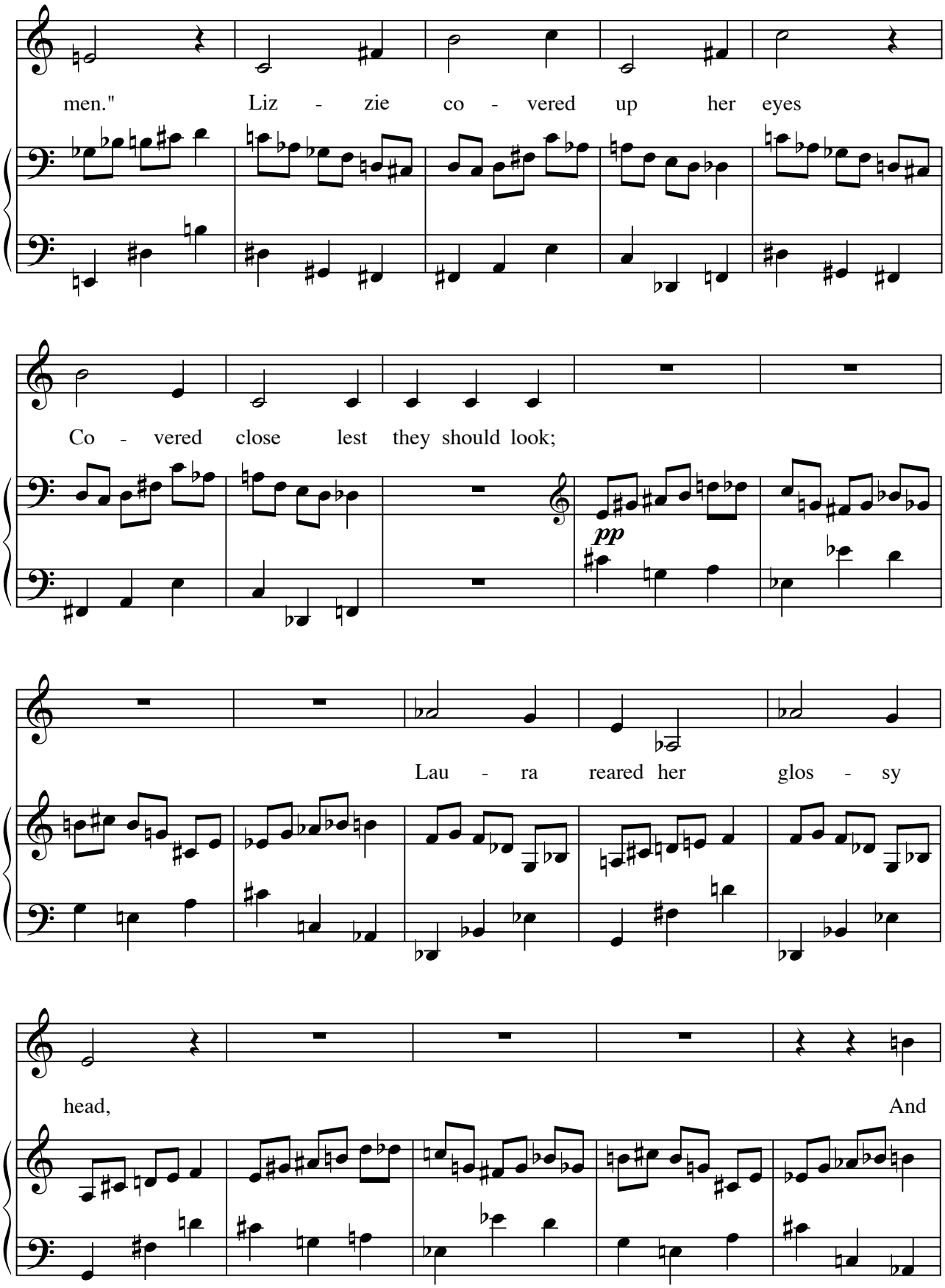
XIII BOWED IN THE
MORNING WINDS
Bowed in the morning winds so
brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed
not one thread of gray,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

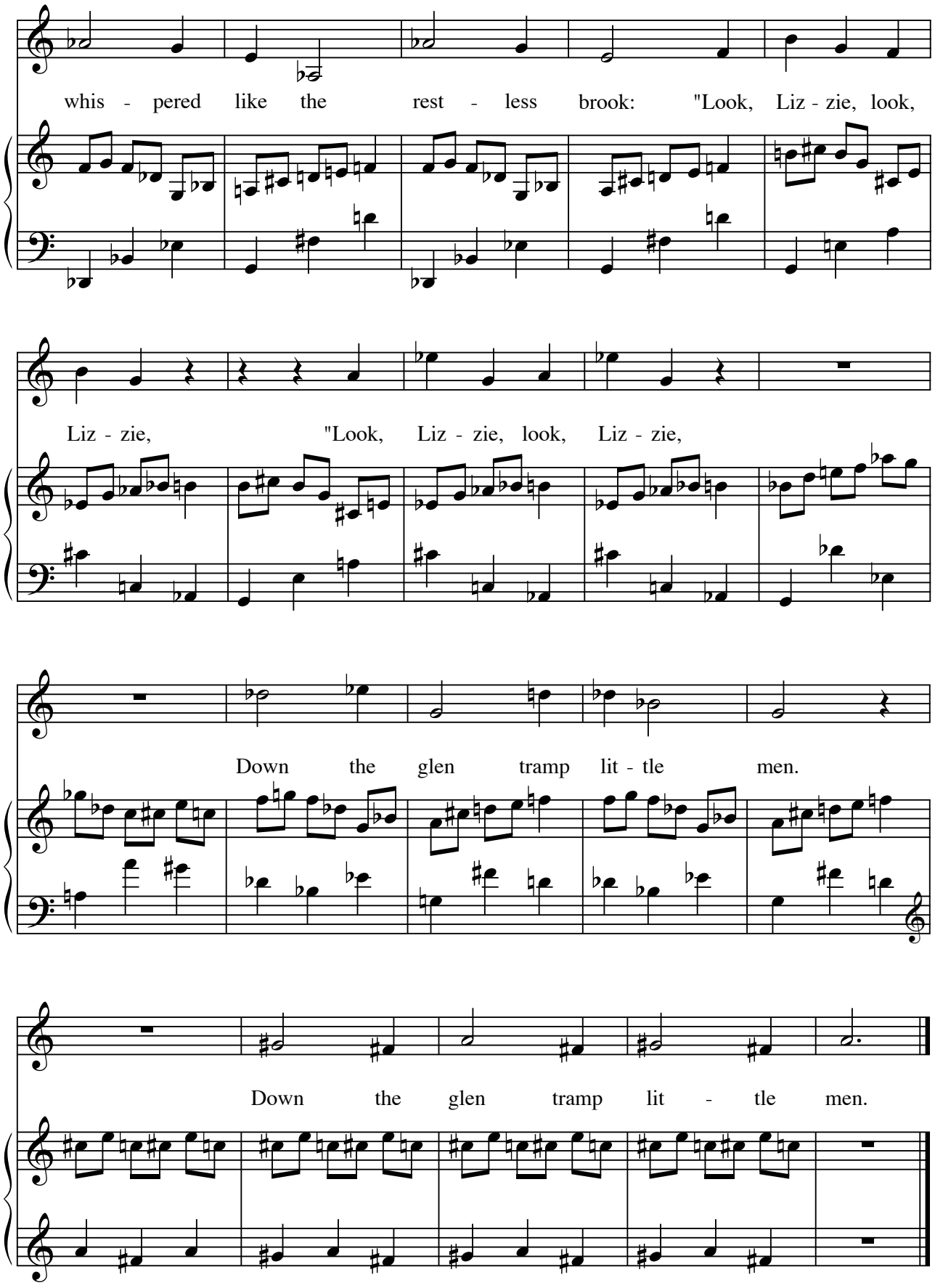

I MORNING AND EVENING, ♩. = 72
Morn - ing and eve - ning
pp
Maids heard the gob - lins cry:
"Come buy our or - chard fruits, Come buy,
come buy: Come buy, come buy:

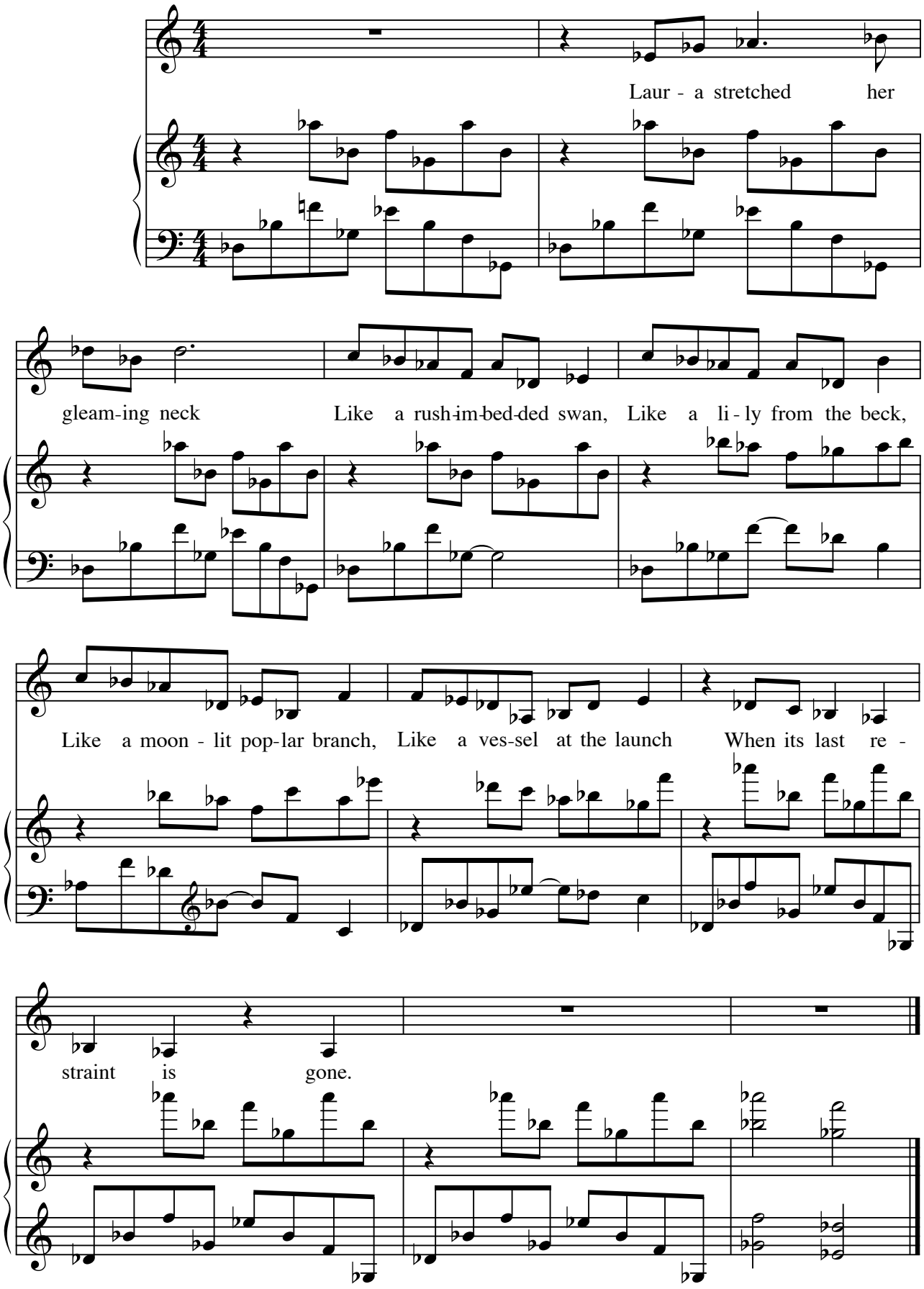

Eve - ning by eve - ning A -
mong the brook - side ru - shes, Lau - ra bowed her
8va
head to hear, Liz - zie veiled her
(8va)
blushes: Liz - zie veiled her


blushes:
Ped.
Ped.
Crou - ching close to - ge - ther In the cool - ing wea - ther,
With clas - ping arms and
cau - tion - ing lips, With ting - ling cheeks and fin - ger - tips.

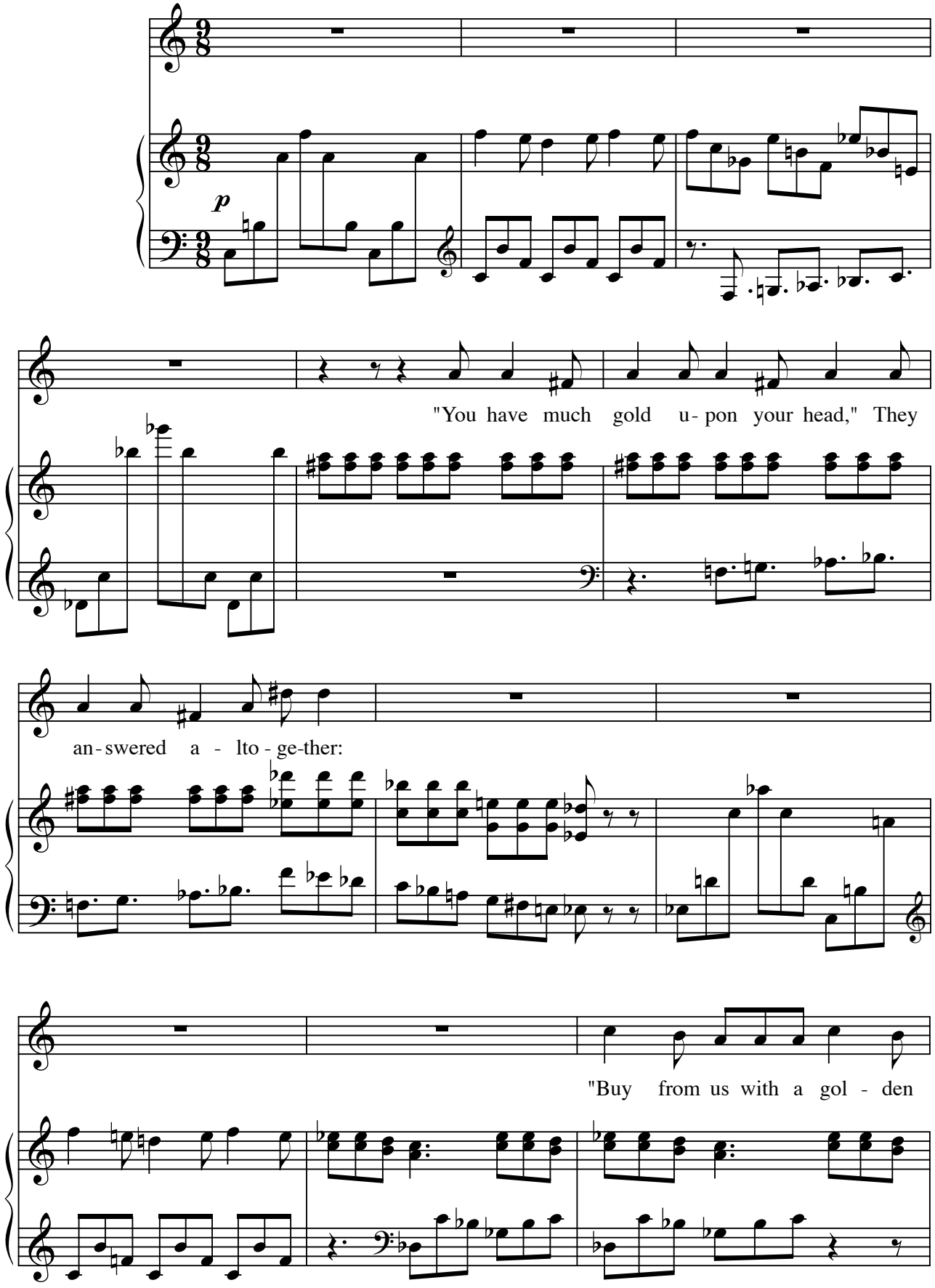

"Lie close," Lau - ra said, Pric-king up her gol - den head:
We must not look at gob - lin men,
"O! cried Liz - zie,
Lau - ra, Lau - ra, You should not peep at gob - lin

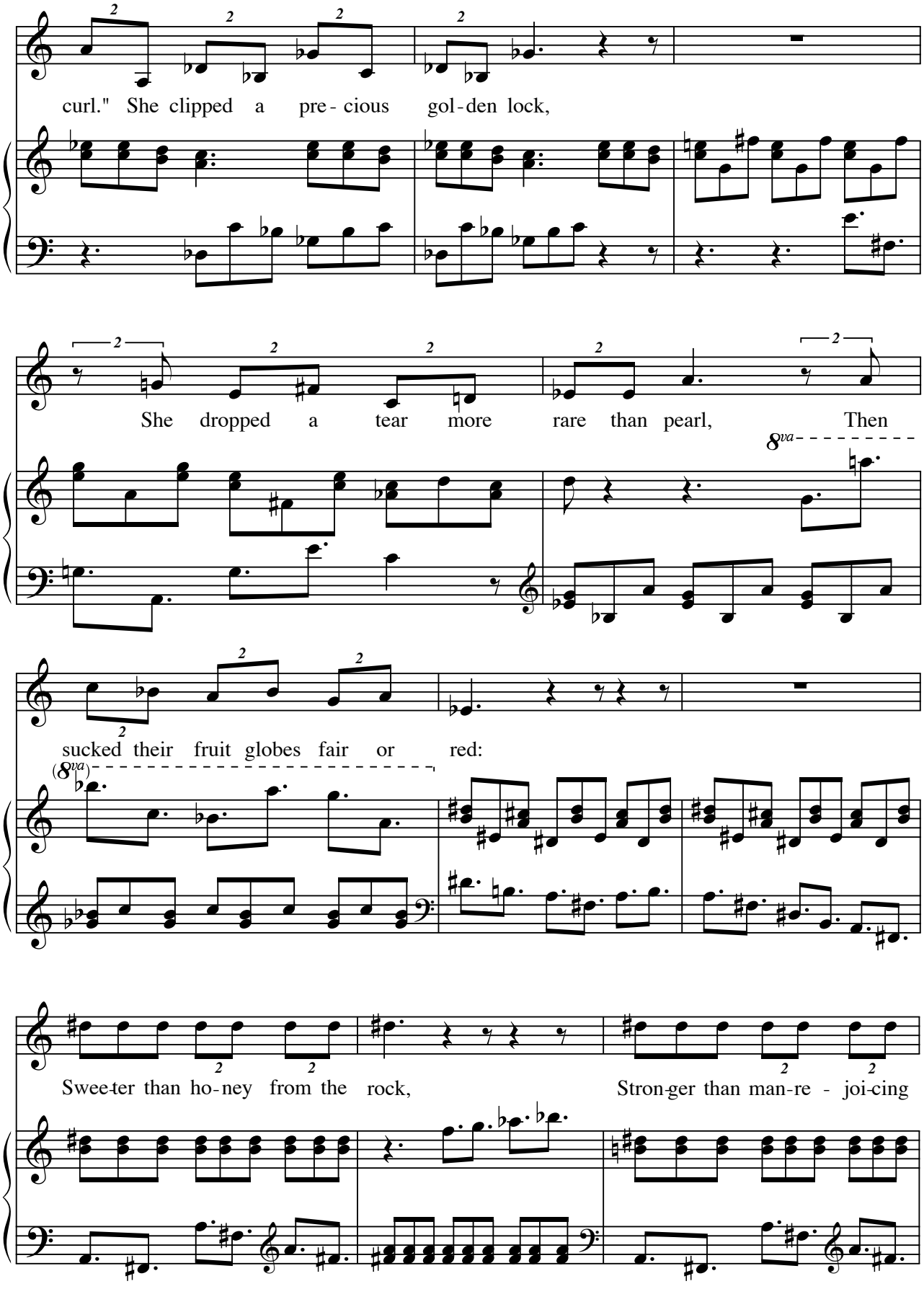

men." Liz - zie co - vered up her eyes
Co - vered close lest they should look;
pp
Lau - ra reared her glos - sy
head, And

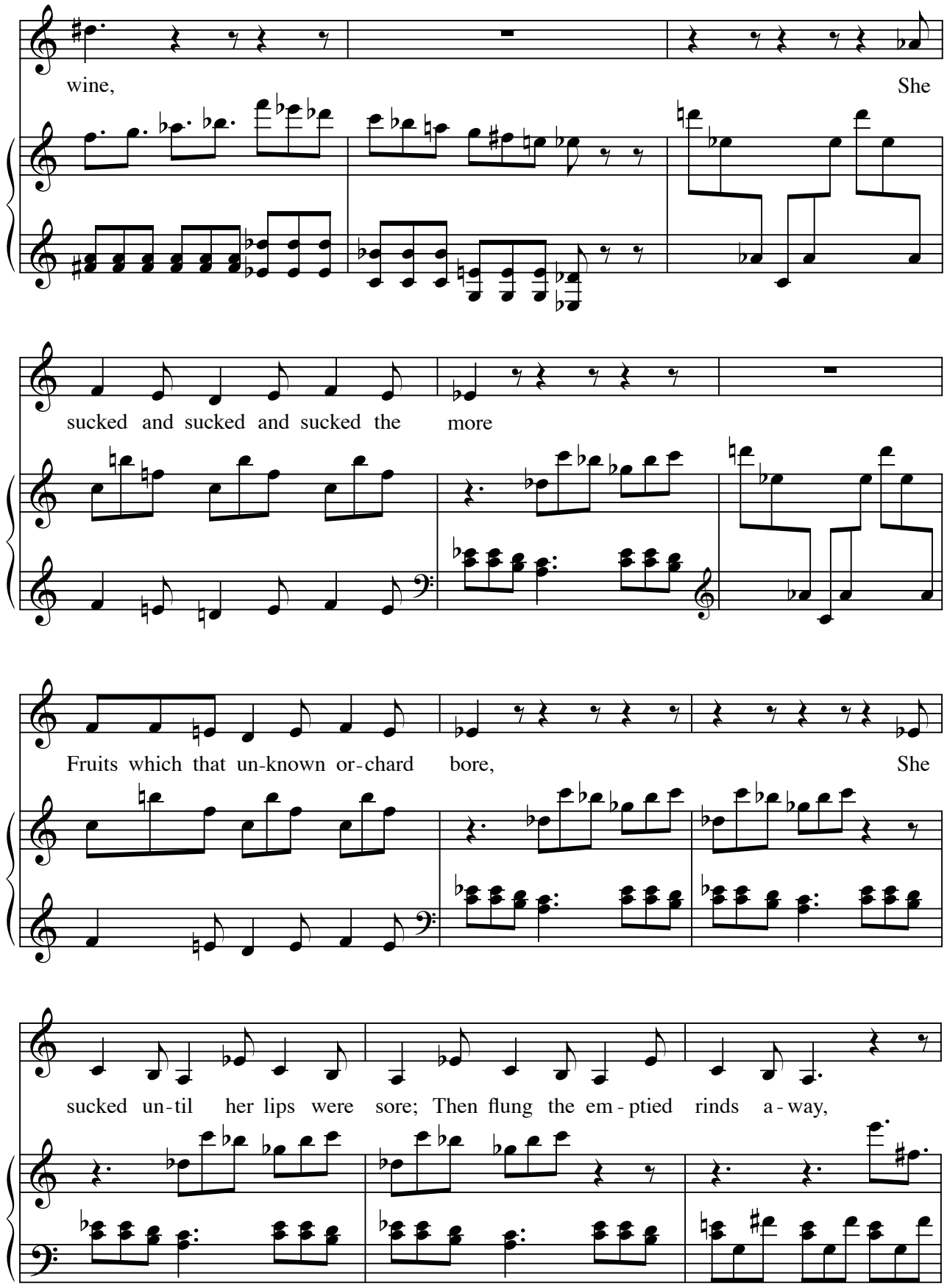

whis - pered like the rest - less brook: "Look, Liz - zie, look,
Liz - zie, "Look, Liz - zie, look, Liz - zie,
Down the glen tramp lit - tle men.
Down the glen tramp lit - tle men.

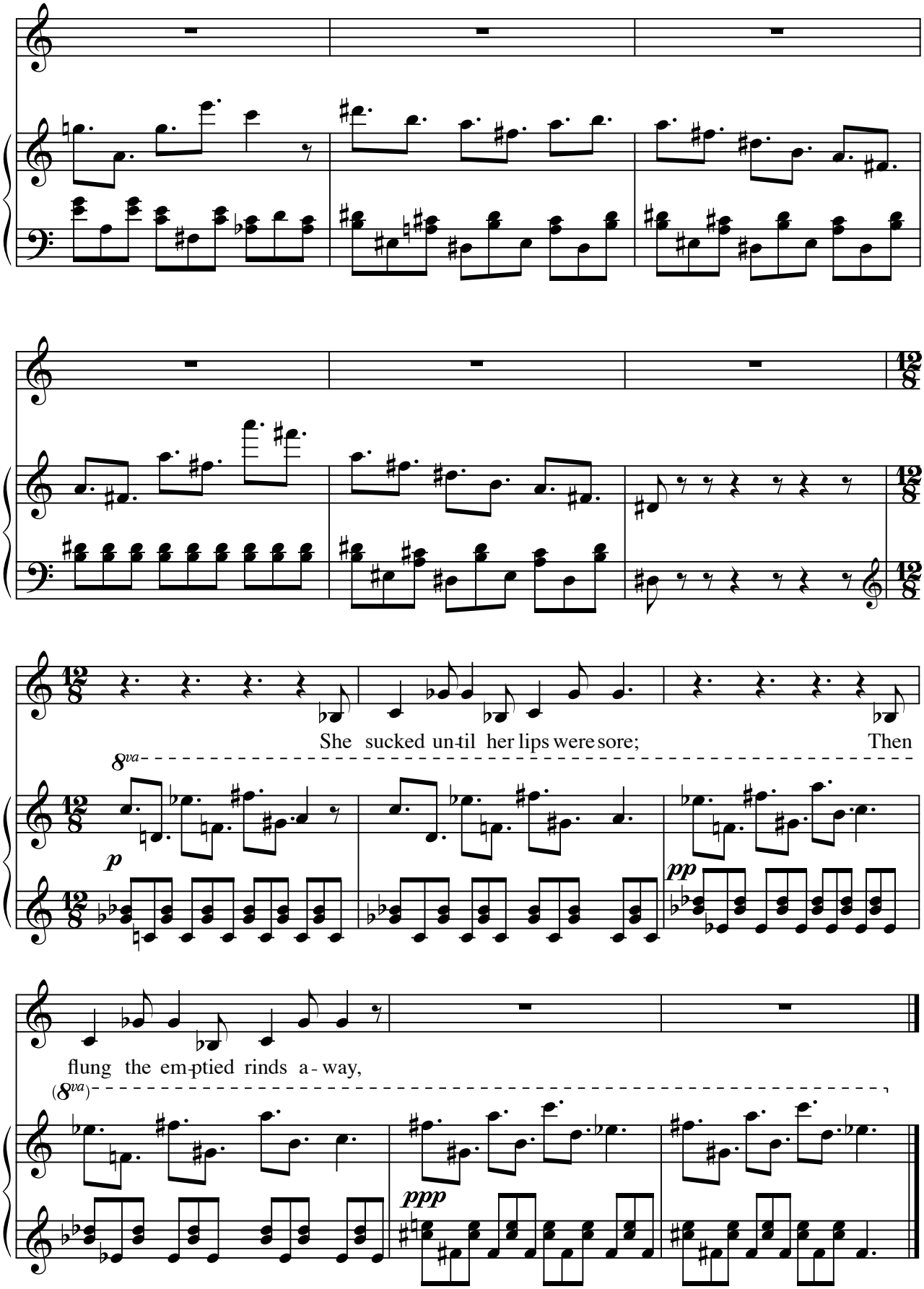

Laur - a stretched her
gleam-ing neck Like a rush-im-bed-ded swan, Like a li - ly from the beck,
Like a moon - lit pop-lar branch, Like a ves-sel at the launch When its last re -
straint is gone.

III YOU HAVE MUCH GOLD, ♩ = 180

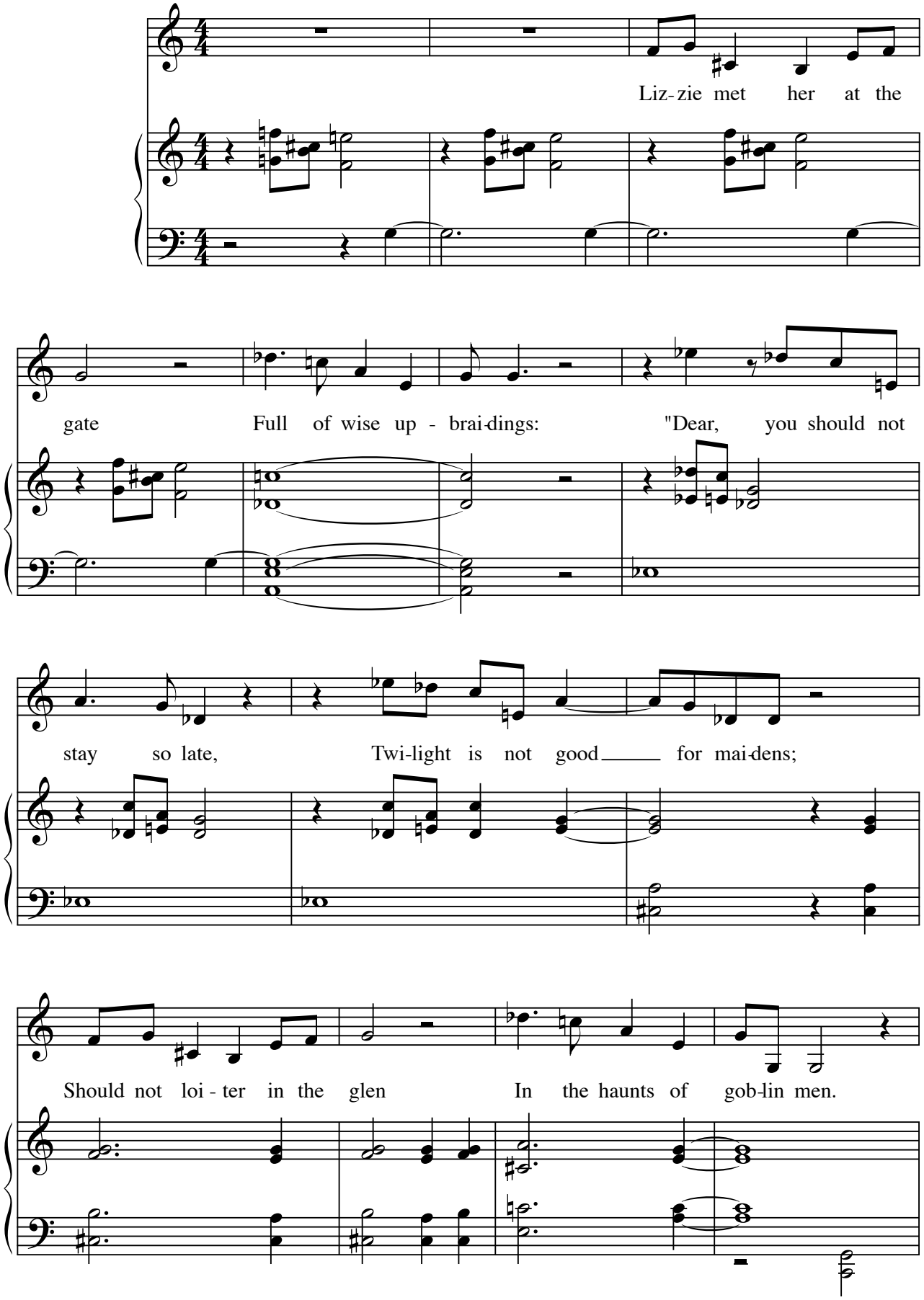


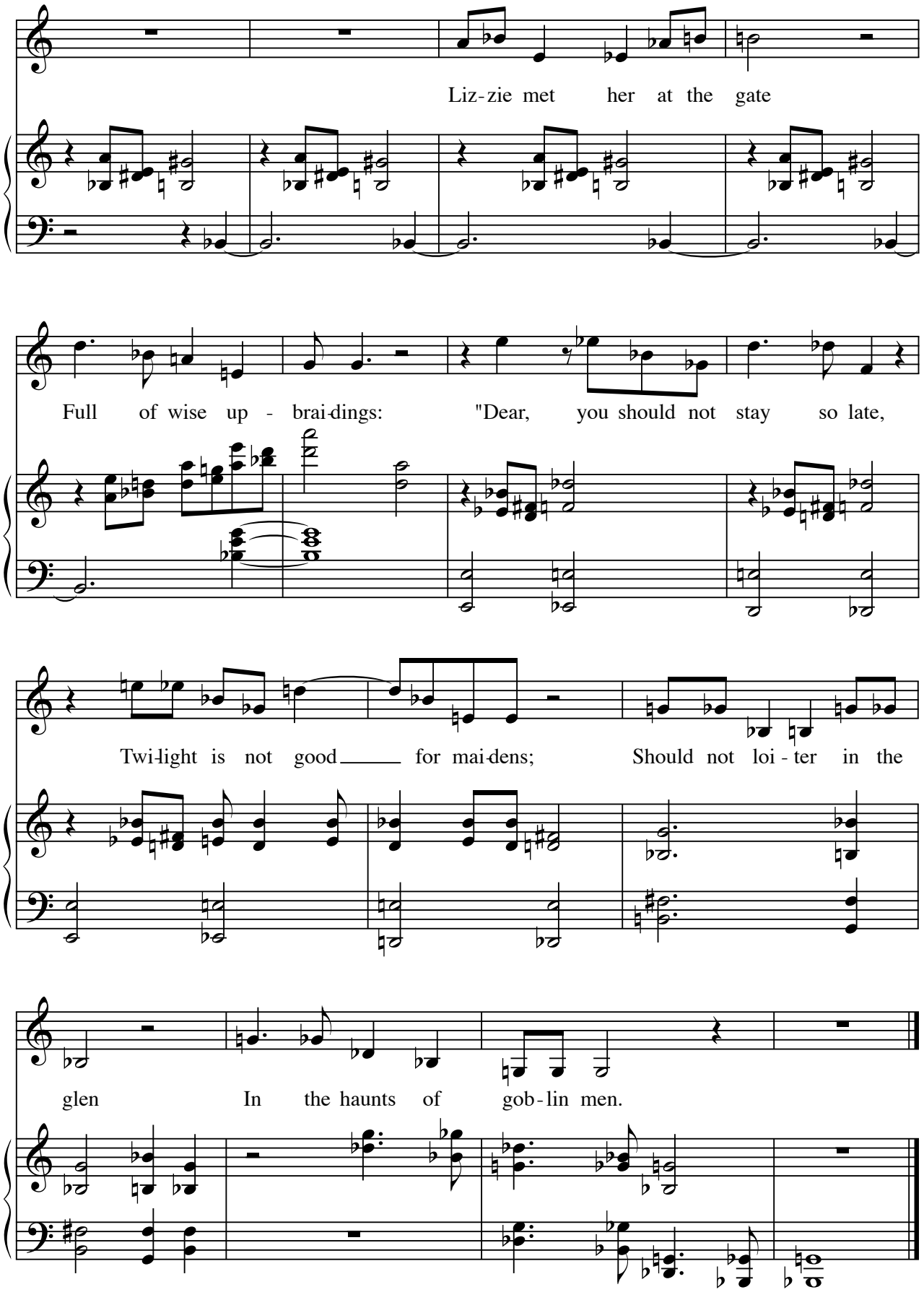

curl." She clipped a pre - cious gol - den lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl, Then
8va
sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
(8va)
Swee-ter than ho - ney from the rock, Stron-ger than man-re - joi-cing


wine,
She
sucked and sucked and sucked the
more
Fruits which that un-known or-chard
bore,
She
sucked un-til her lips were sore; Then flung the em-ptied rinds a-way,

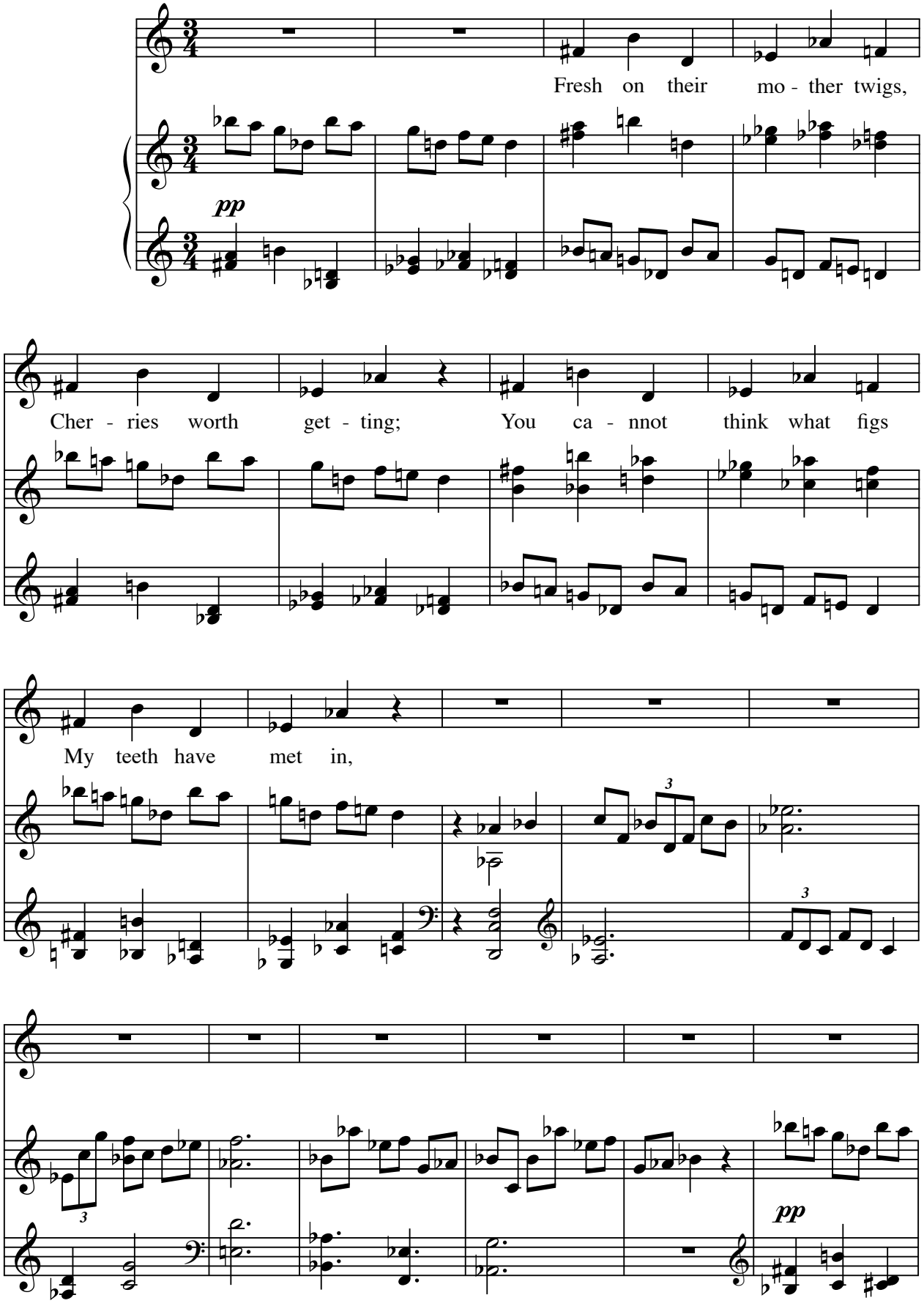

She sucked un-til her lips were sore; Then
8va
p
pp
flung the em-ptied rinds a-way,
(8va)
ppp

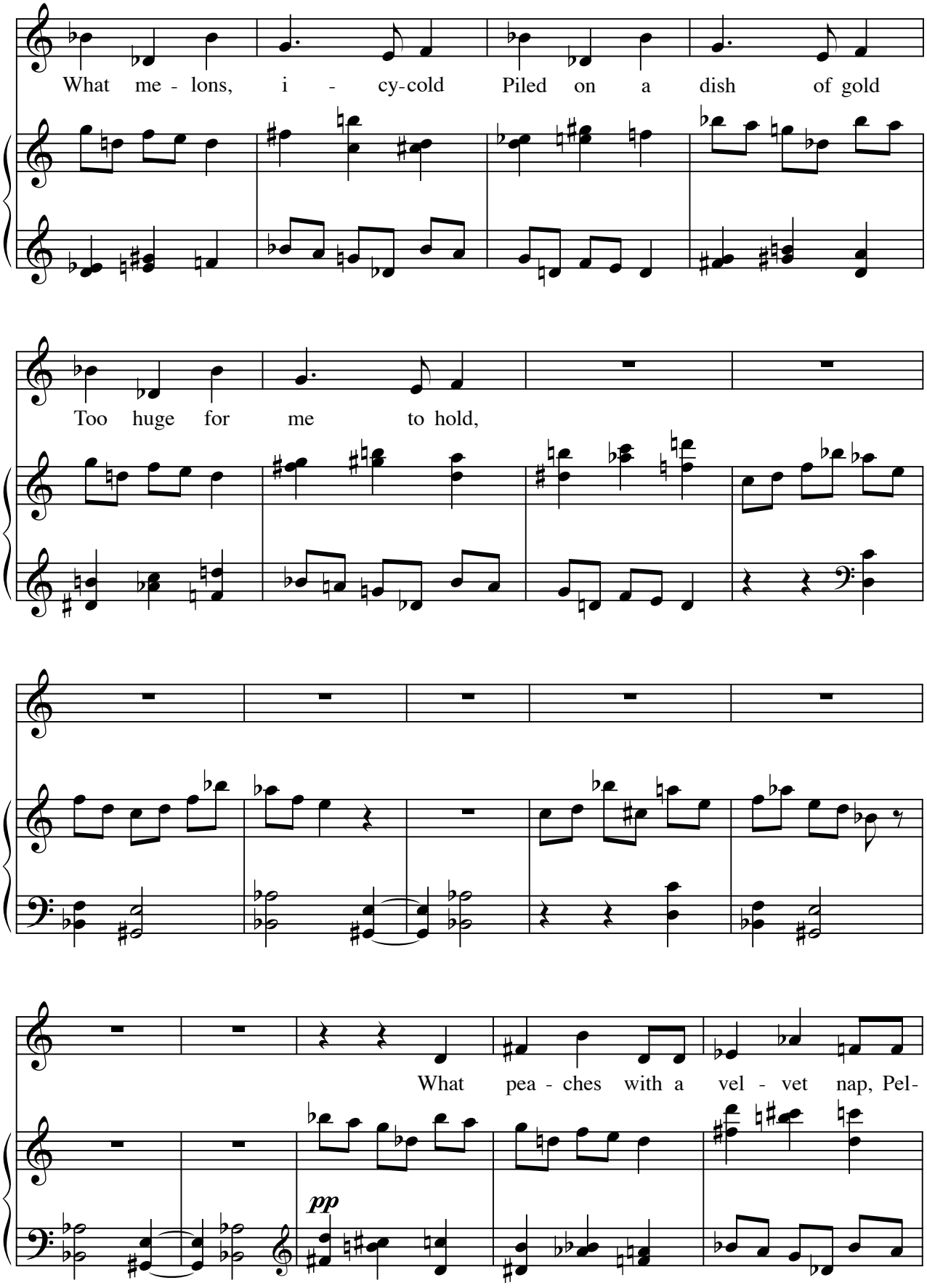
IV LIZZIE MET HER AT THE GATE, ♩ = 84

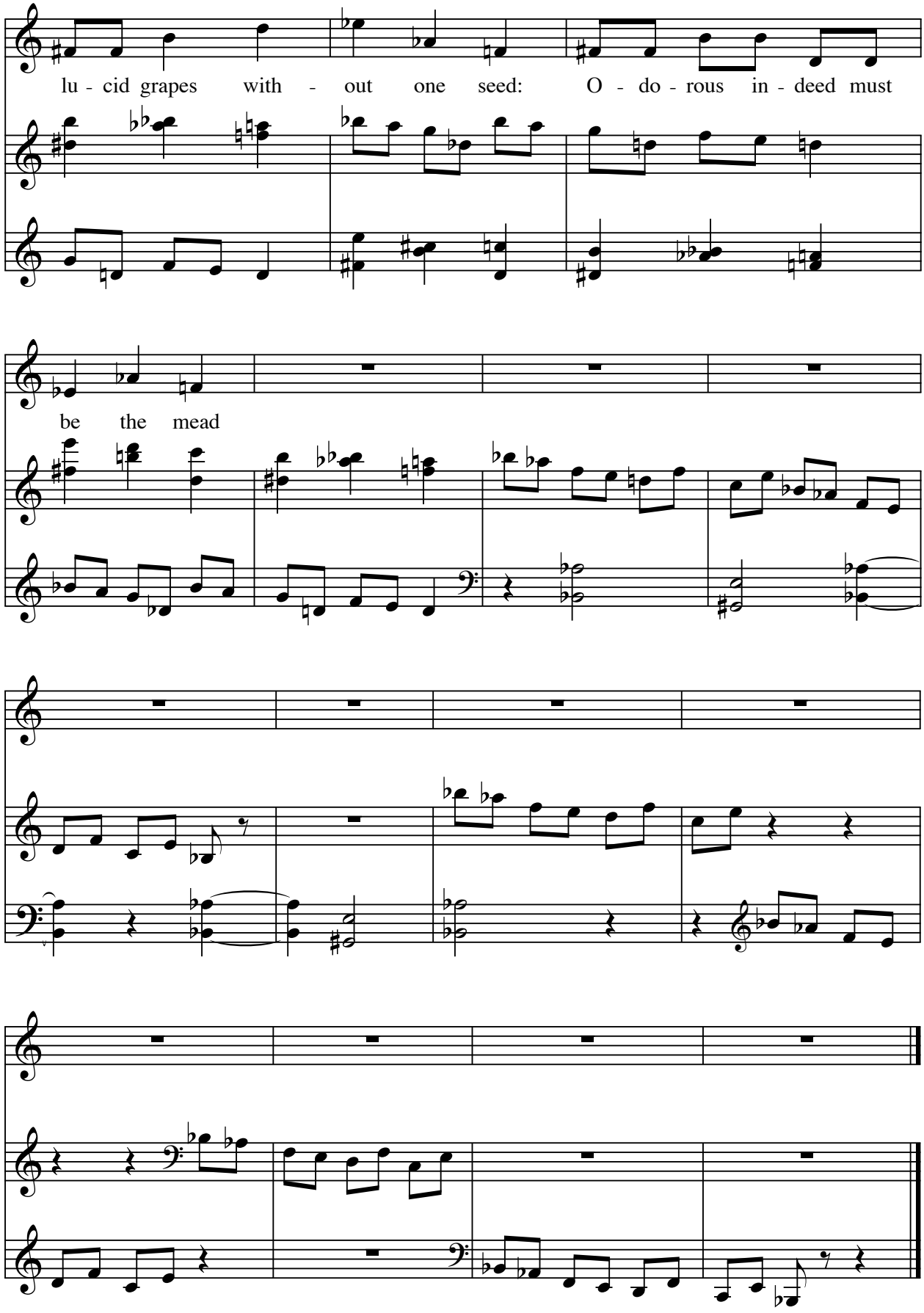



Liz-zie met her at the gate
Full of wise up - brai-dings: "Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twi-light is not good for mai-dens; Should not loi - ter in the
glen In the haunts of gob-lin men.

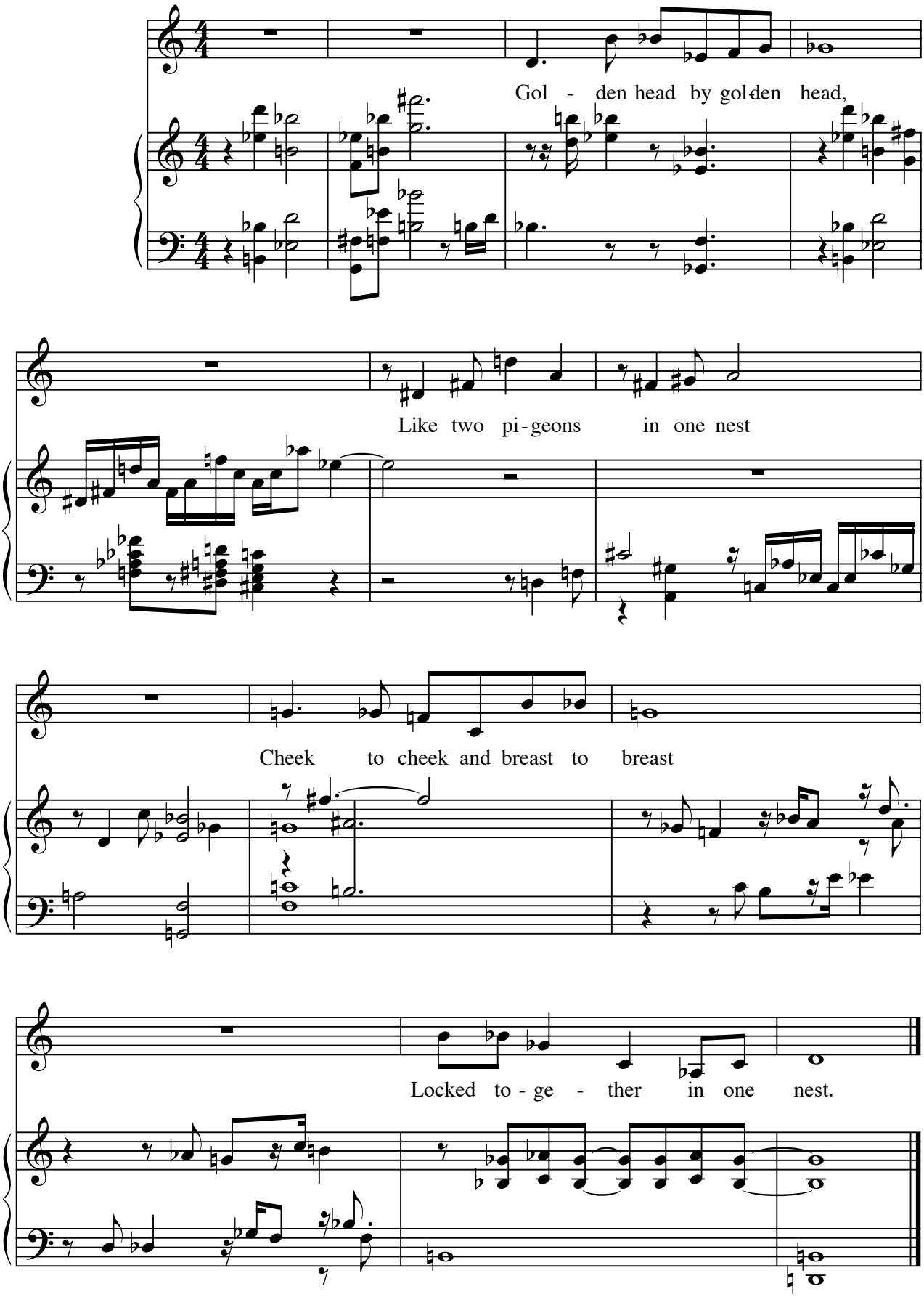
V FRESH ON THEIR MOTHER TWIGS, ♩ = 180



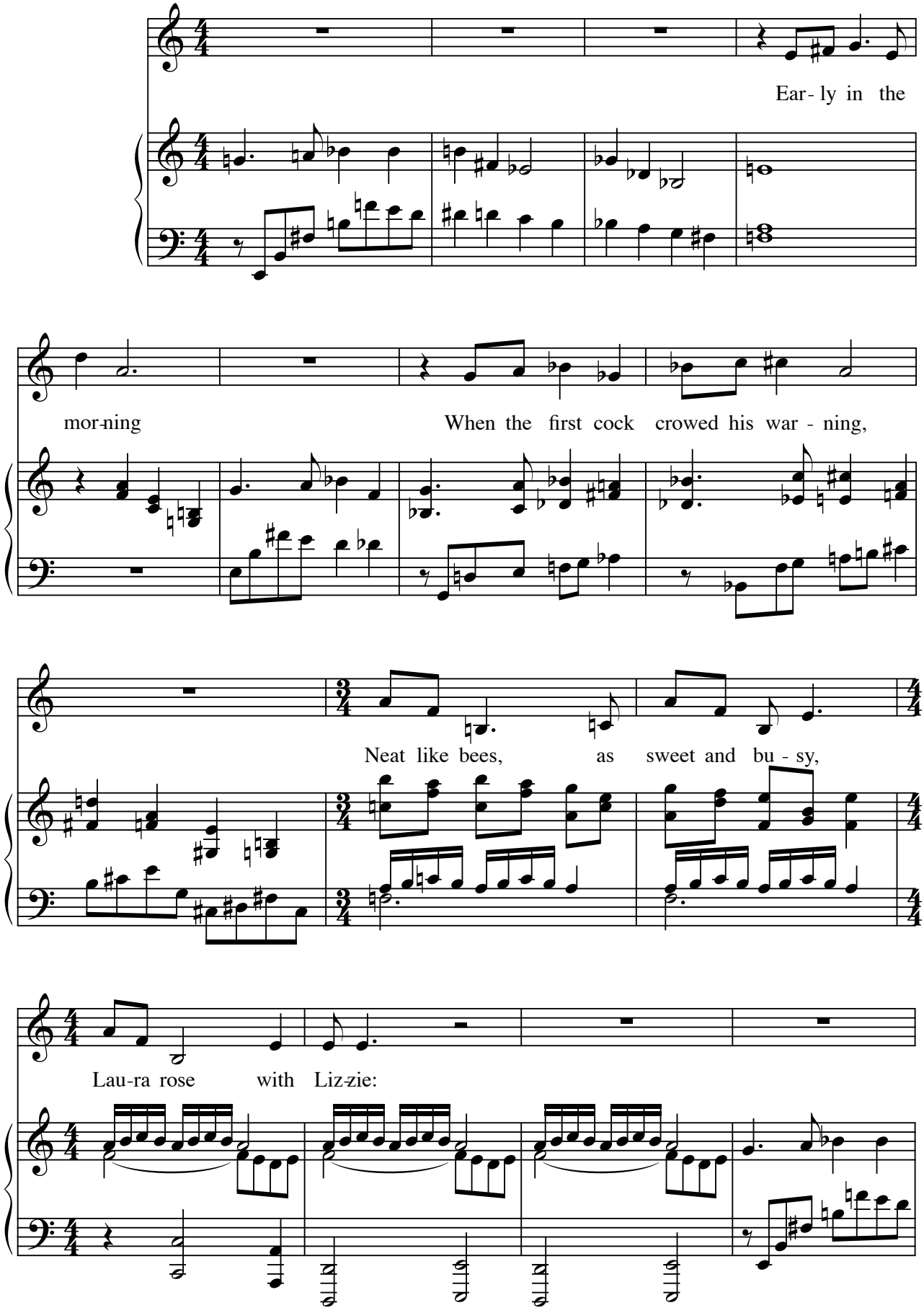

What me - lons, i - cy-cold Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What pea - ches with a vel - vet nap, Pel-
pp

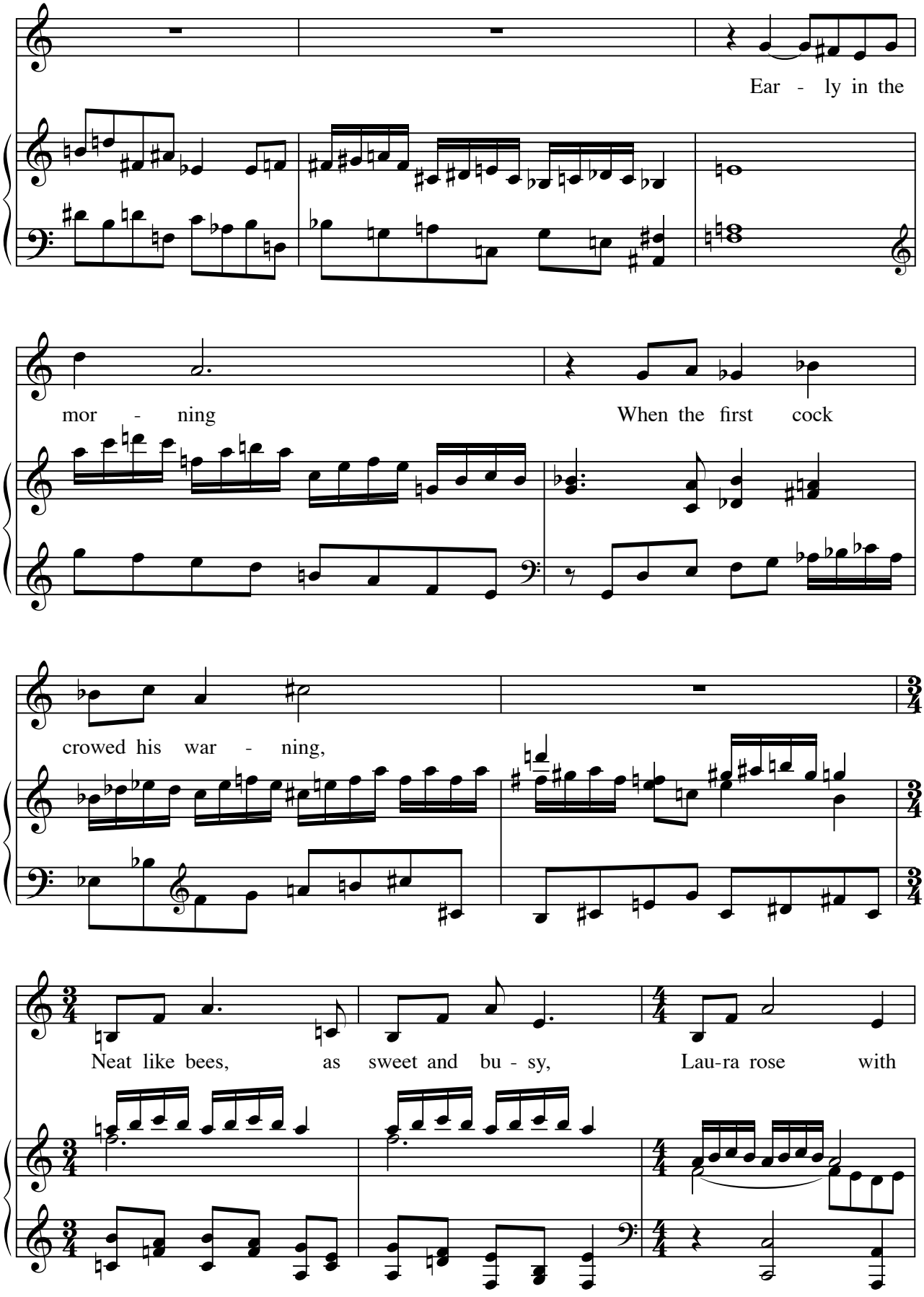

lu - cid grapes with - out one seed: O - do - rous in - deed must
be the mead

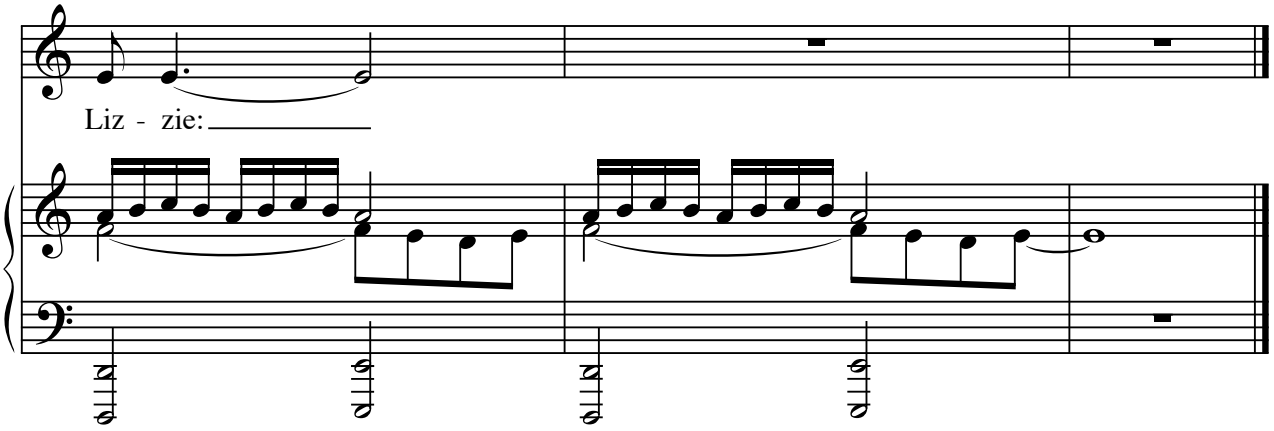
VI GOLDEN HEAD BY GOLDEN HEAD. ♩ = 60



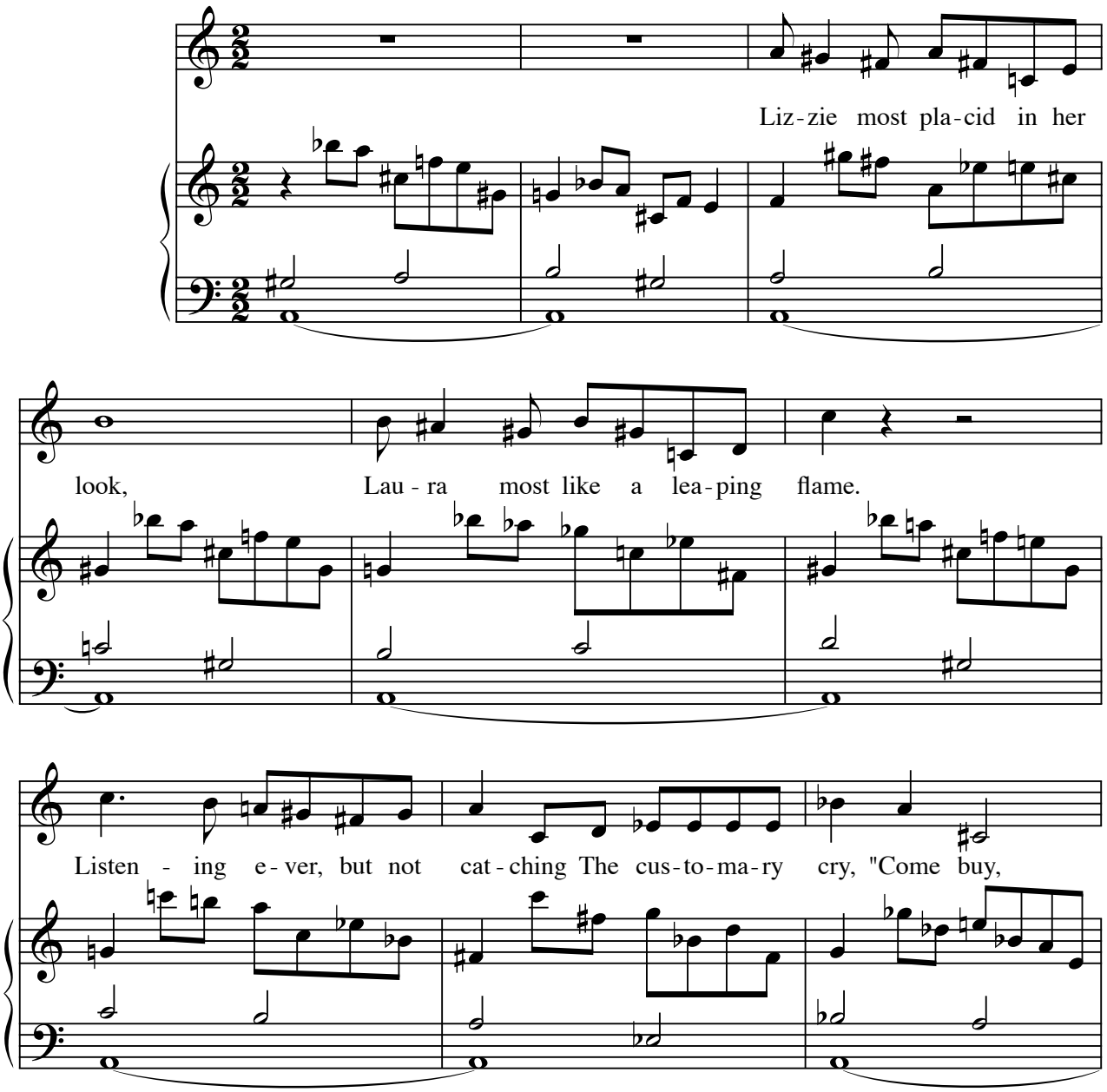
VII EARLY IN THE MORNING, ♩ = 100

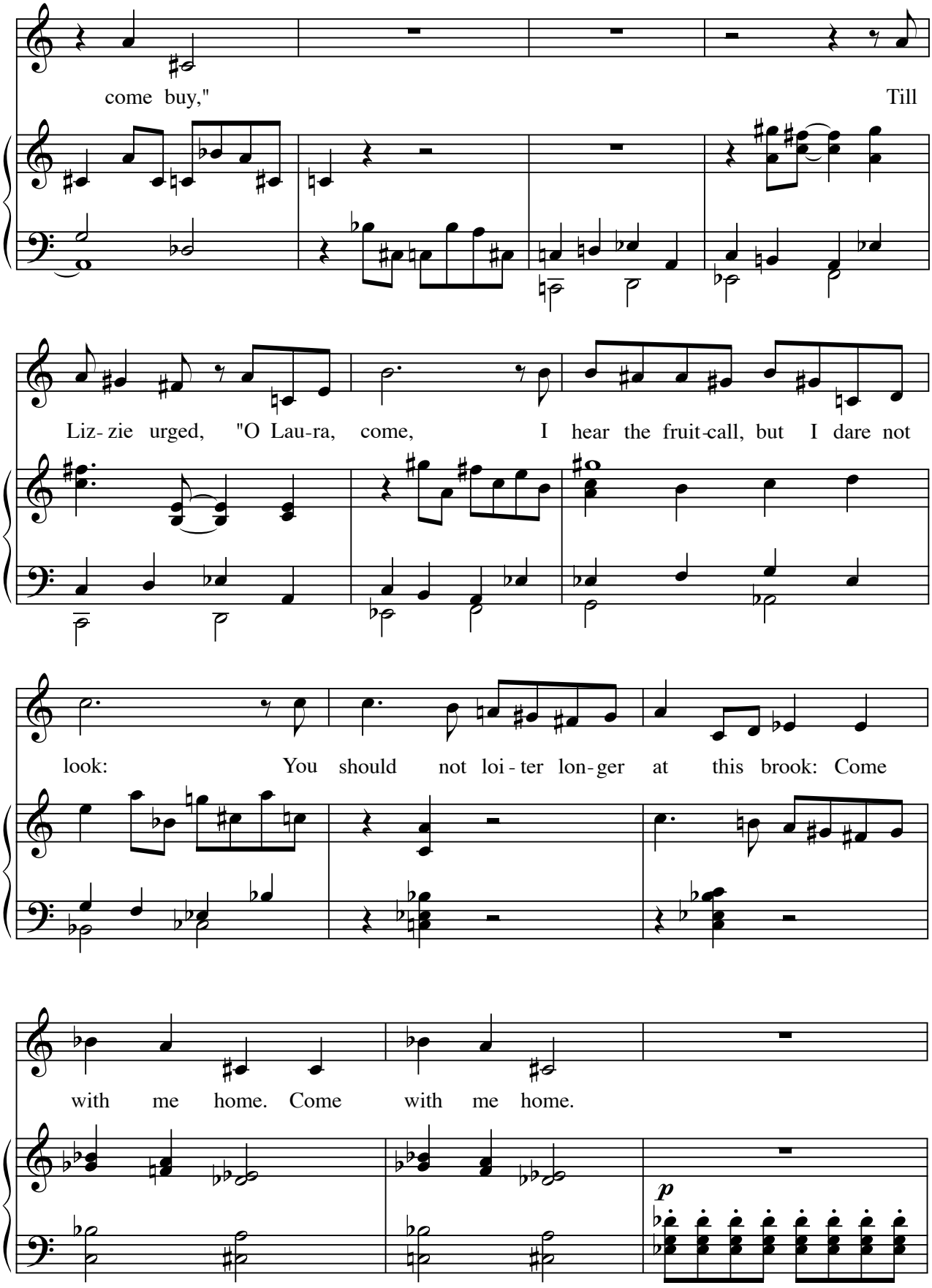


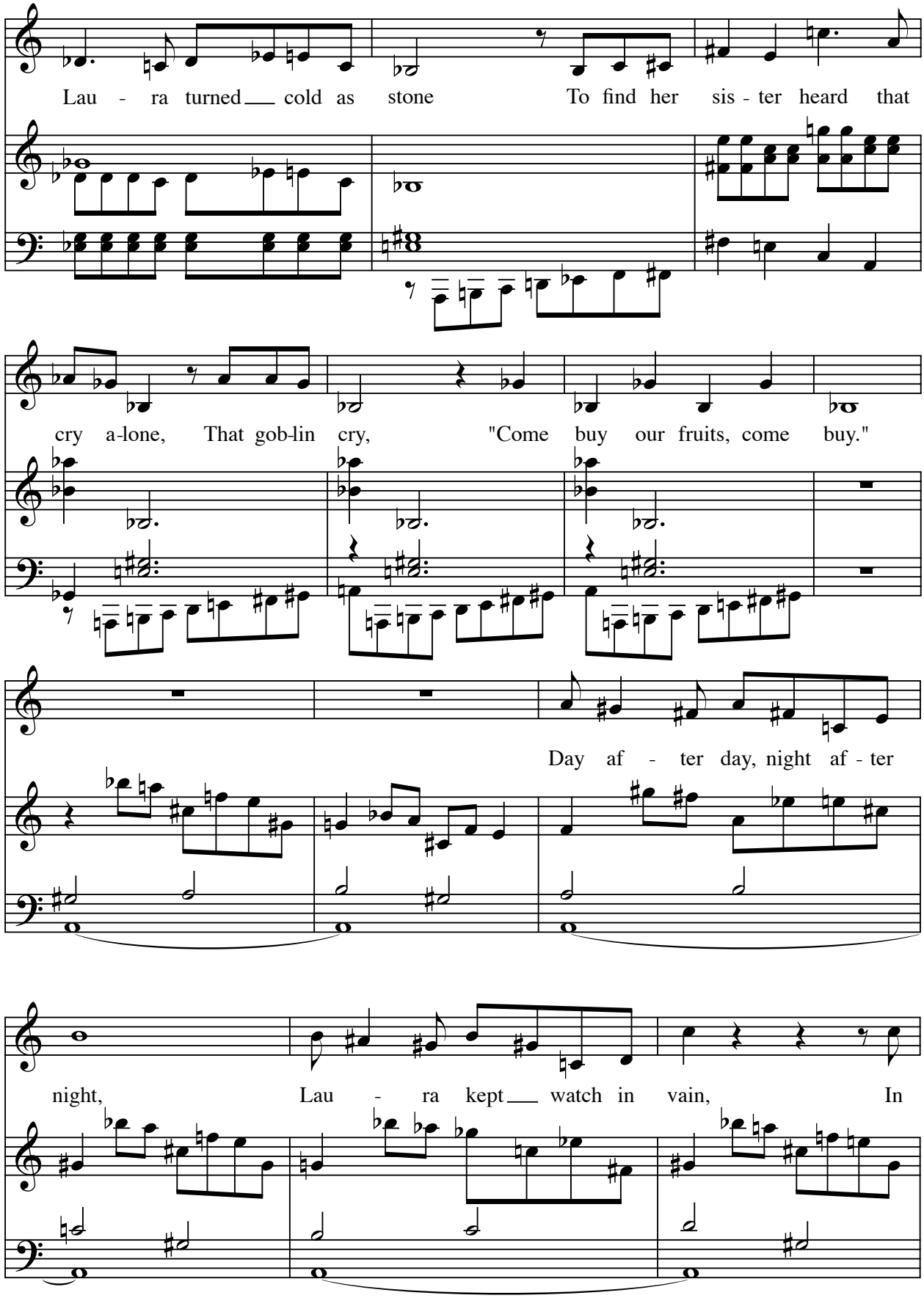

Ear - ly in the
mor - ning
When the first cock
crowed his war - ning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and bu - sy, Lau-ra rose with

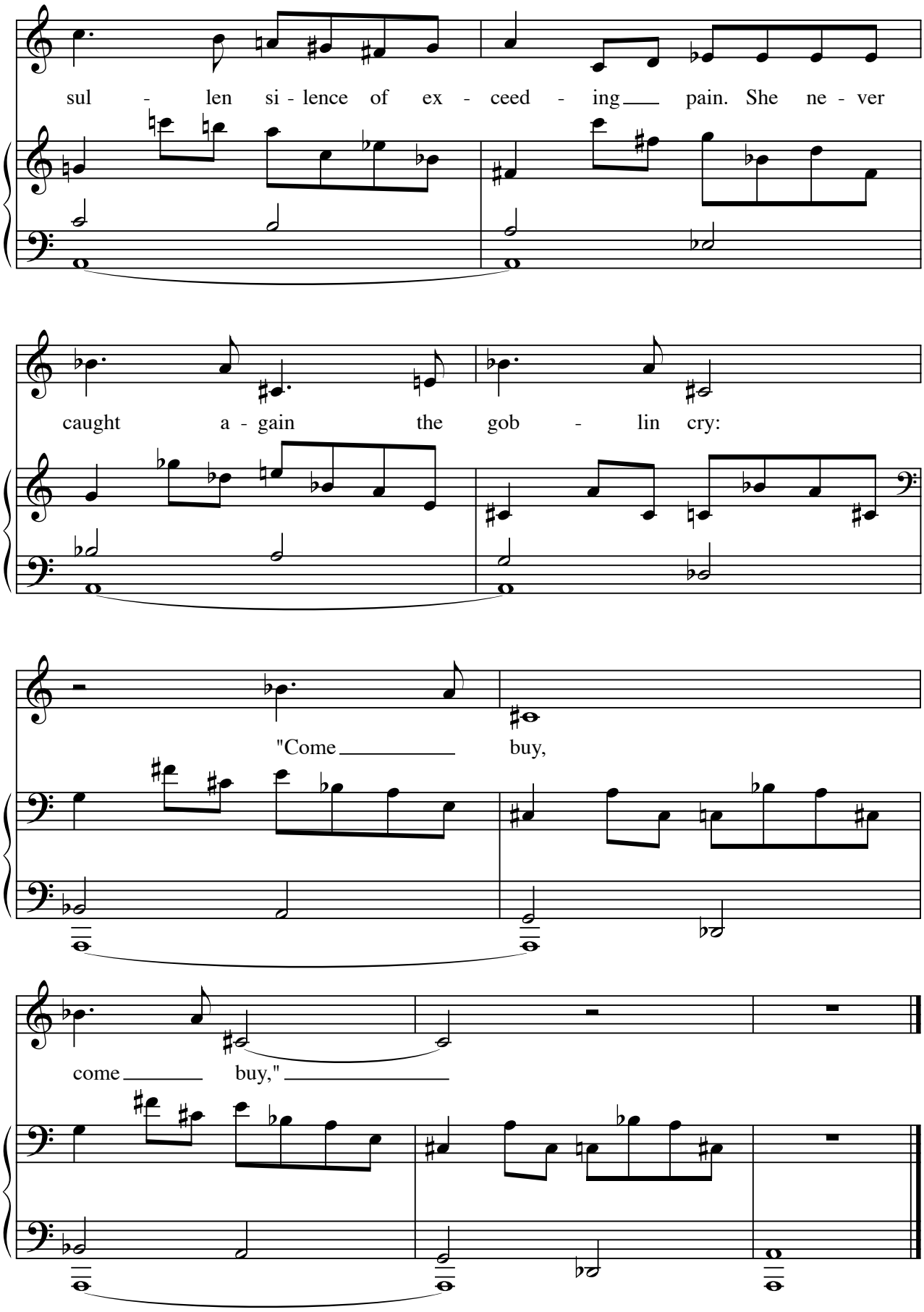


VIII LIZZIE MOST PLACID, 𝅗𝅥 = 60

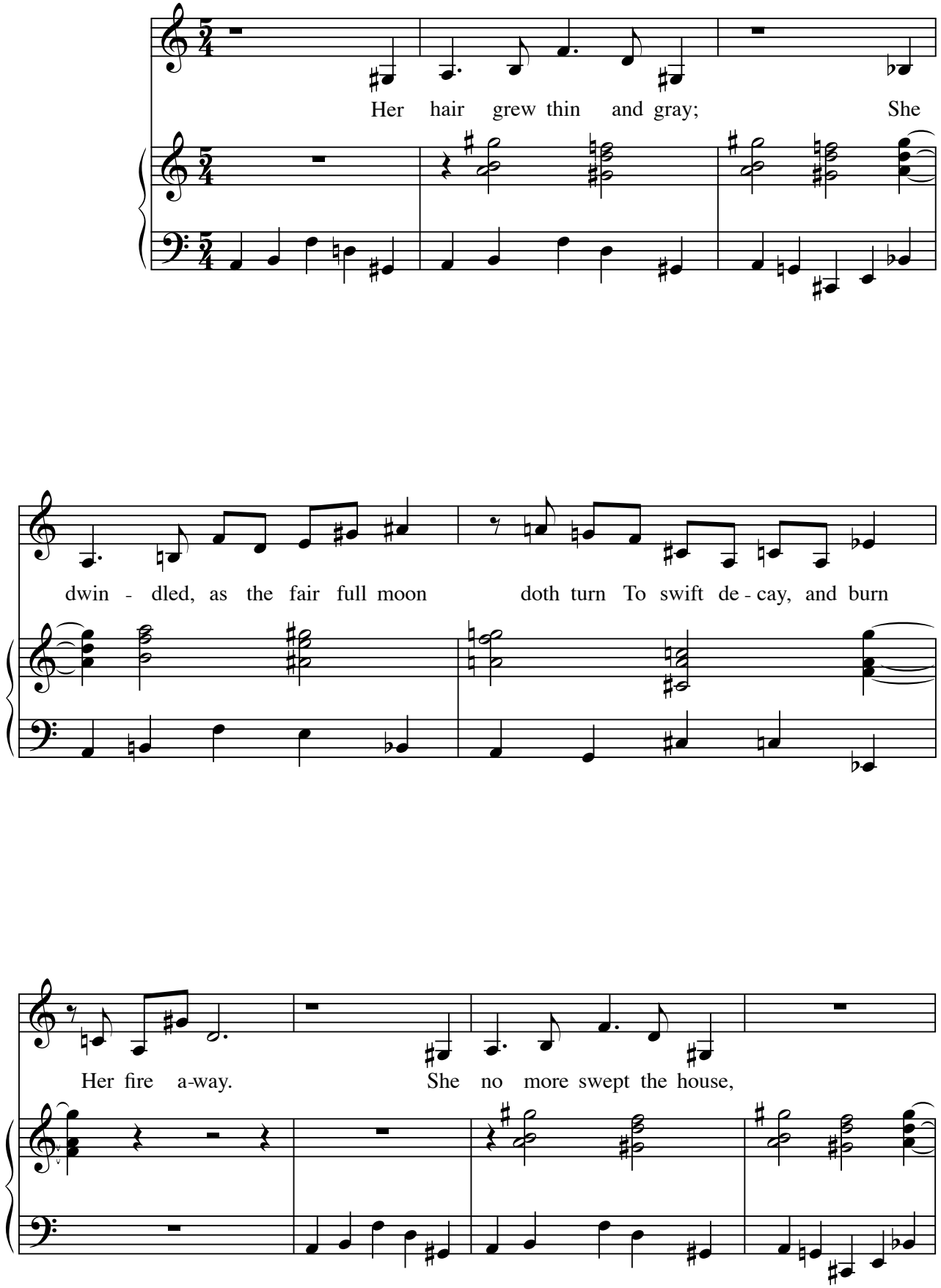


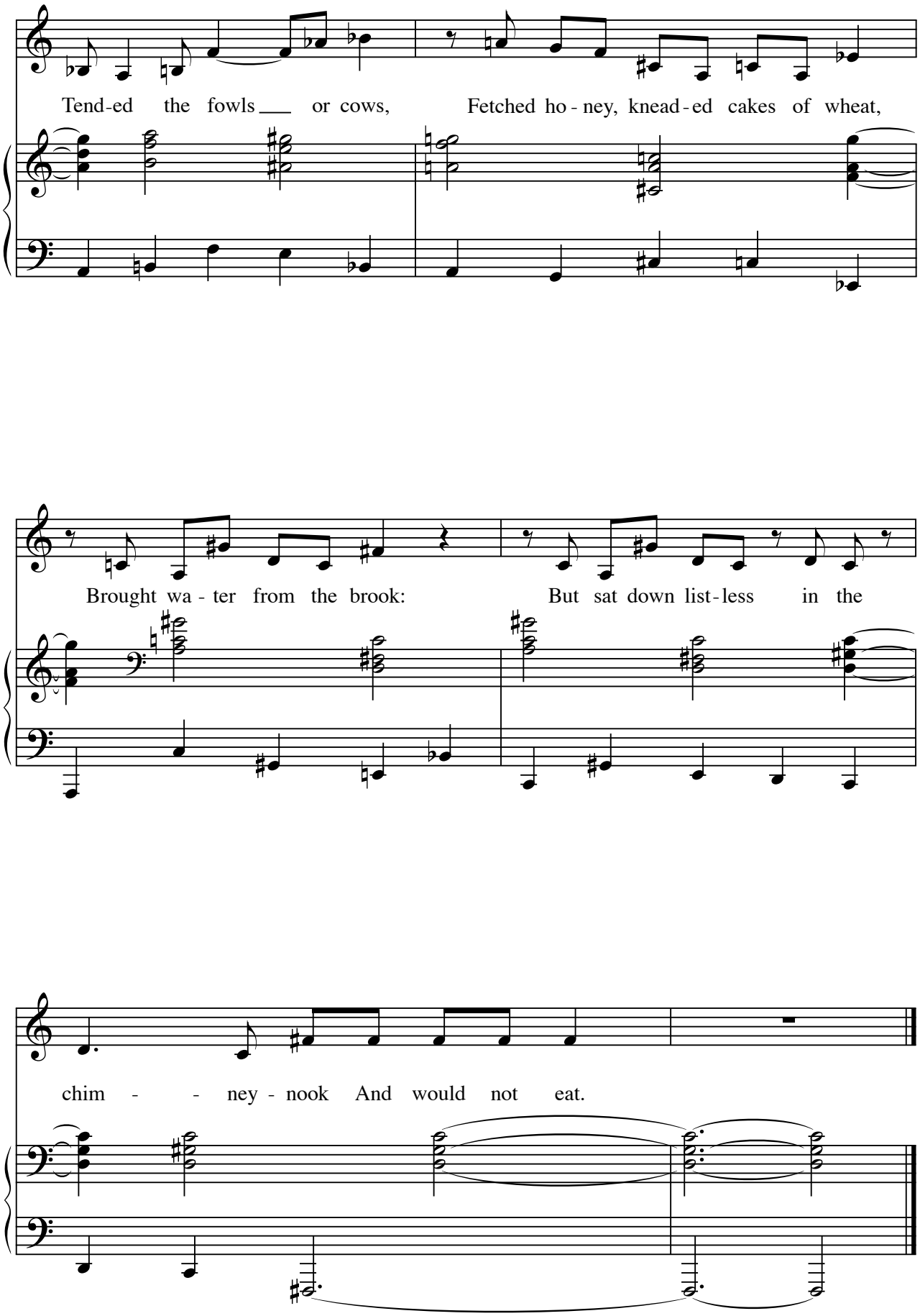

come buy," Till
Liz- zie urged, "O Lau-ra, come, I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not
look: You should not loi - ter lon-ger at this brook: Come
with me home. Come with me home.
p


Lau - ra turned cold as stone To find her sis - ter heard that
cry a-lone, That gob-lin cry, "Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Day af - ter day, night af - ter
night, Lau - ra kept watch in vain, In

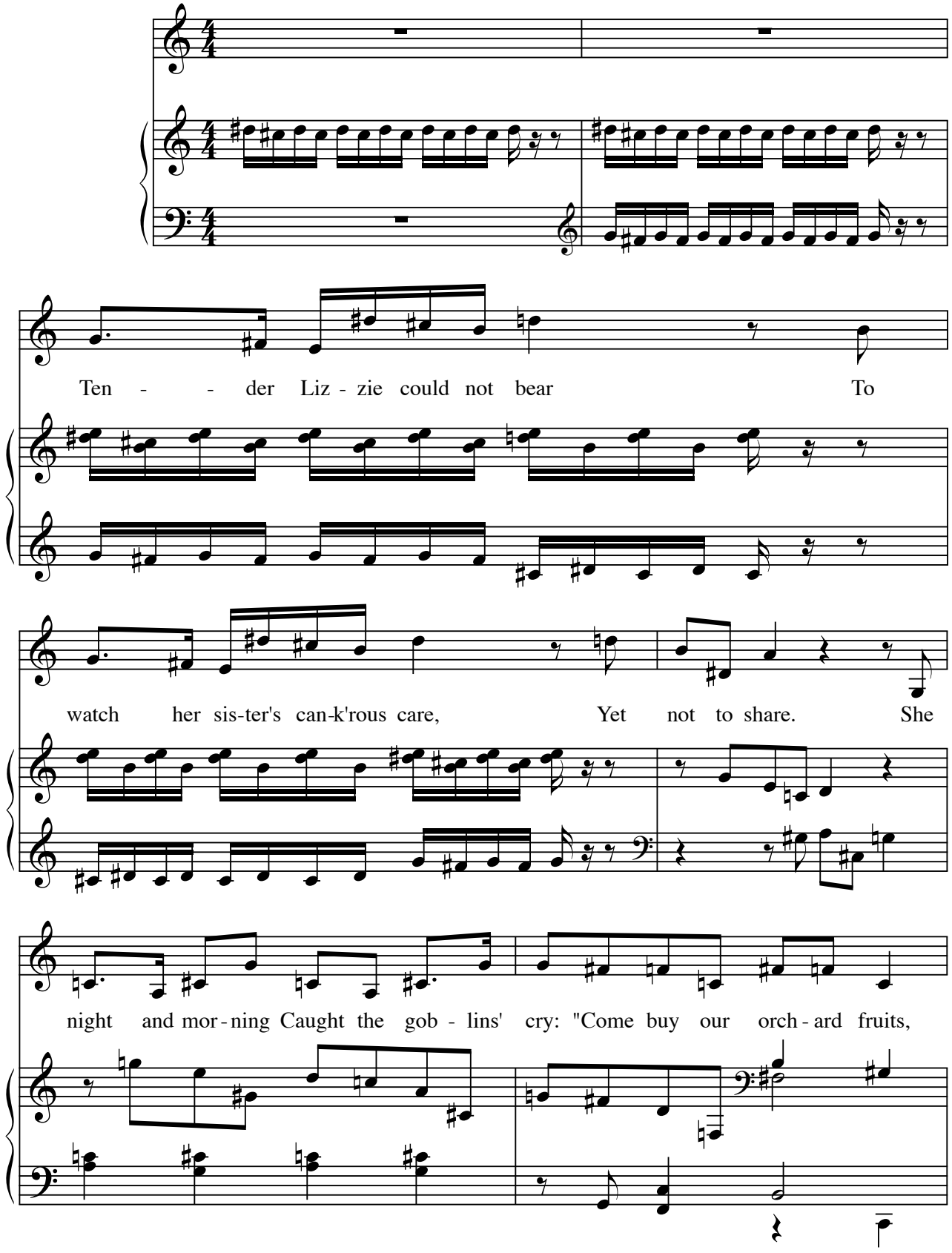

sul - len si - lence of ex - ceed - ing pain. She ne - ver
caught a - gain the gob - lin cry:
"Come buy,
come buy,"

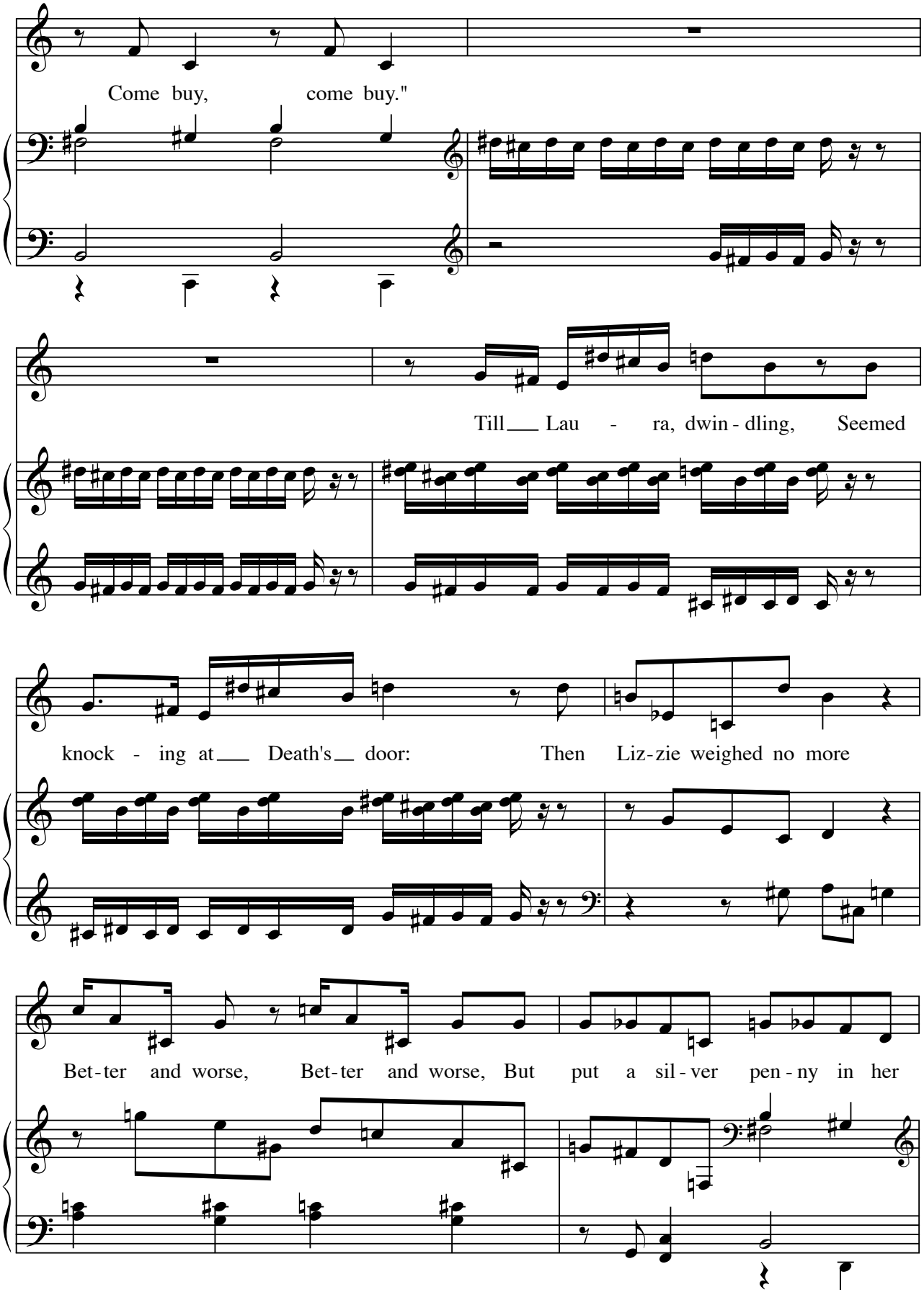
IX HER HAIR GREW THIN AND GRAY, ♩ = 72

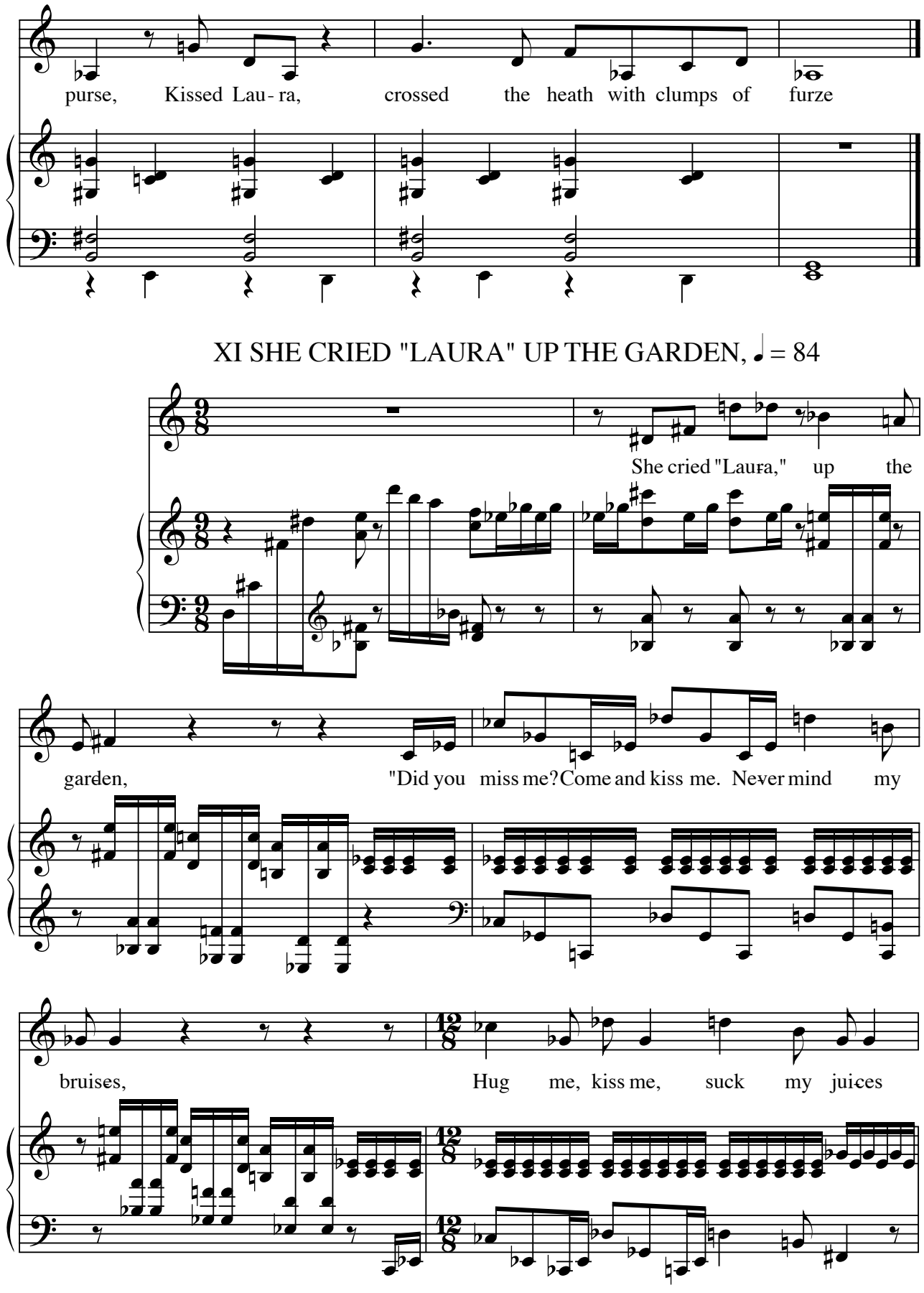


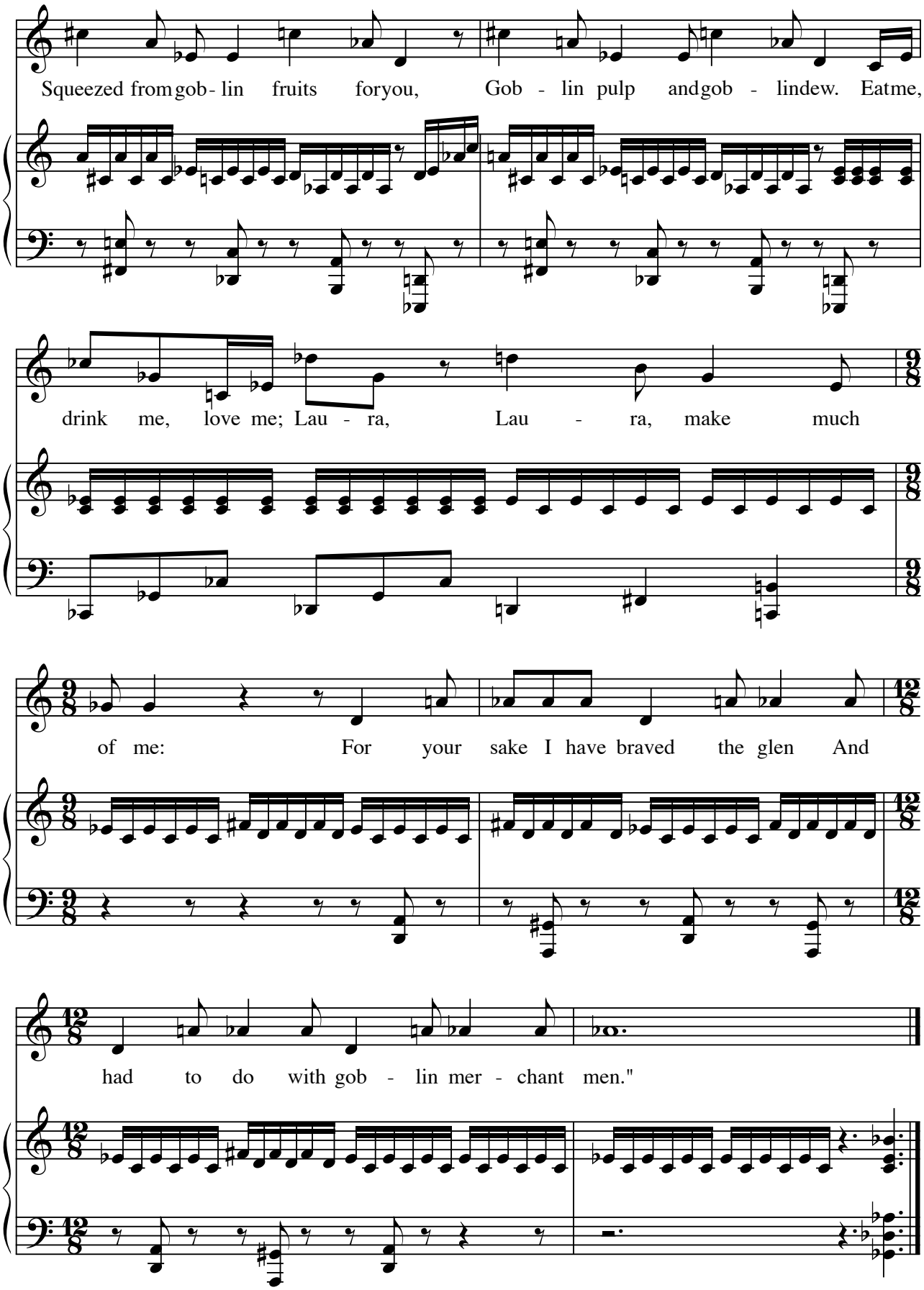

Tend-ed the fowls ___ or cows, Fetched ho - ney, knead - ed cakes of wheat,
Brought wa - ter from the brook: But sat down list - less in the
chim - - ney - nook And would not eat.

X TENDER LIZZIE COULD NOT BEAR, ♩ = 72

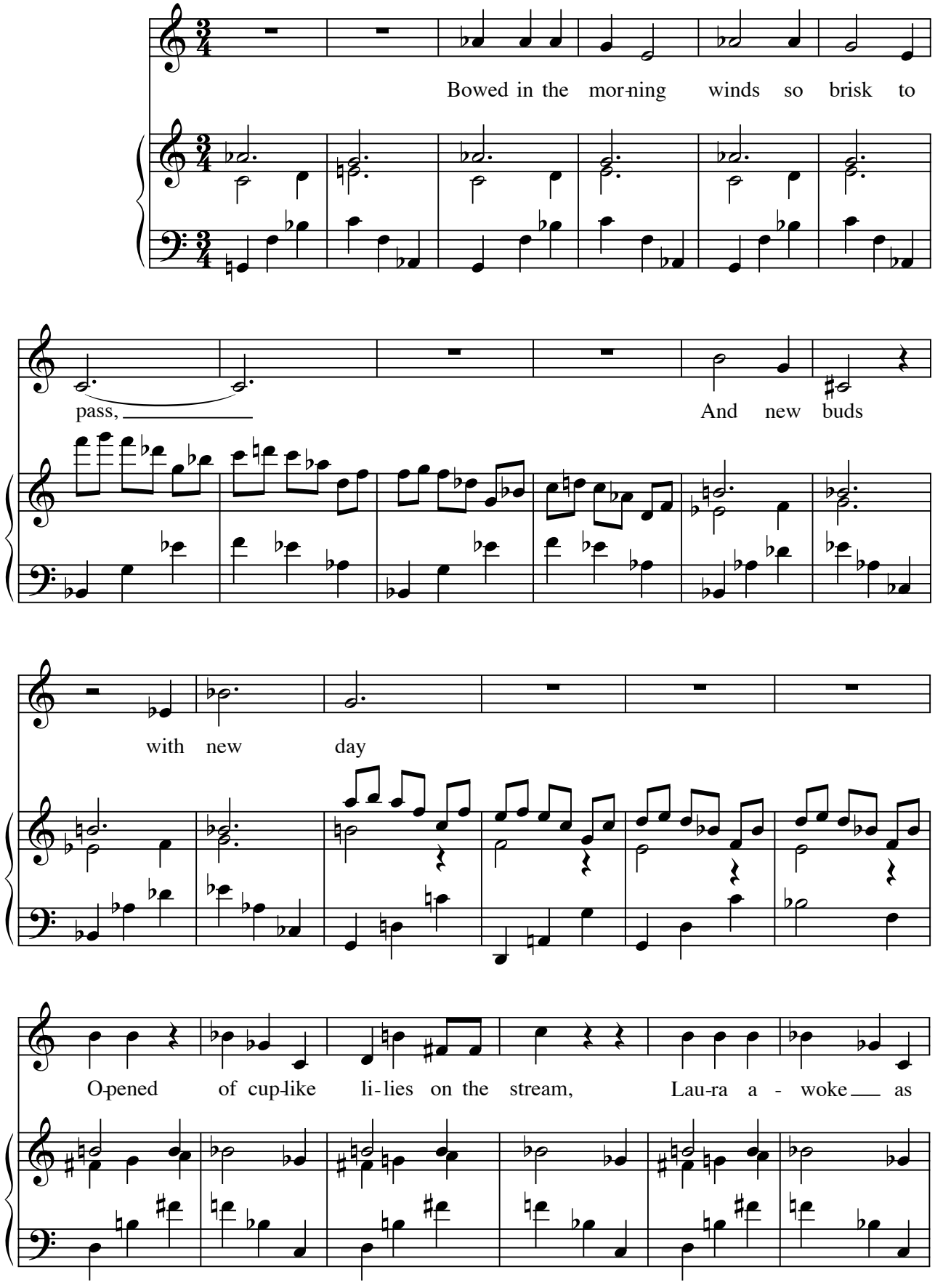


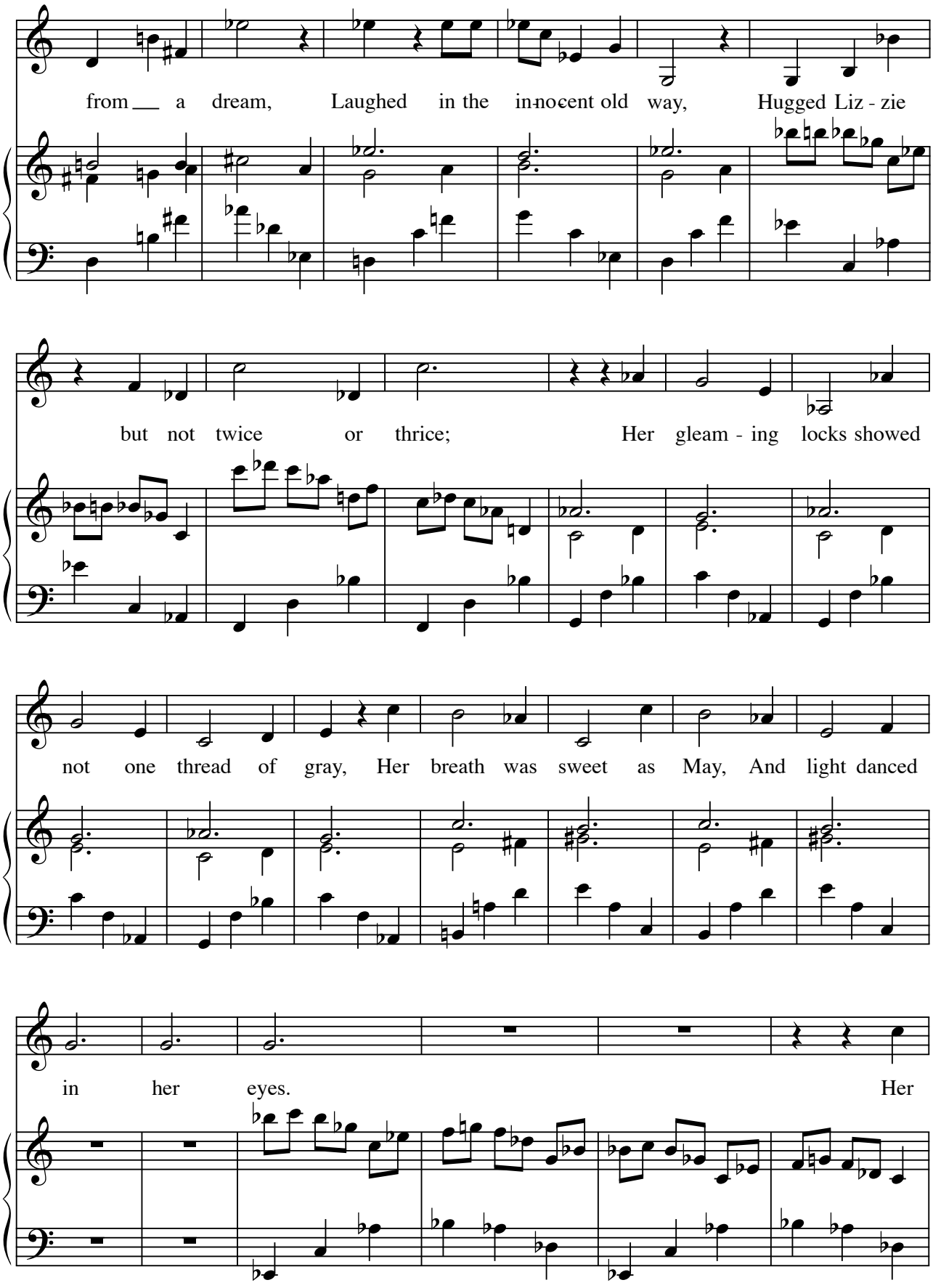

Come buy, come buy."
Till Lau - ra, dwin - dling, Seemed
knock - ing at Death's door: Then Liz - zie weighed no more
Bet - ter and worse, Bet - ter and worse, But put a sil - ver pen - ny in her

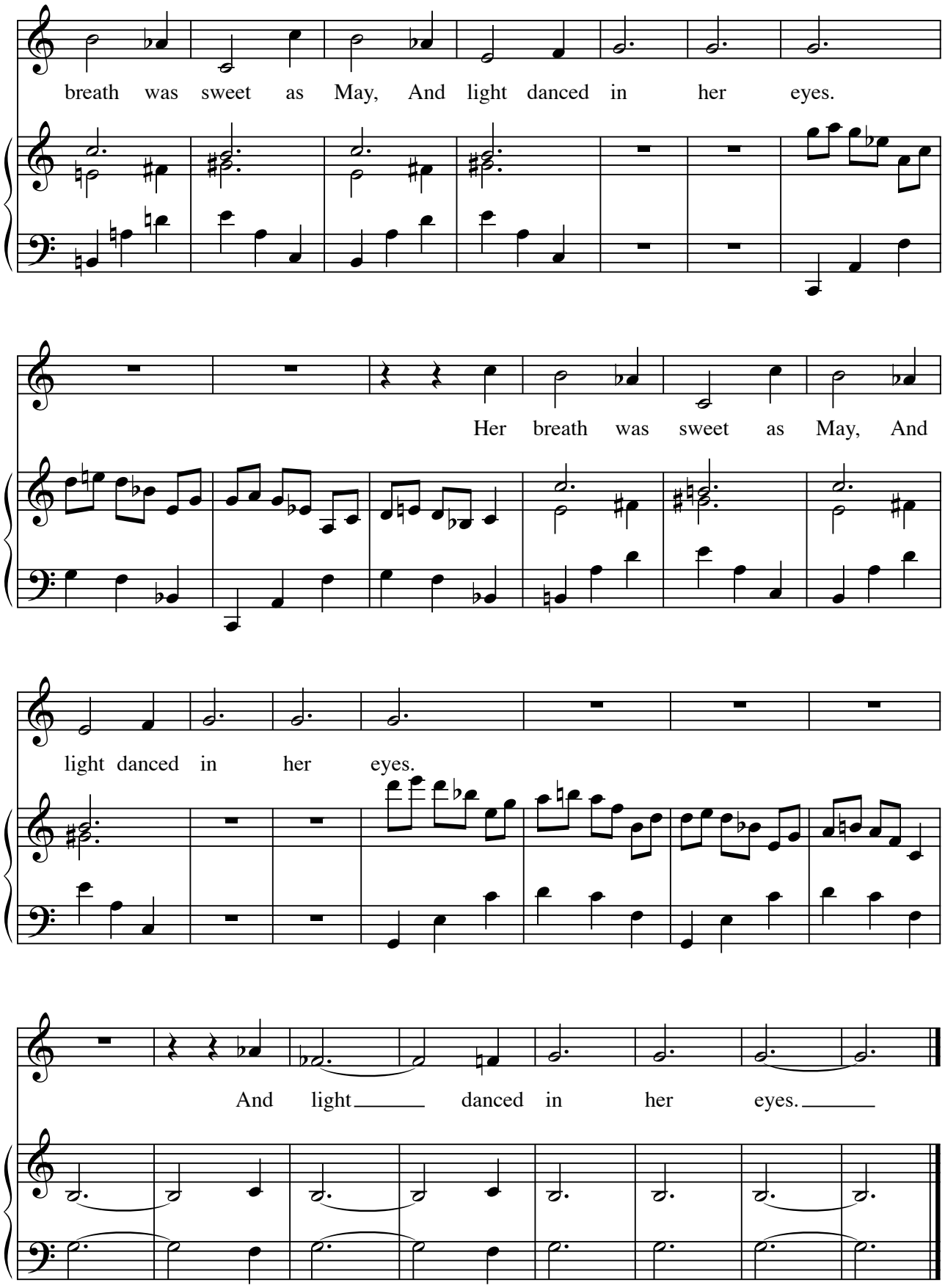

purse, Kissed Lau - ra, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
XI SHE CRIED "LAURA" UP THE GARDEN, ♩ = 84
She cried "Laura," up the
garden, "Did you miss me? Come and kiss me. Never mind my
bruises, Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices


Squeezed from gob - lin fruits for you, Gob - lin pulp and gob - lin dew. Eat me,
drink me, love me; Lau - ra, Lau - ra, make much
of me: For your sake I have braved the glen And
had to do with gob - lin mer - chant men."

XII BOWED IN THE MORNING WINDS, ♩. = 72




from a dream, Laughed in the in-no-cent old way, Hugged Liz - zie
but not twice or thrice; Her gleam - ing locks showed
not one thread of gray, Her breath was sweet as May, And light danced
in her eyes. Her


breath was sweet as May, And light danced in her eyes.
Her breath was sweet as May, And
light danced in her eyes.
And light danced in her eyes.