

# David Van Vactor

## *Nydia*

Song for Soprano & Piano

Text: *The Blind Flower Girl's Song*

From: *The Last Days of Pompeii*

By: Sir Edward G. D. Bulwer-Lytton

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# Nydia

Andante, quasi allegretto [♩. ca. 58]

Voice

Piano

*p*

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray! The

5

blind girl comes from a - far; \_\_\_\_\_ If the earth be as fair as I hear\_\_ them say, These

9

flow-ers herchild - ren are! \_\_\_\_\_ Do they her beau - ty

13

keep? \_\_\_\_\_ They are fresh from her lap, I know; \_\_\_\_\_ For I caught them fast a -

R.H.

17

sleep In her arms an hour a - go. an hour a -

21

go With the air which is her breath Her

25

soft and del - i-cate breath O - ver o - ver them mur - mur - ing mur - mur - ing o - ver them

29

mur - mur - ing mur - mur - ing low! On their lips her

33

sweet— kiss lin-gers yet, And their cheeks with her ten - der tears are wet. For she weeps -

37

- that gen - tle mo-ther weeps - (As morn and night her watch she keeps, With a

41

yearn - ing heart and a pas - sion-ate care) To see the young things grow— so fair;

45

**meno mosso**  
*p* She weeps, for love— she weeps; And the dews are the tears she

49

weeps From the well of a mother's love!

*cresc.*

53

Ye have a world of light, Where love in the loved re-

*f* *p*

57

joi - ces; But the blind girl's home is the House of Night, And its be-ings are emp - ty

61

**Un poco piu mosso**

voi - ces. As one in the realm be - low, I stand by the streams of woe! I

*cresc.*

65

(a piacere)

**Accelerando** -----

hear the vain sha - dows glide, I feel their soft breath at my side. And I

69

**poco** ----- **a** ----- **poco** -----

thirst the loved forms to see, And I stretch my fond arms a - round, And I catch but a shape - less

73

**Tranquillo subito**

**Tempo I**

sound, For the liv - ing are ghosts to me. Come buy, come buy? O

77

hark!how the sweet things sigh From the grasp of the blind\_ girl free us We

81

yearn for the eyes\_ that see\_\_\_\_\_ us We are for night\_ too gay,\_\_\_\_\_ In your

*mf*

85

**calando** - - - - -

eyes we be-hold the day\_\_\_\_\_ In your eyes we be-hold the day\_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

89

**a tempo**

be - hold\_ the day\_\_\_\_\_ O buy my flowers! O buy\_\_\_\_\_

*dim.*

93

*dim.* *Quasi niente*

*pp* *lunga*

*Red.*

## I.

Buy my flowers --- O buy --- I pray!  
 The blind girls comes from afar;  
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
 These flowers her children are!  
 Do they her beauty keep?  
 They are fresh from her lap, I know;  
 For I caught them fast asleep  
 In her arms an hour ago.  
 With the air which is her breath ---  
 Her soft and delicate breath ---  
 Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
 And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.  
 For she weeps --- that gentle mother weeps ---  
 (As morn and night her watch she keeps,  
 With a yearning heart and apassionate care)  
 To see the young things grow so fair;  
 She weeps --- for love she weeps;  
 And the dews are the tears she weeps  
 From the well of a mother's love!

## II.

Ye have a world of light,  
 Where love in the loved rejoices;  
 But the blind girl's home is the House of Night,  
 And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,  
 I stand by the streams of woe!  
 I hear the vain shadows glide,  
 I feel their soft breath at my side.  
 And I thrist the loved forms to see,  
 And I stretch my fond arms around,  
 And I catch but a shapeless sound,  
 For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy --- come buy? ---  
 (Hark! How the sweet things sigh  
 [For they have a voice like ours),  
 The breath of the blind girls closes  
 The leaves of the saddening roses ---  
 'We are tender, we sons of light,  
 We shrink from this child of night;]  
 From the grasp of the blind girl free us ---  
 We yearn for the eyes that see us ---  
 We are for night too gay,  
 In your eyes we behold the day ---  
 O buy --- O buy the flowers!'