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PhD in Musical Composition

**Portfolio of Compositions  
with Commentary**

**Simon Ronald Ashley Fricker**

Submitted for the degree of  
Doctor of Philosophy

University of Sussex  
January 2013

### **Declaration**

The contents of this portfolio are the product of my own research.  
Any sources of information have been acknowledged.

No part of this portfolio has been previously submitted to this  
or any other university for a degree.

Simon Ronald Ashley Fricker

## UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX

PhD in Musical Composition

Simon Ronald Ashley Fricker

### **‘Portfolio of Compositions with Commentary’**

#### **Summary**

The ‘Portfolio of Compositions’ comprises three works, ‘Contretemps’, ‘Awaken’ and ‘The Pit and the Pendulum’, all of which share a common origin, a point of conception. The circumstances of their inception and subsequent development are explained in the commentary, a document which also sets out in an attempt to contextualise the relationship, diversity and scope of their respective content, through reference to both the commonality of the compositional stimulus and the precepts of my research plan.

The main focus of the portfolio, *‘The Pit and the Pendulum’*, is a work of operatic stature, inspired by a short story of the same name by Edgar Allan Poe. The two shorter pieces were completed first, but were also, however, born out of the beginnings of the major work; a few pages of orchestral score, scribbled quickly, the result of my initial emotional response to Poe’s opening lines. Pages that survive virtually unchanged in the final orchestration, setting the ‘harmonic’ scene for the unfolding tale. Developing an interest in the complex and algorithmic properties of effective or fulfilling musical ‘line’, I wondered if there might be found, in Poe’s written prose, some suggestion of a literary equivalence of melodic line and counterpoint, mirrored in his narrative style. The objectives of my research questions, then, are as follows:

The production of a large-scale musical composition, created entirely in artistic response to Edgar Allen Poe’s short tale. The composition shall sit within the restrictive framework of Poe’s unaltered narrative: the perceived spoken rhythm of each line of his prose, at first carefully transcribed as a stream of un-pitched notation, thereby providing a clearly defined stimulus for subsequent melodic and harmonic development. This ‘musicalisation’ to be inspired by the characteristics and style of Poe’s narrative content, fully preserved and presented, verbatim, in the finished work as the vocal line. Through intertextual exposition, it is anticipated that some justification of my postulations on Poe’s method might be revealed.

The process has generated an outcome for further discussion; a portfolio of three discrete compositions, all inspired by the same source and which can be directly related to each other through reflective consideration and articulation of the creative process.



# Contents

Audio CD – Recordings made using Sibelius software (Front Cover)

(Intended only to be used as an aid, when reading through the scores.

The CD and safety copy each contain mp3 files of the three works.)

	Page
Declaration	2
Summary	3
Contents	4
The Commentary	5
Bibliography	30
 Appendices	
A) Early Experiments with Colour Coding	31
B) Initial Rhythm Transcription Process	38
C) The Pit and the Pendulum	80

## Separately Bound Compositions

- 1) Contretemps
- 2) Awaken
- 3) The Pit and the Pendulum

# The Commentary

## An Introduction

My relationship with music began at the age of four. Opening the lid of our old upright piano and experimenting with the keyboard it soon became apparent that, to the delight of my mother and father, I had perfect pitch and the ability to reproduce any piece of music that was played to me. The intensity and extent of my innate relationship with music, although profound and most difficult to comprehend, I do consider it to be relevant in my approach to the current research.

Throughout my early childhood I was often taken to rehearsals; my mother and my sister were frequently involved in amateur dramatic productions. I developed an obsessive fascination with model theatres, tirelessly experimenting for hours on end, trying to recreate the atmosphere of that which I had seen on the stage. Actively fostering an enduring passion for special effects and illusion, exploring the mechanism of their realisation by both artistic and scientific means. I was also at this time, I suspect as a consequence of the above, inexorably drawn towards 'horror' films. Such a clearly remembered example of this genre being a lurid and atmospheric, if somewhat loose, adaptation of Poe's *'The Pit and the Pendulum'*. One of a whole series of films based upon the stories of Poe, directed to some acclaim in the early sixties by the American, Roger Corman.

Training as a 'classical' pianist followed, studying the violoncello and spending several years as a chorister whilst at grammar school. At this time my connection with music seemed so natural to me that I did not feel the compulsion, as I did with scientific matters, to explore it much further. Whilst gaining a Licentiate of Trinity College diploma in piano performance, I embarked upon a BSc(Hons) degree in Chemistry at Manchester University. During the summer break, at the end of the first year, I was casually asked if I would like to take on the musical direction of a touring theatre production. This transpired to be a defining moment of self-realisation and, as a direct result of this, the next twenty-one years were spent forging a career in the theatre as musical director and arranger for countless shows and musicals. Revisiting academia after a long break, whilst reading BA(Hons) Music at the University of Chichester, I recommenced piano and pipe organ studies with renewed vigour.

Having developed a healthy interest in 'composition' at undergraduate level, further study for the master's degree served not only to foster this, but engendered, through mandatory, disciplined allocation of time for contemplation of well-placed and candid guidance, a far more refined and mature personal awareness of the enormity of the subject area. With the new enlightenment, however, came a somewhat irrational fear of the unknown that, over a period of time, has been

systematically addressed and diluted, thus strengthening my resolve to explore further, the focus having shifted from feelings of futility and impotence to that of compellation towards an ongoing study of the 'compositional process'.

Attempting to find a higher level of personal satisfaction and fulfilment, whilst simultaneously addressing the criteria for a research degree of this stature, the primary emphasis of my study was on the production of a large-scale musical work. Of, seemingly, particular interest to me at the time was the contemplation, experimentation with, and at least some attempt at the practical articulation of my own theories and suspicions regarding the significance of the role that both counterpoint and musical line might play, over and above tonal hierarchy and harmonic constraints, in the process of engaging the listener, more readily, in 'new' music. That is not to say that my intentions were to actively avoid tonality or exclude diatonic process, but rather to shift focus elsewhere, allowing the compositional process to be freed of at least some of the burden of conventional expectancy.

Due to having worked with some relatively dark, brooding and thought-provoking examples of Robert Browning's poetry, in the construction of several recent compositions, I felt drawn toward the work of Edgar Allan Poe for inspiration. Reading and revisiting the short story, *'The Pit and the Pendulum'*, several times, the concept of using it as the stimulus for a substantial musical composition began to crystallise in my thoughts. Might a narrative that had inspired such a lurid and artistic response in the form of a film, so memorable to me after some forty years, provide the subject for my investigation through composition? It wasn't so much the story itself, but the manner in which it is told that fuelled my interest. By way of clarification, as suggested earlier, the filmic adaptation of the chosen work pays little attention to the plot of Poe's story. In fact, if one looks carefully beneath the surface, the plot itself comprises very little content on which to base a significant, progressive narrative representation through another art form, other than that of the purely visual. Here, though, lies the very key to why it appears such attractive and compelling material for artistic assimilation; Poe's 'manner' of storytelling, his quite unique ability to 'paint' such a vivid picture purely through the juxtaposition of carefully selected words. Poe lived in Baltimore between 1831 and 1835. He also died and was buried there in 1849. On January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1994, in an article for the Baltimore Sun newspaper entitled *'Poe's writings inspire opera called 'Ligeia'*, the staff writer, Steve McKerrow, published the following:

*'The life and work of Edgar Allan Poe sing out for an opera, says composer Augusta Read Thomas. So she has written one. "I think that everything Poe ever wrote, almost, it just screams opera. It's just so dramatic and has so many layers of fantasy and reality and different types of human experience ranging from horror to love," says the 29-year-old composer, a professor at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y.'*

But then, on February 20<sup>th</sup>, 1994, in a subsequent article for the Baltimore Sun entitled '*Portents are dire for attempts to turn Poe's work into opera*', the music critic, Stephen Wigler, wrote the following:

*'But why should Poe's work be so difficult to translate operatically? His language is lyrical - composers from Rachmaninoff ("The Bells") to Bernstein ("Songfest") have enjoyed success in setting his words to music. It has emotional high points -- the narrator's first celebration of his dead love in "Ligeia" practically calls out for a tenor aria. And, perhaps most importantly, his characters are passionate.'*

Later in the article, clearly supporting some of my theories, he goes on to say:

*'Poe was a master of gloom and of the dim glow of expiring lives and civilizations, but there is a way out of "Ligeia's" existential stasis and apparent lack of focus: It is to mine the psychic energy that lies beneath it. It was not for nothing that Baudelaire called Poe "a writer of nervous tension" or that Walt Whitman referred to the "demonic undertone behind every page."*

Might the fascination with his work be then, in fact, a reaction to Poe's own branch of artistry; his apparent facility for taking something of more sparse narrative substance and making it seductive through a sustained, reiterative, emotive and highly descriptive rhetoric? It is worth noting that most of Poe's compositional output features such obsessive treatment of material in this manner, and always within the confines of a relatively short form. These observations on Poe's technique piqued my curiosity. So much so, that I began to investigate the circumstances of Poe's upbringing and relatively short life, his creative output and the academic esteem in which it is so apparently and widely held. Certainly, in consideration of my fascination with Poe's story-telling ability, it was of great interest to find two academic papers suggesting, and providing suitable evidence, that he, himself, had appropriated material from several other sources in the manufacture of this tale, set against the backdrop of the Spanish Inquisition. Clark makes the following poignant observations in the last paragraph of his essay:

*'Poe, then, undoubtedly read his Brown and his Blackwood's and appropriated, much as did Shakespeare, his source. In this case he was unusually slavish in following those sources, for he not only took the four threads of his story from others, but followed Brown in the smallest details. It is, however, to be noted to his credit that when the materials passed through the crucible of his brain the amalgam was essentially his own, and something essentially finer than the originals.'*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Title: *The Sources of Poe's the Pit and the Pendulum* Author: David Lee Clark Source: Modern Language Notes, Vol. 44, No. 6 (Jun., 1929), pp. 349-356 Publisher: The Johns Hopkins University Press

My casual use of the term 'backdrop' may not be so perfunctory; Poe's story-telling prowess might well have germinated during his early years, growing up, as he did, surrounded by actors. His family history is firmly and thoroughly entrenched in the theatrical arts. I do suspect that my own background in musical theatre has fostered a subliminal empathy with his work, instigating a creative process, which I must now try to elucidate in some finer detail.

Inspired by Poe's use of language – descriptive, economical, extremely effective in its purpose, eloquent and rhythmic – I quickly wrote a few pages of musical score in artistic response, not to the rhythm of the prose, but to the powerful and quite lurid feelings generated by simply 'listening' to it. Having a personal predilection for using specific timbres during the composition stage, rather than arranging and orchestrating at a later date, some of my initial response required rather a large array of forces. With the likelihood and slender possibility of future performance resting not only on the perceived quality and value of the compositional outcome but also, in these times, on budget, prudence in instrumentation is, sadly, an area that does require some forethought and consideration. A temporarily palliative solution was simply to write and allow the ensemble to develop, as required, rather than specifying and writing to the capacity of a full, modern orchestra from the outset.

Delving further into the complex, and sometimes algorithmic properties of effective or fulfilling musical 'line', however intangible and confusing these initially seem to be, I wondered if there might not be found some equivalence in Poe's written prose, some mechanistic reflection of melodic 'line' or counterpoint mirrored in his written style? Playful postulation caused me also to wonder if my attraction to the work of this author were not fuelled by the incidence of some creative parallels. Might my suspicion that – in order to more readily engage and satiate the itinerant listener, some 'formality' must remain to make the perception of 'new' music more 'musical', irrespective of, perhaps, irregular or unfamiliar harmonic or other treatment – be somehow echoed and inherent in Poe's literary mechanism? He does, on a regular basis, seem able to take rather discomfiting subject material, perhaps in this case suggested by the restless harmonic backdrop elicited in my initial orchestral response, making it such compelling reading, drawing the 'listener' inexorably onwards towards ever more uncomfortable emotional territory; all this by means of a well-crafted written 'line'. Clear examples of Poe's skill in this respect are demonstrated in his most successful and inspiring works, those which are of the 'gothic horror' genre: *'The Masque of the Red Death'*, *'The Fall of the House of Usher'*, *'The Black Cat'*, *'The Tell-Tale Heart'*, *'The Pit and the Pendulum'*, *'The Raven'*. Apart from the nature of the subject material itself, his expertise in storytelling relies upon skillful, tireless and innovative emphasis of the mysterious, the grotesque, and often the psychological crumbling of isolated and desolate characters. Ultimately demonstrating his belief, and proof through successful exposition, that 'terror' itself is a justifiably literary subject. *'The Murders in the Rue Morgue'* is generally considered to be the precursor to the modern detective story.

Such thoughts gave me pause to seriously consider that experimentation with Poe's unaltered text and syntax might, on many levels, serve well as inspiration to create 'good' music, and on rather a grand scale, too. To adopt this approach, rather than to convert the 'story' into libretto, manipulating subject material linguistically and grammatically, achieving rhythm and rhyme in order to construct or even 'fit' a melody – the latter quite feasibly, in some cases, conceived independently. Whereas concise, economical poetry had before inspired and nourished my compositions – still, nevertheless, requiring melismatic manipulation, repetition and other means of prolongation of the text – might a more substantial piece of free prose, as conceived by such a respected artist, in itself provide the structural framework or 'container' for a large-scale musical work, rather than vice versa. To diligently follow this course of investigation and produce a substantial work, inspired in such a manner, seemed to constitute a worthy research project, the outcome offering some contribution to the repertoire, however small. As I write this commentary, having already completed my somewhat extensive research through the lengthy process of composition, I feel that both the journey, articulated and summarised in this document, and the compositional output do clearly demonstrate an element of success in the realisation of my research question objectives, these being as follows:

The production of a large-scale musical composition, created entirely in artistic response to Edgar Allen Poe's short tale. The composition shall sit within the restrictive framework of Poe's unaltered narrative: the perceived spoken rhythm of each line of his prose, at first, carefully transcribed as a stream of un-pitched notation, thereby providing a stimulus for subsequent, melodic and harmonic development. This 'musicalisation' to be inspired by the characteristics and style of Poe's narrative content, fully preserved and presented, verbatim, in the finished work as the vocal line. Through intertextual exposition, it is anticipated that some justification of my postulations on Poe's method might be revealed.

Although it was my intention that the focus of the portfolio should take the form of an Opera, a work eminently suitable for a modern 'staged' performance, I also felt, quite strongly, that the resultant composition should be able to function, successfully, on the concert platform; these criteria placing significant demands on various qualities of the music in order that it might work on more than one level, to adequate effect. I thought it conceivable that a 'filmic' approach might be taken or developed, employing through-composed underscore, as might be found in a cinematic setting, serving as programmatic music in concert, punctuated by vocal episodes. I began to consider my own perception of various relevant and, sometimes, idiosyncratic works of a theatrical and operatic nature, amongst which the new composition might tentatively be positioned, or at least related to in terms of its various potential functions within the literature.

*'Trouble in Tahiti'*, an opera by Leonard Bernstein, was first performed in 1952. In one act, lasting forty minutes, it deals with the troubled relationship of a young married couple, through a

series of seven scenes. The intimacy of the work, the emotionally charged content and the conversational realism of the vernacular language was fundamental in attracting my interest. '*Candide*', based upon a novella by Voltaire, was intended as a play with music by the librettist, Lillian Hellman. Bernstein, however, developed the piece into operetta and over time there have been many contributors to the text. Relative to aspirations for the performance versatility of my own new work, it is noteworthy that '*Candide*' has been performed on both stage and concert platform with equal success. Clarity of the narrative is inherent within the composition itself. I consulted the score for Stravinsky's Opera/Oratorio, '*Oedipus Rex*'. Although Cocteau's French libretto was translated into Latin for the composition, in performance the story is elucidated by scripted narration in the native language of the audience. The original performance, in 1927, as concert oratorio in Paris was closely followed by a staged production in 1928, by the Vienna State Opera. I found elements of Stravinsky's rhythmic and metric construction of interest, in relation to patterns found in my rhythmic interpretation of Poe's text and their assimilation in the musical texture. One such element, the obstruction of a repetitive, motivic, musical 'motor' by means of dramatic interjection and punctuation, occurs just after rehearsal mark 50 in my score, and again after rehearsal mark 53. Luigi Dallapiccola's '*Il Prigioniero*', originally a 1949 'radio opera', was first staged in Florence in 1950. Of around fifty minutes in duration, it is concerned with a French tale entitled '*La Torture par l'espérance*' (*Torture by Hope*). Similar, in terms of the subject material, to '*The Pit and the Pendulum*', at its commencement it also features a direct, referenced quote from the latter. Some of the musical material is based upon an earlier work entitled '*Canti di Prigione*' (*Songs of Imprisonment*) and I recently discovered a fascinating paper by Dallapiccola, dealing with the genesis of these two works. '*Duke Bluebeard's Castle*', composed by Bartók in 1911, is a sixty minute opera featuring two singers and large orchestra. Of interest to me, here, is both the significance of the minor second interval, and the highly chromatic, speech rhythm influenced vocal line. The opera has an inherent feeling of stasis; the pacing of the libretto, interspersed with episodes of orchestral exposition, allowing the full horror of the narrative to develop within the mind of the listener.

Last, but not of the least importance in my wider reading, is Michel Legrand's handling of the musical score for '*Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*', a film directed by Jacques Demy in 1964. The entire dialogue throughout the film is set to music in the manner of enhanced recitative. The inspiration that this work has provided for me cannot be over emphasised. Rhythms of natural and casual speech are maintained in Legrand's music and, most importantly, he incorporates these in such a way that the music feels completely natural too; behaving in a manner that, informed by *some* formality, I suspect most functional and well-conceived music does. Hence, my decision to focus on the 'rhythmic framework' of Poe's prose as a means of propounding at least some equivalence with musical line; through this aspect of certain, inherent commonality between speech and music. Legrand's inspirational work I consider to be operatic in both nature

and stature; demonstrating those very qualities that I have already suggested should inform the outcome of my own research through composition.

### **Contretemps** (Completed on 20<sup>th</sup> April 2010)

During the early stages of my research, an opportunity arose to write material for violin and piano, this to be performed in a workshop environment. Whilst considering the transformation of *'The Pit and the Pendulum'* into a large-scale theatrical production, it had already occurred to me that an element of 'ballet' might be incorporated to good effect. I had certainly not decided, at this point, that the whole of Poe's text would be vocalised, rather that it would simply be used in its entirety, in some way, to inform the final composition. In fact, I fancied that the different qualities, moods or modes, which I perceived in Poe's literary 'voice', might suggest that areas of the text could be incorporated into the score as performance directions, scenic suggestions or such like. Embracing this approach, for a limited period, I duly prepared a copy of the text that contained various colour-coded sections, with the intention of indicating passages that might be realised through vocalisation and dance, or simply used to inform performance and set design. Evidence of my preliminary experimentation is clearly documented in Appendix A. A particular section of the story that did seem to promote itself as suitable balletic stimulus; the moment when the rats swarm upon the prisoner:

*'Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the frame-work and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood — they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. ....*

*They pressed — they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart.'*

I began fervent experimentation and the working title for my smaller composition, in response to this text, became *'Rat Race'*. Chromatic, 'wriggling', motivic fragments from the initial orchestral abstract (still preserved at rehearsal mark 1 in *'The Pit and the Pendulum'*) came to represent the scurrying of the rats, a highly contrapuntal piece of writing began to develop. By the time the opportunity arose for the piano and violin workshop, I had written several pages. I had also 'moved on' with my concept for the *'Pit and the Pendulum'* and had more or less ruled out the inclusion of a balletic sequence or interlude, but more of this later. *'Contretemps'* was born, a restless disagreement between the two instrumental forces; lines careening off each other and in, seemingly, tireless counterpoint (seeking some 'escape', in my mental visualisation, like



trapped rodents), sometimes with blatant harmonic disregard for each other but still 'connected', if only suggested to be so through bitonality and even rhythmic avoidance. Needless to say, the musical output does strongly reflect my mental imagery, which in turn was inspired by the narrative. At this juncture it should also be pointed out that from the very first orchestral sketch, and throughout the *'Portfolio of Compositions'*, is featured my experimentation and playful fascination with the inversion of the major seventh interval to form the minor ninth, or indeed the minor second. I must stress, however, that it is my 'experimentation' which regularly features – the expansion and contraction of the interval by a semitone, simultaneously at both ends, is not always used explicitly in motivic form, but the varied contextual, harmonic assimilation available to these pairs of notes, in different configurations, may be felt, very often. At rehearsal letter C, (*Contretemps*), I have presented the original, rhythmic violin motif in the form of an ostinato pattern for the piano (RH), the now more 'fluid', melodic sequence in the violin part is echoed in the piano (LH), but in an augmented form. At letter D, an augmented form of the 'fluid' violin melody begins, thus providing the scope for a systematic and sequential build (melodic and harmonic) towards the climax at letter E, the ensuing material yet another variation on the chromatic melody already heard. Recapitulation of various ideas brings the piece to a point of satisfactory closure – a final statement of the original motif and a very clear example of my major seventh/minor ninth dialectic in all its glory. The major seventh, in this case however, expounded enharmonically as a diminished octave.

### **Awaken** (Completed on 31<sup>st</sup> December 2010)

Again, this work began as an experiment with 'ideas', suggested both in and by my initial sketch for orchestra. Although the compositional focus, here, was on the construction of an extended form for larger forces. A call for compositions to be played by the symphony orchestra as part of the celebration of the University of St. Andrew's 500<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, and thereby providing the slim chance of another live performance opportunity, was the catalyst in this case.

As yet another concept for the staging and fundamental musical design of the 'Opera' had begun to take shape in my imagination, I now needed to consider the possibility of roles for multiple singers. The plot of Poe's story revolves around a solitary figure and there is only a cursory mention of other characters, both at the beginning and at the very end. Featured throughout, however, are references to various actions, which are presumably undertaken by unseen characters. Furthermore, there is the energetic and crucial role played by the rats. Might there also be room for a chorus element? If so, how might I engineer this, being restricted by my own precepts to using Poe's original text, unabridged, unedited and in the first person?

The story is prefaced by a quatrain in Latin. Its recitation in a sombre and stentorian tone does, as I'm sure Poe intended it to, help in setting the scene for the ensuing horror. Within his first paragraph, Poe implies the 'presence' of the Inquisition:

*'I WAS sick — sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence — the dread sentence of death — was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. ....*

*Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white — whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words — and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness — of immovable resolution — of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded.'*

I saw a glimmer of opportunity, the chance to give a voice to these shadowy figures. Might they intone the Latin quatrain at the outset? Might their sombre, choral and even, perhaps, wordless music reappear later, when the prisoner tells of the imagery on the walls of the iron chamber and even later still, when these images become incandescent and the walls begin to close in?

*'The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls.'*

*'I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraiture an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.'*

And so, 'Awaken' begins with a slow undulating line, meted out in short phrases – reminiscent of a plainchant or cantus firmus. The sole purpose of its creation being to see if I might have the compositional stamina to develop a complete orchestral piece, perfused with such a hypnotic, musical mantra. Furthermore, might this provide yet another source of reference material, or at least a starting point, for the main focus of my research? As in the first orchestral sketch, my response to Poe, the opening, undulating melodic fragments in 'Awaken' are initially spasmodic and fragmented, gradually gaining in strength and determination in order to establish and

maintain a more regular pulse, a sense of forward momentum. This mechanistic feature still prevails in the overture of *'The Pit and the Pendulum'*, although serving an entirely different semiotic purpose – but more of that later.

In this piece, which is much longer and more sophisticated in construction than *'Contretemps'*, most of the opening section (from rehearsal letter A to B) is concerned with a prolonged and staged crescendo to the point of climax; the musical substance mainly founded upon or forged from variations and restatements of the initial simple motif or 'chant'. A rhythmic gesture to the violin motif from *'Contretemps'* appears in the piccolo part (third bar of letter A) and also, most importantly, a new melodic fragment is introduced and then repeated systematically, its first appearance being in the hands of the oboes at bar 41. The point of climax is a forceful statement of the reiterating piccolo motif. Section B develops the new melody in a more languorous setting before the violent recapitulation of the original motivic materials at letter C. Section D once again makes use of the opening chant-like motif, this time with a major tonality, in order to instigate the modulation at letter E. In this section, there begins a lilting rhythmic accompaniment to herald the arrival of a soaring, romantic melody, the centrepiece of the work, at letter F. This appears first in the 'cellos, is later reinforced by the fiddles and finally the woodwinds and horns join in, a few bars before letter G. The orchestration sets the melody against a countermelody, based upon the melodic fragment that formerly appeared at bar 41. At letter G, a development of the first few notes of the main theme, placed in an ascending sequence, provides a growing sense of urgency in preparation for the grand orchestral tutti, a bold restatement of the melody at letter H. A different mood is developed during letter I. Fresh and incisive motifs are introduced by the muted brass and horns – these are interspersed by punctuation provided by the woodwinds and percussion (yet again based upon further, brittle and rhythmic variants of the inverted chant-like motif). Progressively, more heavily textured statements of the initial motif start to build towards the presentation of disfigured fragments of the central theme, first showcased at letter F. On reaching letter K, the orchestration seems to signal that a long-awaited and wholesome return of this tune might be imminent. Hopes are dashed, however, as part of the cycle simply begins again at letter L, thereby prolonging the tension even further. Finally, an apparent perfect cadence into E flat at letter N which, instead of providing closure, simply remains on the dominant and presents not the expected melody, but another instalment of the chant-like motif with which the work humbly began. At O, the soli violins do play a shortened and plaintive version of the once expansive melody, but this simply prefaces three more gentle and interleaved statements of the opening motif, which are now presented homophonically by various mixed forces, creating in the process an almost bitonal harmonic setting. Peace eventually arrives with the final, long suggested and awaited chord of E flat major.

[illegible]

As I begin, now, to describe my approach to this particular composition, it might always best be remembered that the outcome is, first and foremost, the result of an artistic response to the extensive groundwork and foundations prepared so masterfully, by whatsoever means, by Poe. As discussed in the introduction, my real interest being in the treatment by means of which he gives such lengthy literary consideration to what is, essentially, a rather simplistic conceit.

### **The First Stage**

In accordance with my artistic and research motives, it became easily apparent, early on, that I might achieve far more by facing the considerable challenge of setting all of Poe's words, verbatim, to music; akin to Michel Legrand's extensive treatment of the narrative in the film, '*Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*'. Henceforth, I discarded the idea, discussed earlier (*Contretemps*), of using parts of the descriptive narrative to inform staging and scenic concerns. Instead, the result of several months of rather intense work, during the summer of 2011, was the production of a complete rhythmic response to the narrative. Every word, phrase, sentence of Poe's rhetoric, as spoken by me, set out as a notated, rhythmic figure in manuscript form. During an arduous and time-consuming first process, I made a conscious and determined effort to try and avoid any unbidden thoughts concerning melody or harmony. By way of comprehensive example, the initial transcription process is documented, almost in its entirety, in Appendix B. This comprises my penciled notation in response to 'reading' the story. Even at this early juncture, however, it was clear to me that somehow my own interpretation and vocalisation of Poe's metric structures had begun to influence the first, physical stage of the transformation. I found myself, from time to time, revisiting, correcting and adapting the initial notated response; vocalising the prose in a different way. A process which I suspect to be somewhat akin to the personal and individual interpretation of notated music; although performance directions may be comprehensive, outcomes in performance are frequently, and acceptably so, very different. What I did notice particularly was that, through the developing language of my own response, various patterns appeared to be emerging. Referring back to the evidence in Appendix B, it now seems easily apparent that, at times, I was compelled to use different time signatures in order to better facilitate the physical notation process. This was not always due to the accommodation of metric irregularities caused by troublesome syntax, however. Perceived moods of anxiety or mental and physical activity, for example, seemed to suggest a compound metre. My notated response often features a consequential reaction to these bursts of energy: contrasting phases of less frenetic rhythmic intensity, often featuring a simple metre. Moments of perceived relaxation or resignation, these manifest themselves more clearly in the second stage of 'musicalisation', as they are often reinforced or enhanced by means of harmonic procedure. Incidences of these phases, existing within the finished score, are further referenced and exemplified in the section concerned with the various functions of musical material.

Although responding to a stimulus based in prose and not a libretto, one especially structured and prepared for the assimilation of musical support, Poe's writing seemed somehow, through my chosen medium of rhythmic commonality, capable of suggesting the vague beginnings, the outline of some musical form. Encouragingly, I was able to relate this to the concept of the 'restrictive framework' outlined in my research questions.

### **The Second Stage**

A marriage of narrative and music is, essentially, symbiotic; both participants potentially benefit from the relationship, often in equal proportion, and to their mutual advantage. Either of these willing partners, however, may survive perfectly well out of wedlock. Both music and narrative, written or spoken, rely on a plethora of subject-specific, mechanistic features, which serve to inform and reinforce their structural framework, or form, allowing for a robust and effective tapestry to be woven in and around it. Music, of course, may imply a narrative, or at least some outline or suggestion of one. 'Programme' music is that which has this propensity. *'Le Carnaval des Animaux'* (Saint-Saëns) provides us with a plethora of simple examples. It is so easy, for instance, to imagine the qualities of a graceful swan whilst listening to its musical facsimile, presented poignantly in the 'arched' melody played by the violoncello. The 'cello might even be perceived to possess an appropriate timbre to describe this elegant animal as it floats on the gently rippling water, itself described persuasively by the undulating accompaniment. But, if the piece had no title, how successfully might it then convey a specific imagery? Some composers make a conscious effort in order to avoid programmatic connotation in the presentation of their work. Max Reger being, in my opinion, one notable example of a proponent of such 'absolute', but richly emotive music.

What I have tried to do here is find a 'music' that might, justifiably, be generated, in the first instance, by the narrative in a physical way. The programmatic title of the work and the fact that Poe's text is incorporated verbatim is *not* the main issue. Referring back to the first objective of my research questions – 'the production of a large-scale musical composition, created entirely in artistic response to Edgar Allen Poe's short tale' – the outcome must, of course, satisfy and support the semantic demands of the narrative in performance, as is the very nature of a piece of musical theatre. But, specifying next that 'the composition shall sit within the restrictive framework of Poe's unaltered narrative' is to state my foremost intention, to use the rhythmic and metric framework of Poe's text to guide the formation of the physical musical structure itself; to use it as a feature of commonality between the languages of speech and music, as discussed earlier. Once again, I refer back to my initial rhythm transcription process, demonstrated and documented in Appendix B. Melodic and harmonic development, subsequent 'musicalisation' of the restrictive framework, then undoubtedly becomes a programmatic concern; counterpoint and texture inspired by the characteristics and style of Poe's narrative content.

Music relies on anticipation – the hope, and so often its prolongation, that certain expectations will be satisfied. But, the uncertainty of how and when this sense of closure will be achieved goes a very long way in helping to explain both our constant source of fascination with, and our passion for the medium. A parallel might be drawn here with the concept of a popular narrative plot, and yet the multitude of ways in which a story can be built around it. I refer back to my earlier observations on Poe's literary prowess and success, set out within the introduction; his apparent ability to draw the 'listener' inexorably onwards, towards ever more uncomfortable emotional territory, by means of a well-crafted written 'line'.

It would appear that a story might often progress towards and then continue through each cornerstone of the plot, without the necessity to look back. The premise, seemingly, that what has already been 'said', remains so. Music, however, appears to favour frequent recourse to an element of restatement and recapitulation, albeit perhaps in altered form. I have observed through this research that whilst Poe's text may not necessarily recapitulate specific content, it frequently recapitulates the 'manner' in which it conveys content. I see some evidence of this in the recurrence of rhythmic patterns, already discussed, and the distribution of other material, such as that which I perceive to constitute 'aria'. This is discussed further in the section dealing specifically with aspects of aria and recitative. Does all this say something about a fundamental difference in the nature of these art forms; with respect to their conveyance of 'meaning' often, though not exclusively, through, perhaps, medium specific mechanisms of self-expression? It is beyond the scope of this writing to ponder further, but suffice it to say that this discussion, or at least the physical and experimental articulation of it, really is deeply embedded in the very heart of my research interests.

Far more challenging than the first, the second stage of composition involved allocating pitches to the constituent note values of each rhythmic figure of the first draft. Notwithstanding the fact that these collections of pitches should then, in their sequence, also satisfy the tenets of 'good' melodic writing, in order for me to propound the existence of some parity with musical 'line' in Poe's narrative – some vestige only of which might possibly remain, maybe just the odd rare specimen, once the words had been interpreted and uttered – I forged ahead.

The explosive, opening vocal motif was my very first musical response to the short preceding overture, which was in turn, and so remains, my initial orchestral sketch in artistic response to Poe's narrative, as already discussed. So far so good! There were to follow, however, many more months of intense scrutiny and manipulation of the contents of my, essentially, 'rhythmic' manuscript. During the summer of 2012, experimentation relied heavily upon those principles and tools founded in musicianship. The result was a score for piano and voice, which encompassed the entire narrative. How might I begin to explain such a process? I can begin by saying that, in stark contrast to my usual method of writing for orchestral forces, the reasons

for completing the whole 'short score' for piano and voice were fourfold: First, the fear of losing my initial compositional momentum whilst pondering over varied forces and their placement. Second, the hope of 'setting' all the narrative to melody more expediently and, in doing so, to reach a position of security, from whence I could reflect, refine and then safely indulge myself in the orchestration. Third, to maintain a 'working' copy of the manuscript throughout, from which I could both play and sing. Fourth, to focus and enforce my concentration on the creation of a highly contrapuntal material in response to the narrative – a compact collection of concurrent, well-crafted melodic lines, vocal part included, that are equally able to function independently and as one – a quality which I perceive to be inherently musical.

### **The Third Stage**

Orchestration, the time for thoughtful and, often, speculative conversion of my compact, concise and organic contrapuntal writing into a far more expansive orchestral texture, was challenging. Not more so than in the fact that, by engaging in this time consuming and lengthy process, a whole raft of new questions and aesthetic considerations were brought to the foreground. It was also during this time that the work first became labeled, in my mind, as 'Historia Cantada' rather than 'Opera' – literally a sung story and, I suppose, similar in nature to a 'Cantata'. Inspiration for this came without a doubt from Poe's frequent, direct and indirect references to the Spanish Inquisition; these sometimes made through the skilful incorporation of those semiotic signifiers by which it might most easily be connoted. Likewise, I found myself making the occasional musical allusion; a mere flavour, here and there, inspired by Poe's inferences, appearing in both melody and harmony from time to time. A brief rhythmic acknowledgement of the Habanera, a small fragment of altered Phrygian modality, perhaps, and the 'Andalusian' cadence; use of these inspired by both my experience of, and high regard for Flamenco music, with its disquieting, fiery and sometimes unpredictable, volatile musical nature. Notable examples of this 'seasoning', part of my extended palette in the musical 'theatricalisation' of Poe's short story, may be easily seen at rehearsal numbers 13 and 48.

### **On Recitative and Aria**

I had no preconceptions about the inclusion of, or even the necessity for featuring, a gratuitous balance of 'recitative' and 'aria' in my compositional response. Nor, indeed, was I at first sure whether I would find, within Poe's unaltered text, an appropriate opportunity to feature any significant element of aria. Recitative most definitely – due to my decision to include the whole of Poe's text in the vocal line – but not necessarily the ongoing relationship between recitative and aria that one might expect to find, albeit in varied proportion and quality, throughout the 'operatic' repertoire.



And then, came the ‘call’ for aria, unconventionally and out of the blue! Within the first page of Poe’s text, his ‘tone of voice’ changes, albeit subtly, and I became enchanted by the beginnings of a rich musical theme that started to coalesce in response to his words. First, Poe seems to announce the imminent arrival of what I perceived to be the ‘aria phase’. He stops the flow of narrative with several short questions:

*‘In the deepest slumber — no! In delirium — no! In a swoon — no! In death — no!’*

Then, come two profound statements that set the ‘scene’:

*‘Even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man.’*

Poe is going to talk philosophically about aspects of the human condition and is not continuing with the plot in the ensuing passage; and so the aria begins. This exciting moment of discovery occurred whilst I was engaged in the very early stages of my initial rhythmic transcription. Writing a few notes down, lest I should forget my ideas, was the only concession I made whilst trying to banish any thoughts of melody and harmony at this stage of my process, as detailed earlier. A fragment of the melodic material is notated at the beginning of Appendix B. The first occurrence of the aria phase is also clearly highlighted in purple on the first page of Appendix A. This phase of the music is quite prolonged, beginning at rehearsal number 17 with the words, *‘Arousing from the most profound of slumbers ...’* and finally coming to an end at number 27 *‘... the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.’* Two distinctive sections of the extensive aria melody are reiterated several times throughout the work, but always in a truncated and sometimes fragmentary form.

Musical material from the beginning of the aria is ‘summoned’ again, at moments of perceived poignancy, when Poe appears to want to convey narrative in the same manner. For example, between rehearsal numbers 74 and 75 the prisoner again expresses something about his own condition. At number 91, a quotation of one bar of the aria material, *‘... arousing from lethargy or sleep!’*, supports narrative with the same meaning as that at the outset of its first exposition; at number 17, *‘Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of some dream.’* In a more substantial passage, beginning at 124 and extended until 126, the prisoner again speaks philosophically about his own condition, commencing with the question, *‘Yet what business had I with hope?’* This is where I start to feel that part of the mechanism of Poe’s language – maybe my suggested, literary equivalence of musical line and counterpoint – is indeed beginning to surface; finding a new and, perhaps, enhanced means of expression through my concerted and prolonged attempt at the musical contextualisation, realisation and setting of his narrative. Put more concisely, through intertextuality.

The more 'jubilant' section of the melody from the aria, presented first at 21, '*He who has never swooned ...*', is also reiterated, if sparingly, in more than one form. At number 25, somewhat morosely, but at 82 jubilantly once again, '*I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible.*' Ultimately, it is 'called for' right near the end, at 196, in full jubilant form, the exciting moment of the prisoner's imminent escape; '*The fiery walls rushed back!*' The sentiment in Poe's writing seems, once again, to find some equivalence, on a subliminal level, with both the potency and quality of the same music, inspired during its first exposition in the full aria near the beginning of the work.

Otherwise, briefly, the musical presentation of the whole narrative might holistically be thought of as a much enhanced form of recitative, not 'secco' or 'accompagnato' in the Italian tradition, or even 'simple', 'accompagné' or 'mesuré', as in the French, but as a through-composed score in which both the orchestra and the voice play equally important and constantly interactive parts. Fluctuation between accompaniment and solo, or the specific, functional roles of reinforcement, enhancement and concerted statement are inherent features of the counterpoint throughout.

### **Motivic Aspects**

Two clear examples of motivic material arise from their first statement, in my initial orchestral sketch; that which has now become the overture. This sketch provided an important opportunity to introduce elements of my compositional response that were not informed by the 'restrictive framework' of the initial rhythmic transcription. I make reference here to the second objective of my research questions: 'This 'musicalisation' to be inspired by the characteristics and style of Poe's narrative content, fully preserved and presented, verbatim, in the finished work as the vocal line.' So, the following motifs were not directly inspired by Poe's rhythmic structure.

*The Opening Motif* – a cry for help – an ineffectual attempt at escape from the darkness of the subterranean cell, appears first at bar one. The three successive 'cries' from the woodwind each result in unsatisfying, but resolute, dissonance; each one differently voiced, weak and helpless, unresolved. This motif is heard again, in altered form, for example at rehearsal number 51.

*The Pendulum Motif* – is first established at bar seven and is 'heard' for the duration of the piece. Incompletely stated, it is consistently woven throughout the harmony and melodic line. It surfaces, in full, at moments of climax and often at the ends of certain sections, used as a means of punctuation. Finally, it is allowed to become the main focus when the pendulum is in 'full swing', for example at rehearsal number 132. (Indeed, when the prisoner's terror variously gives way to a more manic and fevered fascination with the movement of the pendulum, the orchestral texture even allows for a modicum of jollity, featuring a somewhat pompous pizzicato bass – my working title for such sections was, 'the fairground ride begins!') The pendulum motif

is, by nature of both its rhythmic and harmonic construction, mechanistic in promoting continuity and momentum throughout the work. A quality that lends it considerable significance; its musically functional centrality to the whole work in direct parallel with the repetitive, lateral movement of the physical object, featured so obsessively in the story. Also of importance is the semiotic support it provides, throughout the whole, closely combined, musico-narrative process; the long, metered wait for the story to reach some inevitable conclusion, as both the literary and musical pendulum swing constantly back and forth, marking time for the inexorable process.

The harmonic aspect of the initial sketch developed as a consequence of the juxtaposition of the two motifs outlined above. The resultant 'mood' or 'modality', developed in so doing, is perpetuated throughout the work. Bitonal harmonic elements and octatonic melodic tendencies permeate the piece and conspire to create what I perceive as a 'sallow stagnancy'. These two words, which I initially scribbled down when considering my reaction to Poe's language, reflect my perception of the atmosphere in the claustrophobic cell.

I should now shift focus to that motivic material which is *clearly* informed by my rhythmic analysis of Poe's text in its entirety.

The opening *melodic cry* from the prisoner, '*I WAS sick ...*', seen at rehearsal mark 3, I feel in its first exposition to be a musical representation of exasperation. This motif spans and articulates the very interval, the subject of my fascination, as discussed earlier (*Contretemps*). Returning frequently, throughout the work, particularly at moments of apparent heightened stress, it is used for its 'emphatic' and 'declamatory' nature. Evidence of its employment is both obvious and frequent in the vocal melody. (For example at 4, '*The sentence ...*' and at 14, '*I had swooned ...*') Its configuration of pitches, however, also appears as a chord-shape in the orchestration, from time to time; for example, in the woodwinds, at the *agitato*, four bars before 43. On this occasion, the melodic motif is featured concurrently in the vocal line, '*... lest I should be impeded by the walls of a tomb.*' I should also point out the noteworthy, successive and insistent reiteration of the motif before the more jubilant aria theme returns, at the moment of imminent escape; beginning at 193, '*I struggled no more ...*' Building expectation with its declamatory nature, both literally and, hence, musically in my response. It is finally given a 'helping hand' to reach the point of climax, at 196, by a sequential and concerted statement, over the previous four bars, of the pendulum motif.

The '*Wall*' – this word 'required' a motif to be associated with it; another example, like the 'melodic cry' (see above) and the 'call for aria' (experienced much earlier), where the process of analysing Poe's entire rhythmic framework *clearly* drew my attention to it. I noticed that it became a feature, a focal point within one particular section of the narrative; best demonstrated in the green highlighted section, at the bottom of the second page of Appendix A. I have circled

the word, on three occasions, with red pen. I should point out that, in the same section, I was also drawn towards Poe's rhythmic placement of the words, '*smooth, slimy and cold*'. These words are underlined and also emphasised musically, in the ninth bar after rehearsal number 51. A similar form of Poe's rhythmic emphasis is indicated on the fifth page of Appendix A. The word '*down*' is circled four times. Representing the inescapable confines of the cell, something as obstructive as the '*wall*' seemed significant enough to receive special treatment and, as a consequence of this status, the intrinsic capability of obstructing the musical flow, by its very own interjection. The recurring motivic figure appears in the sixth bar after rehearsal number 51, again two bars later, then two bars before 53 and 55, respectively.

### **Various Functions of Musical Material**

The metric quality of 6/8 or 9/8 is frequently employed in different guises, one of its various functions being to provide energy in response to action suggested in the narrative. A clear example is seen, for the first time, immediately after the aria finishes; the '*con moto*' at rehearsal number 28. At this juncture, the 6/8 metre provides a welcome change in mood, a feeling of energy as the prisoner breaks free from his reverie; '*Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound – the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of it beating.*' A compound metre is also used to enhance the feeling of mounting anxiety when Poe's narrative builds upon a concept and then obsesses, in progressively greater detail, employing an ever increasingly emphatic 'tone' of voice. The 9/8 metre, for example, is employed in response to Poe's emphatic tone at rehearsal mark 30, a moment of realisation; '*Then, very suddenly, thought, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state.*' Note that an element of rhyme creeps into the narrative here, perhaps encouraging the use of a compound metre? Often, this lilting metre seems summoned by Poe's text; I briefly discuss this in the earlier section entitled, 'The First Stage'. Again, the identification of a 'call' for such metric treatment is so *clearly* a consequence of having analysed Poe's line in its entirety, the genesis of the 'restrictive framework'.

Whilst on the subject, another device I employed to provide kinetic energy in the music is seen, for example, eight bars before 51. Featuring semiquaver movement, its function is different, however, in that it does not really provide significant forward momentum, due to its slow harmonic pace. Whilst referencing such mechanistic material I should, at this point, make it abundantly clear that it was not, and has never been, my intention simply to add 'appropriate' orchestral underscore in order to enhance the story; in the manner of a 'pit' orchestra supporting a silent movie. I consider *this* merger of music and narrative to be a homogenous entity.

Moments of resignation or relaxation, found frequently throughout the narrative, are often marked by a musical 'sigh', a sinking settlement towards a reluctant tonal resolution. One

instance of this is seen at rehearsal number 45 and another, five bars before 63. There are also 'quieter' periods; for example, when the prisoner wakes from slumber and reaches out an arm for food. These seem to call for similar musical treatment each time they occur – Poe's text again informing musical structure through my rhythmic analysis (examples at 57 and 79).

At rehearsal number 40, clear appropriation of the intervals of the major seventh and minor ninth can be seen in the harp part – 'sounding' the death knell. Incidentally, I became most interested in the resolute 'thrum' of the harp playing these wide and dissonant intervals – sounding somewhat 'immovable' and somehow 'judgmental', rather like the indistinct, robed figures at the beginning of the story. This type of effect on the harp, but employing unison over a span of three octaves, I have featured as punctuation when the pendulum motif really 'gets going' (for example at 132). Providing, in my mind, a satisfying 'twang' of the suspension wire as the pendulum swings back and forth, and effectively suiting purpose, no doubt, because of the similarity in the way that the sounds might be perceived to have been generated.

Specific tempi, metrical constructions, significant melodic motifs and rhythmic figurations – all these developed in the manner of a 'language', through successive exposition and subsequent reiteration in my sustained response to the narrative – are inspired by my rhythmic analysis of Poe's entire story; itself forming the 'restrictive framework' within which the composition sits.

### **On Performance**

The reading and internalisation of Poe's story takes a quarter, or less, of the time taken to either listen to or perform the 'Historia Cantada'. Various processes that take place when assimilating written prose – the comprehension, interpretation of meaning, associated mental imagery and emotional response – are, of course, all virtually simultaneous and extremely personal to each reader. They are also unvoiced, in the physical sense. In this, quite, intense musical work, the demands of the vocal line are not always virtuosic, in terms of tessitura, but those of stamina in its effective execution quite often are. For the competent, professional singer it might appear, on the surface, that these simply amount to an equivalence of 'telling' the story. I do suggest, however, that a certain independence and strength in delivery of the vocal line, due to the latter's important role as an inseparable faction of the counterpoint, should be well considered. This does place demands on the performer, particularly with respect to immaculate intonation and consistency.

I designed *'The Pit and the Pendulum'* to be performed by 'tenor voice (or multiple instances thereof) and orchestra'. And, in doing so, addressed my own criteria, set out in the introduction. The diverse, perceived moods of the prisoner, those represented semantically in the music, might be realised, on the concert platform, by different performers. Another scenario, the

concept of which I begin to find more and more appealing, is such that where two singers (or more), being fully prepared, would sing various sections of the work, chosen spontaneously during the performance, perhaps sharing phrases or even singing together. Thereby, each outcome might, potentially, have a radically different meaning and a fresh dynamic contour.

### **On Staging**

Firmly in my mind, from the outset and throughout the whole duration of the compositional process, has been the concept for a theatrically staged production. In the very briefest of detail, the tale is told by two characters, an elderly man (narrator) and the prisoner – the old man has been stricken by a degenerative and worsening illness. During the course of the performance, he tells elements of the story in different ways – sometimes he is seen reading from, or writing in, a diary or book, at others he simply sings as he sits in bed, or in his chair. We are not sure whether this elderly gentleman is imagining that the action is taking place, has perhaps dreamt it, or whether, at some point in his youth, he has lived through the experience himself. Is he recalling the past, is he living through the whole vivid experience in his, progressively, more and more delirious imaginings, or is he in the process of writing a story, or his memoirs?

The scene is set such that the old man's chamber is on one half of a revolving stage, which is divided by a gauze curtain, and the prisoner is on the other side. The 'revolve' allows us to see either the old man's chamber, in isolation, or the torture chamber. The gauze is painted on both sides to reflect a backdrop for each respective scene. However, when action is taking place on either side of the gauze, shadows or images may be allowed to pass through from the other side. For example, when the old man is, perhaps, being attended to by his nurses, the silhouette of this can be seen by the audience, through the gauze, as a backdrop to the torture chamber. Nursing apparel in the 1800s did comprise long, fever-proof gowns and aprons, although those in attendance might also be, conceivably, nuns wearing long habits; their robed figures in silhouette appearing as the shadowy figures seen by the prisoner in the early stages of the story. There is a fireplace in the old man's bedroom and the light cast by this may be seen as a red flickering glow, through the gauze, in the final stages of the story; thus representing the fiery glow of the walls as they advance upon the prisoner. The possibilities are, of course, endless and exciting, the vocal line being voiced by the two characters. The musical structure is quite sectional and, at times, there are musical interludes, which might suggest and help facilitate the turning of the revolving stage. Were the vocal line to be passed very quickly between the two singers, it is envisaged that both chambers might be seen at the same time; the gauze screen perpendicular to the audience and, therefore, invisible. In these instances, the interplay between the performers being facilitated most easily by lights up or down on their respective areas of the stage. Poe finishes and dismisses the outcome of the story quite flippantly. At this point the old man's struggle is over and, simultaneously with the escape of the

prisoner, he dies. The torment of his long illness is over and the agenda of the torturer is concluded – these two ideas linked inextricably and, somewhat, mystically throughout the performance of the work.

### **Concluding Thoughts**

The outcome of my research, my findings, might well be considered, I suppose, as more easily apparent and readily accessible to the musical practitioner; the results of my investigative and experimental process – those elements contained within and yet, at the same time, defining the large-scale musical form – being more easily ‘felt’ or identified through the process of physical performance. Certainly, my own relationship with Poe’s narrative has become much stronger throughout the forging of this rather emotional, artistic response. I feel able to state, with some confidence, that this relationship is not born, purely, out of obvious and overt familiarity with the text; for me, now, the words and music are inseparable and I cannot hear one without the other.

To make better, organised sense of that which been such a lengthy and convoluted process, I should commence by relating my findings to the initial questions, those that frame my research and investigation. First, and most satisfyingly so, the resultant, large-scale musical composition is, in its entirety, the product of a focussed, much considered, artistic response to Poe’s writing.

Syntactically, the patterning of Poe’s insistent, reiterative rhythm – that which I now perceive to be of formative significance in his literary prowess and success – I took as both initial stimulus, and as a pervasive, restrictive influence throughout the compositional process. As discussed in the section entitled, ‘The Second Stage’, my first consideration of the rhythmic element was due to the obvious physical commonality between speech and music. If the properties of effective and fulfilling musical ‘line’ are, as suggested in the summary, complex and algorithmic in nature, so, I postulated, might be those of my proposed literary equivalent. The rhythmic element does not, in either of these cases – essentially, although not exclusively – convey a specific ‘meaning’ but it is, without doubt, fundamental to the architecture, function and perceived success of each respective structure; hence a convenient starting point, my ‘restrictive framework’.

Semantically and secondarily, in my consideration of Poe’s skilful manipulation of the reader’s perception, I have tried to demonstrate some parity, through the disposition of vertical harmony and counterpoint in my artistic response, with the manner and style of Poe’s own narrative treatment; the second main objective of my research questions, that process which I have called ‘musicalisation’. Material generated thus, I consider programmatic in nature; also as discussed in ‘The Second Stage’. Another question emerges, though, which in light of my investigations I might now try to succinctly address. Musical counterpoint provides for the emphasis of a linear subject, through vertical juxtaposition with other linear material in simultaneous exposition. How

might this mechanism be conceptually related to a species of some literary equivalence? Does Poe really achieve a comparable form of mechanistic counterpoint – that to which I have aspired to respond and reflect in my musical texture – within a single line? I tentatively suggest that the manner in which Poe sets each carefully chosen word in the context of another *is* his means of achieving counterpoint within a single, apparently multiplexed stream of information. Similar, perhaps, to the way in which a melodic musical line may often suggest its own inherent, vertical harmony. Attempting to demonstrate Poe's method of creating and enriching texture within his line, I again quote the following short excerpts from his first paragraph:

*'Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white – whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words – and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness – of immovable resolution – of stern contempt of human torture'*

And then, immediately afterwards, with no respite:

*'I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded.'*

These written structures, with their overt and obsessive descriptiveness – achieved through constant and relentless comparison – surely do lend themselves to 'musicalisation'. Repetition of motivic material, with restatement in the context of new harmonic or rhythmic treatment, is a frequently observed and fundamental feature of musical mechanism; piquing and stimulating the listener's curiosity and interest yet, ultimately, fulfilling their expectations. A clear and obvious example of such manipulation is the use of fugue or, even more simply, the musical sequence.

Rhythm is contributory towards achieving shifting prominence of the constituent lines of vertical, musical counterpoint and, as this research strives to demonstrate, appears to share a degree of commonality with the functional role that it also plays within the linear, literary construct. The calculated metric elements of both musical and literary narrative seem significantly related to the perceived efficacy of the outcome.

Continuation along my chosen research pathway might easily provide scope for further investigation. Perhaps through a more formal and in-depth literary analysis of Poe's works? He does, for example, make frequent recourse to various literary mechanisms such as anaphora, alliteration, simile and metaphor. The current research, however, is intentionally restricted in accordance with my research objectives. Irrespective of any perceived 'quality' of the outcome, I do feel, with the benefit of hindsight, that my primary method of investigation has provided for



an appropriate and functional starting point; initial steps that I would confidently take, were I again at the commencement of my research. Exploration of Poe's poetry – that in which he demonstrates to the reader a more overtly organised, linear aspect – might also provide for an alternative, clearly focussed comparison of literary and musical constructs; the narrative already having undergone some preliminary transformation – might I go so far as to suggest a process of literary 'musicalisation'? And then, for example, were I to set *'The Raven'* to music, might I discover evidence of creative parallels with Poe's methodology; as described and set out so meticulously and pedantically in his *'Philosophy of Composition'*? If I had not planned to include any of Poe's physical narrative in my current artistic response, might the comparison between a purely musical response and the source material have stimulated further discussion? For the itinerant listener, how programmatic in effect would the music seem to be, in the absence of an accompanying narrative?

Although elusive and transient in substance, I feel that I may have uncovered sufficient evidence to suggest some literary equivalence of musical line and counterpoint in Poe's written prose; or perhaps, at the very least, brought it a little closer to the surface. As suggested in the summary, the journey has been satisfying and, to a degree, successful in that it has clearly generated an outcome for further discussion; a portfolio of three discrete compositions, all inspired by the same source and which can be directly related to each other through reflective consideration and articulation of the creative process.

Ultimately, it is clear that the focus of research and comparison, here, is on mechanism and not content. It is well documented that music and narrative complement each other in programmatic relationship; an artistic representation drawing upon the strength of combined forces. Perhaps, through the course of this research, I have stumbled upon Poe's secret; that which has earned his work enduring acclaim and respect. To reiterate a comment from my introductory section, 'It wasn't so much the story itself, but the manner in which it is told that fuelled my interest.' Maybe Poe's narrative style is itself, in fact, intrinsically musical.

I really should bring my investigation to a close, for now, with the following quotation, yet another response to Poe's *'Philosophy of Composition'*.

*'Now what shall be said of this cold-blooded piece of analysis? To most historians it has seemed to be a grand hoax or a bit of unparalleled effrontery. Or at least the whole thing must be taken as an ex post facto account, so to speak; for it is impossible that any poem deeply emotional and effective, or any true product of inspiration, should be thus put together like a piece of calculated machinery. And from the ordinary theory and practice of art such an opinion is right. But I am inclined to believe that The Raven was actually composed very much as the author explains, and that his essay is not only essentially true to facts but throws a remarkable light on one phase of his genius. I do not mean to say*

*that in all details the reflection on the method to be adopted would precede by an appreciable moment of time the actual invention; the two processes may have gone on together in his mind. The point is that this conscious logical analysis was present with him throughout the whole work of composition to an abnormal degree, now preceding, now accompanying, now following the more inscrutable suggestions of the creative faculty. This, I take it, is Poe's original note, the quality which distinguishes his art from that of the other masters of unearthly revery. Here, too, lies the principal sphere of his influence on Baudelaire and the whole line of foreign poets who have imitated him without reaching his supremacy – they could borrow his method, they could not steal his brains.'*<sup>5</sup>

**Simon R. A. Fricker**

16<sup>th</sup> December 2012

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<sup>5</sup> Title: *A Note on Poe's Method* Author: Paul Elmer More Source: *Studies in Philology*, Vol. 20, No. 3 (Jul., 1923), pp. 302-309 Published by: University of North Carolina Press

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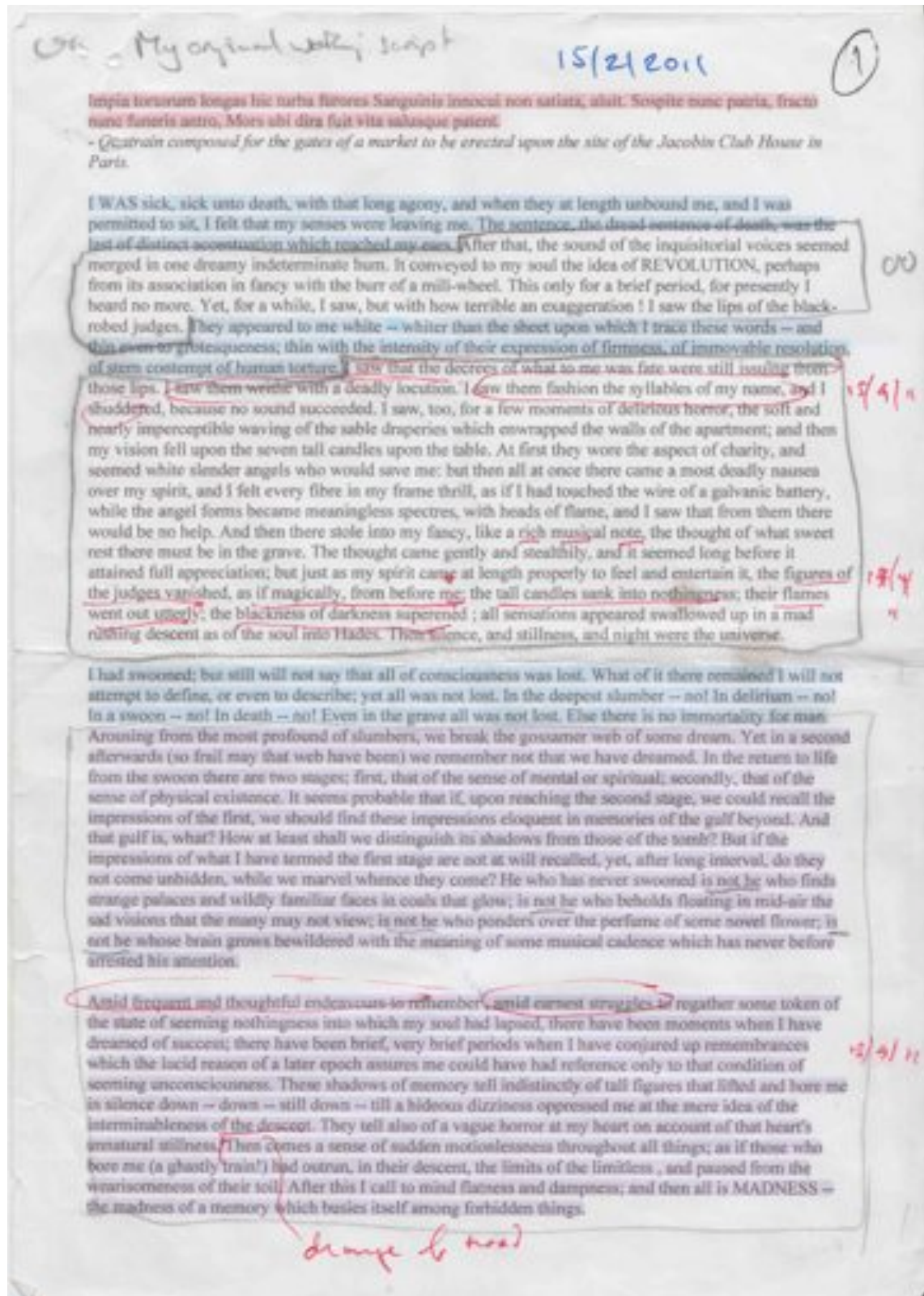
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# Appendix A

## Early Experiments with Colour Coding



Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound — the tumultuous motion of the heart, and in my ears the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch, a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought, a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, THOUGHT, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavour to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavour have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet dared not, to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be NOTHING to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed, and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; — but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the auto-da-fé, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet decided to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a TOMB. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces, but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumours of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated — fables I had always deemed them — but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate perhaps even more fearful awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry — very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up, stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact, so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber, but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial. Although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable, I tore a part of the hem from the robe, and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought, but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate, and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.



Man is ~~best~~ best! (5)

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterwards I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell I had counted fifty-two paces, and upon resuming my walk I had counted forty-eight more, when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault, for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object — certainly no hope — in these researches, but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor although seemingly of solid material was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage and did not hesitate to step firmly — endeavouring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapour, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent of course I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Creeping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more and the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direct physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall — resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits — that the SUDDEN extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged, for scarcely had I drunk before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me — a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted of course I know not; but when once again I unclosed my eyes the objects around me were visible. By a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed — for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavours to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps, thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it

actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right. *and so.*

I had been deceived too in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity, so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions or niches at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colours seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort, for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could by dint of much exertion supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw to my horror that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror, for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate, for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that in lieu of a scythe he held what at a casual glance I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well which lay just within view to my right. Even then while I gazed, they came up in troops hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away. *rats entrance not long*

It might have been half-an-hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly DESCENDED. I now observed, with what horror it is needless to say, that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also it seemed many and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole HISSED as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognisance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents — THE PIT, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself, THE PIT, typical of hell, and regarded by rumour as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise or entrapment into torment formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss, and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.



What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch — line by line — with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages — down and still down it came! Days passed — it might have been that many days passed — ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odour of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed — I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm and lay smiling at the glittering death as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief, for upon again lapsing into life there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long — for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very — oh! inexpressibly — sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy — of hope. Yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought — man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy — of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect — to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile — an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe; it would return and repeat its operations — again — and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more) and the hissing vigour of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish; and at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention — as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest HERE the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment — upon the possible thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down — steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right — to the left — far and wide — with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart with the stealthy gaze of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down — certainly, relentlessly down. It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently — furiously — to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me to my mouth with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down — still unceasingly — still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrank convulsively at its very sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, O, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen glistening axe upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to quiver — the frame to shrink. It was HOPE — the hope that triumphs on the rack — that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours, or perhaps days, I THOUGHT. It now occurred to me that the bandage or surcingle which enveloped me was UNIQUE. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head



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as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions save SAVE IN THE PATH OF THE DESTROYING CRESCENT.

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminate through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present — feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite, but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous, their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw or wave of the hand about the platter; and at length the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change — at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the frame-work and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood, they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the annointed bandage. They pressed, they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled with heavy clamminess my heart. Yet one minute and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay STILL.

Nor had I erred in my calculations, nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was FREE. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement, cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow, I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least I WAS FREE.

Free! and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased and I beheld it drawn up by some invisible force through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free! I had but escaped death in one form of agony to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual — some change which at first I could not appreciate distinctly — it was obvious had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illuminated the cell. It proceeded from a fissure about half-an-inch in width extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavoured, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colours seemed blurred and indefinite. These colours had now assumed, and were

momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraiture an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

UNREAL! -- Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors -- oh most unrelenting! oh, most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the erkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced its way into my soul -- it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. O for a voice to speak! -- oh, horror! -- oh, any horror but this! With a shriek I rushed from the margin and buried my face in my hands -- weeping bitterly.

3 similar rhythms 15/4/11

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as if with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell -- and now the change was obviously in the FORM. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute -- two consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here -- I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said "any death but that of the pit!" Foothold might I not have known that INTO THE PIT it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. In centre, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back, but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink -- I averted my eyes --

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls reeled back! An outstretched arm caught my arm -- as I fell fainting into the abyss. It was that of General Laxa. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

15/4/11

KEY

RECIT

ARIA

CHORUS

BALLET

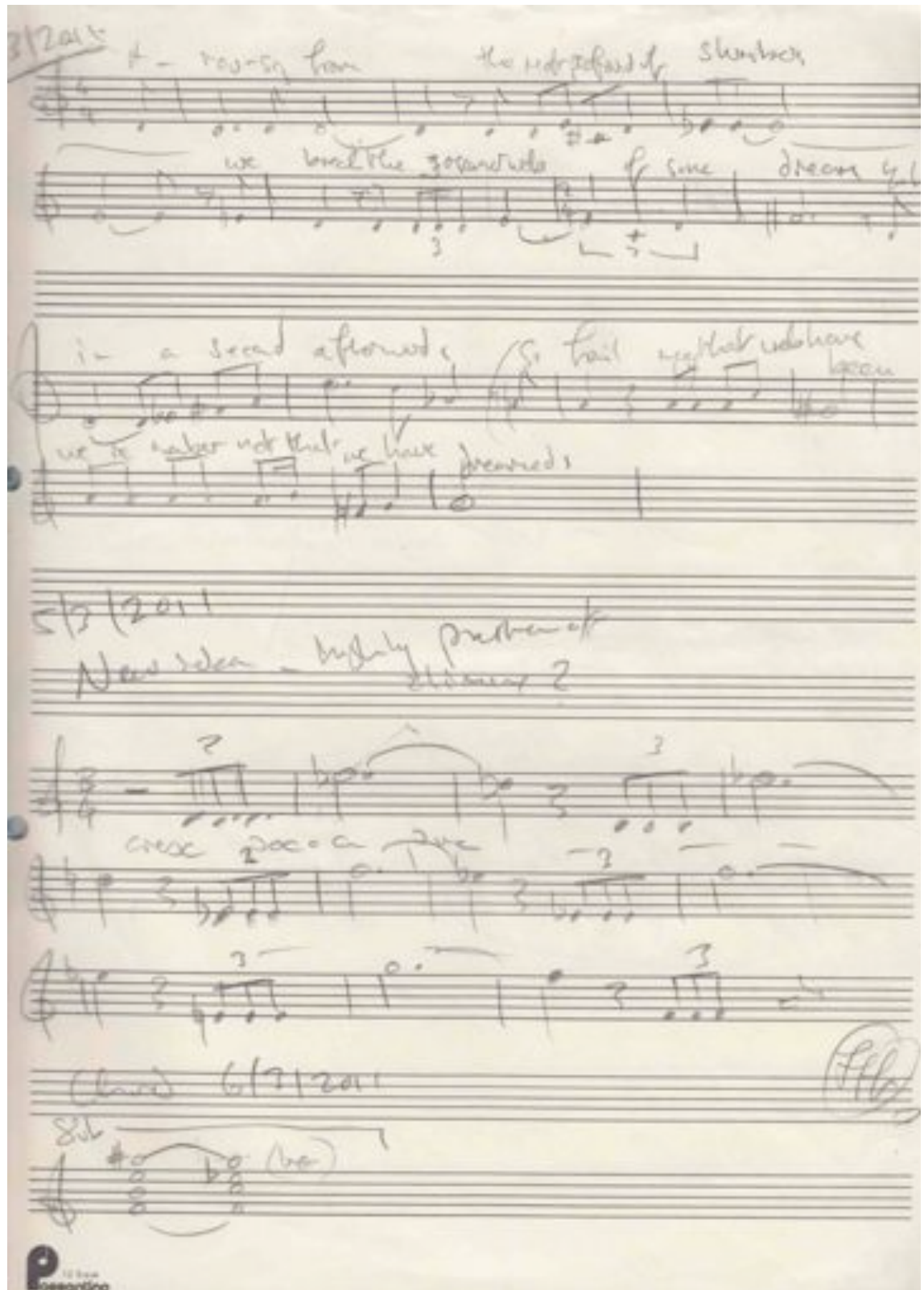
MUSIC ONLY

STAGE DIRECTIONS

SCENIC CONCERNS

Handwritten notes and diagrams:

- Diagram 1: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 2: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "or of corner" is written.
- Diagram 3: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 4: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 5: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 6: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 7: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 8: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 9: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.
- Diagram 10: A vertical line with a circle at the top, and a horizontal line below it. Below the horizontal line, the text "Call I resist its glow?" is written.





(24/11/2011)

May go into 3 - four measures

Cantata

choral solo position

Handwritten musical notation on a page from a notebook. The page contains several staves of music, some with lyrics written below them. The lyrics are in German and English. The handwriting is in cursive. The page is numbered 10 in the bottom left corner. The date 16/4/20 is written in the top right corner. The lyrics include: "It says somewhere upon earth the world is a stage", "we call it all the impressions of the great world", "and the great in the mirror of the great", "as the great world?", "but the world is a stage", "I saw the world is a stage", "I saw the world is a stage", "I saw the world is a stage", "I saw the world is a stage".

Handwritten musical score on page 41, featuring vocal lines and a section for F. Horn.

**Vocal Lines:**

- Staff 1: *Yes, looking there back to soul only?*
- Staff 2: *where notes for look in my heart and body then passion*
- Staff 3: *blame the a soul who back body and power from the*
- Staff 4: *emotion of words what a new love lay*
- Staff 5: *The very words*
- Staff 6: *conscience kept head give back*

**F. Horn Section:**

- Staff 7: *F. Horn*
- Staff 8: *13/7/11*

**Page Footer:**

P 12 Year  
Research  
Manuscript No. 51



*14/7/11*

*1. for I had not spoken to you I felt that*

*backland I reading hand hand go into the*

*14/7/11*

*and back people together*

*see when etc*

*14/7/11*

*backland must done of never*

*19/7/2011*

*to stop*

*and back to the activity now*

*is with with the back*

*Ordinary to back*

*back and the back*

[illegible]



Handwritten musical score on a single page, numbered 44. The score is written on five staves, each with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with corrections and annotations. The music is in a simple, folk-like style, using mostly quarter and eighth notes. There are several circled words and phrases, including "LACE" and "LACE". The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten style, often with corrections and annotations. The score is divided into sections by double bar lines. The first section is marked with a circled "3". The second section is marked with a circled "1". The third section is marked with a circled "2". The fourth section is marked with a circled "3". The fifth section is marked with a circled "1".

Lyrics (from top to bottom):

Completed or is already the

My own lady of the mountain side - Shoshone

Securely give money very much my old

I found us all the world - which

When you had said the your love

Brood some years of many days as I say we could

Have the punishment out with all your heart

Perfectly up hand

New hope?

Most of the life when before - perfect

Annotations and Circled Words:

- Circled "3" at the top right.
- Circled "1" in the second staff.
- Circled "2" in the third staff.
- Circled "3" in the fourth staff.
- Circled "1" in the fifth staff.
- Circled "LACE" in the second staff.
- Circled "LACE" in the third staff.
- Circled "LACE" in the fourth staff.
- Circled "LACE" in the fifth staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a page numbered 45. The page contains three systems of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are written below the notes, often with corrections or additions in a smaller script.

**System 1:**

Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 dolly let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be

**System 2:**

dolly let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be

**System 3:**

Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be  
 Let me be in your heart is a dreamer, let me be

The page also features a small logo in the top right corner that reads "outpost" and a circled number "4" in the top right corner.

(5)

the white dove or a pigeon weakness

half longer

the for us trust, as Bopping I moved

around for sure here when I stopped I felt my ex-

ercise for - hyper drive to be the poor - weak, as the ground below

the ~~and~~ last of / long.

and - ~~repeated~~ /

and only left - on / find me

care a leaf and pick out water / in the water -

and the first up - the creature / but she as dark water -

and the first /

stilly after the water / I standing / but about the pain

**P** Marino



Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are:

which will be the first of the great of the  
up the point that fell the heart  
lifeless power escape of song with the heart  
48 are the world's day  
the world at the heart of the great and ad-ventures of the world  
good I pre-vent the day be with you what I will  
not know any the will be the first of the great of the world  
with for with the world of the great of the world  
25/7/11

The score continues with more staves and lyrics, including:

I will be the first of the great of the world  
I will be the first of the great of the world  
I will be the first of the great of the world  
I will be the first of the great of the world

3  
 4  
 counter for the flame they hardly sold on land his freedom with  
 shine at last however took more as did look to the fishy  
 on every tower made a great hole as possible  
 I had saved one half hole for some when next the land  
 noble came - looked then left & stepped off a fall widely among  
 the  
 I the cabin & looking for I did suddenly open had a very  
 time then what got in a few seconds passed as this I did  
 possible a red light - when this my she rode on the floor  
 green looking up at the upper part used at the back of a  
 clear when the door was - at the machine a few feet from  
 along the side of the car - the car had a railing

[illegible]



Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various rhythmic values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests, with some notes beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score on page 51, featuring lyrics and musical notation. The lyrics are written in a cursive script, and the musical notation includes notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are:

Shut away his light, 30 days without the light - the  
 5 days that he spent rather than the time of the world & the  
 when was before many in years - when a-blessed the day  
 in the morning mind 1 night long courage and  
 rising at night - page with a chapter but  
 was back again of course. Under only 1 for  
 get what I had had of this pit that the sudden - from life  
 for of the world's pit -

man in bed?

ask him what he had - under many years. what light 1 day  
 chambered upon - night 1 night like as before  
 up and forth of him a long that came and

10



Handwritten musical score on page 52, featuring ten staves of music with lyrics written below. The lyrics are in English and appear to be a religious or spiritual song. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Lyrics (from top to bottom):

enlighten world with light it's a new day for souls here  
 have the light here - some sitting down a day has felt  
 peace a revelation for death  
 looking to the of eternal life; black man's life  
 and silence today the sign of a new dawn  
 I was enabled to see the light as a sign of life  
 peace in the sign of a new dawn  
 take the whole world with you and the whole world  
 the same message for all of humanity; we are all  
 as before for all of humanity we are all  
 as I am drawn of my desire looking for the light

Handwritten musical score on page 53, featuring ten staves of music with lyrics and musical notation. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are in English and appear to be a song. The musical notation includes notes, rests, and various symbols. A circled number "12" is visible in the top right corner. The lyrics are as follows:

infer not having soft a down bar  
 as full down the count the count  
 look at last place up for me  
 nature had count by foot up the foot don't fall in  
 the have been in the - the of the count by foot in fact the  
 ready to find the count the count  
 step also pose - waiting  
 this supply don't ready dance what's really new  
 my own hand of mind for - the count the count the count the count  
 heart with the left as and it with the count the count the count the count

The musical notation includes various symbols such as notes, rests, and a circled "Solo" marking. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

27/711

(13)

I had been deceived too in regard to the

shape of the ear closure in looking my I had found angles rather

discrepancy of great irregularity so potent with effect of total

disturbance of your own being for looking on sleep

The angles are simple those of the angles - process or ridges at all lateral

the general shape of process eyes which when being seen

variable in size or shape relative large plate when narrower face

occasional the response the ear - the life phenomena

closure has really changed all within and representative

uses to which the almost perfect skin of the head given over

the heavily haired rapidly moving with freedom

has and otherwise really fresh images now found + all beyond the walls

(14)

I do - sand that all of these <sup>instruments</sup> were <sup>probably</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

color <sup>seemed</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>different</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

day atmosphere <sup>I</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>know</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup>

which <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

from <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>know</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

from the past

All this I saw <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

past <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

I now <sup>know</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

space <sup>for</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

ship <sup>recently</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

it <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>

it <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>past</sup>



(15)

et to read - but that I could by half with execution sup -  
 play myself with lowing - but with by myself - the first  
 I could however that which been to have  
 I saying here for reason - somewhat - think  
 think it - upon to the as sign for previous - conclude  
 too with this in fact - possibly - somewhat -  
 (not?)

today, upon - I am unable to do other from  
 22/7/2011  
 (change to further tempo but decide not to enter)  
 today, upon - I am unable to do other from  
 and of for for each hand and on each side walls - depth

PB

Bright (1-4) (15)

head's up! I conveyed the early of my name,

It was thirty or forty feet near head, and could be heard the

in my pocket by signal from Model where a

taken It was found that there also is some up

Saw that he had the he held what a great good support he

The picture says for hope possession. Since we are not

clocks. The one early human with a great of the

chain which was in the grip some a Hahaly?

while I go directly upwards it fairly when we moved

only 5000 feet the first part of the the first of the

By the way, the 14,000 feet and the first of the

which for a number could be for but not in the last

of the

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is a form of musical shorthand, possibly a simplified staff notation or a specific dialect of musical shorthand. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with annotations in parentheses or above the notes. The lyrics are in English and appear to be a song or a poem. The handwriting is in cursive and somewhat messy. The paper is aged and yellowed. The score is written on ten staves, with the first staff starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with annotations in parentheses or above the notes. The lyrics are in English and appear to be a song or a poem. The handwriting is in cursive and somewhat messy. The paper is aged and yellowed. The score is written on ten staves, with the first staff starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

(Hearts, Headlines)  
 Dead W 4 (18)

- turned me - waste time that if descended  
 head possibly a -

now do - sound with better needless say that better exactly in  
 what

getting odd can make look as long as possible here

the house up and with using body when that of a eye

like - also it only a heavy single rope into

and whole HISSING say that the air

Factor in 4  
 I could no longer doubt the born prepass the long

much to generally in there by someone or the last

2/4 known to the imperial agent the PIT when

4/4 knows he has not for so bold attempt as myself the PIT

trying to tell me - what was as to the time of all their punishment

the place for the fit I had a word by the night of minutes and



Handwritten musical notation on a single page of manuscript paper. The notation consists of several staves of music, with notes and rests written in ink. The music is written in a style that appears to be a form of shorthand or a simplified notation, possibly for a specific instrument or voice. The notes are often grouped together, and there are many rests. The handwriting is somewhat messy and hurried, suggesting a working draft or a sketch. The page is numbered "19" in the top right corner. The text "29/2/11" is written at the bottom right of the page.

(20)

I would have made a point for Speed Details 15 new

frontally, and at slight in front of and 3/4 of way round

sculpture. And suddenly calm

lay, looking at the city dark - a sea dill at some point

buckle

these sounds, and of the in some vicinity - it was

big for - you get the life there no perceptible or - calm

lay. For 1 hour there were which and some and almost blank

started the vibration at pleasure 8 up by the - every day

1st way in oh in apparently sat in - was

as if they begin a water arena and the again

of that passed the house where food with

crashed

[illegible]

26

borne I caught unceasingly firmly to  
 passing up air through pipe only from the elbow to the  
 hand (cold) real the latter from the platter side by another  
 father could have been the fitting, a bottle elbow I will  
 seized attached hand the pendulum I will a well-hatched to the  
 available? some still, especially  
 still, especially some rapid, single and stroke  
 back considerably at the way snap by eyes followed downward upward  
 appear the end on - new, rapid this and downward stroke  
 sent although date became relief, O, less unmanageable  
 as I passed any remarks that had depicted a striking of the man  
 dining could give capital that has gladly exchanged upon my



[illegible]

26

But how fast in the center of the steel! That

half of the right circle has done! Was it likely more

minion of the total had not been as possible for being! Was it

possible that the bridge crossed before the bridge to the

2/8/2011

So far the existing bridge is a very good view of

break the bar - the envelope of the bridge

close - all of the bridge. Since

SAME IN THE PART OF THE

envelopes.

6. Security has I suppose had to be a signal for - site

Plaster - for as well what I could better be sure than as the

upper half of the bridge surface because

to which I previously a loaded

27

while - actually only (flat) in the remaining thought but - when I raised  
 food is my burning with the whole new project -  
 people scarcely come rarely definite but will enter  
 I proceeded once with the new way of acc- pair but -  
 know & are - enter  
 forming - have the same vi. notes of the low French is produced  
 long words usually changed notes very wide  
 will be) narrow that is right glossy for me right and but  
 neither only part which are long to whole low I thought was the given  
 appeared in word?  
 word in spirit of the whole world of the  
 dish I had fallen in love - the first reason of much was  
 the other the

Handwritten musical score on ten staves, featuring rhythmic notation and German lyrics. The score is written in a cursive style with various musical symbols and annotations.

**Staff 1:** *platter* *und -t length* *causens um* *Paraty* *die* *... nicht* *die* *find* *de*

**Staff 2:** *Act* *Inkair* *so* *Paraty* *verm* *frequently*

**Staff 3:** *Paraty* *the* *Paraty* *in* *Engast* *with* *the* *police* *of* *the*

**Staff 4:** *only* *and* *spring* *which* *was* *re* *revised* *I* *thoroughly* *revised* *the*

**Staff 5:** *base* *who* *could* *reach* *the* *raising* *hand* *from* *the* *floor*

**Staff 6:** *I* *lay* *bravely* *all*

**Staff 7:** *At* *for* *the* *man* *and* *was* *added* *hand*

**Staff 8:** *at* *the* *change* *at* *the* *station* *and* *the* *street*

**Staff 9:** *turning* *back* *any* *right* *the* *well* *Wolfgang*

**Staff 10:** *any* *for* *revised* *I* *had* *not* *could* *von*

**Staff 11:** *upon* *the* *von* *Paraty* *Ob* *song* *but* *the* *hand*

**Staff 12:** *action* *over* *the* *the* *best* *long* *the* *Paraty* *and*



27

Just at the  
evening the  
Signed for general work  
from the  
the

Well they would in fact keep. They 8 days before the morning

on the road and (up) to the end of the road  
The movement of the

in the (on the) side of the road  
A walking's direction  
the

8 (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

passed they (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

They walked (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

(in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

workings were (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

back (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

(in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

considering the (in) the road and the (in) the road  
large  
the

Saved. with a more human nature - 1 by still.

[illegible]

(21)

I had surely expected my wooden bed of horror up the

since found for when the burden of the bell had made

found not - of dream by your words but the night

and placed to be for with the to position

4/8/2011

There has been what I thought to be a

burden upon which I had

I had not expected to be one of the young

other with the light of the night

on the basis of the fact that I

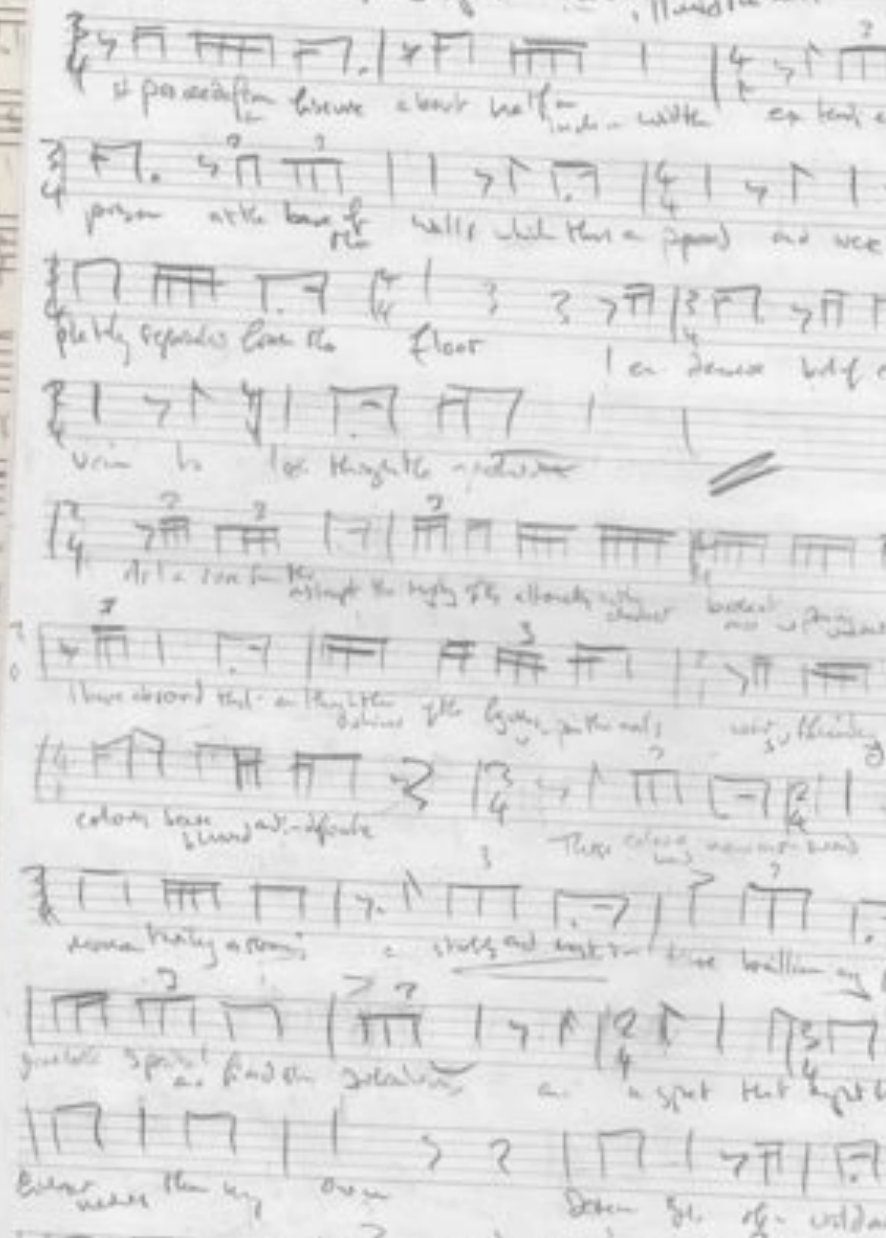
and the usual

but I could not appear to be the same as the

for my entire dream had been in a matter I

garden

the past I be seen - where the last of


  
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Seems like we want to keep the the world from getting too good again.

Rec.

Und Rec. Even while we're making a whole lot of the

upside of beauty is in! A little bit more possible for a day or two

glow with the same in the eyes that give us a glimpse of the

industrial and different self on the other hand of the

1 part 2 1 gay little beauty! There could be something in the

up by the hand On the other hand of the

man! 2 8 something about the

are quite after all A little bit more possible for a day or two

beauty passed He's done the goodness of the well come away and like

beauty 1 part 2 1 something about the

Vision below  
 The glow on a - bled red it - bled to - bled me  
 Ce - ses  
 Yet from with sound did in

Spirit he bled to completed the leaving of what I saw.  
 at length it faded I wanted to lay in to my soul  
 it bled  
 in a - p - my shuddering heart  
 O before death  
 O better  
 oh my better half

Her  
 with a small I wanted for my hand to be held  
 weeping  
 (and if?)  
 Father to 4  
 The last rapidly to - sound as one a sail to - sound  
 Shuddering to who left to agree  
 Marched to - and change all  
 and now the change is obviously with FORK  
 At the last situation  
 Now that I am  
 as I am  
 understood  
 loop - please or understand what I say place



5/8/2011 85

Retreat long wait left in doubt The

in a way (Vergara had) looked happy or safe as there should be no doubt

gally, while kg & herro The reached been square

I saw that the of his son might now a - note two consequent by

ob-ly 7. 8 total difference greatly in constant rate.

low number of meaning Speed from instant then spotted hand

offer to find also that of 4 large But the

alteration dropped note here - I with hip not derided it

stop I said here dropped the note with brown are

gating of external peace Doh I said

any doubt that of pit fool! high not have

into the pit it was the object of the boy's life to escape?

Handwritten musical score on page 75, featuring ten staves of music with lyrics in English. The score is written in a mix of treble and bass clefs, with various time signatures (3/4, 4/4, 6/8, 9/8) and musical notations including notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with small numbers (1, 2, 3) above them, possibly indicating fingerings or measures. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Lyrics:

could not resist the flow of fate that could not resist the  
 presence, the new, plastered plaster  
 you the tongue with a purity that left no love for  
 can be said to be it alive as of course  
 the quiet with can be over the young girl.  
 I think back with the strong walls, present is so clearly  
 onward.  
 that was long back, father, the first floor of the new.  
 I struggled in that with the way of the soul found vent,  
 one, two, long, and final, some of de-  
 spair, I felt that I followed, the love.  
 I needed y eye. - -

slowly - prelude

54

These were a discordant howl of human voices

These were loud, blinding, fiery wreaths, these were lights

gaily as for thousand thousands

the heavy walls, solid banks, an old stone can caught my

own fell faintly, like a - light

it was the of general La Salle, the French Army had

under La Salle the longer, who was in the hands of his

enemies

Reve

composition

2 ways of writing it - reflected by the rhythms set out by Poe but this also acts to inspire creativity - by its very nature requiring clever and interesting treatment in various ways.

but with sparse accompaniment - so search for other voices keep reeling on rhythmic notes so music can be more intricate

7/8/2011 [filling page 2 of script] (23)

1 cannot take the danger of that to be new. But we are <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>21</sup> <sup>22</sup> <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup> <sup>31</sup> <sup>32</sup> <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup> <sup>41</sup> <sup>42</sup> <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup> <sup>51</sup> <sup>52</sup> <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup> <sup>61</sup> <sup>62</sup> <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup> <sup>71</sup> <sup>72</sup> <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup> <sup>81</sup> <sup>82</sup> <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup> <sup>91</sup> <sup>92</sup> <sup>93</sup> <sup>94</sup> <sup>95</sup> <sup>96</sup> <sup>97</sup> <sup>98</sup> <sup>99</sup> <sup>100</sup> <sup>101</sup> <sup>102</sup> <sup>103</sup> <sup>104</sup> <sup>105</sup> <sup>106</sup> <sup>107</sup> <sup>108</sup> <sup>109</sup> <sup>110</sup> <sup>111</sup> <sup>112</sup> <sup>113</sup> <sup>114</sup> <sup>115</sup> <sup>116</sup> <sup>117</sup> <sup>118</sup> <sup>119</sup> <sup>120</sup> <sup>121</sup> <sup>122</sup> <sup>123</sup> <sup>124</sup> <sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> <sup>127</sup> <sup>128</sup> <sup>129</sup> <sup>130</sup> <sup>131</sup> <sup>132</sup> <sup>133</sup> <sup>134</sup> <sup>135</sup> <sup>136</sup> <sup>137</sup> <sup>138</sup> <sup>139</sup> 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## Appendix C

### The Pit and the Pendulum <sup>6</sup>

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores  
 Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.  
 Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro,  
 Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.

[Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.]

I WAS sick — sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence — the dread sentence of death — was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of revolution — perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white — whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words — and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness — of immovable resolution — of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white and slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into

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<sup>6</sup> Poe, Edgar Allan. 'The Pit and the Pendulum' (Text-C), *The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe* New York: J.S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, 1850, Vol. 1 p. 310-324

nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber — no! In delirium — no! In a swoon — no! In death — no! even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of some dream. Yet in a second afterward, (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is — what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage, are not, at will, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower — is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down — down — still down — till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is madness — the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound — the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch — a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought — a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, thought, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful

effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be nothing to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; — but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the auto-da-fes, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a tomb. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense, grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated — fables I had always deemed them — but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death,

and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry — very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least I thought: but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more — when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object — certainly no hope — in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first, I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly — endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper

portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent: at length, there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment, there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided, was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall — resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind, I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits — that the sudden extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged — for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me — a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course, I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed — for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, then the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied

myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration, I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell: I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept — and, upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps — thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort — for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror — for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate — for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it, (for its position was immediately over my own,) I fancied that I saw it in



motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw, confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me, was the idea that it had perceptibly descended. I now observed — with what horror it is needless to say — that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents — the pit, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself — the pit, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch — line by line — with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages — down and still down it came! Days passed — it might have been that many days passed — ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed — I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long — for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very — oh, inexpressibly — sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy — of hope. Yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought — man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy — of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect — to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile — an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe — it would return and repeat its operations — again — and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep, (some thirty feet or more,) and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention — as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest here the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment — upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down — steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right — to the left — far and wide — with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down — certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently — furiously — to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down — still unceasingly — still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe

upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to quiver — the frame to shrink. It was hope — the hope that triumphs on the rack — that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe — and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours — or perhaps days — I thought. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band, would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions — save in the path of the destroying crescent.

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present — feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite — but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay, had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous — their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. “To what food,” I thought, “have they been accustomed in the well?”

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change — at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or

two of the boldest leaped upon the fame-work [[frame-work]], and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood — they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed — they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay still.

Nor had I erred in my calculations — nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was free. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement — cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow — I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, I was free.

Free! — and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free! — I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual — some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly — it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraiture an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions,

where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! — Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors — oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced — it wrestled its way into my soul — it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! — oh! horror! — oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands — weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell — and now the change was obviously in the form. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute — two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here — I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. “Death,” I said, “any death but that of the pit!” Fool! might I have not known that into the pit it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back — but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink — I averted my eyes —

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

**Simon R. A. Fricker**

# **Contretemps**

Violin & Pianoforte

20<sup>th</sup> April 2010





**Simon R. A. Fricker**

# **Contretemps**

**Violin & Pianoforte**

Duration: ca. 3'20''

20<sup>th</sup> April 2010

**For Albert Edward Fricker**

8<sup>th</sup> November 1923 – 10<sup>th</sup> September 2010

Revised 15<sup>th</sup> December 2012



# Contretemps

Simon R. A. Fricker

**Agitato** ♩ = 112

Violin

Piano

*mf*

*mp* *mf* *p subito*

A

20

Vln. *ff* *mf* *8va*

Pno. *f* *mp subito*

23

Vln. *(8)*

Pno.

26

Vln. *(8)*

Pno.

29

Vln.

Pno.

**B**

3

32

Vln.

Pno.

*mp*

*p*

35

Vln.

Pno.

*p*

*pp*

38

Vln.

Pno.

**C**

42

Vln.

Pno.

*ff*

*mf subito*

*f*

*mp subito*

simile



49

Vln. *ff* *mf subito* *ff* *mf subito*

Pno. *f* *mp subito* *f* *mp subito*

56

Vln. *ff*

Pno. *f*

**D**

60

Vln. *f*

Pno. *mf*

63

Vln.

Pno.

66

Vln. *mp*

Pno. *p*

E

69

Vln. *rall.* *p*

Pno. *rall.* *pp*

Meno mosso ♩ = 80

71

Vln. *5*

Pno. *fp*

*simile*

73

Vln. *V*

Pno. *fp*

75

Vln.

Pno.

*mp*

77

Vln.

Pno.

79

Vln.

Pno.

81

Vln.

Pno.

*mf*

83

Vln.

Pno.

85

Vln.

Pno.

87

accel.

A tempo ♩ = 112

Vln.

Pno.

**F**

*f*

*mf*

89

Vln.

Pno.

*p subito*

*cresc. poco a poco*

91

Vln.

Pno.

*f*

91

**G**

93

Vln.

Pno.

*ff*

93

97

Vln.

Pno.

*f*

97

**H**

101

Vln.

Pno.

*mp*

*p*

*f*

101



104

Vln.

*mp*

Pno.

*p*

108

Vln.

*mf*

Pno.

112

Vln.

*ff*

**I**

*ff*

Pno.

*f*

*ff*

115

Vln.

Pno.

120

Vln.

*fff*

*sfz*

*m.d.*

Pno.

*fff*

*sfz*

*sfz*

This musical score page contains measures 119 and 120 for a Violin (Vln.) and Piano (Pno.) duo. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. Measure 119 features a piano introduction with a forte fortissimo (*fff*) dynamic. The violin part has a whole rest, while the piano part plays a descending eighth-note scale. Measure 120 begins with a violin melodic phrase marked *fff* and a piano accompaniment. A double bar line occurs after the first half of measure 120. The second half of measure 120 features a violin phrase marked *sfz* and a piano accompaniment marked *sfz*. The piano part includes a mezzo-forte (*m.f.*) dynamic marking. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment phrase marked *sfz*.

**Simon R. A. Fricker**

# **Awaken**

Symphony Orchestra

31<sup>st</sup> December 2010



**Simon R. A. Fricker**

# **Awaken**

**Symphony Orchestra**

Score in Concert Pitch

Duration: ca. 11'36''

**31<sup>st</sup> December 2010**

**For Albert Edward Fricker**

8<sup>th</sup> November 1923 – 10<sup>th</sup> September 2010

Revised 14<sup>th</sup> December 2012

# Instrumentation

Piccolo

2 Flutes

2 Oboes

Clarinet

Bass Clarinet

2 Bassoons

4 French Horns

3 Trumpets

2 Trombones

Bass Trombone

Tuba

Timpani

Glockenspiel

Xylophone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass



$$J = 50$$

10

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

[illegible]

26

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn. *con sord.* *p* *senza sord.* *mp* *mf*

*con sord.* *p* *senza sord.* *mp* *mf*

Tpt. 1&2 *mp* *mf*

Tpt. 3 *mp* *mf*

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp. *p* *f* *mf* *pp* *mp* *ff*

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

Vln. II *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

Vla. *div.* *mp* *pp* *mf*

Vc. *div.* *mp* *pp* *mf*

Db. *mp* *pp* *mf*

[illegible]



43

Picc. *f*

Fl. 1&2 *mf* *f* *a2* *3* *p*

Ob. 1&2 *mf* *f* *a2* *3* *p*

Cl. *mf* *f*

B. Cl. *mp* *p*

Bsn. 1&2 *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*

Hn. *p* *mp* *pp* *1.* *p*

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba. *mp*

Timp.

Glock. *mp*

Xyl.

Vln. I *mf*

Vln. II *mf*

Vla. *mf* *p* *mf*

Vc. *mf* *p*

Db. *mf* *p*



[illegible]

[illegible]

57

B

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

B

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

63

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*ppp*

*mp*

*pp*

*ppp*

*mp*

*pp*

3

3

70

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*p*

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

*p*



### 'Awaken' - Score



85

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*tr*

*con sord.*

*senza sord.*

*ff*

*mp*

*mf < f*

*pizz.*

## CONDUCT IN 2

**E** Più mosso ♩ = 80

**F**



127

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.





unis.



**♩ = 100**

[illegible]

169

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*f*

*f*

*fp*

*f*

*fp*

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*fp*

*f*

*mp*

*fp*

*fp*

*f*

*ff*

*sfz*

*mp*

*mp*

173

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

*ff*

*ff*

*f*

*ff*

*f*

*ff*

*f*

*ff*

*sfz*

*mp*

*f*

*fff*

*mf*

*mf*

*mp*



J



184

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

187

Picc.

Fl. 1&2

Ob. 1&2

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

This musical score page contains measures 190 through 193. The instrumentation includes:

- Picc.**: Piccolo
- Fl. 1&2**: Flutes 1 and 2
- Ob. 1&2**: Oboes 1 and 2
- Cl.**: Clarinet
- B. Cl.**: Bassoon
- Bsn. 1&2**: Bassoons 1 and 2
- Hn.**: Horns
- Tpt. 1&2**: Trumpets 1 and 2
- Tpt. 3**: Trumpet 3
- Tbn. 1&2**: Trombones 1 and 2
- B. Tbn.**: Baritone Trombone
- Tba.**: Tuba
- Timp.**: Timpani
- Glock.**: Glockenspiel
- Xyl.**: Xylophone
- Vln. I**: Violin I
- Vln. II**: Violin II
- Vla.**: Viola
- Vc.**: Cello
- Db.**: Double Bass

The score features complex rhythmic patterns, dynamic markings such as *f*, *ff*, *fff*, and *mf*, and articulation marks like accents (*>*) and breath marks (*v*). A key signature change occurs at measure 192 from one flat to no flats. Measure numbers 190, 191, 192, and 193 are clearly indicated above the staves.

[illegible]

200

Picc. *mf* *ff*

Fl. 1&2 *mf* *mp* *f* *ff*

Ob. 1&2 *mf* *mp* *f* *ff*

Cl. *mp* *mf* *mp* *f* *ff*

B. Cl. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff*

Bsn. 1&2 *mp* *mf* *a2.* *f* *ff*

Hn. 1. *mp* *mf*

3. *mp* *mf*

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock. *mp* *mf* *f*

Xyl.

Vln. I *ppp*

Vln. II *ppp* *f* *ff*

Vla. *f* *ff*

Vc. *mf* *f* *ff*

Db. *f* *ff*

L

Picc.

206



Fl. 1&2



Ob. 1&2



Cl.



B. Cl.



Bsn. 1&2



Hn.

a2



Tpt. 1&2



Tpt. 3



Tbn. 1&2



B. Tbn.



Tba.



Timp.



Glock.



Xyl.



Vln. I



Vln. II



Vla.



Vc.



Db.



209

Picc. *f* *mf* *ff* *f*

Fl. 1&2 *f* *mf* *ff*

Ob. 1&2 *f* *mf* *ff*

Cl. *mf* *ff*

B. Cl. *mf* *ff*

Bsn. 1&2 *mf* *ff* *f*

Hn. *f* *mf* *ff*

Tpt. 1&2 *ff* con sord. (Straight Mute) senza sord.

Tpt. 3 *ff* con sord. (Straight Mute) senza sord.

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba. *f* *ff*

Timp. *f* *ff*

Glock.

Xyl. *ff* *f*

Vln. I *ff* *fff* *ff*

Vln. II *ff* *fff* *ff* *f*

Vla. *ff* *fff* *ff*

Vc. *ff* *fff* *ff*

Db. *ff* *fff*

**M**

213

Picc. *f* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Fl. 1&2 *f* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Ob. 1&2 *f* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Cl. *f* *mf* *mp* *mf*

B. Cl. *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Bsn. 1&2 *mf* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Hn.

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock. *mf*

Xyl. *f* *mf* *mp*

Vln. I *f* *mf* *mp*

Vln. II *mf*

Vla. *f* *mf*

Vc. *f* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Db.





'Awaken' - Score

**Poco più mosso**  $\text{♩} = 58$

**Poco più mosso**  $\text{♩} = 58$

**poco rall.** . . . . . **A tempo**  $\text{♩} = 50$

246

Picc. *ppp* *pp* *ppp*

Fl. 1&2 *pp* *ppp*

Ob. 1&2 *pp* *ppp*

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1&2 *ppp*

Hn. *ppp*

Tpt. 1&2

Tpt. 3

Tbn. 1&2

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Glock.

Xyl.

Vln. I *ppp*

Vln. II *pp* *ppp*

Vla. *pp* *ppp*

Vc. *pp* *ppp*

Db. *ppp* pizz. *ppp*

**Simon R. A. Fricker**

Based upon a story by Edgar Allan Poe

# **The Pit and the Pendulum**

La Historia Cantada

A Work for Tenor Voice

(or multiple instances thereof)

& Orchestra

14<sup>th</sup> December 2012



**Simon R. A. Fricker**

Based upon a story by Edgar Allan Poe

# **The Pit and the Pendulum**

La Historia Cantada

A Work for Tenor Voice

(or multiple instances thereof)

& Orchestra

Score in Concert Pitch

Duration: ca. 90 minutes

14<sup>th</sup> December 2012

For Albert Edward Fricker

8<sup>th</sup> November 1923 – 10<sup>th</sup> September 2010



# The Orchestra

Piccolo

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet

Bassoon

Contrabassoon

2 French Horns

Timpani

Harp

Celesta

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

(6, 6, 4, 3, 2)

# The Pit and the Pendulum

Edgar Allan Poe

Simon R. A. Fricker

**Plaintively** ♩ = 54

Piccolo *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Flute *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Oboe *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Clarinet in B♭ *pp*

Bassoon *pp*

Contrabassoon

Horn in F *ppp*

Horn in F *ppp*

Timpani

Harp *p*

Tenor Solo

Celesta

**Plaintively** ♩ = 54

Violin I

Violin II

Viola *div.* *pp* *ppp*

Violoncello *div.* *pp* *ppp*

Contrabass

8

Picc. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Fl. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Ob. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Cl. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Bsn. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Cbsn. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Hn. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Hn. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Timp. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Hp. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

T. Solo *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Cel. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Vln. I *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Vln. II *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Vla. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Vc. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Cb. *ppp* *pp* *ppp* *pp*

15

Picc. *ppp* *p* *mp*

Fl. *ppp* *p* *mp*

Ob. *ppp* *p* *mp*

Cl. *pp* *mp* *ppp* *p* *mp*

Bsn. *pp* *mp* *ppp* *p* *mp*

Cbsn. *p* *ppp* *mp*

Hn. *pp* *p* *mp* *ppp*

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mp*

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

Cb. *ppp*

22

1

Picc. *ppp* *p*

Fl. *ppp* *mp*

Ob. *ppp* *p*

Cl. *ppp*

Bsn. *ppp*

Cbsn. *> ppp*

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mp*

T. Solo

Cel.

1

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

27

Picc. *mp*

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp* *mf*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

31

2

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

This page of the musical score covers measures 31 through 34. It features a woodwind section with Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Contrabassoon, a brass section with two Horns and Timpani, a keyboard section with Harpsichord, and a string section with Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabass. The woodwinds and harpsichord play active parts, while the brass and strings are mostly silent. The Piccolo and Bassoon parts include a first ending bracketed with a '2' at the end of the page. The score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

[illegible]



3

40 Wildly ♩ = 120

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

3

Wildly ♩ = 120

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

55

Picc.

Fl.

mp

Ob.

mp

p

Cl.

mp

p

Bsn.

mp

p

Cbsn.

p

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

5

T. Solo

8

I felt that my sen-ses were lea - ving me.

Cel.

Vln. I

pp

Vln. II

mp

pp

Vla.

pp

Vc.

pp

Cb.

pp

66 4

Picc. *f* 3 *ff* Flutter

Fl. *f* 3 *ff* Flutter

Ob. *f* 3 *ff*

Cl. *f* 3 *ff*

Bsn. *f* *ff*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff*

Hn. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff*

Timp.

Hp. *mf* *ff* gliss.

T. Solo *f* *ff* *mp*  
The sen-tence -- the dread sen - tence of death -- was\_ the

Cel.

4

Vln. I *mp* *mf* *f* *ffp*

Vln. II *mp* *mf* *f* *ffp*

Vla. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff*

Vc. *mp* *mf* *f* *ff*

Cb. *p* *f*

72

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

last\_ of dis - tinct ac-cen-tua-a-tion which reached my ears...

81

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*pp*

*p*

*mp*

*mf*

*C# A4*

*mp*

The musical score is for a full orchestra and includes parts for Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Contrabassoon, Horns, Timpani, Harp, Trombone Solo, Cello, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabass. The music is in 3/4 time and features various dynamics and articulations. The Harp part includes a specific fingering instruction 'C# A4'. The score is for page 13 of the piece 'The Pit and the Pendulum'.

90

Picc. *pp*

Fl. *pp*

Ob. *pp*

Cl. *pp*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn. *mp* *p* *p*

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp. *f* B $\natural$

T. Solo *mp* Af-ter that, the

Cel.

Vln. I *mp* *p*

Vln. II *mp* *p*

Vla. *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp* *p*

Cb. *mp* *p*

98

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

sound of the in-qui-si-tor-i-al voi-ces seemed merged in one drea - my in-de-ter-mi-nate *espress.*

*p* *gliss.* *mf* *mp* *p*



103

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

hum. It con-veyed to my soul the i-dea of re-vo-lu-tion -- per-haps from its as-so-ci-a-tion in fan-cy with the burr of a

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Poco più mosso ♩ = 70

108

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Poco più mosso ♩ = 70

114

Picc. *mf* *f* Flutter

Fl. *mp* *mf* *f* Flutter

Ob. *mp* *mf* *f*

Cl. *mp* *mf* *f*

Bsn. *mp* *mp* *f* *mf* *pp* 3

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *mp* *mf* *f*

Hn. *mp* *f*

Timp. *f*

Hp. *mf* C# D#

T. Solo *mf* *f*  
8 ter-ri-ble an ex - ag-ger - a - tion! I saw the lips of the black-robed jud-ges.

Cel.

Vln. I *mp* *f*

Vln. II *mp* *f*

Vla. *mp* *f*

Vc. *mp* *f* *mf* *pp* 3

Cb. *f*

119

Picc.

Fl.

mp

Ob.

Cl.

mp

Bsn.

mp

Cbsn.

p

Hn.

p

Hn.

p

Timp.

Hp.

E $\flat$   
C $\sharp$

F $\sharp$  G $\sharp$  B $\flat$

E $\flat$ =F $\flat$  f

T. Solo

mf

They ap-peared to mewhite -- whi-ter\_than the sheet u-pon which I trace these words -- and thin e-ven to gro - tesque-ness;

Cel.

Vln. I

mf

Vln. II

mf

Vla.

mp

p

mf

Vc.

mp

p

mf

Cb.

mp

p

mf

124

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

thin with the in-ten-si-ty of their ex-pres-sion of firm- ness --of im-mov-a - ble re-so - lu- tion --of stern con-tempt of hu-man tor - ture.\_\_\_\_\_

*f*

*ff*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*f*

Brassy

Brassy

**Picc.**

**Fl.**

**Ob.**

**Cl.**

**Bsn.**

**Cbsn.**

**Hn.**

**Timp.**

**Hp.**

**T. Solo**

**Cel.**

**Vln. I**

**Vln. II**

**Vla.**

**Vc.**

**Cb.**

I saw that the dec-rees of what to me was Fate, were still is-su-ing from those lips.

7

7

pp

pizz.

mp

mp

136

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p dolce*

*mf*

*mf*

*ppp*

I saw them writhe with a dead-ly lo-cu-tion. I saw them fash-ion the syl-la-bles of my name; and I

G $\sharp$  *mf*  
B $\sharp$

142

8

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

shud-dered be-cause no sound suc - ceed-ed.\_\_\_\_\_ I saw, too, for a few mo-ments of de - li-ous hor-ror,\_ the

*p*

*p dolce*

*mp dolce*

*mp*

*G# D# Bb*

*mf*

*arco dolce*

*mp*

*mp dolce*

*mf*

*arco*

*mp dolce*

*mf*

23



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

153

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*mp*

8

3

my vis-ion\_ fell u-pon the seven tall can-dles u-pon the ta - ble.\_ At first they wore the as-pect of cha - ri - ty,\_\_\_\_\_ and seemed

Poco più mosso ♩ = 80

158

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

white slen-der an-gels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most dead - ly naus-e - a o-ver my

Poco più mosso ♩ = 80

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

poco rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

163

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

spi-rit, and I felt ev - ery fi-bre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a gal - van-ic bat-ter-y, while the

poco rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

p

p

p

170

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

an-gel forms be-came mean-ing-less spec-tres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there

This musical score page contains measures 175 through 180. The instrumentation includes Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Contrabassoon, Horn I & II, Timpani, Harp, Trombone Soloist, Cello, Violin I & II, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass.

- Measures 175-176:** The key signature changes from one sharp (F#) to two sharps (F#, C#). The time signature is 3/4.
- Measure 177:** The time signature changes to 4/4.
- Measure 178:** The time signature changes to 2/4.
- Measures 179-180:** The time signature returns to 4/4.

The vocal soloist enters in measure 175 with the lyrics: "stole in-to my fan-cy, like a rich mu-si-cal note,— the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave.—— The thought came". The harp features arpeggiated figures in measures 175 and 176, followed by a melodic line in measure 177. The woodwinds and strings provide harmonic support throughout the passage.

Più mosso ♩ = 75

181

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Più mosso ♩ = 75

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.





### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

195

*molto accel.*

Picc. *mf* *f* *ff*

Fl. *mf* *f* *ff*

Ob. *mf* *f* *ff*

Cl. *mf* *f* *ff*

Bsn. *f* *ff*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. //

Hn. //

Timp. //

Hp. *f* *ff*

T. Solo *f* *ff* *p*

swal-lowed up in a mad rush - ing des-cent as of the soul in - to Ha - des. Then si-lence,

Cel. *f* *ff*

*molto accel.*

Vln. I *f* *ff* *fff*

Vln. II *f* *ff* *fff*

Vla. *f* *ff* *fff*

Vc. *f* *ff* *fff*

Cb. *f*

200

rall.

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*mf*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*pp*

and still-ness and night were the un - i - verse. I had swooned;

206

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

but still will not say that all of con-sci-ous-ness was lost. What of it there re-mained I will not at-tempt to de-fine, or

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

212

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 70

15

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

e-ven to de-scribe; yet all was not lost. In the dee-pest slum-ber -- no!

219

**poco rall.**

**Lento** ♩ = 60

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

*pp*

In de-li-ri-um -- no! In a swoon -- no! In death -- no! E-ven in the grave all is not lost.

**poco rall.**

**Lento** ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

**poco accel.**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 70

228

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Else there is no im-mor - tal - i - ty for man.

ARIA  
mf

A - rou - sing from the

**poco accel.**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

234

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*f*

*mf*

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*arco*

*p*

most pro-found of slum-bers, we break the gos-sa-mer web of some dream. Yet

3

3

mf

p

mf

p



241

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*pp*

*pp*

*ppp*

*mp*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*mf*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*pizz.*

*p*

in a se - cond af - ter - wards, (so frail may that web have been)\_\_\_\_\_ we re - mem - ber not that we have dreamed.\_\_\_\_\_

248

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

249

250

251

252

253

254

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*mf*

In the re - turn to life from the swoon there are two sta - ges; first,

18

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

254

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

that of the sense of men-tal or spi-ri-tu-al; se-cond-ly, that of the sense of phy-si-cal, ex - ist- ence.\_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *mp* *pp* *mf* *p* *p* *mf* *arco* *mf*

[illegible]

268

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

rea - ching the se - cond stage, we could re - call the im - pres - sions of the

*mf* pizz.

*p*

*p*

*p*

3

6

272

Picc. *mp*

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp* *p* *mf*

Hn. *mp* *p* *mf*

Timp.

Hp. *mp* *gliss.* *f* *ff* *Ab* *Bb*

T. Solo *mf* *f*

first, we should find these im-pres-sions e - lo-quent in me-mor-ies of the gulf be-yond.

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *f*

Cb. *mf* *f* *arco*

20

282

Flutter

Picc. *mf*

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *mf*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *mf* *f*

Hp.

T. Solo *f*

those of the tomb? But if the im - pres-sions of what I have termed the first stage, are not, at will, re-called,

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *mf* *f*



287

Picc.



Fl.



Ob.



Cl.



Bsn.



Cbsn.



Hn.



Hn.



Timp.



Hp.



T. Solo



Cel.



Vln. I



Vln. II



Vla.



Vc.



Cb.



**poco accel.**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 80

294

Picc. *mp* *mf* *f*

Fl. *mp* *mf* *f*

Ob. *mp* *mf* *f*

Cl. *mp* *mf* *f*

Bsn. *mp* *mf* *f*

Cbsn. *mp* *f*

Hn. *mp* *f*

Hn. *mp*

Timp. *p* *f* *p*

Hp. *mf* *gliss.* *ff* *f*<sup>3</sup>

T. Solo *f*

Cel.

He who has ne-ver swooned, is not

**poco accel.**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 80

Vln. I *mf* *f*

Vln. II *mf* *f*

Vla. *mp* *f*

Vc. *mp* *f*

Cb. *mp* *f*

298

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

he who finds strange pa-la-ces and wild-ly fa-mil-iar fa-ces in coals that glow; is not

*mf* *p* *f* *ff* *mp*

22

305

Picc.

*mp*

Fl.

*mp*

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

*mf*

Cbsn.

Hn.

*mf*

Hn.

*mf*

Timp.

*p*

Hp.

*f*

*mp*

*gliss.*

T. Solo

*mf*

8

he who be-holds\_\_\_\_\_ floa - ting in mid - air the sad

Cel.

22

Vln. I

*mf*

Vln. II

*mf*

Vla.

Vc.

*mf*

Cb.

*mf*

6

7

7

7

7

3

'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

312

Picc. *f*

Fl. *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn.

Hn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp. *p* *ff*

Hp. *mp* *ff* *gliss.*

(Same settings as last gliss.)

T. Solo

no-vel flower -- is not he whose brain grows be-wil-dered with the

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

315

Picc. *mp*

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *p*

Cbsn. *f* *mf* *pp*

Hn. *f* *mf* *p*

Hn. *f* *mf* *mf* *mp* *p*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *mf*

mea-ning of some mu - si-cal ca-dence which has ne-ver be-fore ar - res-ted his at - ten-tion.

Cel.

Vln. I *mf* *fp* *ppp*

Vln. II *mf* *fp* *ppp*

Vla. *mf* *mp* *p*

Vc. *mf* *fp* *ppp*

Cb. *mf*

322 **poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

A-mid fre-quent and thought-ful en-dea-vours to re - mem-ber; a-mid

**poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.



328

Picc. *p* *mp*

Fl. *p* *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp. *mp* *f* *gliss.*

T. Solo *mf*  
earn-est strug-gles to re - ga - - ther some to - ken of the state of seem-ing

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *f*

Cb. *mf* *f* arco

332

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*f*

*mf*

*ff*

*mp*

*f*

*mp*

*3*

no-thing-ness\_ in - to which my soul has lapsed, there have been mo-ments when I have dreamed of suc-cess;\_

*F#*

*D#*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

344

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

e - poch as-sures me could have had re-fer-ence on - ly to that con - di-tion of seem-ing un - con-sci-ous-ness. These

24

348

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hr.

Hr.

Imp.

E♭  
B♯

mp

E♭G♯  
B♭

Solo

sha-dows of me-mo-ry tell,—

in-di-stinct- ly,    of tall

fi-gures that lift-ed    and

bore me in si - lence

down --

down --

still

Cel.

24

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

354

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

down -- till a hid-e-ous diz-zi-ness op-pressed me at the mere i-dea\_ of the in - ter-mi-na-ble-ness of the des-cent. They tell al-so of a vague

360

Picc. *mp* Flutter

Fl. *p* *mp*

Ob. *p* *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp*

Bsn. *p* *mp* *p* *pp*

Cbsn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf* *p*

hor-ror at my heart, on ac-count of that heart's un-nat-ur-al still - ness.

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *mp* *p*

Cb.

365

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*pp*

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

*p*

Then comes a sense of sud-den mo-tion-less through-out all things; as if those who bore me (a ghash-ly train!) had out-run, in their des-cent, the

*p*

*p*



Con moto ♩ = 120

371

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel.

lim - its of the lim-it - less,\_\_\_\_\_ and paused from the wear-i-some-ness of their toil. Af - ter this

Con moto ♩ = 120

Vln. I Vln. II Vla. Vc. Cb.

[illegible]

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

388

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p* *mp* *f*

*p* *mp* *f*

*p* *mp* *f*

*mf* *f* *mp*

*mp* *mf* *f* *p*

*mp* *mf* *f* *p*

sound --\_ the tu-mul-tu-ous mot-ion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of it beat-ing.

*mf* *f* *p*

$\bullet = \text{♪}$

402

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

29

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*f*

*mp*

*f*

*mp*

frame. \_\_\_\_\_

Then the mere con-scious-ness of ex - is - tence, with-out

*f*

*mp*

*f*

*mp*

30

411

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

thought, and shud-der-ing ter-ror, and earn-est en - deav-our to com-pre-hend my true state. Then a strong de-sire to

*f*

*mf*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*molto rall.*

*molto rall.*

71



31

A tempo ♩ = ♩. = 120

418

Picc. *mp*

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mf*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf*

lapse in-to in - sen - si-bi - li - ty. Then a rush-ing re - vi - val of soul and a suc-cess-ful ef-fort to move. And now a full

Cel.

31

A tempo ♩ = ♩. = 120

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *mp*

Vc.

Cb.

426

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cl. *f* *ff*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *f* *Db*

T. Solo *f*

me-mo-ry of the trial, of the jud-ges, of the sa - ble dra-per-ies, of the sen-tence, of the sick-ness, of the

Cel.

Vln. I *pizz.* *mf* *f* *mf* *mp*

Vln. II *pizz.* *mf* *f* *mf* *mp*

Vla. *f*

Vc.

Cb.

$\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$

**molto rall.**

**Slower** ♩ = 70

433 **molto rall.**

Picc. **f** **mp**

Fl. **p**

Ob. **p**

Cl. **p**

Bsn. **f** **mp**

Cbsn. **f** **mp** **p**

Hn. **f** **mp** **p**

Hn. **f** **mp** **p**

Timp. **f** **mp**

Hp. **ff** **mp** **mp** **mp**

T. Solo **mp** **p** **mp**

Cel.

32 **Slower ♩ = 70**

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

swoon. Then en-tire for - get-ful-ness of all that fol-lowed;

438 poco rit.

Picc. poco rit.

Fl. *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

Ob. *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *mp* *p*

Cl. *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *mp* *p*

Bsn. *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Cbsn. *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Hn. *pp* *p* *mp* *p*

Hn. *pp* *mp* *p*

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo *mf* 3 *mp*

of all that a la-ter day and much earn-est-ness of en - deav-our have e - na-bled me vague-ly to re - call. So

Cel.

Vln. I *arco* *mp* *mf* *p*

Vln. II *arco* *mp* *mf* *p*

Vla. *mp* *mf* *p*

Vc. *mp* *pizz.* *mf* *p*

Cb. *mp* *arco* *mf* *p*

445 A tempo ♩ = 70

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel.

A tempo ♩ = 70

Vln. I Vln. II Vla. Vc. Cb.

[illegible]

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

464

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

79

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

dread-ed the first glance at ob - jects a-round me. It was not that I feared to look u-pon things hor-ri-ble, but that I grew a-ghost



469

**rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70 **Con moto** ♩. = 120

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

lest there should be no-thing to see. At length, with a wild des-per - a-tion at heart,

Cel.

35

**rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70 **Con moto** ♩. = 120

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

476

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*f*

I quick-ly un-closed my eyes.\_\_\_\_\_ My worst thoughts, then, were con - firmed. The black - ness of e - ter - nal night en-

[illegible]

36

♩. = ♩

Slow ♩ = 60

83

490

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

was in-tol-er-ab-ly close. I still lay qui-et-ly, and made ef-fort to ex-er-cise my

36

♩. = ♩

Slow ♩ = 60

497

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

rea - son.\_\_\_\_\_ I brought to mind the in - qui - si - tor - ial pro - ceed - ings, and at - tempt - ed

*mp* 3

*p*

*p*

*mp* 3

*mp* 3

500 **poco accel.**

Picc. *p* 3

Fl. 3

Ob.

Cl. *p* 3

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *p* 5 *gliss.* 6 *mp* 7 *mf* 6 *gliss.* 7

T. Solo *mf*  
from that point to de-duce my real con - di - tion. The

Cel.

Vln. I **poco accel.** 3

Vln. II 3

Vla. *mp* 3 3 3 3

Vc. *p*

Cb. *p*

502

Picc. *mf* *mp* *p*

Fl. *mf* 5 3 *mp* 5 7 *p* *pp*

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *f*

T. Solo *mp*  
sen-tence had passed; and it ap-peared to me that a ve-ry long in-ter-val of time had since e-lapsed.

Cel. *p* *pp*

**Poco più mosso** ♩ = 65

Vln. I *mf* *mp* *p*

Vln. II *mf* 5 3 *mp* 5 7 *p*

Vla. *mf* *mp* *p*

Vc. *mf* *mp* 3 *p*

Cb. *mp* *p*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



513

38

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

stand-ing what we read in fic-tion is al-to - ge-ther in-con-sis-tent with re-al ex - is - tence; -- but where and in what

pizz.

mp

518

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

state was I? The con - demned to death, I knew, pe-rished usual-ly at the au-to-da-fes, and one of these had been held on the ve-ry

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*mp*

*arco*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

545

Picc. *mf*

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

(only if two percussionists)

Timp. *f*

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *mp*  
 well as all the con-demned cells at To - le-do, had stone floors, and light was not al-to-ge-ther ex - clu-ded. A

Cel. *mf*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*

Cb. *f*

551 ♩ = ♩. 'Trickling'

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

8

fear-ful i-dea now sud-den-ly drove the blood in tor-rents up - on my heart, and for a brief per-iod, I once more re-lapsed in-to in-sen - si-

♩ = ♩. 'Trickling'

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

558

Picc.

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

*mp*

Fl.

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

*mp*

Ob.

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

Cl.

*b*

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

Bsn.

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

Cbsn.

Hn.

*pp*

*fp*

*mf*

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

*C# A#*

*mf* *A#* *F#*

*f*

T. Solo

*mf*

bi - li - ty. U-pon re - cov - er - ing, \_ I at once start - ed to my feet, trem - bling con - vul - sive - ly in ever - y fi - bre. I

Cel.

Vln. I

*mp*

Vln. II

Vla.

*b*

*fp*

*mf*

Vc.

Cb.



565

Picc. *mf* *f* Flutter

Fl. *mf* *f* Flutter

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
thrust my arms wild - ly a-bove and a - round me in all di - rect - ions. I felt no-thing; yet

Cel.

Vln. I *mf* *f*

Vln. II *mp* *mf* *f*

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

**accel.** **Agitato** ♩. = ♩ = 120 **A tempo**

570

Picc. *f* *ff* *mp*

Fl. *f* *ff* *mp*

Ob. *ff* *mp*

Cl. *ff* *mp*

Bsn. *ff* *mp*

Cbsn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff* *p*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp. *f* *ff*

Hp. *f*

T. Solo *ff* *mf*  
8 dread-ed to move a step, lest I should be im-pe-ded by the walls of a tomb. Per-spi-ra-tion burst from ever-y

Cel.

**accel.** **Agitato** ♩. = ♩ = 120 **A tempo**

Vln. I *pizz.* *ff* *arco*

Vln. II *pizz.* *ff* *arco*

Vla. *f* *ff*

Vc. *f* *ff*

Cb. *f* *ff*



581 **rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 90 **rall.**

Picc. *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

Bsn. *mf* *p*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo *mf*

cel. *mf*

cau-tious-ly moved for-ward with my arms ex-tend-ed, and my eyes strain-ing from their sock-ets, in the hope of catch-ing some faint ray of

**rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 90 **rall.**

Vln. I *mp*

Vln. II *mp*

Vla. *mp* *pp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb.

Meno mosso ♩ = ♩. = 70

Picc. *pp*

Fl. *pp*

Ob. *pp*

Cl. *pp*

Bsn. *pp*

Cbsn.

Hn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp* *p*

Timp.

Hp. *mp*

T. Solo  
light. I pro - ceed-ed for\_ ma-ny pa- ces;\_ but still all\_ was black-ness and va-can-cy.\_ I breathed more

Cel.

Vln. I *pp*

Vln. II

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mf* pizz.

Cb. *pp* *mp*

45

♩. = ♩

rit.

Hesitantly ♩ = 66

592

Picc. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Fl. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Ob. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Cl. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Bsn. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Cbsn. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Hn. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Hn. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Timp. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Hp. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

T. Solo *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Cel. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

rit.

Hesitantly ♩ = 66

Vln. I *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Vln. II *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Vla. *3/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Vc. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

Cb. *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4*

598

poco accel.      Più mosso ♩ = 76

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

607

47

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

And... now, as I still con - tin-ued to step cau-tious-ly

47

pizz.



615

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*f*

*mp*

*mf*

on - ward, there came throng-ing u - pon my re - col - lec - tion a thou-sand vague ru-mours of the hor-rors of To-

[illegible]

624

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

al - ways deemed them -- but yet strange, and too ghast - ly to re - peat, save in a whis - per.

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

*pp*

*mp*

*f*

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

*f*

*mp*

poco accel.

Più mosso ♩ = 86

628

Picc. *mf* *mp*

Fl. *mf* *mp*

Ob. *mp*<sup>3</sup> *mf*

Cl. *mp*<sup>3</sup> *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mf*

Hn. *mf*

Timp.

Hp. *mp* *f* *gliss.*

T. Solo *f*  
Was I left to per-ish of star - va - tion in this sub - ter-ra-ne-an world of

Cel.

poco accel.

Più mosso ♩ = 86

Vln. I *mp* *mf* *mp*

Vln. II *mp*<sup>3</sup> *mf* *mp*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Cb. *mf*

632

Picc. *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl. *f* 3

Bsn. *mp* *p* *f* 3

Cbsn. *mf* *mp* *p* *f* 3

Hn. *mp* *p*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Timp. *f*

Hp.

T. Solo *mf* 3 *f* 3

dark-ness; or what fate, per-haps e-ven more fear-ful, a - wait - ed me? That the re - sult would be death, and a

Cel.

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp* *p*

Cb. *mp* *p*

639

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

death of more than cus-tom-a-ry bit-ter-ness, I knew too well the cha-rac-ters of my jud-ges to doubt.\_\_\_\_ The

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

644

rall.

Picc.

Fl.

mf

Ob.

Cl.

mf

Bsn.

mf

Cbsn.

Hn.

f

mf

mp

Hn.

f

mf

mp

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

8

mode and the hour were all that oc - cu-pied or dis - tract - ed me.

Cel.

Vln. I

rall.

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

mf

Cb.

mf

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

649

Picc. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Fl. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Ob. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Cl. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Bsn. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Cbsn. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Hn. *p* *p* *pp* *p*

Hn. *p* *p* *pp* *p*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mp* *3* *3*  
My out-stretched hands at last en - coun-tered some so - lid ob-

Cel.

51

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

Vln. I *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Vln. II *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Vla. *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Vc. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*

Cb. *mp* *p* *pp* *p*



655

Picc. *mp* 5

Fl.

Ob. *mp* 3

Cl. *mp* 3

Bsn. *mp* 5

Cbsn. *mp*

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo  
8  
struct-ion.\_\_\_\_\_ It was a wall,\_\_\_\_\_ seem-ing-ly of stone ma-son-ry --\_ ve-ry smooth, sli-my, and cold. I fol-lowed it

Cel. *p* *pp*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.



667 **poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 66

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel.

*p* *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *mp*

This pro-cess, how-e-ver, a - ford-ed me no means of as-cer-tain-ing the di - men-sions of my dun-geon; as I

**poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 66

Vln. I Vln. II Vla. Vc. Cb.

*p* pizz. *p*

671

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

might make its cir-cuit, and re-turn to the point whence I set out, with - out be-ing a-ware of the fact; so per-fect-ly un-i-form seemed the

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

681

Picc. *mf*

Fl. *mp* *p* *mf*

Ob. *mp* *p*

Cl. *mp* *p* *mf*

Bsn.

Cbsn. *mp* *p*

Hn.

Hn.

Timp. *f*

Hp. *f*

T. Solo  
8 led in-to the in-qui-si-tor-i-al cham-ber; but it was gone; my clothes had been ex-changed for a wrap-per\_ of coarse

Cel.

Vln. I *mp* *p* *f*

Vln. II *mp* *p* *f*

Vla. *p* *f*

Vc. *mp* *p* *f*

Cb. *mp* *p* *f*

687

Picc. *f* 3 *mp*

Fl. *f* 3 *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *f* 3 *mp*

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Cbsn. *f* *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf* 3 3 3 3

serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the mason-ry, so as to i-

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

691

Picc. *mp*

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *f* *mp*

Cl.

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Cbsn. *f* *mf*

Hn.

Hn.

Timp. *f*

Hp.

T. Solo  
8 den-ti-fy— my point of de - par-ture. The dif-fi-cul-ty, ne-ver-the-less, was but tri-vi-al; al-though,

Cel.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f* *mp*

Cb. *f* *mp*



695

Picc. *f*

Fl. *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *ff*

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *ff*

Cel.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*

Cb. *f*

*rall.*

*rall.*

in the dis-or-der of my fan-cy, it seemed at first in - su - per - a - ble.

698 **Slow and Measured** ♩ = 70

Picc. *mf* 3 *p* 3<sup>2</sup> 3<sup>2</sup> 3<sup>2</sup> 3<sup>2</sup>

Fl. *mp* *p*

Ob. *mp* *p*

Cl. *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *p*

Cbsn.

Hn. Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mp* 3

Cel.

I tore a part of the hem from the robe, and placed the frag-ment at full length, and at

54

Slow and Measured ♩ = 70

♩ = ♩.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

122

704

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

accel.

Più mosso ♩ = ♩. = 80

*mp* 5

*p*

*mf*

*p*

right an - gles. to the wall. In gro-ping my way a-round the pri-son, I could not fail to en-

55

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  accel. Più mosso  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 80$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

710

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

coun-ter this rag u-pon com-ple-ting the cir-cuit.\_\_\_\_ So, at least, I thought: but I had not

716

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

722

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

slip-pe-ry... I stag-gered on-ward for some time, when I stum-bled and fell... My ex - ces-sive fa-tigu in-duced me\_ to re-

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

727

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

main pros-trate; and sleep soon o-ver-took me as I lay.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

p

mp

pizz.

mp

733

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

58

58



741

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*p*

side me a loaf and a pit-cher with wa- ter. I was too much ex-haust-ed to re - flect u-pon this cir-cum-

747 **molto accel.** **Slower** ♩ = 60

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo stance, but ate and drank with a - vi-di-ty. Short-ly af-ter-wards, I re-sumed my

Cel.

**molto accel.** **Slower** ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

60

Hesitantly ♩ = 66

753

Picc. *pp* <sup>3</sup>

Fl. *p* <sup>3</sup>

Ob. *pp*

Cl. *p*

Bsn. *pp*

Cbsn.

Hn. *pp*

Hn. *pp*

Timp.

Hp. *mf* <sup>3</sup>

T. Solo <sup>8</sup> tour a-round the pri-son, and with much toil, came at last u-pon the frag-ment of the serge.

Cel.

60

Hesitantly ♩ = 66

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *pp*

Cb. *p*

760 **poco accel.** **Più mosso** ♩ = 76 131

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

3

3

3

*mp*

768

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Up\_\_\_ to the per-i-od when I fell,\_ I had count-ed fif-ty-two pa-ces, and,

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.

776

155

accel.

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

u-pon re - sum-ing my walk, I had count-ed for-ty-eight more -- when I ar - rived at the rag.

accel.

Brighter ♩ = 90

781

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

There were in all, then, a hun-dred pa-ces; and, ad-mit-ting two pa-ces to the yard. I pre-

Brighter ♩ = 90

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

786 **rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 76

Picc. *mp* 5

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl. *p* *mp*

Bsn. *p* *mp*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo *mp*  
 8 sumed the dun-geon to be fif-ty yards in cir-cuit... I had met, how-ev-er; with ma-ny an-gles in the wall,\_\_\_\_\_

Cel. *p*

**rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 76

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *p*

Cb.



molto accel.

Agitato ♩ = 115

792

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for

molto accel.

Agitato ♩ = 115

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

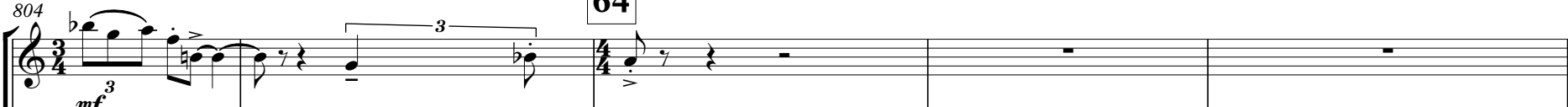


### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

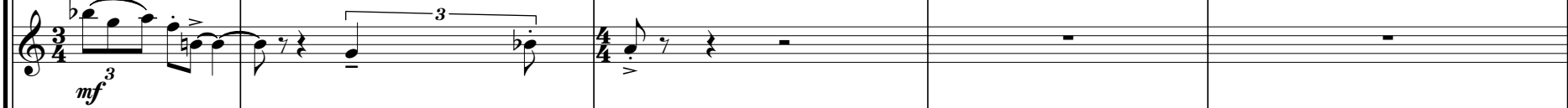
804

64

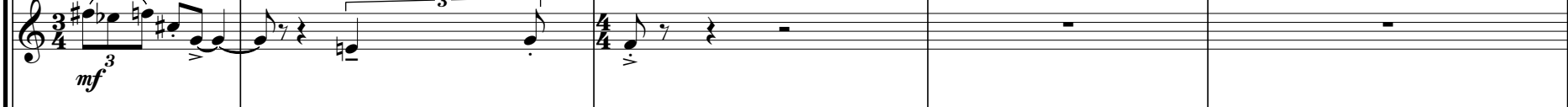
Picc.



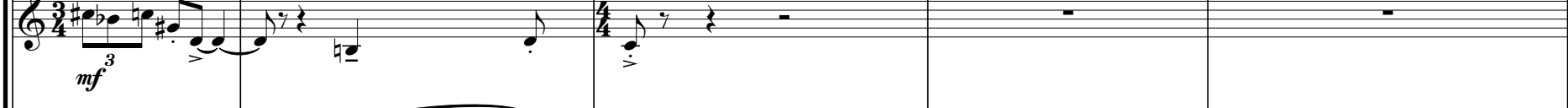
Fl.




Ob.




Cl.




Bsn.




Cbsn.




Hn.



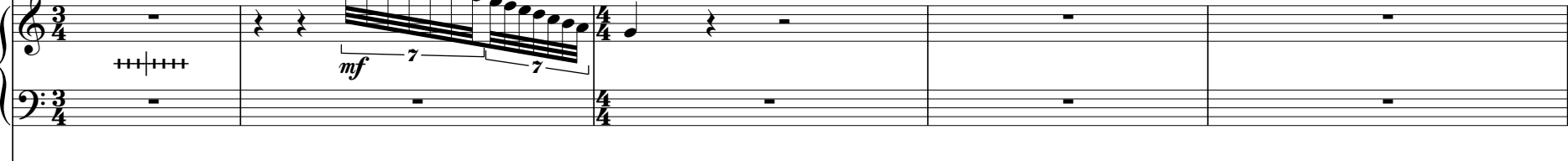
Hn.



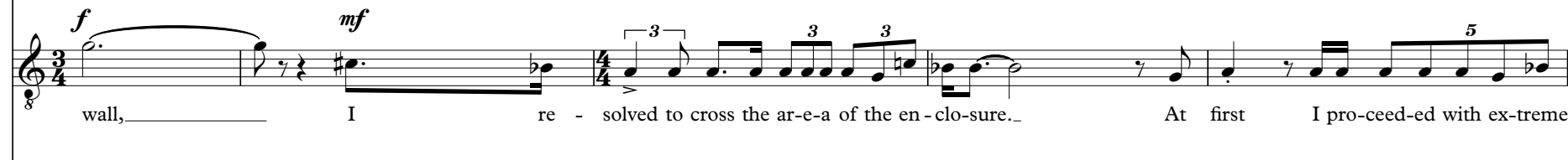
Timp.



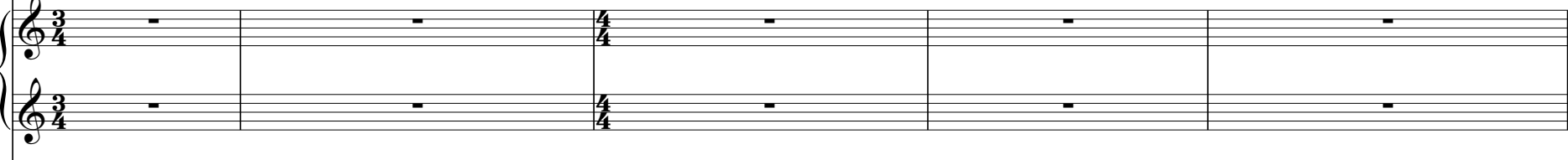
Hp.



T. Solo

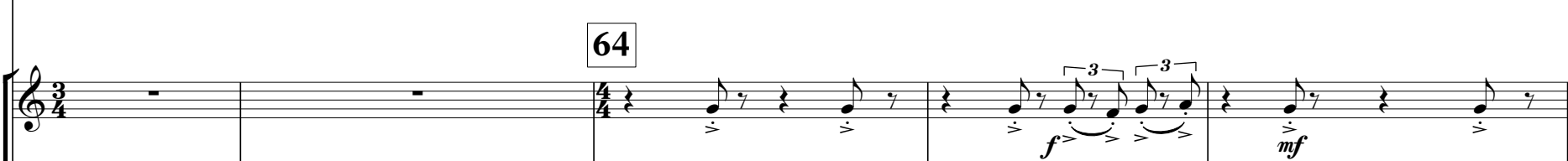


Cel.




64

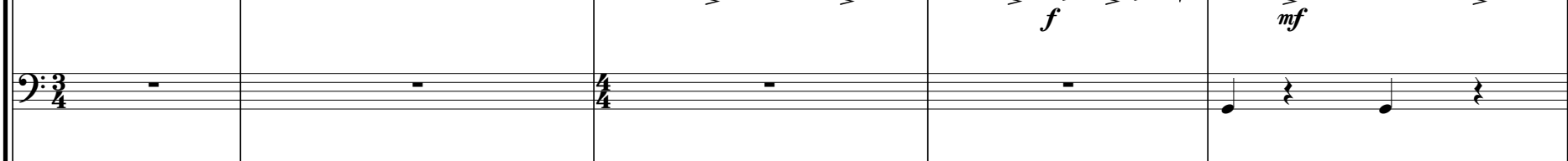
Vln. I



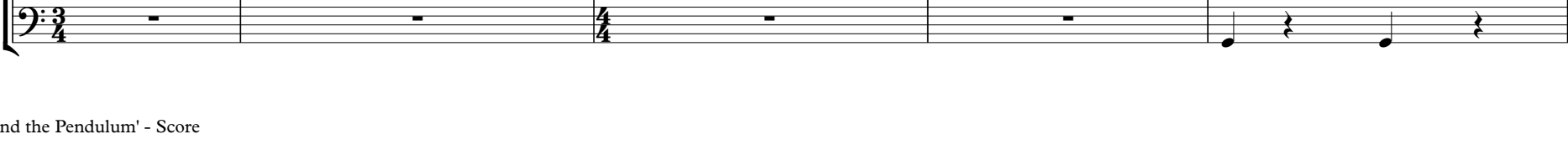
Vln. II



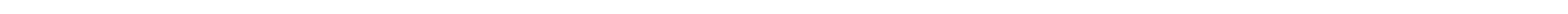
Vla.



Vc.



Cb.



'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

809

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

cau-tion,\_\_\_ for the floor, al-though seem-ing-ly of so-lid ma - te-ri-al, was treach-er-ous with slime. At

65

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

This musical score block contains measures 65 through 68. The staves are for Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, and Contrabass. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note pulse in the lower strings and a more complex, syncopated melody in the violins. Measure 65: Vln. I has a half note F#4, a quarter rest, a half note G#4, and a quarter rest. Vln. II has a half note E4, a quarter rest, a half note D4, and a quarter rest. Vla. has a half note C3, a quarter rest, a half note B2, and a quarter rest. Vc. and Cb. have a half note B2, a quarter rest, a half note A2, and a quarter rest. Measure 66: Vln. I has a half note F#4, a quarter rest, a half note G#4, and a quarter rest. Vln. II has a half note E4, a quarter rest, a half note D4, and a quarter rest. Vla. has a half note C3, a quarter rest, a half note B2, and a quarter rest. Vc. and Cb. have a half note B2, a quarter rest, a half note A2, and a quarter rest. Measure 67: Vln. I has a half note F#4, a quarter rest, a half note G#4, and a quarter rest. Vln. II has a half note E4, a quarter rest, a half note D4, and a quarter rest. Vla. has a half note C3, a quarter rest, a half note B2, and a quarter rest. Vc. and Cb. have a half note B2, a quarter rest, a half note A2, and a quarter rest. Measure 68: Vln. I has a half note F#4, a quarter rest, a half note G#4, and a quarter rest. Vln. II has a half note E4, a quarter rest, a half note D4, and a quarter rest. Vla. has a half note C3, a quarter rest, a half note B2, and a quarter rest. Vc. and Cb. have a half note B2, a quarter rest, a half note A2, and a quarter rest.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

821

Picc. *f* *ff* *sfz*

Fl. *f* *ff*

Ob. *f* *ff*

Cl. *f* *ff* *sfz*

Bsn. *f* *sfz*

Cbsn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *sfz*

Hn. *f* *sfz*

Timp. *ff*

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *ff*  
 rem-nant of the torn hem of my robe be-came en - tang-led be-tween my legs. I stepped on it, and fell vio-lent-ly on my face...

Cel.

Vln. I *f* *ff*

Vln. II *f* *ff*

Vla. *f* *ff* *sfz*

Vc. *f* *sfz* arco

Cb. *f* *ff* arco



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

834

$\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$

Picc.  $\text{mf}$

Fl.  $\text{mf}$

Ob.  $\text{mf}$

Cl.  $\text{mf}$

Bsn.  $\text{mf}$

Cbsn.  $\text{mf}$

Hn.  $\text{mf}$

Hn.  $\text{mf}$

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  $\text{mf}$

Cel.

$\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.  $\text{mf}$

Vc.  $\text{mf}$

Cb.  $\text{mf}$

which yet, in a few se-conds af-ter-ward, and while I still lay pros-trate, ar-rest-ed my at-

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



849

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

At the same time, my fore-head seemed bathed in a clam-my va- pour, and the pe - cu-li-ar smell of de-cayed

854

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

8 fun-gus a-rose to my nos-trils. I put for-ward my arm, and shud-dered to find that I had fal-len\_ at\_\_the ve-ry brink of a cir-cu-lar

Cel.

68

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

Vln. I pizz. arco

Vln. II pizz. arco

Vla. pizz. arco

Vc. arco pizz. arco

Cb. pizz. arco

861

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pit, whose ex - tent, of course, I had no means of as-cer-tain-ing at the mo-ment.

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*mp*

*pp*

866 ♩ = ♩.

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Gro-ping a - bout the ma-son - ry just be-low the mar-gin, I suc - ceed-ed in dis - lod-ging a small

♩ = ♩.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.



871

accel.

Più mosso ♩ = 90

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

frag-ment, and let it fall in - to the a - byss.

874 **Agitato** ♩ = 115

Picc. *mp* 3

Fl. *mp*

Ob. *mp* 5

Cl. *mp* 3

Bsn. *mp* 3 3

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *gliss.* 7 7

T. Solo *mf* 3 3

For ma-ny se-conds I heark - ened to its re-ver - ber - a - tions as it

Cel.

70 **Agitato** ♩ = 115

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

878

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

dashed a-against the side\_\_ of the cha-sm in its des-cent:\_\_\_\_\_ at length, there was a sul-len plunge in - to wa - ter,\_\_\_

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*pizz.*

*mp*

*pizz.*

*mp*

Slower ♩ = 60

883

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

suc-ceed-ed by loud e - choes.

At the same mo-ment, there came a sound re-semb-ling the quick

Slower ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco  
p

[illegible]

894

Picc. *mp* *pp*

Fl. *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp*

Cl. *mp* *pp*

Bsn. *p* *pp*

Cbsn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo *mf* *mp*  
8 sud-den-ly through the gloom, and as sud-den-ly fa-ded a way. I saw

Cel. *pp*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *p* *pp*

Vc. *p* *pp*

Cb. *p* *pp*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score





### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

911 **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

To the vic-tims of its Ty-ran-ny, there was the choice of death with its dir-est phy-si-cal a-go-nies, or death with its most hi-de-ous mo-ral

**Meno mosso** ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

916

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

hor-rors.

I had been re - served for the lat - ter.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

922

74

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

74

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*mp*

*mf* pizz.

*mp*

By long suf-fer-ing\_ my nerves had been un - strung, un-til I

3

928

Picc. *p* *mp*

Fl. *p* *mp*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp. *mp* *f* *gliss.*

T. Solo *mf*  
trem-bled\_ at the sound of my own voice, and had be - come in ever-y re-

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *f* *arco*

Cb. *mf* *f*

932

**poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 60

Picc. *pp*

Fl. *pp*

Ob. *pp*

Cl. *pp*

Bsn. *f* *pp*

Cbsn. *pp*

Hn. *f* *pp*

Hn. *mf* *f* *pp*

Timp. *pp*

Hp. *ff*

T. Solo *f* *mp*

spect a fit-ting sub-ject for the spe-cies of tor-ture which a wait-ed me. Sha-king in eve-ry limb, I

Cel. *pp*

Vln. I *pp*

Vln. II *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

Cb. *pp*

75

**poco rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 60

939

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

946

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

poco accel.

Più mosso  $\text{♩} = 70$

107

a - tion now pic-tured ma-ny in va-ri-ous po - si-tions a-round the dun-geon. In o-ther con-di-tions of mind, I

76

poco accel. Più mosso ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

Più mosso ♩ = 110

957 **accel.**

Picc. **3**

Fl. **3**

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn. **f**

Cbsn. **f**

Hn. **p** **3** **f**

Hn. **3** **f**

Timp. **f**

Hp. **mf** **gliss.** **f**

T. Solo **f** **ff** **3**  
cow-ards. Nei-ther could I for-get what I had read of these pits --

Cel.

Più mosso ♩ = 110

**accel.**

Vln. I **3**

Vln. II **mf** **3**

Vla. **mf** **3**

Vc. **mf** **3** **3** **3**

Cb. **mf**

**f**

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

966

Picc. *>mp*

Fl. *>mp*

Ob.

Cl. *>mp*

Bsn. *>mf*

Cbsn. *>mf*

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

ta-tion of spi-rit kept me a - wake for ma-ny long hours; but at length I a-gain slum-bered.

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. pizz.

Cb. pizz.

arco

arco

971 **rall.**

Picc. 

Fl. 

Ob. 

Cl. 

Bsn. 

Cbsn. 

Hn. 

Hn. 

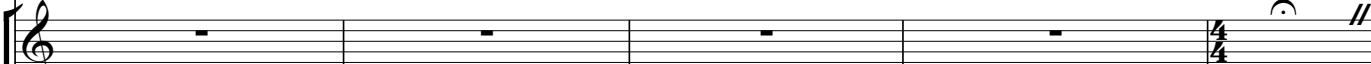
Timp. 


Hp. 


T. Solo 

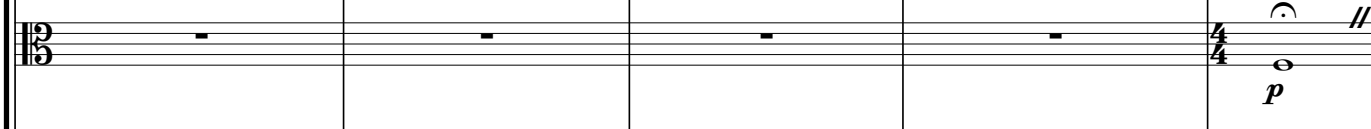
Cel. 


**rall.**

Vln. I 

Vln. II 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Cb. 

978

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

985

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pit-cher of wa- ter.\_\_\_\_\_

A burn-ing thirst con - sumed me, \_ and I

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

*p*

*p*

991

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

emp-tied the ves-sel at a-raft. It must have been drugged -- for scarce-ly had I drunk, be-fore I be-came ir-re sis-ti-bly drow-sy. \_

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1003

**Excitedly**

Picc. *mf* 7 *f* 3

Fl. *mf* 7 *f* 3

Ob. *mf* 7 *f*

Cl. *mf* 7 *f*

Bsn. *mf* 7 *f*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *f* *p*

Hp. *mf* *gliss.* *ff* *f* 3

T. Solo 8 once a - gain, I un-closed my eyes, the

Cel.

Vln. I *f* 3

Vln. II *f* 3

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*

Cb. *f*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

Freely (♩ = 60)

1010

Picc. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Fl. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Ob. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Cl. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Bsn. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Cbsn. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Hn. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Hn. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Timp. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Hp. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

T. Solo *mf* *mp* *3* *3*

ter-mine,\_\_\_\_ I was en-ab-led to see the ex-tent and as-pect\_ of the pri-son.\_\_\_\_

Cel. *5/4* *4/4* *2/4* *4/4* *3/4* *2/4* *4/4*

Freely (♩ = 60)

Vln. I *p* *pp*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *p* *mp* *3*

Vc. *p* *pp* *3*

Cb. *p* *mf* *molto espress.*

1017

Picc. *mp* 3 3

Fl.

Ob.

Cl. *p*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp. *mp*

T. Solo *mp* In its\_\_\_

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *pp* *p*

Vc. *pp* *p* 3

Cb. *pp* *p*

84

1024

85

181

Molto Agitato ♩ = 90

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

— size I had been great-ly mis - ta-ken. The whole cir-cuit of its walls did not ex-ceed twen-ty-five yards. For some

84

85

Molto Agitato ♩ = 90

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1035

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

un-der the ter-ri-ble cir-cum-stan - ces which en - vi - roned me, than the mere di-men - sions\_ of my dun - geon? But my



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1042 **rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 70

Picc. *mp* *p*

Fl. *mp* *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *mp* *p* *p*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn. *p*

Hn. *p*

Hn. *p*

Timp. *p*

Hp. *mp* *gliss.* *7*

T. Solo *mp* *3*

count for the er-ror I had com-mit-ted in my mea-sure-ment. The truth at length flashed u-pon me. In my

Cel. *p*

**rall.**

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

Cb. *p*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1051

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

I must then have been with - in a pace or two of the frag-ment of serge, in fact, I had

**88**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 86

**88**

**Più mosso** ♩ = 86

1057

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

wa-king, I must have re-turned u-pon my steps -- thus sup - po-sing the cir-cuit near-ly dou-ble what it ac-tual-ly was. My con-

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*mf*

*mp* *p*

*mp* *p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1070

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 70

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

with the wall to the right... I had been de-ceived, too in re-spect to the shape of the en-clo-sure.

90

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1079

Picc. *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn. *p*

Timp.

mf

Hp.

T. Solo

la-ri-ty;— so po-tent is the ef-fect of to-tal dark-ness u-pon one a -rou-sing from le-thar-gy or sleep!—

Cel.

91

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *mp* *mf* pizz. 3 3

Cb. *mp* *mf*

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1088

92

195

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*f*

*p*

*mf*

*gliss.*

*f*

ni - ches, at odd in - ter - vals. The ge - ne - ral shape of the pri - son was square.

Agitato ♩ = 100

1091

accel.

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

What I had ta-ken for    ma-son-ry seemed    now to be iron,    or some o-ther    me-tal, in huge plates,    whose su-tures or joints    oc-ca-sioned the de-

Cel.

93

accel.

Agitato ♩ = 100

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1101

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*pp*

*mp*

*pp*

*mp*

*pp*

and re-pul-sive de - vices to which the char-nel su - per - sti-tion of the monks has gi-ven rise. The fig-ures of fiends in

94

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

1106

rall.

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

as-pects of me-nace, \_\_\_\_\_ with ske-le-ton forms, and oth-er more real - ly fear-ful im-ag-es, o-ver-spread and dis - fi-gured the walls.

*mp*

rall.



**♩. = ♩ = 80**

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabasso

1118

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mp* *mf*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *f*

Cel.

Vln. I *f* *pizz.*

Vln. II *f* *pizz.*

Vla. *f* *pizz.*

Vc. *f* *pizz.*

Cb.

but that the co - lours seemed fa - ded and blurred, \_\_\_\_\_ as if from the ef-fects of a

Easier ♩ = 70

1121

Picc. *ff*

Fl. *ff*

Ob. *ff*

Cl. *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

Cbsn. *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp. *gliss.*

Hp. *ff* 7 7 *G# Bb C# Db*

T. Solo *ff* damp at-mo-sphere. *mp* 3 3 I now no-ticed the floor, too, which was of

Cel.

Easier ♩ = 70

Vln. I arco *ff* div. *pp*

Vln. II arco *ff* div. *pp*

Vla. arco *ff* div. *pp*

Vc. arco *ff*

Cb. *ff*



1131

97

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

dun-geon. All this I saw in - di - stinct-ly and by much ef-fort -- for my per - so-nal con-di-tion had been

Cel.

97

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

unis.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

[illegible]



1151

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

could, by dint of much ex - er - tion, sup - ply my-self with food from an ear-then dish which lay by my side\_ on the floor.

*mf* *mp* *p*

*pp* *pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

**Più mosso** ♩ = ♩. = 100

'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1173  $\text{♩} = 60$  rall. **Meno mosso**  $\text{♩} = 60$  (wonderously) 211

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

sea-soned. Look-ing up- ward, I sur- veyed the ceil-ing of my pri-son.

100

♩. = ♩

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60 (wonderously)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

1181

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*gliss.*

*mp*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

\_\_\_\_\_ It\_\_\_was some thir-ty or for-ty feet o-ver - head,\_\_\_ and construct-ed\_\_\_ much as the side walls.\_\_\_\_\_ In one of its

1187

101

Picc. *p* *mp*

Fl. *p* *mp* 5

Ob. *p* *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp* 5

Bsn. *p* *p* *mp*

Cbsn. *p*

Hn. *p*

Hn. *p*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
8 pa- nels\_\_ a ve-ry sin-gu-lar fi-gure ri-ve-ted my whole at - ten-tion.\_\_\_\_\_ It was the pain-ted fi - gure of Time

Cel.

101

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

Cb. *p*

1192

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

as he is com-mon-ly re-pre - sen - ted,\_\_\_\_\_ save that, in lieu of a scythe,\_\_\_ he held, what at a ca-su-al glance, I sup-

1197

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f* *mp*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cl. *mf* *f* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *f* *mf*

Cbsn. *mf* *f*

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp. *mf* *f* *mf*

T. Solo *f* *mf* *mp*

posed to be the pic-tured im-age of a huge pen - du - lum, such as we see on an-tique clocks. There was

Cel. *f* *mp*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *mf* *f*

Cb. *mf* *f*



1202

Picc. *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

some - thing\_\_ how-ev - er,\_\_\_\_\_ in the ap-pear-ance of this ma-chine which caused me to re-gard it more\_

Cel.

102

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1205

103

Tentatively ♩ = 60

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

at-ten-tive - ly.\_\_\_\_

SPOKEN

'While I gazed directly upward at it,  
(for its position was immediately  
over my own,) I fancied that I saw  
it in motion.'

mp

p

p

p

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1216

Picc. *p*

Fl. *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp*

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it— for some min-utes,— some-what in fear, but more in

*p*

1226

Più mosso

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 100$

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

A slight noise at-tract-ed my no-tice, and, look-ing to the floor, I saw se-ver-al e - nor - mous rats tra-

Più mosso

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 100$

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

$\bullet = \bullet.$

1238

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

came up in troops, hur-ried-ly, with ra-ve-nous eyes, al-lured by the scent of the meat. From this it re-quired much ef-fort and at-



106

## In te

The musical score is for 'The Swan' by Charles Ives. It features a vocal solo and various instruments. The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Contrabassoon, Horns, and Timpani. The second system includes Harp, Trombone Solo, and Cello. The vocal solo part includes the lyrics: 'It might have been half-an-hour, per-haps e-ven an hour, (for I could take but im-per-fect note of'.

**System 1:**

- Picc.** (Piccolo): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Fl.** (Flute): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Ob.** (Oboe): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Cl.** (Clarinet): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Bsn.** (Bassoon): Bass clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Cbsn.** (Contrabassoon): Bass clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Hn.** (Horn): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Hn.** (Horn): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- Timp.** (Timpani): Bass clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.

**System 2:**

- Hp.** (Harp): Treble and Bass clefs, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.
- T. Solo** (Trombone Solo): Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25. Lyrics: 'It might have been half-an-hour, per-haps e-ven an hour, (for I could take but im-per-fect note of'.
- Cel.** (Cello): Treble and Bass clefs, 6/8 time signature, measures 1-5, 12-15, 22-25.

**Tempo and Key:** The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

**Measure Numbers:** The score is divided into measures 1-5, 12-15, and 22-25. The first system ends at measure 25, and the second system continues from measure 26.

[illegible]

**Meno mosso** ♩ = 60

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



127 1

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

great - er. But what main - ly dis - turbed me, was the i - de - a that it had per - cep - tib - ly des -

1275

109

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

cend - ed. \_ I now ob - served -- with what hor-ror it is need - less to say -- that its ne-ther ex-tre-mi-ty was formed of a

gliss.

mf

mf

mf

229

1279

110

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

cres-cent of glit-ter-ing steel,\_\_\_\_\_ a-bout a foot in length from horn to horn:\_\_\_\_\_

Cel.

110

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1283

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

the horns up-ward, and the un-der-edge e-vi-dent - ly as keen as that of a ra - zor. Like a ra - zor



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1293

Picc. *mf* 6 *ff* *f* 3 *mf*

Fl. *mf* 6 *ff* *f* 3 *mf*

Ob. *mf* 6 *ff* *f* 3 *mf*

Cl. *mf* 6 *ff* *f* 3 *mf*

Bsn. *f* *mf* 6 *ff* *f*

Cbsn. *mf* 6 *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp.

Hp. *mf* 7 *gliss.* *f*

T. Solo *f* 3 *ff* *mf*  
 pen-ded to a weigh-ty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air. I could

Cel. *mf* 6

Vln. I *mf* 7 *f* *mf* 6 *ff*

Vln. II *mf* 7 *f* *mf* 6 *ff*

Vla. *mf* *f* *mf* 6 *ff*

Vc. *mf* 3 *f* *mf* 6 *ff*

Cb. *f* *ff*

111

Agitato ♩ = 115

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1302

112

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

cog-ni-sance of the pit had be-come known to the in-qui-si-tor-i-al a-gents -- the pit, whose hor-rors had been des-tined for so

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

**1314** **molto rall.** **Broadly** ♩ = 80

Picc. *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn.

Hn. *p* *mp*

Hn. *p* *mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf*

8 pun-ish-ments. The plunge in-to this pit I had a-void-ed by the mer-est of ac - ci-dents, and I

Cel.

**molto rall.** **Broadly** ♩ = 80

Vln. I *p* *mp*

Vln. II *p* *mp*

Vla.

Vc. *mp* 3

Cb. *p* *mp*

1321

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

knew that sur-prise, or en - trap-ment in - to tor-ment, formed an im-por-tant por-tion of all the gro - tes - que-rie of these dun - geon

1325

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel. Vln. I Vln. II Vla. Vc. Cb.

deaths. Hav-ing failed to fall, it was no part of the de-mon plan to hurl me in-to the a - byss;



1331 Freely (♩ = 60)

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel.

and thus (there be-ing no al - ter-na-tive) a dif-fer-ent and mild-er de-struc-tion a - wait-ed me. Mild-er! I half

Freely (♩ = 60)

Vln. I Vln. II Vla. Vc. Cb.

115

116

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

1350

Picc. *pp*

Fl. *pp*

Ob. *pp*

Cl. *pp*

Bsn. *pp*

Cbsn.

Hn. *pp*

Hn. *pp*

Timp.

Hp. *mp*

T. Solo  
line by line -- with a des-cent on-ly ap - pre - cia-ble at in-ter-vals\_ that seemed a- ges -- down and still

Cel. *pp*

rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1364

Picc. *mp* *pp*

Fl. *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp*

Cl. *mp* *pp*

Bsn. *mp* *p*

Cbsn. *mp* *p*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Timp.

Hp. *mf*

T. Solo *mf*

Cel. *p*

Vln. I *mf* *p* *mf* *f*

Vln. II *mf* *p* *mf* *f*

Vla. *mf* *f*

Vc. *mf* *f*

Cb. *mf* *pizz.*

fan me with its ac - rid breath. The o-dour of the sharp steel forced it-self in-to my

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1374

Picc. *mf* *ff* *p*

Fl. *mf* *ff* *p*

Ob. *mf* *ff* *p*

Cl. *mf* *ff* *p*

Bsn. *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

Cbsn. *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

Hn. *mf* *ff* *p*

Hn. *mf* *ff* *p*

Timp.

Hp. *ff*

T. Solo *ff* *mp*

I grew fran-ti-cally mad, and strug-gled to force my-self up - ward a-against the sweep of the fear - ful scim-i-tar. And then I fell

Cel. *mf* *f*

Vln. I *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

Vln. II *mf* *f* *ff* *p*

Vla. *f* *ff* *p*

Vc. *f* *ff* *p*

Cb. *f* *pizz.* *arco* *ff* *p*



1379

rall.

Più mosso ♩ = 70

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.  
*mp*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
8  
sud-den-ly calm, and lay smi-ling at the glit-ter-ing death,\_\_\_\_\_ as a child at some rare bau-ble.\_\_\_\_

Cel.

119

rall.

Più mosso ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1387

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*pp*

*ppp*

*p*

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*arco*

There was a-no-ther in-terval of ut-ter in-sen-si - bi-li-ty;

1394

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

it was brief; for, u-pon a-gain lap-sing in-to life, there had been no per - cep-ti-ble des-cent in the pen-du-lum.

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1399

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

But it might have been long -- for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, -- and who could have ar-

*mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

1404

120

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

rest-ed the vi-bra-tion at plea-sure.



1422

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

and weak, as if through long in - an - i - tion.

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

1429 **accel.** **Più mosso** ♩ = 100

Picc. *f*

Fl. *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f* *mf*

Bsn. *f*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *ff*

E - ven a - mid the a-go-nies of that per - i - od, the hu - man na - ture craved

Cel.

**accel.** **Più mosso** ♩ = 100

Vln. I *f* *mf*

Vln. II *f* *mf*

Vla. *f* *mf*

Vc. *f* *mf*

Cb.



256

1435 **rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩ = 80

Picc. Fl. Ob. Cl. Bsn. Cbsn. Hn. Hn. Timp. Hp. T. Solo Cel.

*mp* *pp* *p* *mf* *mp* *p*

food. With pain-ful ef-fort I out stretched my left arm as far as my bonds per-mit-ted, and took po-

122

rall. **Meno mosso** ♩ = 80

Vln. I *mp* *p*

Vln. II *mp* *p*

Vla. *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp* *p*

Cb.

1443

rall.      Meno mosso ♩ = 55

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

ses-sion of the small rem-nant which had been spared me\_\_\_\_\_ by\_ the rats.      As I put a por-tion of it with-in my lips,\_\_\_\_\_

rall.      Meno mosso ♩ = 55

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.      pizz.      pizz.      pizz.      arco      pizz.      pizz.

124

1450

accel.

Più mosso ♩ = 70

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*mf*

*p*

there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy --

of \_\_\_\_\_

hope. \_\_\_\_\_

1455

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*p*

*mp*

*mf*

pizz.

arco

*mf*

Yet...what bus-iness had I with hope?\_\_\_\_\_ It was, as I say, a half-formed thought --

1463

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Man has ma-ny such, which are ne-ver com-ple - ted. I felt that it was of joy -- of hope;

*mp* *pp* *pp* *pp* *mp* *p* *pp* *p* *p* *pp* *mf* *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *pp* *mp* *pizz.* *p*

1470

125

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

125

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*p*

*ppp*

*p*

*mf*

but I felt al-so that it had pe-rished in its for - ma-tion.

*mp*

arco

*mf*

pizz.

1478

Picc. *p* *mp*

Fl. *p* *mp*

Ob. *p* *mp*

Cl. *p* *mp*

Bsn. *mp*

Cbsn.

Hn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Timp.

Hp. *mp* *f* *gliss.*

T. Solo  
In vain I strug-gled to per - fect -- to re - gain it. Long suf-fer-ing had near-ly an-

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *f*

Cb. *mf*

1482

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*mf*

*pp*

*mf*

*mf*

*pp*

*ff*

*Ab*  
*Bb*

*p*

*f*

*mp*

*p*

*f*

arco

ni - hi-la - ted all my or-di-na-ry pow-ers of mind. I was an im-be-cile -- an



Fast ♩ = ♩. = 120

1488

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

id-i-ot.\_\_\_\_\_ The vi - bra-tion of the pen-du-lum was at right an-gles to my length.\_\_\_\_\_ I saw that the

Fast ♩ = ♩. = 120

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco

pizz.

pizz.



Meno mosso ♩ = 100

1501

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

It would    fray    the serge of my robe --    it would re - turn and re-peat    its    o - per - a - tions -- a -

Meno mosso ♩ = 100

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.

1507 **rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩. = ♩ = 70

Picc. *mf* *p*

Fl. *p*

Ob. *p*

Cl. *p*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn. *pp*

Hn. *p*

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo gain -- and a - gain. Not-with-stand-ing its ter-rif - i-cally wide

Cel. *p*

**rall.** **Meno mosso** ♩. = ♩ = 70

Vln. I *arco* *mp*

Vln. II *arco* *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



1522

poco rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

at this thought I paused. I dared not go far-ther than this re-flec-tion. I dwelt u-pon it with a per-ti - na-ci-ty of at-ten-tion --

129

poco rall.

Meno mosso ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco

[illegible]



**Più mosso** ♩ = ♩. = 76

**Più mosso** ♩ = ♩. = 76

♩. = ♩

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1557

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

plea-sure in con-trast-ing its down-ward with its la-te-ral ve - lo-ci-ty. To the right -- to the left --

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

A tempo

1568

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

laughed and howled as the one or the o-ther i - de - a \_\_\_\_\_ grew pre - do-mi-nant. \_\_\_\_\_ Down --

A tempo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1578

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*mp* *f*

*gliss.*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*arco*

*f*

I strug - gled vi-o-lent- ly -- fur-i-ous- ly -- to

133



1581

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

free my left arm. This was free on - ly from the el-bow to the hand. I could reach the

1585

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf*

lat-ter, from the plat-ter be-side me, to my mouth with great ef-fort, but no far-ther. Could I have

Cel.

Vln. I *mp*

Vln. II *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

bro-ken the fas-ten-ings a - bove the el - bow, I would have seized and at-temp-ted to ar-rest the pen - du-lum. I might as

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco

1593

**135**

Picc. *f* *ff*

Fl. *f* *ff*

Ob. *f* *ff*

Cl. *f* *ff*

Bsn. *f* *ff*

Cbsn.

Hn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp. *ff*

Hp. *ff* *gliss.* *mf*

T. Solo *mp*

well have at-temp-ted to ar-rest an a - va - lanche! Down -- still un-cea-sing-ly -- still in-ev-it-ab-ly

Cel.

**135**

Vln. I *f* *ff* *p* *mp*

Vln. II *f* *ff* *p* *mp*

Vla. *ff* *p* *mp*

Vc. *ff* *p* *mp* pizz.

Cb. *mf*

1598

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

8

down!

I

gasped

and

strug-gled

at

each

vi - bra-tion.

I

Cel.

Vln. I

*mf*

Vln. II

*mf*

Vla.

*mf*

Vc.

*mf*

Cb.

1601

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

shrunk con-vul-sive-ly at its ev-ery sweep. My eyes fol-lowed its out-ward or up - ward whirls with the

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco

1605

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

ea - ger - ness of the most un - mean - ing des - pair; they closed them-selves spas-mod-i-cally at the des -

*mp* *f* *mp* *f* *ff* *f* *pizz.*

Più mosso ♩ = ♩. = 110

1608

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

cent, al-though death would have been a re - lief, oh, how un - speak - a - ble! Still I quiv-ered in ev-er-y

Più mosso ♩ = ♩. = 110

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.

mp

ff



1613

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

nerve to think how slight a sink - ing of the ma - chi-ne-ry would pre - ci-pi-tate that keen, glist-en-ing axe u - pon my bo-som.\_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

1621

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mf*

It was hope that prompt-ed the nerve to qui-ver -- the frame to shrink. It was hope -- the hope that tri-umphs

138

molto rall. Slower ♩. = ♩ = 70 rit. Meno mosso ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

*pp*

arco

*pp*

A tempo (♩ = 60)

1634

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

I saw that some ten or twelve vi - bra-tions would bring the steel in ac-tu-al con-tact with my robe --\_\_\_\_\_

A tempo (♩ = 60)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1640

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

and with this ob - ser - va - tion\_ there sud-den-ly came o-ver my spi - rit\_ all the keen, col-lect-ed calm-ness\_ of des-

1645

140

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pair. For the first time dur-ing ma-ny hours -- or per-haps days --

140

141

1655

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

band-age, or sur - cin-gle, which en-vel-oped me, was un-ique. I was tied by no se-pa-rate cord. The first

*mf*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*pp*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*p*

*mp*

*p*



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1670

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*mf*

*mp*

*pizz.*

*p*

*pizz.*

*p*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*f*

arco

might be un-wound from my per-son by means of my left hand. But how fear-ful, in that case, the prox-im-i-ty of the

Slowly ♩ = 70

1676

Picc. *p* *mp* *f*

Fl. *p* *mp* *f*

Ob. *p* *mp* *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *mp* *mf* *f* *p*

Cbsn.

Hn. *pp*

Hn. *pp*

Timp. *f*

Hp.

T. Solo *mf* *f* *mp*  
steel! The re - sult of the slight - est strug - gle, how dead - ly! Was it like - ly, more - o - ver,

Cel.

Slowly ♩ = 70

Vln. I *f* *arco*

Vln. II *f* *arco*

Vla. *mf* *f*

Vc. *f* *p*

Cb. *p*

1684

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

that the min-i-ons of the tor-tur-er\_ had not fore-seen and pro-vi-ded for this\_\_\_\_pos-si-bi-li-ty?\_\_\_\_ Was it pro-ba-ble\_ that the

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

144

1693

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frus-tra-ted, I so far el-e-va-ted my head as to ob-tain a dis - tinct view of my breast. The sur-

1697

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

cin-gle en-vel-oped my limbs and bo-dy close in all di-rec-tions -- save in the path of the des-troy-ing cres-cent.

145

146

Picc.

1704







Fl.







Ob.







Cl.







Bsn.







Cbsn.







Hn.







Hn.







Timp.







Hp.







T. Solo

SPOKEN







Cel.







Cel.







Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought now was present -- feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite -- but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

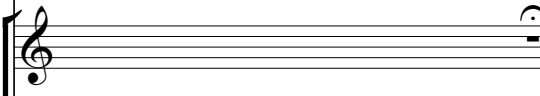
For ma-ny hours the im - me-di-ate vi - ci-ni-ty of the

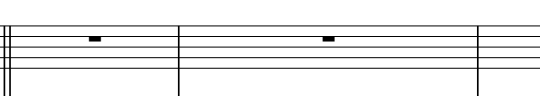
145

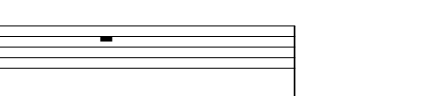
146

Quickly ♩ = 100

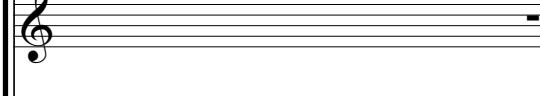
Vln. I

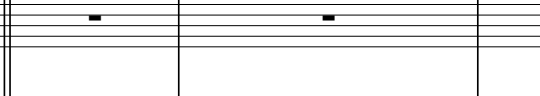


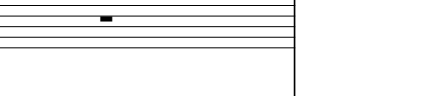





Vln. II










Vla.









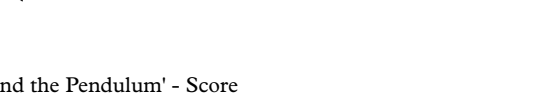
Vc.









Cb.









[illegible]

1713

Meno mosso ♩ = 80

rall.

Freely ( ♩ = 60)

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

red eyes glar-ing u-pon me as if they wait-ed but for mo-tion-less-ness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought,

Meno mosso ♩ = 80

rall.

Freely ( ♩ = 60)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

1718      poco rall.      A tempo ♩ = 60

Picc.      Fl.      Ob.      Cl.      Bsn.      Cbsn.      Hn.      Hn.      Timp.      Hp.      T. Solo      Cel.

*mp* 5 5 5      *mf* 3      *p*      *p*      *p*      *gliss.* 7 7

8 "have they been ac-cus-tomed in the well?"

poco rall.      A tempo ♩ = 60

Vln. I      Vln. II      Vla.      Vc.      Cb.

*mp* arco      *mf*      *mp* arco      *mf*      *mp* arco      *mf*      *mp* arco      *mf*

1721

Picc.

Fl.

mp

pp

Ob.

mp

pp

Cl.

mp

pp

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

G $\flat$  A $\flat$   
C $\sharp$

T. Solo

8

They had de-voured, in spite of all my ef-forts to pre-vent them, all but a small rem-nant of the

Cel.

p

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

arco

mf

pizz.

f

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1727

Picc. *mp* *pp*

Fl. *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp*

Cl. *mp* *pp*

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
8 wave of the hand a-bout the plat-ter; and, at length, the un-con - scious un - i - for-mi-ty of the move-ment de-priv'd it \_\_\_\_\_ of ef-fect..

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *pizz.* *f*

1732

Picc. *mp* *pp*

Fl. *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp*

Cl. *mp* *pp*

Bsn. *mp*

Cbsn. *mp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

In their vo - ra-ci- ty, the ver-min fre-quent-ly fas-tened their sharp fangs in my fin-gers.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *arco* *mf* *pizz.* *f*

1737

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mp*

*mp*

*gliss.*

*7*

*7*

*3*

*3*

*3*

With the par-tic-les\_\_\_\_ of the oil-y and spi - cy vi-and which now re-mained, I



1740

Picc. *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Fl. *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Ob. *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Cl. *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Bsn. *mf*

Cbsn. *mp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Hn. *p* *pp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
8 tho-rough-ly rubbed the band - age wher-ev-er I could reach it; then rais-ing my hand from the floor,

Cel. *p*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. *arco*

Vc.

Cb. *mf*

Vivo ♩. = 100

1744

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

I lay breath-less-ly still.

At first, the ra-ven-ous an-i-mals were

Vivo ♩. = 100

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pizz.

Open

*mf*

Open

*mf*

[illegible]

155

Vln. I	-	-	6	-	-	9	-
Vln. II	-	-	6	-	-	9	-
Vla.	-	-	6	-	-	9	-
Vc.	-	-	6	-	-	9	-
Cb.	-	-	6	-	-	9	-

1761

Picc. *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Fl. *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Ob. *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Cl. *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Bsn. *mp* *mf*

Cbsn.

Hn. Open *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Hn. Open *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mf* *f* *mf*

ser - ving that I re - mained with - out mo - tion, one or two of the bold - est leaped u - pon the frame - work and smelt at the sur - cin - gle.

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

156

156

157

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



1782

Picc. *f* *mp*

Fl. *f* *mp*

Ob. *f* *mp*

Cl. *f* *mp*

Bsn. *f* *mp*

Cbsn. *f* *mp*

Hn. *f* *mf* *mp* *p*

Hn. *f* *mf* *mp* *p*

Timp. *f* *p*

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *mp*  
all. \_\_\_\_\_ A-void-ing its

Cel.

Vln. I *f* *mp*

Vln. II *f* *mf* *mp*

Vla. *f* *mp*  
arco

Vc. *f* *mp*

Cb. *f* *mp*  
arco pizz.

1786

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

strokes, they bus-ied them-selves with the an-noint - ed band-age. They pressed -- they

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1790

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

160

swarmed u-pon me in e-ver ac-cu-mu-la-ting heaps. They writhed u-pon my

160

1794

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *f* *mp*

Cbsn. *f* *mp*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *mf* *f*

Hp.

T. Solo  
throat; \_\_\_\_\_ their cold lips \_\_\_\_\_ sought my own; \_\_\_\_\_ I was half sti - fled by their

Cel.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *mf* *f* *mp*

Vc. *f* *mp*

Cb. *f* *mp* pizz.

1798

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

through-ing pres-sure;\_\_\_\_\_ dis- gust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bo-som,\_\_\_\_\_ and chilled, with a

161

161

1810

Picc. *mf* *4* *f* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Fl. *mf* *4* *f* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Ob. *mf* *f* *4* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Cl. *f* *4* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Bsn. *mp* *f*

Cbsn. *mp* *f*

Hn. Open *f* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Hn. Open *f* *ff*<sup>2</sup>

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *2* *ff*<sup>2</sup> *mp*  
Plain-ly I per-ceived the loos-en-ing of the band - age. I knew that in more than one place it must be al-rea-dy

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1815

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

se-vered. With a more than hu-man re-so-lu-tion I lay still. Nor had I erred in my cal-cu-

162

162



1820

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *f* *mp*

Cbsn. *f* *mp*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *mf* *f*

Hp.

T. Solo  
la - tions -- nor had I en-dured in vain. I at length felt that I was

Cel.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *mf* *f* *mp*

Vc. *f* *mp*

Cb. *f* *mp* pizz.



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1833

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*mf*

*mp*

*mp*

*f*

*gliss.*

*f*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

robe. It had cut through the lin-en be - neath. Twice a -

1836

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

164

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

165

1840

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

But the mo-ment of es-cape had ar-rived.

165

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*p*

1849

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

With\_ a stead-y move- ment -- cau - tious, side - long, shrink-ing and slow.

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*



1853

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

I slid from the em-brace of the band-age and be-yond the reach of the sci-mi-tar. For the mo-ment, at least, I was

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

arco

1858

**167**

Picc. *mp* *p*

Fl. *mp* *p*

Ob. *mp* *p*

Cl. *mp* *p*

Bsn. *mp* *p*

Cbsn. *mp* *p*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Timp. *mf* *mp* *mf* *f*

Hp. *mp* *mf*

T. Solo *mf* *f*

free. \_\_\_\_\_ Free -- \_\_\_\_\_ and in the grasp \_\_\_\_\_ of the In - qui-si-tion! \_\_\_\_\_

Cel.

**167**

Vln. I *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Vln. II *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Vla. *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Vc. *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Cb. *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*<sup>3</sup>

pizz.

1863

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

I\_\_\_ had scarce - ly stepped from my wood-en bed of hor-ror u-pon the stone floor of the pri-son,\_\_\_ when the mo-tion of the hel-lish ma-chine

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Uneasily ♩ = 65

1868

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

ceased, and I be-held it drawn up, by some in-vi-si-ble force, through the ceil-ing. This was a les-son which I took

Cel.

Uneasily ♩ = 65

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1874

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

des-per-ate-ly to heart... My ev-ery mo-tion was un-doubt-ed-ly watched. Free! -- I had but es-caped death in one form of a-go-ny,...

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1880

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

to be de-liv-ered un-to worse than death in some o-ther. With that thought I rolled my eyes ner-vous-ly a-round on the

170

171



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1900

172

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

o-rigin of the sul-phur-ous light which il-lu-mined the cell. It pro-ceed-ed from a fis-sure, a-bout half an inch in width,

172

ex-tend-ing en - tire-ly a-round the pri-son at the base of the walls, which thus ap-peared, and were com-plete-ly sep-ar-at-ed from the floor.

1911

173

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

SPOKEN

I endeavoured, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture. As I a-rose from the at-tempt, the mys-te-ry of the al-ter-a-tion of the

Cel.

173

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1914

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.  
*p*  
*mp*

Hn.  
*p*  
*mp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
8  
cham-ber broke at once u-pon my un-der-stand-ing. I have ob-served that, al-though the out-lines of the fi-gures u-pon the

Cel.

Vln. I  
*mp*

Vln. II  
*mp*

Vla.  
*mp*

Vc.  
*mp*

Cb.

174

1919

Picc. *p* <sup>3</sup>

Fl. *p* <sup>3</sup>

Ob.

Cl. *mp* *p*

Bsn. *p*

Cbsn.

Hn. *pp*

Hn. *pp*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo *mp* <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup>

walls were suf-fi-cient-ly\_\_ dis-tinct, yet the col-ours seemed blurred and in-de-fi-nite. These col-ours had now as - sumed, and were

Cel.

Vln. I *mf* *p*

Vln. II *mf* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p* <sup>3</sup>

Vc. *mf* *p*

Cb.

174

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1927 *mf* *accel.* *mp* *f* Flutter *Più mosso* ♩ = 100

Picc. *mf* *mp* *f*

Fl. *mf* *mp* *f*

Ob. *mf* *mp* *f*

Cl. *mf* *mp* *f*

Bsn. *mf*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *f*

Hp. *mf* *gliss.* *f*

T. Solo *f*

por - trait - ures an as - pect that might have thrilled e - ven fir - mer nerves than my own De - mon eyes, of a

Cel.

*accel.* *Più mosso* ♩ = 100

Vln. I *mf* *f* *sfz*

Vln. II *mf* *f* *sfz*

Vla. *mf* *f* *sfz*

Vc. *mf* *f* *sfz*

Cb. *sfz*



1931

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

wild and ghash-ly vi - va-ci-ty, glared u - pon me in a thou-sand di-rec-tions, where none had been vi-si-ble be-fore, and

*f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

1935

**rall.**

**Flutter**

**Meno mosso** ♩ = 75

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

glamed with the lu-rid lus-tre of a fire that I could not force my im-ag-in-a-tion to re-gard as un - real. Un- real! -- Ev-en while I

Cel.

**rall.**

**Meno mosso** ♩ = 75

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1944

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pri-son! A deep-er glow set-tled each mo-ment in the eyes that glared at my a-go-nies! A rich-er tint of crim-son dif-fused it-self o-ver the

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

1953 rit. Urgently ♩ = ♩ = 110

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

oh! most un-re-lent-ing! oh! most de-mo-ni-ac of men! I shrank from the glow-ing me-tal to the cen-tre of the

Cel.

178

Urgently ♩ = ♩ = 110

rit.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

*mf*

1960

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*f*

*mf*

cell. A-mid the thought of the fie-ry de-struc-tion that im-pend-ed, the i - de-a of the cool-ness of the

1967
179
359

well came o-ver my soul like balm. I rushed to its dead-ly brink. I threw my strain-ing vi-sion be-



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

178

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

180

181

Yet, for a wild mo-ment, did my spi-rit re-fuse to com-pre-hend the

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

**1989**

**181**

**molto rall.**

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.  
*f*

Cbsn.  
*f*

Hn.  
*ff*

Hn.  
*ff*

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
pon my shud-der-ing rea-son. Oh! for a voice to speak! -- oh! hor-ror! -- oh! a-ny hor-ror but this!

Cel.

Vln. I  
pizz.

Vln. II  
pizz.

Vla.  
pizz.  
arco  
*ff*

Vc.  
pizz.  
arco  
*ff*

Cb.  
*f*  
arco

**363**

1996

Freely (♩. = ♩ = 70)

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

With a shriek, I rushed from the mar- gin, and bu-ried my face\_\_ in my hands -- weep - ing bit-ter-ly.

Freely (♩. = ♩ = 70)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

## A tempo

## A tempo

2011

Agitato ♩ = 115

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

shud-der-ing as with a fit of the ague. There had been a se-cond change in the cell -- and now the change was ob-vi-ous-ly in the form.

Agitato ♩ = 115

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score



### 'The Pit and the Pendulum' - Score

2025

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

In - qui-si - tor - i - al ven-geance had been hur-ried by my two-fold es - cape, and there was to be no more

185

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

186

♩ = ♩.

2033

Picc. 

Fl. 

Ob. 

Cl. 

Bsn. 

Cbsn. 

Hn. 

Hn. 


Timp. 

Hp. 

T. Solo   
I \_\_\_ saw that two of its i-ron an-gles were now a - cute -- two, con-se-quent-ly, ob - tuse. The fear - ful dif-fer-ence

Cel. 

♩ = ♩.

Vln. I 

Vln. II 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Cb. 

2039

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

quick-ly in-creased with a low rum-bling or moan-ing sound. In an in-stant the a-part-ment had shift-ed its form in-to that of a loz-enge.

2046

♩. = ♩

Picc. *f*

Fl. *f*

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f*

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Hn. *f*

Timp. *f*

Hp. *f* *gliss.* *mf*

T. Solo *mf* *f* *mf*

Cel. *f*

But the al - ter-a-tion stopped not here -- I nei-ther hoped or de-sired it to

♩. = ♩

Vln. I *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

Vln. II *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

Vla. *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

Vc. *f*

Cb. *f*

A tempo

2051

Picc. *f* *mf* *ff*

Fl. *f* *mf* *ff*

Ob. *mf* *mp* *ff*

Cl. *f* *mp* *p* *ff*

Bsn. *f* *p* *pp* *ff*

Cbsn.

Hn. *pp*

Hn. *pp*

Timp.

Hp. *f* *mf* *f* *ff*

T. Solo *f* *mp* *ff*

stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bos-om as a gar-ment of e-ter-nal peace. "Death," I said,—

Cel. *pp*

A tempo

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc.

Cb.

2057

Meno mosso ♩ = 90

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

"an-y death but that of the pit!" Fool!\_\_ might I have not known that in-to the pit it was the ob-ject of the burn-ing iron to urge me?

Meno mosso ♩ = 90

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.



Urgently ♩ = ♩. = 115

2064

accel.

Picc. *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f*

Ob. *mf* *f*

Cl. *mf* *f*

Bsn. *f* *ff* *mp*

Cbsn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Hn. *f* *ff*

Timp. *ff*

Hp. *f* *ff* *gliss.* 7

T. Solo *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *ff* *mf*

8 Could I re-sist its glow? or if ev-en that, could I with-stand its pres-sure? And now,

Cel.

Urgently ♩ = ♩. = 115

arco pizz. accel. arco

Vln. I *ff* *mf* *ff*

Vln. II *ff* *mf* *ff*

Vla. *ff* *mf* *ff* *mp*

Vc. *ff* *mf* *ff*

Cb. *ff* *mf* *ff*

2068

Picc. *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

Fl. *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

Ob. *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

Cl. *f*

Bsn. *mf* *f*

Cbsn. *f*

Hn. *p*

Hn. *p*

Timp. *f*

Hp.

T. Solo *f* *mf*  
flat-ter and flat-ter grew the loz-enge, with a ra - pid-i-ty that left me no time for con-tem - pla - tion. Its

Cel.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *mf* *f*

Vc. *mf* *f*

Cb. *f*

2074

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.  
*mf*

Bsn.  
*mf*  
*mp*  
*f*  
*mf*  
*mp*

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo  
centre, and of course, its great-est width, came just ov-er the yawn-ing gulf. I shrank back -- but the clo-sing walls pressed me re-sist-less-ly

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.  
*mf*  
*f*  
*mf*

Vc.  
*mp*

Cb.  
*mp*  
2

2081

*mf* *f* *mf* *f*

*mf* *f* *mf* *f*

*mf* *f* *mf* *f*

*f*

*mf* *f* *mf*<sup>3</sup> *f*

*mf* *f*

*mf*

*mf*

*f*

*f* *mf* *f*

on - ward... At length for my seared and wri-thing bo - dy

*f* *mf* *f*

*f* *mf* *f*

*f* *mf*<sup>3</sup> *f*

*f*

193

2090

194

381

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

but the a-go-ny of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and fi-nal scream of des - pair. I felt that I tot-tered u-pon the brink --

2099

Picc. *sfz* *mf* *ff* Flutter

Fl. *sfz* *mf* *ff* Flutter

Ob. *sfz* *mf* *ff*

Cl. *sfz* *mf* *ff*

Bsn. *sfz* *mf* *ff*

Cbsn. *sfz* *f* *ff*

Hn. *sfz* *f* *ff*

Hn. *sfz* *f* *ff*

Timp. *sfz* *mf* *ff*

Hp. *sfz* *ff* *gliss.*

T. Solo *8* I a-vert-ed my eyes -- There was a dis-cor - - dant hum of hu - man voi-ces!

Cel.

Vln. I *sfz* *f* *ff*

Vln. II *sfz* *f* *ff*

Vla. *sfz* *f* *ff*

Vc. *sfz* *f* *ff*

Cb. *sfz* *f* *ff*

2103 Flutter

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

There was a loud blast as of ma-ny trum-pets! There was a harsh gra-ting as of a thou-sand

rall.

mf

ff

gliss.

f

ff

f

ff

f

ff



Maestoso ♩ = 80

384

2108

Picc. *f* 7 *fff* 3

Fl. *f* 7 *fff* 3

Ob. *f* 7 *fff*

Cl. *f* 7 *fff*

Bsn. *fff*

Cbsn. *fff*

Hn. *fff* *mf*

Hp. *mf* *gliss.* *fff* 3

T. Solo 8 thun - - ders! The fie - ry walls rushed back! An

Cel.

196

Maestoso ♩ = 80

Vln. I *fff* 3

Vln. II *fff* 3

Vla. *fff*

Vc. *fff*

Cb. *fff*



2117

Picc. *ff* *mf* *ff*

Fl. *ff* *mf* *ff*

Ob. *ff*

Cl. *ff*

Bsn. *ff* *f* *ff*

Cbsn.

Hn. *ff* *f* *fff*

Hn. *ff* *f* *fff*

Timp. *mf* *ff*

Hp. *f* *ff* *gliss.* *ff* *F<sup>♯</sup>* *B<sup>♭</sup>*

T. Solo *ff* that of Gen-er-al La - salle. The French ar - my had en-tered To -

Cel.

197

Vln. I *mf* *ff*

Vln. II *mf* *ff*

Vla. *mf* *ff*

Vc. *f* *ff*

Cb. *f* *ff*

2120 **rall.** **Broadly** ♩ = 68 **A tempo**

Picc. *mf*

Fl. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Bsn. *mf* *p*

Cbsn. *mf*

Hn. *f* *mf* *p*

Hn. *f* *mf* *p*

Timp. *mf* *mp*

Hp. *mf* *G#* *F#* *mp*

T. Solo *mf* *p*

le - do. The In - qui-si-tion was in the hands of its en-em-ies.

Cel.

**rall.** **Broadly** ♩ = 68 **A tempo**

Vln. I *mf* *p* *mp*

Vln. II *mf* *p* *mf* *ppp*

Vla. *mf* *p* *mf* *ppp* *mp*

Vc. *mf* *p* *mf* *ppp* *mp*

Cb. *mf* *p* *mf* *mp*

2127

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Meno mosso ♩ = 50

2133

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Meno mosso ♩ = 50

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Punta d'arco

sim.

pppp

pp

ppp

2138

Picc.

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Cbsn.

Hn.

Hn.

Timp.

Hp.

T. Solo

Cel.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

*ppp* <sup>3</sup> *pppp*

*ppp*

*ppp* <sup>3</sup> *pppp*

*ppp* *pppp* *pppp* *pppp*