

The Ghosts

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
 three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth:
“O list!” he cries, “the haunted choir!
The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar.”
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
 three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

—Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866)

Earthly Delights (2004)

*Commissioned by the Valley Chamber Chorale,
Stillwater, Minnesota*

*Premiere Performance: Valley Chamber Chorale,
Carol Carver, conductor, Lynn Foster, piano,
Stillwater, Minnesota, April 2004*

Total Duration: 12'00"

Commissioned by the Valley Chamber Chorale, Carol Carver, Director

Earthly Delights

1. The Ghosts

for SATB Chorus, Whistlers and incidental Percussion

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866)

David Evan Thomas

Chant-like and rather sad $\text{♩} = 48$

Bass

In life three ghost-ly friars were we, And now three fri-ar-ly ghosts we be.

T

A-round our shad-ow-y ta-bleplaced, The spec-tral bowl be-fore us floats:

B

— A-round our shad-ow-y ta-bleplaced, The spec-tral bowl be-fore us floats:

Maestoso $\text{♩} = 58$

ghosts can taste,
With wine that none but ghosts can taste, We wash our un-sub-

rit. Gently swaying $\text{♩} = 54-56$

stan-tial throats. Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts are
stan-tial throats. Oo, oo, oo,

9 *cresc.* *mf*

we: Let the o-cean be Port, and we'll think it good sport To be laid in that Red Sea. _____

p and we'll think it _____ good sport, laid in that Red Sea. _

three mer-ry ghosts _____ laid _____ in that Red Sea. _____

14 **Chanting** *f*

— The tra-vel-ler hears our mid-night

p *cresc. molto* *f*

— With songs that jo-vial spec - tres chant, Our old re-fec-to-ry still we haunt. The tra-vel-ler hears our mid-night

15 *leggero* *dim.*

S "O list! the haunt-ed choir! The mer-riest ghost that walks the earth, Is sure the

A "O list! the haunt - ed choir! The mer-riest ghost that walks the earth, Is sure the

T *ff* *f* *dim.*

mirth: — he cries, — "The mer - riest ghost on earth, the

B *ff* *f* *dim.*

mirth: — "The mer - riest ghost, the

(for rehearsal only)

18

rit.

Gently swaying ♩ = 78

(Whistlers)

W

S

A

T

B

P

ghost of a ghost-ly friar." Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts are
ghost - ly friar." Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts are
ghost - ly friar." Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry
ghost - ly friar." Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts are

Sleigh-bells

rit. 3 Gently swaying ♩ = 78

22

ghosts are we: Three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts— three mer-ry ghosts are
we: Oo, oo, oo,

26

W 

T 
we: Let the o-cean be Port, and we'll think it good sport To be laid in that Red
three mer-ry ghosts.

B 
three mer-ry ghosts.

P 

30

W 

T 
Sea.

P 