

# Why should I fear the spirits of the dead?

A sonnet by

Susan Evance

Set to music and performed by

*nicar*









## SUSAN EVANCE

**L**ITTLE is known about Miss Evance, apart from her two volumes of poetry, published in 1808 and 1818, respectively. Somewhere between these publications she married a Mr. Hooper, and it is suggested she had children and a brother in the navy. Although reviews of her first collection were favourable, her second volume received little attention and, sadly, she dropped out of sight - and was quickly forgotten. This song is a tribute to her beautiful, melancholic poetry.

*nion*

**T**HE artist has released several albums: *Lost In Love* (2007), *The Void* (2009), *Quest* (2011) and the poetry cycle *Thy Delightful Shade* (2013-2014). Although he started out as a 'pop' musician, his musical style has developed towards piano-based songs, often inspired by English poetry from the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century.

# NOTATION

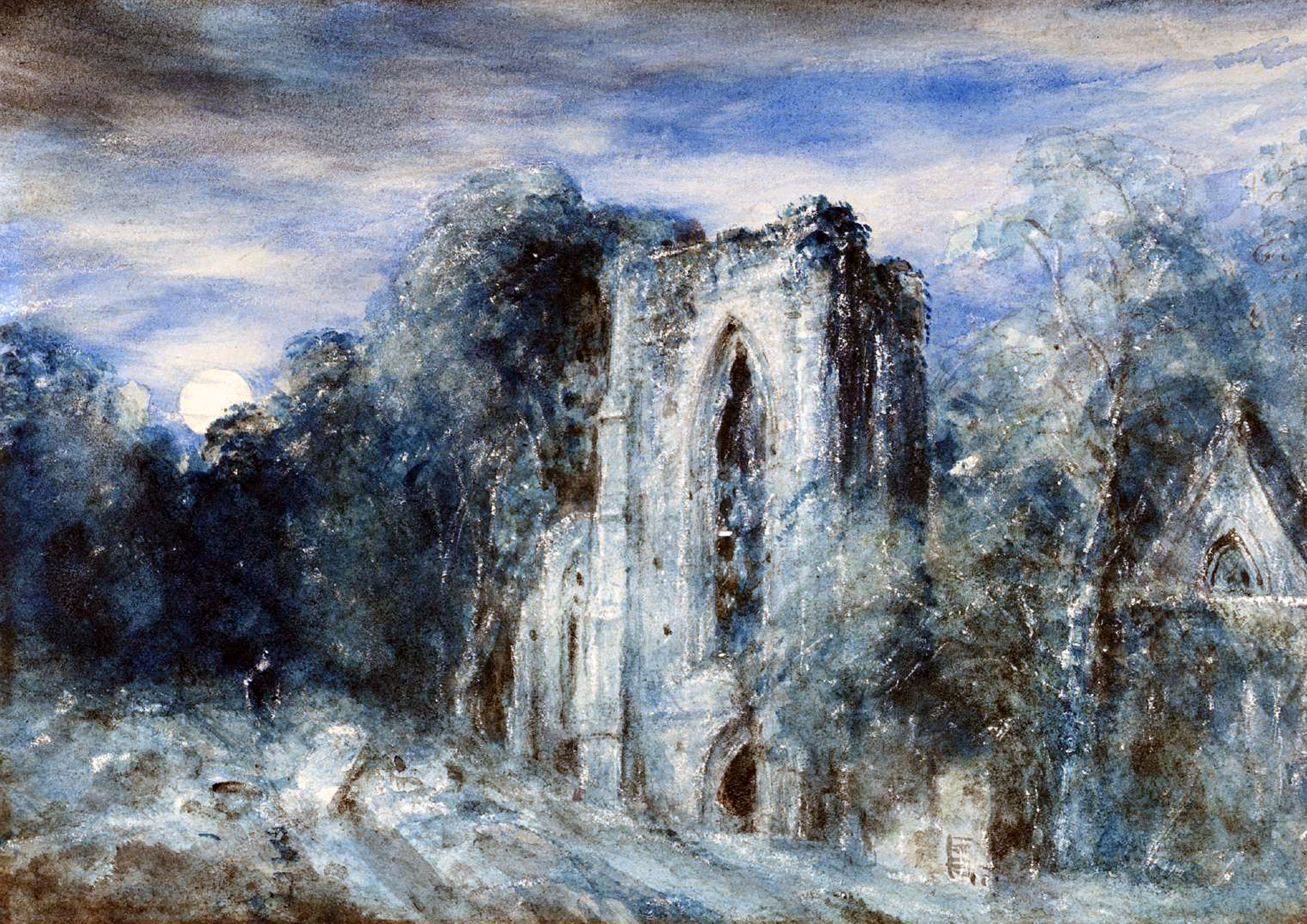
**I**N this book, alternative notation has been used to display arpeggios.  
A crossed grace note should be played as a (short) grace note:



An uncrossed grace note should be played as a (sustained) arpeggio:









# SONNET

WRITTEN AT NETLEY ABBEY.

**W**HY should I fear the spirits of the dead?  
What if they wander at the hour of night,  
Amid these sacred walls, with silent tread,  
And dimly visible to mortal sight!  
What if they ride upon the wandering gale,  
And with low sighs alarm the listening ear;  
Or swell a deep, a sadly-sounding wail,  
Like solemn dirge of death! why should I fear?  
No! seated on some fragment of rude stone,  
While through the Ash-trees waving o'er my head  
The wild winds pour their melancholy moan,  
My soul, by fond imagination led,  
Shall muse on days and years for ever flown,  
And hold mysterious converse with the dead!



♩ = 62

Why should I fear the spi - rits of the dead? What if they

8

wan - der at the hour of night, A - mid these sa - cred walls, with si - lent tread, And dim - ly vi - si - ble to mor - tal sight! What if they ride up - on the wan - dering

15

gale, And with low sighs a - lam the liste - ning ear; Or swell a deep, a sad - ly - soun - ding wail, Like so - lemn dirge of death! why should I

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fear? No! sea - ted on some



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frag - ment of rude stone, While through the Ash - trees wa - ving o'er my head The wild winds pour their

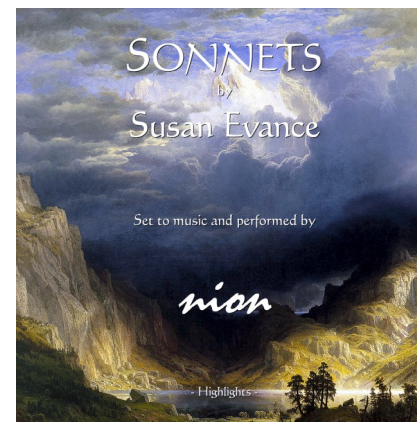
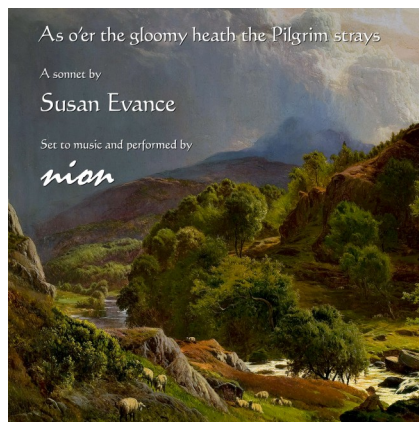
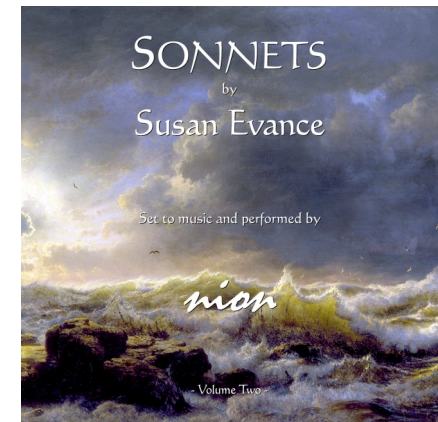
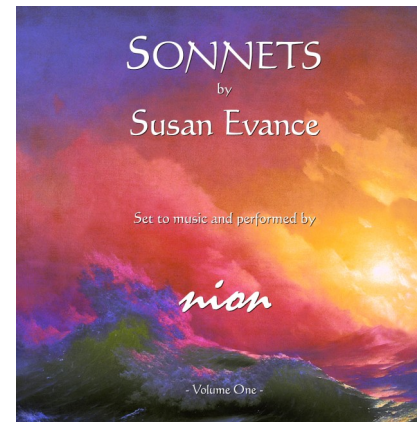
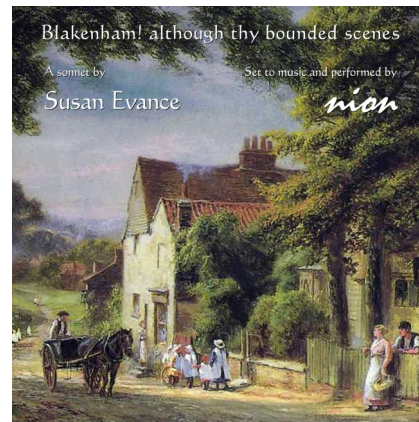
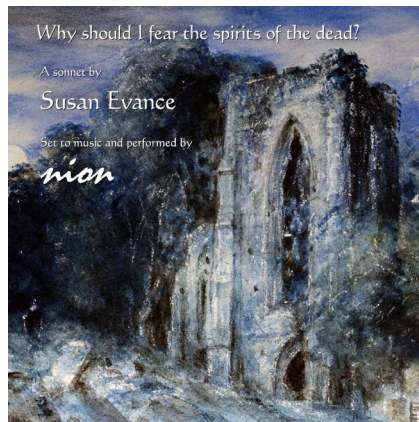
36  
8  
me - lan-cho - ly moan, My soul, by fond i - ma - gi - na - tion led, Shall muse on days and

43  
8  
years for e - ver flown, And hold mys - te - rious con - verse with the dead!



# SINGLES

Free downloads from [www.nion.eu](http://www.nion.eu).



# ALBUMS

'Volume One' and 'Volume Two' are available from iTunes, Amazon, Google Play and CD Baby. 'Highlights' is available from Bandcamp.

