

Fame's Penny-trumpet

[Affectionately dedicated to all "original researchers" who pant for "endowment."]

Maestoso

Blow, blow your trum-pets till they crack, ye
where great Pla - to paced se - rene, or

4

lit - tle men of lit - tle souls! _____ And bid them hud - dle at your back, gold
New-ton paused with wist-ful eye, _____ rush to the chace with hoofs un - clean and

7

suck-ing leech-es, shoals on shoals! _____ Fill all the air with hun-gry wails--"Re-
Ba - bel - cla-mour of the sty! _____ Be yours the pay: be theirs the praise: We

10

rit. A tempo

ward us, ere we think or write! With - out your Gold mere Know-ledge fails to
will not rob them of their due, nor vex the ghosts of o - ther days by

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1. 2.

sate the swi-nish ap - pe - tite!" And, you. They
na-ming them a-long with

15

sought and found un - dy - ing fame: they toiled not for re-ward nor thanks: their

17

7

cheeks are hot with hon-est shame for you, the mo-dern moun - te - banks!

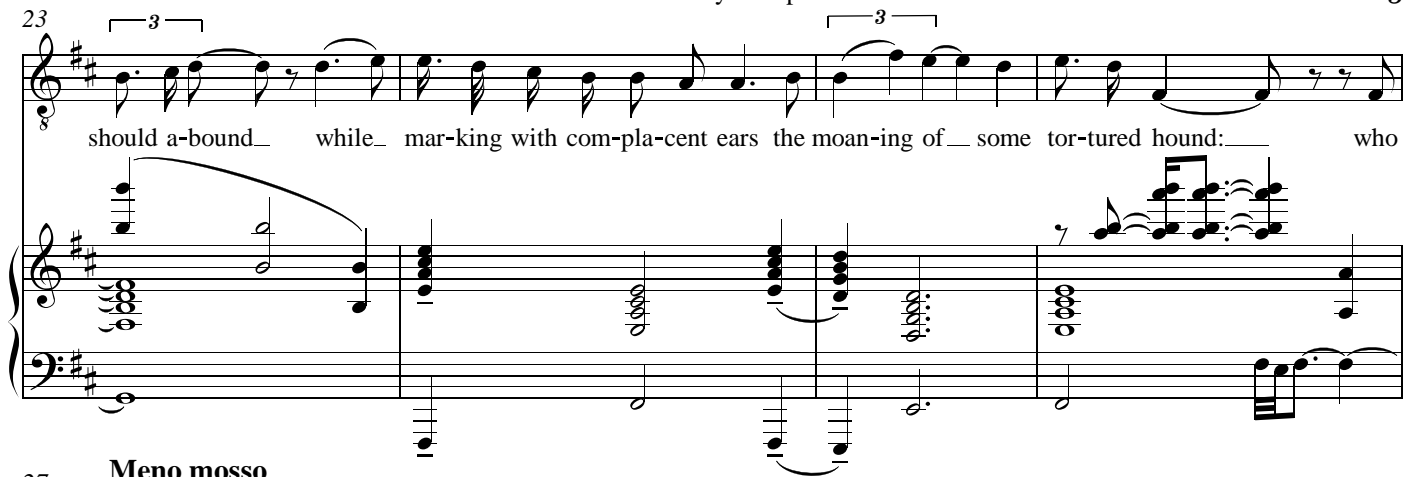
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quasi recitativo

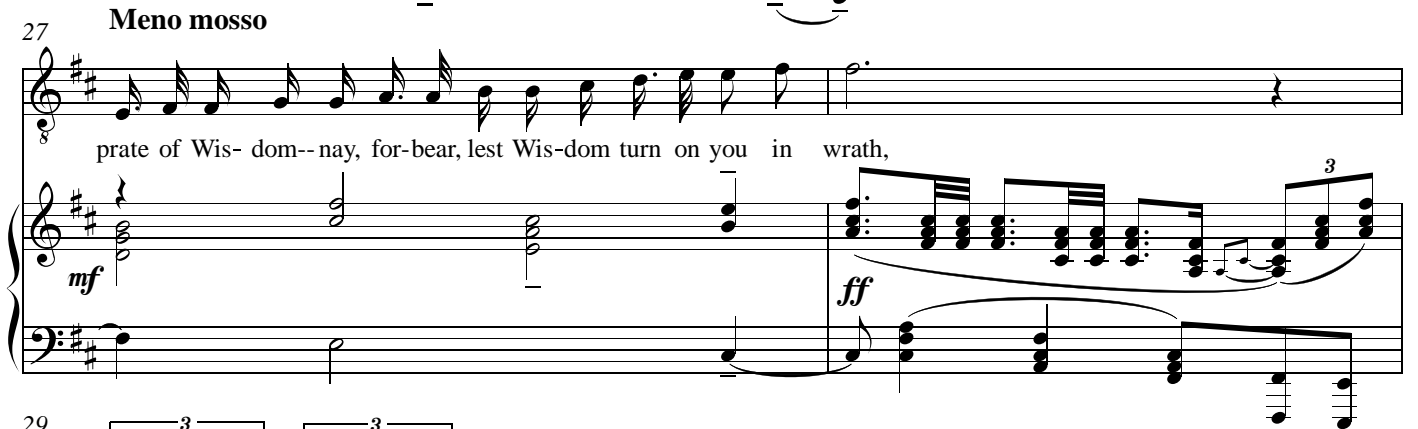
Who preach of Jus-tice-- plead with tears that Love and Mer-cy

col canto

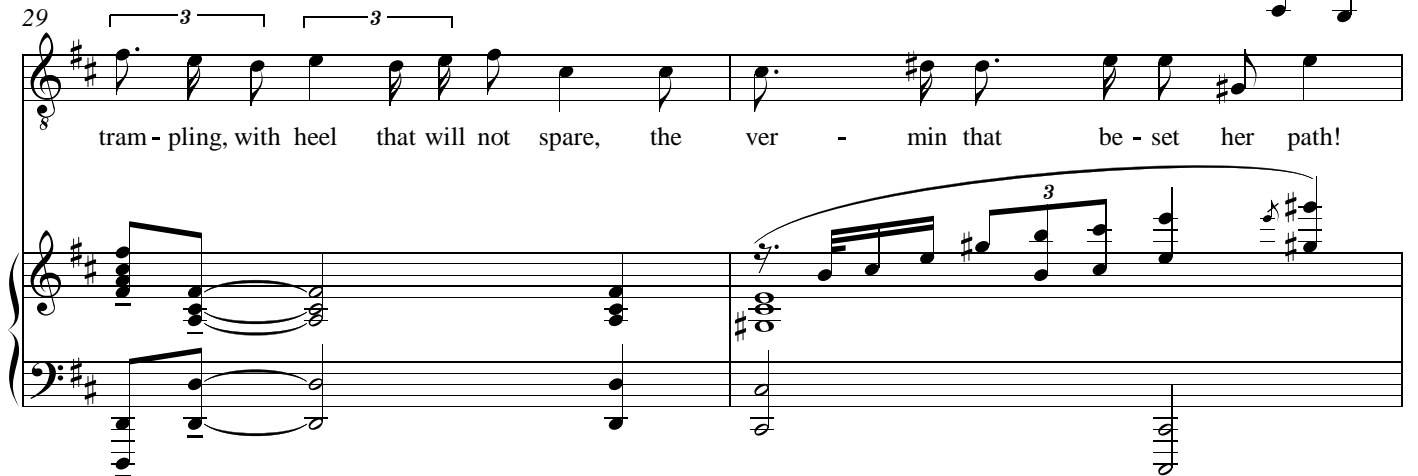
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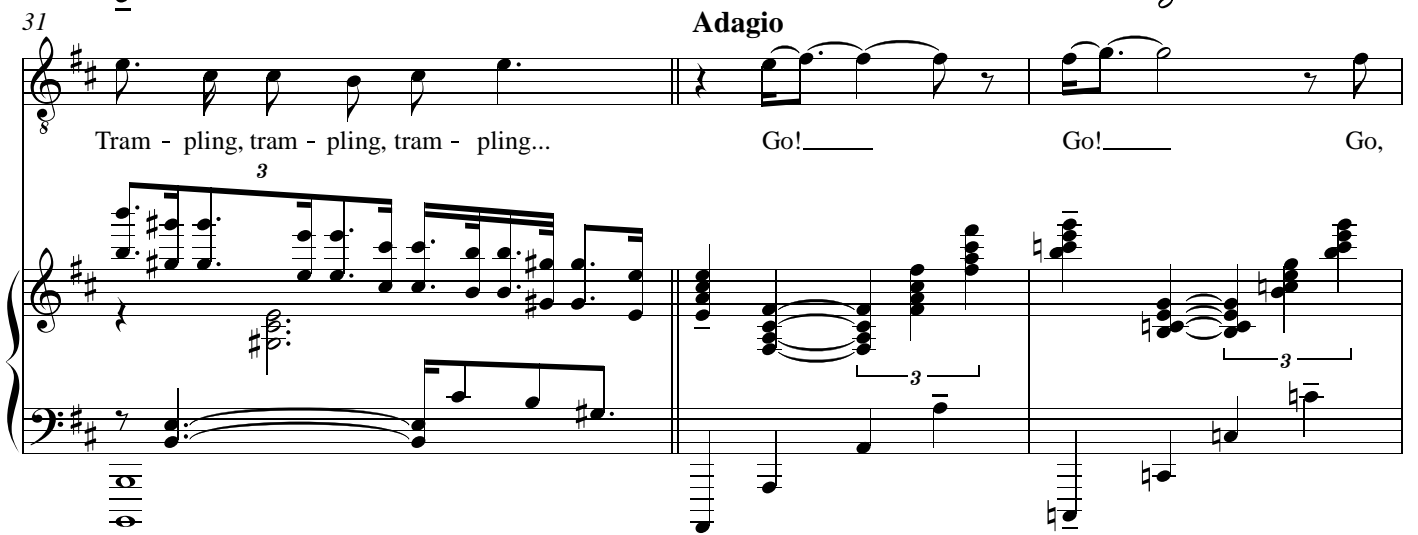
should a-bound_ while_ mar-king with com-pla-cent ears the moan-ing of_ some tor-tured hound:_____ who

27 **Meno mosso** 

prate of Wis- dom-- nay, for-bear, lest Wis-dom turn on you in wrath,

29 

tram- pling, with heel that will not spare, the ver - min that be - set her path!

31 **Adagio** 

Tram - pling, tram - pling, tram - pling... Go!_____ Go!_____ Go,

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34

through each o-ther's draw-ing rooms, ye i - dols of a pet - ty clique: strut— your brief

37

hour in bor-rowed plumes, and make your pen-ny-trum-pets squeak.

accel.

40 **Maestoso**

Blow your trum-pets, blow! Deck your dull talk with pil-fered shreds of
let Fame's ban - ner be un - furled! Sing

43

lear-ning from a no bler time, and oil each o - ther's lit - tle heads with
pae - ans for a vic - t'ry won! Ye ta - pers, that would light the world, and

46

mu-tual Flat-t'ry's gol - den slime: and when the top-most height ye gain, and
cast a sha-dow on the Sun-- Who still shall pour His rays su-blime, one

49

rit. A tempo

stand in Glo - ry's e-ther clear, and grasp the prize of all your pain--so ma-ny hun-dred pounds a
cry - stal flood, from East to West, when ye have burned your lit - tle time and fee-bly flick-ered in - to

52

year-- then rest! Blow your trum - pets! Blow your

55

trum - pets! Blow!

circa 4' 45'