Singing a New Story: A Composer’s Exploration of Textual Synthesis through Composition

by

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Portfolio of original compositions and exegesis submitted in fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

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PART B: SCORES
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IAN ANDREW

WINDS AND WATERS

For Solo Soprano, Solo Mezzo-Soprano,
Solo Tenor, Solo Baritone
and Orchestra

Based on the poems of collected authors.

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Instrumentation

Flute 1, doubling Piccolo
Flute 2
Oboe
Cor Anglais
2 Clarinet in B♭
2 Bassoon

4 French Horns in F
3 Trumpets in B♭
2 Trombone
Bass Trombone

Timpani – 32”, 28”, 25”, 23”
Percussion - Susp. cymbal, Glockenspiel, Triangle, Snare
Harp

Solo Soprano
Solo Mezzo-Soprano
Solo Tenor
Solo Baritone

14 1st Violins
12 2nd Violins
10 Violas
8 ‘Cellos
6 Contrabasses

Transposed Score
Performance Notes

*Winds and Waters* is a song-cycle designed as a concert-work for soloists and orchestra. While each movement is an independent work based text drawn from one or more unrelated authors, the cycle performed in its entirety reveals a series of ‘key events’ in the interwoven journeys of four ‘characters’ and a subtle underlying narrative may be divined, the finer details of which are left to the inference of each audience member.

In keeping with this narrative-based setting of the texts, it is intended that the mezzo-soprano possess a more ‘youthful’ character and tone than the other three soloists. The ‘mezzo-soprano’ designation is therefore in respect of the anticipated range-limitations of a younger singer and her voice ought not be heavier than that of the soprano.

The orchestration is subtle throughout for balance purposes. Singers might be lightly amplified as required and where this is not possible instrumental dynamics should be pulled back to allow the vocalists to carry if necessary. In the case of two instruments sharing a stave – such as French Horns and Trombones – players should assume that single lines are to be played $a_2$ unless otherwise indicated. Conductors may wish to overrule this and make all single lines $a_1$ if they feel the vocalists are being overpowered.

Approximate performance duration is 55 minutes.
2. The Explorers

We are those wandering souls who never rest  
No ancient law can bind us -  
For the zest and hunger of the eternal in us burn  
Driving us to adventure and to spurn  
Ease of the humble joys within our ken  
In the narrow earthly heavens of little men.  
Hunger for great experience, wisdom deep  
Of nature and ourselves, those truths that leap  
Flame-like to greet the faithful stress of soul  
That forges on seeking the glittering pole.  
Through pain, terror and hurt, agony  
And many a windy battle on the sea.

Sunsets chaotic, fierce and beautiful  
Fire the long furrow of our cleaving hull  
And guild the coasts with wild and charging lights  
Still ominous with elemental fights.  
And the known coasts fall behind,  
The plunging ship leaps through untravelled seas,  
And lo, the grip about our hearts, a sudden delighted fear  
As the starry wonders glimmer and grow clear nightly.  
On weltering decks in the roaring of ripped sails,  
With maniac seas and the screaming winds and the flails  
Of lashing rain in the clatter of hurled spray,  
Through nights moonless and starless,  
Through long day.

We are those wandering souls who never rest  
No ancient law can bind us -  
For the zest and hunger of the eternal in us burn  
Driving us to adventure ever on!

- adapted from Martin Armstrong, “The Explorers”
3. Wander-Thirst

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are;
But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the rivers call, and the roads call, and oh! the call of the bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and, if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky.

- Gerald Gould, “Wander-thirst”

4. To Wake With Not A Prayer

Come over, come over the deepening river,
Come over again the dark torrent of years,
Come over, come back where the green leaves quiver,
And the lilac still blooms and the grey sky clears.

- excerpt from John Freeman, “Childhood Calls”

To watch the salt sea spray break in myriad showers on the sand
While the sun’s kisses warm the rose-lit bay.
Come over to hear strange voices call – echoes of mermaid song from below-
Deep in their coral castles while the slow night shadows fall.

To feel in all around the spell of life’s rare silences.
To wake with not a prayer, only a thought,
Unconscious love rising because of all the beauty there;
The calm hush that succeeds the world’s psalm.

To strive to make our own even the dream of things wildly pure;
To hear God in the stillness, alone.

- excerpt from May Bateman, “The Call of the Sea”
5. The Memory of the Wind

This faint, sweet trouble lying in my heart,
More delicate than love,
Like water, ruffled by an evening breeze,
Like the soft lapping of enchanted seas,
While tremulously shine the stars above,
What is it, exquisite – a thing apart
And shared by none?

I think it is the memory of the wind,
Of winds and waters, and the sky;
Of stormy sunsets when the colours die
Passionately at last, drowned in the mist
Of rising shadows, ‘tis the memory
Of all the wide world’s loveliness, that’s grown
Into the senses of the far-off past
So that it’s become part of us-
I think it is the memory of the wind.

I think it is the memory of the wind,
Of winds and waters, and the sky;
Sweet springs and summers of a thousand years;
Scent and colour soft; and the vanished light
Upon a tropic lily; while the moon
Flings its silver mesh o’er the plain;
And snows that melted down from hills at noon;
And the faint whisper of evening rain;

All these are in our memory and make
This faint delicious trouble in our heart
More delicate than love, like water.
Like water ruffled by an evening breeze
Like the soft lapping of enchanted seas,
While tremulously shine the stars above,
With their hushed murmur of lost loveliness.

- adapted from John Presland, “Of Beauty”
6. Beauty

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:
I have seen the lady April bringing the flowers,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

- John Masefield, “Beauty”

7. The Message

Wind of the gentle summer night,
Dwell in the lilac tree,
Sway the blossoms clustered light,
Then blow over to me.

Wind, you are sometimes strong and great,
You frighten the ships at sea,
Now come floating your delicate freight
Out of the lilac tree,

Gentle wind, will you carry this
Up to her window white
Give her a gentle tender kiss;
Bid her good-night, good-night.

-excerpt from Duncan Campbell Scott, “The Message”
8. The Wild Swans

THE trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty Swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.
I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

-excerpt from W.B. Yeats, “The Wild Swans at Coole”
9. The Hour of Most Desire

It is not in the day
That I desire you most,
Turning to seek your smile
In solace or in joy.

Nor is it in the dark
When I lay restlessly,
Reaching to find your face,
Half waking, half in dream.

It is not while I work—
When, to endear success,
Or rob defeat of pain,
I weary for your hands.

Nor while from work I rest,
And rest is all unrest
For lack of your dear voice,
Your laughter, and your lips.

It is not in the day, not in your smile,
Nor is it in the dark.
It is not while I work, nor while in rest,
But it is every hour.

Yes, every hour it is
That I desire you most—
Need you in all my life
And every breath I breathe.

-adapted from Charles Roberts, “The Hour of Most Desire”
10. The Little Dog-Angel

High up in the courts of Heaven today
A little dog angel waits;
With the other angels he will not play,
But sits alone at the gates;
“For I know that my master will come,” says he,
“And when he comes he’ll call for me.”

He sees the Spirits that pass him by
As they hurry to the Throne,
And he watches them with a wistful eye
As he sits at the gates alone.

And his master, far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears
And dreams that his master’s call he hears.

And I know, when at length his master waits,
Outside in the dark and cold,
For the hand of Death to open the gates
That lead to these courts of gold,
The little dog angel’s eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

-adapted from Norah M. Holland, “The Little Dog-Angel”
11. Vale

We drift apart, nor can we quite forget;-
Some link is lost; and that affinity
That binds us not and will not set us free,
Still tinges all our friendship with regret.

And now I feel at last our hearts have met
In perfect tune; that God made you for me
And me for you; and now that he has set
This veil between us, this mute mystery.

Yet in my heart the prayer doth still abide
That you have heard my soft unbreathed prayer;
That in the stifling moment of despair
I'll turn and find you by my side.

- adapted from Maurice Baring, Untitled poem

I am forever haunted by one dread
That I may suddenly be swept away,
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say
Goodbye; then this is what I should have said:

I have loved summer and longest day;
The leaves of trees, the slumberous film of heat,
The bees, the swallow o’er the hay, the waving wheat.

I have loved words which left the soul with wings,
Words that are windows to eternal things,
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,
Yet hold the talisman of pity’s tear:
I have loved these because I have loved you.

- adapted from Maurice Baring, “Vale”
12. The Master of Shadows

INTO the western waters
Slow sinks the sunset light,
And the voice of the Wind of Shadows
Calls to my heart to-night–

Calls from the magic countries,
The lost and the lovely lands
Where stands the Master of Shadows,
Holding the dreams in his hands.

All the dreams of the ages
Gather around him there,
Visions of things forgotten
And of things that never were.

Lo! I am worn and weary,
Sick of the garish light;
Like a sad pilgrim who has wandered far
And hopes no more for the day.

Lo! I am worn and weary,
Sick of the garish light;
Blow, thou Wind of the Shadows,
Into my heart to-night.

- adapted from Norah M. Holland, “The Master of Shadows”
  and Maurice Baring, Untitled poem

The trees are in their autumn beauty…

- excerpt from W.B. Yeats, “The Wild Swans at Coole”

With their hushed murmur
of lost loveliness…

- excerpt from John Presland, “Of Beauty”
13. Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.


Do not cry, do not cry.

- additional closing text.
For - ges on seeking the glitter-ing polb, through per_ and bow_ a-go yol, and to - a-y a win-ly bet - - - - tie on the

through per_ and bo - yer a - go yol, and to - a - y a win - ly bet - - - - tie on the
F. L.
F. R.
Ob.
C. A.
Cl. 1
Ban. 1
Ban. 2
Hn. 1+2
Hn. 3+4
Tpt. 1
Tpt. 2
Tpt. 3
Tbn. 1+2
B. Tbn.
Timp.
Perc.
Clock
T. Solo
B. Solo
Vln. 1
Vln. 11
Vln.
Vla.
C. B.
I know not where the wild wind blows, nor what the blazes are, but a man can live the man for a friend, and for his guidance
5. The Memory of Wind
Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Oh.

C. A.

Cl.

Cl. 2

Sn.

Sn.

Hs. 1A.

Hs. 2A.

Tpt.

Tbn. 1B.

B. Tbn.

Perc.

Hy.

S. Solo

Solo Vln.

Vlna.

Vlna. II

Solo Vla.

Vla.

Solo Vc.

Vc.

Cbs.
while the moon flings its light

over each side the plain and

mountains

even to the

dawn and

dusk

while the

harp of

singing
Like water
twined
by an ever-sagging thine, like soft
laying of sound, loud
while
I have seen towns and men set on moors and winds blow high
Poco più moto \textit{3} \textit{= 3}
7. The Message
...
13. Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there. I am not deep.

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NOR THE STORMS
THAT PASS

Five choral pieces
for advanced choir or vocal ensemble
a cappella

Based on the poems of
collected authors.

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Performance Notes

*Nor the Storms That Pass* is a choral song-cycle that loosely charts the narrative of an individual who endeavours to distance himself for a time from civilisation and seek the simple peace and wisdom that a true connection to nature might bring. The work calls for designated soprano, mezzo-soprano and baritone soloists at times. These may be members of the ensemble but the baritone solo should always be performed by the same singer.

Works in the cycle alternate between narrative pieces – driven by a soloist – and commentary or responsive works (and occasionally, sections) which reflect on the narrative journey. In these reflective numbers – notably 1. *Nor the Storms that Pass* and 5. *The Peace for Which I Seek* the choir takes on a role somewhat akin to the ‘Greek-chorus’, distant and observing. This is in contrast to the energised narrative-driven works 2. *Nature’s Recompense*, 3. *Dawn* and 4. *The Voice of God*. As each movement progresses the works should collectively become more energised as the ‘connection with nature’ sought becomes more tangible, until the soloist finally ‘hears the voice of nature’ in 3. *Dawn* and ultimately interacts directly with the chorus in 4. *The Voice of God*.

Conductors might bear these distinctions and this narrative arc in mind when rehearsing and performing the pieces.

When performing the cycle as a whole, it is important to note the segue at the end of 2. *Nature’s Recompense* at b. 52 directly into the first bar of 3. *Dawn* with the required leading notes suggested in the soprano and tenor parts in b. 52. At the conclusion of 3. *Dawn* the performance should segue back to the final bars of 2. *Nature’s Recompense* at rehearsal letter [F] as indicated on the score, then proceed to 4. *The Voice of God*. In a stand-alone performance of 2. *Nature’s Recompense*, proceed directly from b.52 to [F] as indicated.

Approximate performance duration is 16 minutes.
1. Nor the Storms That Pass

All day I lay on a brink
Where an eagle, high
Sailed serene in flight
Over earth and sky;

And it seemed as though I heard,
As the silent moments ran,
God in his heaven
Speaking again to man.

Thunder is not His voice;
Nor winds, nor sound of sea:
But the voices of simple things-
The bird and the bee.

The lighting knoweth Him not,
Nor the storms that pass;
But the flower that drinks of the dew,
And the grass.

- excerpt from Mary Gilmore, "Three Songs"
2. Nature’s Recompense

_Dona nobis pacem et lux perpetua._
- traditional latin prayer

With barren heart and weary mind,
I wander from the haunts of men,
And strive in solitude to find
The careless joys of youth again.

I seek the long-loved woodland brook,
I watch the clouds when day is done,
I climb the mountain top and look
All-eager at the rising sun.

I plunge into the forest glade,
Yet untouched by human feet,
And, listening through light and shade,
I hear the trees their songs repeat.

But all in vain, they will not come-
Those voices that I knew of old;
Great Nature’s lips to me are dumb
Her heart to me is dead and cold.

In vain I lie upon her breast
And ask her for the dreams I seek,
She takes no pity on my quest,
I cannot force her lips to speak.

Then haply in a calm despair
I give up seeking, and I lie,
All-thoughtless in the woodland air
And ‘neath the leaf-bespangled sky;

And then it comes, the voice of old,
Which soothes the realms of death and birth,
The message through the ages told,
The cradle song of Mother Earth

And as it thrills each languid sense
And lifts me from the world apart,
Great Nature makes full recompense
For her past coldness to my heart.

- adapted from Frederick George Scott, “Nature’s Recompense”
3. Dawn

Aurora, prima lux,
liberame de morte aeternam.

- latin prayer

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
Beyond the realms of mortal reach,
The utterance of eternal though
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

- adapted from Frederick George Scott, “Dawn”
4. The Voice of God

I bent unto the ground
   And I heard the quiet sound
Which the grasses make when they
   Come up laughing from the clay.

“We are the voice of God,” they said:
   Thereupon I bent my head
Down again that I might see
   If they truly spoke to me.

But around me everywhere
   Grass and tree and mountain were
Thundering in a mighty glee,
   “We are the voice of deity.”

And I leapt from where I lay,
   I danced upon the laughing clay,
And to the rock that sang beside,
   “We are the voice of God,” I cried.

- James Stephens, “The Voice of God”

5. The Peace for Which I Seek

Give me the peace for which I seek
   From ocean, vale and hill.
The peace that shines from the sea and the pines,
   The peace that is white and still.

The peace mount – still and crystal-white
   In which all things have part;
It dwells for aye in earth and sky
   But never long in my heart.

I breathe in towns or uplands lone,
   I hold a grail-like quest,
It flows in power one nameless hour
   Then I have rest.

- adapted from Duncan Campbell Scott, “Peace”
1. Nor the Storms that Pass

Based on a poem by Mary Gilmore

Ian Andrew

Largo $j=55$

SOPRANO

**p**

All day I lay on a brink where an eagle

Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah.

ALTO

Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah.

TENOR

Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah.

BASS

Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah.

high sailed serene in flight over earth and sky.
And it seemed as though I heard

Sailed in flight Ah. Ah. I heard

Sailed in flight over earth and sky. And I heard

Sailed in flight over earth and sky. And I heard

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as the si-lent mo-ments ran, God in his heav-en speak-ing a-gain to man.

Ah Thun-der is not his voice, nor winds, nor sound of sea But the voi-cies of

sim-ple things, the bird and the bee. Ah the light-ning know-eth,

the bird and the bee. The light, the light-ning, the light-ning know-eth,
know-eth him not, nor the storms that pass, but the flower that

know-eth him not, nor the storms that pass, but the flower that

know-eth him not, nor the storms that pass, flower that

know-eth him not, nor the storms that pass, flower that

Drinks of the dew and the grass.

Drinks of the dew and the grass.

Drinks of the dew and the grass.

Drinks of the dew and the grass.

Attacca No. 2  Optional Ending
and strive in solitude to find
the care-less joys of youth again.

see the long-loved wood-land brook
watch the clouds when day is done,
I climb the mount-ain top and look
all

eag-er at the ris-ing sun,
I plunge in-to the for-est glade,
yet un-touched by hum-an feet
and
S. Solo

Oo...

S.

Oo...

A.

Oo...

T.

Oo...

Bar. Solo

listening through the light and shade I hear the trees their songs repeat...

B.

Oo...

---
But all is vain, they will not come; those voices that I knew of old;
great Nature's lips to me are dumb, her heart to me is dead and cold.
In vain I lie upon her breast and ask her for the dreams I seek.
She takes no pity on my quest, I cannot force her lips to speak. Then,

hap-ly, in a calm dis-pair I give up seek-ing and I lie allthought-less in the wood-land air and

'nearth the be-span-gled sky; and then it comes, the voice of old which soothes the realms of death and birth, the
message through the ages told: the cradle song of Mother Earth.

If performing full cycle
Attacca no. 3
Otherwise go on to [F]
And as it thrills each languid sense and lifts me from the world apart.

great Nature makes full recompense for her first entrance to my heart.
Pri-ma lux, Li-be-ra me de mor-te ae-ter-nam, ae-

Au-ro-ra, Au-ro-ra, Li-be-ra me de mor-te ae-

Au-ro-ra, Li-be-ra me de mor-te ae-

de mor-te. Li-be-ra me de mor-te ae-ter-

Mezzo solo

And high
nam. Aurora. Prima Lux.

A. Aurora. Prima Lux.

M.S. Aurora. Prima Lux.

a-bove the seas and lands, On peaks just tipped with mor-
ing light, my daunt

T. nam. Aurora. Lux.

B. nam. Aurora. Lux. My

Daunt-less spirit mutely stands

A. Daunt-less spirit mutely stands
eagle wings outspread for

M.S. Daunt-less spirit mutely stands with eagle wings outspread for

T. Daunt-less spirit stands, stands... Mm...

Baritone solo with eagle wings outspread for

B. daunt-less spirit stands... Mm...
4. The Voice of God

Based on a poem by
James Stephens

Music by
Ian Andrew

Allegretto giocoso \( \frac{8}{4} \) 86

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

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I bent a-gain un-to the ground, and there I
heard the quiet sound that the grasses make when they come up laughing.

We are the voice of God! We are the voice of God!

from the clay! ...They said!

We are the voice of God! We are the voice of God! We are the
S. The voice, the voice the voice the voice. We are the voice.

A. We are the voice, we are the voice, the voice of God. We are the voice.

T. We are, we are the voice of God. We are the voice.

B. voice, the voice, the voice, the voice. We are the voice.

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S. we are the voice of God. We are the voice of God! Oo...

A. we are, of God. We are the voice of God! Oo...

T. voice, the voice of God. We are the voice of God! Oo...

Bar. ...They said! There-upon I

B. voice, the voice of God. We are the voice of God! Oo...
20

S. 46

Ah... Oo... We are the voice,

A. 46

Ah... Oo... Oo... We are the voice,

T. 46

Ah... Oo... We are the voice,

Bar. 46

bent my head down again that I might see if they really spoke to me!

B. 46

Ah... Oo... We are the

rall. p A tempo \( j = 86 \)

S. 52

we are the voice of God Mm... Mm... Nn...

A. 52

we are, of God Mm... Mm... Nn...

T. 52

voice, the voice of God Mm... Mm... Nn...

Bar. 52

voice, the voice of God Mm... Mm... Nn...

B. 52

voice, the voice of God Mm... Mm... Nn...
round me ev’ry where  
Grass and tree and moun tain were thun - der
ing in might - y glee: ”We are the voice of De - i - ty!”
We are the voice of God!

We are the voice of God!

We are the voice of God!

...Said they! and I leapt from where I lay, and danced upon the laughing clay.

We are the voice of God!

We are the voice of God.

and to the rock that sang beside, "We are the voice, the voice of God!" I cried!

We are the voice, the voice of God.
Lux perpetua. Give me the peace for which I seek, from ocean, vale and
lux et lux perpetua. The peace which I seek, from ocean and
lux perpetua. Give me the peace for which I seek, from ocean, vale and
pa cem, pa cem. Give the peace for which I seek, from ocean, vale and

hill. The peace that shines from earth and pines, the peace that is white and still. The
hill. The peace that shines from earth and pines, the peace is white and still. The
hill. The peace that shines from earth and pines, the peace that is white, Ah
hill. The peace that shines from earth and pines, the peace is white and still. The
peace mount, still and crystal white, in which all things have part. Ah

peace mount, still and crystal white, which all have part. It dwells for aye in

Peace mount, still and crystal white, in which all things have part. It dwells for aye in

peace mount, still and crystal white in which all things have part. dwells for aye in

돈나노비스 패스, But never long in my heart.

돈나노비스 패스, never long in my heart.

donna ne-ver long, heart.

donna ne-ver long, heart.
Dona nobis pacem, et lux perpetua.

Dona nobis pacem et lux perpetua, Dona nobis, nobis

Dona, dona nobis pacem, dona, dona nobis

Dona nobis pacem, et lux, et lux

Dona nobis pacem, et lux perpetua

Pacem. Dona nobis pacem, Dona nobis pacem et lux perpetua.

Pacem. Dona, dona nobis pacem et lux, et lux perpetua.
breathe in towns or up-lands lone, I hold a grail-like quest. Ah

breathe in towns or up-lands lone, I hold a grail-like quest. Flows in pow'r one

breathe in towns or up-lands lone, I hold a grail-like quest. It flows in pow'r one

name-less hour. Do-na no-bis pa-cem, and then, and then I have rest.

name-less hour, Do-na no-bis pa-cem, then, and then I have rest.
IAN ANDREW

VESPERS

For Solo Soprano, Solo Baritone, Solo Treble Choir and Symphonic Orchestra

Based on the poems of collected authors.

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**Instrumentation**

Flute 1, doubling Piccolo
Flute 2
Oboe
Cor Anglais
2 Clarinet in B♭
2 Bassoon

4 French Horns in F
3 Trumpets in B♭
2 Trombone
Bass Trombone
Tuba

Timpani – 32”, 28”, 25”, 23”
Percussion I- Triangle, Tubular Bells, Gong, Crash Cymbals
Percussion II – Glockenspiel, Bass Drum
Harp
Amplified Acoustic Nylon-string Guitar

Solo Soprano, Solo Baritone, Solo Treble (Child)
Choir SATB

14 1st Violins
12 2nd Violins
10 Violas
8 ‘Cellos
6 Contrabasses

Transposed Score
Performance Notes

Vesper is a non-liturgical setting of the traditional Roman-Catholic Vesper mass and as such the tone and setting of the performance might reflect such a ceremonial and didactic event and setting. The Vespers were typically an all-night vigil and in this case the symbolic relevance of a ceremony which lasts through the transition of dusk into night and night into dawn appropriately provides a medium for the progressive development of the message of the texts, through fear, hate and uncertainty toward enlightenment and acceptance, with each movement of the work attributed to one of these three stages of the vigil.

A key factor of the work is the texts themselves, all of which have been drawn from authors who might generally be regarded as having directly-opposing points of view – for example, the juxtaposition of a selection from Adolf Hitler’s Mein Kampf is interspersed with words attributed to Jesus Christ; in another instance quotations from Mao Tse-Tung are offset by the teachings of Buddha. The conflict generated by this duality is what drives the work forward, with the texts synthesising into a dialogue of questions and answers. In practice it should be considered as though the vocal soloists are ‘preaching’ to the uncertain mass of the choir (and audience) in an effort to guide them toward a more enlightened way of thinking.

Due to the size of the orchestral forces, singers might be lightly amplified as required or where this is not possible instrumental dynamics should be pulled back to allow the vocal parts to carry. In the case of two instruments sharing a stave – such as French Horns and Trombones – players should assume that single lines are to be played a2 unless otherwise indicated. Conductors may wish to overrule this and make all single lines a1 if they feel the vocalists are being overpowered.

Approximate performance duration is 30 minutes.
I – Dusk

How often have you sailed in my dreams? And now you come at my awakening. Only another breath will I breathe in this still air. Only another loving look cast backward. Then I shall stand among you – a boundless drop in a boundless ocean.

- from Kahlil Gibran’s “The Prophet”

The night is darkening ’round me,
The wild winds coldly blow;
But evening’s spell has bound me
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending,
Their bare boughs weighed with snow;
The storm is fast descending,
I cannot go, cannot go.

-adapted from Emily Bronte’s “The Night is Darkening ‘Round Me”

If this indeed be the hour in which I lift up my lantern it is not my flame that will burn there-in! Empty and dark shall I raise my lantern and the guardian of the night will fill it with oil and he shall light it also.

- from Kahlil Gibran’s “The Prophet”

We think too small, like the frog at the bottom of the well. He thinks the sky is only as big as the top of the well. If he should surface he’d have an entirely different view.

- Mao Tse-Tung

There has to be evil so that good can prove its purity above it.

- attrib. Buddha
II – Night

The day of individual happiness has passed. Those who want to live, let them fight. And those who do not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle do not deserve to live.

Their sword will become our plough and from the tears of war the daily bread of future generations will grow.

I do not see why man should not be just as cruel as nature. The strongest must dominate and not blend with the weaker.

- from Adolf Hitler’s “Mein Kampf”

Or the sun will be darkened and the moon will give no light; the stars will fall from the sky.

- attrib. Jesus Christ (Mark 13:24)

The doom of a nation can be averted only by a storm of flowing passion. But only those who are passionate themselves may stir the fire in others.

- from Adolf Hitler’s “Mein Kampf”

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

- William Ernest Henley, “Invictus”
III – Dawn

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I’ve climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split coulds, - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence.

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I’ve topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew-
And, while with silent, lifting mind I’ve trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

- adapted from John Magee’s “High Flight”

Thousands of candles may be lighted from a single candle and the light of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness – it was never diminished by being shared.

- adapted, attrib. Buddha

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again
I shall not live in vain

- Emily Dickinson, “I Shall Not Live In Vain”

Fortune is a raging river which when in flood overflows the plains, sweeping away trees and homes, bearing away the soil. Everything flies before it, all yield to its violence without being able in any way to withstand it.

- from Nicolo Machiavelli’s “The Prince”

How can we stand in the midst of this world where each is clinging to his piece of debris? How can we greet our fellow man as we pass each other in the flood?

- quotation attributed to Buddha

Reprise: I Shall Not Live In Vain.
The night is dark—ing round me,
the wild winds cold—ly blow.
but of nigg's spell has bound me. I can-not go. I can-not go!
The giant trees are bending, their boughs weighed with snow, and the storm is fast descending and yet I cannot go.
their bare boughs weighed with snow,  
the storm is fast descending  
I cannot go.

their bare boughs weighed with snow,  
and the storm is fast descending;  
I cannot go.
If this in-deed be the hour, if this in-deed be the hour in which I lift up my lan-seen.
it is not my fate that will burn there in.
empty and dark shall I raise my lantern.

Più mosso \( \textit{j} = 145 \)
and the guardian of the night
will fill it with oil
and he shall light it anew,
and he shall light it anew.

lantern

Allegro $\equiv 152$
evil so that good can prove its purity, there has to!

There

choir

thinks the sky is only as big as the top of the well. We think too

there

viol

vlns. ii

vlns

vcl

obs
good can prove its purity, so that good can prove its purity, its

is only as big as the top of the well so that good can prove its

so that good can prove its purity, its
Vespers

II - Night

Text adapted from
Jesus Christ, Adolf Hitler
and William Kent Hughes

Music by
Ian Andrew

The day of ill-fated happiness has passed. Those who want to live, let them fight.
And those who do not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle do not deserve to live! Their sword will become our plough and from the tears of war the daily bread of future generations will grow!
I do not see why man should not be just as cruel as nature. The strongest must dominate and not blend with the weaker!

chorus:

the stars will fall from the sky.

sacred and there-on will give no light, the stars will fall from the sky, will fall from the sky.

chorus:

the doom of a nation can be averted.
only by a storm of glowing passion. but

only those who are passionate may stir this
Più mosso

In the full cloutch of circumstance I have not winced, nor cried a loud.

Under the blessings of chance my head is bowed, but, un bowed.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
He will cease but the her rose of the shade.
finds, and shall find me unafraid!
It matters not how
struck the gate, not charged with punishment the soul, I am the master of my fate!
I am the captain of my soul!
Vespers

Text adapted from
Emily Dickinson, John Eliot Whitehead,
Nicosia Makiazaki, Buddha,
Mac Tse-Tsong & H.H. the Dalai Lama

III - Dawn

Music by
Ian Andrew

Maestoso ma dolce \( j = 46 \)

Più mosso \( j = 53 \)

Perc. 1

Tr. Solo

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth and danced the skies on laughter-souled wings;

Harp

Maestoso ma dolce \( j = 46 \)

Più mosso \( j = 53 \)

Vlns. 1

Vlns. 2

Vlna

Vc

Cb
climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds.
and down, down, things you have not dreamed of, wheel red and round and swung high in dream-like silence!
Up, up the long, long-burn-ing blue
Topped the wind-swept heights with ex-ce-ple grace.
Where ne-er lack ex-ple grew.
And, while with st-lent, lift-ing mind I've tried the
high un-tir-eed son - ri - ty of space.
Largo $j = 46$

Andante con moto $j = 50$

Put out my hand and touched... the face of God

(stagger breathing)

Mmm...
and the light of the candle will not be short – end _
I shall not live in vain.

Ah.

I shall not live in vain.
Fortune is a raging river which when in flood overflows the plains, sweeping a...
How can we stand in the way trees and houses, bearing away the soil. Everything before it, all
sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our lives the clearer we see through it