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Canticle

Emily Dickinson

Walt Whitman

Alan Stringer

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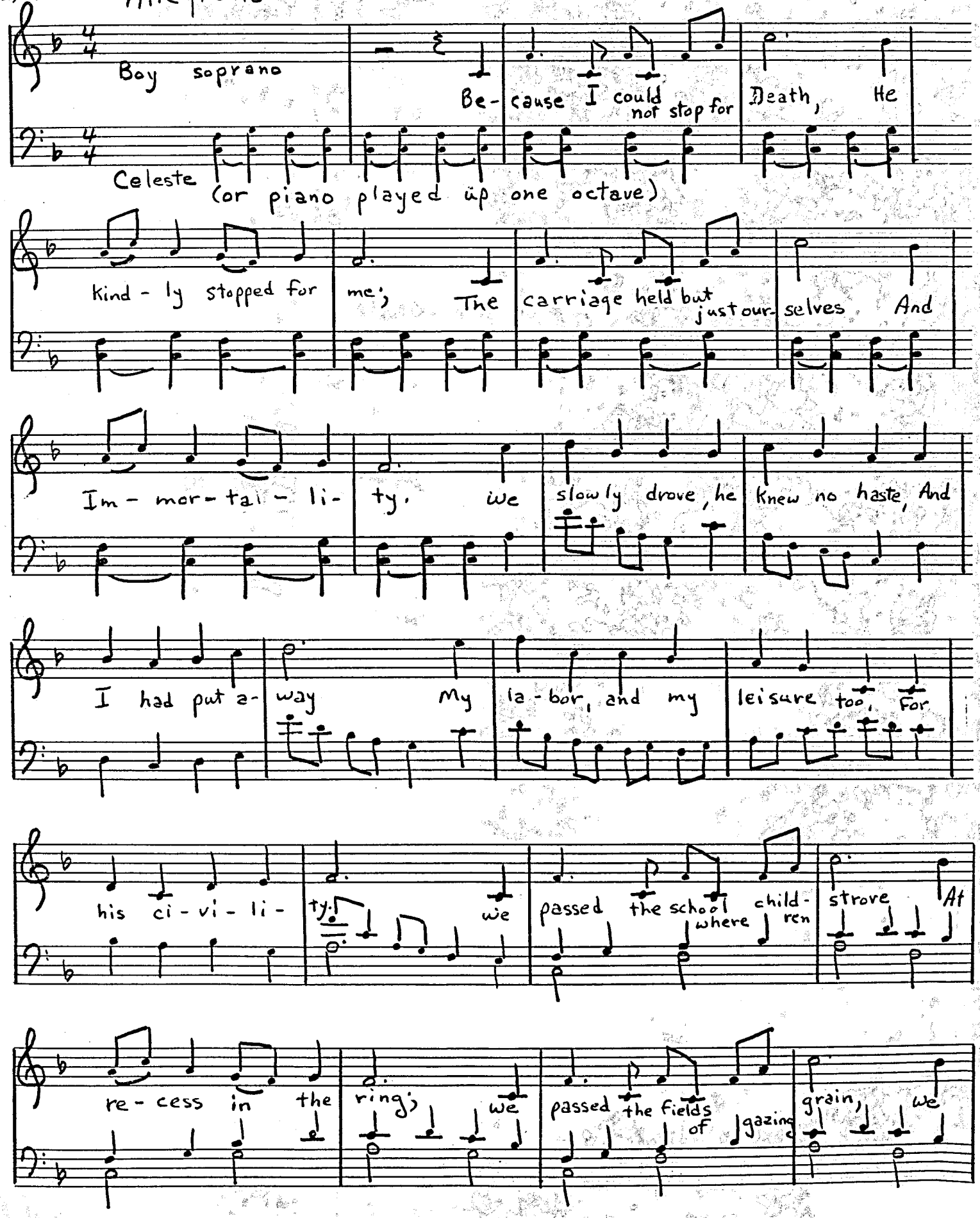
FGL
Stringer, A.
BN II, no. 3

Canticle ~~in Death's Praise~~

I. Prelude

Alan Stringer

Allegretto

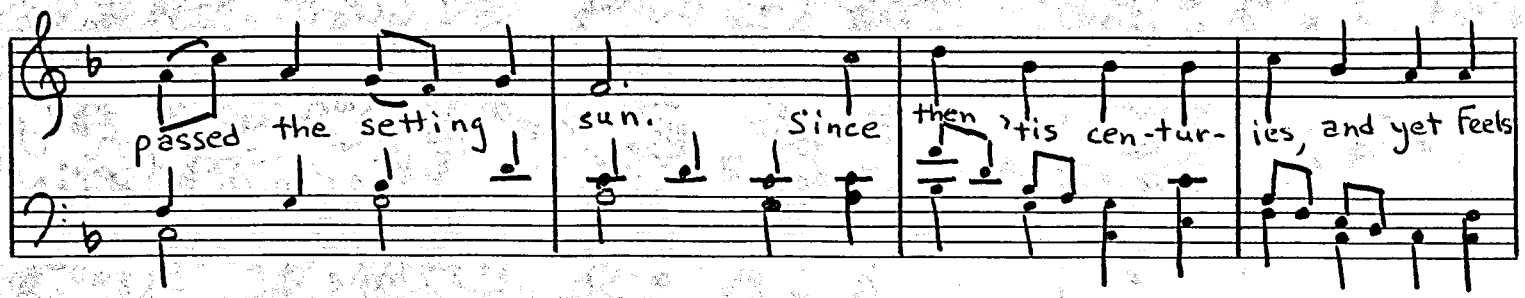


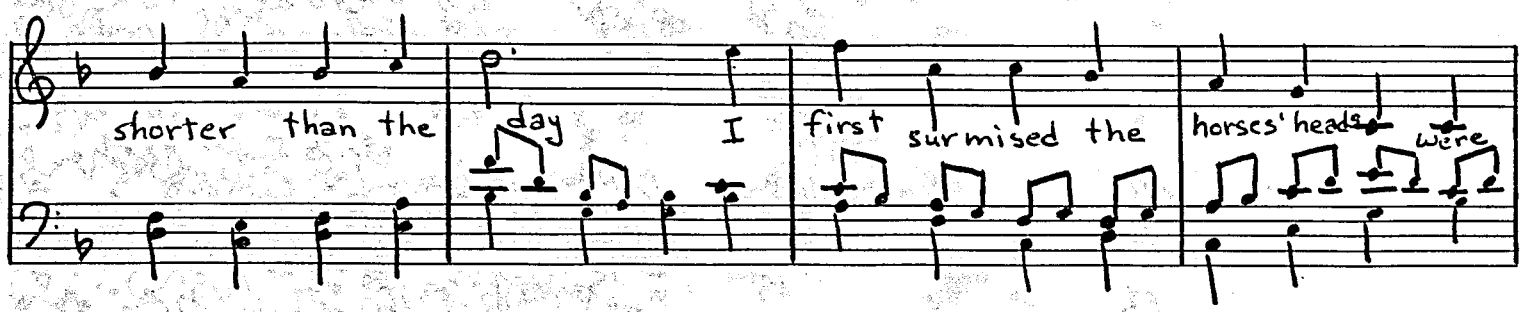
Boy soprano

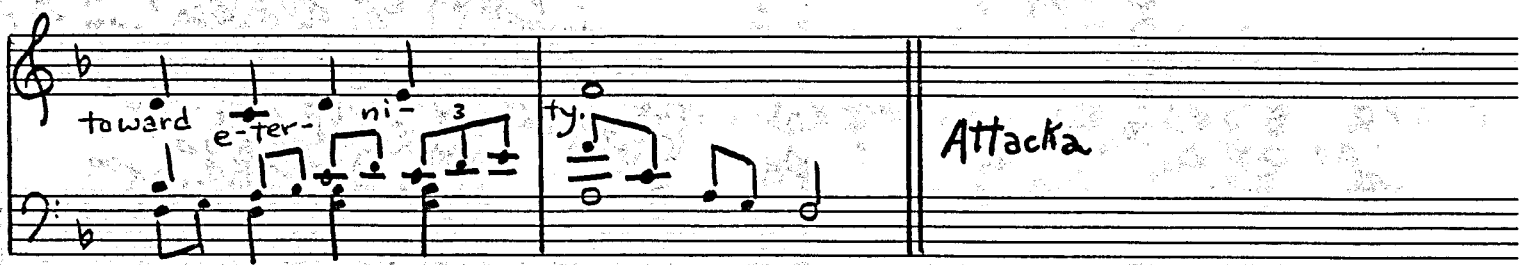
Celeste (or piano played up one octave)

Be- cause I could not stop for Death, He kind - ly stopped for me; The carriage held but just our- selves And Im - mor - tal - li - ty. We slowly drove, he knew no haste, And I had put a- way My la - bor, and my leisure too, For his ci - vi - li - ty. We passed the school where child- ren strove At re - cess in the ring; We passed the fields of gazing grain, We

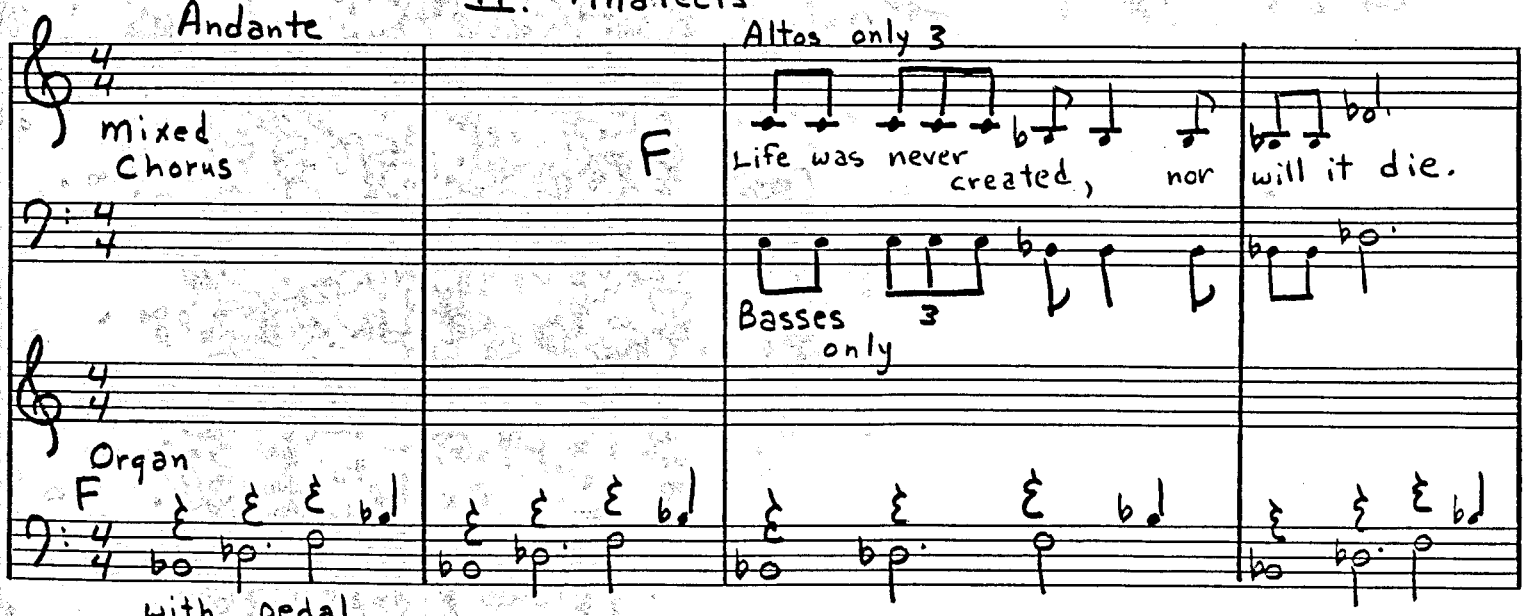
HIRMER

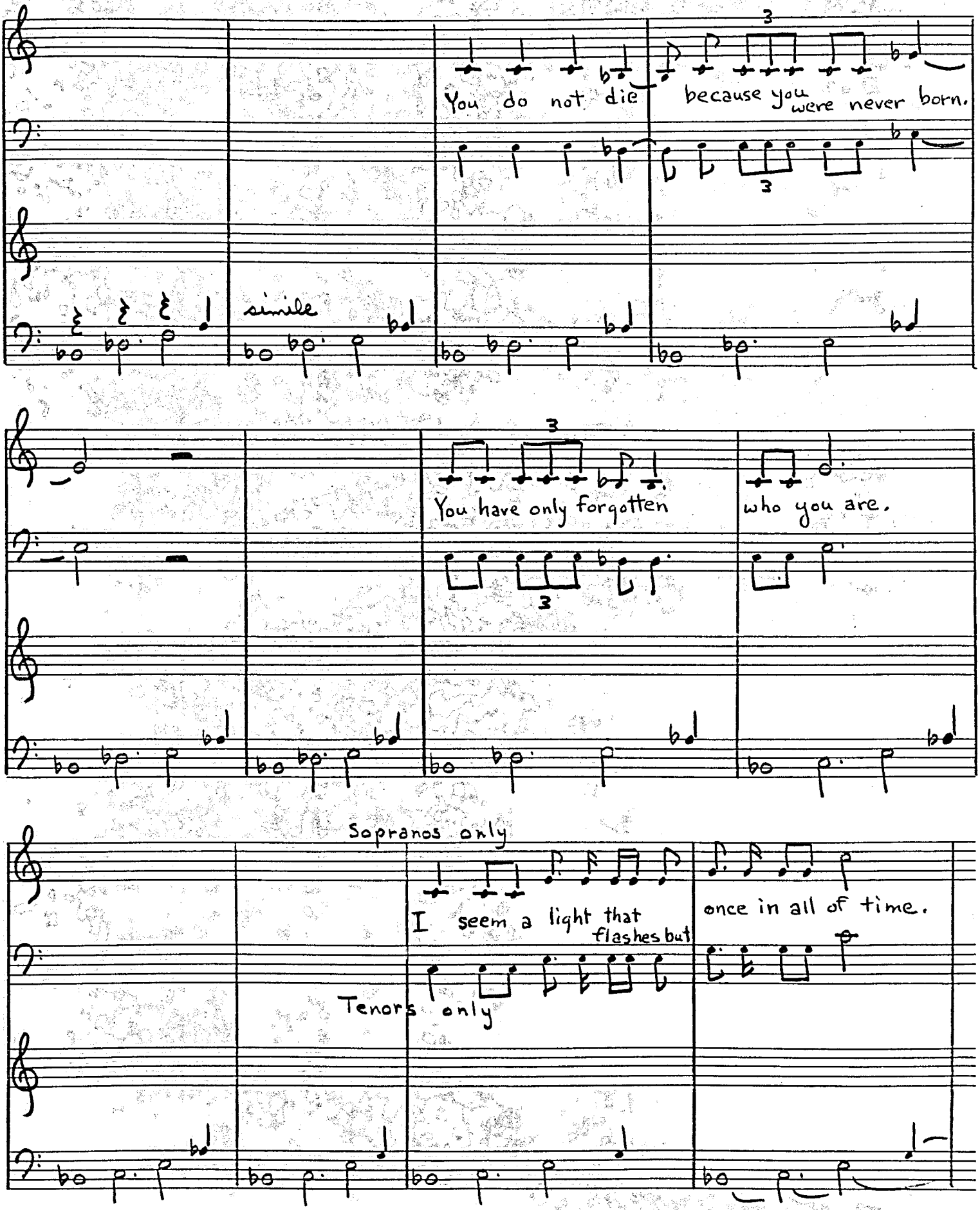

passed the setting
sun.
Since
then 'tis cen-tur-
ies, and yet Feels

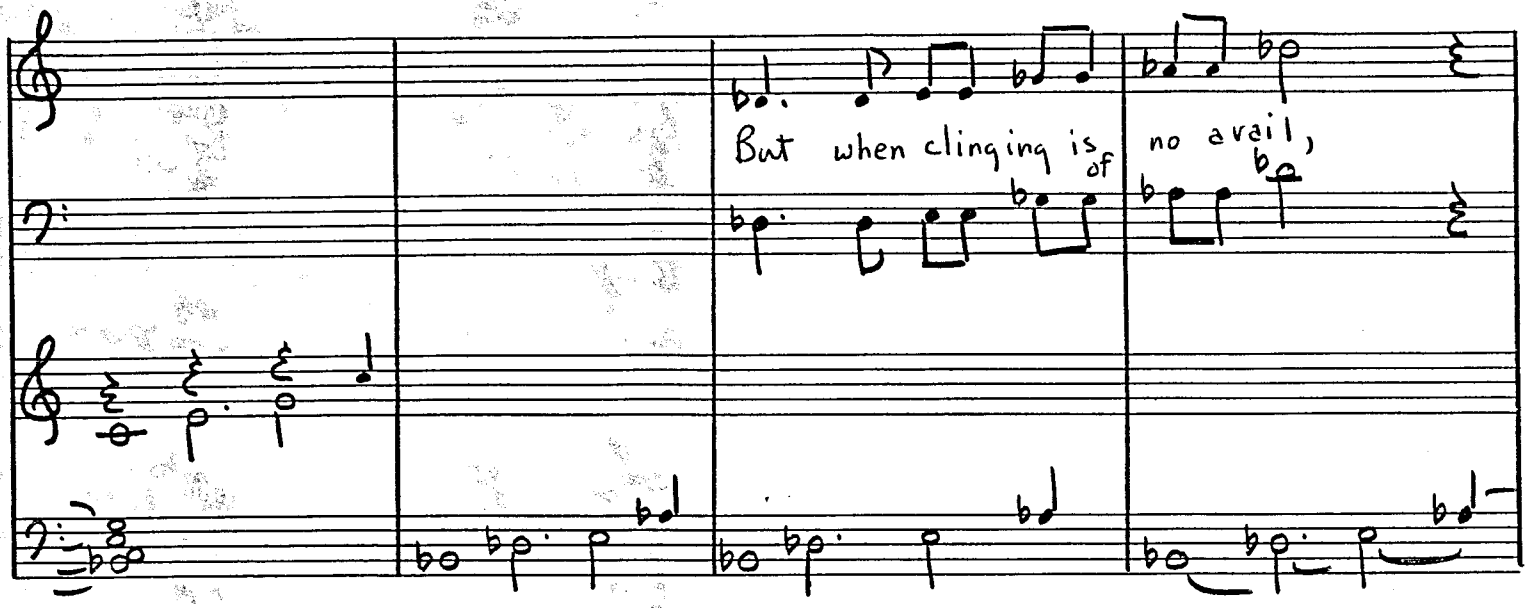

shorter than the
day
I
first surmised the
horses' heads
were

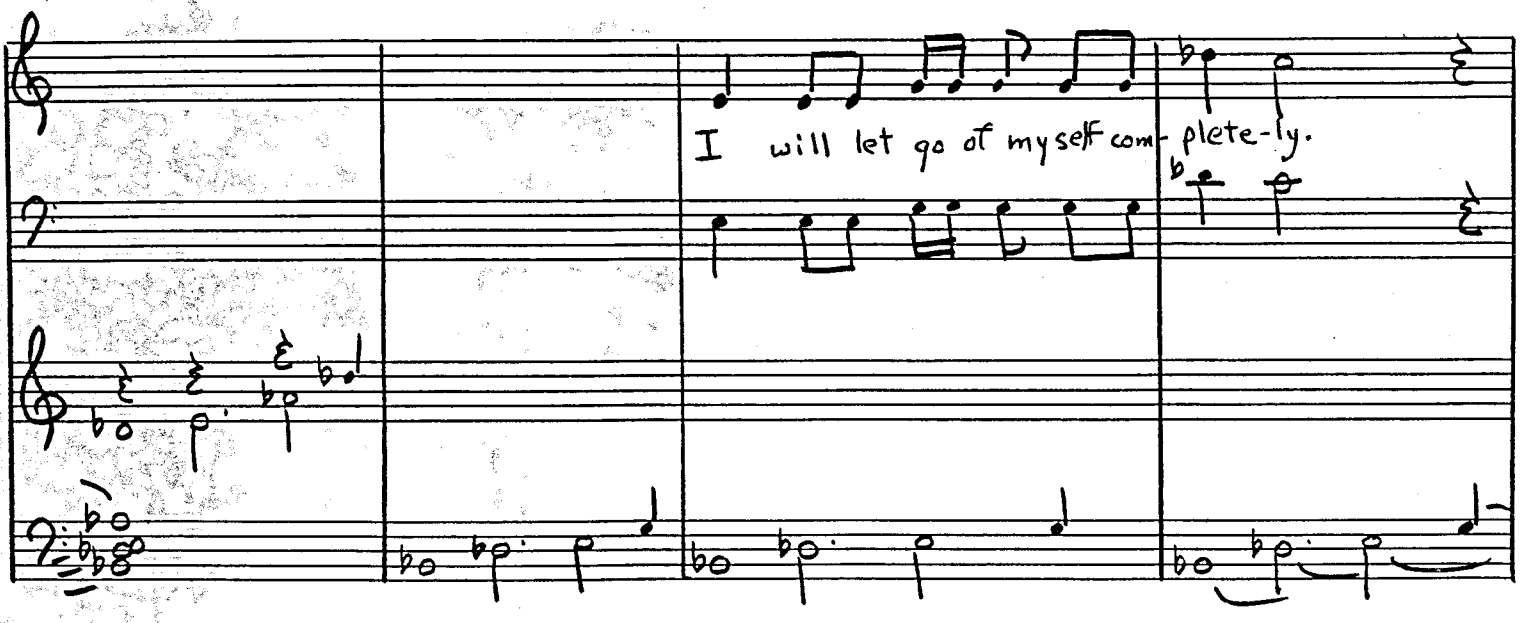

toward
e-ter-
ni-
3
ty.
Attacka

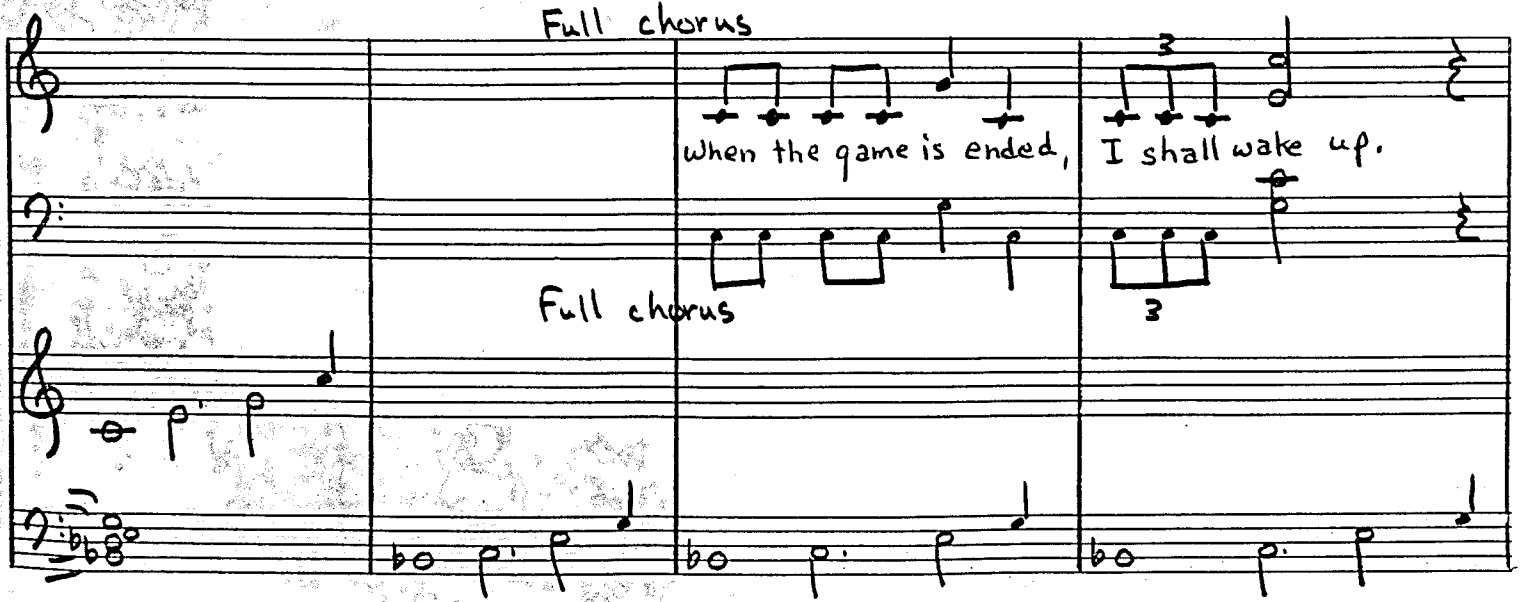
II. Analects

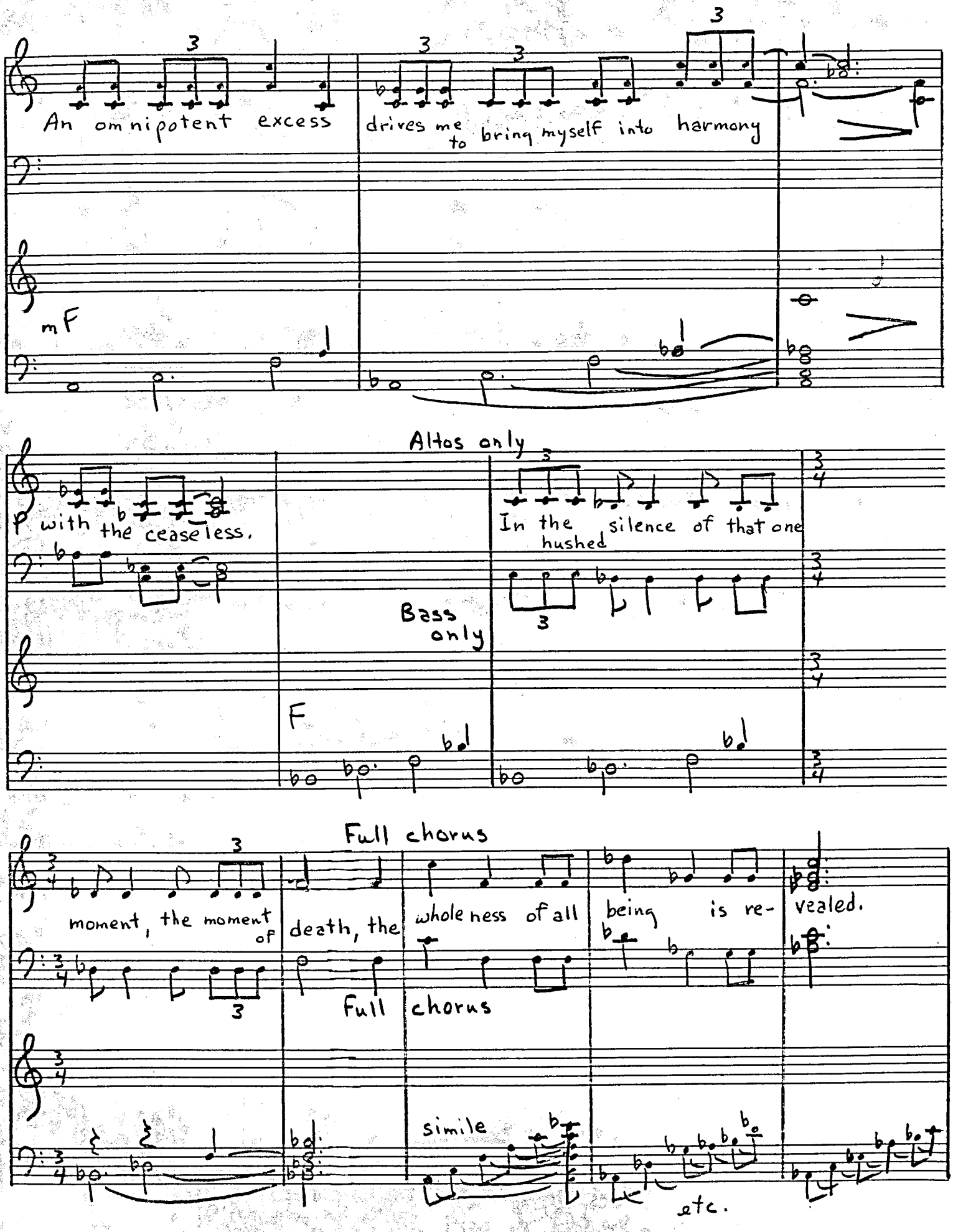

Andante
mixed
Chorus
F
Altos only 3
Life was never
created,
nor
will it die.
Basses
only
3
Organ
F
with pedal

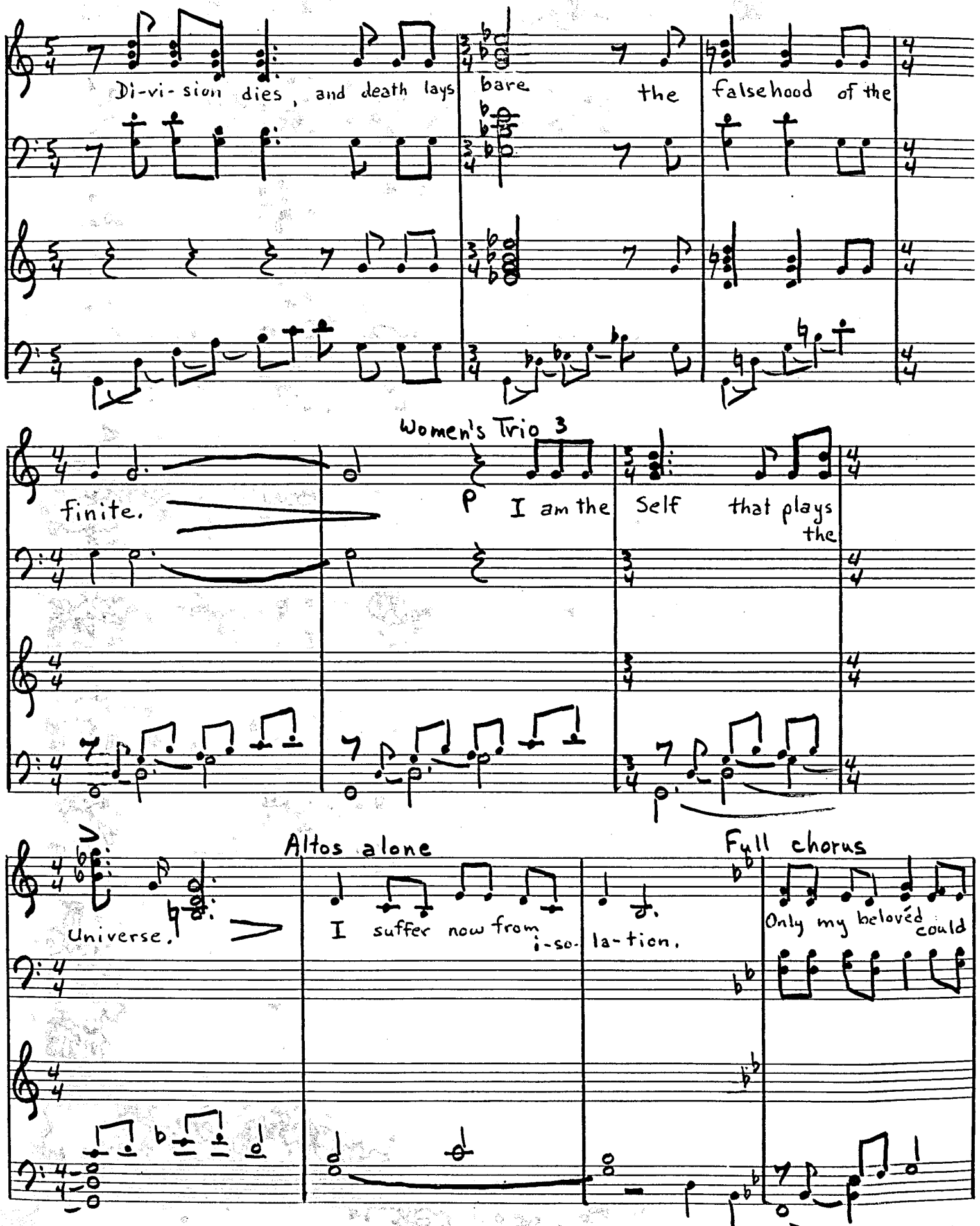

You do not die
because you were never born.
simile
You have only forgotten
who you are.
Sopranos only
I seem a light that flashes but
once in all of time.
Tenors only

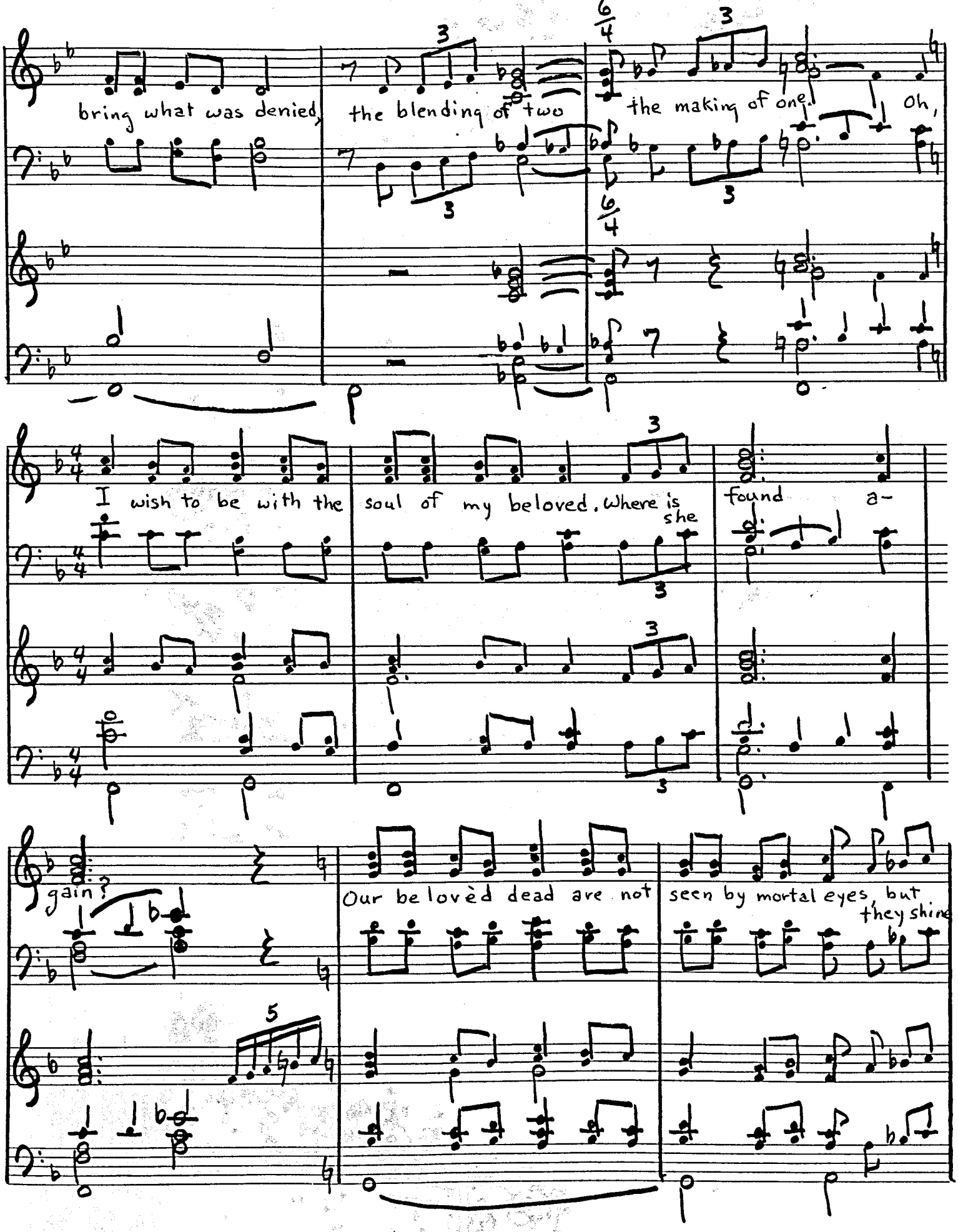

But when clinging is of no avail,


I will let go of myself com-plete-ly.


Full chorus
when the game is ended,
I shall wake up.
Full chorus
3
3


An omnipotent excess
drives me to bring myself into harmony
mF
Altos only
with the ceaseless.
In the hushed silence of that one
Bass only
F
Full chorus
moment, the moment of
death, the
wholeness of all
being is re-
vealed.
Full chorus
simile
etc.


Di-vi-sion dies, and death lays bare the falsehood of the
finite.
Women's Trio 3
p
I am the Self that plays the
Universe.
Altos alone
I suffer now from i-so-la-tion.
Full chorus
Only my beloved could


bring what was denied, the blending of two the making of one. Oh,
I wish to be with the soul of my beloved. Where is she found a-
gain? Our beloved dead are not seen by mortal eyes, but they shine

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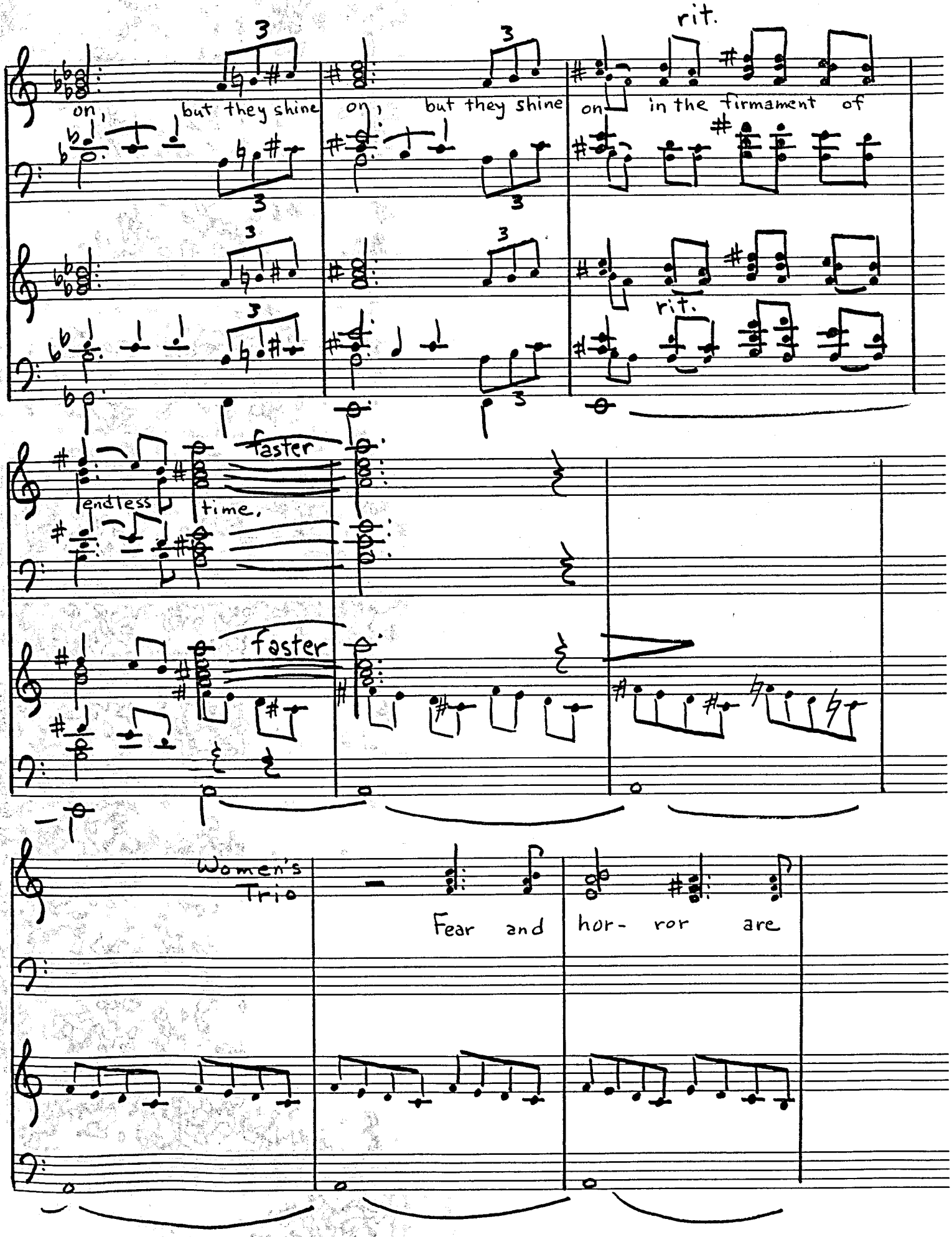
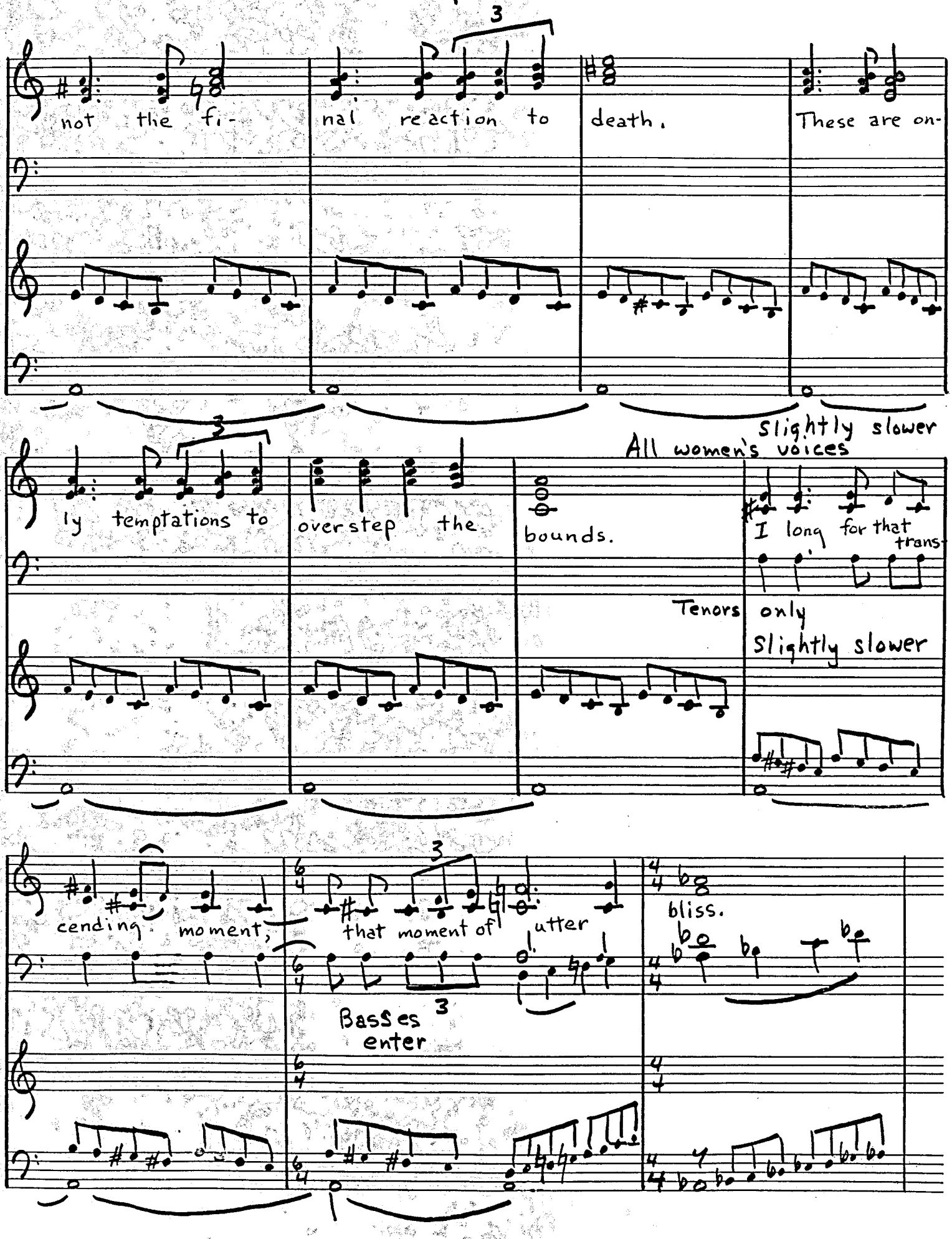
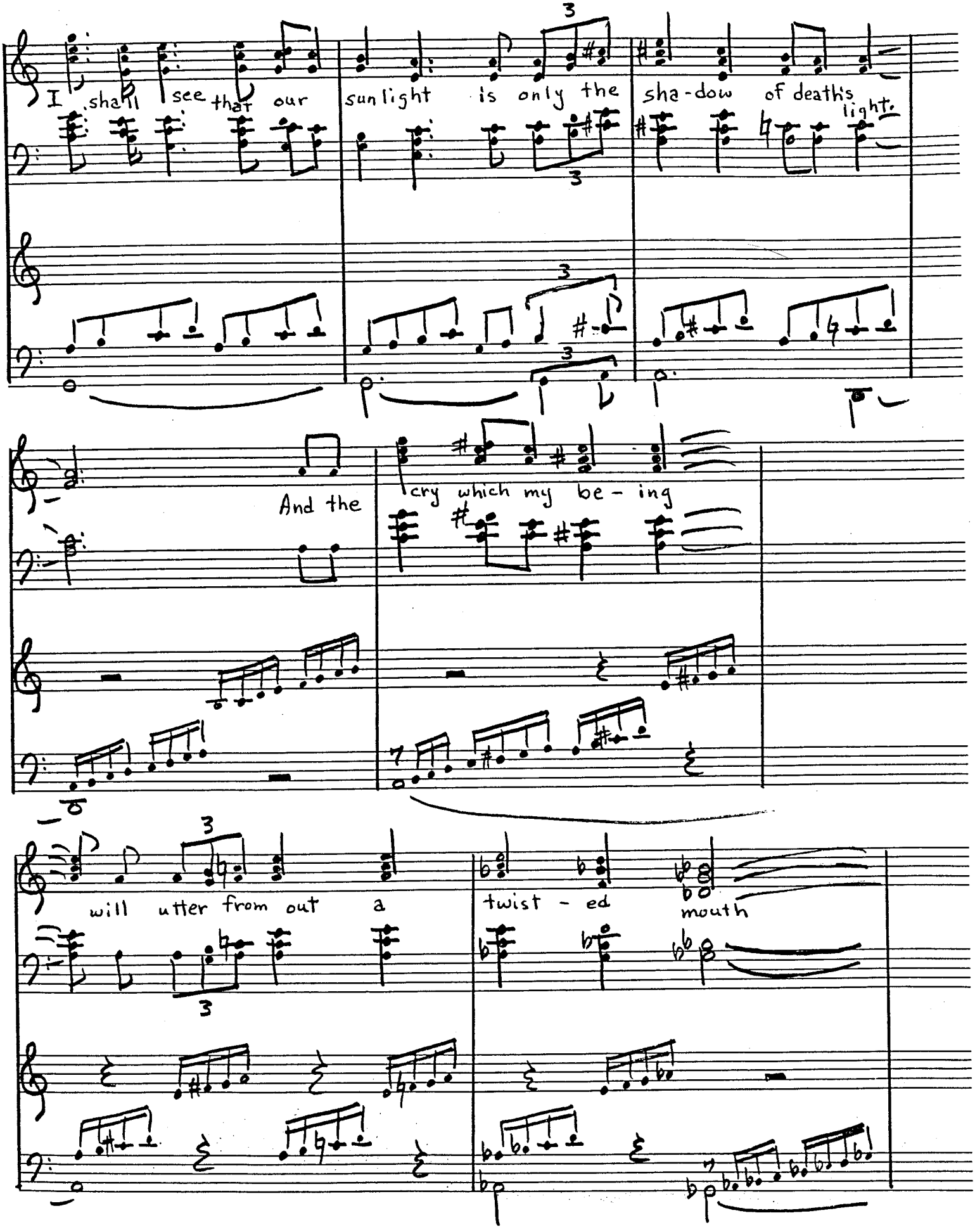
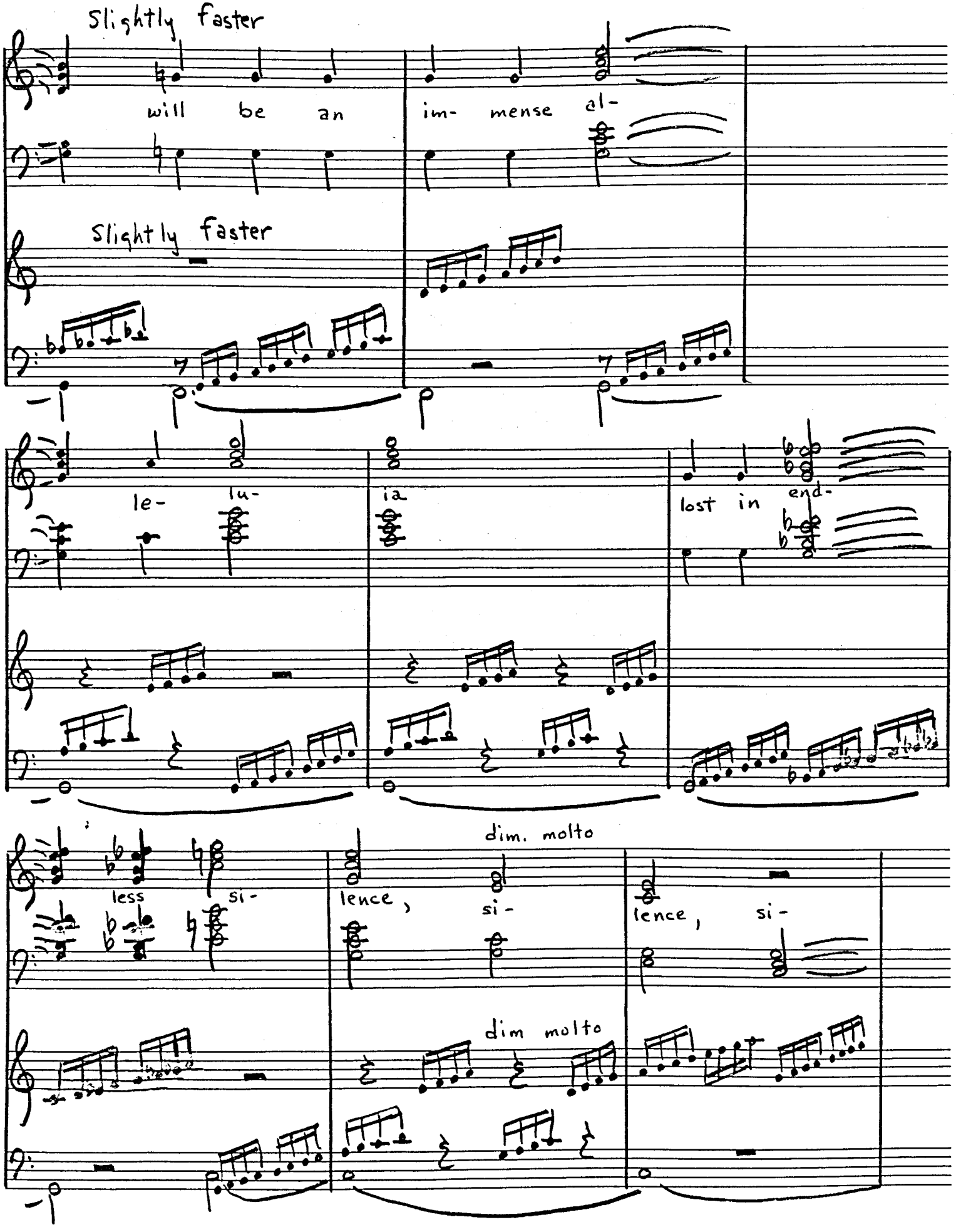
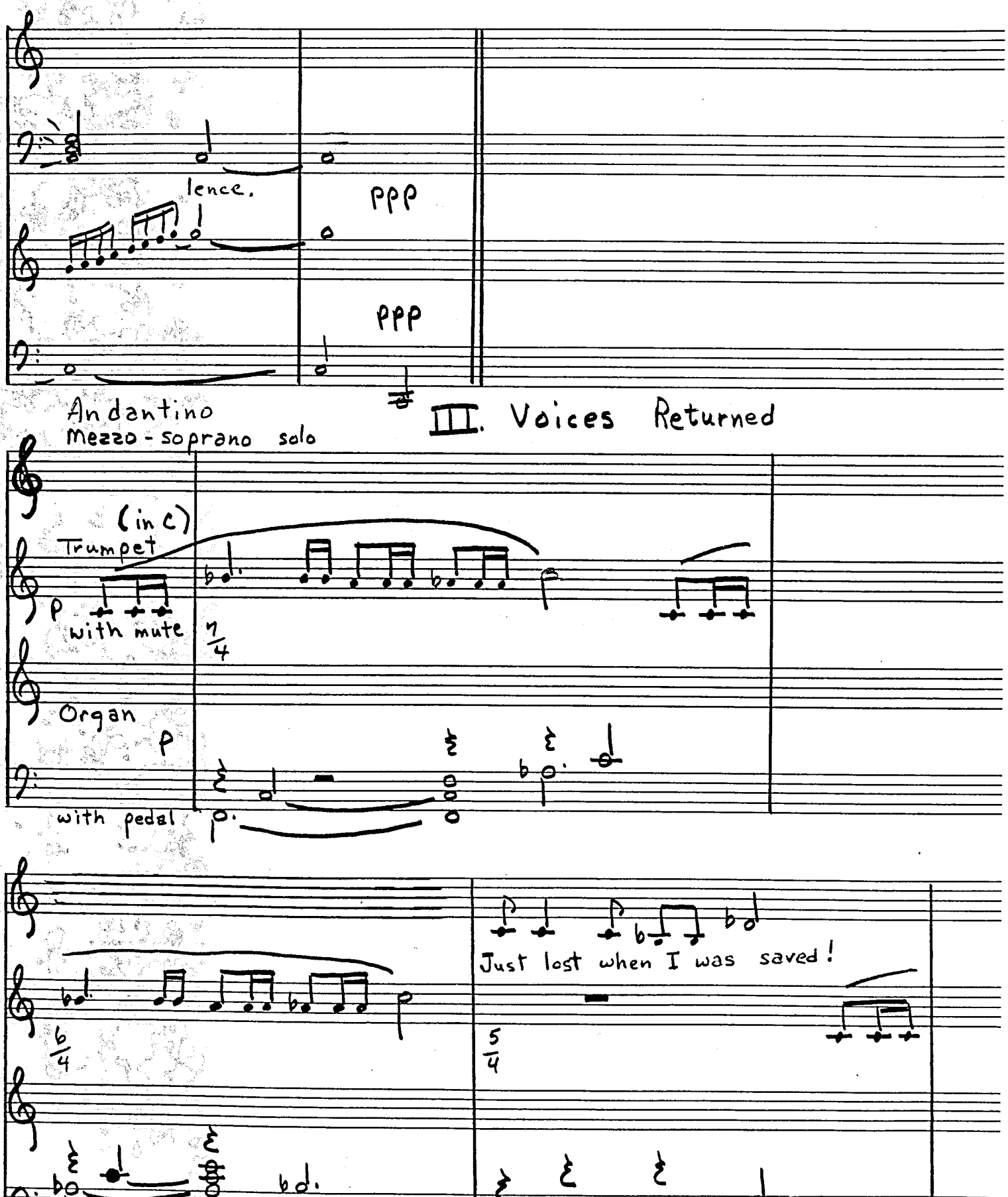

on, but they shine
on, but they shine
on in the firmament of
rit.
rit.
endless time,
faster
faster
Women's Trio
Fear and hor- ror are

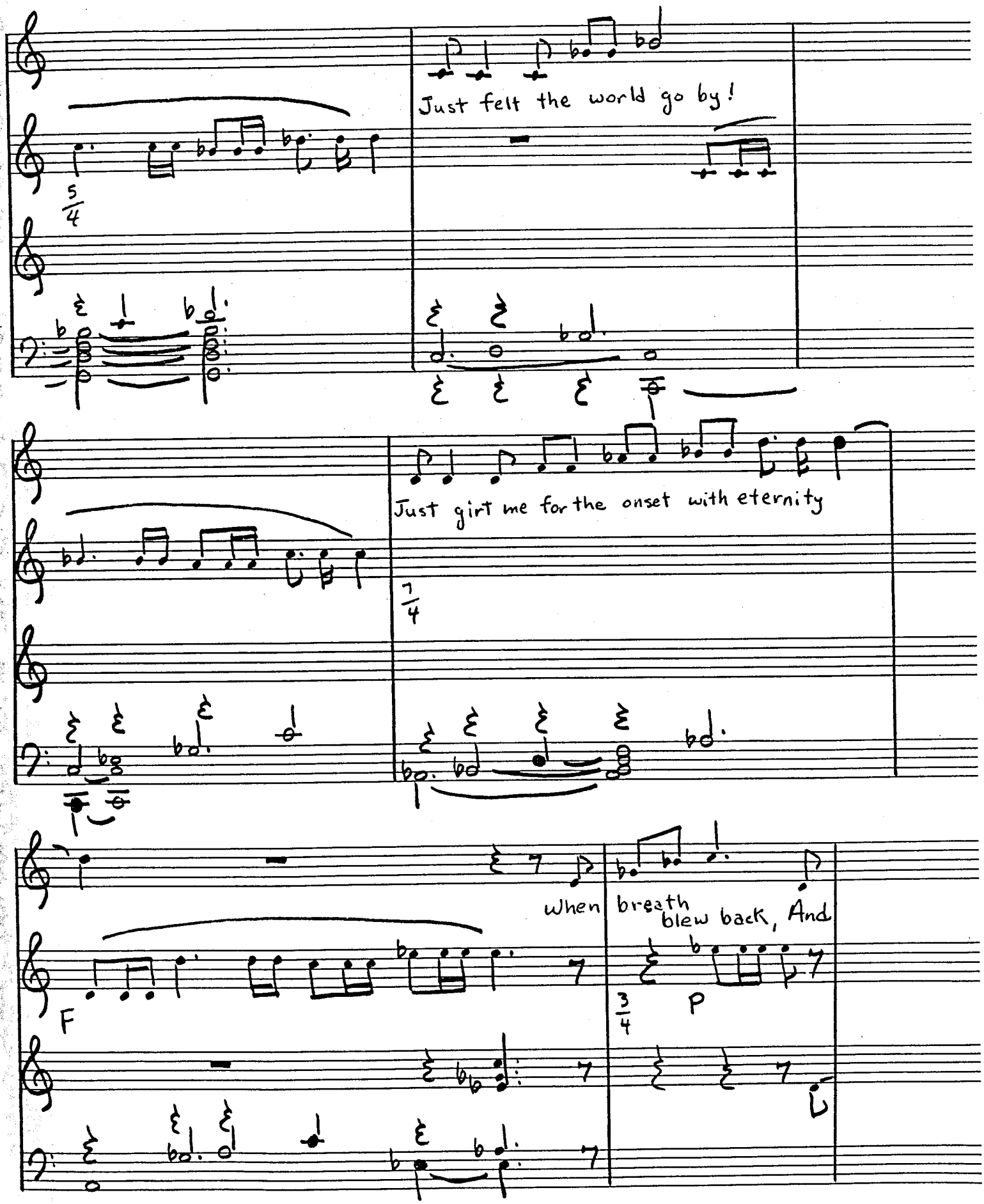

not the fi-
nal re-action to
death.
These are on-
ly temptations to
over-step the
bounds.
All women's voices
I long for that trans-
Tenors only
Slightly slower
cending moment,
that moment of utter
bliss.
Basses enter


I shall see that our
sunlight is only the
sha-dow of death's
light.
And the
cry which my be-ing
will utter from out a
twist-ed
mouth

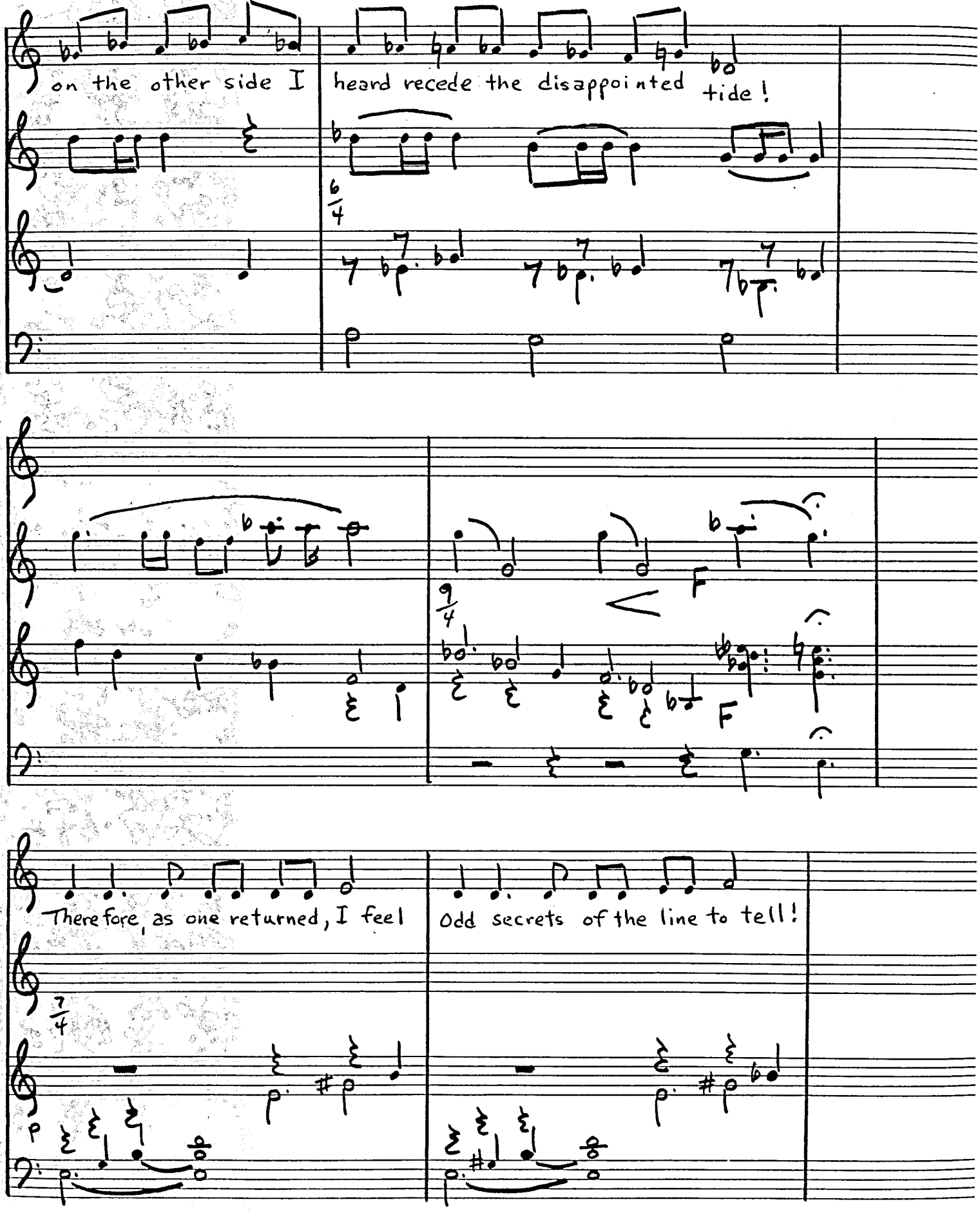

Slightly faster
will be an
im- mense al-
Slightly faster
le- lu-
ia
lost in end-
less si-
dim. molto
lence, si-
lence, si-
dim molto

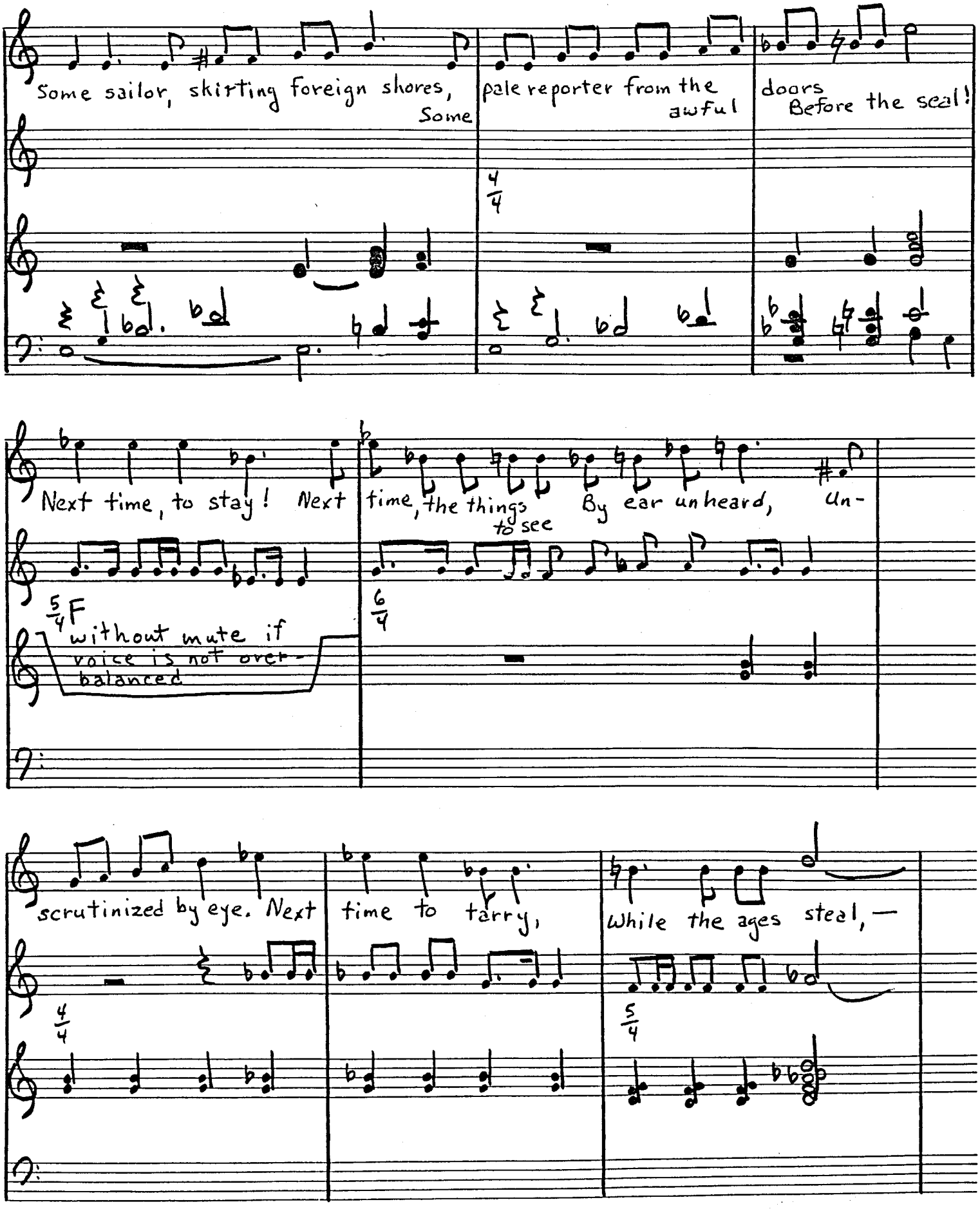
G SCHIRMER

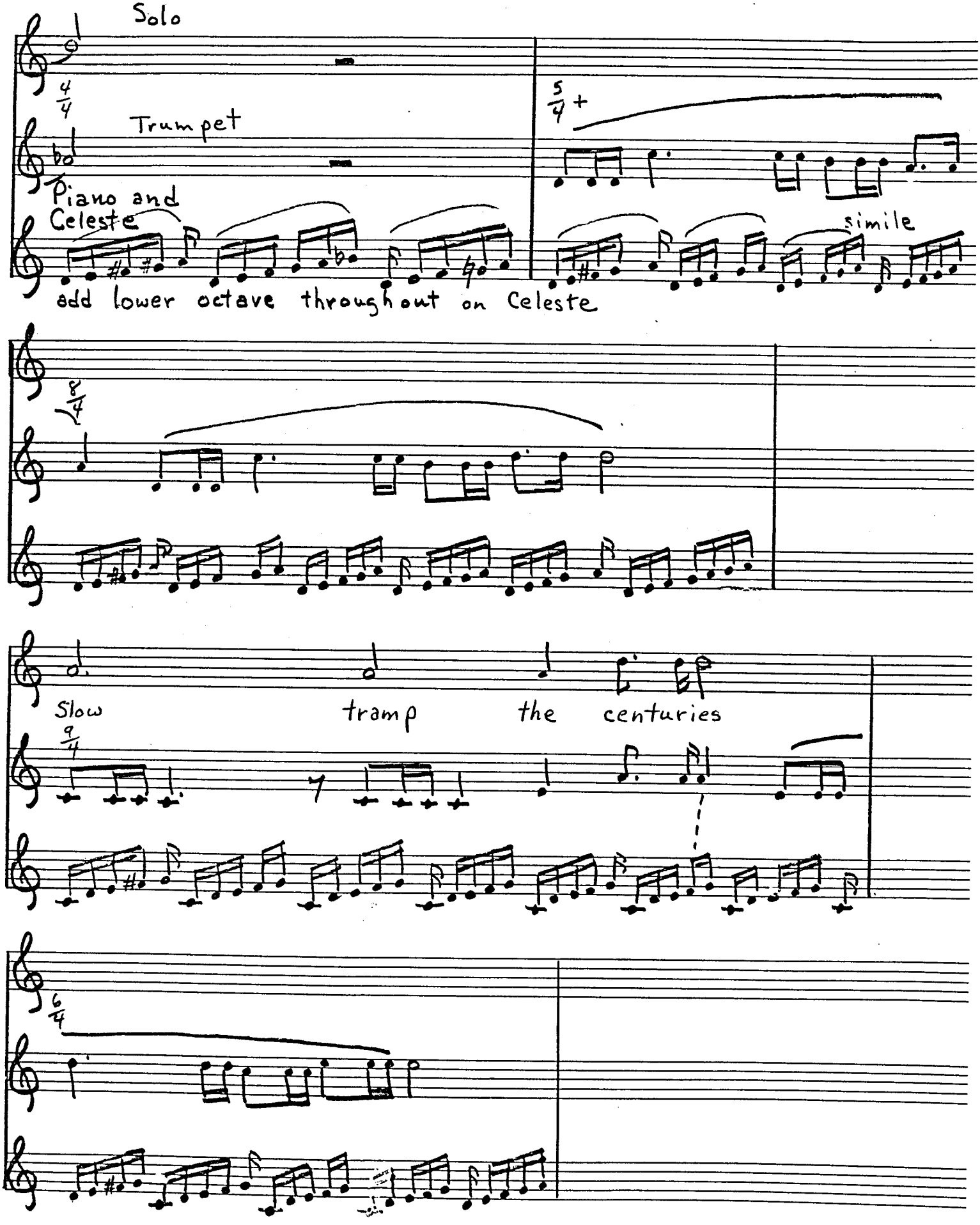

lence.
ppp
ppp
Andantino
Mezzo-soprano solo
III. Voices Returned
(in C)
Trumpet
p
with mute
Organ
p
with pedal
Just lost when I was saved!

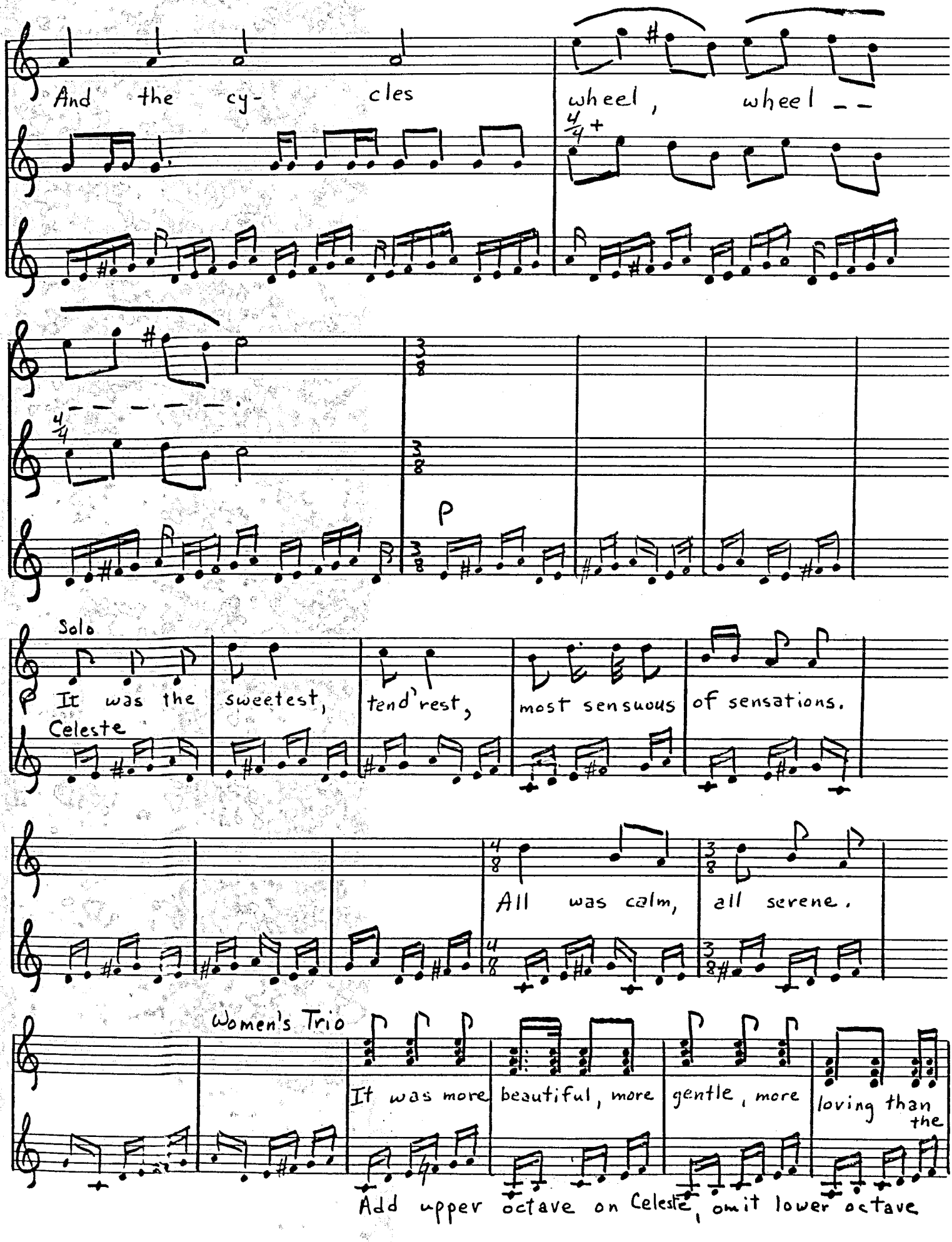


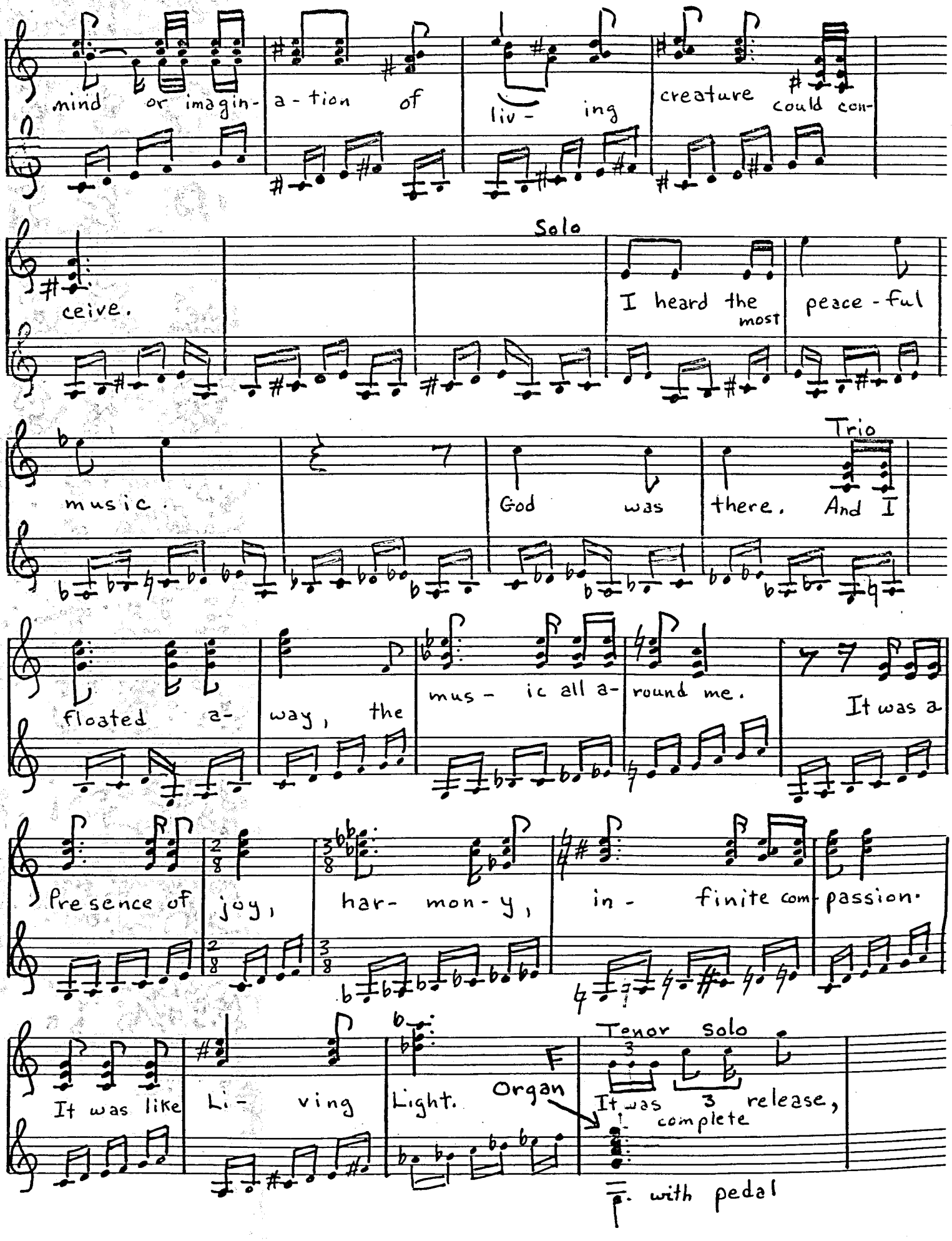
G SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND

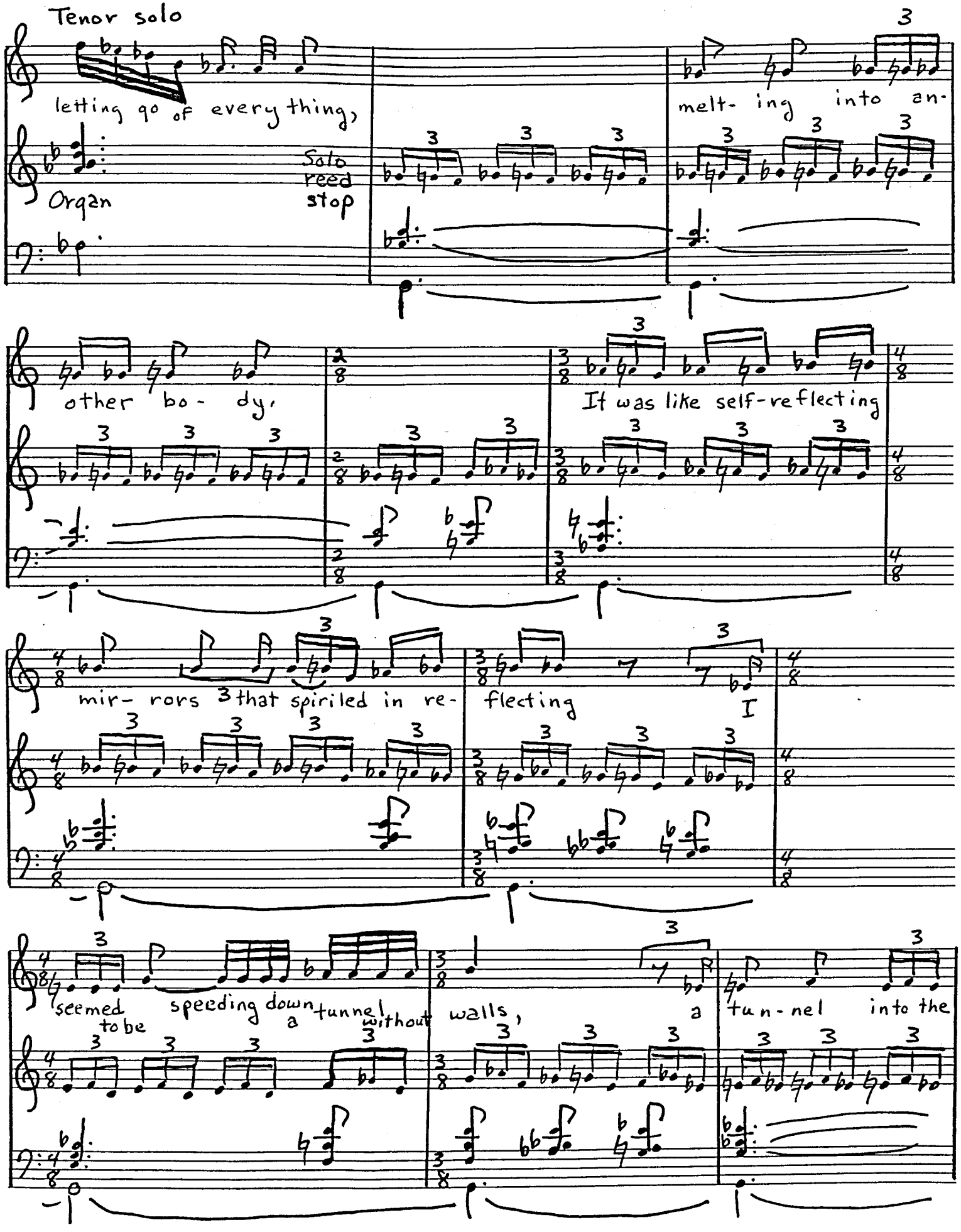

on the other side I
heard recede the disappointed
tide!
6/4
F
9/4
F
Therefore, as one returned, I feel
Odd secrets of the line to tell!
7/4
P


Some sailor, skirting foreign shores, Some
pale reporter from the awful
doors Before the seal!
4/4
Next time, to stay! Next
time, the things to see By ear unheard, un-
5/4 F
without mute if voice is not over-balanced
6/4
scrutinized by eye. Next
time to tarry,
While the ages steal, —
4/4
5/4


Solo
Trumpet
Piano and Celeste
simile
add lower octave throughout on Celeste
Slow
tramp
the
centuries


And the cy- cles
wheel, wheel --
4/4 +
4/4
3/8
P
Solo
It was the sweetest, tend'rest, most sensuous of sensations.
Celeste
4/8
3/8
All was calm, all serene.
Women's Trio
It was more beautiful, more gentle, more loving than the
Add upper octave on Celeste, omit lower octave


mind or imagin- a-tion of liv- ing creature could con-
ceive.
Solo
I heard the most peace-ful
music.
God was there. And I
Trio
floated a- way, the
mus- ic all a- round me.
It was a
presence of joy, har- mon- y, in- finite com- passion.
It was like Li- ving Light.
F
Organ
Tenor solo
It was 3 release, complete
with pedal


Tenor solo
letting go of every thing,
melt- ing into an-
Organ
Solo reed stop
other bo- dy,
It was like self-reflecting
mir- rors that spiriled in re-
flecting
I
seemed to be speeding down a tunnel without walls,
a
tun- nel into the

add Trumpet obligato here

universe where I would be trans-formed. I saw with immense awe each part

off reed solo

of the uni-i-verse is one. And with grand and fear-ful joy, I saw that

I was one with its e-ternity.

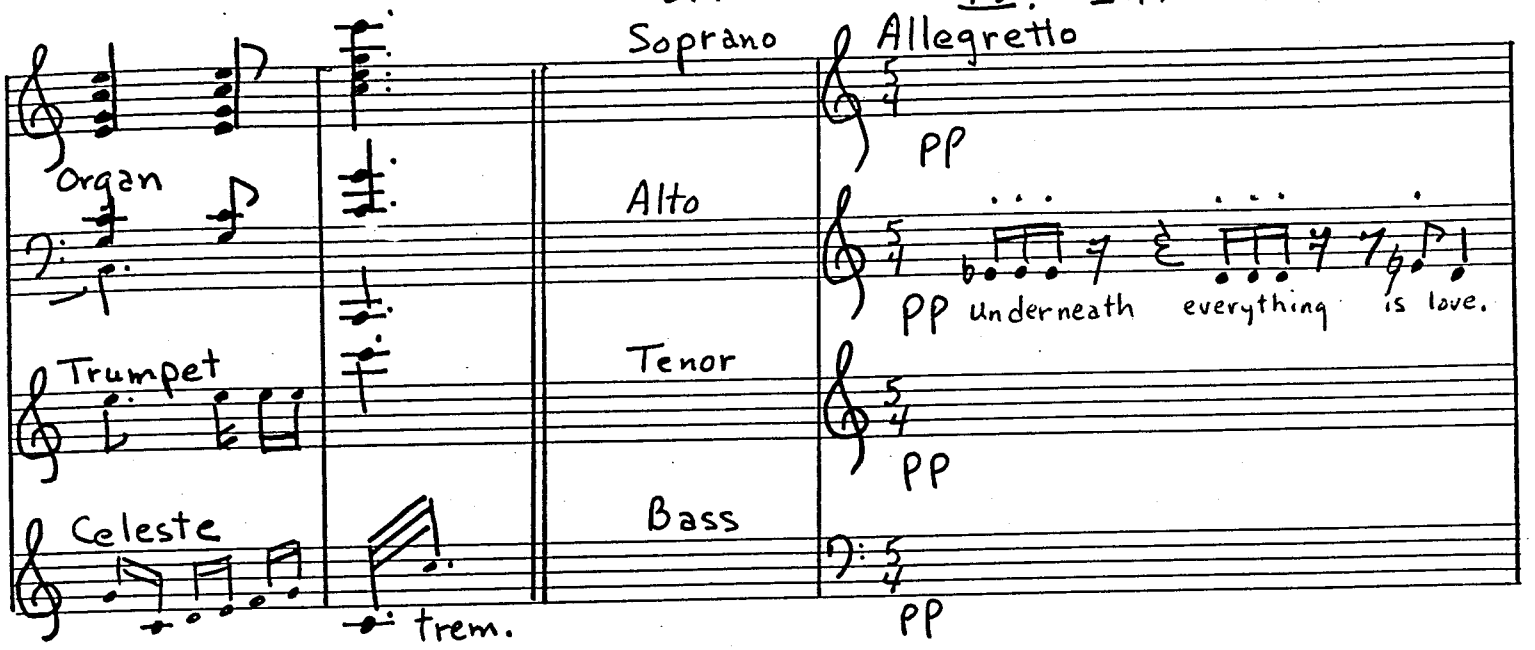
Trumpet

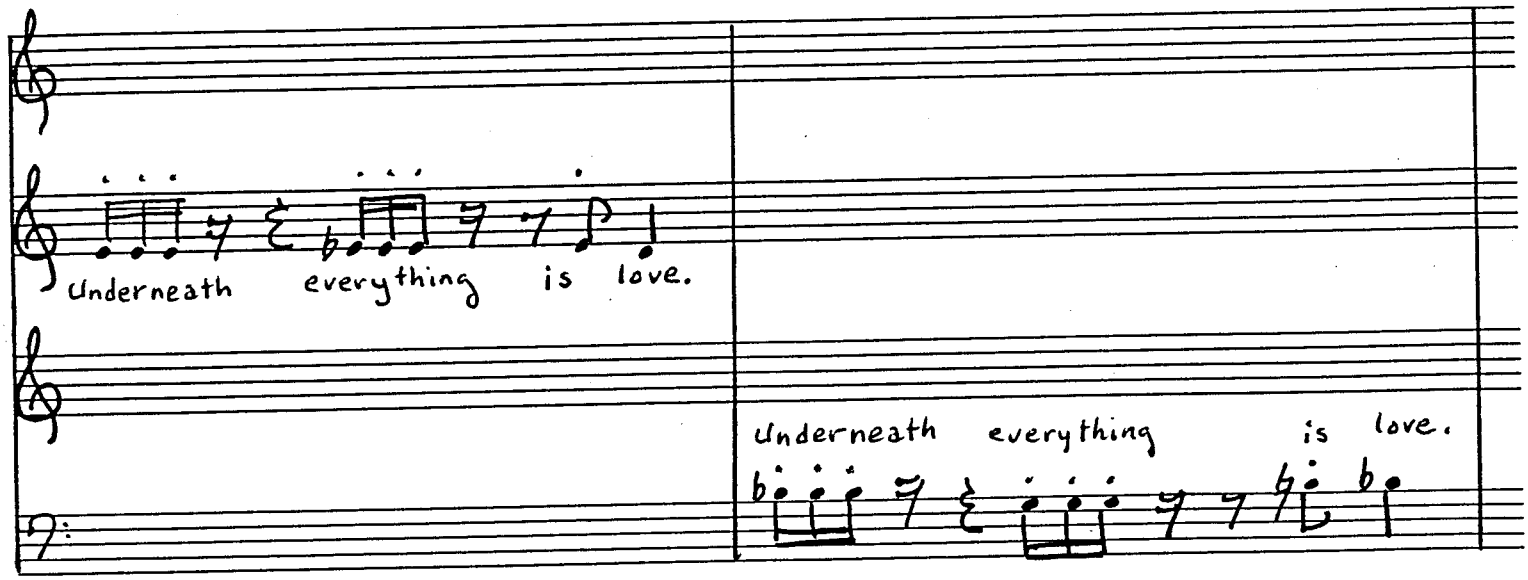
F

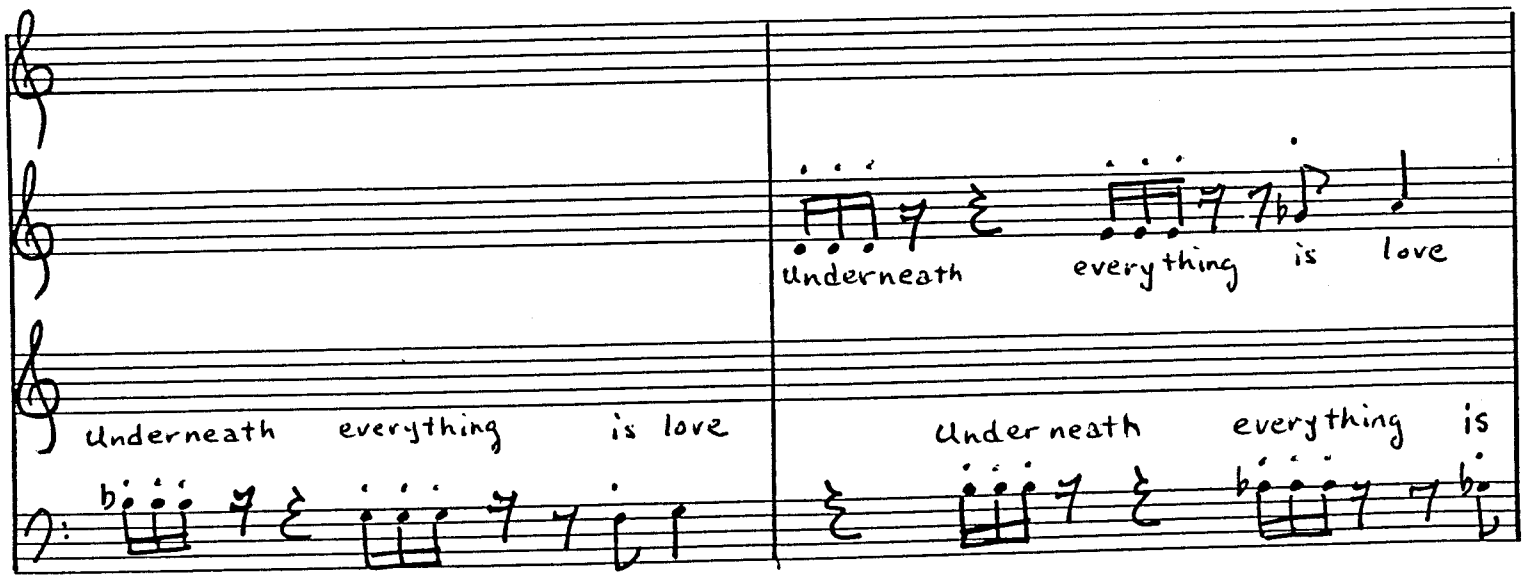
Celeste and Piano

With added octave above on both instruments.

IV. Interlude







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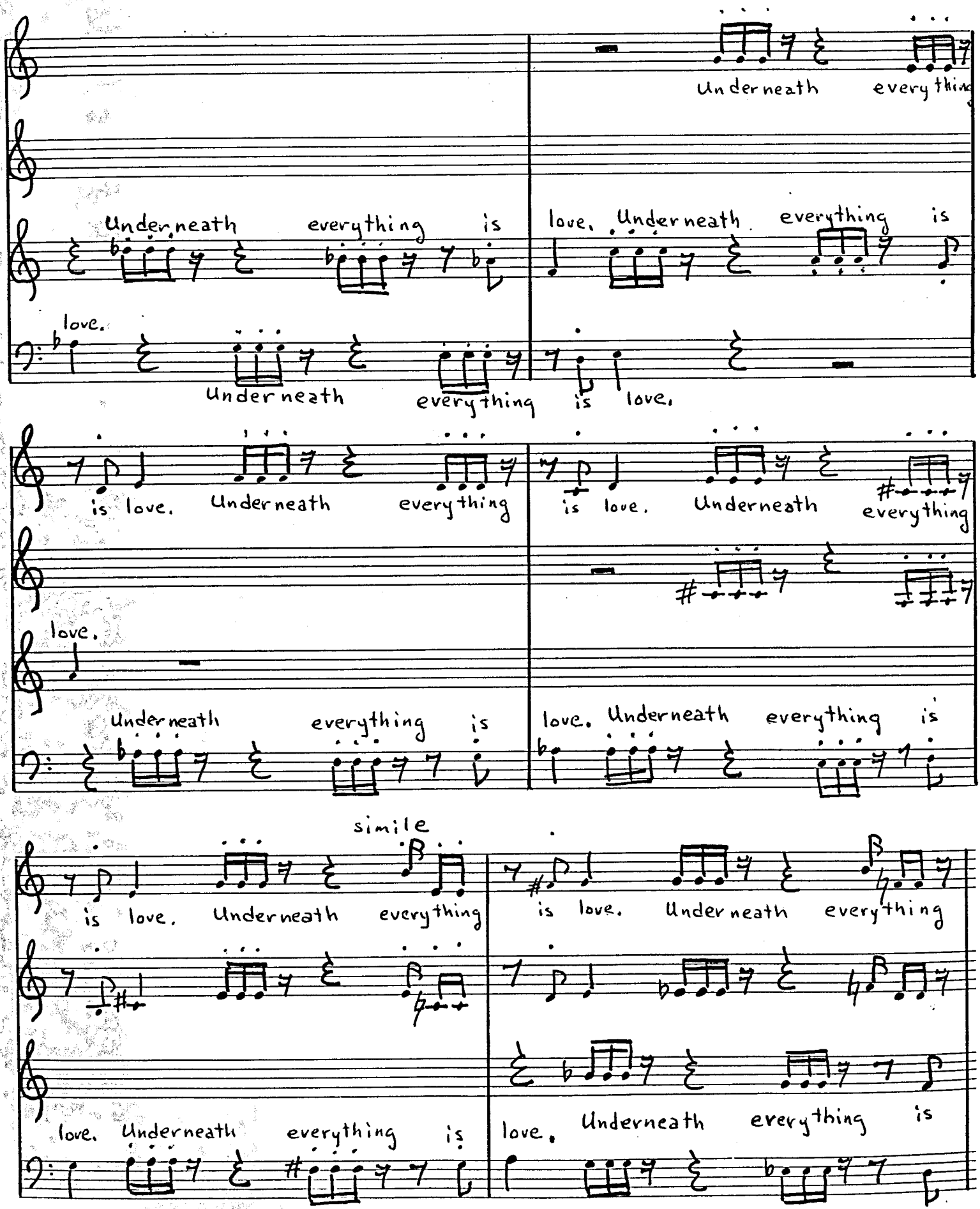
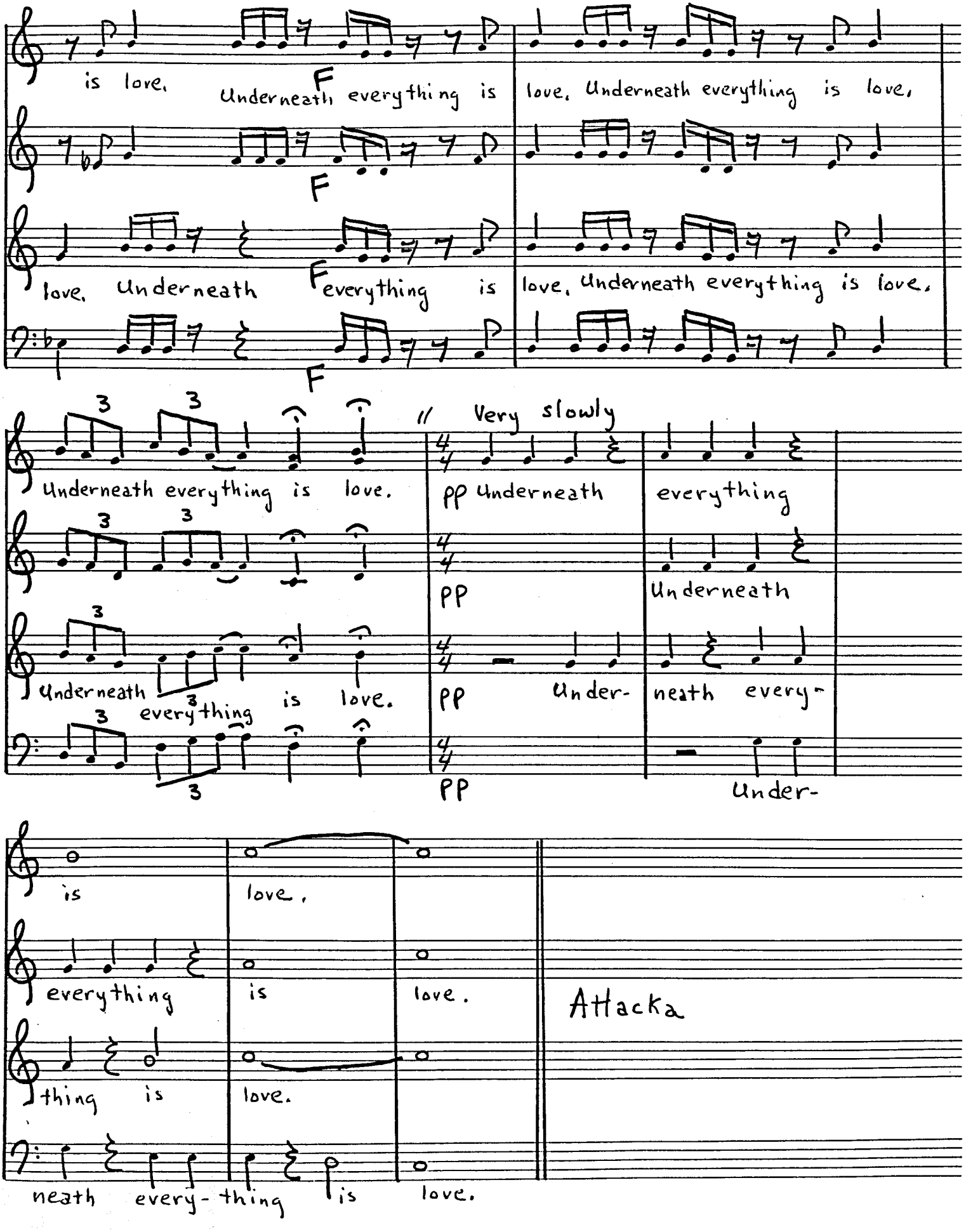

Underneath everything is love. Underneath everything is
love.
Underneath everything is love.
Underneath everything
is love. Underneath everything
is love. Underneath everything
love.
Underneath everything is
love. Underneath everything is
simile
is love. Underneath everything
is love. Underneath everything
love. Underneath everything is
love. Underneath everything is


is love. Underneath everything is love. Underneath everything is love.
F
love. Underneath everything is love. Underneath everything is love.
F
F
Underneath everything is love.
Very slowly
pp Underneath everything
Underneath everything is love.
Underneath
pp Under- neath every-
Under-
is love.
everything is love.
thing is love.
neath every- thing is love.
Attacka

V. Carol of the Bird

Espressivo

p Come lovely and soo - thing death, mF Come lovely and soothing

death, death, death, death, soo - thing

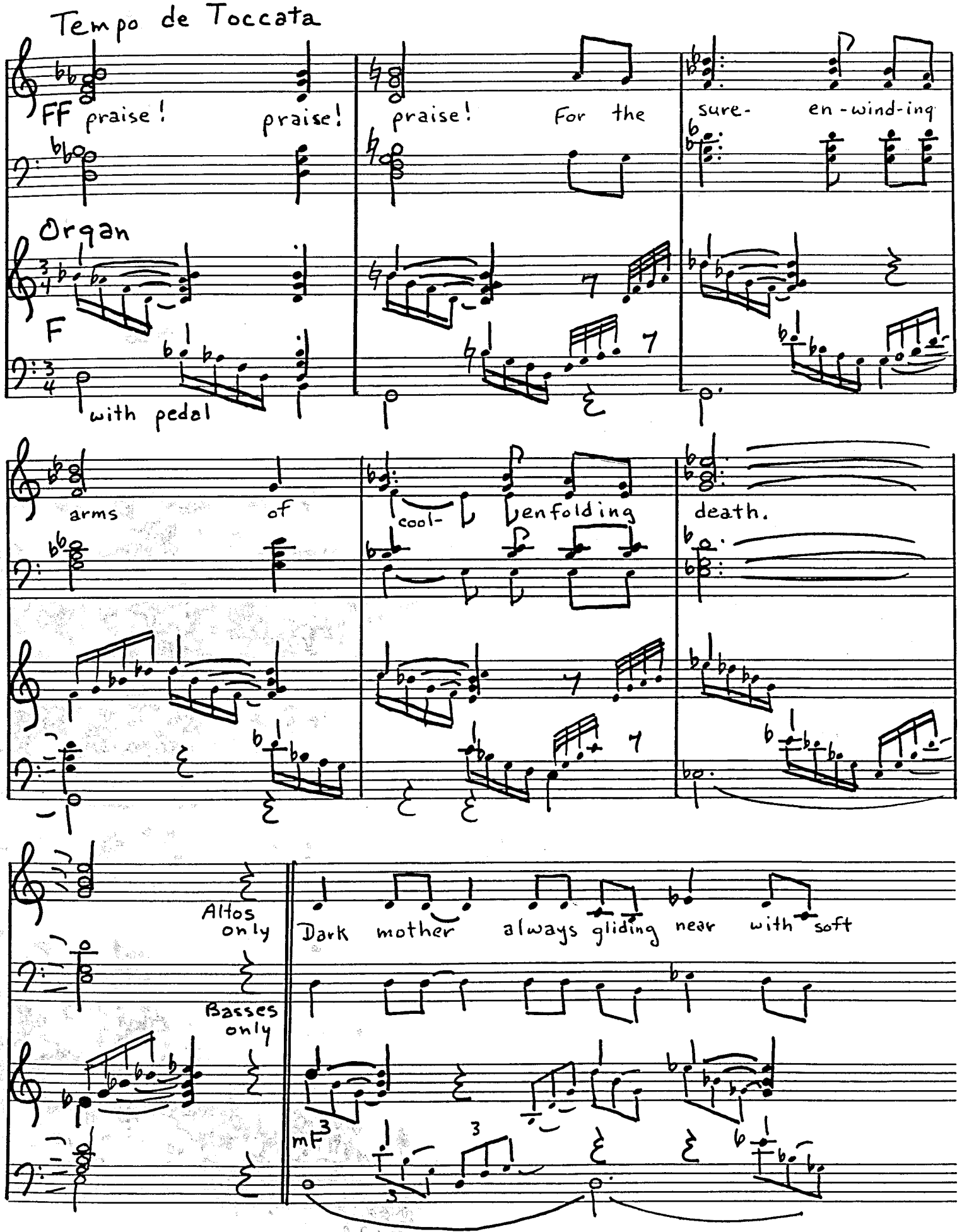
Un - du - late round the world, round the world, se - rene - ly - ar-

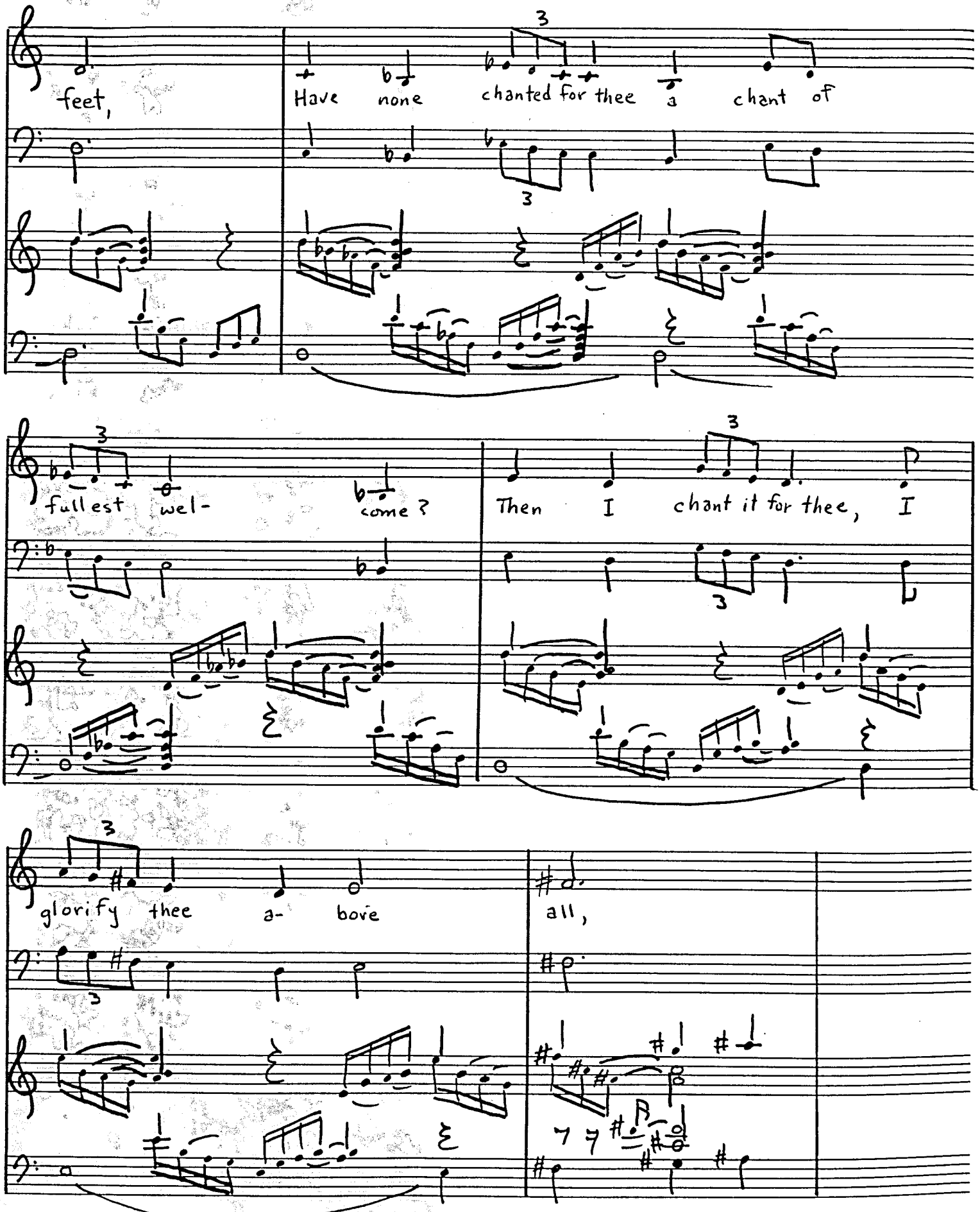
riving, ar-riv-ing, In the day, in the night, p to all, to (to each,) each, each,

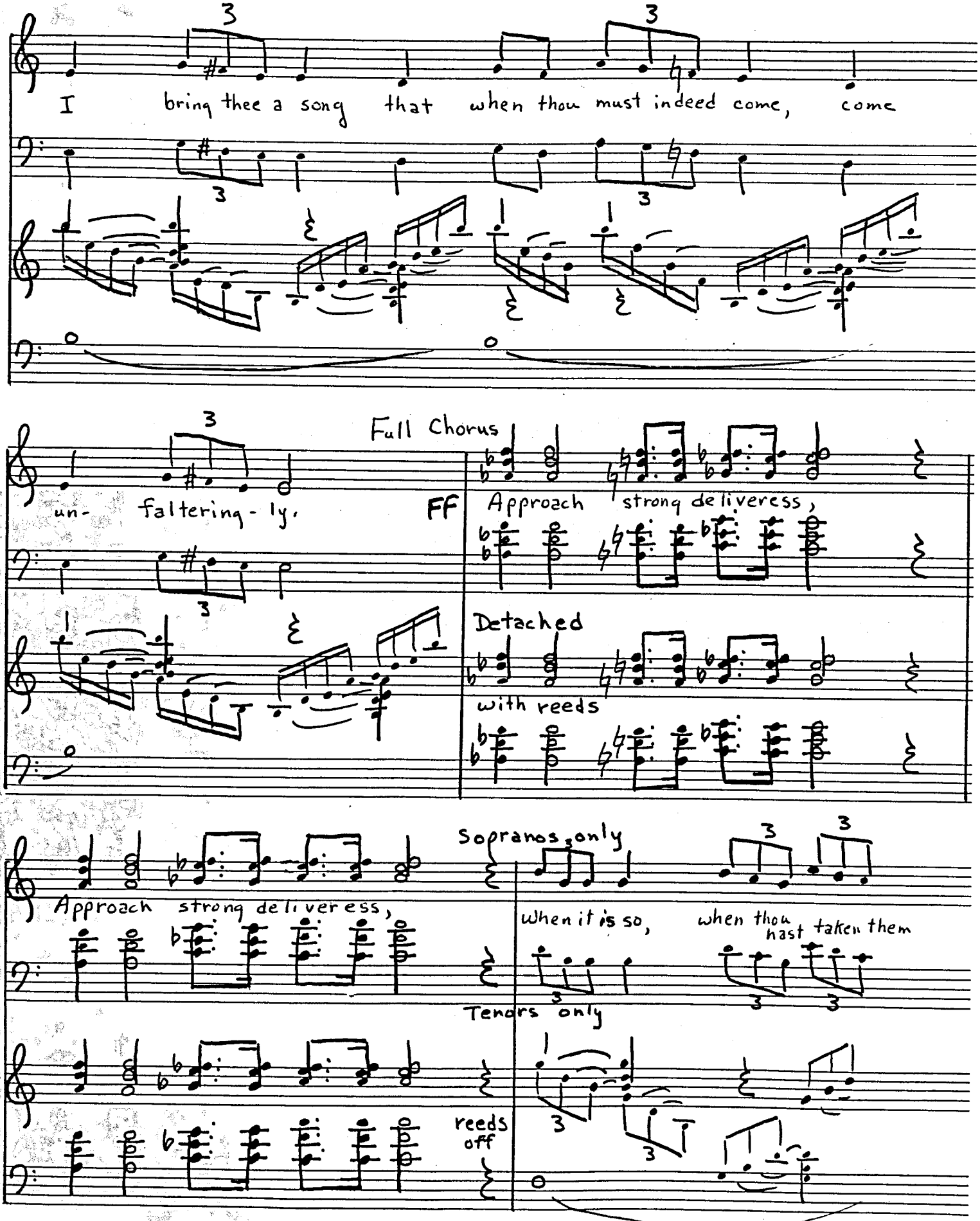
mF Soon er or later delicate death. F Pras'd be the

fathomless universe, For life and joy, P and for objects and knowledge

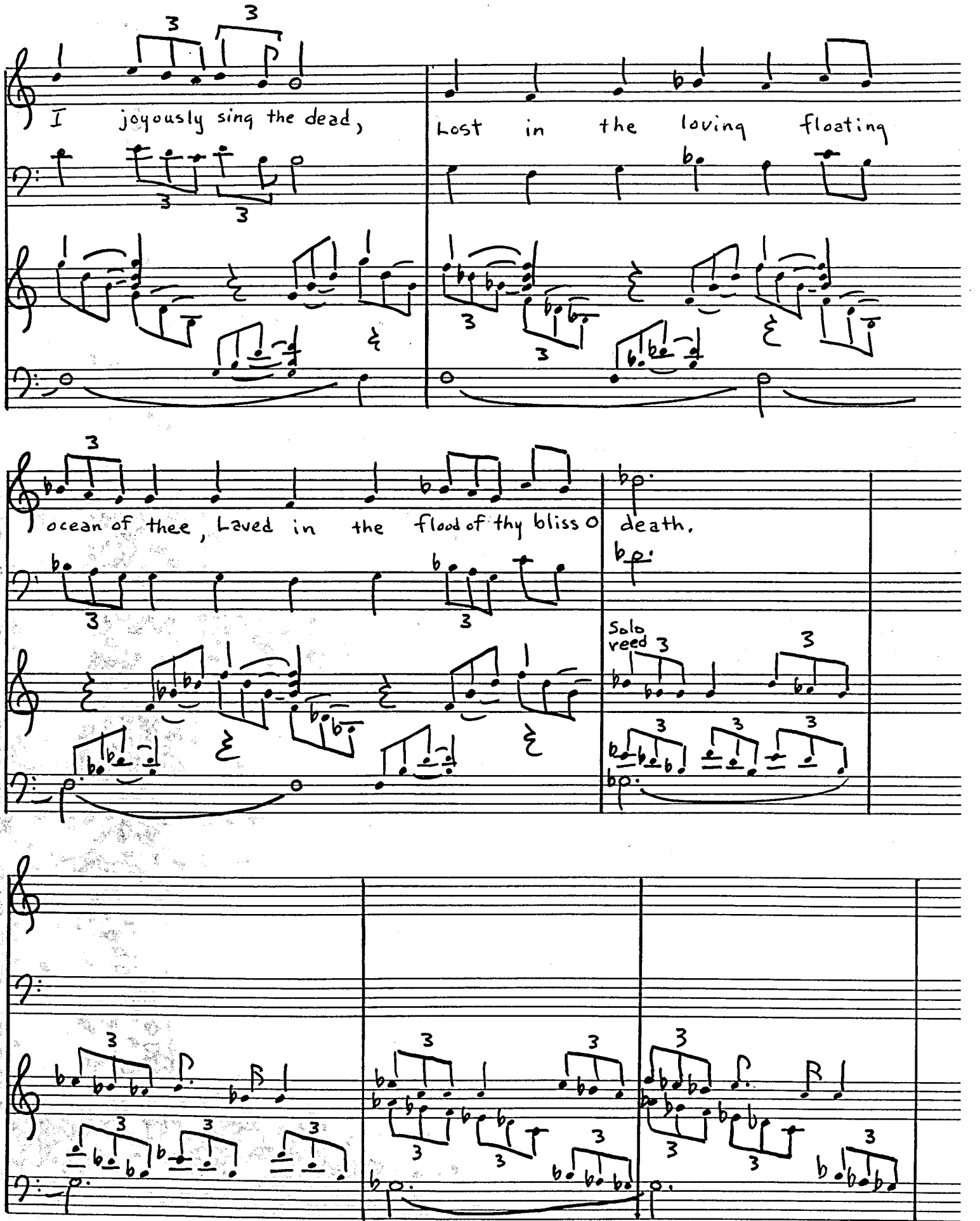
curious, mF And for love, sweet love — but


Tempo de Toccata
FF praise! praise! praise! For the sure- en-wind-ing
Organ
F
with pedal
arms of cool- enfolding death.
Altos only
Basses only
Dark mother always gliding near with soft
mf

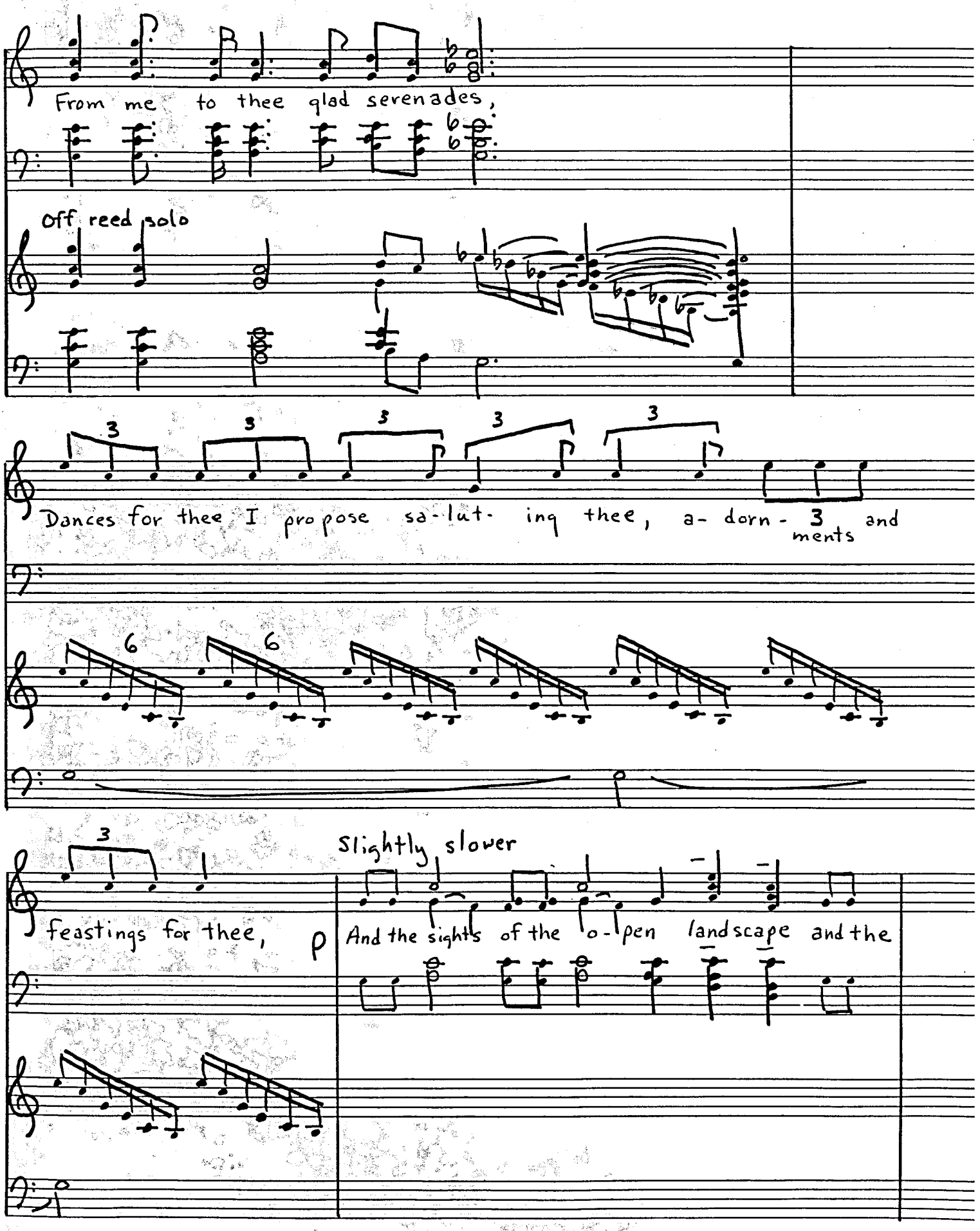

feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of
fullest wel-
come?
Then I chant it for thee, I
glorify thee a- bove
all,

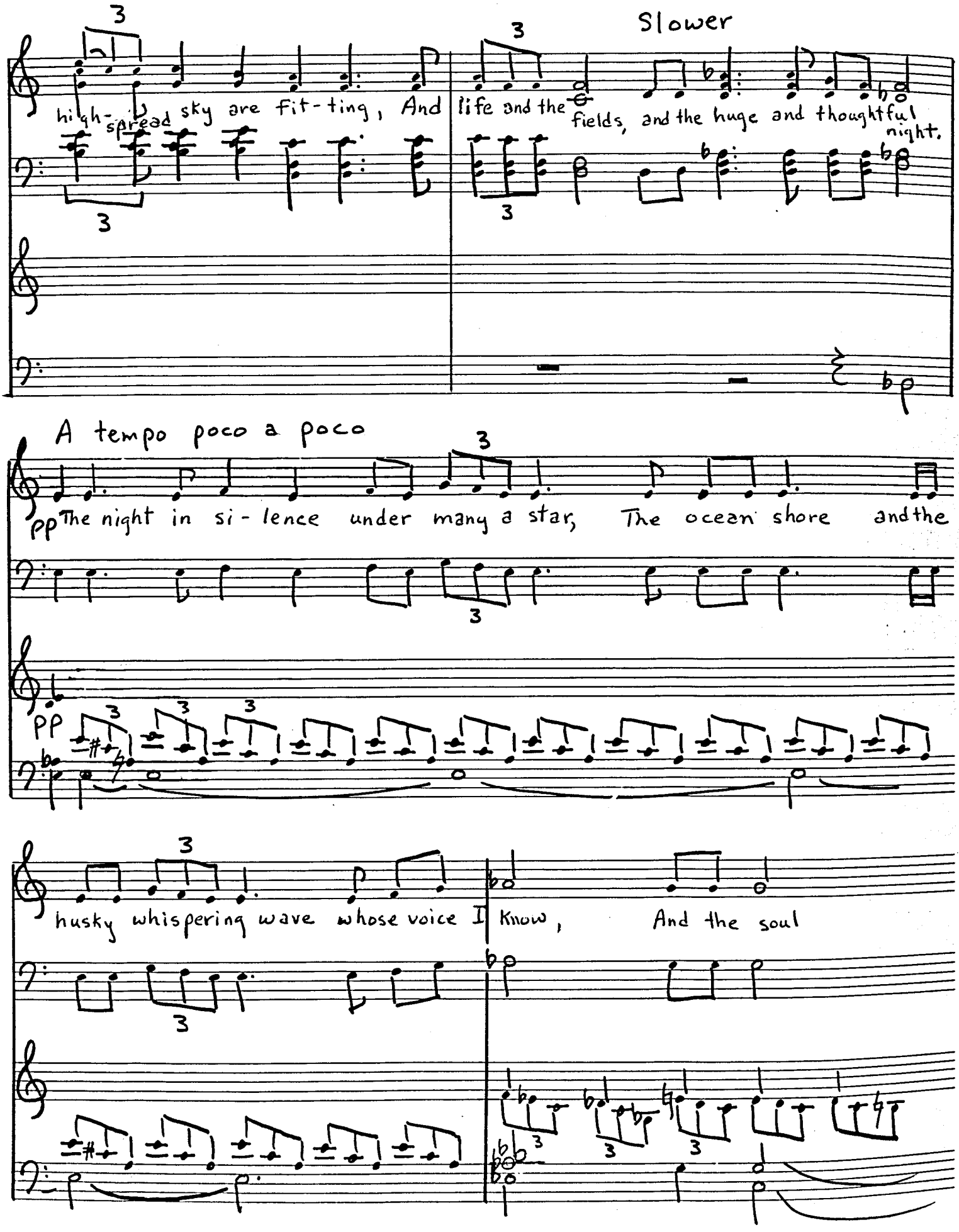


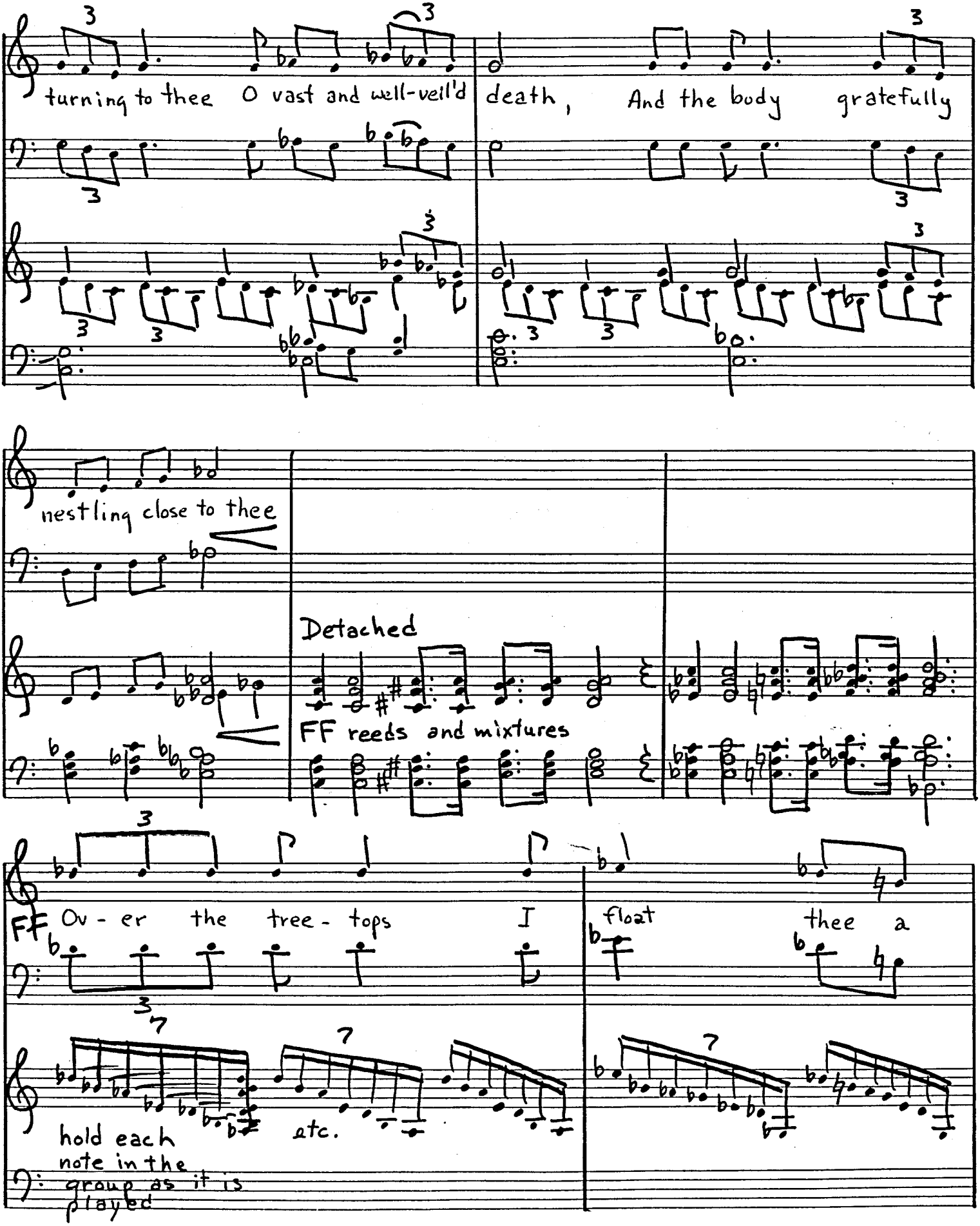
GSCHIRMER'S
ROYAL BRAND

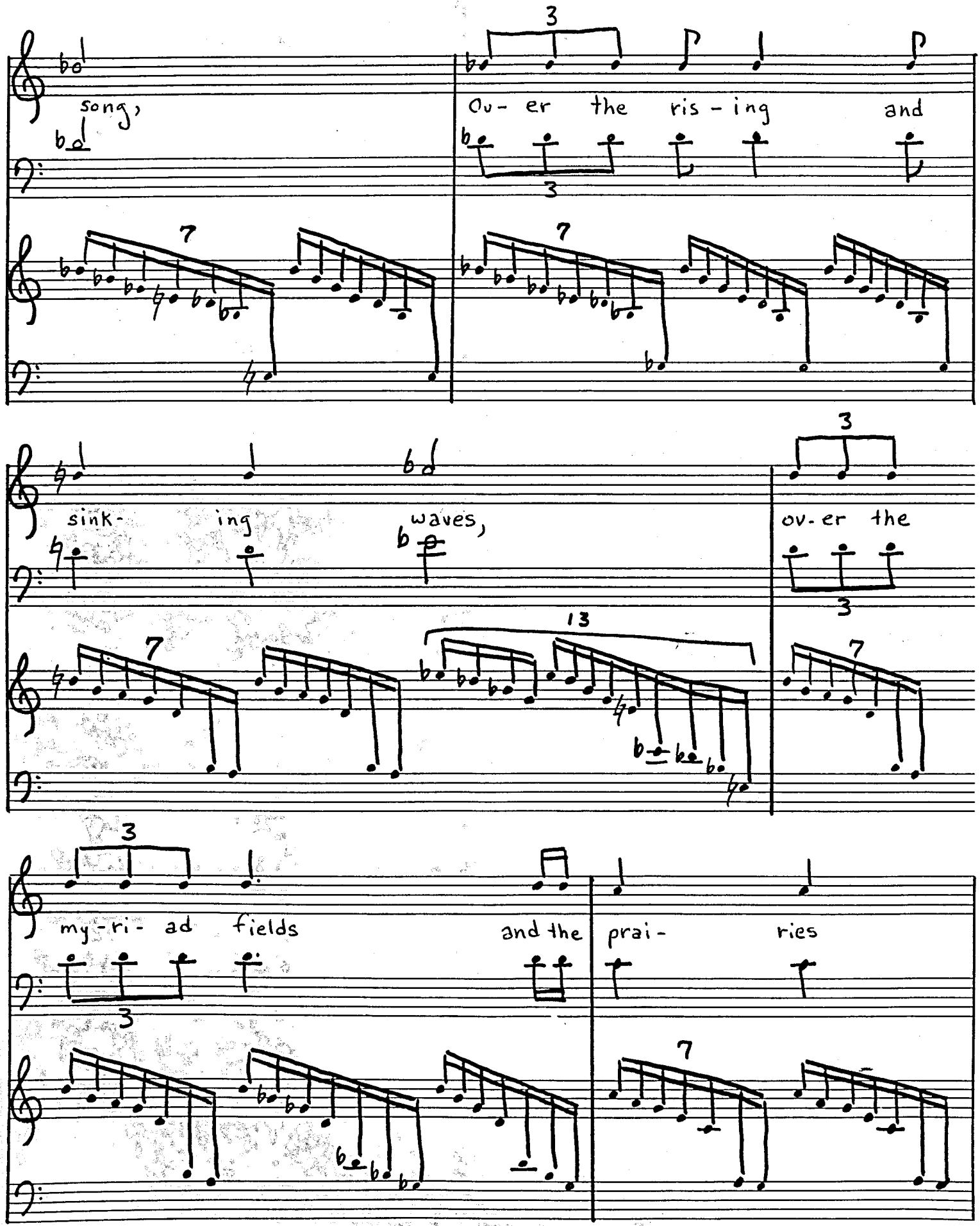

I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating
ocean of thee, Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.
Solo reed

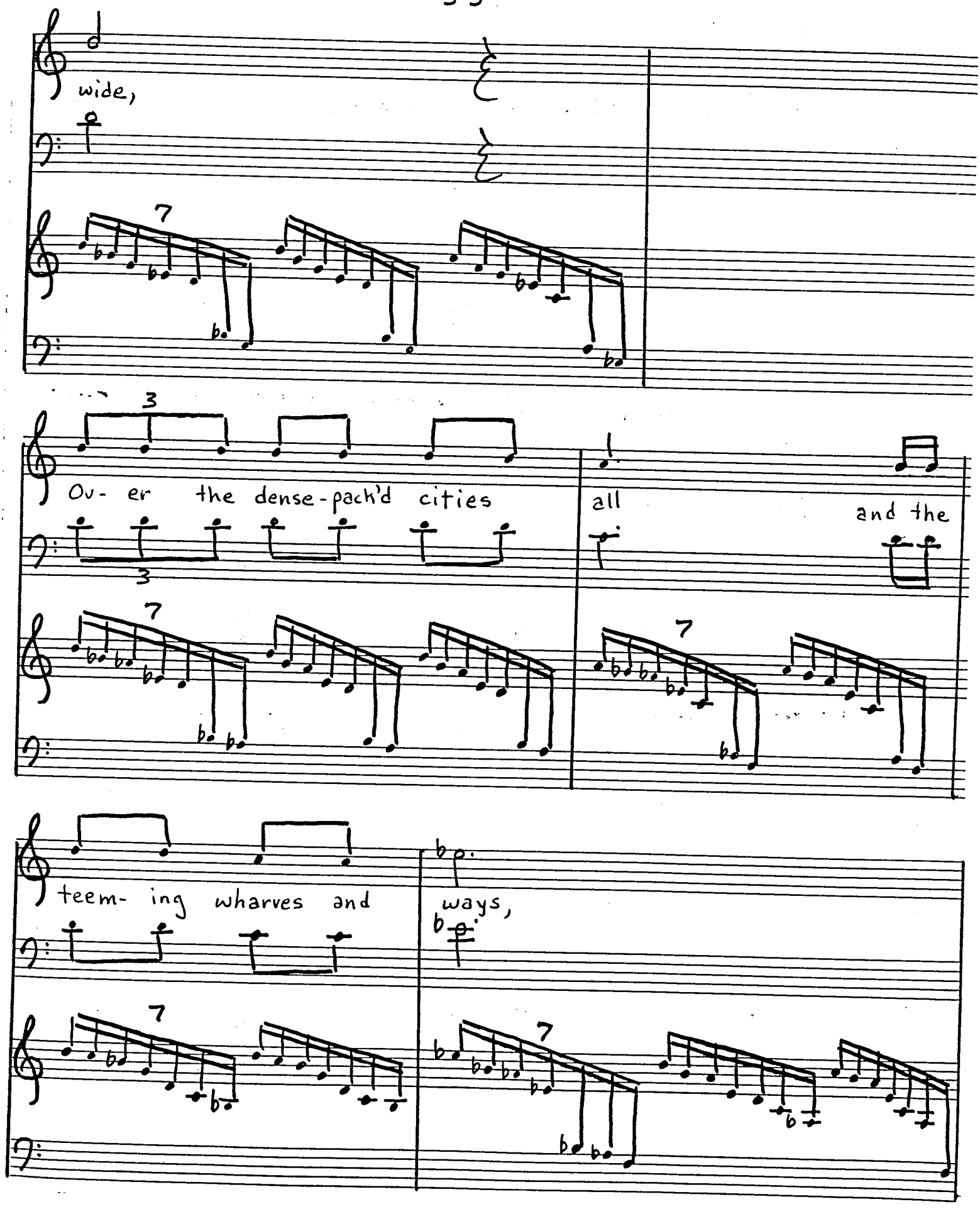
Full chorus


From me to thee glad serenades,
Off reed solo
Dances for thee I propose sa-lut- ing thee, a- dorn- ments and
feastings for thee,
p
Slightly slower
And the sights of the o-pen landscape and the

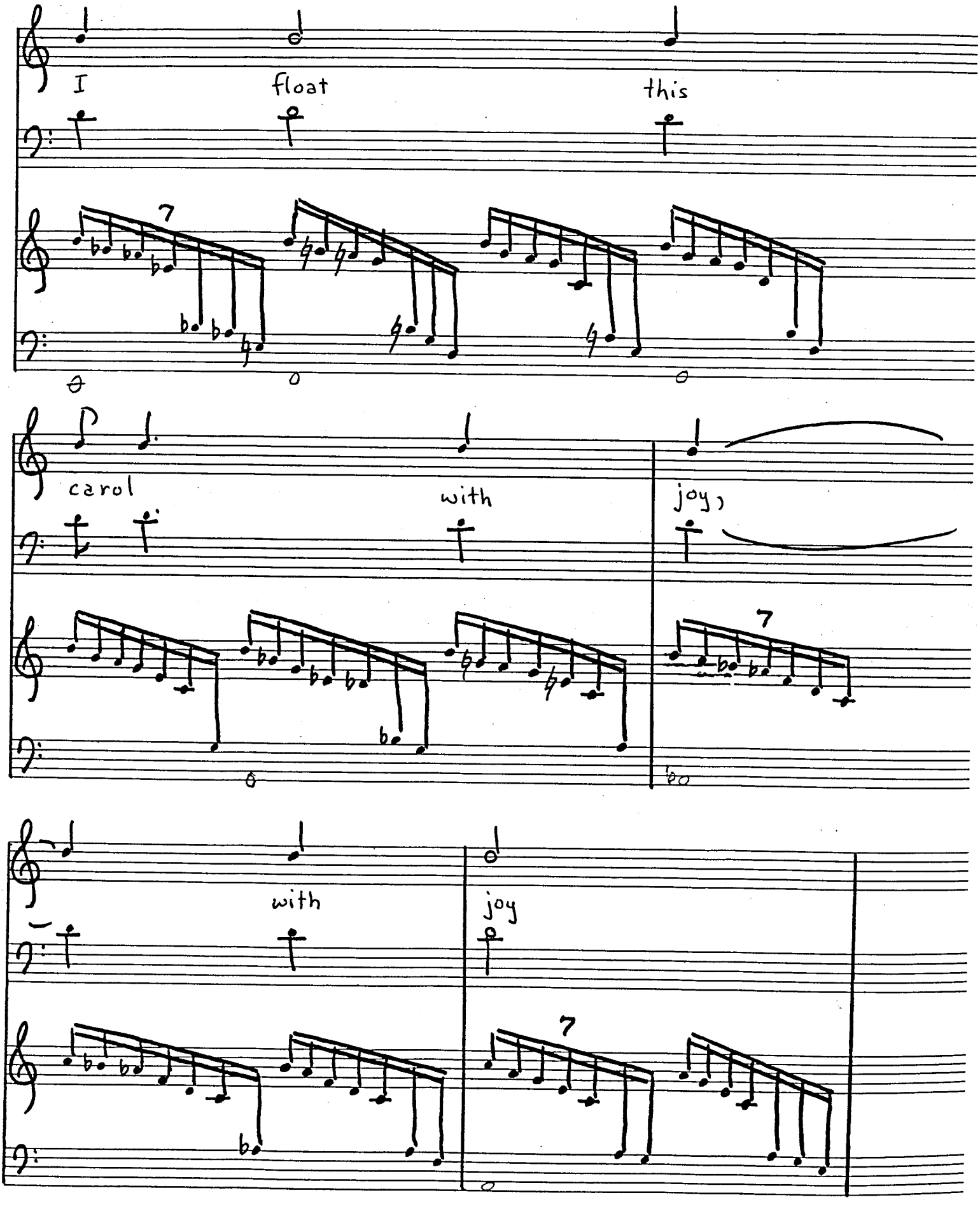

Slower
high-spread sky are fit-ting, And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.
A tempo poco a poco
pp The night in si-lence under many a star, The ocean shore and the
husky whispering wave whose voice I know, And the soul


turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd
death, And the body gratefully
nestling close to thee
Detached
FF reeds and mixtures
FF Ov - er the tree - tops I
float thee a
hold each note in the group as it is played
etc.


song,
Ov- er the ris - ing and
sink- ing waves,
ov- er the
my- ri- ad fields
and the
prai- ries



GSCHIRMER'S
ROYAL BRAND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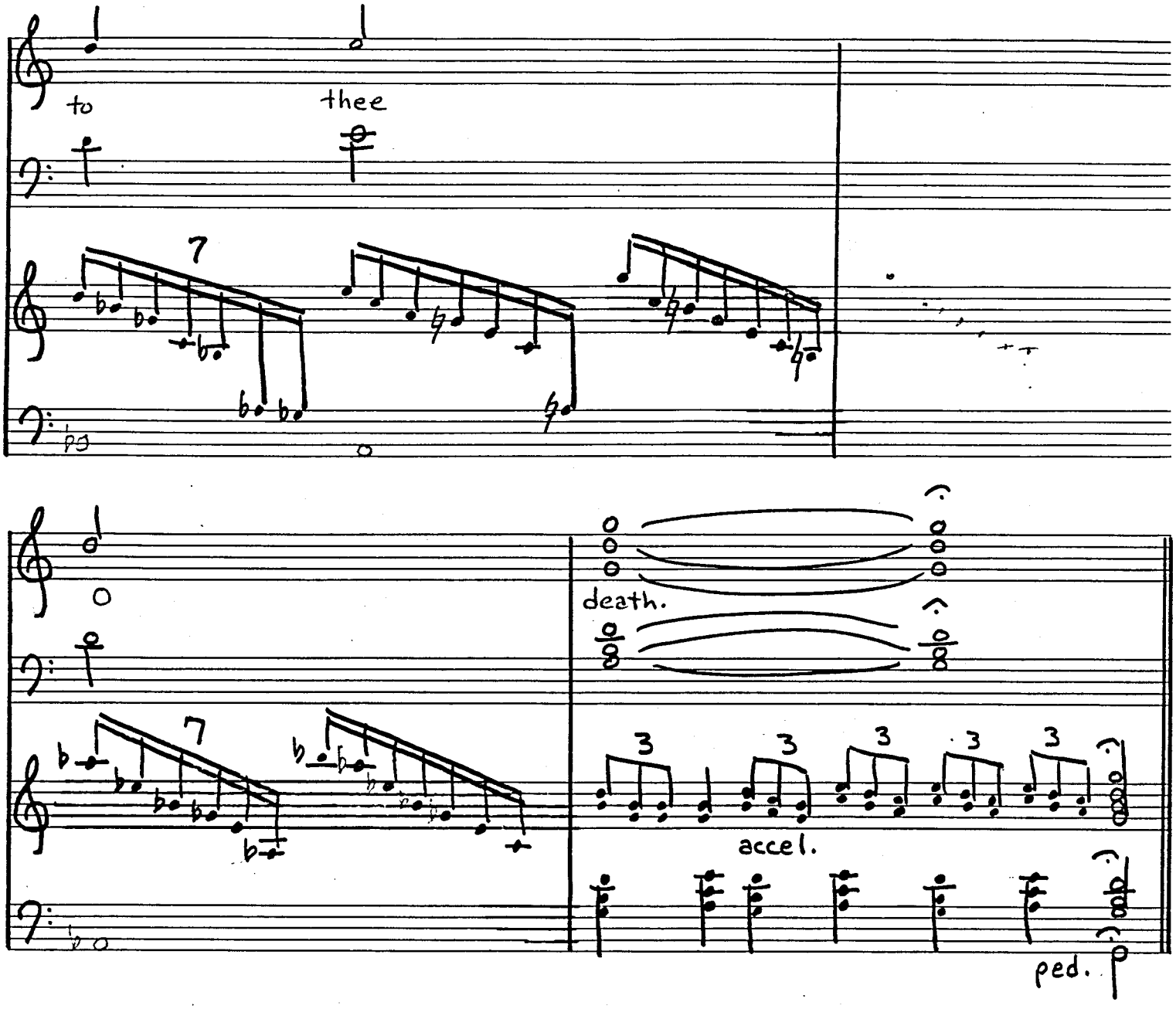

G.SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND