1997

Landscape with Dog

Alan Stringer
Paul L. Mariani

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Landscape with Dog
SATB

Paul Mariani

Tenderly $d = 76$

A Tempo poco rit.

S. & A.

Humming

T. & B.

A Tempo poco rit.

A Tempo poco rit.

Often up the back steps he came bearing gifts:

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frozen squirrels, sodden links of sausage, garter snakes, the
odd sneaker. The gnarled marks are still there,
as witness to that, confined, he took his tensions out on doors and tables.
And life went on, And mornings, peace and war—
good times and depression. 

Pale sticks turned to trees,

boys to larger boys, then men. Ice storm wakes, 

lections came and went. And always he was there, like air,

a goodwife. But then there's this to think about and
Slightly Slower

think about again: The last time I saw Spar-ky he was dy-ing.

His legs trem-bled and he kept mo-ping af-ter me.

I re-mem-ber try-ing to get my stub-born mow-er star-ted,

with no time then to stop— and pet a dog. And
having no time left himself, Sparky thanked me in the only way he could for eleven years of care, then got up and walked out of my life and lay down somewhere in the woods to die, one of the best things life ever handed me, while I went on.

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looking for a one inch nut and bolt in among my rust-ing odds and ends.
Life Story
Tennessee Williams
revised 2006

Basses:

Tenor Bass

After you've been to bed together for the

Piano

Tenors:

T/B

first time without the advantage or disadvantage of

Pno.
Basses:
any prior acquaintance, the other party very often says to you

Tell me about yourself. I want to know all about you, what's your

Tutti:
story? and you think maybe they really and truly do sin
cere·ly want to know your life stor·y and so you light up a ci·gar·ette and be-
bin to tell it to them:
two of you ly·ing to·gether in com·plete·ly re·laxed po·si·tions
like a pair of rag dolls a bored child has dropped on a bed.

You tell them your story or as much of your story as time and a fair degree of prudence allows, and they say...
Tutti:

staccato

Pno.

oh. oh. oh. oh. each time more faintly

and then of course there's some interruption:

Basses:

until the oh is just an audible breath
Slower

T/B

Slow

room

ser-

tice

comes

up

with

a

bowl

of

melt-

ing

ice

cubes

and

one

of

you

Pno.

T/B

rises

to

pee

and

gaze

at

him-

self

with

mild

as-

to-

nish-

ment

in

the

Pno.

T/B

A little slower than original tempo

Tutti:

bath-

room

mir-

ror

And
then the first thing you know, before you've had time to pick up where you left off

with your enthralling life story — they're telling you their life
staccato

as they had intended all along.

and you're saying

oh. oh. oh. oh. each time more faintly
the vowel at last becoming no more than an audible

sign as the elevator halfway down the corridor and a turn to the

left, draws one last breath of exhaustion and stops breathing forever. Then
well, one of you falls asleep and the other one

does likewise with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. And

that's how people burn to death in hotel rooms.