1-31-2011

A Garden of Verses

Alan Stringer

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nm_composer_archive

Recommended Citation

This Musical Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Research Collections and Data at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Composers' Archive by an authorized administrator of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.
A GARDEN OF VERSES

A Cantata based on poems of Robert Lewis Stevenson

By

Alan Stringer

1. Envoy
2. Bright Is the Ring of Words
3. When Aince Aprile Has Fairly Come
4. The Dumb Soldier
5. Where Go the Boats
6. The Land of Nod
7. From a Railway Carriage
8. Requiem
Go, little book, and wish to all

Soprano: f

Alto: f

Tenor: f

Bass: f

Trumpet in C: f

Piano: f

Robert Lewis Stevenson

ALLEGRO

1

Alan Stringer
flowers in the garden, food in the hall, a bin of wine, a spice of wit, a
house with lawns enclosing it, a living river by the door, a
nightingale in the sycamore.
Go, little song, and wish to all
bin of wine, a spice of wit, a house with lawns enclosing it, a
living river by the door, a
night-ingale in the sycamore,

night-ingale in the sycamore,

night-ingale in the sycamore,
SLOWER

pp in the sycamore.

pp in the sycamore.

pp in the sycamore.
Bright Is the Ring of Words

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Lyrically \( \text{L.-} \) 96

Piano

For rehearsal only

Soprano

P Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them,

Alto

P Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them,

Tenor

P Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them,

Bass

P Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs when the singer sings.

Rings them. Fair the fall of songs when the singer sings.

Rings them. Still they are carolled and said on.

Rings them. Still they are carolled and said on.

Rings them. Still they are carolled and said on.

Rings them. Fair the fall of songs when the singer sings.
wings they are carried after the singer is

wings they are carried after the singer is

wings they are carried, are carried after the singer is

wings they are carried, are carried after the singer is

dead and the maker buried.

dead and the maker buried.

dead and the maker buried, and the maker buried.

dead and the maker buried.
Low as the singer lies in the field of heath.

Songs of his fashion bring the swains together.

Low as the singer lies in the field of heather, the field of heather.

Heath er. Songs of his fashion bring the swains together.

---
er, together, and when the west is red with the
er, together, and when the west is red with the
er, the swains together, and when the west is red and the
er, the swains together, and when the west is red and the

sunset embers, the lover lingers and
sunset embers, the lover lingers and
sunset, with the sunset embers, the lover lingers and
sunset, with the sunset embers, the lover lingers and
sings and the maid remembers.
When aince Aprile has fairly come

Alan Stringer

Soprano

Baritone

Snare Drum

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{When aince Aprile has fairly come,} \\
\text{An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,} \\
\text{Aye as love frae land to land} \\
\text{I, wha sand o' rain an' snow,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Heart plays dunt wi' main an' micht;} \\
\text{The las-es' een are a' sae bricht,} \\
\text{Tirls the drum wi' evident hand,} \\
\text{An' wea-ry winter weel a-wa',}
\end{align*} \]

\( \text{dunt = ablow; hurdies = hips; denty = dainty; ram-stam = head-strong; braw = fine} \)
An' pleas'ure's spred for a' and some
Their dresses are sae braw an' ticht,

A' men collect at her com-mand,
Noo busk me in a jack'er braw,

O' what-na state, Love, wi' her-auld re-cruitin' drum,
The bonny bird-ies! Pur' win-ter vir-tue at the sight

Toun-bred or land' art, An' fol-low in a den-ty band
An' tak my place l' the run-stam, har-'um-scar-'um raw,

Than taks the gate.
Gangheels ower hur-dies.

Her gau-cy stan-dart.
Wi' smil-li' face.
When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hid my hiding place; Grasses run like a

Slightly faster

Under grass alone he lies, Looking

up with leaden eyes, scarlet coat and pointed gun To the

stars and to the sun. When the grass is ripe like grain
When the scythe is stoned again, When the lawn is shaven clear, Then my hole shall re-appear.

I shall find him, never fear, I shall find my grenadier; But, for all that's gone and come, I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has
lived, a little thing, in the grassy woods of spring; Done, if he could tell me true,

Just as I should like to do.
He has seen the starry hours and the
springing of the flowers And the fairy things that
springing of the flowers And the fairy things that
springing of the flowers And the fairy things that
springing of the flowers And the fairy things that
pass in the forests of the grass, pp, in the silence he has heard
pass in the forests of the grass, In the silence he has heard
pass in the forests of the grass pp, the silence he has heard
pass in the forests of the grass pp, the silence he has heard
...I

... talk-ing bee and lady bird, And the butterfly has flown

o'er him as he lay a-lone.

...
Tempo I

Muted Trumpet

Trumpet in C

Baritone

Not a word will he disclose, Not a word of all he knows. I must lay him on the shelf, and make up the tale myself.
Where Go the Boats?

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Flows smoothly

Solo voice:

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano
Dark-brown is the river,

Green leaves a floating,

Golden is the sand.

It

Castles of the foam.

Simile
A flow as long for ever, With
Boats of mine a boat ing

T

I

B

it.,--3--,.

Pno.

S

A

no. 9

trees on either hand.
Where will all come home?
On goes the river
Out past the mill,
Away down the valley,

On goes the river
Out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
A way down the hill.
A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,

Other little children

Other little children
Slower

Shall bring my boat to shore.

Shall bring my boat to shore.

Shall bring my boat to shore.

Shall bring my boat to shore.
The Land of Nod

Mezzo-Soprano

Piano

Slowly and flexibly

From breakfast on through all the day at

home among my friends I stay; but every night I go abroad a -
far into the Land of Nod. All by myself I have to go, with none to tell me what to do.

All alone beside the streams and up the mountain-sides of dreams. The strangest things are there for me, both things to eat and things to see, and
man - y frighten - ing sights a - broad till mom - ing in the Land of Nod. Try

as I like to find the way, I nev - er can get back by day, Nor can re - mem - ber plain and clear the

cur - ious mus - ic that I hear.
From a Railway Carriage

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Note: Divide the chorus randomly into 2, 3 and 4 groups; and use these groups in the 2, 3 and 4-part canons.

Trumpet interludes should overlap voices in verses 2 and 3, but allow voices to finish before the last interlude.

Allegro molto

The piano should play an octave tremolo on the D's below middle C throughout, except for final rest.

Dotted quarter = 126

Trumpet in C

Voices:

CTpt.

Fast-er than fair-ies, fast-er than wit-ches,

CTpt.

Brid-ges and hou-ses, hed-ges and dit-ches; And char-ging a-long like troops in a bat-tle,

CTpt.

All through the mead-ows the horses and cat-tle:

CTpt.

All of the sights of the hills and the plain

CTpt.

Fly as thick as driv-ing rain; And ev-er a-gain, in the wink of an eye,

CTpt.

Repeat as a two-part canon.

Paint - ed stat - ions whis-tle by.
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,

All by himself and gathering brambles; Here is a tramp who stands and gazes; and

Repeat as a three-part canon. Trumpets:

here is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a car run away in the road Lump-ing along with a man and a load; And

Repeat as a four-part canon.

here is a mill and there is a river: Each a glimpse and gone forever!
Requiem

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Alan Stringer

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Trumpet with mute

Trumpet in C

Piano
Under the wide and starry sky,
This be the verse you grave for me:

Under the wide and starry sky,
This be the verse you grave for me:

Under the wide and starry sky,
This be the verse you grave for me:

Under the wide and starry sky,
This be the verse you grave for me:
Dig the grave and
Here he lies where he

Dig the grave and
Here he lies where he

Dig the grave and
Here he lies where he

Dig the grave and
Here he lies where he
let me lie.  
Glad did I live  
longed to be;  
Home is the sailor,
I and glad -ly die, And I home from the sea, And the
laid me down with a will.
the hill.
When the entire cantata is performed, this Coda should replace the last measure of "Requiem."

If "Requiem" is performed by itself, then the Coda should be omitted.

Coda (optional) replaces the last measure of the previous page

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Trumpet in C 1

Trumpet in C 2

Piano
Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

words. Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

Ah. Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

Bright is the ring of words. Ah!