1997

Landscape with Dog

Alan Stringer

Paul L. Mariani

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Landscape with Dog
SATB

Paul Mariani

Alan Stringer

Tenderly  \( \frac{d}{j} = 76 \)

A Tempo poco rit.

Humming

S. & A.

Of - ten up the back steps he came bear - ing gifts:

T. & B.

A Tempo poco rit.

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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 a-bout a-gain:— 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
ha-ving no time left him-self, Spar-ky thanked me in the on-ly way he could

for el-e-ven years of care, then got up and walked out of my

life and lay down some-where in the woods to die,

one of the best things life ev-er hand-ed me, while I went on
looking for a one inch nut and bolt among my rusting odds and ends.

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Life Story

Tennessee Williams

revised 2006

Alan Stringer

ASCAP

Basses:

Tenor

Bass

Piano

After you've been to bed together for the

Tenors:

T/B

first time without the advantage or disadvantage of

Pno.
about yourself. I want to know all about you, what's your story? and you think maybe they really and truly do sin -
clearly want to know your life story and so you light up a cigarette and be-

bin to tell it to them:

two of you lying together in completely relaxed positions
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.

til the oh is just an audible breath

Basses:

and then of course there's some interruption:
Slower

poco accel.

Slow room service comes up with a bowl of melting ice cubes and one of you

Tutti: little slower than original tempo

bathroom mirror

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
staccato

as they had intended all along.

and you're saying

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

Basses:
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.