A Garden of Verses

Alan Stringer

Robert Lewis Stevenson

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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
Envoy

Robert Lewis Stevenson

ALLEGRO

\( \frac{1}{4} = 116 \)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Trumpet in C

Piano

Go, little book, and wish to all

Go little book, and wish to all

Go little book and wish to all

Go little book and wish to all

\( \text{Envoy} \)

Robert Lewis Stevenson

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
flowers in the garden, food in the hall
bin of wine, a spice of wit, a house with lawns enclosing it, a
living river by the door, a
SLOOWER

pp in the sycamore.

SLOOWER

pp in the sycamore.

pp in the sycamore.

SLOOWER

pp in the sycamore.
Robert Lewis Stevenson

Lyrically

For rehearsal only

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

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

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

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

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

rings them. Fair the fall of songs when the singer sings
wings they are carried, 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

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 heather, the field of heath-
er. Songs of his fashion bring the swains togeth-
er.
er, together, and when the west is red with the

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

Vigorous

Non legato, detached

Soprano

Baritone

Snare Drum

aince A-prile has fairly come,
heart plays dunt wi' main an' nicht;

An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,
The las-es' een are a' sae bricht,

aye as love frae land to land
I, wha sand o' rain an' snaw,

Tirls the drum wi' eid-ent hand,
An' wea-ry winter weel a-wa',

dunt= ablow; hurdies= hips; denty= dainty; ram-stam= head-strong; braw= fine
An' pleasures spread for a' and some
Their dresses are sae braw an' richt,

A' men collect at her command,
Noo busk me in a jacket braw,

O' what-na state, Love, wi' her-auld recruitin' drum,
The bonny birdies! Pur winter virtue at the sicht

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

Than taks the gate.
Gangsheels ower hur-dies.

Her gau- cy stand-art.
Wi' smil- il' face.
When the grass was closely mown,

Walking on the lawn alone,

In the turf a hole I found

And hid a soldier under ground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hid my hiding place; Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

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 another time, when the lawn is shaven clear, then my hole shall reappear.

Both trumpets:

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

For rehearsal only
springing of the flowers And the fairy things that

pass in the forests of the grass, pp in the silence he has heard

-6- pp
As he lay alone.
Tempo I

Muted Trumpet

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

Flowing smoothly

Solo voice:

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

Alan Stringer
Dark-brown is the river,

Green leaves a floating,

Golden is the sand.

Simile

It castles of the foam,
flows along for ever, With
Boats of mine a boating
On goes the river
Out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river.
A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,

A hundred miles or more,
Shall bring my boat to shore.
The Land of Nod

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 morn - 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

2 Voices:

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

Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches; And charg - ing a - long like troops in a bat - tle,

All through the mea - dows the hors - es and cat - tle:

All of the sights of the hills and the plain

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

Repeat as a two-part canon.

Painted stat - ions whist - le 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 daises!

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 for ever!
Requiem

Robert Lewis Stevenson

Alan Stringer

\( \text{Soprano} \)

\( \text{Alto} \)

\( \text{Tenor} \)

\( \text{Bass} \)

\( \text{Trumpet with mute} \)

\( \text{Trumpet in C} \)

\( \text{Piano} \)
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

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

Dig the grave and here he lies where he

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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

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,

let me lie. Glad did I live
longed to be; Home is the sailor,

let me lie. Glad did I live
longed to be; Home is the sailor,

let me lie. Glad did I live
longed to be; Home is the sailor,
laid me down with a will.

laid me down with a will.

laid me down with a will.

laid me down with a will.
hunter home from

2nd
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

Bright is the ring of words. Ah

Tenor

Ah, Bright is the ring of words.

Bass

Ah,

Trumpet in C 1

Trumpet in C 2

Piano
Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

Bright is the ring of words. Ah!

Bright is the ring of words. Ah!