



Poetry and Proms

by Chris Meyer

1. Music

poem by Amy Lowell

Andante con gran espressione $\text{♩} = 70$ *poco rit.* *a tempo* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

Flute 1

Harp

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Contrabass

p *mf* *molto espress.* *pp* *sub. pp* *pp*

half arco / half pizz.

1 2 3 4 5

The neighbour sits in his
window and plays the flute.

Fl. 1

Perc. 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Vibraphone
motor off
pp

sul tasto
div. a 3
pp

div. a 3
sul tasto

arco
pp

6

7

8

From my bed I can hear him, And the round notes flutter and tap about the room,

And hit against each other, Blurring to unexpected chords.

Fl. 1

Bsn. 1

Tbns. 1 2

B. Tbn.

Tuba

Perc. 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

mf

pp

pp

pp

pp

tr

solo

5 5 6 7

9

It is very beautiful, With the little flute-notes all about me, In the darkness.

10

11

In the daytime, The neighbour eats bread
and onions with one hand And copies
music with the other.

12

13

He is fat and has a bald head,

poco rit.

Fl. 1

Tbns. 1 2

B. Tbn.

Tuba

Hp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

poco rit.

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

20 21 22 23 24

As I lie in my bed The flute-notes push against my ears and lips, And I go to sleep,

dreaming.

2. Music

poem by Stephen Vincent Bennet

Moderato ♩ = 108

C Tpt. 1

Tuba

Timp.

Perc. 1

in the distance
straight mute
1. solo

in the distance
solo

pp

p

pp

p

Bass Drum

pp

p

Moderato ♩ = 108

Cb.

pp

div.

1

2

3

4

5

6

My friend went to the piano; spun the stool
A little higher; left his pipe to cool;
Picked up a fat green volume from the chest;
And propped it open.
Whitely without rest,
His fingers swept the keys that flashed like swords,

... And to the brute drums of barbarian hordes, Roaring and thunderous and weapon-bare, An army stormed the bastions of the air! Dreadful with banners,
fire to slay and parch,

Fls.

1

2

Hns.

1

2

3

4

Tuba

Tim.

Perc. 1

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

con sord.
gliss.

con sord.
gliss.

div. a 3

p

p

mp

mp

p

straight mute

straight mute

3

3

3

3

3

3

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

Marching together as the lightnings march, And swift as storm-clouds. Brazen helmets and cars Clanged to a fierce resurgence of old wars Above the screaming horns. In state they passed,

B♭ Cl. 2

1

Bsns.

2

Hns.

1

2

3

4

Tpts. in C₂

1

3

Tuba

Temp.

Perc. 1

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

p

p

p

straight mute

p

3

3

gliss.

gliss.

gliss.

gliss.

con sord.
gliss.

con sord.
gliss.

14

15

16

17

18

Trampling and splendid on and sought the vast -- Rending the darkness like a leaping knife, The flame, the noble pageant of our life!

Obs. 1 *mp*

Obs. 2 *mp*

Hns. 1, 2, 3, 4

C Tpt. 1 *mp* straight mute

Tuba

Timp.

Perc. 1

Vln. I

Vln. II

Cb.

19 20 21 22

The burning seal that stamps man's high indenture To vain attempt and most forlorn adventure; Romance, and purple seas,

Fls. 1 *p*

Fls. 2 *p*

B♭ Cls. 1 *p*

B♭ Cls. 2 *p*

C Tpt. 1

Tbns. 1 *straight mute*

Tbns. 2 *p*

Tbns. 3

Timp. 3

Perc. 1 *pp* *mp*

Vln. I *gliss.* *p*

Vln. II *gliss.* *p*

Vla. *gliss.* *p*

Vc. *gliss.* *p*

Cb. *gliss.* *p*

23

24

and toppling towns, And the wind's valiance crying o'er the downs;

Fls.

B♭ Cls.

Bsns.

Hns.

Tbns.

Timp.

Perc.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

25

26

27

28

That nerves the silly hand, the feeble brain, From the loose net of words to deeds again And to all courage!

*repeat as
necessary*

Perilous and sharp The last chord shook me as wind shakes a harp!

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3. Sleeping in the World at Midnight and with Music

poem by Joseph de Roche

Adagio sospiro ♩ = 40

1 2 1 2

B♭ Cls.

Bsns.

Hn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

pp < > simile

pp < > simile

pp < > simile

pp < > simile

mp 3

straight mute
1. solo

con sord.

pp legato

sul ponticello

pp legato

no open strings

pp < > simile

no open strings
div.

pp < > simile

no open strings

pp < > simile

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

I dreamed how in a great asylum So baroque as to be filled with Music daily, I was Schumann. How beside me, strict as nurses But compassionate as saints
And wise as doctors, were my calm wife, Clara, and the portly Brahms. They played together on two twin pianos While, in an interval of casement windows,
I saw such inmates as could walk were Walking slowly to the stately music, Upright, awake, and nearly conscious.

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

And I dreamed I wrote a spring cantata, Then fell asleep to hear it sung By thousands to a background faintly Reminiscent of two clear pianos. Within the room there was a globe of all the world which I kept turning, Rhythmically, to match the stepping of Those endless patients I rose to give a courtly smile to Clara, Shake the hand of Brahms in friendship, And withdrew to stroll upon the cushioned Lawn with these, my brothers. Beneath my feet I heard the world fall Forward into traffic; behind me There was music of my own That I remembered. And I knew that here I was poor Schumann and poor Schumann

*repeat
as necessary*

B♭ Cls.

1

2

Bsns.

1

2

Hn.

1

*repeat
as necessary*

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

18

19

20

21

22

23

Only, once musician, now the harmless madman Of one room that,
spinning, kept the world before him.

4. Serpent

poem by Theodore Roethke

Allegro ♩ = 120

Fls.

B♭ Cls.

Bsns.

Hns.

Tpts. in C₂

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Fls. 1

Hns. 1, 2

Tpts. in C 1

2

Tuba

Perc. 1

Vln. I

Vln. II

8

There was a Serpent who had to sing.
 There was. There was.
 He simply gave up Serpentine.
 Because. Because.

He didn't like his Kind of Life;
 He couldn't find a proper Wife;
 He was a Serpent with a soul;
 He got no Pleasure down his Hole.
 And so, of course, he had to Sing,
 And Sing he did, like Anything!

[illegible]

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it.

They sent, -you always send, -to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;

They got a Horn, they got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.

Picc.

1

Fls.

2

1

Obs.

2

B♭ Cls.

1

2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

start slow, get faster

f

start slow, get faster

f

start slow, get faster

f

start slow, get faster

f

scratch tone

f

scratch tone

f

20

21

22

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.

Picc.
 1
 Fls.
 2
 1
 Obs.
 2
 1
 B♭ Cls.
 2
 Vln. I
 Vln. II
 Vla.
 Vc.
 Cb.

somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 somewhat chaotic
f 3 3 3 3 6 6 *p*
 gliss. normale
f 6 6 *p* pizz.
 gliss.
f 6 6 *p* pizz.
 pizz.
f *p*
 pizz.
f *p*

23 24 25

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
 "I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
 And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
 As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

Music: Lowell

(musical introduction, conductor cues Richard to begin)

The neighbour sits in his window and plays the flute.
From my bed I can hear him,
And the round notes flutter and tap about the room,
And hit against each other,
Blurring to unexpected chords.
It is very beautiful,
With the little flute-notes all about me,
In the darkness.

(music changes to dark, rumbling sound)

In the daytime,
The neighbour eats bread and onions with one hand
And copies music with the other.
He is fat and has a bald head,
So I do not look at him,
But run quickly past his window.
There is always the sky to look at,
Or the water in the well!
But when night comes and he plays his flute,
I think of him as a young man,
With gold seals hanging from his watch,
And a blue coat with silver buttons.
As I lie in my bed
The flute-notes push against my ears and lips,
And I go to sleep, *(music pauses)* dreaming.

Sleeping in the World at Midnight and with Music: de Roche

(musical introduction, conductor cues Richard to begin)

I dreamed how in a great asylum
So baroque as to be filled with
Music daily, I was Schumann.

How beside me, strict as nurses
But compassionate as saints
And wise as doctors, were my calm wife,

Clara, and the portly Brahms.
They played together on two twin pianos
While, in an interval of casement windows,

I saw such inmates as could walk were
Walking slowly to the stately music,
Upright, awake, and nearly conscious.

And I dreamed I wrote a spring cantata,
Then fell asleep to hear it sung
By thousands to a background faintly

Reminiscent of two clear pianos.
Within the room there was a globe
Of all the world which I kept turning,

Rhythmically, to match the stepping of
Those endless patients
I rose to give a courtly smile to Clara,
Shake the hand of Brahms in friendship,

And withdrew to stroll upon the cushioned
Lawn with these, my brothers.
Beneath my feet I heard the world fall

Forward into traffic; behind me
There was music of my own
That I remembered. And I knew that here

I was poor Schumann and poor Schumann
Only, once musician, now the harmless madman
Of one room that, spinning, kept the world
before him.

Serpent: Roethke

(musical introduction, conductor cues Richard to begin)

There was a Serpent who had to sing.
There was. There was.
He simply gave up Serpentine.
Because. Because.

He didn't like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.
And so, of course, he had to Sing,
And Sing he did, like Anything!

(astounding honking sounds)

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it. *(drummer holds up drum)*
They sent, —you always send, —to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba; *(tuba honks)*
They got a Horn, they got a Flute, *(horn and flute toot)*
But Nothing would suit.
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.

(horrible, throat splitting sound)

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

Music: Benet

(begin without orchestra)

My friend went to the piano; spun the stool
A little higher; left his pipe to cool;
Picked up a fat green volume from the chest;
And propped it open.
Whitely without rest,
His fingers swept the keys that flashed like swords, *(drums begin)*
... And to the brute drums of barbarian hordes,
Roaring and thunderous and weapon-bare,
An army stormed the bastions of the air!
Dreadful with banners, fire to slay and parch,
Marching together as the lightnings march,
And swift as storm-clouds. Brazen helms and cars
Clanged to a fierce resurgence of old wars
Above the screaming horns. In state they passed,
Trampling and splendid on and sought the vast --
Rending the darkness like a leaping knife,
The flame, the noble pageant of our life!
The burning seal that stamps man's high indenture
To vain attempt and most forlorn adventure;
Romance, and purple seas, and toppling towns,
And the wind's valiance crying o'er the downs;
That nerves the silly hand, the feeble brain,
From the loose net of words to deeds again
And to all courage! Perilous and sharp
The last chord shook me as wind shakes a harp!

(great crashing orchestral burst)

... And my friend swung round on his stool, and from gods we were men,
"How pretty!" we said; and went on with our talk again.