

Transposing Score

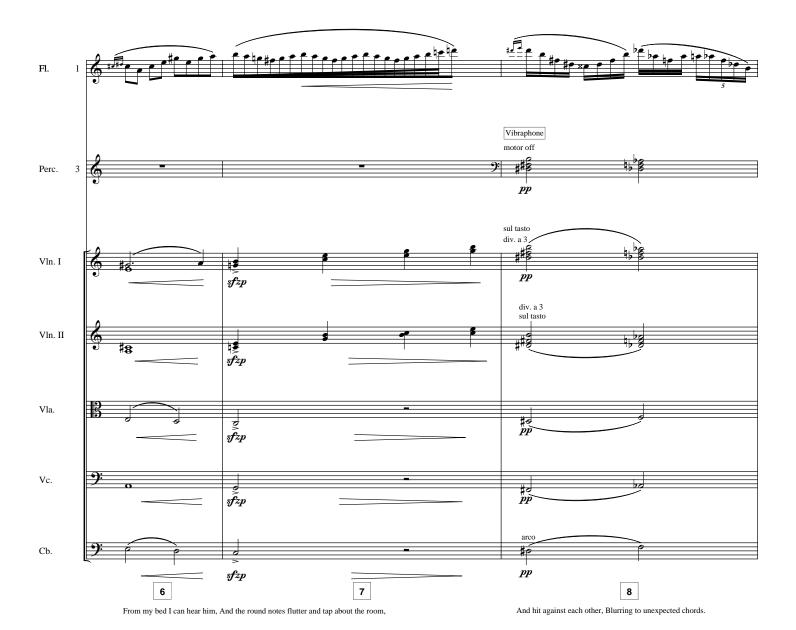
## Poetry and Proms

by Chris Meyer

### 1. Music

poem by Amy Lowell





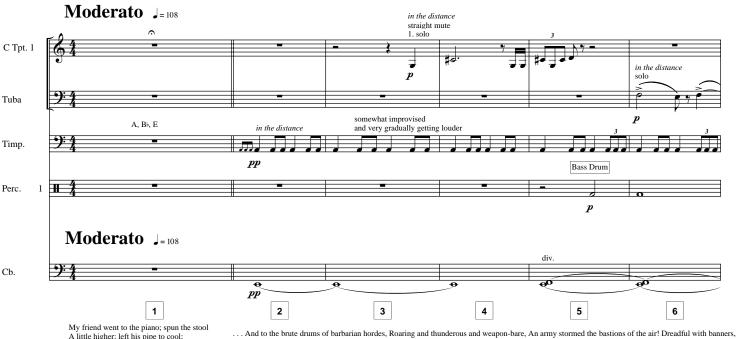






## 2. Music

#### poem by Stephen Vincent Bennet



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,

... 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,

His fingers swept the keys that flashed like swords,



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!



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





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



... 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.

# 3. Sleeping in the World at Midnight and with Music

poem by Joseph de Roche

#### Adagio sospiro J=40

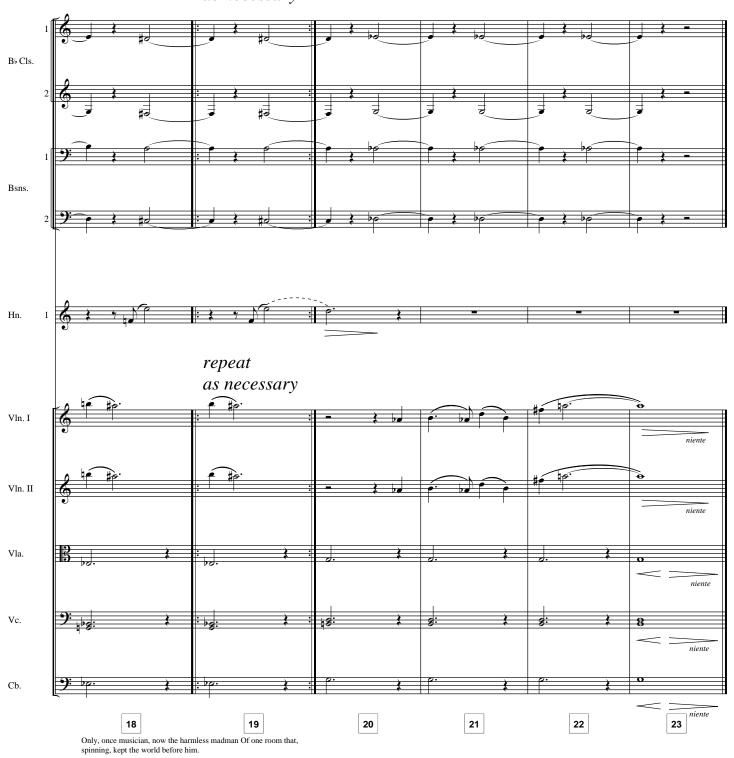


I dreamed how in a great asylumSo baroque as to be filled with Music daily, I was Schumann. How beside me, strict as nurses But compassionate as saints And wise as doctors, were my calm wife, Clara, and the portly Brahms. They played together on two twin pianos While, in an interval of casement windows, 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

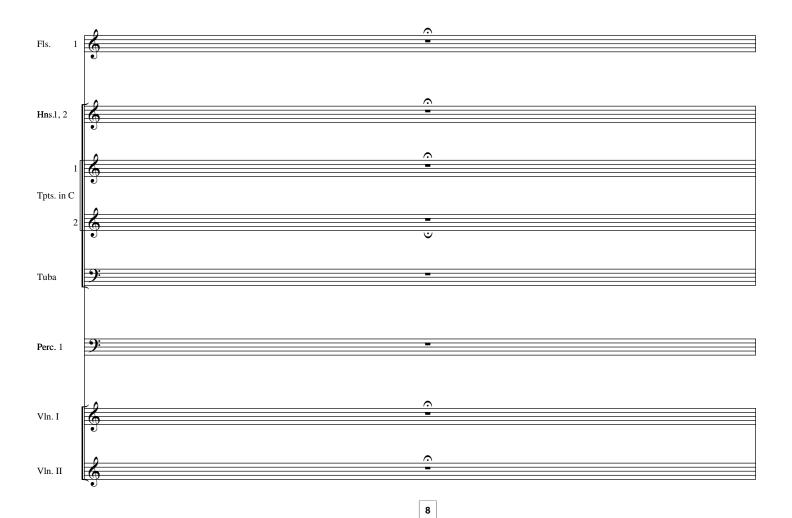
repeat as necessary



## 4. Serpent

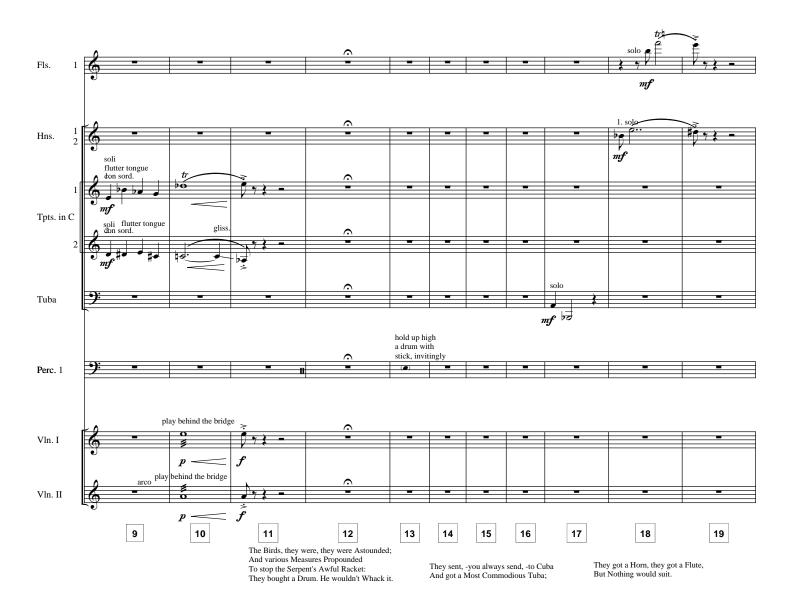
poem by Theodore Roethke





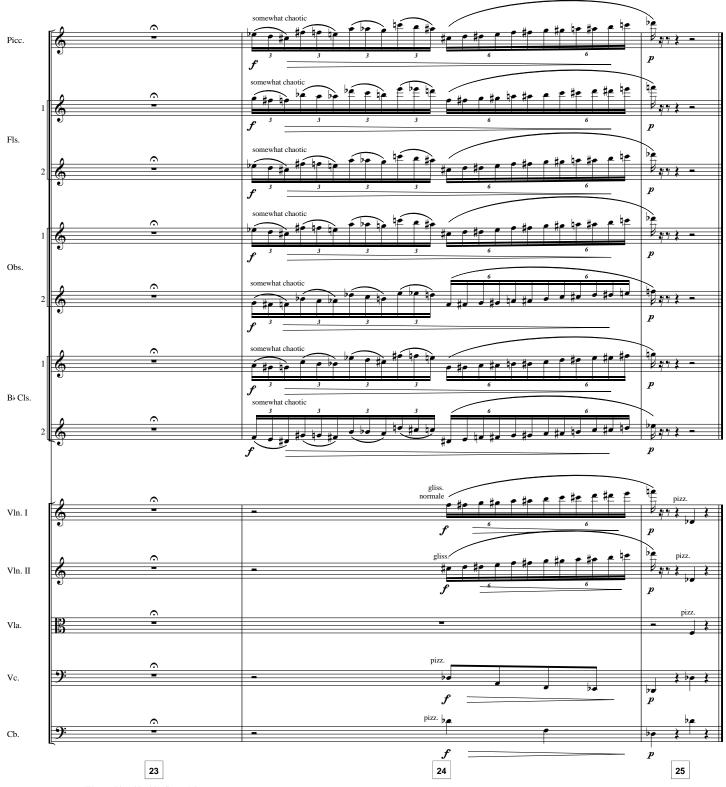
There was a Serpent who had to sing. There was. There was. He simply gave up Serpenting. Because. Because.

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!





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.



"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 Serpenting. 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)

 $\dots$  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.