

1. Late Sun

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Lavinia Greenlaw

♩ = 108 Translucent

Baritone

Dy - ing wasps make drun - ken
mf

Piano
mf

7

pass - es at my hair. They are drawn to glass, as air, and can - not tell.
f

f

13 ♩ = 116 slightly faster

Up on the hill, a garr - u - lous crow is test - ing the length of a

f

19

val - ley in win - ter.
rit.

f

23 $\text{♩} = 96$ *slower*

Jets trail simple de - par - ture.

mp

27

There are giants a - mong us. Tall sha - dows flare.

p *mf*

2. Les Grandes Passions Manquees

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Irving Feldman

1 $\text{♩} = 158$ *Passionately*

Had she

mf

6

sur - vived her im - mo - la - tion

11

and lived on in qui-et dis-fig ure-ment, Di - do

16

— would have ha - ted the lost fire and

20

par-tial com bus - tion and what in her was earth-en and too in - si-pid to burn.

rit. ♩=120

3. Samurai Song

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Robert Pinsky

♩=160 Glassy

Baritone

When I had no roof *f* I made au - da - ci - ty my roof. When I had no sup-per

Piano

30

my eyes dined. *mf* When I had no eyes I list-ened. When I had no ears I thought.

Piano

35

When I had no thought I wait - ed. When I had no fa-ther I made care my fa - ther. When I had no mo-ther I em

Piano

40

braced or - der. *f* When I had no friend I made

Piano

45

qui-et my friend. When I had no En - e - my I op - posed my bo - dy. When

49

I had no tem ple. I made my voice my tem - ple. I have no priest, my

55

tongue is — my choir. When I have no means for - tune is my means. When I have noth - ing When I have noth - ing

61

When I have noth - ing When I have noth - ing death will be my for - tune.

67

Need is my tac - tic, de - tach-ment my stra-te-gy. When I had no lo-ver I cour-ted my sleep.

f

4. Crown

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Kay Ryan

♩ = 150 Richly

Baritone

Too much rain loos-ens trees In the hills

mf *f*

Piano

Ped. *mf* *f* *Ped.*

6

gi - ant oaks fall u-pon their knees.

mf *f*

rit.

ped. etc.

10

♩ = 130 slower

You can touch parts you have no right to - pla-ces on - ly birds should fly to.

mf *mp*

rit.

Ped.

5. Hour

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Mark Strand

1 $\text{♩} = 160$ Rhythmically

Baritone

The ex-tra ho - ur gi-ven back to e - ter-ni-ty _____
mp

Piano

mp

8

_____ The ho - ur gained by tra - velling west _____ The ho - ur of the i - ma-gined em - pire _____

15

_____ The deep - est ho - ur of the dark - est seas The guilt-y ho - ur that pre-cedes ca-
mf

mf

23

tas-tro phe _____ The ho-ur it takes to go from here to there _____ The haun - ted

30

hour of the know - ledge of death The ho ur_ in which the_ moon dark ens_

36

The hour that moves through the mind_ like cloud sha - dow_ The

42

blue ho - ur that rests_ on_ the roof of_ the house The ho - ur that is_ the mo - ther of mi - nutes and

48

grand - mo ther of se - conds The swol - len ho - ur of pain, e nough, e - nough

53

The ho-ur when mice run in the walls The bronze ho - ur of e -

59

lec - tric - al wea ther The cloi-stered hour of the nun's great mo ment The neck lace_ of ho - urs_

66

the wi - dow wears_____ The numb - ing ho - urs
mf

72

of a night in Nome_____ The sound of ho - urs in the brea-thing of

77

plants _____ The cen - tral hour that ex - ists with - out_ you_ The

83

ho-ur in which the u - ni-verse be-gins to die _____ The ha - llu-ci-na to - ry ho - ur that

f

89

hangs for-e - ver The ho - ur that flashed up - on the skin The ho - ur_ of

95

fin - al_ mu - sic _____ The ho - ur_ of pain - less_

ff

100

sol - i - tude_ The *mp*

104 ♩=120 slower

ho - ur of moon - light u - pon her bo - dy.

mp

6. The Fruit Bat

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Nancy Willard

♩ = 110 Precise

Baritone

Be cause the air has dark ened like bruised fruit, you creep down the bare branch where you slept all light

mp

Piano

mp

6

long, gath-ered in-to your-self like a fig. Lit-tle man da-rin wo-man flee ing

mf

mf

11

un-der the stars on bound feet, when your wings spring o- pen

mp *f*

15

ev-en you look sur- prised. What are the ra-ven's slick feathers be-side these pew-ter sails raised in the

mp *p*

19

foun - dry of your flesh, bur-nished by light poured from a wast - ed

mp *f*

23

moon and a di - pper brim-ming with dark-ness ?

mp *f*

7. Houses

13

poem by Nancy Willard
music by Eric Shanfield

♩ = 110 Slightly Nostalgic

Baritone

My fa - ther's house was made of sky. His book - case-s stood twelve feet high.

mf

Piano

mf
Ped.

5

The snow - y owl my fa - ther tamed, the stones he showed me,

mf
Ped. etc.

10

stars he named, ag - ate, quartz, the Milk - y Way. "It's good to know their

mf
Ped.

14

names," he'd say, "so when I'm gone and you are grown, in an - y world you'll

mf
Ped.

18

feel at home." *mp* My mo - ther's house was made of talk.

23

Words that could rouse a flea to fight or make a stone stand up and

28

walk *f* Words filled the kit-chen day and night. *p*

sub. *f* *p* 8th.....

33

Grand - pa knew all the Psalms by heart. My mo - ther's sis - ters

(8)..... *mp*

38

knew the art of tell - ing tales and lies so new

41

5:6
all those who heard them thought them true.

p

45

p
My house is qui - et - er than theirs. My prom - i - ses are frail as foam.

50

I still for-get to say my prayers. Be-tween the lines I plucked this poem.

8va

3/4

55

Look up. To the discerning eye, my house stands open to the sky.

mf

8^{va}

mf

8. The Small White Churches of the Small White Towns

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Donald Justice

1 ♩ = 72 Hymnodic

The twang-y, off-key hymn songs of the poor, Not

mf

mf

vcl

7

mu-si cal, but some-how beau-ti- ful. And the

mp

ped. →

f

11

pa-per fans in mo-tion, like lit-tle wings.

mp

9. April 5, 1974

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Richard Wilbur

1 ♩ = 164 Energetically

Baritone

The
f

Piano

5

air was soft, the ground still cold. In the dull

10

pas - ture where I strolled Was some - thing I could not be - lieve.

15

Dead grass a - ppeared to slide and heave,

19

Though still too fro-zen flat to stir, And rocks to twitch and all to blur

23

— What was this rip-pl-ing of the land? Was

28

mat-ter get-ting out of hand— And mak-ing free with nat-ural law?

31

— I

34

stopped and blinked, and then I saw A fact as ee-rie as a

37

dream.

41

$\text{♩} = 120$ *Slower*

mf There was a sub-tle flood of steam *mf* Mov-ing up-on the face of

46

things. It came from stand-ing pools and springs And what of snow was still a - round; It

51

came of win-ter's giv-ing ground So that the freeze was com-ing out, as when a set mind, blessed by

f

56

doubt, Re - lax - es in - to mo-ther wit. Flow-ers, I said, will come of it.

molto rubato
mf

mf

10. Distances

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Phillipe Jaccottet

1 ♩ = 176 Lightly; then heavier

8

15

Swifts turn in the heights of the air; high - er still turn the in -

mf

21

vi-si-ble stars. When day with-draws

27

to the ends of the earth their fi - res shine on a dark expanse

33

of sand. We

40

live in a world of motion and dis-tance.

ped. gradually

47

The heart flies

f

full ped.

f

54

from tree to bird, from bird

61

to dis-tant star,

67

from star to love; and love grows

74

in the quiet house,

80

turn - ing and work - ing, ser - vant of thought,

mp

85

a lamp held in one

p

ped. to end
p

90

hand.

11. Parlour-Piece

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Ted Hughes

1 ♩ = 84 Delicate

With love so like fire they dared not Let it out in - to straw-y small talk;

p

una corda → *p*

9

With love so like a flood they dared not Let out a trick-le, lest the whole crack,

mp *pp*

mp *p* *pp*

15

These two sat speech-less-ly: Pale cool tea in tea - cups chap-er-oned Still - ness,

p *mp*

p *mp*

21

si-lence, the eyes where fire and flood strained.

p *pp*

pp *pp*

12. The Scattered Congregation

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Tomas Tranströmer

1 ♩ = 84 Warmly

We got ready and showed our home.

f

7

The vi-si-tor thought: you live well. The slum must be in-side you.

13. (Drowning)

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by Jacques Roubaud

1 ♩ = 132 Not too fast

I am a man with-out child-hood half re morse half smoke

f

Use ped. sparingly; hold chords with fingers to length notated

f

num-bers dance in my head and I turn white like sum-mer o-ver the crests of dark sand

I am a man of the gray si-lence

mf

or-dered by the laws of time the mor-tal sea of-fers its chan

mf

24

- ces and I hur ry in the wind

30

swim ming toward the mean-ing - less I am a so - li - ta - ry man

35

de toured by pain the waves climb up the land and I sink down dis cre - di - ted

41

be-neath the par - ley-ing gulls

47 *strained*
gliss.

sis - ter death o dif - fi - cult

52

sis - ter you wait for

p

add ped. to 63
p

58

me bed of the sea for - get them

f

64

a - men a - men I was a smile in the de - sert

70

I was a use - less mouth

No ped!

75

mf Ped.

14. Do you still

♩ = 88 (Or slower) Distantly

music by Eric Shanfield
poem by W.G. Sebald

1

sotto voce

Baritone

Do you still re - mem - ber that grey af - ter - noon in the month of

pp

Piano

pp
una corda

8

March

when we walked through the de - ser - ted park on Pea - cocks' Is - land

ppp