

FROM THE LAND OF
THE FARTHER SUNS



ERIC SHANFIELD

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

Eric Shanfield | ENS.2008.8 | 8'

poems by Stephen Crane

Soprano

2 B \flat Trumpets

C Score.

Some rubato is possible in the more lyrical sections, and both general pauses and pauses between phrases for breaths may be a little metrically looser.

One fine I accidentally wrote this piece. Actually it took two days, and another decade before it found its final version, but what's a day, a year, a decade, when in the end we shall all face the jaws of the final beast.

From the Land of the Farther Suns sets six poems by Stephen Crane from his famous collection *The Black Riders and Other Lines* in a continuous symmetrical form. The soprano and two trumpets are fused throughout into a kind of meat-instrument, dark harmonies separating and converging, jagged rhythmic patterns alternating with more lyrical interludes.

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

poems from *The Black Riders and other Lines* by Stephen Crane

IV

Yes, I have a thousand tongues,
And nine and ninety-nine lie.
Though I strive to use the one,
It will make no melody at my will,
But is dead in my mouth.

XXIV

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
“It is futile,” I said,
“You can never—“
“You lie,” he cried,
And ran on.

XXVI

There was set before me a mighty hill,
And long days I climbed
Through regions of snow.
When I had before me the summit-view,
It seemed that my labour
Had been to see gardens
Lying at impossible distances.

XXIX

Behold, from the land of the farther suns I returned.
And I was in a reptile-swarmed place,
Peopled, otherwise, with grimaces,
Shrouded above in black impenetrableness.
I shrank, loathing,
Sick with it.

And I said to him,
“What is this?”
He made answer slowly,
“Spirit, this is a world;
This was your home.”

XLII

I walked in a desert.
And I cried,
“Ah, God, take me from this place!”
A voice said, “It is no desert.”
I cried, “Well, But—
The sand, the heat, the vacant horizon.”
A voice said, “It is no desert.”

LXVII

God lay dead in heaven;
Angels sang the hymn of the end;
Purple winds went moaning,
Their wings drip-dripping
With blood
That fell upon the earth.
It, groaning thing,
Turned black and sank.
Then from the far caverns
Of dead sins
Came monsters, livid with desire.
They fought,
Wrangled over the world,
A morsel.
But of all sadness this was sad—
A woman’s arms tried to shield
The head of a sleeping man
From the jaws of the final beast.

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

Stephen Crane

Eric Shanfield

♩=138 Tempo one

Soprano
Yes I have Yes I have Yes I have Yes I have a thou-sand tongues, a thou-sand tongues,
a thou-sand tongues, and nine and nine - ty nine and nine and nine - ty nine and nine and nine - ty nine
lie. lie. lie. lie. Though I strive to use the one, Though I strive to use the one,
Though I strive to use the one, It will make no me-lo-dy It will make no me-lo-dy It will make no me-lo-dy

Trumpet 1 in B♭
Trumpet 2 in B♭

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

It will make no me - lo - dy at my will, at my__ will, at my will, at my__ will,

But is dead in my mouth. But is dead in my mouth. But is dead in my mouth. But is dead in my mouth. But is dead

$\text{♩} = 138$ a tempo

in my mouth. I saw a man I saw a man pur - su - ing the pur - su - ing the pur - su - ing the ho - ri - zon;

ho - ri - zon; ho - ri - zon; Round and round they sped. Round and round they sped. Round and round they sped.

Round and round they sped. I was dis - turbed at this; I was dis - turbed at this; I was dis - turbed at this;

mf I ac-cost - ed the man. I ac-cost - ed the man. I ac-cost - ed the man. *p* "It is fu - tile," *f*

p "It is fu - tile," *f* "It is fu - tile," *p* I said, *f* "It is fu - tile," *p* I said, *f* "It is fu - tile," *p* I said, *f*

f "You can ne - ver" *f* "You can ne - ver" *ff* You _____ lie,"

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

he cried, _____ And ran on.

p

p

p

♩=104 Tempo two

There was set be - fore me a might - y hill, _____ And long days I

f

f

f

climbed Through re - gions of snow. _____ When I had be - fore me the

f

f

f

sum - mit view, _____ it seemed that my la - bour Had been to see gar - dens _____

ff

ff

ff

ff

mf *mp* *p* *pp*

Ly - ing at im - pos - si - ble dis - tan - ces. at im - pos - si - ble dis - tan - ces.

mf *mp* *p* *pp*

♩=138 Tempo one

f *mf* *f*

Be - hold, from the land of the far - ther suns, I re - turned. And I was in a

f *mf* *f*

f *mf* *f*

mp *f* *mp*

— rep - tile swarm - ing place, Peo - pled o - ther - wise with gri - ma - ces, Shroud - ed a - bove in

mp *f* *mp*

mp *f* *mp*

mf *f*

black im - pe - ne - tra - ble - ness. I shrank, loath - ing sick with it. And I said to him,

mf *f*

mf *f*

p *fp* *f* *mf*

"What is this?" He made an - swer slow - ly,

p *fp* *f* *mf*

p *fp* *f* *mf*

p mezzo voce *mp norm.*

"Spi - rit, this is a world; This was your home." I I I I

con sord. (harmon - stem out) senza sord.

p *mp*

con sord. (harmon - stem out)

p

mf

I I I I I I I walked in I walked in I walked in I walked

senza sord. *mf*

mp *mf*

in I walked in I walked in I walked in I walked in I walked in

f

f

I walked in a de - sert I walked in a de - sert I walked in a de - sert I walked in a de - sert

mf

I walked in a de - sert I walked in a de - sert I walked in a de - sert And I cried And I cried

f

And I cried And I cried And I cried "Ah, God, take me from this place!"

"Ah, God, take me from this place!"

mp

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

mp

A voice said A voice said "It is no de- sert." "It is no de- sert." "It is no de- sert."

f

"It is no de- sert." I cried "It is no de- sert." I cried I cried "Well, but" I cried

"Well, but" I cried The sand, the heat, the va-cant ho-ri - zon." The sand, the heat, the va-cant ho-ri -

mf

- zon." The sand, the heat— A voice said "It is— no de - sert."

♩=104 Tempo two

p
 God lay dead in hea - ven; An - gels sang the hymn of the end; An - gels sang the
 con sord. (straight)

p
 con sord. (straight)

p

p *mf* *p* *mf*
 hymn of the end; Pur - ple winds went moan - ing, Pur - ple winds went moan - ing,

p *mf* *p* *mf*

p *mf* *p* *mf*

mp *mp* *mp*
 Their wings drip - drip - ping Their wings drip - drip - ping With blood That

mp *mp* *fp*

mp *fp*

f *mf*
 fell up - on the earth. It, groan - - ing thing, turned back and sank.

flt. non flt. *fp* *fp*

flt. *fp* *mf* *fp*

f *fp* *mf* *fp*

FROM THE LAND OF THE FARTHER SUNS

p It, groan - ing thing, turned back and sank. Then from the far ca - verns of dead sins

p *f*

p Then from the far ca - verns of dead sins

(double-tongued)

p *f*

p mezzo voce Came mon-sters Came mon - sters Came mon-sters Came mon - sters Came mon-sters Came mon - sters

con sord. (cup)

p

mp 3 Came mon - sters Came mon - sters li - vid with de - si - re li - vid with de - si - re

con sord. (cup)

p *mp*

f sub. They fought, *p* They fought, *f* wran - gled o - ver *p echo* wran-gled o - ver *f* the world,

f sub. *p* *f* *p echo* *f*

f sub. *p* *f* *p echo* *f*

p echo the world, *mf* A mor - sel. *mp* A mor - sel. *f* A mor - sel.

p echo *mf* *mp* *f*

p echo *mf* *mp* *f*

pp sotto voce But of all sad-ness this was sad A wo-man's arms tried to shield The head of a sleep-ing man
senza sord.

pp
senza sord.

pp

From the jaws of the fi - nal beast.