

WORLD ENOUGH



ERIC SHANFIELD

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Eric Shanfield | ENS.2007.10r | 7'

poem by Andrew Marvell

Baritone

2 Cellos

Had we but world enough, and time, I could discuss the efforts of the many composers who have had their way with Andrew Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress*, but for now let's just discuss mine.

The baritone Seth Gilman requested a work for his early music ensemble, and I responded with a setting of that famous seventeenth-century poem for baritone and viola da gamba. Originally I took my inspiration from technical matters: the unusual tuning of the gamba's six strings, which made possible novel harmonies and timbres. However, a viola da gamba not being especially common in the twenty-first century, I ended up revising it for solo cello. That version never really worked, so eventually this (hopefully!) final version for baritone with two cellos was made.

The work is built on a kind of ritornello in fifths, and attempts to deregularize the poem's meter by rendering it as if it were unmeasured speech, displacing accents and dramatizing points of emphasis, pushing and pulling the poem like taffy. After an interlude, the climax features double-stops gradually descending from the highest to lowest strings of an (imaginary) viola da gamba, energizing the work until it returns at the conclusion to where it began.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

by Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart:
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity:
And all your quaint honor turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now, therefore, while the youthful glue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron grates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

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Andrew Marvell

Eric Shanfield

Baritone *f* $\text{♩} = 84$

Had we but world e - nough and time, This coy - ness, La - dy, were no crime.

Violoncello 1 *f*

Violoncello 2 *f* *p*

6 *f*

Bar. We would sit down, _____ and think which way To walk, and

Vc. 1 *f*

Vc. 2 *f*

11 13

Bar. pass our long love's day. Thou by the In - di - an Gan - ges' side Shouldst

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

16 19 *mf*

Bar. ru - bies find: I by the tide Of Hum - ber would com - plain. I would Love you

Vc. 1 *mf*

Vc. 2 *mf*

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2

20

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

26

Bar. **29**

Vc. 1 *pizz.*
mp

Vc. 2 *sul tasto*
mp

31

Bar. **35**

Vc. 1 *arco sul tasto*

Vc. 2 *pizz.*

36

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

42

Bar. *p* Two hun-dred to a-dore each breast:_____ But thir - ty thou - sand to the

Vc. 1 *p* sul pont.

Vc. 2 arco *p*

49

51

Bar. *mf* rest. An age at least to ev - ery part, And the last age should show your heart:

Vc. 1 norm. *mf*

Vc. 2 *mf*

55

mp

Bar. For, La - dy you de-serve this state;_____ Nor would I

Vc. 1 pizz. *p* *mp* *sim.*

Vc. 2 pizz. *mp*

61

65

Bar. love at low - er rate

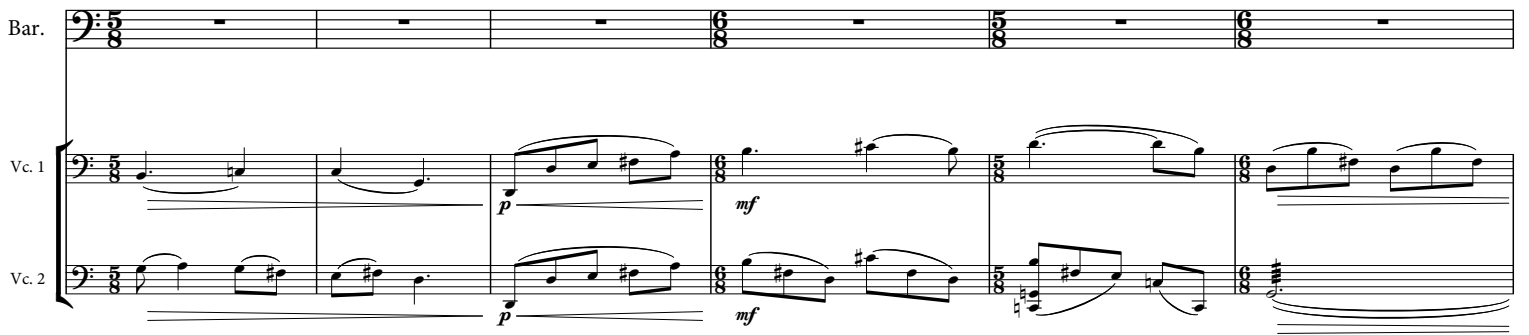
Vc. 1 *p* *mp* arco *p* *mf* *mf* *f*

Vc. 2 *mf* arco *f*

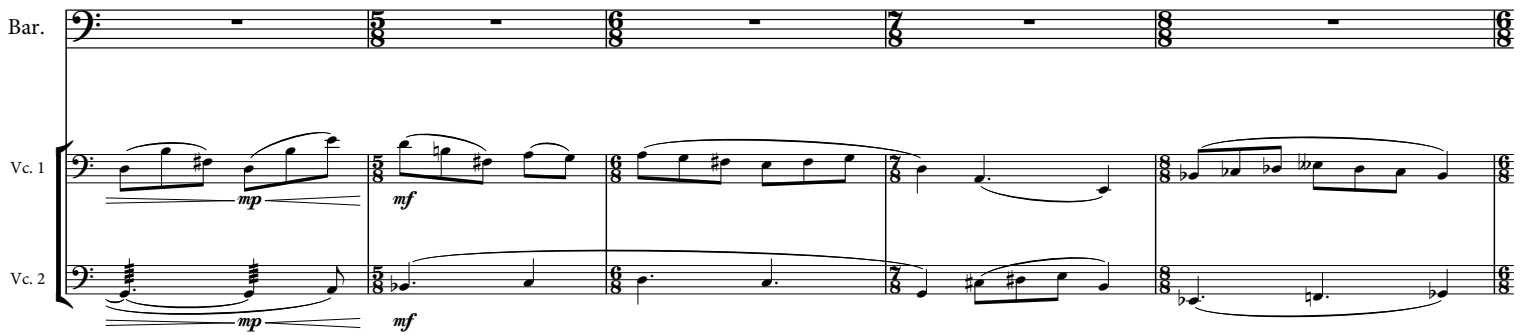
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67

70

Bar. 

73

Bar. 

78

Bar. 

86

Bar. 

94 $\text{♩} = 96$

Bar. *mp* *mf*
But at my back I al-ways hear— Time's wing-ed cha-ri-ot hur-ry-ing near:

Vc. 1 arco sul pont. *fp* *mf* *p* *fp* *mf* *p* *p*

Vc. 2 arco sul pont. *fp* *mf* *p* *mf* *fp* *mf* *p* *mf*

96

Bar. *p* **98**
And yon-der all be-fore us lie

Vc. 1 *p* *sim.* *p*

Vc. 2 *p* *p* *sim.* *p*

100 *pp mezzo voce* **103** $\text{♩} = 100$

Bar. *pp* *mf*
De-serts of vast e-ter-ni-ty...

Vc. 1 *pp* *mf* *mp*

Vc. 2 *pp*

105 *mp norm.*

Bar. *mp*
Thy beau-ty shall no more be found; Nor, in thy mar-ble vault, shall sound

Vc. 1 *mp*

Vc. 2 *mp*

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110 112 *ff*

Bar. My e - cho - ing song: then worms shall

Vc. 1 *mf* *ff*

Vc. 2 *pp* *mf* *ff*

molto sul pont. *norm.*

115

Bar. try That long - pre - served vir - gi - ni - ty: And all your

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

120

Bar. quaint ho - nor turn to dust; And in - to ash - es

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

125 129 ♩=84 *f* *mf*

Bar. all my lust. The grave's a fine and pri - vate

Vc. 1 *mf*

Vc. 2 *mf*

131

Bar. place, But none, I think, do there embrace.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

137 $\text{♩} = 120$

Bar. Now, there - fore, while the youth - ful glue Sits

Vc. 1 *p*

Vc. 2 *p* *pp*

151

Bar. on thy skin like morn - ing dew,

Vc. 1 *non harm.* *mp*

Vc. 2 *Il con vib.* *p* *mp*

153 *mp*

Bar. And while thy will - ing soul trans - pires At e - very

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

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158 162 ♩ = 152

Bar. pore with in-stant fires,

Vc. 1 con vib. *mf*

Vc. 2 *mf*

164 *mf*

Bar. Now let us sport us while we may;

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

169 *fp*

Bar. — And now, like a - mo-rous birds of prey,

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

174 *f* *lazy*

Bar. Ra - ther at once our time de - vour, Than lan - guish

Vc. 1 norm. *f*

Vc. 2 *f*

179 183 ♩=168

Bar. *in his slow - chapped power.*

Vc. 1

Vc. 2 III+IV

184

Bar.

Vc. 1 III+IV

Vc. 2

189 191

Bar.

Vc. 1 *ff*

Vc. 2 *ff*

193 195

Bar. *f* Let us roll all our strength_____ and

Vc. 1 *mp* *f* $\frac{1}{2}$

Vc. 2 *f*

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197

Bar. *all* Our sweet - ness up in - to one ball:

Vc. 1 *fp*

Vc. 2

201

Bar. *ff* And tear our plea - sures

Vc. 1 *ff* *sim.*

Vc. 2 *ff* *sim.*

207

Bar. with rough strife,

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

213 *p sub.* *mf*

Bar. Thorough the i - ron grates of life.

Vc. 1 *p sub.* *mf* *ff*

Vc. 2 *p sub.* *mf* *ff*

219

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

225

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

rit.

233 ♩=84
mf

231

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

Thus, though we can - not make_ our sun Stand

236

Bar.

Vc. 1

Vc. 2

still, yet we will make him run.