

EN ROUTE



ERIC SHANFIELD

EN ROUTE

Eric Shanfield | 2008 | 5'

poem by Adam Zagajewski

Soprano

Glockenspiel

The percussionist speaks the name of each part of the poem as shown in the score. These should be read naturally in a normal speaking voice following the rhythm as notated.

I heard this secondhand, but supposedly the composer and guitarist Mark Dancigers once said “glockenspiel is the new feedback.” That sounds about right. What Indie rock band doesn’t have a little glock action nowadays? (I wrote these notes in 2008, the year of Arcade Fire.)

So glockenspiel and voice may not be the most obvious or inviting musical combination, but neither is it completely without precedent, and the shimmering tinny clink of the glockenspiel is sometimes attractive to me. Plus, these poems with their brilliant aphoristic descriptions of Europe and Italy seemed to call for a brightly-colored yet simple orchestration.

Adam Zagajewski is one of Europe’s (and Texas’s) greatest poets, but his forms do not generally lend themselves to my Cellular Song Cycle approach. However, *En Route*’s fourteen sections worked perfectly in this case. My piece begins with an a cappella introduction followed by twelve songs, each based on a single note, and ends with the complete twelve-tone “row” in the order we have heard them in the work.

En Route

Adam Zagajewski

1. *Without Baggage*

To travel without baggage, sleep in the train
on a hard wooden bench,
forget your native land,
emerge from small stations at dawn,
when a gray sky rises
and fishing boats head to sea.

2. *In Belgium*

It was drizzling in Belgium
and the river wound between hills.
I thought, I'm so imperfect.
The trees sat in the meadows
like priests in green cassocks.
October was hiding in the weeds.
No, ma'am, I said,
this is the nontalking compartment.

3. *A Hawk Circles Above The Highway*

It will be disappointed if it swoops down
on sheet iron, on gas,
on a tape of tawdry music,
on our narrow hearts.

4. *Mont Blanc*

It shines from afar, white and cautious,
like a lantern for shadows.

5. *Segesta*

On the meadow a vast temple—
a wild animal
open to the sky.

6. *Summer*

Summer was gigantic, triumphant—
and our little car looked lost
on the road going to Verdun.

7. *The Station In Bytom*

In the underground tunnel
cigarette butts grow,
not daisies.
It stinks of loneliness.

8. *Retired People On A Field Trip*

They're learning to walk
on land.

9. *Gulls*

Eternity doesn't travel,
eternity waits.
In a fishing port
only the gulls are chatty.

10. *The Theater In Taormina*

From the theater in Taormina you spot
the snow on Etna's peak
and the gleaming sea.
Which is the better actor?

11. *A Black Cat*

A black cat comes out to greet us
as if to say, look at me
and not some old Romanesque church.
I'm alive.

12. *A Romanesque Church*

At the bottom of the valley
a Romanesque Church at rest:
there's wine in this cask.

13. *Light*

Light on the walls of old houses,
June.
Passerby, open your eyes.

14. *At Dawn*

The world's materiality at dawn—
and the soul's frailty.

EN ROUTE

Adam Zagajewski

Eric Shanfield

f $\text{♩} = 128$ *mp* *mp*

Soprano
To tra - vel with-out bag gage, sleep in the train on a hard wood-en bench, for -

Glockenspiel

Voice
With-out Bag-gage

5 *mf* *f*

Sop.
get your na - tive land, e-merge from small sta - tions at dawn, when a gray sky

Glock.

9 **13**

Sop.
ri - ses and fish - ing boats head to sea.

Glock.
f *p* *mf*

Voice
mf
In Bel-gium

14 *mf*

Sop.
It was driz-zl-ing in Bel - gium and the ri-ver wound be-tween hills.

Glock.

EN ROUTE

2

18

Sop. *p* I thought, I'm so im-per - fect. *mf* The trees sat in the

Glock. *p* *mf*

22

Sop. *f* mea - dows like priests in green cas - socks. *mp* Oc - to-ber was hi - ding

Glock. *f* *mp*

26

Sop. in the weeds. No, ma'am, I said, this is the

Glock.

29

Sop. non - talk-ing com-part - ment. **30**

Glock. *mf*

Voice *mf* 5 5

A Hawk Cir - cles A-bove the High - way

32 *mf*

Sop. It will be dis - ap - point - ed if it swoops down on sheet i - ron,

Glock.

36

Sop. on gas, on a tape of taw - dry mu - sic,

Glock. *mp* *mf*

40 *f* 43

Sop. on our nar - row hearts.

Glock. *f*

Voice *f*

Mont Blanc

45 *f*

Sop. It shines from a far, white and cau - tious,

Glock.

EN ROUTE

4

49 *f* *mf*

Sop. like a lan - tern_ for sha - dows.

Glock. *mp*

Voice *p* Se - ges - ta

53 *p*

Sop. On the mea dow a vast_ tem - ple a wild a - ni - mal

Glock. *p*

59 *mf* *mp* *f* 63

Sop. o - pen to the sky.

Glock. *mf* *mp* *f*

64 *f* *mf*

Sop. Sum - mer was gi - gan - tic tri - um - phant

Glock. *f* *mf*

Voice *f* Sum - mer

67 *mp*

Sop. and our lit - tle car looked

Glock. *mp*

71 *f*

Sop. lost on the road go-ing to Ver - dun.

Glock. *f*

75 *pp*

Sop. In the un - der-ground

Glock. *f* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

Voice *p*

The Sta-tion in By - tom

80

Sop. tun - nel ci - ga - rette butts grow, not dai - sies. It stinks of

Glock.

87

85

Sop. *p*
lone-li-ness.

Glock. *p* *pp* *mp*

Voice *mp*
Re - ti-red Peo-ple on a Field Trip

89

Sop. *mf*
They're learn-ing to walk on

Glock. *mf*

95

93

Sop. *f*
land. E - ter-ni-ty does-n't tra-vel,

Glock. *f*

Voice *f*
Gulls

97

Sop. *f*
e - ter-ni-ty waits.

Glock. *f*

101

Sop. In a fish-ing port. on - ly the gulls are chat - ty.

Glock.

104

Sop. *mf* From the the - a - ter in Taor - mi - na you spot the

Glock. *mf*

Voice *f* *mf* The The - a - ter in Taor-mi-na

107

Sop. snow on Et - na's peak and the gleam - ing sea.

Glock.

110

112

Sop. Which is the bet - ter ac - tor?

Glock. *mf*

Voice *mf* A Ro-ma-nesque Church

113 *mf*

Sop. *mf*
At the bot-tom of the val-ley a Ro-ma-nesque church at rest: there's

Glock.

116 **117** *f*

Sop. *f*
wine in this cask. A black cat comes out to greet us as if to say,

Glock. *f*

Voice *f*
A Black Cat

120

Sop.
look at me and not some old Ro - ma - nesque church.

Glock.

123 **125** *ff*

Sop. *ff*
I'm a - live.

Glock. *ff* *pp sub.* *pp*

Voice *pp*
Light

127 *pp* *mp*

Sop. Light on the walls of old hous - es. June.

Glock. *mp*

132 *p* *f*

Sop. Pass - er - by o - pen your eyes.

Glock. *p*

135 *mf*

Sop. The world's ma - te - ri - a - li - ty at dawn

Glock. *f* *l.v.*

Voice *mf*

At Dawn

137 *mp*

Sop. and the world's frail - ty.

Glock. *mf* *l.v.* *mp*