

Gwyneth Walker

SONGS OF THE NIGHT WIND

for Soprano and 'Cello

Duration: 15 minutes

SONGS OF THE NIGHT WIND were composed in 1982 for Soprano, Marsha Hogan, an active performer in Hartford, Connecticut. The original scoring was for Soprano and Cello, and the songs have been performed frequently with cello accompaniment. A transcription for Soprano and Piano is also available.

The texts for SONGS OF THE NIGHT WIND are five poems by 20th-century women poets: Louise Bogan, Lisel Mueller and H.D. (Hilda Doolittle). Each of the poems makes reference to either the night or the wind, or both.

These musical settings are unusually delicate, and are intended for recital performance by skilled musicians.

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WALKER MUSIC PRODUCTIONS

Credits:

"To Be Sung Upon the Water" & "Song for a Lyre" by Louise Bogan
from The Blue Estuaries: Poems 1923-1968
used with permission of the publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux

"Where is the Nightingale" & "Never More Will the Wind" by H.D.
from Selected Poems of H.D.
used with permission of the publisher, New Directions Publishing Corporation

"Night Song" by Lisel Mueller from
The Need to Hold Still: Poems by LiseL Mueller (1980)
used with permission of the publisher, Louisiana State University Press

TO BE SUNG ON THE WATER

text: Louise Bogan

music: Gwyneth Walker

 $\text{P} = 100$

Voice: $\frac{6}{8}$ gently

Vcl. $\frac{6}{8}$ p pp p rit... a tempo

$\frac{2}{4}$ light, Pass, as we pass the wave. Pass, as the mot-tied rit... a tempo

$\frac{2}{4}$ pp p ad lib.

$\frac{2}{4}$ slow p:22 night leaves what it can-not save, arco scattering dark and bright.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 5

$\frac{2}{4}$ p mp Beau - - - - - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, pass and

$\frac{2}{4}$ mp p

$\frac{2}{4}$ (ad lib.) a tempo be - - less than the guilt-less shade to which our vows were said; rit. * a tempo

$\frac{2}{4}$ rit. * a tempo

* allow singer ample time

oar | to which our
 slow pizz. | vows were
 made; arco
 (sim.) | less than the sound of its blade
 dipping the

stream once more.
 Beau-ti-ful, my de-
 pizz. #f.

light. Beau - - ti-ful, my de-light.
 Beau - - - - -
 arco pizz. #f. arco pp

mp p
 - - - - - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, my de - - light.

mp p
 - - - - -

pp
 - - - - -

WHERE IS THE NIGHTINGALE

poem: H. D.

music: Gwyneth Walker

$\text{d} = 72$

*con sord.
SLOWLY*

Where is the night-in-gale? In what

d = 72

p *pp*

myrrh - - - - - wood and dim?

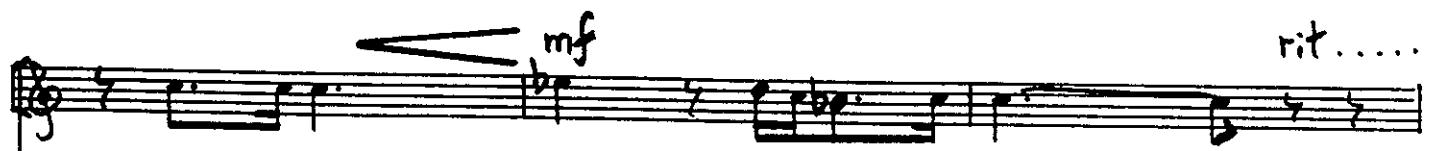
let the night come black, for we would conjur back all that en-

chant-ed him, all that en-chant---ed him.

Where is the bird of fire?

f #f

In what packed hedge of rose?
 In what roofed ledge of flower?
 No oth-er crea-ture knows what mag-i c lurks with-in,
 what mag-i c lurks with-in,
 with-in , with-in .
 mf
 p
 p
 mf
 p
 cresc... 5.
 animato $\text{♪} = 144$
 $\text{♪} = 144$ animato
 Bird, bird,
 5
 f) p



bird, we cry, hear, pi-ty us in pain.

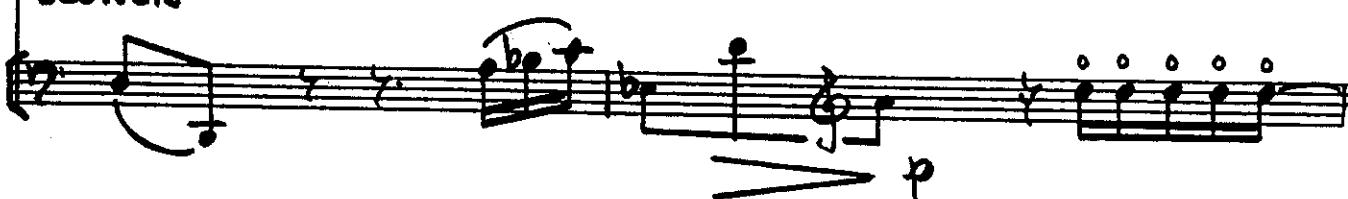


SLOWER

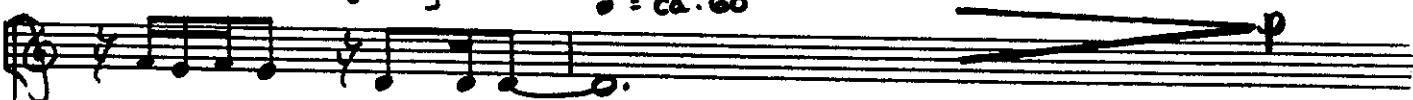


Hearts break in the sun-light, hearts break in the day-light rain,

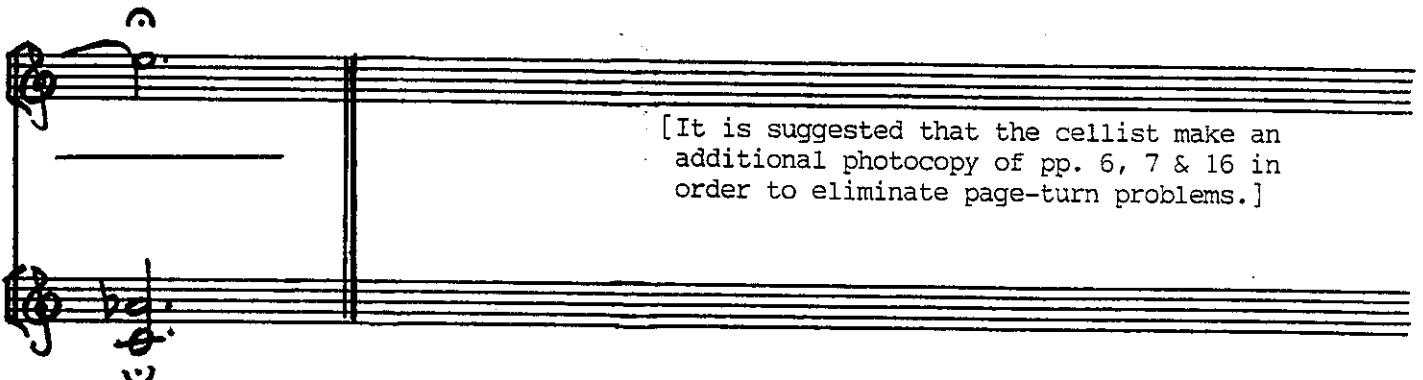
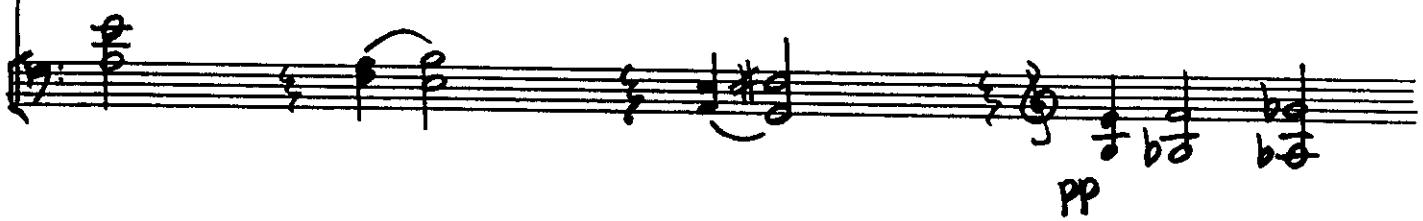
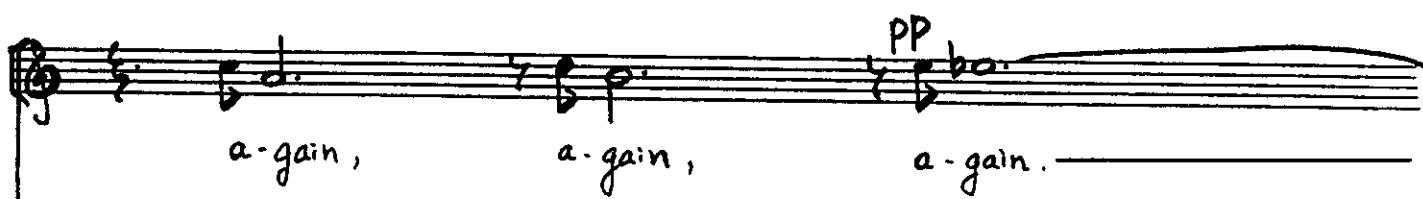
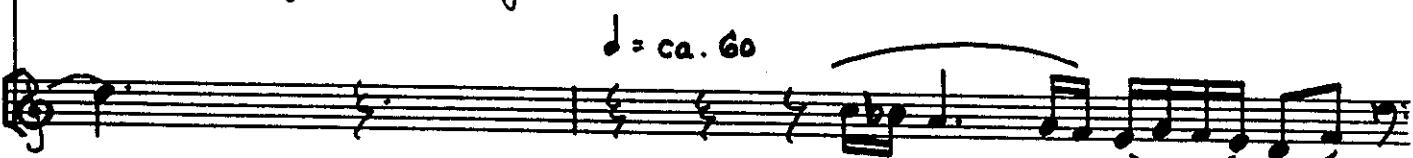
SLOWER



freely $\text{d} = \text{ca. } 60$



on-ly the night heals a-gain,



NIGHT SONG

poem: Lisel Mueller

music: Gwyneth Walker

SLOWLY

$\text{♩} = 56$

sul pont.

PP

P 3

A-mong rocks, I am the loose one;

repeat pattern at

A-mong ar-rows, I am the heart, A-mong daugh-ters, I am the re-cluse,

A - mong sons, the one who dies young. A-mong an--- swers, I am the

ord.

p

ques - tion, be-tween lov-ers, I am the sword, —

A-mong scars, — I am the fresh — wound, A-mong con-fet-ti,

the black flag.

espr. ad lib.

pp p

accel

b cresc

Slowly / a tempo $\text{d} = 80$

R-mong shoes, — I am the one with the

rit a tempo $\text{d} = 80$

f *mf*

peb-ble, a - mong days, —

etc.

the one that nev-er comes,—

etc.

a-mong the bones

you find on the beach,

the one that sings

was mine.

rit. $\text{d} = 56$

rit. $\text{d} = 56$ sul pont.

A-mong the bones you find on the beach,

repeat at ↓

the one that sings was mine.

SONG FOR A LYRE

text: Louise Bogan

d = 60
pizz. gently

The land-scape where I lie ————— a-gain from
 boughs set free ————— sum- - - - mer; all
 night must fly in wind's ob-scurity the thick green leaves that made heav-y—
 the Au-gust shade. ————— Soon,

*d = d = 120
arco, sus point.*

in the pic-tured night, Re-turns — as in a dream-
 the
 sim.

Shal-low au-tumn stream:
 Soft-ly a-wake,

softly a-wake its sound poured — on the chill-y ground.


 Soon fly the leaves — in throngs;

FREELY
 love, though once I lay far from its sound to weep,
 con sord.

→(turn page)

Slow arpegg.

$\text{♩} = 60$ (p)

(peacefully) when night di-vides my sleep, when stars, the au-tumn stream,—

still--- ness — di-vide my dream,

pizz.
Senza Sord.

slowly
(recited on pitch)

Night to your voice belongs,

to your voice be-longs.

rit.

NEVER MORE WILL THE WIND

poem: H.D.

music: Gwyneth Walker

spoken freely:

Never more will the wind
Cherish you again,

Never more
Shall we find you bright

Never more will the rain. | in the snow and wind.

The snow is melted,
The snow is gone,

and you are flown:

Like a bird out of our hand,
Like a light out of our heart,

you are gone.

p $d=72$

Nev-er more will the wind, Nev-er more

gva-----, loco

Slow gliss.
harmonics

will the rain,

Never more — will the wind —

cher-ish you a-gain, —

5

Never more will the rain. —

Never more in the

Snow, Never more in the wind, Never more shall we
 find you bright in the snow and wind. Ne-----ver more,
 Ne-----ver more, Ne-----
 -----ver more, Ne-----ver, Ne-----
 Ne-----ver, Ne-----ver more.
 4:3

freely, espr.

Vcl.

Vcl.

p

$\frac{15}{8}$

$\text{D} = 144$

poco rit... a tempo

The Snow is melt-ed, the snow is gone,

$\text{D} = 72$ peacefully

and you are flown:

Like a bird — out of our

peacefully

$\frac{3}{4}$

$\frac{3}{4}$

$\frac{3}{4}$

hand, Like a light — out of our heart, you are gone. —

* this section may be omitted

gone,
 gone,
 gone,
 Like a bird — out of our hand, like a light — out of our
 heart, you are gone.
 gone.
 gone.