‘If Music and Sweet Poetry Agree’

The marriage of two art-forms, with particular emphasis on speech rhythm & inflection, dramatic intensity & musical coherence.

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The Passionate Pilgrim (Excerpt)

3. If Musick and Sweet Poetry agree ...
(The last of three canzonets for novice choir and guitar)

Lyrics: Richard Barnfield (1574-1620)
Music: Ralph Middenway (b. 1932)

Soprano

Alto 1

Alto 2 (quasi-tenor)

Tenor

Bass

Guitar

(Rehearsal)
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Be-
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
cause thou lov'st the one and I the o - ther,
Dow-land to thee is dear,
Dow-land to thee is dear,
whose heav'nly touch Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spen-ser to me, whose deep con-ceit is such, As, pass-ing all con-ceit, needs
Thou
no de-fence.
lovest to hear the sweetme love'st That Phoebus lute, the queen of music,

lovest to hear the sweetme love'st That Phoebus lute, the queen of music,

lovest to hear the sweetme love'st That Phoebus lute, the queen of music,

lovest to hear the sweetme love'st That Phoebus lute, the queen of music,
makes; And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned When-as him-self.
to singing he be-takes: One god is god of both, as poets...
feign, One knight loves both, and

feign, One knight loves both, and

feign, One knight loves both, and

feign, One knight loves both, and

feign, One knight loves both, and
both in thee remain.
What is our life?
(Song cycle for baritone, cor anglais and piano)

1. The play of passion

Lyrics: Walter Ralegh (1554-1618)

Music: Ralph Middenway (b. 1932)

Adagio \( \frac{q}{= 69} \) accelerando

Cor Anglais (in C)

Sir Walter Ralegh

Piano

\( p \) crescendo poco a poco

Andante \( \frac{q}{= 84} \) rallentando

ff

Tempo primo

ff

Music © Ralph Middenway  Hobart, Tasmania, 2014  www.middenway.com  middenway@netspace.net.au
What is our life? The play of passion.

Our mirth? The music of di-

vision:

Our
Larghetto $J = 63$

mo-ther's wombs the ti-ring-hou-ses be,_______

Where we are dressed for this short

accelerando

Tempo primo $2_{\text{poco rall.}}$

co-me-dy.___

Larghetto comodo

The earth the stage; Hea-ven, the spec-ta-tor is__ Who sits and marks him__ who doth act a-

Red___
The graves that hide us from the scorching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we, playing, to our latest
rest,
Only we die in earnest,

that's no jest.
2. Now what is love?

a placere

poco rit.

p

mf

sim.

sim.

sim.

Now what is love? I pray thee, tell.

It

a tempo

Now what is love? I pray thee, tell.

It

poco meno mosso

is that fountain and that well Where pleasure and repentance dwell.

It
is, per-haps, the saun-cing bell, That tolls all in-to heav’n or hell: And this is love, as

poco rit.  

I hear tell.  

Yet what is love? I

pray thee say.  

It is a work on ho-ly-day; It is De-cem-ber
matched with May; When lusty bloods, in fresh array, Hear ten months after of the play: And

this is love, as I hear say. Yet

what is love? I pray thee sain. It is a sun-shinemixed with rain; It
is a tooth ache, or like pain; It is a game where none hath gain; The lass saith no, and

would full fain: And this is love, as I hear saith.

Yet what is love? I pray thee say.
It is a yea, it is a nay, A pretty kind of sporting play; It is a thing will
soon a-way; Then take the van - tage while you may: And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, I
pray thee show. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;

A prize that pas-seth to and fro; A

thing for one, a thing for mo; And he that proves must
find it so: And this is love, sweet friend, I trow.
Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart, The

merit of true passion, With thinking that he feels no smart, That

sues for no compassion,
Si-lence in love be-wrays more woe Than words, though ne'er so wit-ty:

A

beg-gar that is dumb, you know, May chal-len.ge dou-ble pi-ty.

poco accel.  tempo primo

Then wrong not, de-arest to my heart, My
true, though secret passion; He smar-teth most that hides his smart, And

sues for no com-passion.
Three things there be that prosper all apace
And flourish, while they are a-sunder far:

But on a day, they
meet all in a place, And when they meet, they one an-other mar.

they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag. The wood is that which makes the gal-low tree; The weed is that strings the hang-man's bag; The wag, my pret-ty
knave, be-to-kens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble

not, Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is
wild; But when they meet, it makes the timber rot, It

frets the halter, and it chokes the child.
Go,

soul, the body's guest, Upon a thankless errand; Fear not to touch the best; The

truth shall be thy warrant: Go, since I needs must die,

And
poco accel.

a tempo

give the world the lie.

19 molto confidenziale

Say to the court it glows and shines like rotten wood,
Say to the church it shows What's good, and doth no good: If church and court-reply, Then give them both the lie.
Tell po-ten-tates, they live

Act-ing, by o-thers' ac-tion; Not lov'd un-less they give; Not strong, but by af-fec-tion. If
po-tentates re- ply, Give po - ten-tates the lie.

Tell men of high con-di-tion, That man-age_ the es-tate, Their

pur- pose_ is am-bi-tion; Their prac-tice on -ly hate. And if they once re-ply, Then
give them all, the lie.

Tell them that brave it most, They beg for more by spending, Who in their greatest cost Like

ingoing

no thing but commend ing. And if they make reply, Then give them all the
lie. Tell zeal it wants devotion; Tell love it is but lust; Tell

time it meets but motion; Tell flesh it is but dust: And wish them not reply, For thou must give

lie. Tell age it daily wasteth; Tell
how it alters; Tell beauty how she blazeth; Tell favour how it fal- ters: And as they shall re-ply, Give ev'ry one the lie. Tell wit how much it wrangles In fick-le points of nice-ness; Tell wis-dom she en-tan-gles Her-
self in over-wisness: And when they do reply, Straight givethemboth the

lie. 

Tell arts they have no soundness, But

vary by esteeming; Tell schools they want profoundness, And stand too much on seeming. If
rallentando poco a poco

arts and schools re- ply, Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell physic of her bold- ness; Tell skill it is pre- vention; Tell

cha- ri- ty of cold- ness; Tell law it is con- ten- tion: And as they do re- ply, So give them still the
The fortune of her blindness; tell nature of decay; tell friendship of unkindness; tell
justice of delay: and if they will reply, then give them all the lie.

加速 poco a poco
parlando

when thou hast, as I Com-man-ded thee, doneblab-bing; Be-cause to give the lie__ De-
serves no less than stabbing:

Stab at thee, he that will,

No

poco accelerando

stab thy soul can kill!
6. Farewell to the Court

Lento  \( j = 60 \)  accelerando molto  \( j = 120 \)

Tempo primo  \( j = 120 \)

Like truthless dreams, so are my
joys expired, And past return are all my
dandled days; My love misled, and fancy quite re-
tired Of all which pass'd the sorrow only stays.
32

Poco ten.

A tempo

My lost delights, now clean from sight of land, Have left me all a-

33

Poco ten.

A tempo

My mind to woe, my life in fortune's
a tempo    poco ten.    a tempo

hand Of all which pass'd the sorrow on-ly stays.

As in a coun-try

a tempo

strange, without com-pa-ni-on, I on-ly wail the wrong of death's de-
lays, Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well-nigh done Of all which
pass'd the sorrow only stays.

\( \text{j} = 120 \)

doppio piu lento
Whom care fore-warns, ere age and winter cold, To

haste me hence to find my fortune's fold.
E-ven such is time, which takes in trust, Our youth, and all we have, And pays us nought but age and dust; Which, in the dark and silent
grave, When we have wandered all our ways, Shuts up the story of our days!

And from which grave, and earth, and dust, The

Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

Finis
Encore: *Song of Myself*

**Andante** \(q = 84\) rallentando poco a poco

\(j = 44\)

I was a

**Andante** \(q = 88\)

Poet! But I did not know it, Nei-ther did my Mo-ther, Nor my Sis-ter nor my
Brother. The Rich were not aware of it; The Poor took no care of it.

Reverend Mister Dreyt Never knew it. The High did not suspect it; The

Low could not detect it. Aunt Sue said it was obviously un-
true. Un-cle Ned Said I was off my head: (This from a Co-

lo-ni-al Was real-ly a good tes-ti-mo-ni-al.) Still ev'-ry-bo-dy seem’d to
think That genius owes a good deal to drink. So that is how I am not a poet now. And why My inspiration has run dry. It is no sort of use To cultivate the
ritardando

Muse
If vulgar people can't tell a village pump from a church

accelerando

steeple. I am merely apologizing for the lack of the surprising in what I write

poco accel.

night. I am quite well-meaning, but a lot of things are always interesting between what I
mean And what it is said I had in my head.

It is all very puzzling.

Un-cle Ned Says Po-ets need muzz-ling.

He might Be right.

Good-night!
The Nymph
(Soprano or Mezzo)

Tempo comodo

The Shepherd
(Light Baritone)

poco a poco accel.

Piano

Tempi & dynamics notional

Always emphasize top line melody.

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Come live with me and be my love ...

(Marlowe)

live with me, and be my love: And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields, Woods or steepy mountain yields.
If all the world and love were young...

(Ralegh)

all the world and love were young, And truth in every shep-herd's tongue, These
pret-ty plea-sures might me move To live with thee and be thy love.
Shepherd

And we will sit upon the rocks ...

(Marlowe)

41

we will sit upon the rocks, watching the shepherds

44

feed their flocks, by shallow rivers to whose falls Me-

47

poco a poco rall.

lo di-ous birds sing madrigals
Nymph

But

But time drags flocks from field and fold ...

(Ralegh)

When rivers rage and rocks grow cold; And Philomel becomes dumb; The
Nymph

rest__com-plain__ of cares__ to come.

Shepherd

And

mf poco a poco rall.
And I will make thee beds of roses ...

(Marlowe)

I will make thee beds of roses With a thousand thousand

fragrant posies, A cap of flowers, and a kirtle

brodered all with leaves of myrtle.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields ...

(Ralegh)

flow - ers do fade, and wan - ton fields To way - ward win - ter

rec - ko - ning yields: A ho - ney tongue, a heart of gall, Is
Shepherd

74

Nymph

fan - cy's spring, but sor - row's fall.

Nymph

91 poco accel.

Shepherd
A gown made of the finest wool...
(Marlowe)

Shepherd:
Gown made of the finest wool Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Fair lined slippers for the cold, With

Buckles of the purest gold.
They gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses ...
(Ralegh)
and thy posies Soon break, soon wither,

soon forgotten In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Shepherd

A belt of straw and ivy buds...

(Marlowe)

poco a poco accel.

Shepherd

belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs: And,

poco a poco rall.

Shepherd

if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me and
Thy belt of straw and ivy buds ...
(Raleigh)

My belt of straw and ivy buds
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no
Nymph

means can move To come to thee and be thy love.
The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing...

Shepherd

141

Shepherd-swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning: If

145

these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and

148

poco a poco rall. al fine

be my love.
But could youth last and love still breed ...

(Ralegh)

Nymph could youth last and love still breed: Had joys no date nor age no need: Then

To
Nymph

Shepherd

live with thee and be thy love. Then

If

Nymph Shepherd

those delights my mind might move To live with thee and

Shepherd

those delights thy mind might move Then live with me and

Then live with me and

be thy love.

be thy love.

If

be my love.
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Dark river, (Song cycle for Soprano or Mezzo, Viola & Piano) Music: Ralph Middenway, Lyrics: Edna St Vincent Millay (1892-1950) Parts 1-3, 6, 8.
1. Night is my sister and how deep in love ... 2. Truce for a moment between Earth and Ether ... 3. Not with libations, but with shouts and laughter ... 6. I shall go back again to the bleak shore ... 8. And you as well must die, beloved dust ...
Parts 4, 5 and 7 have been retained.
4. No Rose that in a garden ever grew ...
gar-den e-ver grew, In Ho-mer's or in O-mar's or in

mine, Though bur-ied un-der cen-tu-ries of fine Dead
dust of ro-ses, shut from sun and dew For-e-ver, and for
accel.

rallentando poco a poco

\[ \text{\textit{accel.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{rallentando poco a poco}} \]

e-\text{ver lost from view, But must a-gain in frag-} \text{rance rich as} \text{ wine The}

accel.

rallentando poco a poco

\[ \text{\textit{accel.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{rallentando poco a poco}} \]

grey aisles of the air in-car-na-dine When the old sum-mers

rit.

rallentando poco a poco

\[ \text{\textit{rit.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{rallentando poco a poco}} \]

surge in-to a new.

Thus
when I swear, "I love with all my heart,"

Tis with the heart of Lilith that I swear,
"Tis with the love of lesbias and Lucrece;
And thus as well my

love must lose some part Of what it is,
rallentando poco a poco

had Helen been less fair,

rallentando poco a poco

Or perished young, or stayed at home in
Greece.
5. When we are old and these rejoicing veins ...
fros-ty can-nels to a mu-ted stream, And out of all our

burn-ing there re-mains No fee-blest spark to fire us,

Rallentando
p Rallentando

A tempo
Rallentando poco a poco

Rallentando
p Rallentando

A tempo
Rallentando poco a poco
even in dream,

This be our solace: that it was not said

When
we were young and warm and in our prime, upon our couch we lay as lie the

dead, sleeping away the unreturning time.
O sweet, O heavy-lidded, O my poco rit.

love, When morning strikes her spear upon the
tenuto a tempo poco accelerando

tenuto pp a tempo poco accelerando
land, And we must rise and arm us__

and re-prove The insolent daylight with a steady
Hand, Be not dis-count-en-anced if the know-ing know. We rose from

rallentando

rallentando

mp

meno mosso tenuto

rap-ture but an hour a-go.

p

meno mosso

pp

ppp

ppp tenuto

Red
The tempi of the four-bar patterns of the piano part are repeated, with slight increases from Rehearsal Marks 35, 38 and 45, and a decrease from 47, the variations simulating the not quite constant rhythm of an experienced boatman sculling with a single oar.

sim.
deed, your dreaded oar,

With what a peaceful
sound it dips into the stream; how gently,
too, From the wet blade the water drips.

I knew a ferryman before.
But he was not so old as you.
He spoke from un-em-bit-tered lips,

With care-less eyes on the bright sea One day, such bit-ter words to me_ As
This was a man of meagre fame;
He ferried merchants from the shore To Mi-ty-

len-e (whence I came) On Les-bos;
Pha-on is his name.

I hope that he will never die,
As I have done, and come to

never die,
As
dwell In this pale ci-ty we ap-proach.

Not that, in deed, I wish him well
(Though ne-ver_
have I wished him harm), But rather that I hope to

find In some un-e-cho-ing street of Hell The peace. I long have had in
mind: A peace where-on may not en-croach That

sup-ple back, the strong brown arm, That cur-ving mouth, the sun-burned curls;
But rather that I would rely, Having come so far, at such expense, upon some quiet lodging whence I need not hear his voice go
by In scraps of talk with boys and girls.

rall.

red
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Songs of Poverty

(Six Japanese songs, for Baritone and Piano)

1. Challenge

Lyrics: Original poem by Nakano Shigeharu (1902–1979)
Adapted from translation by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaites
in Penguin Book of Japanese Verse

Music: Ralph Middenway

Larghetto \( \text{q} = 60 \)

Baritone

Piano
dolce \( \text{mp} \)
cresc.

Don't sing of sun-kiss'd flow-ers or the

\[ \text{recitativo} \]

wings of the butterfly, Of the whispering wind or the
wings of the butterfly, Of the whispering wind or the

comodo a tempo

scent of a woman's hair, All that is merely
scent of a young girl's hair, All that is merely

arioso

ritmico
delicate,  
All that is mere-ly charming,  
All that is lan-guid,  
Out with it!

All that is mere-ly el-e-gant  
A-way with it!

All that is mere-ly e-le-gant  
A-way with it!
Sing instead of

life as it is,

veleoce

a tempo

life as it is,
And pluck courage from the depths of shame.

2. No Smoke Rises

Lyrics: Original poem by Yamanoue no Okura (b. 660)
Adapted from translation by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaite
in *Penguin Book of Japanese Verse*
cold nights, When the cold rain beats And the wind howls, On cold nights when the
cold nights, When the cold rain beats And the wind howls,
On cold nights when the
cold nights, When the cold rain beats And the wind howls,
On cold nights when the
cold snow falls and the sleet swirls, My on-ly de-fence A-gainst that cold is to
cold snow falls and the sleet swirls, My on-ly de-fence A-gainst that cold is to
cold snow falls and the sleet swirls, My on-ly de-fence A-gainst that cold is to
sip cold dregs of sake.

I finger my chin, snif-fle and cough. And

ten. veloce  a tempo

say to my-self, "I'm a good fel-low!"

ten. veloce  a tempo
cresc.

"I'm a good wo-man!"
But I freeze all the same: Swath-ing my-self in sheets made of sack-ing,

Pil-ing on top my flim-sy clothes, The cold still seeps

Pil-ing on top my flim-sy clothes. The cold still seeps
But there are some, Poor-er than I, Cold-er than

I, More hun-gry than I, On cold nights, How do they live?

Led.
Heaven and earth are broad,

accel.

Andante moderato $j = 96$

So they say.

For me they are narrow.

Sun and

come prima a tempo

accel.

Andante moderato $j = 96$

Heaven and earth are broad,

Sun and

come prima a tempo
moon are bright, So they say. They don't shine for me.

moon are bright, So they say. They don't shine for me.

Is it the same for all men, This sadness?

Is it the same for all men, This sadness?
Or is it only the poor?

In my rickety hovel
The straw lies on bare earth. In the corner squat my parents, By the hearth my wife and children;
From the hearth No smoke rises,
In the cooking pot

poco a poco rall.

a spider spins her web
How do you cook rice

poco a poco rall.
when there is no rice left?

We talk, feebly as birds,

mezza voce

We talk, feebly as birds,

mezza voce

una corda
And then, to make matters worse, To snip the ends of a thread already frayed and short,
The village head-man comes,

furioso

Shaking his whip, right in my face, shouting out for his tax.
Is this our world’s way?

Must it go on and on?
Earth is despair and

una corda

come prima

Earth is despair and

come prima

shame, but I am no bird,

shame, but I am no bird,
and find no escape.
3. Thinking Stone

Lyrics: Original poem by Takenaka Iku (b. 1904)
Adapted from translation by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaites
in *Penguin Book of Japanese Verse*

Veloce

Adagio  \( \frac{\text{f}}{4} = 66 \)

There is a three-corn-er'd

Veloce

a tempo

mf poco piu mosso

There is a three-corn-er'd
Veloce

Veloce

stone, White, even in the dark, In the

stone, White, even in the dark, In the

Veloce

a tempo

cen-tre of the pitch-black square,

Just like Rodin's Think-er, of

cen-tre of the pitch-black square,

Just like Rodin's Think-er, of
poco rall. Veloce

granite, Like a man with his chin on his fist.

You are thinking of the daytime and the man who sat down on you;

preciso
You are thinking of the daytime and the child who tripped over you;

You are thinking of the daytime and the child who tripped over you;

colla voce

You are thinking of the daytime and the blind man who knocked his stick on you.

You are thinking of the daytime and the blind man who knocked his stick on you.

preciso

colla voce
The man who sat down on you

veloce

The man who sat down on you

veloce

preciso
colla voce

The child who tripped over you

des-paired of liv-ing;

The child who tripped o-ver you

des-paired of liv-ing;

preciso
colla voce

mp

mp
The blind man's stick was broken in pieces.

In the starlight, I come near you.

veloce

preciso

una corda
Your quartz, your felspar, your mica,
- glitter and blink

libere

Your quartz, your felspar, your mica,
- glitter and blink

poco a poco rall.

Your quartz, your felspar, your mica,
- glitter and blink

poco a poco rall.
and seem to want to speak.

4. City Buildings

Lyrics: Original poem by Nakahara Chuya (b. 1907)
Adapted from translation by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaites
in Penguin Book of Japanese Verse

Maestoso $\downarrow = 33$

$\downarrow = 66$
Ah! Lunch-time!

Out they stream, out they stream,

Clerks and typists out
for lunch, Aim less ly scur ry ing a bout.

for lunch, Aim less ly scur ry ing a bout.

poco rall. pomposo

Larghetto \( \frac{\text{L}}{4} = 60 \)

Huge shi ny build ing, Coal black, ti ny, Ti ny front door.

Huge shi ny build ing, Coal black, ti ny, Ti ny front door.

Larghetto \( \frac{\text{L}}{4} = 60 \)

misterioso

una corda

Thin cloud, haz ing the sky, Thin cloud and dust blow ing up.

Thin cloud, haz ing the sky, Thin cloud and dust blow ing up.
man I am! What a modern young woman I am!

preciso

man I am! What a modern young woman I am.

preciso

Huge shining building, Coal-black, tiny,
Pomposo

Huge shining building, Coal-black, tiny,
P Larghetto

Larghetto
And out they stream,

Una corda

Clerks and typists out
for lunch, Aim - less - ly scur - ry - ing a - bout.

The
dim.

PPP
cresc.

sound of their foot - steps

cresc.
mounts on the wind,

mounts on the wind,

\[\text{echoes,}\]

\[\text{echoes,}\]

\[\text{dim}\]

\[\text{dim}\]

\[\text{locos\ dim}\]

and blows away

and blows away

loco \ dim
5. Milky Way

Lyrics: Original poem by Takenaka Iku (b. 1904)
As translated by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaites
in Penguin Book of Japanese Verse

Comodo, rubato, speech rhythm, wayward, hesitant, changing;
poco a poco crescendo from bar 246 to bar 273.

O-ver-head I can see stars:
1. Stars that stink like

\( \text{rv} \)
2. Stars that speak in strange tongues,

3. Stars that roar like a freeway,
4. Stars the colour of Coca-Cola,

5. Stars that...

4. Stars the colour of Coca-Cola,

5. Stars that...

hum. like a frig,

6. Stars as sour as old milk,

hum. like a frig,

6. Stars as sour as old milk,
7. Stars sanitized, sterilized,

8. Stars glowing with nuclear fires;

accel.   rit.

accel.   rit.
9. Among them,

accel.  rit.

Among them,

accel.  rit.

snooping stars,  in stationary orbits,

accel.  rit.

snooping stars,  in stationary orbits,
10. And deadly stars, maybe, too swift for the eye.

11. Deep they plunge, to the heart of the universe.
Over-head I can see stars:

recitativo

Over-head I can see stars:

recitativo

accel.  rit.  a tempo  cresc.

On clear nights every night
rallentando.

they hang sul-len like a hea- vy chain.

rallentando.

they hang sul-len like a hea- vy chain.

Larghetto

1. El-der sis-ter, el-der sis-ter, who is co- ming, in the loft?

Larghetto

una corda

Lyrics: Original poem by Tanikawa Shuntaro (b. 1931)
As translated by Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaites
in Penguin Book of Japanese Verse
It is we, we who are coming.

2. Elder sister,

It is we, we who are coming.

2. Elder sister,

It is we, we who are coming.

2. Elder sister,

What is ripening, on the stairs?

It is we,

What is ripening, on the stairs?

It is we,
we who are ripe

young brother, You and I Fa-ther, and Mo-ther, Out-

we who are ripe

you-ger sis-
ter, You and I Fa-

ther, and Mo-

ther, Out-

poco rall.

poco rall.

[Music notation]

tempo primo

side, in the drought we are work-ing

3.El-
der sis-
ter

tempo primo

side, in the drought we are work-ing

3.El-
der sis-
ter

[Music notation]

una corda tre corde una corda
who is eating the bread on the table?

It is we,

who is eating the bread on the table?

It is we,

poco rall.

tempo secondo

\[ \text{\textit{mf}} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{\textit{p}} \quad \text{\textit{p}} \quad \text{\textit{p}} \]

tre corde

\[ \text{\textit{legato}} \quad \text{\textit{tre corde}} \]

we who are eating

Tear-ing at it with our nails.

we who are eating

Tear-ing at it with our nails.
4. Then who is drinking your blood, elder sister?  

It's a man,

4. Then who is drinking your blood, elder sister?  

It's a man,

a man you don't know, A tall man, with a nice voice.  

5. Elder sister,

a man you don't know, A tall man, with a nice voice.  

5. Elder sister,

una tre corda corde  

tre corde
elder sister, In the barn there, what did you do? He and I,

elder sister, in the barn there, what did you do? He and I,

tempo primo

he and I performed an incanta
tion, Lest all of us might die.

he and I performed an incanta
tion, Lest all of us might die.

mp
6. And so? And so, and so my breasts will grow full for the tempo secondo $q = 69$

7. Who is that? It is you, for the sake of one more of us.

8. Who is that? It is you, for the sake of one more of us.

Legato

Una corda Tre corde
it is I, it is Father, and Mother, 8. Who will come then, at

poco meno mosso \( \frac{d}{2} = 63 \) poco meno mosso \( \frac{d}{2} = 63 \)

\( \text{una corda} \)  

At night, when we say our prayers? No one. 9. Above the weathercock?

At night, when we say our prayers? No one. 9. Above the weathercock?

\( \text{legato} \) \( \frac{d}{2} = 69 \) \( \text{pp} \) \( \frac{d}{2} = 60 \)

\( \text{una corda} \) \( \text{una corda} \)

No one. 10. Beyond the dust in the road? No one.

No one. 10. Beyond the dust in the road? No one.

\( \text{legato} \) \( \frac{d}{2} = 66 \) \( \text{pp} \) \( \frac{d}{2} = 56 \)

\( \text{una corda} \)  

\( \text{una corda} \) 

\( \text{una corda} \)
In the evening, by the well-side? We are all here.
石川 — Ishikawa

(Nine Japanese songs for Soprano or Mezzo and Piano)

1 – Stone River

Kakinomoto no Hitomaro
(trans. Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaite)

Music © Ralph Middenway, Inman Valley 1990; Hobart 2014
River the plovers are crying.

My heart flies with them over the waves of sunset, back to the days of my youth.

una corda   tre corde
2 – The Billowing Mist

Leggiero

\[ \frac{\text{pp}}{\text{rallentando}} \]

3 – Silkworms

Capriccioso

\[ \frac{\text{pp}}{\text{rallentando}} \]
The silk-worms my mother rears (mother of the sagging breasts)

and I, cooped up in my home

Tempo primo

Poco rit.
Oh! for a way to meet him.

poco accel.

poco accel.

Adorante

2 = 116

4 – The Spring Grass
Pesante $\frac{d}{=} 48$

Luminoso

Clear and loud as the

night call of the watch-man

I told my name:

"Trust me as your wife."

Red.

Red.

Red.

Red.

Red.
6 – The Yellow Leaves

7 – Longing

Cantabile  \( \dot{\text{j}} = 56 \)

On the road to the palace
(people bas-king in the sun)

Omit any inconvenient notes in right-hand triads

people walk in their
crowds;

but the one for whom I

Libere

long is one and one a - lone.
9 – Smokeclouds

Yosami Koromoya-musumego
(trans. Geoffrey Bownas & Anthony Thwaite)

Come prima

To-day, to-day, I wait for him, but
do not men say he lies mingled with the shells of Stone River.
To meet him face to face.
I may not meet him thus.

colla voce

come misure 19–21, n° 6

Stay, you smoke-clouds o-ver Stone

River, that, see-ing I may re mem-ber.

7'08'
– Toyokawa – East River (Excerpts)

Piano Sonata: I

Ralph Middenway

1:1:1 (jo:jo:jo)

\( \text{accelerando poco a poco} \)

1:3:3

\( \text{tenuto a tempo} \)

\( \text{accelerando poco a poco} \)

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* Whatever the dynamic, maintain this strong ‘daiho’ pattern wherever it occurs.