

DAVID DZUBAY

# **Sun Songs**

(2007)

soprano & piano

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for soprano & piano  
(2007)

- |  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1. The ecchoing Green [William Blake]              | [2:15] |
| 2. Song [William Blake]                            | [1:40] |
| 3. The Cricket [Sappho]                            | [1:00] |
| 4. I taste a liquor never brewed [Emily Dickinson] | [1:30] |
| 5. The Eagle [Alfred Tennyson]                     | [1:50] |
| 6. Night [William Blake]                           | [2:15] |

Duration: *circa* 12 minutes

## NOTE

These songs were first composed as part of a set of seven songs for soprano and six instruments entitled *Singing the Sun*. That work was commissioned by the Fromm Foundation, premiered at the Wintergreen Music Festival and recorded by Dallas-based Voices of Change (CD: innova 588)

While at the Djerassi Resident Artist Program in 2007, I recomposed six of the songs for soprano and piano, making this shorter set.

David Dzubay

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DAVID DZUBAY

# **Sun Songs**

(2007)

soprano & piano

## TEXTS (All in Public Domain):

*Give me the splendid silent sun  
with all his beams full-dazzling...*

- Walt Whitman

### 1. *from The Ecchoing Green* [William Blake]

The Sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The sky-lark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' chearful sound,  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the Ecchoing Green.

### 2. *Song* [William Blake]

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
'Till I the prince of love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his gardens fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

### 3. *The Cricket* [Sappho]

When the sun dazzles the earth  
with straight-falling flames,  
a cricket rubs its wings  
scraping up a shrill song.

### 4. *I taste a liquor never brewed* [Emily Dickinson]

I taste a liquor never brewed,  
From tankards scooped in pearl;  
Not all the vats upon the Rhine  
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,  
And debauchee of dew,  
Reeling, through endless summer days,  
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee  
Out of the foxglove's door,  
When butterflies renounce their drams,  
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,  
And saints to windows run,  
To see the little tippler  
Learning against the sun!

### 5. *The Eagle* [Alfred Tennyson]

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

### 6. *from Night* [William Blake]

The sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.  
The moon like a flower,  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight  
Sits and smiles on the night.

# Sun Songs

(2007)

DAVID DZUBAY  
(b. 1964)

## 1. The Ecchoing Green [William Blake]

2  $\text{♩} = 48$  *ritard...* 6  $\text{♩} = 60$

Soprano

[speak:] Give me the splendid silent sun  
with all his beams full-dazzling...  
[Walt Whitman]

Piano

*pp* *loco* *p* *ppp*  
*una corda*  
*ped. sempre* (lightly mute string near end with fingertip)

7 10 *p cantabile*  
The sun

11 *crescendo...* *mf* 5 *p*  
does a - - - - rise,

15 *mp* 3 *mf*  
and make hap - py the skies;

"flutter pedal"...

19 *f* 20 *mf*

The mer-ry bells ring to

*p* *f* *mf* *p sub.*

(Red.) Red.

23 26 *p* calm poco crescendo...

wel-come the Spring; The sky lark and thrush,

*ppp* *pp* *mp*

(Red.) Red.

28 *mf* agitated

The birds of the bush,

*p* *mf* *mp* *crescendo...*

(Red.) Red.

31 *f* exuberant

(Sing) loud-er a-round to the bells' cheer-ful

*f* *mf* *f*

*simile* (f)

(Red.) Red.

34

sound \_\_\_\_\_ sound. \_\_\_\_\_

(8va) \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

*loco*

*loco*

3 (A) 3 3 3 3 3 3 6 7 *ffz dim...*

*Red.* \_\_\_\_\_

37

*mf*

While \_\_\_\_\_ our sports \_\_\_\_\_ shall be seen \_\_\_\_\_ on the

*p*

5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

(*Red.*) \_\_\_\_\_

"flutter pedal"...

40 *ritard...* 41  $\text{♩} = 112$

Ec - cho - ing \_\_\_\_\_ Green. \_\_\_\_\_

*ritard...*  $\text{♩} = 112$

*pp*

*p*

*una corda*

5 5 5

(*Red.*) \_\_\_\_\_

43

*Sua* \_\_\_\_\_

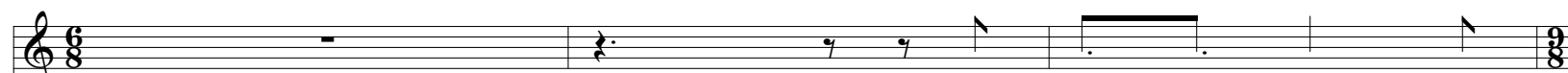
5

(*Red.*) \_\_\_\_\_

## 2. Song [William Blake]

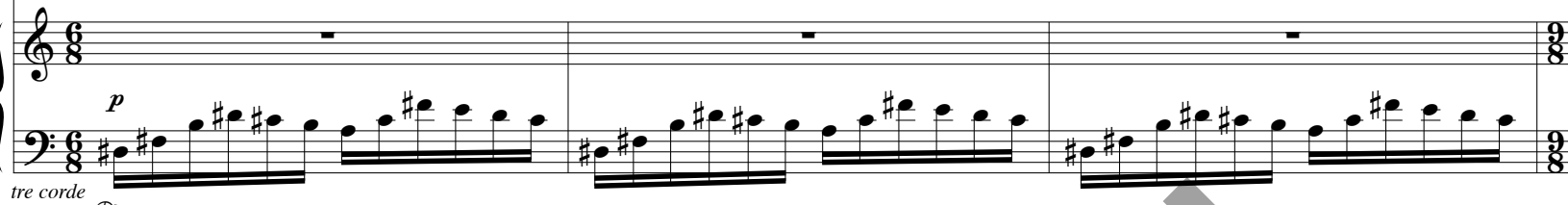
♩.=60 [theme]

*mp* carefree, innocent



How sweet I roam'd from

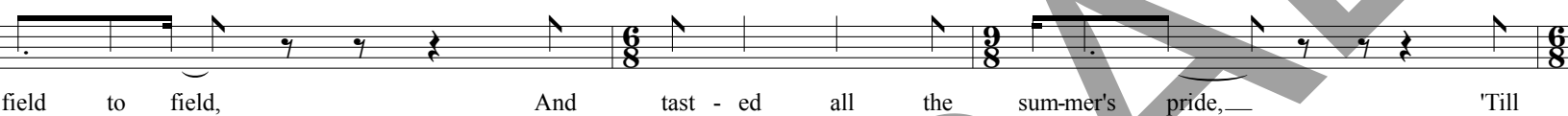
♩.=60 [theme]



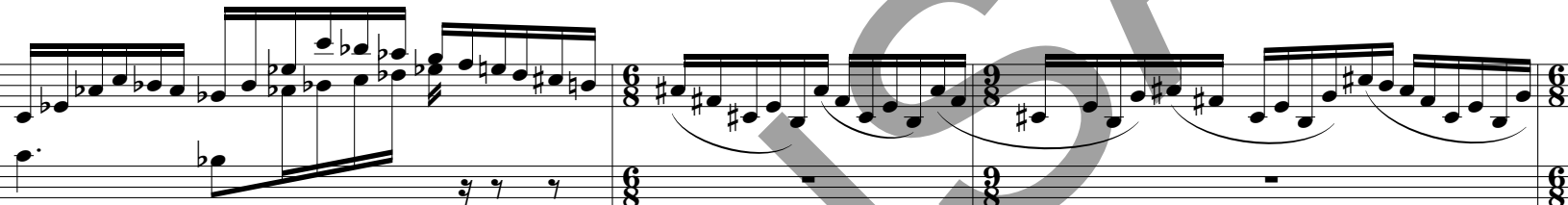
*tre corde*

*Red.*

4



field to field, And tast - ed all the sum-mer's pride, — 'Till



*Red.*

*1/2 Red. (flutter)*

7



I the prince of love — be - held, — Who in the sun - ny beams did



*crescendo...*

*mf*

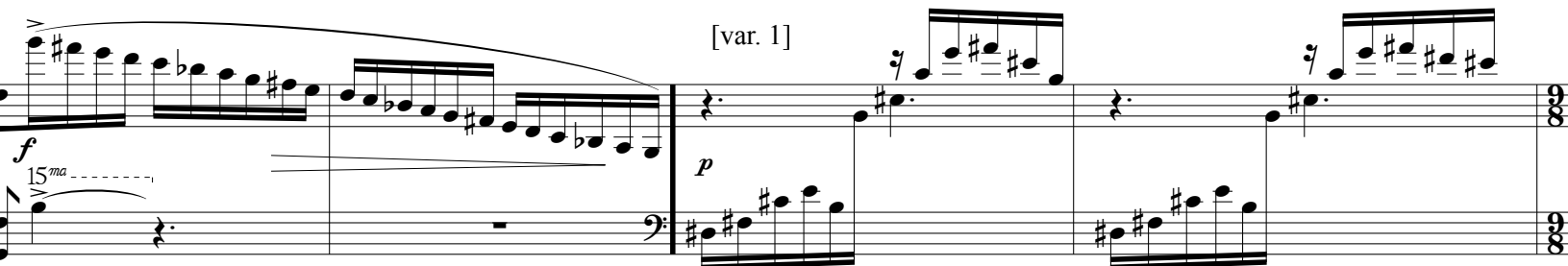
*Red.*

10

12 [var. 1]

*enraptured*

glide! He shew'd me li - lies for —



[var. 1]

*f*

*15<sup>ma</sup>*

*p*

*Red.*



14

my hair, — And blush-ing ros - es for — my brow; — He

17

led me through his gar - dens fair, Where all his gold - en plea-sures grow.

*ritard... accelerando...*

*ritard... accelerando...*

*pp* *crescendo...*

(Red) \* Red. Red. Red. Red.

21

With sweet May dew's my wings were wet, — And

*mf* *alarmed*

*pp*

*p* *mf* *p* Red.

*Sva* Red.

26

Phoe-bus fir'd my vo-cal rage; He caught me in his silk-en net, And shut me in his

*mf* *f* *mf* *sfz*

*tr* *tr*

*Sva* *b* *3* *5* *4*

(Red) \*

30 *ritard...*  $\text{♩} = 60$  [var. 3] *mp* carefree, innocent

gold-en cage. He loves to sit and hear

*ritard...*  $\text{♩} = 60$  [var. 3]

*p* *sfz* *low cluster* *p*

*ffz* *Red.*

35 *annoyed, hurt* *enraptured*

me sing, Then, laugh-ing, sports and plays with me; Then

*p* *mp* *mf* *mf* *pp*

*Red.* *p sempre*

38 *annoyed, hurt*

stretch - es out my gold - en wing, And mocks my loss of

*p* *mp* *mp*

*Red.* *p* *Red.*

41

li - ber - ty.

*mf* *mf*

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

15<sup>ma</sup> *f* *mp* *p*

Red. *Sub*

### 3. The Cricket [Sappho]

5" 10"  
2

5" 10"  
LIGHTLY drag fingertips (not nails) across strings in second to lowest string group *etc. ad libitum*

*p ~ mf ad lib.* (mute string w/finger tip) strike lowest strings with all 4 fingertips (not nails) - erratic rhythms & dynamics (like fire) *etc. ad libitum*

Red. *sempre* *f* *p* *f* *p* *mp* *pp* *mf* *p* *mf* *f*

*Sub*

15" *mf* *f*

3 5 4

When the sun daz - zles the earth with straight - fall - ing flames,

15" 5" *softer, under voice* *crescendo...*

5" 6"

5" 6" swipe fingertips back and forth across strings (angled strings, near side of brace) highest group of strings

*pp* second highest group

*p* *fff* *p*

*Sub*

(Red.)

10" 6"

7  $\text{♩} = 60$  *accel.* *rit.* *mf* *pp* *mf* *dim....* 8 *p* *ppp* 9

*p* *mf* *pp* *mf* *ppp*

a cric-ket rubs its wings — scrap - ing up a shrill song —

10" 6"

(LH: mute B5, RH back and forth between B5 key and upper strings)

fast, long, fingernail flick dampen string at edge (where there are no coils)

*mf* *p* *mp* *pp* *p* *pp* *f* *niente*

(Red) \*

#### 4. I taste a liquor never brewed [Emily Dickinson]

$\text{♩} = 69$  *dreamy, enthralled* (approximate rhythm only - always expressive and natural)

*p* *mf* *pp* *mf* *p* *f*

spoken: I taste a liquor never brewed, From tan-kards scooped in pearl;

Not all the vats up-on the Rhine Yield such an al-co-hol!

*accel.* *ritard...* *accel.* *ritard...*

*accel.* *ritard...* *accel.* *ritard...*

*a tempo* *a tempo*

I - ne-bri-ate of air am I, And de-bau - chee of dew Reel-ing, through end - less sum - mer days,

*p* *mf* *mp* *p* *mf*

(Red)

10 *ritard...* 12 ♩=76

From inns of mol - ten blue...

*ritard...* *dim....* *p*

5 3 6 6

Red. Sub Red. "flutter pedal"...

13

When land - lords turn the drun - ken bee out of the fox-glove's door, When

*f* *p*

3 3 6

Red.

15 *poco accel....* 3 ♩=80 *ritard...* ♩=69

but - ter - flies re - nounce their drams, I shall but drink the more!

*poco accel....* 6 ♩=80 *ritard...* 6 ♩=69

*f* *p* *mp*

6 6 3 3

Red. "flutter pedal"...

18 *poco accelerando...* *ritardando poco a poco...*

Till se-raphs swing their snow - y hats,

*poco accelerando...* *ritardando poco a poco...*

*f* *mp* *p*

3 3 3

Red. Red. Red.

*rit.*  $\text{♩} = 56$

And saints to win-dows run,— To see the lit-tle tip-pl-er lean-ing a-against the sun!

*rit.*  $\text{♩} = 56$

*pp* *p* *pp*

Red. *8va* *8vb*

### 5. The Eagle [Alfred Tennyson]

3" 4" 7"  $\text{♩} = 48$  *mf* *twitchy* *f*

He clasps the crag with crook-ed hands;—

3" 4" 7"  $\text{♩} = 48$  *p* *mf* *ff* *pp* *mf*

5  $\text{♩} = 60$  *ff* *dim...* *mf*

Close to the sun in lone-ly lands,—

8 *p* *mp* *mf* *p* *mf* *ffz*

ringed with the a-zure world, he stands.

*poco ritard...* *poco ritard...*

*mp* *p* *ffz*

Red. *8va* *8vb* \*

12 3" 4" 13 10"

3" 4" 10" whisper:

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

*p* < *mf* > etc. ad libitum

repeat as necessary

etc. ad libitum

*mf*

Red. sempre

14 5" 15 5" 16  $\text{♩} = 60$  *mf*

*mp* rubato, ad libitum tenuto

The wrinkl - ed sea be - neath him crawls; He watch - es

5" 5"  $\text{♩} = 60$  dim....

softer, under voice

(random order)

(Red.) *p* *pp*

17 19 *p* *mp* *accelerando...* *crescendo...*

from his moun - tain walls, And like a thun - der - bolt he

niente (stop whispers) *accelerando...*

thinning out...

dim.... *ppp* Red.

21  $\text{♩} = 80$  *ff* *accelerando...*  $\text{♩} = 100$  *molto rit.*

falls.

$\text{♩} = 80$  *mf* *crescendo...* *ff*  $\text{♩} = 100$  *molto rit.*

*sfz* niente

low cluster

# 6. Night [William Blake]

*p dolce*  
♩=46  
The sun de - scend - ing in the west,

*pp*  
8va  
5

10  
*mp* *p* *mp* *mf* *p*  
The even - ing star does shine; The birds are si - lent in their nest,

*p* *mp*  
3 3

14 *molto ritenuto...* *mp* 15 *p* ♩=52  
And I must seek for mine.

*molto ritenuto...* ♩=52  
*pp* *ppp* *p*  
*una corda*

18 *mp* 5 *mf*  
The moon like a flow - er, In heav - en's high bow - er,

*crescendo...*  
3

(Red.)



21 23 *p*

With

*tre corde*  
Red.

*una corda*  
Red.

*mf* *pp sub.* *dolce*

24 27 *p*

si - lent de - - - light

Sits and smiles on

*pp* *ppp* *p*

(Red.)

29 30 *ritard...* *niente*

the night.

opt. niente

*ritard...* *niente*

(Red.) Sub-octave marking

PERUSAL

PERUSAL

PERUSAL