

The Wild Winds Weep

for
Soprano, Horn, Piano

- 1. To a Child dancing in the Wind (W.B. Yeats)**
- 2. Nightpiece (James Joyce)**
- 3. Mad Song (William Blake)**

Michael Murray
(2004)

The Wild Winds Weep

1. To a Child dancing in the Wind (W.B. Yeats)

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Not the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of the wind?

2. Nightpiece (James Joyce)

Gaunt in gloom,
The pale stars their torches,
Enshrouded, wave.
Ghostfires from heaven's far verges faint illumine,
Arches on soaring arches,
Night's sindark nave.

Seraphim,
The lost hosts awaken
To service till
In moonless gloom each lapses muted, dim,
Raised when she has and shaken
Her thurible.

And long and loud,
To night's nave upsoaring,
A starknell tolls
As the bleak incense surges, cloud on cloud,
Voidward from the adoring
Waste of souls.

3. Mad Song (William Blake)

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs infold;
But lo! The morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! To the vault
Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven;
They strike the ear of night
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud
With howling woe,
After night I do crowd
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increased;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

for Pearl Yeadon, Lisa Casey, and Peter Collins

I. To a Child dancing in the Wind

W.B. Yeats

Michael Murray

VOICE $\text{♩} = 72$ $\frac{4}{4}$

Dance there up-on the

HORN* $\frac{4}{4}$ *mf* *p* *8va-*

PIANO $\frac{4}{4}$ *p* *mp* *8va-*

red. ** red. ad lib.*

shore; What need have you to care For wind or wat-er's roar?

mp *mf* *mf*

$\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

The musical score is written for three parts: Voice, Horn, and Piano. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 72. The voice part has lyrics: "Dance there up-on the shore; What need have you to care For wind or wat-er's roar?". The piano part features a complex accompaniment with many sixteenth notes and slurs. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). There are also performance instructions like *red.* (ritardando) and ** red. ad lib.* (ritardando ad libitum). The score ends with a change to 5/4 time signature.

11

And tum-ble out your hair That the salt drops have

15

wet; accel. al ♩ = 84

20

Be-ing young you have not known The fool's tri-umph, nor yet Love lost as

25 *rit.* *al* ♩ = 72

soon as won, Nor the best la-bour-er dead And all the sheaves to bind.

p

mp *p*

30

What need have you to dread the mon - strous cry - ing of the wind?

gr-a-, *p* *ppp*

p *pp*

take time

II. Nightpiece

James Joyce

Michael Murray

$\bullet = 220-240$ (3+3+2)

PIANO *mf*

8^{va}

8^{vb} (sempre)

VOICE

Gaunt in gloom,

HORN*

(8vb) *And.* *And.* *sim.*

12

The pale stars their torch-es, En-shroud - ed, wave.

mp *f* *f*

8^{va}

17

Ghost - fires from hea - ven's far ver - ges faint il - lume, Arch - es on soar - ing arch -

mp

(8vb)

22

es, Night's sin - dark nave.

f mp f mp f

ff l.v.

28

Ser - a - phim, The lost hosts a - wak - en To ser - vice

mp

33

till In moon - less gloom each laps - es mut - ed,

38

dim, Raised when she has and shak - en Her thur - i - ble.

43

And long and loud, To night's nave up - soar - ing, A

48

stark - nell tolls As the bleak in - cense surg - es, cloud on

mf *f*

Sra-

53

cloud, Void - ward from the a - dor - ing Waste of souls.

mf *mp* *f* *p*

Sra-

l.v.

III. Mad Song

William Blake

Michael Murray

$\text{♩} = 54$

HORN*

mf *mf* *mp*

PIANO

p *mp*

red.

VOICE

The wild winds weep, And the night is a -

mf *mf*

p

11 cold; Come hith-er, Sleep, And my griefs in - fold; But lo! the morn-ing

p *mp* *mf*

f

16

peeps O - ver the east-ern steep[s], And the rust - ling birds of dawn The earth do

20

scorn. Lo! to the vault Of pa - ved heav-en, With sor-row fraught My notes are driv-en;

25

They strike the ear of night Make weep the eyes of day; They make mad

30

the roar-ing winds And with tem-pests play. Like a fiend in a

f *p* *f*

loco

34

cloud With howl-ing woe, Af-ter night I do crowd And with night will go; I turn my

ff *f* *ff*

ff *mp*

38

back to the east, From whence com-forts have in-creased; For light doth seize my brain With fran-tic pain.

f *mp* *mf* *mp*

mf *mp* *p*

molto rit.