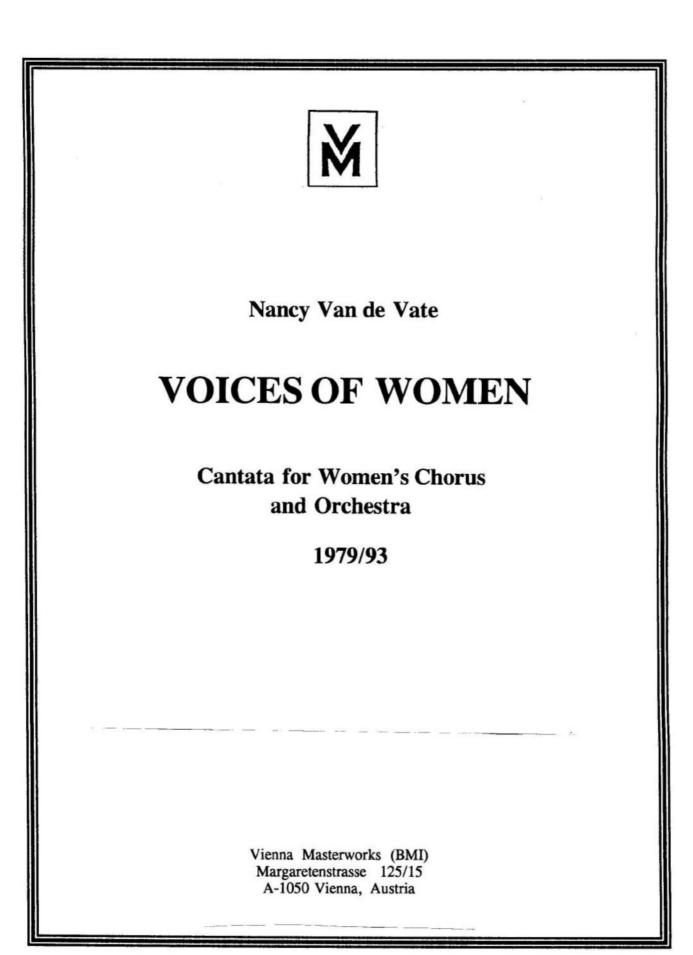
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PREVIEW



### Nancy Van de Vate

## Voices of Women

# Cantata for Women's Chorus and Orchestra

1979 (Rev. 1993)

Voices chorus

Nightlong, Daylong, as the Sweet.... soprano solo

Faces chorus

The Little Old Women contralto solo

Tears chorus

#### Voices

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the infinite of space. Swiftly the soul is wafted over regions of cycles of cycles of generations that have lived.

James Joyce. Ulysses1

#### Nightlong, Daylong As The Sweet

Nightlong, daylong, as the sweet Nightingale his love doth greet, Nightlong, daylong, I lie at my sweetheart's feet, Neath the flower Till the watchman from his tower cries: 'Tis dawn!" Fair lovers rise, 'tis dawn! Soon bright day will gild the skies. Nightlong, daylong, I lie at my sweetheart's feet. Nightlong, daylong.

Anon. Provencal, 12<sup>th</sup> Century (Trans. by Maurice Valery)<sup>2</sup>

#### Faces

The old face of the mother of many children.

She looks out from her quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse, The sun just shines on her old white head.

The justified mother of men.

Walt Whitman

#### The Little Old Women

Their eyes are ponds made of a million tears. These were once women. All might have made a river with their tears! They toddle like little marionettes, Or drag their bodies like hurt animals. Ashamed to be alive, shrunken shadows, Fearful, with bent backs they hug the walls; Have you noticed how the coffins of old Women are often as small as a child's?

Charles Baudelaire (Trans. by Barbara Gibbs)3

#### Tears

Of tears! tears! tears!

Tears! tears! tears! In the night, in solitude, tears, On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by the sand, Tears, not a star shining, all dark and desolate, Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head; O who is that ghost? that form in the dark, with tears? What shapeless lump is that, bent crouch'd there on the sand? Streaming tears, sobbing tears, throes, choked with wild cries; O storm, O wild and dismal night storm, with wind-desperate, O shade so sedate and decorous by day, with calm countenance and regulated pace, But away at night as you fly, none looking-O then the unloosen'd ocean,

Walt Whitman

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#### **SSAA** Chorus

Piccolo Flute Clarinet in Bb Percussion I and II Celesta (sounding 8ve higher) Harp Strings

Percussion I Vibraphone Suspended cymbal Triangle (lg.) Triangle (med.) **Tambourine** Snare drum Afuche / cabasa Temple blocks

Percussion II Suspended cymbal Chimes Tam-Tam (med.) Snare drum Afuche / cabasa Tambourine Tom-Tom (med.) Triangle (lg.)

Shared Timpani Large Tam-Tam Bass drum

Duration: 20 minutes



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