After the Sun

baritone oboe/cor anglais and piano

duration c.19'

Preview File Only

Timothy Salter

Usk Edition, London 1988

AFTER THE SUN

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

Was aber hindert uns zu glauben, dass
(so wie wir hingestellt sind und verteilt)
nicht eine kleine Zeit nur Drang und Hass
und dies Verwirrende in uns verweilt,

wie einst in dem verzierten Sarkophag
bei Ringen, Götterbildern, Gläsern, Bändern,
in langsam sich verzehrenden Gewändern
ein langsam Aufgelöstes lag –

bis es die unbekannten Munde schluckten
die niemals reden. (Wo besteht und denkt
ein Hirn, um ihrer einst sich zu bedienen?)

Da wurde von den alten Aquädukten
ewiges Wasser in sie eingelenkt –
das spiegelt jetzt und geht und glänzt in ihnen.

Traveller, you can hardly ever have been
So unprepared for a journey – for that's how
We see it, whether you fly to Paradise,
Or cross the Styx, or (equal cause for wonder)
Return to the elements. You travel light,
With no companion, and your ancestors
Receive you now, wherever they may be –
In Heaven, or Elysium, or the Cambrian rocks –
The unbroken family line that stretches back
To the source of Time, to the primaeval cell...
That which continued at your birth is broken –
Cut off, at all events, from our five senses
And four dimensions. Little wonder, then,
That we should cover up your face and scatter
Your ashes, feeling that we take away
More of you than we leave: a restless memory
Of sentences unfinished, kindnesses
Never requited, moments in the sun
Or the green valley; these rather than ashes
And something more remote than outer space
Compel my tears, require my requiem.

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings now,
That is to him unknown.

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And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theames,
And into glory peep.

Freilich ist es seltsam, die Erde nicht mehr zu bewohnen,
kaum erlernte Gebräuche nicht mehr zu üben,
Rosen, und andern eigens versprechenden Dingen
nicht die Bedeutung menschlicher Zukunft zu geben;
das, was man war in unendlich ängstlichen Händen,
nicht mehr zu sein, und selbst den eigenen Namen
wegzulassen wie ein zerbrochenes Spielzeug.
Seltsam, die Wünsche nicht weiterzuwunschen. Seltsam,
alles, was sich bezog, so lose im Raume
flattern zu sehen. Und das Totsein ist mühsam
und voller Nacholn, dass man allmählich ein wenig
Ewigkeit spürt. – Aber Lebendige machen
alle den Fehler, dass sie zu stark unterscheiden.
Engel (sagt man) wüssten oft nicht, ob sie unter
Lebenden gehn oder Toten. Die ewige Strömung
reisst durch beide Bereiche alle Alter
immer mit sich und übertönt sie in beiden.

Text:

Henry Vaughan – 'They are all gone into the world of light!', verses 1-3
Rainer Maria Rilke – Romische Sarkophage (Neue Gedichte)*
Edward Lowbury – Departure III**
Vaughan – ibid., verses 6-7
Rilke – extract from Duineser Elegien, Die Erste Elegie*
*courtesy of Christoph Sieber-Rilke
**courtesy of Edward Lowbury

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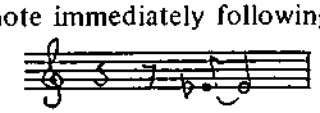
Translations

Roman Sarcophagi [Romische Sarkophage] But what is it that prevents us from believing that (so are we placed and distributed in this world) it is only for a short time that striving and hatred and this bewildering will remain in us, as once in the ornate sarcophagus with rings, images of gods, glasses, ribbons, there lay in slowly self-consuming garments something being slowly disintegrated – until swallowed by the unknown mouths that never speak. (Where exists and thinks a brain ever to make use of them?) Then from the ancient aqueducts was eternal water diverted into them –: that mirrors now and moves and sparkles in them.

From the First Elergy (The Duino Elegies) [extract from Duineser Elegien, Die Erste Elegie] Certainly it is strange to inhabit the earth no longer, to abandon scarcely learned customs, not to invest roses and other things of special promise with the meaning of human future; to be no more what one used to be in endlessly anxious hands and even to leave aside one's own name like a broken toy. Strange, not to go on wishing one's wishes. Strange, to see all that was once related fluttering loosely around in space. And being dead is hard and full of making up for things, so that one only gradually senses a little eternity. – But all of the living make the mistake of drawing too sharp a distinction. Angels (it's said) would often not know whether they moved among the living or the dead. The eternal current carries all ages with it through both worlds for ever and overwhelms their sounds in both.

Translation by Stefan Schweinfest and Timothy Salter.

Notes:

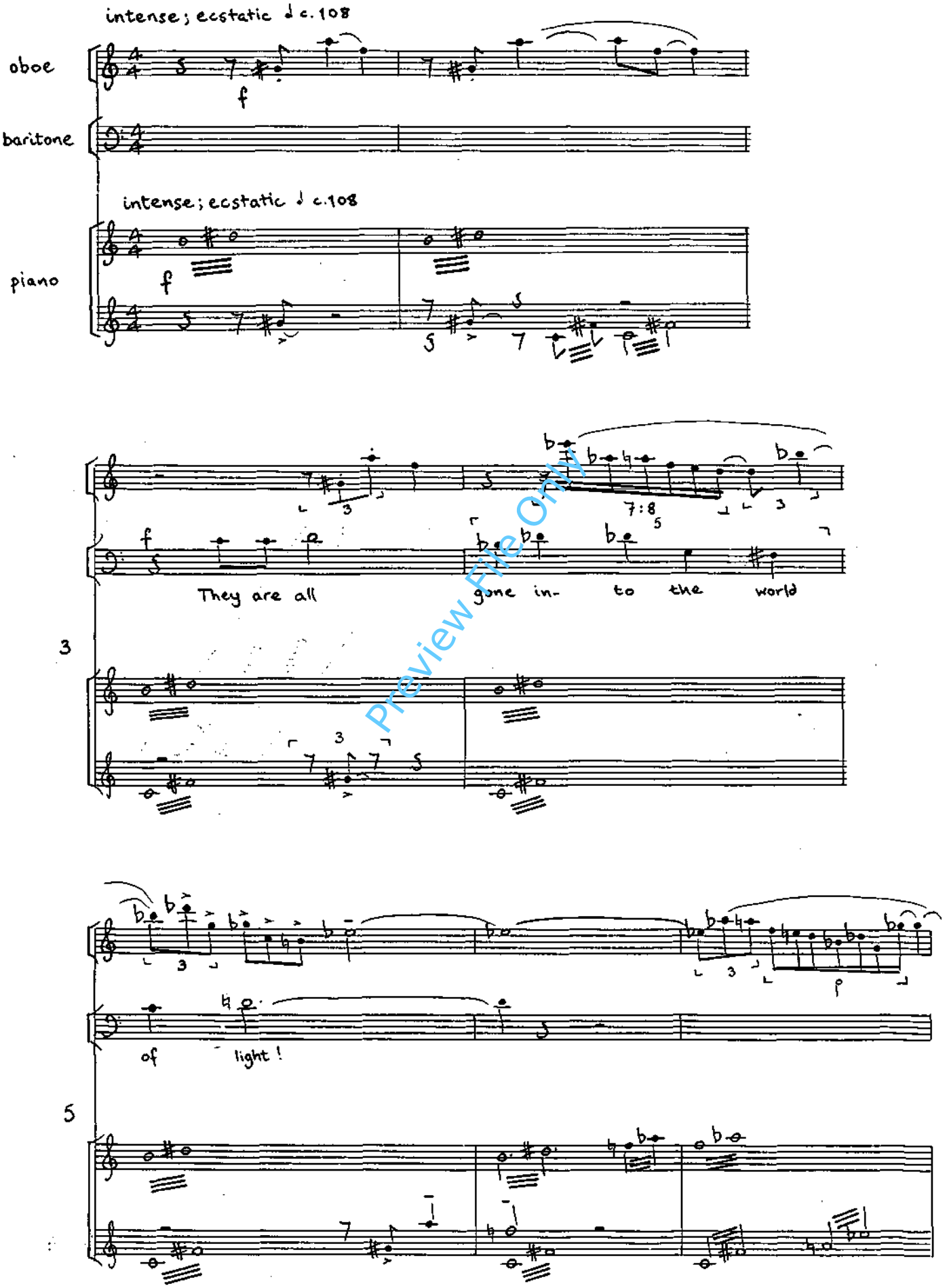
1. Flats and sharps apply only to the note immediately following except in the case of tied notes within the bar (e.g.  is an E flat of 2½ crotchets' duration).

2. Piano: pedalling is at discretion except where specified.

3. Cor anglais is notated at sounding pitch.

After the Sun

Timothy Salter



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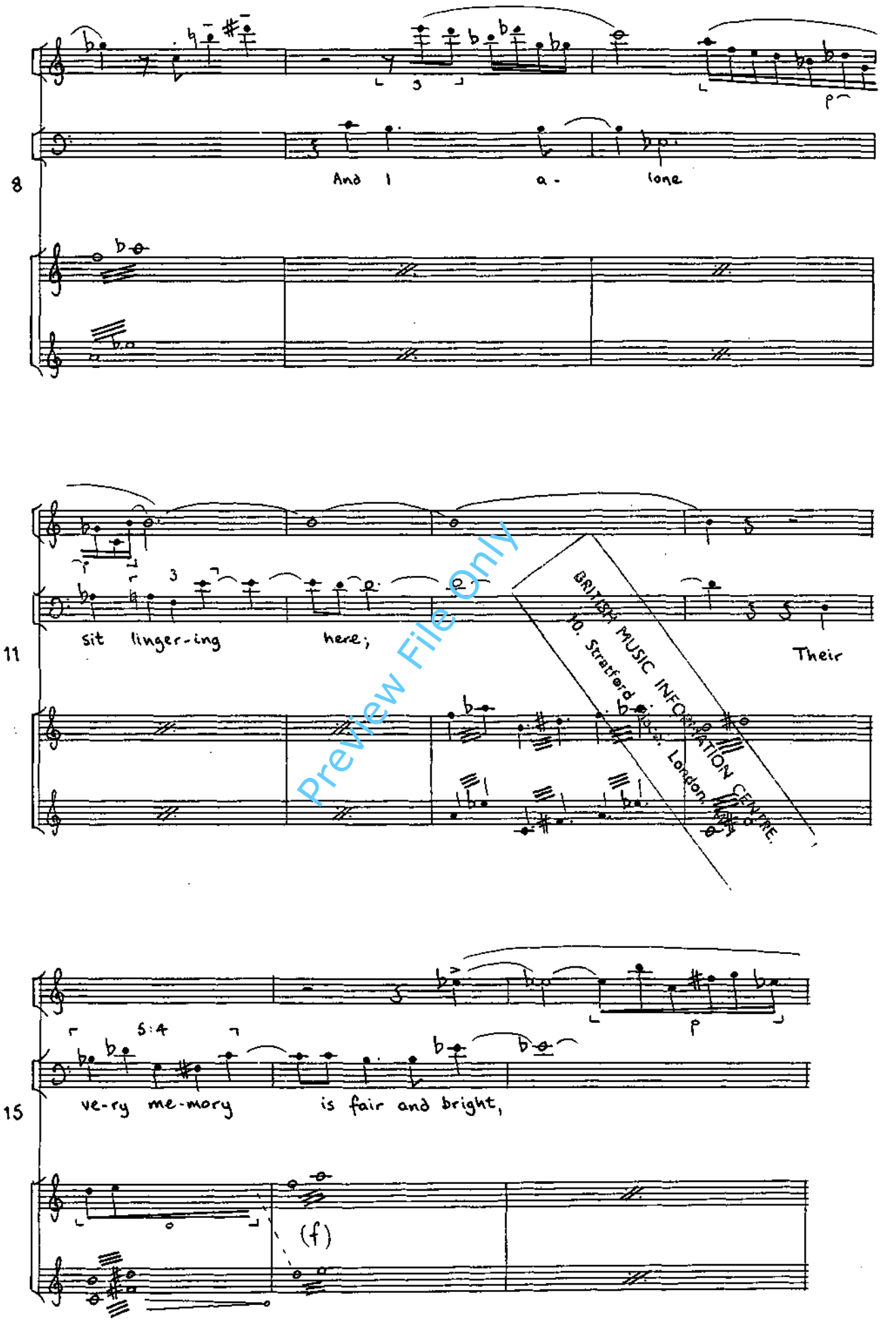

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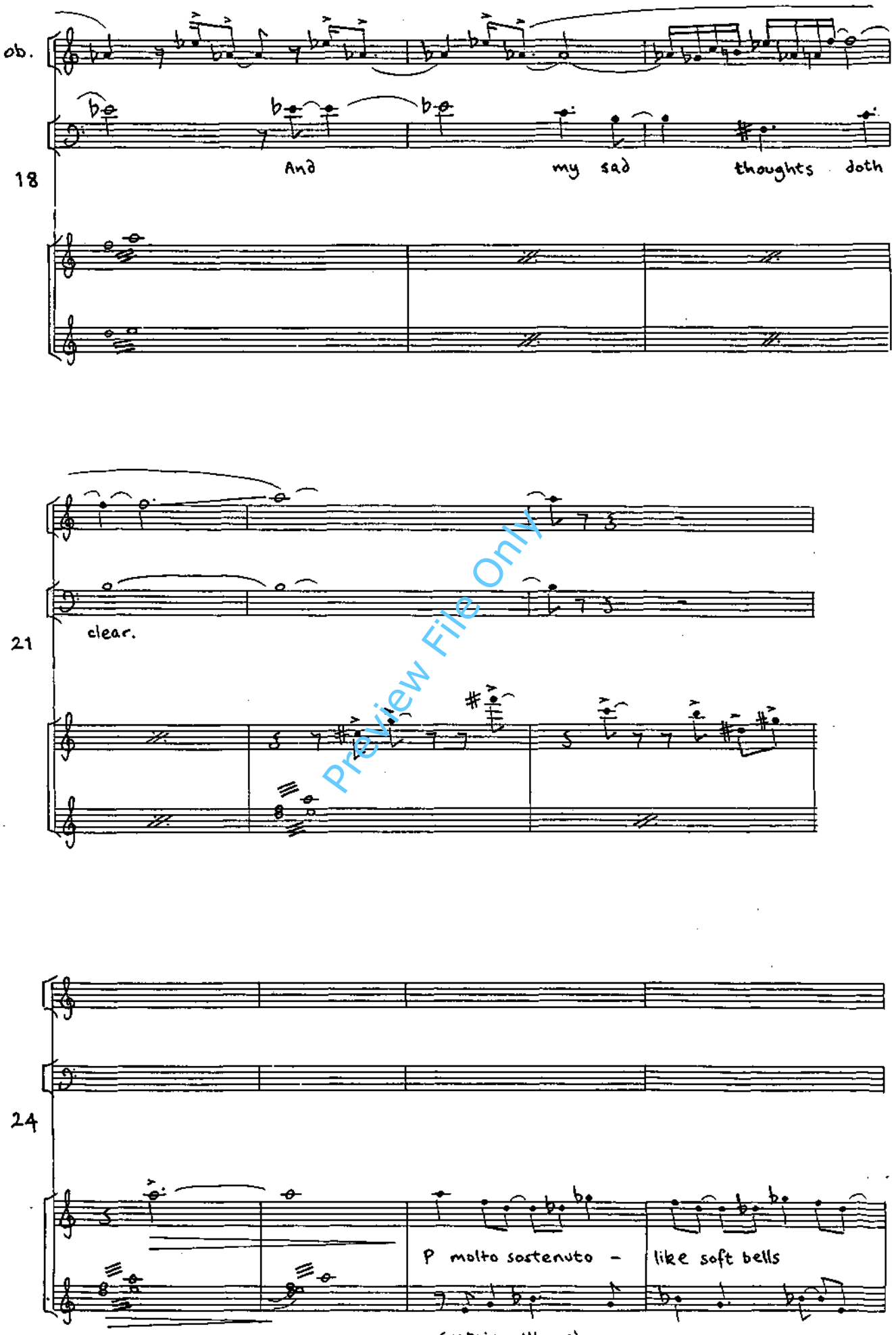

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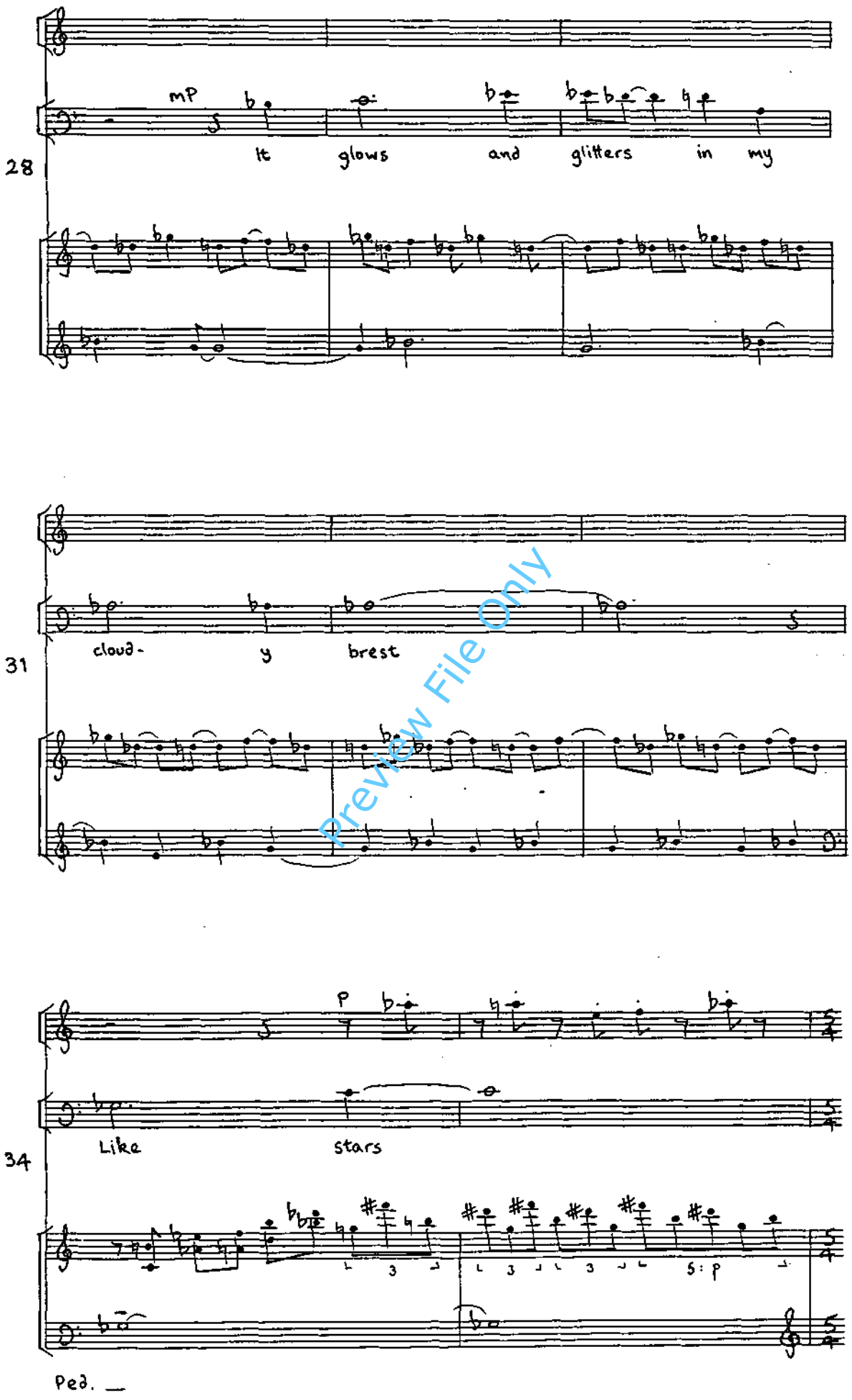

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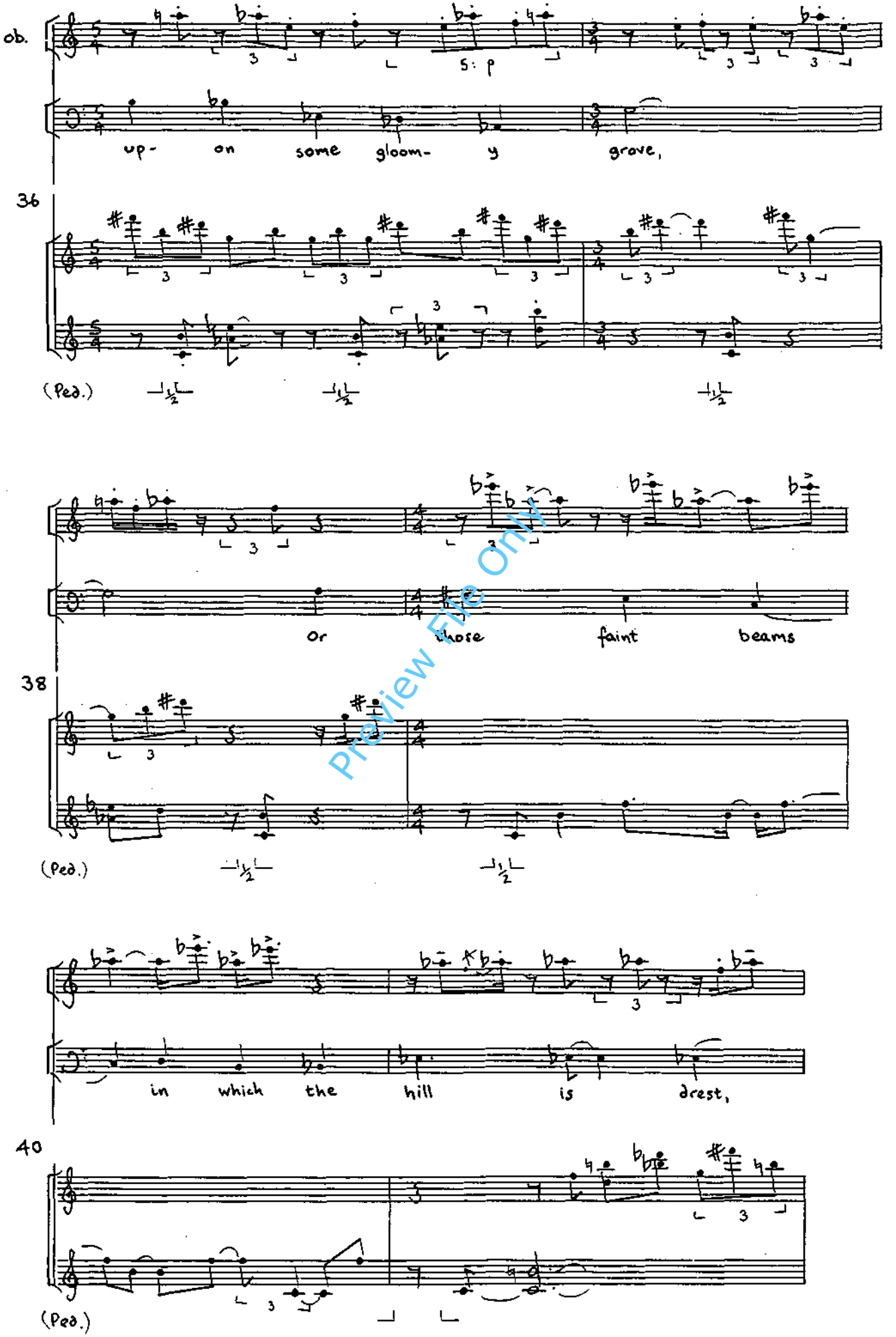

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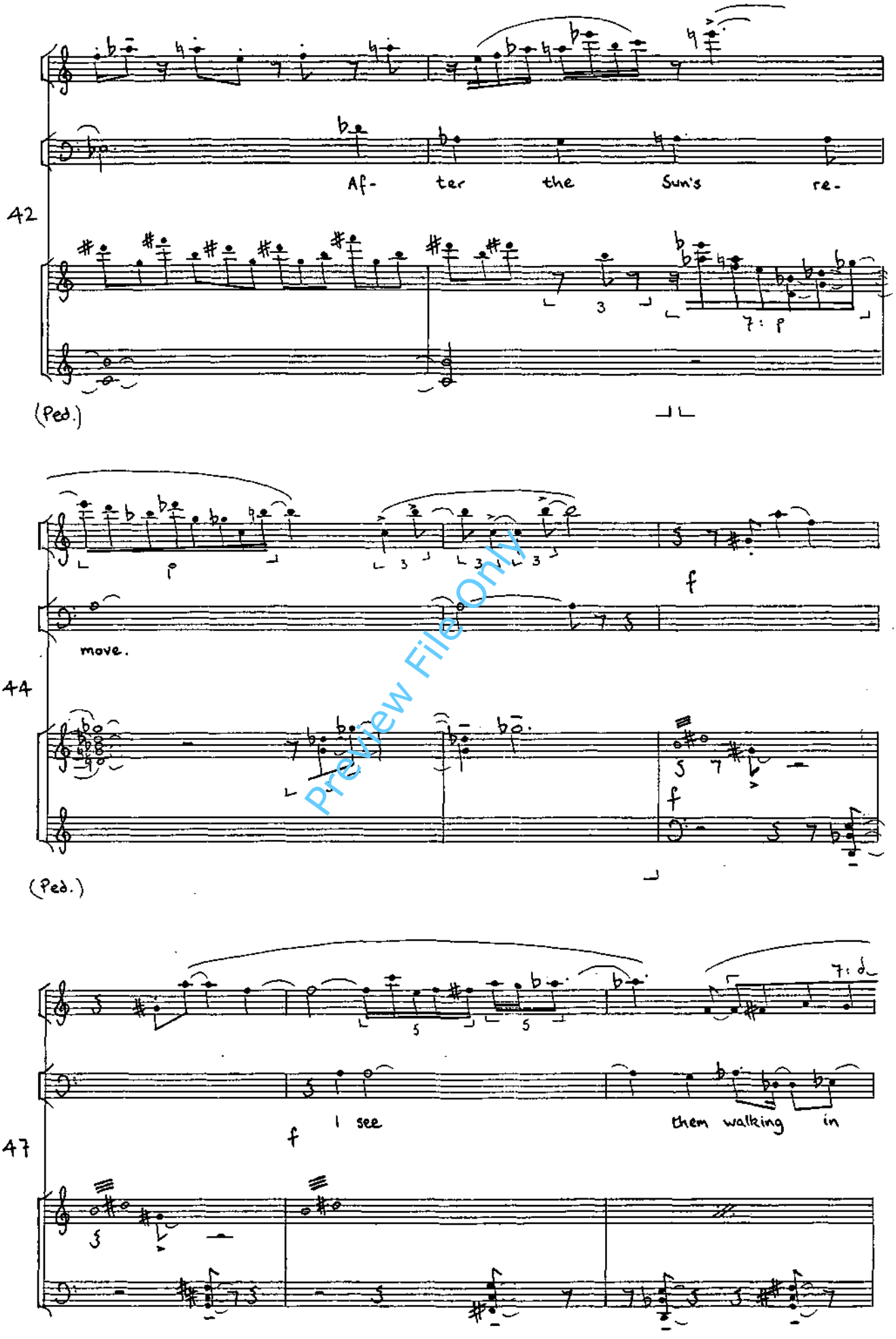

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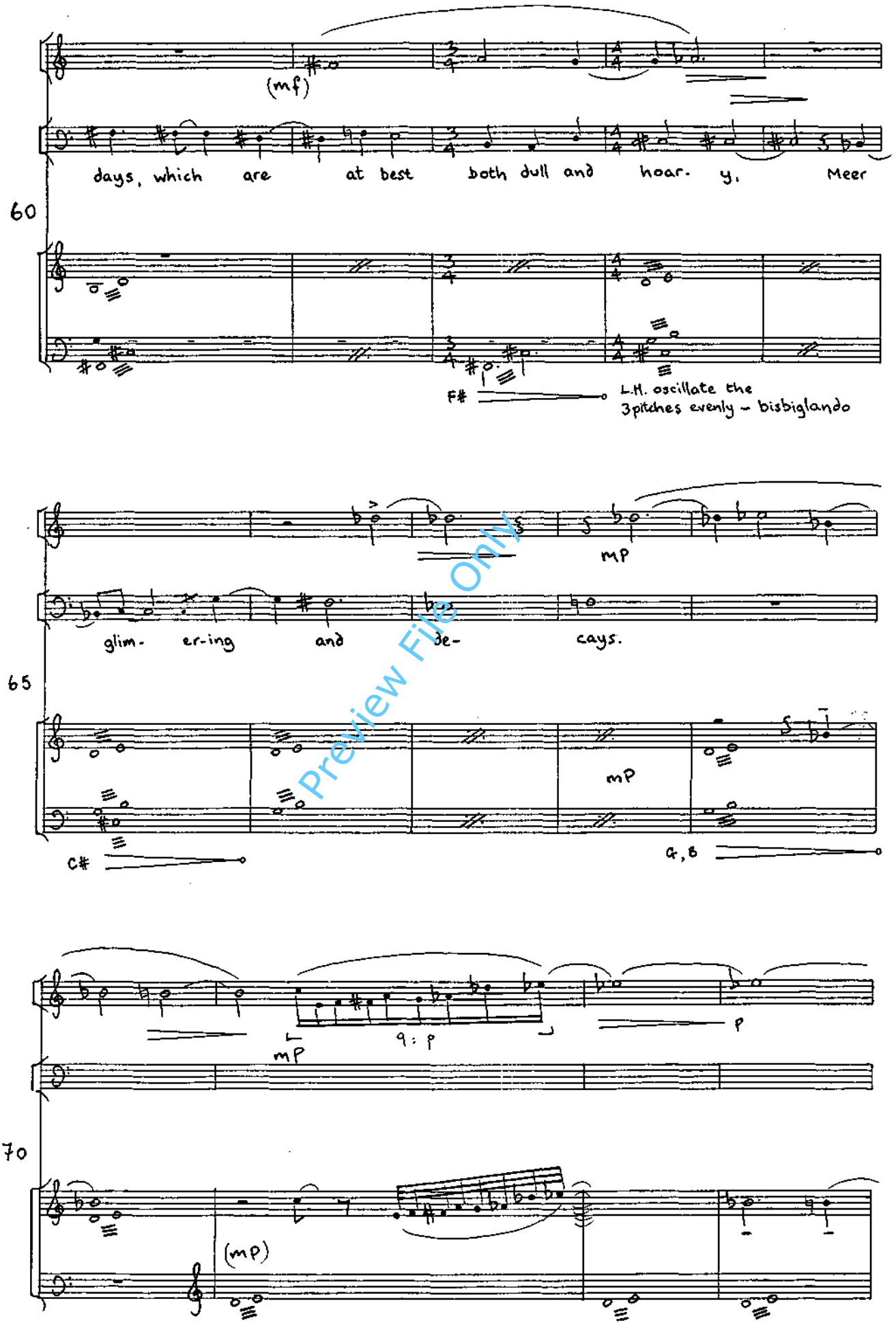

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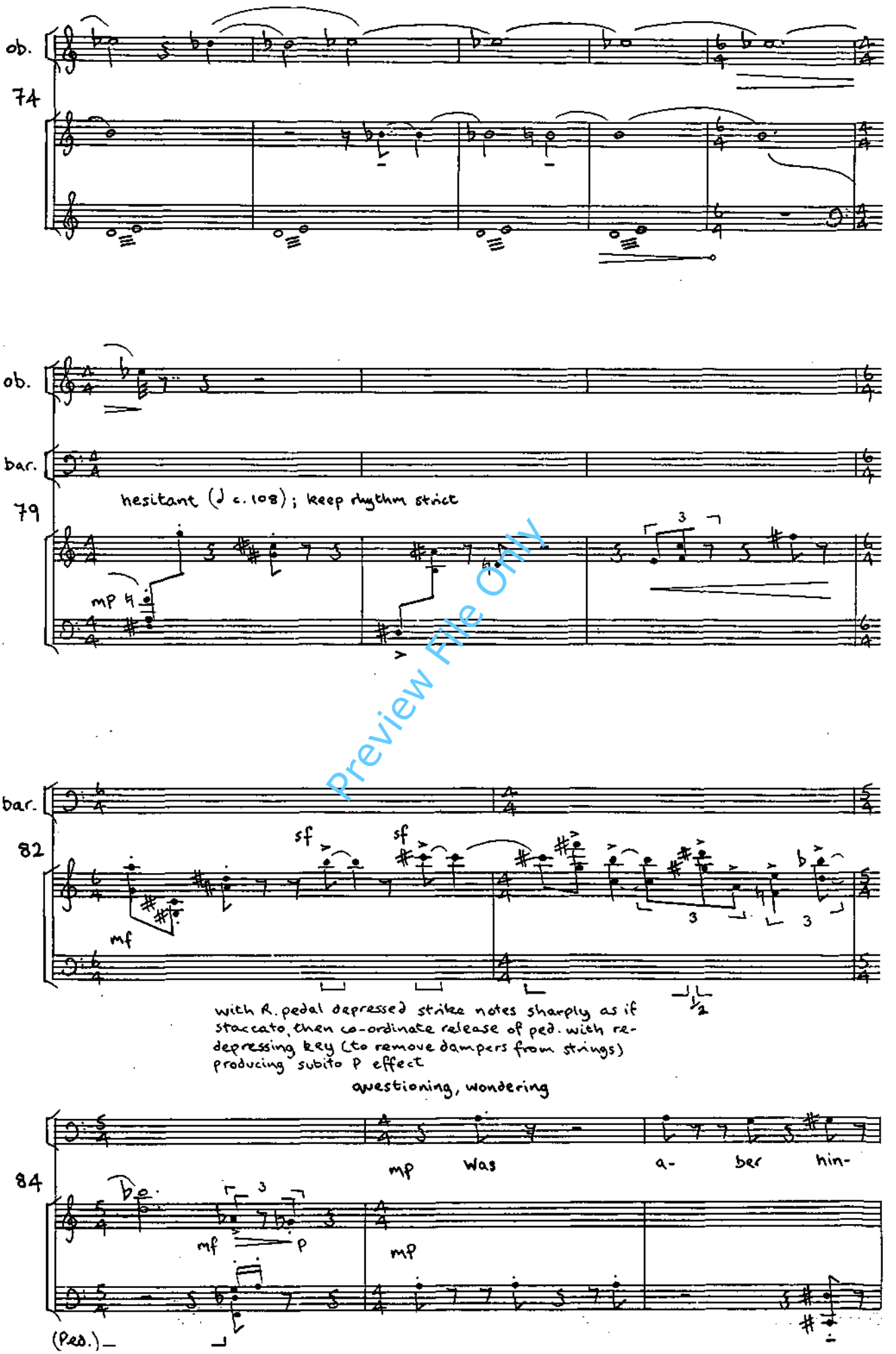

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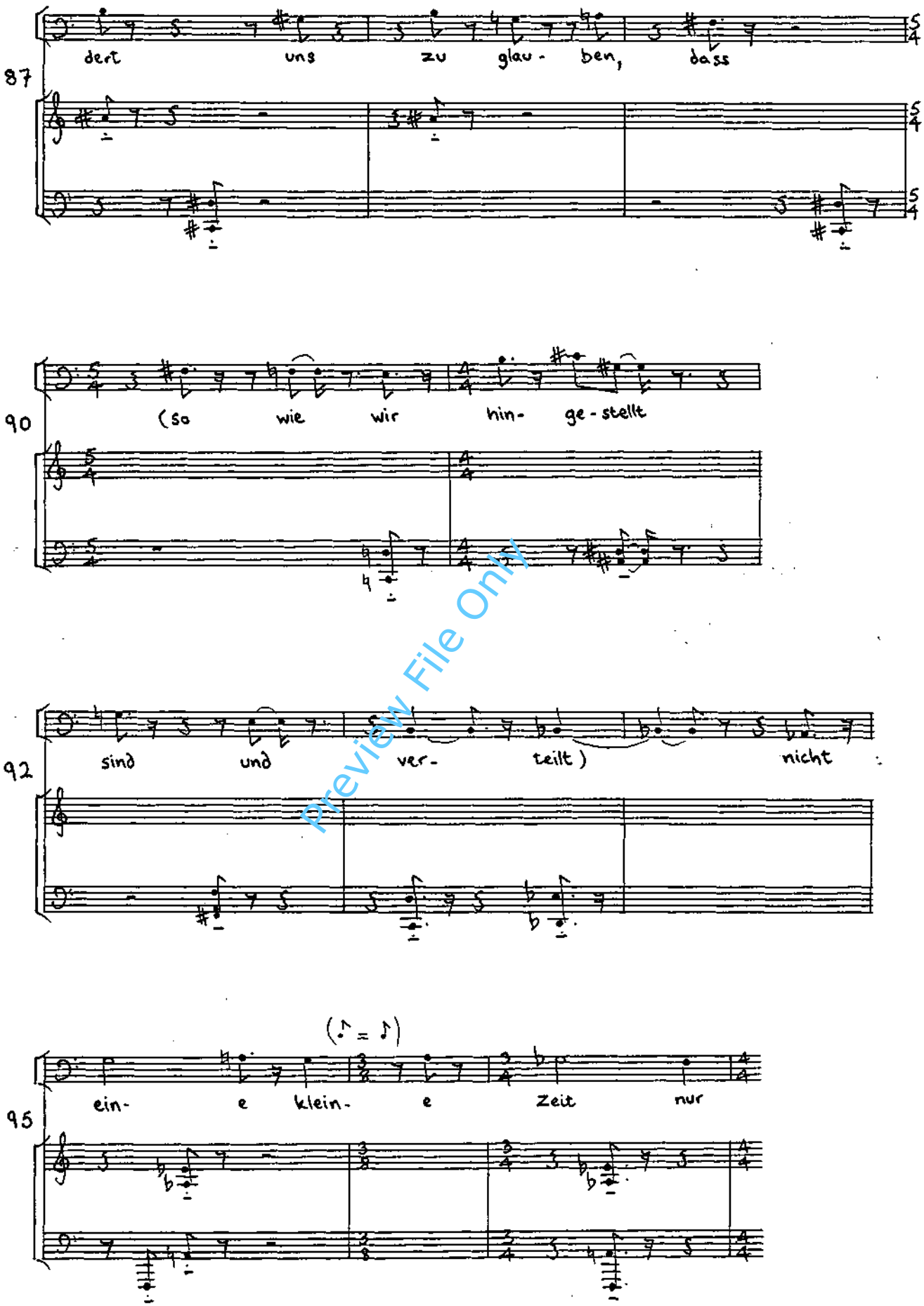

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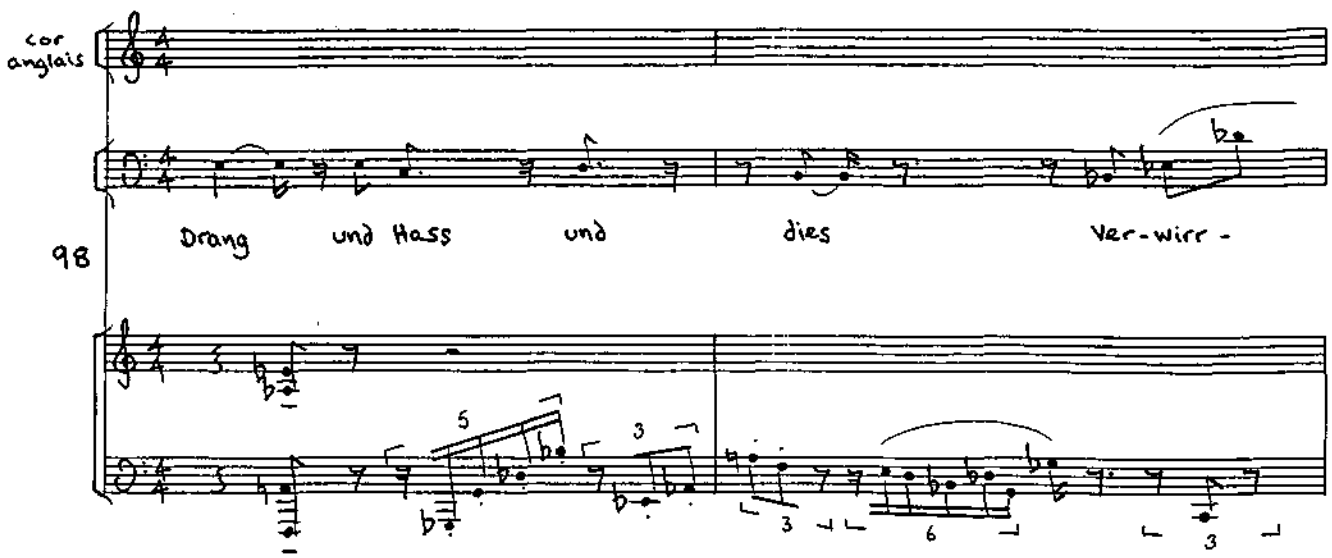

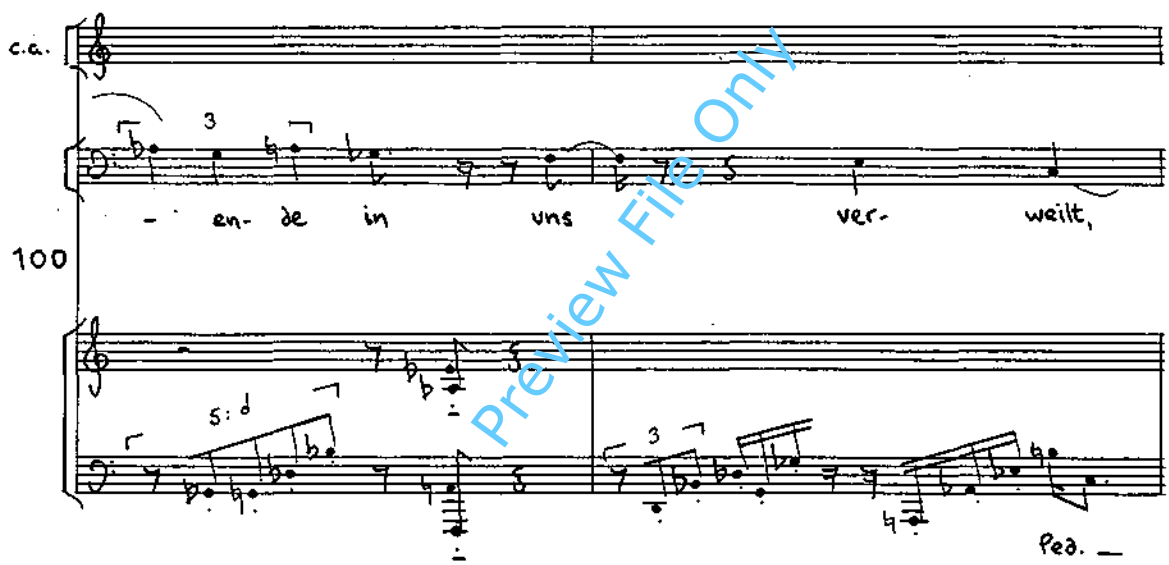

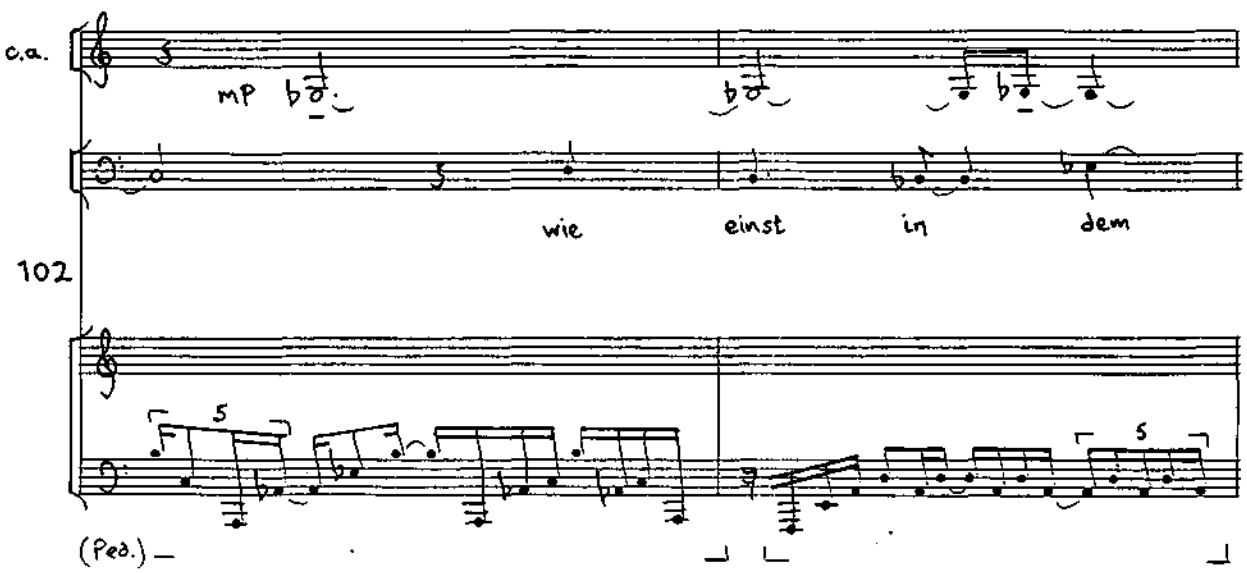

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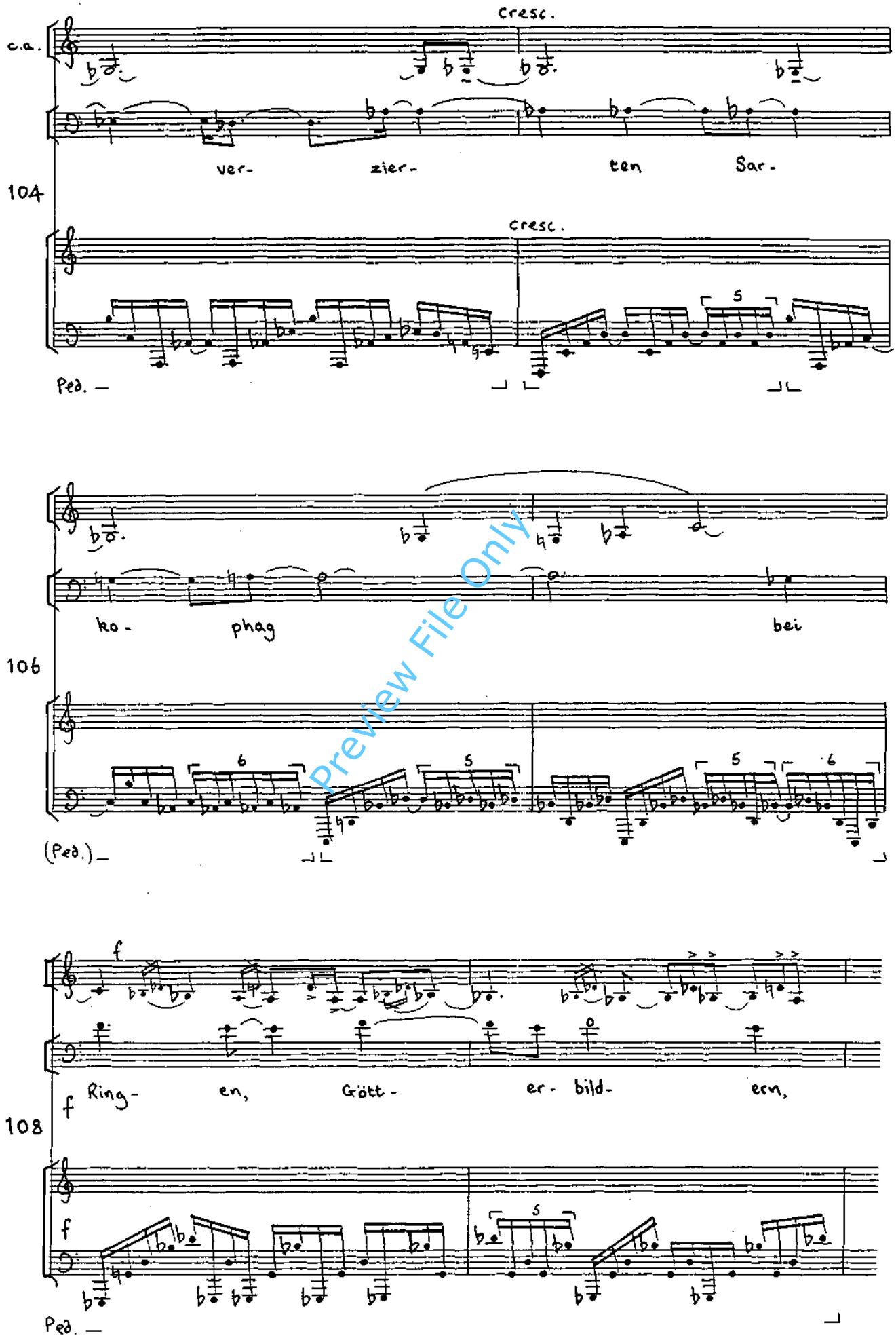

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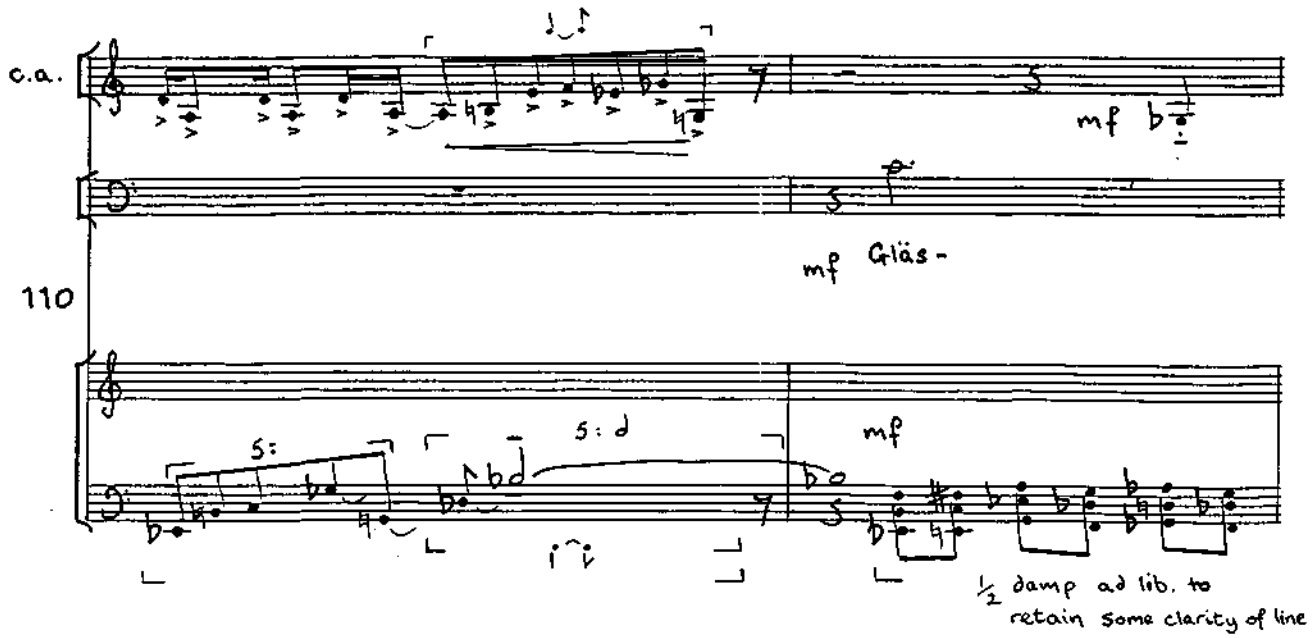

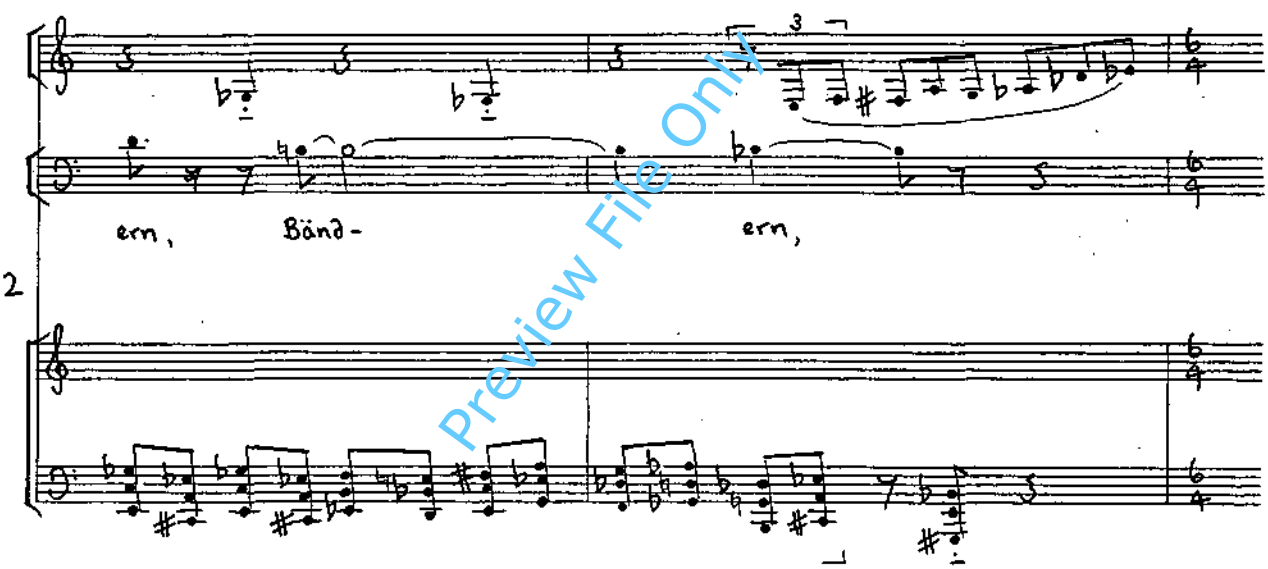

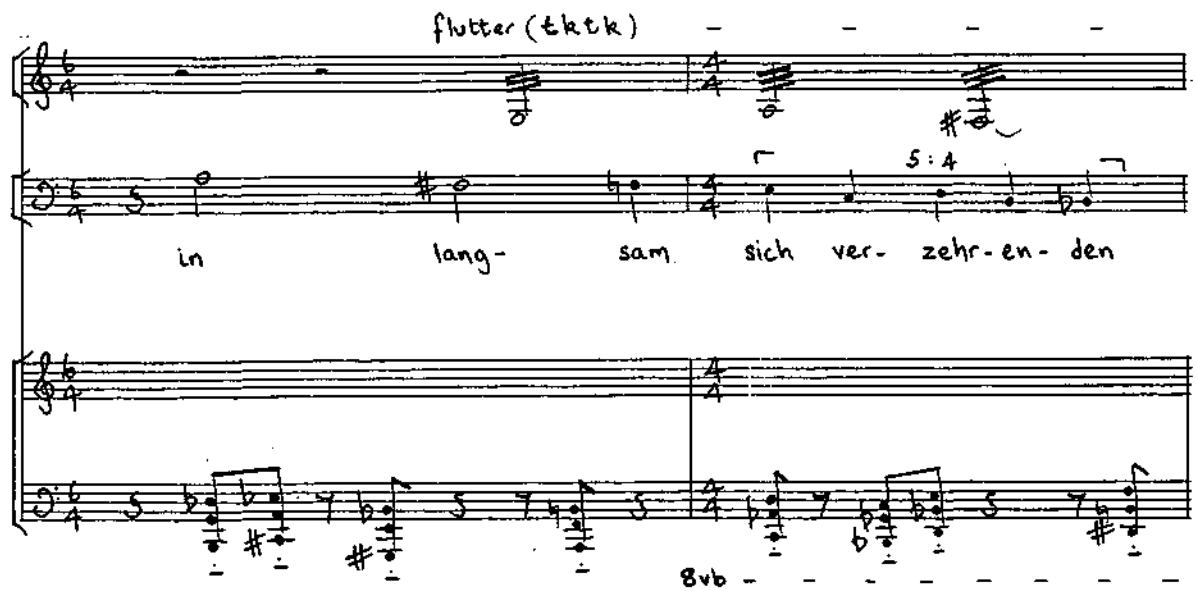

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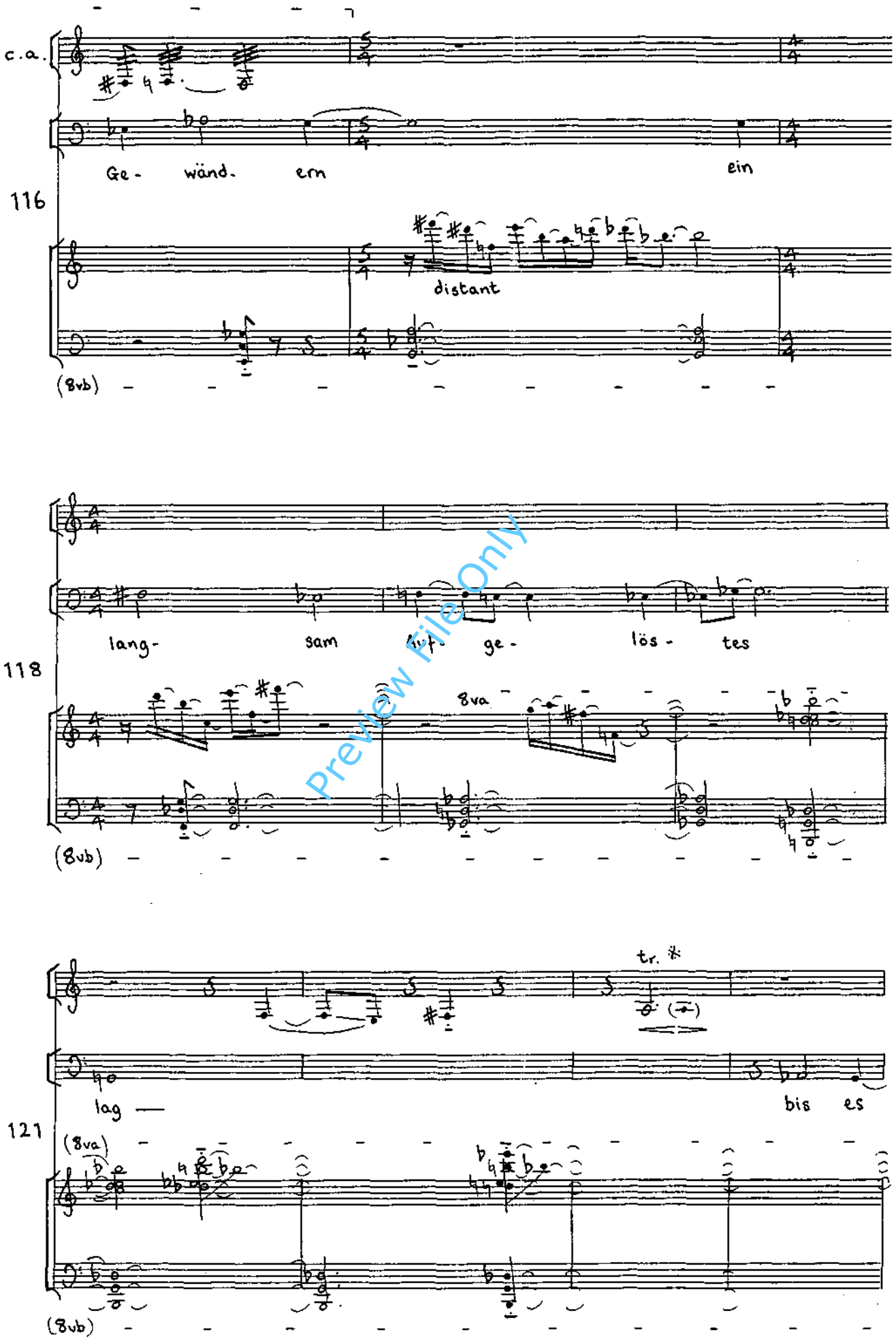

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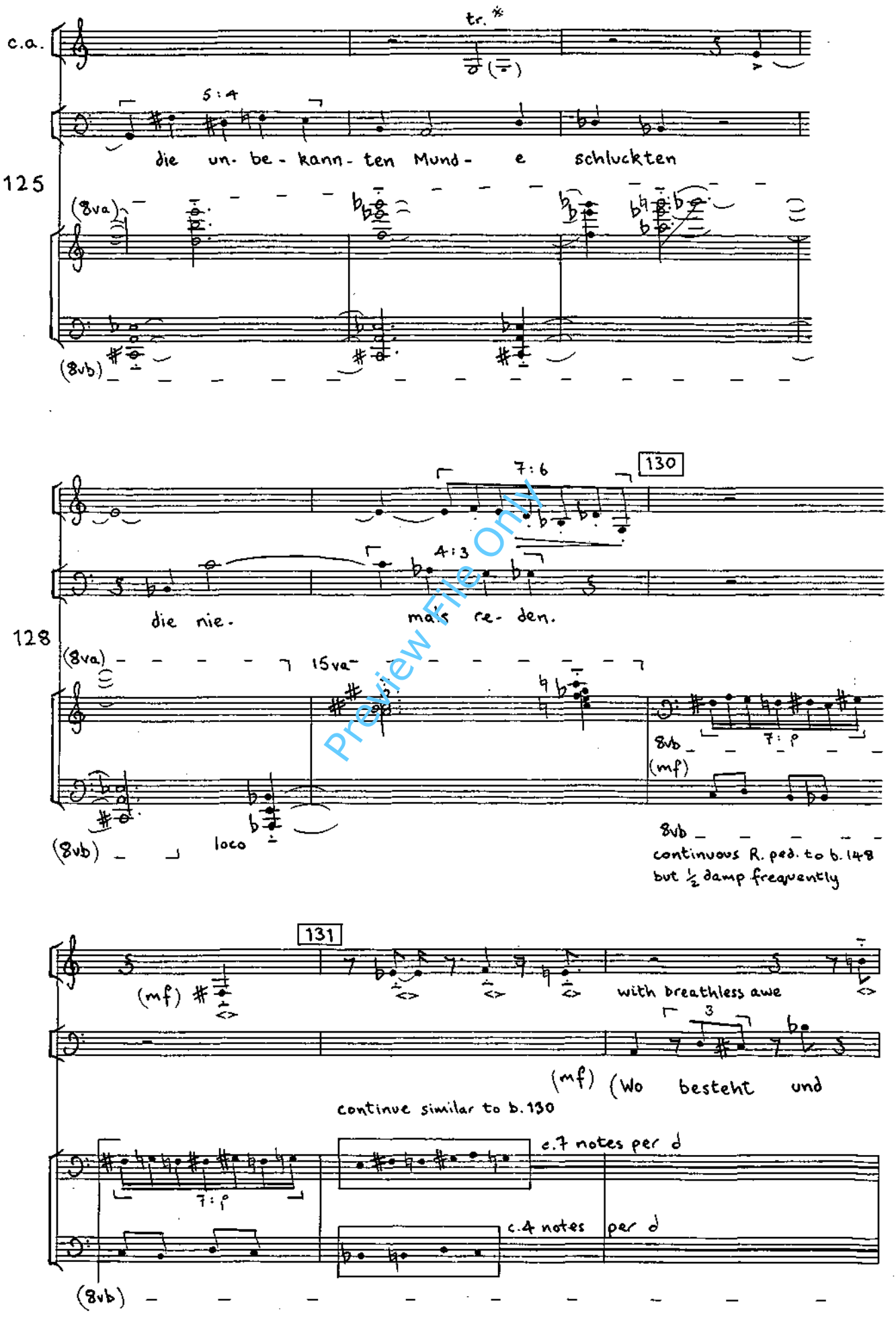
* trill using B key



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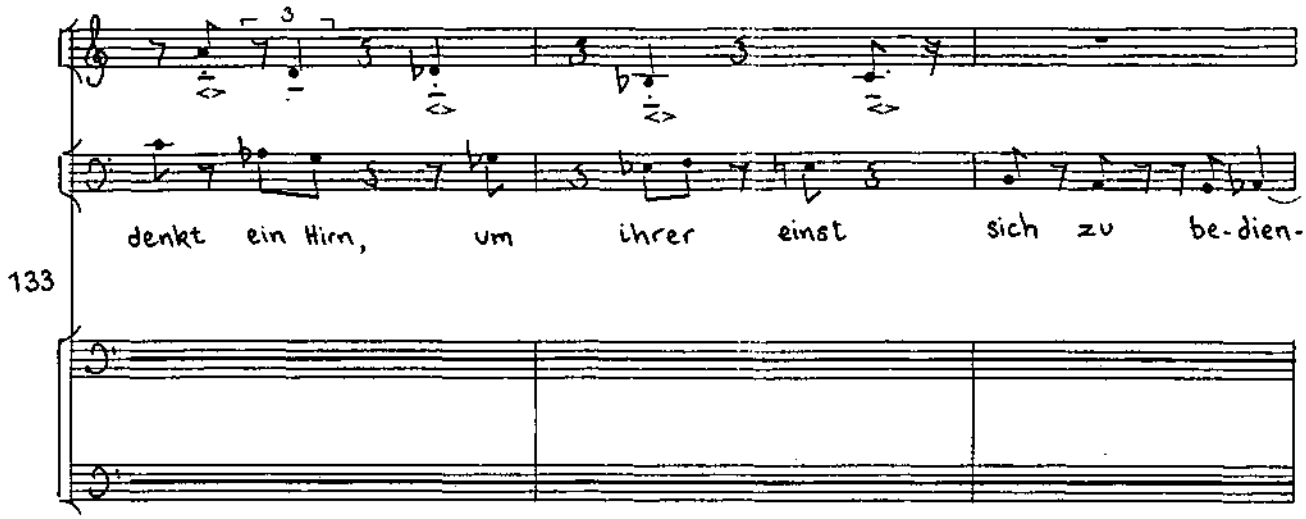

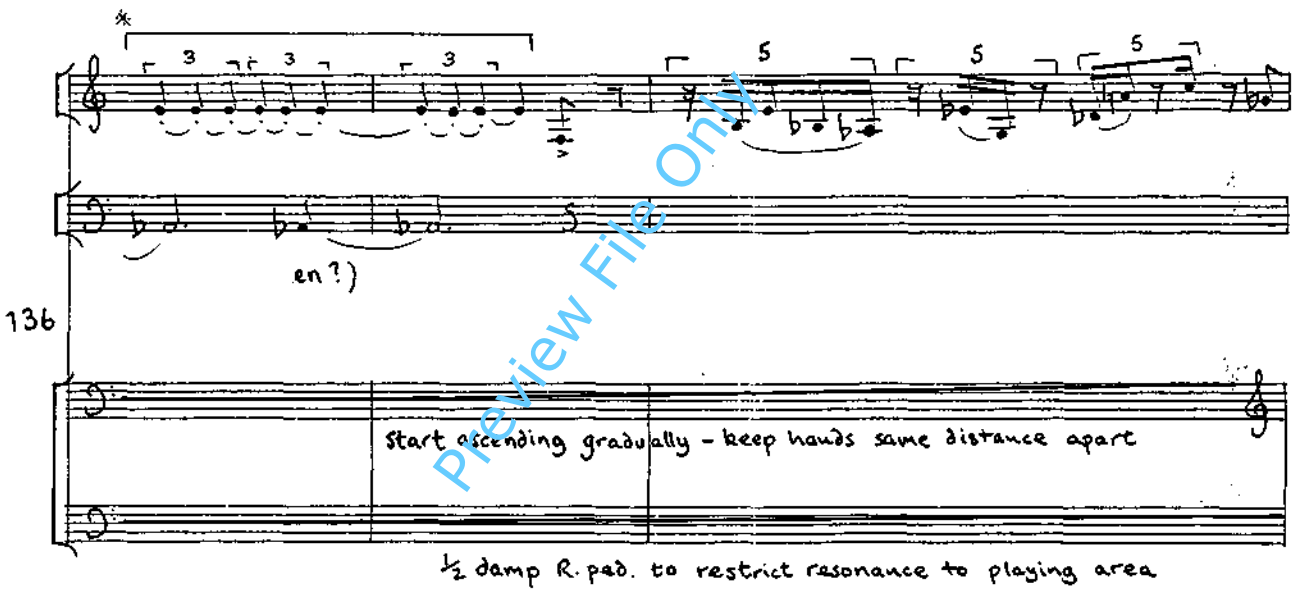

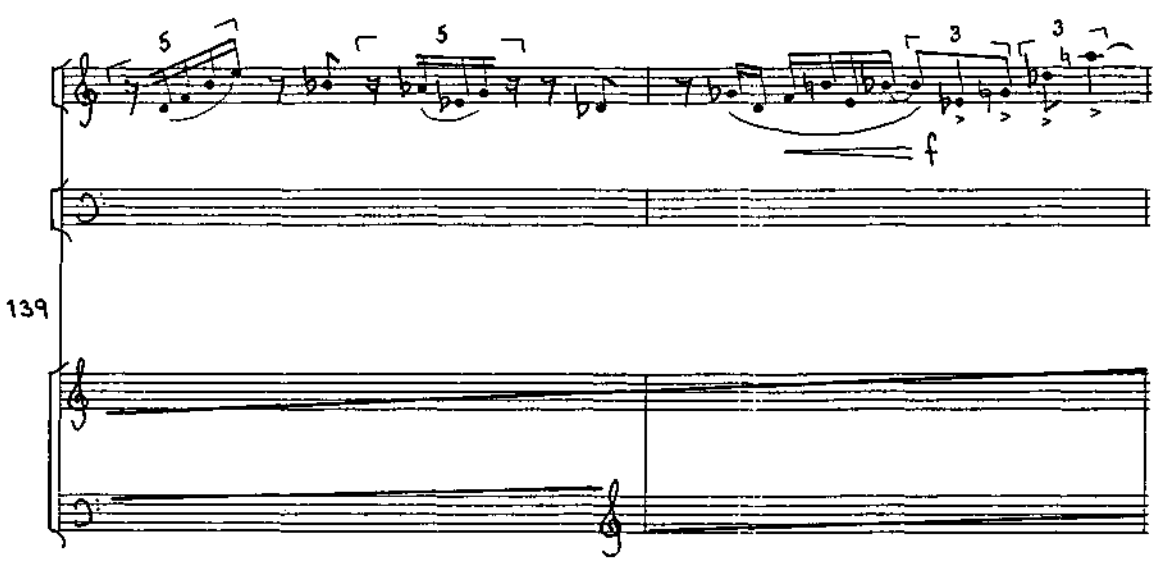

※ use a different fingering for each note, giving sharp contrasts of colour

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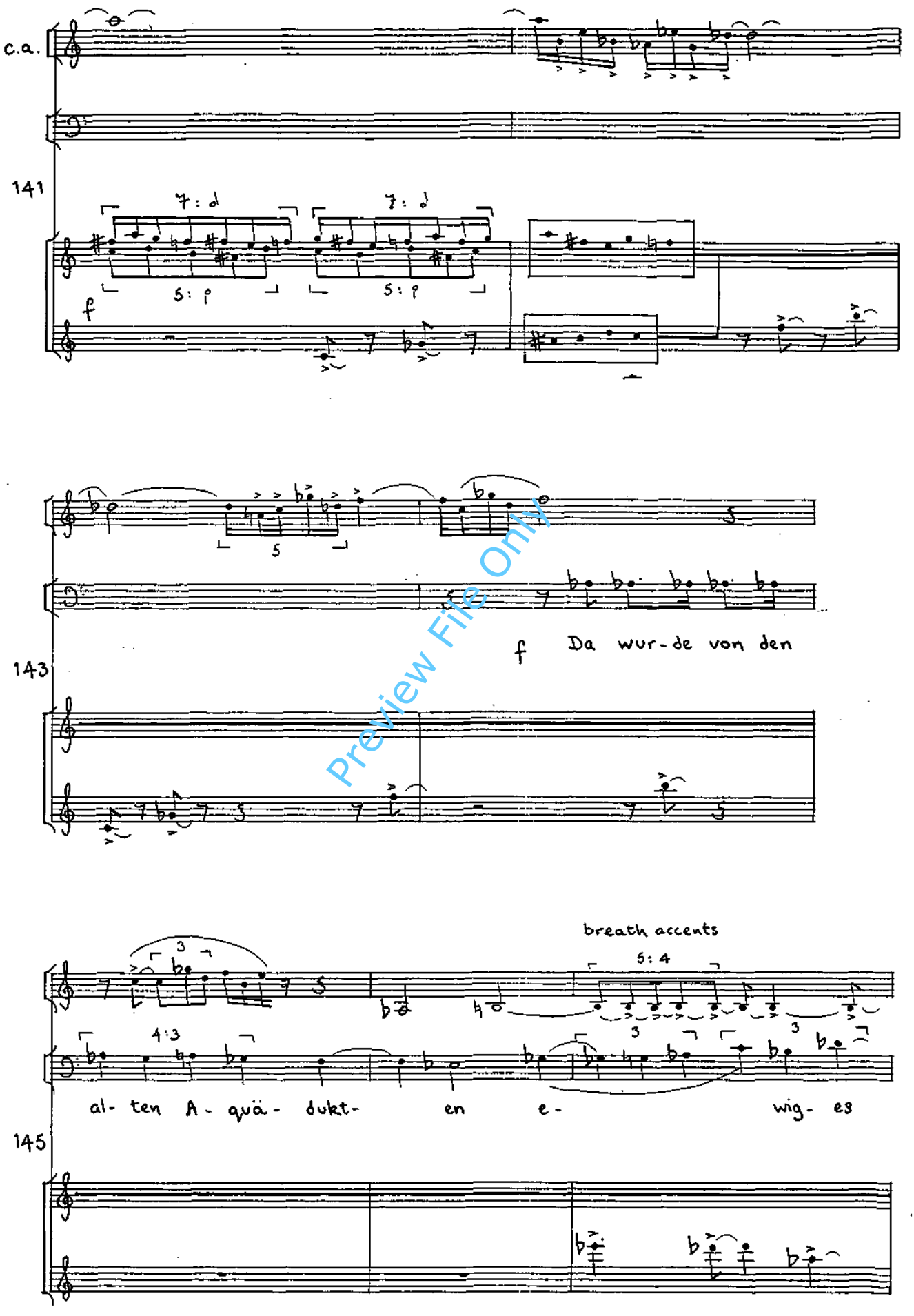

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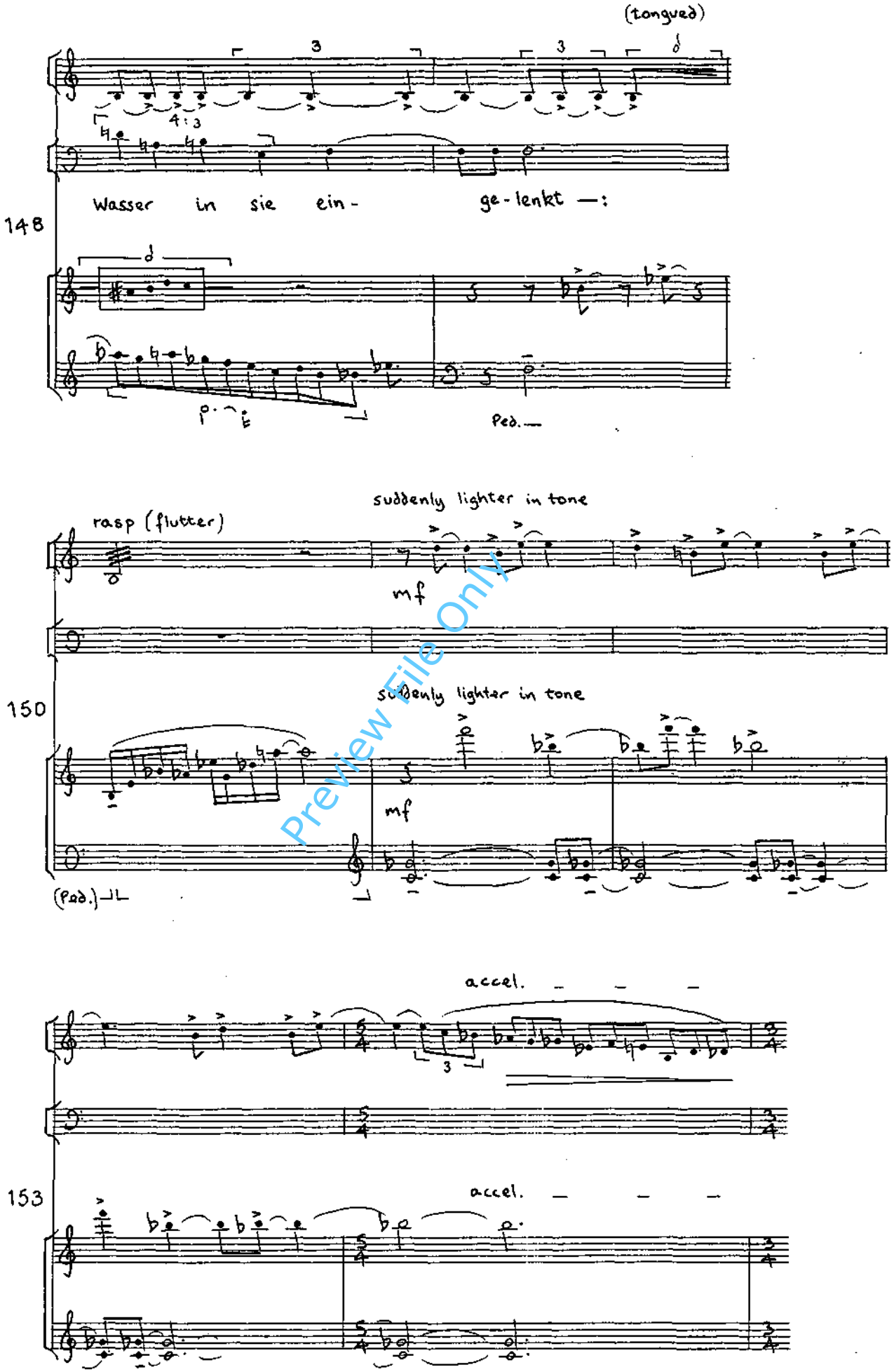

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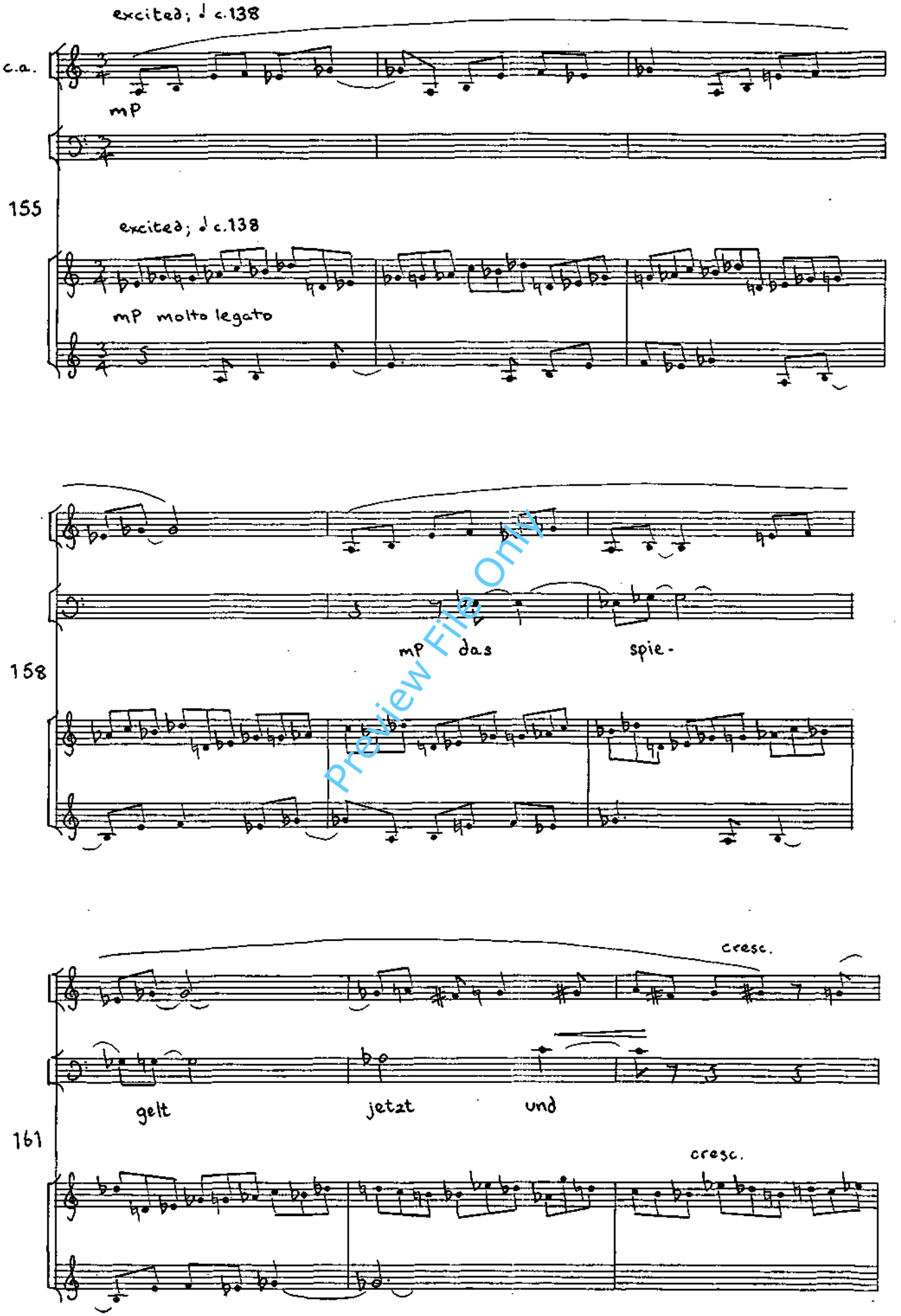

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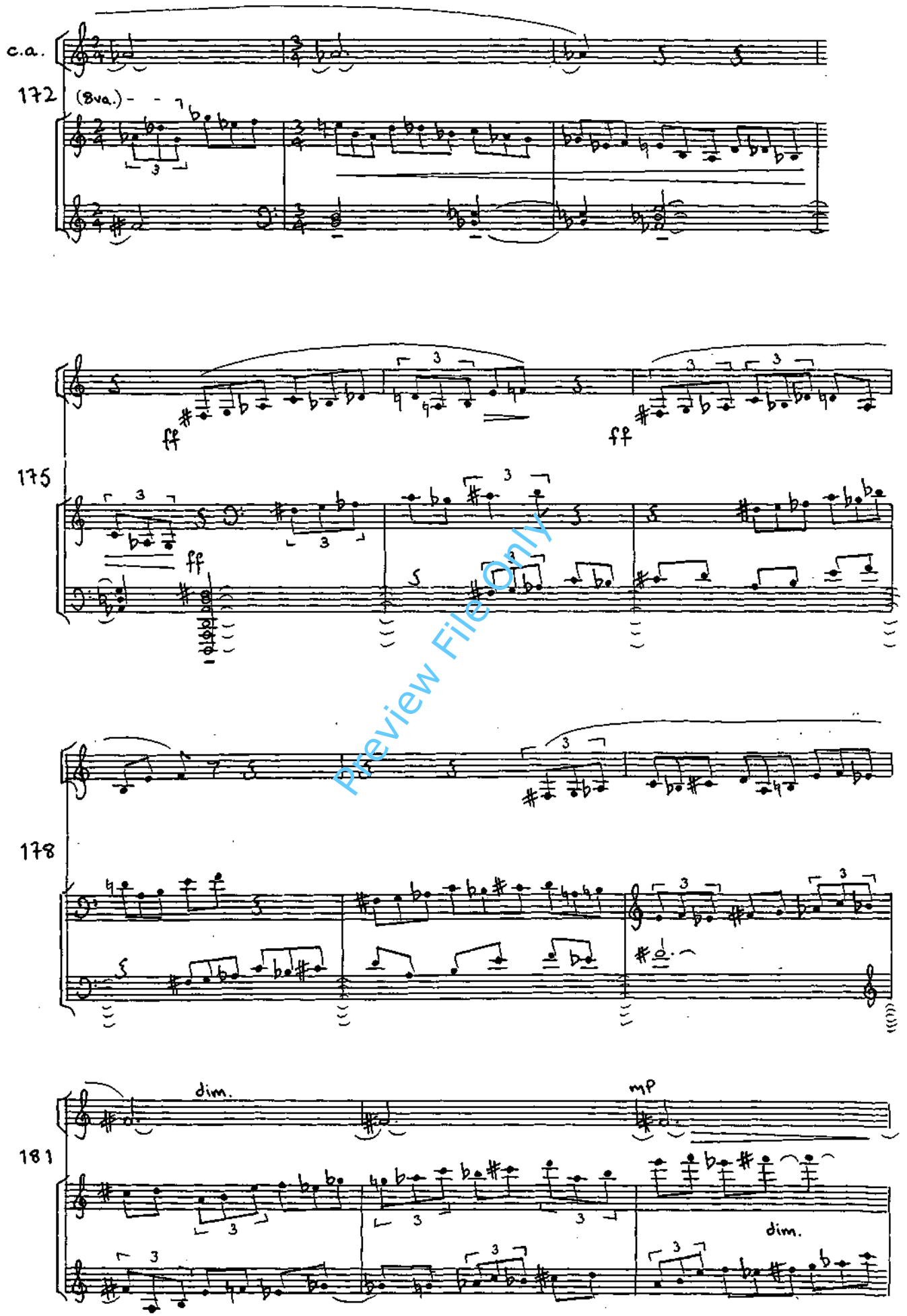

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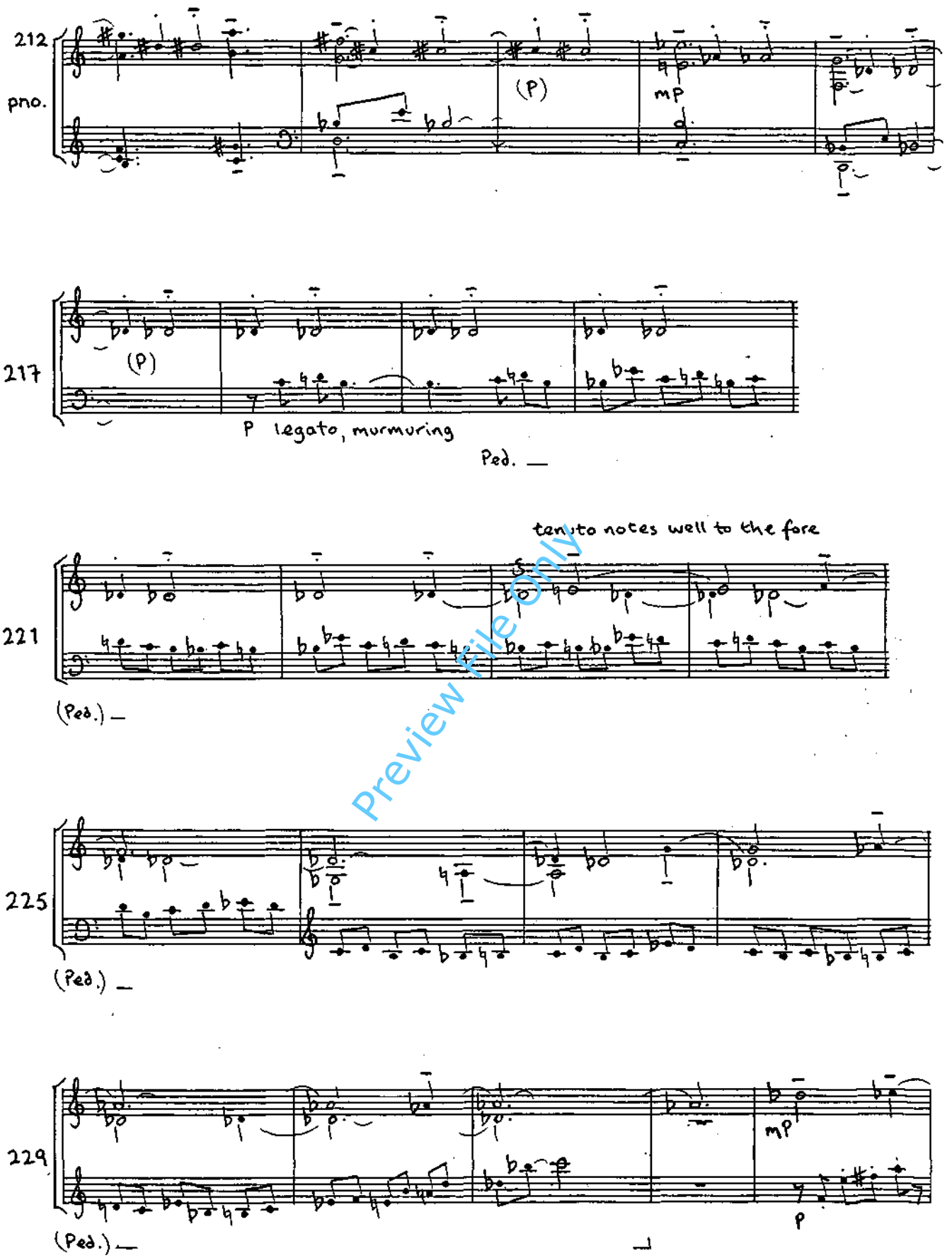

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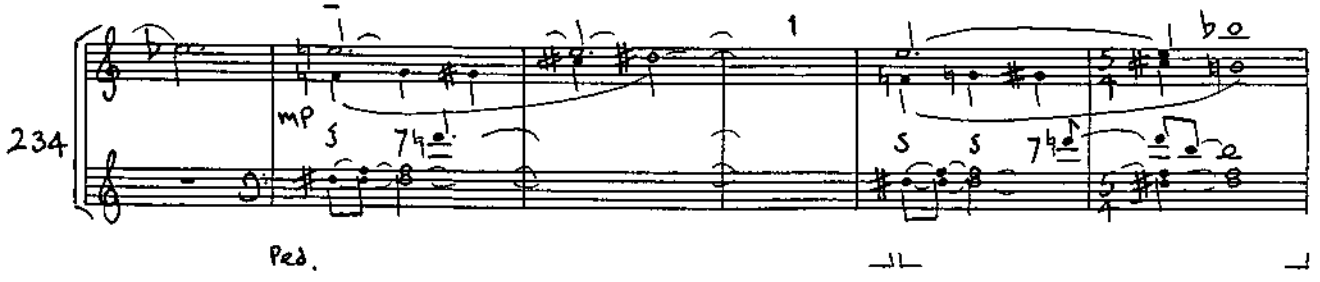

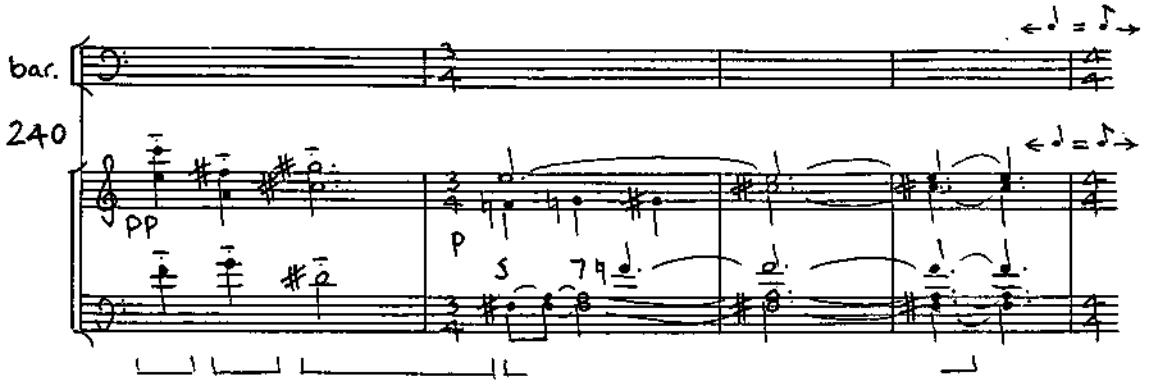

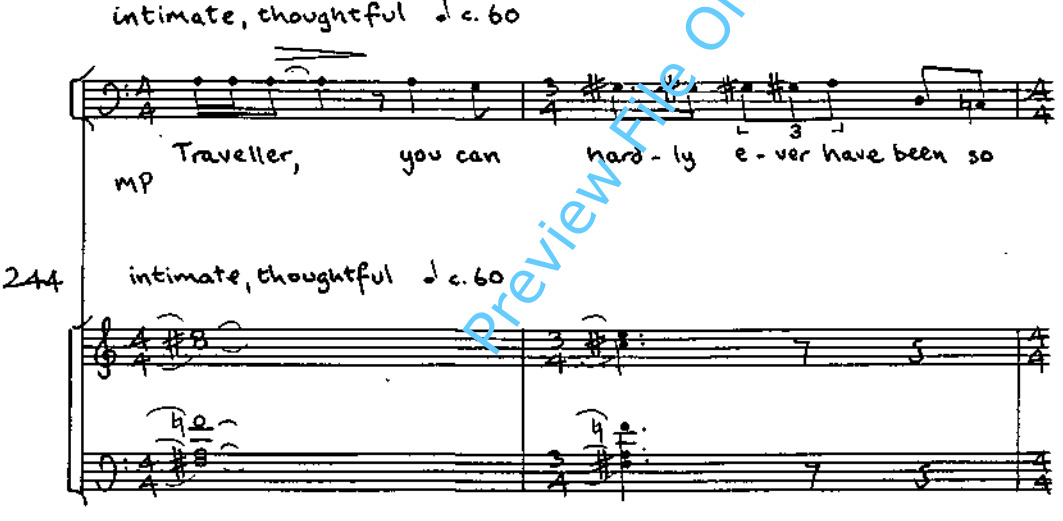

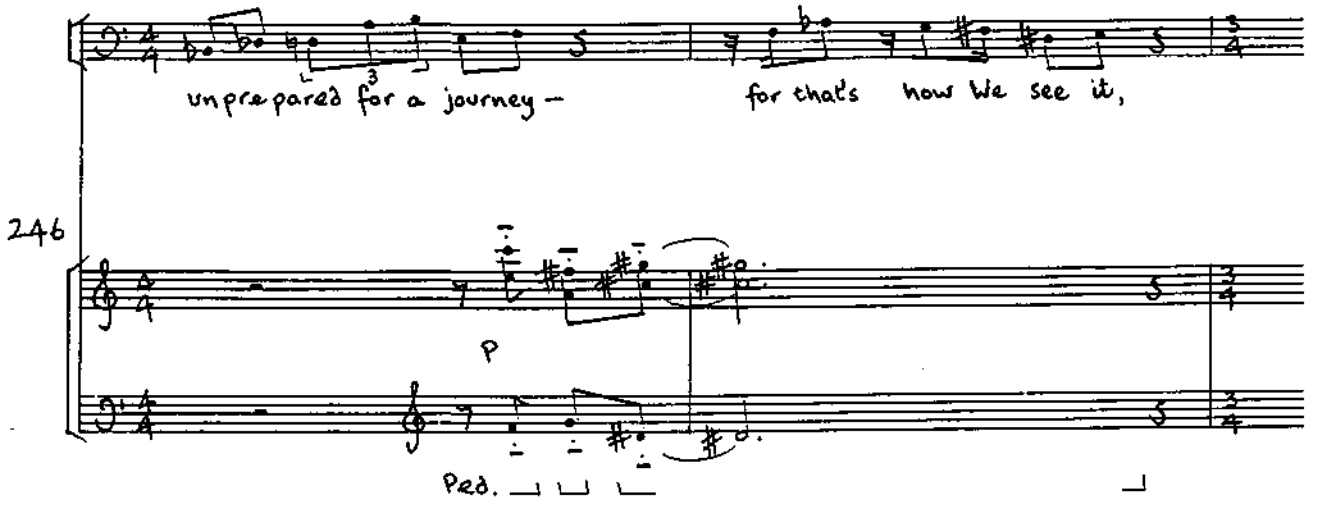

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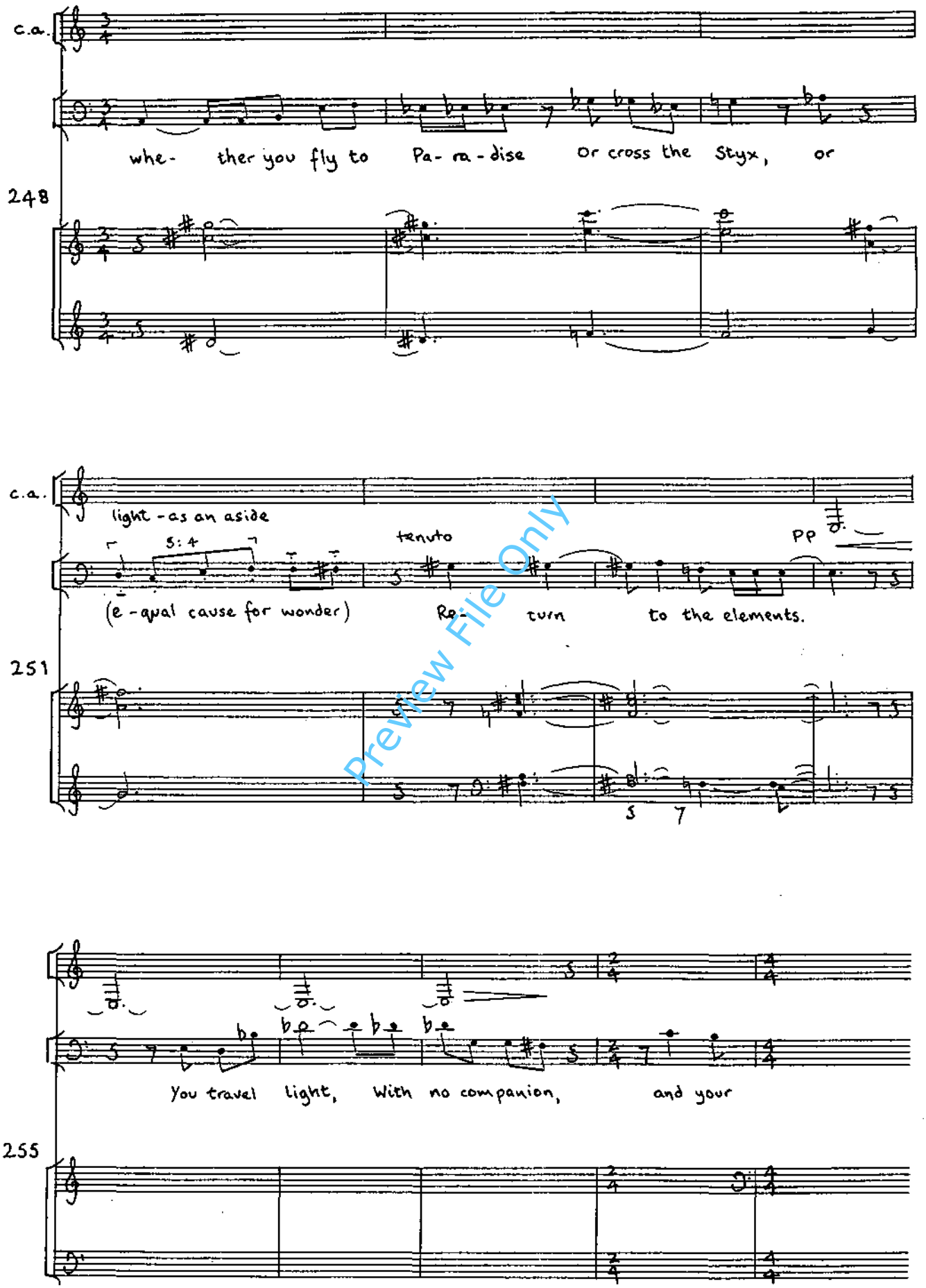

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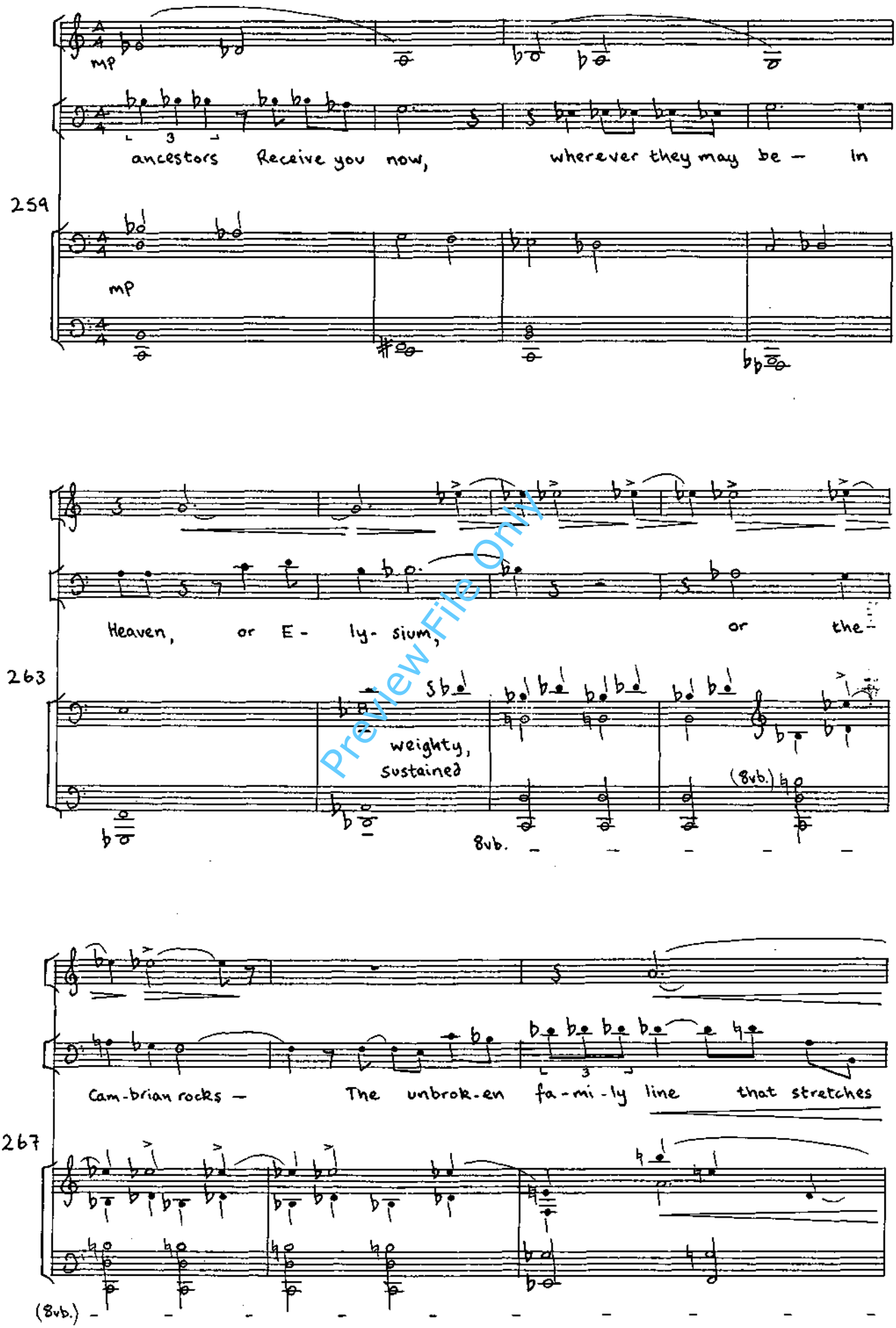

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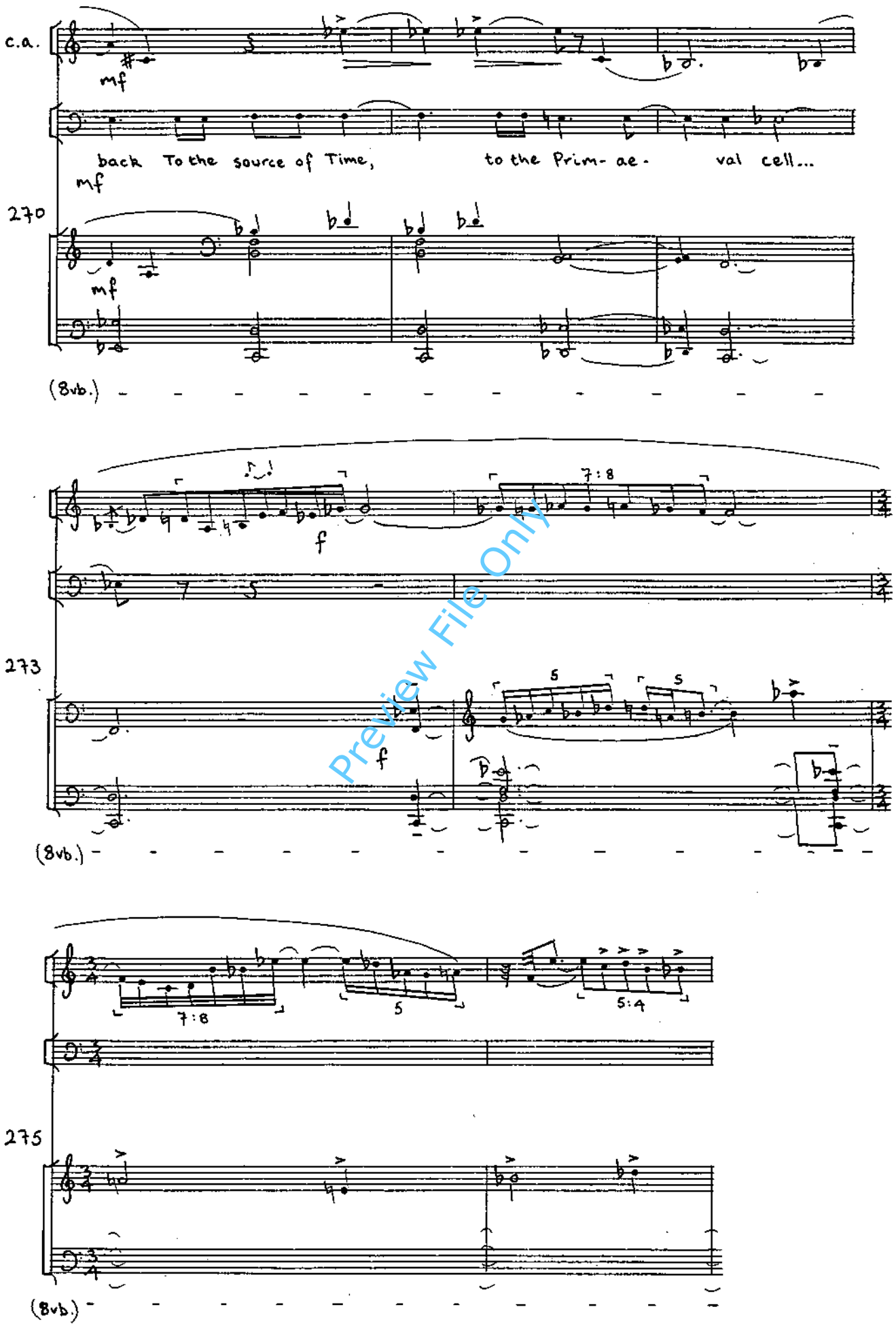

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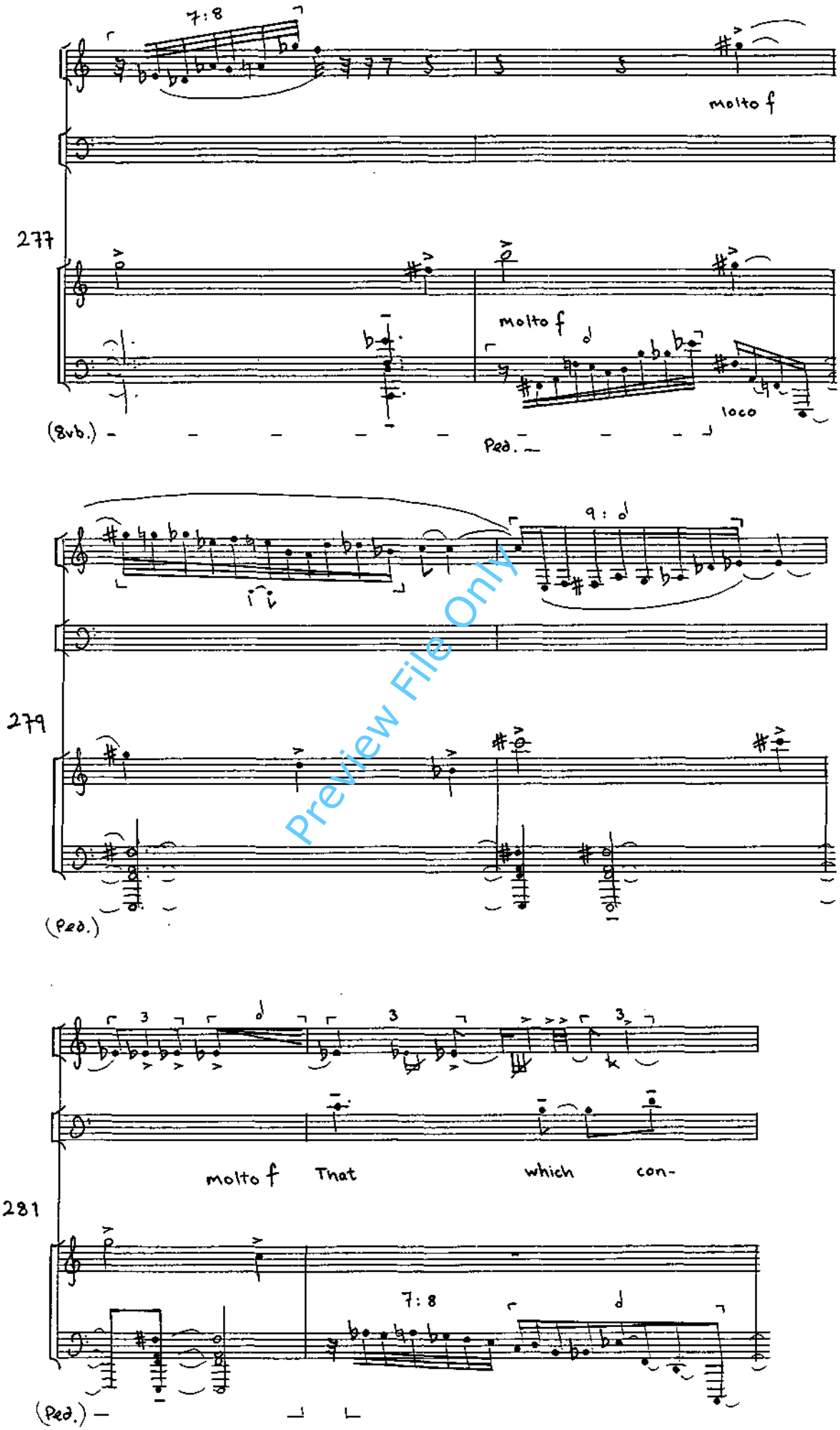

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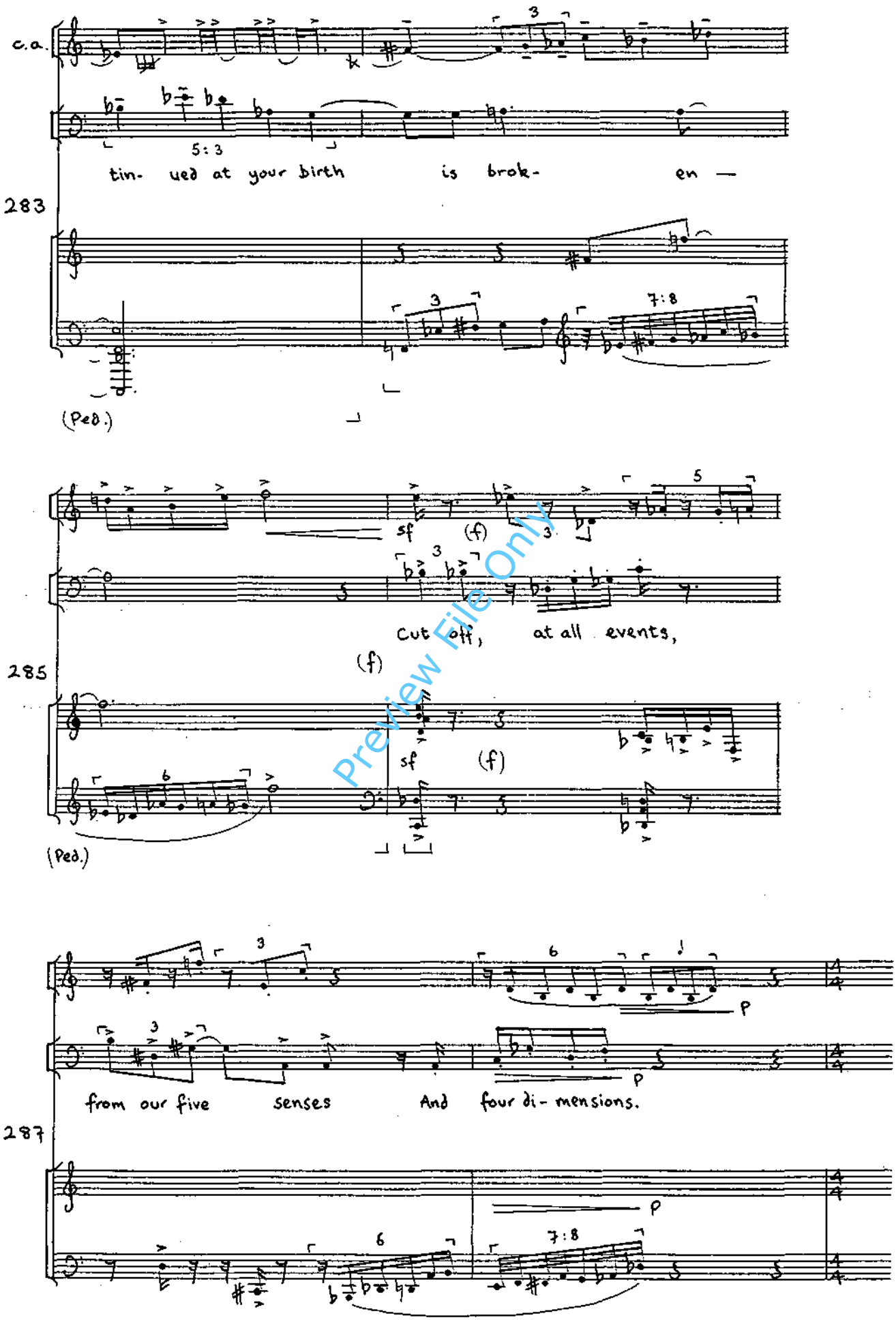

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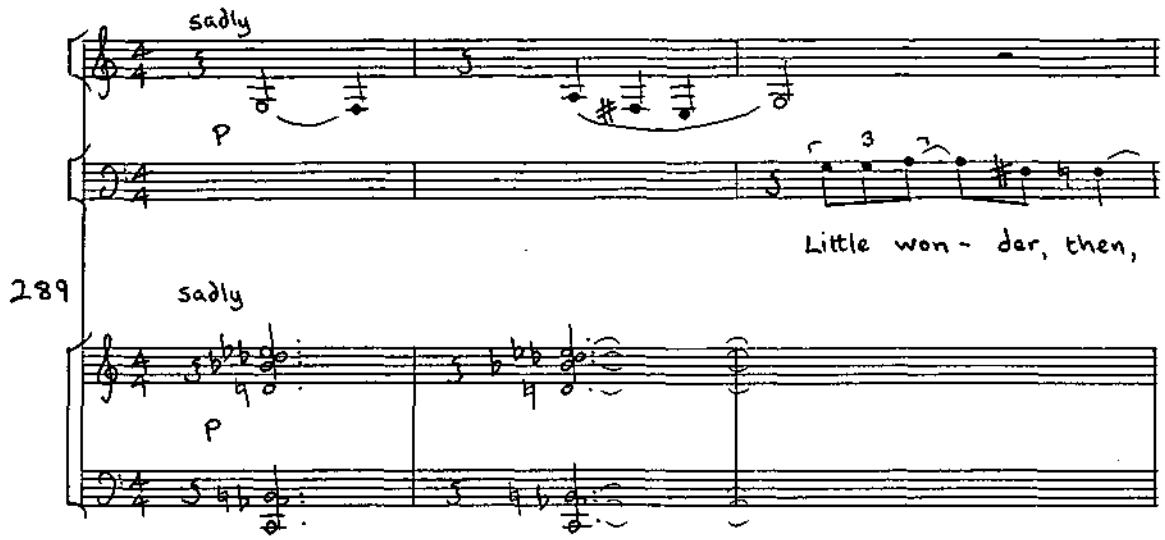

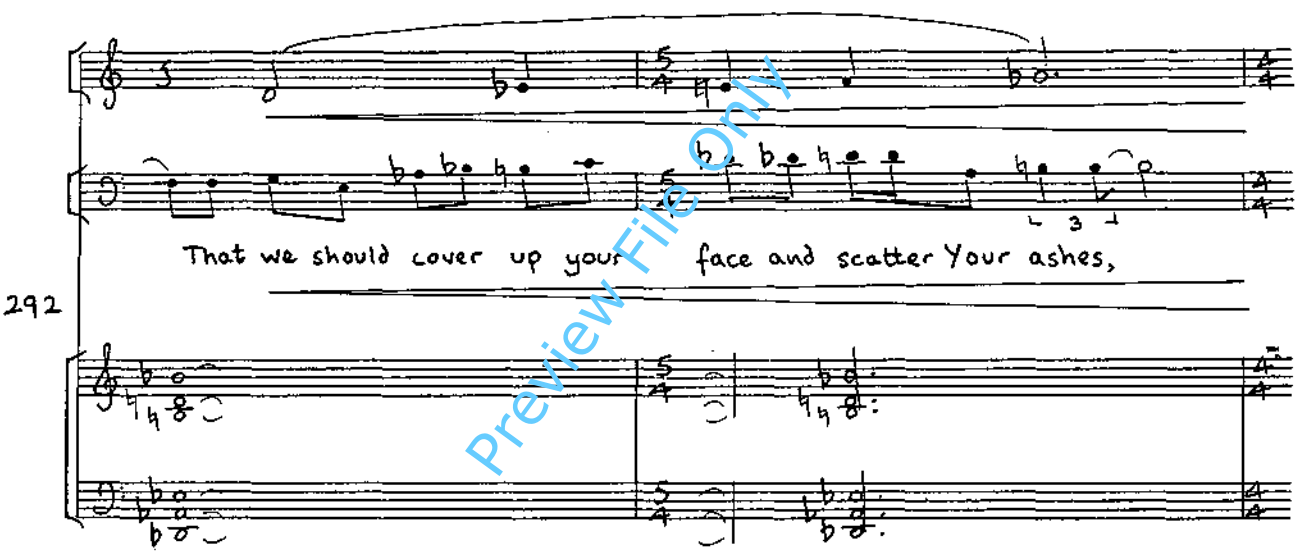

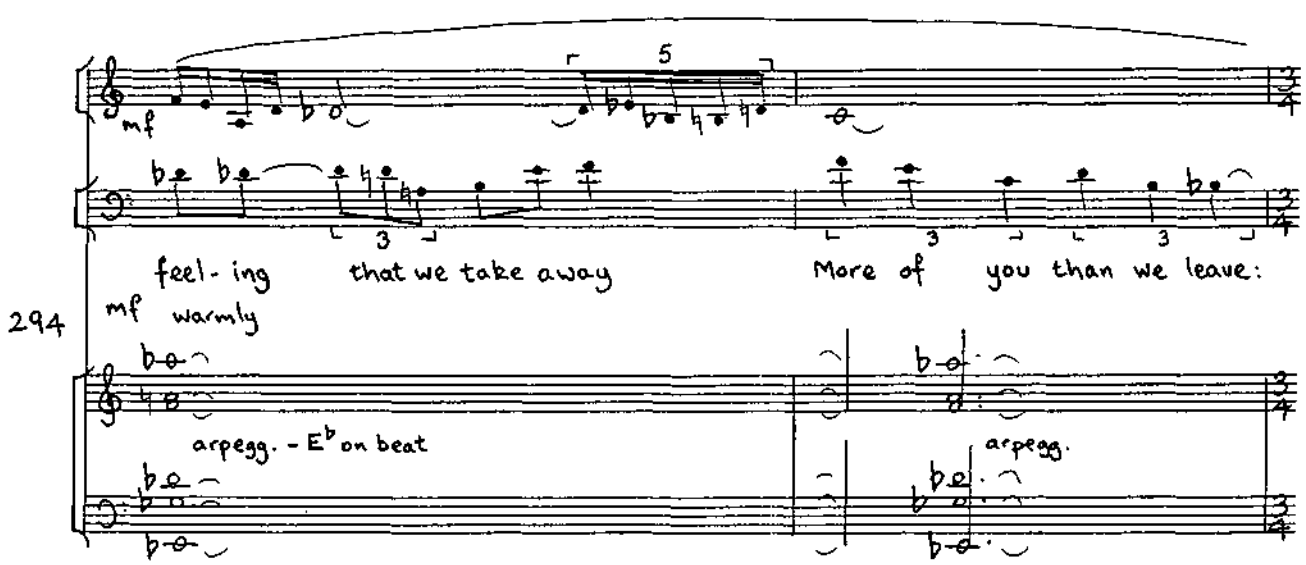

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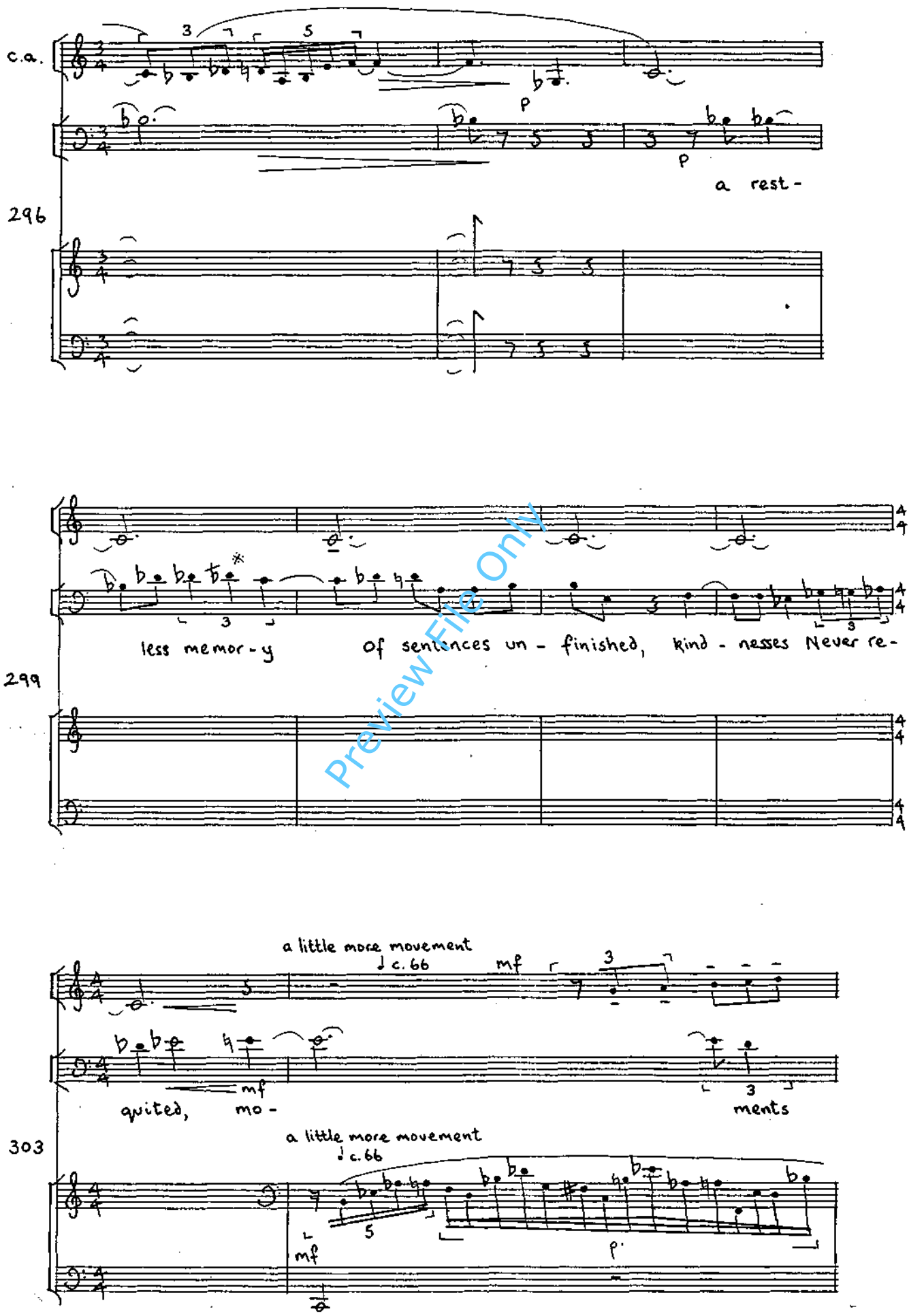

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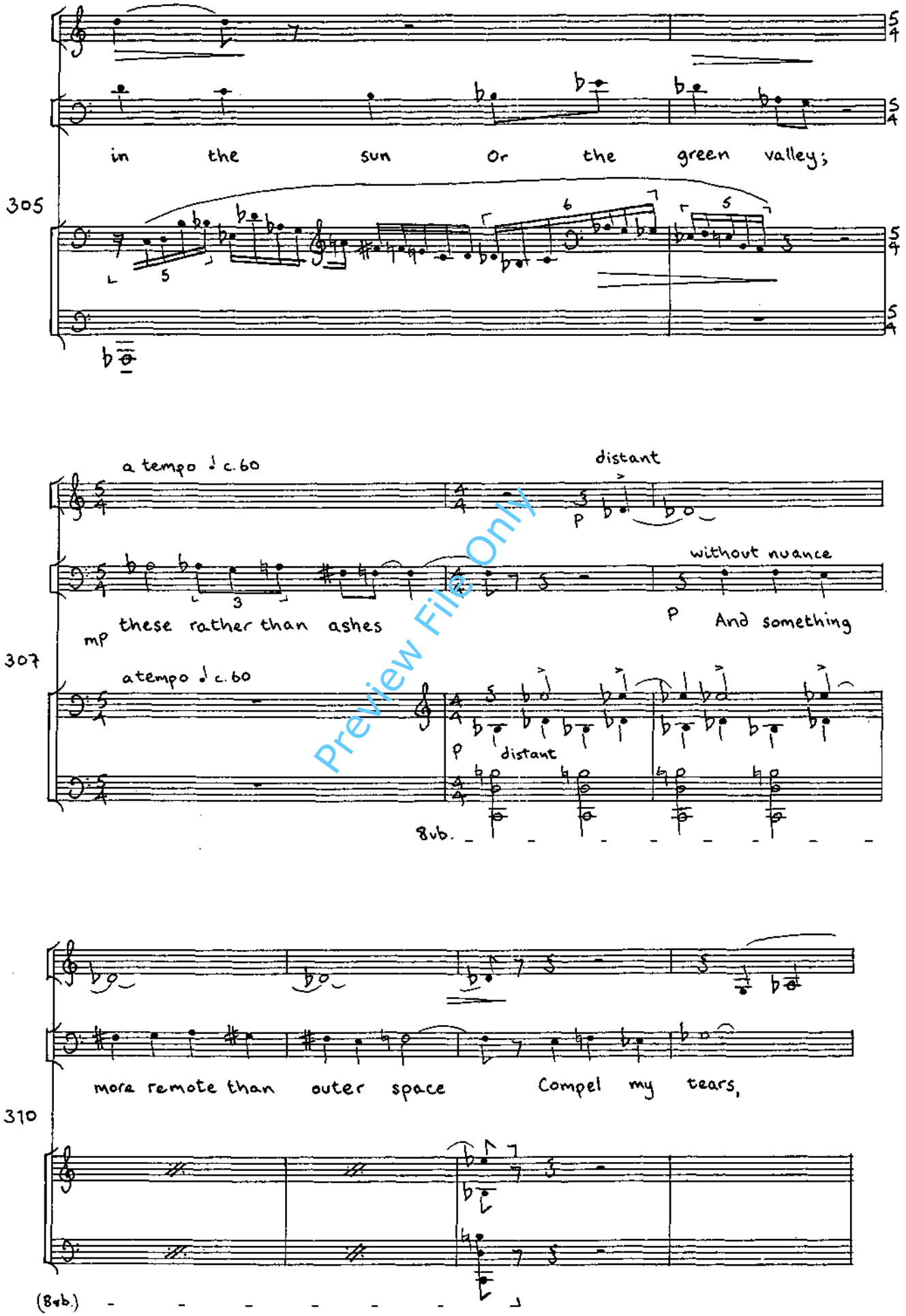
* ♭ : $\frac{3}{4}$ tone flat



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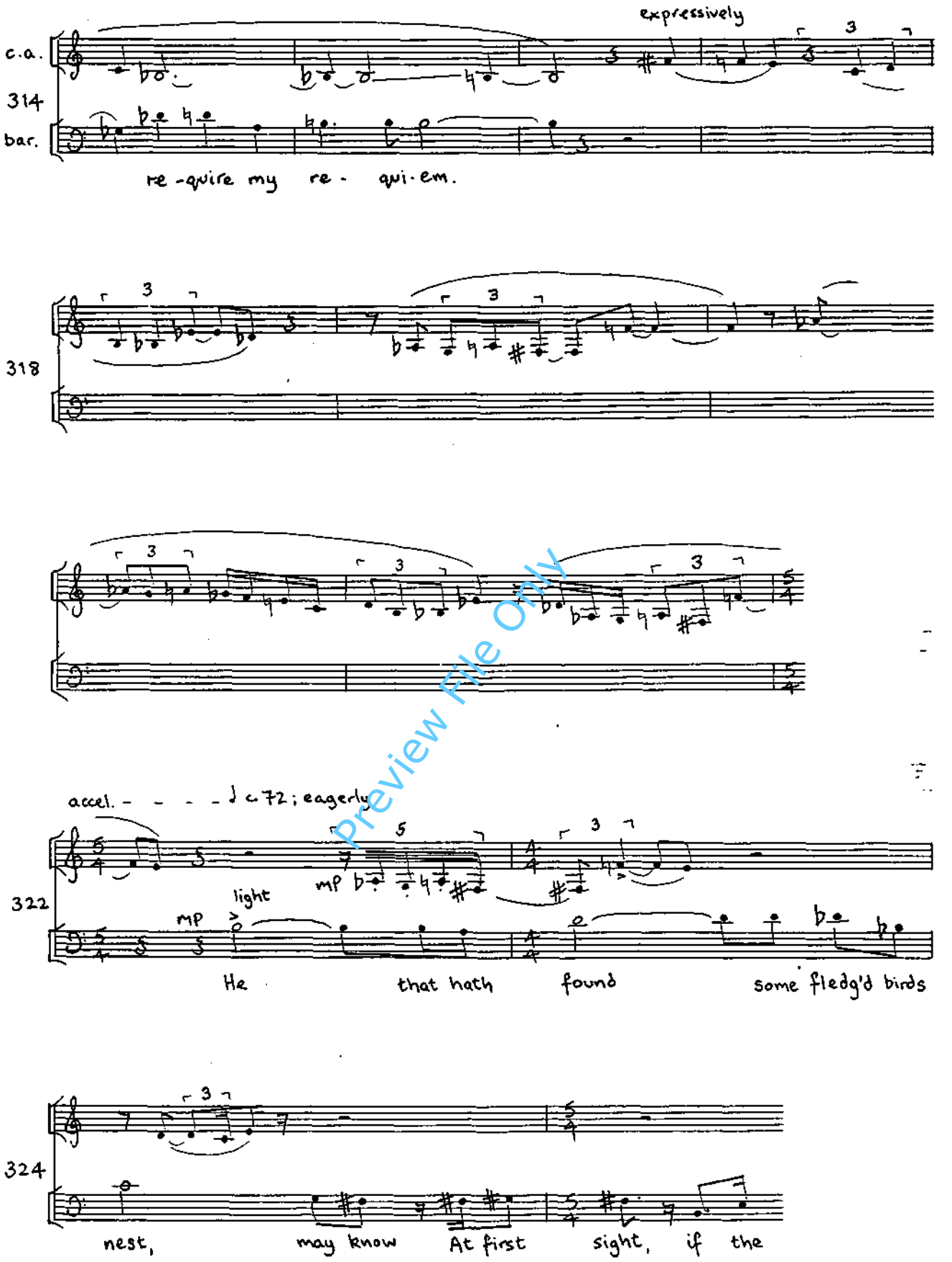

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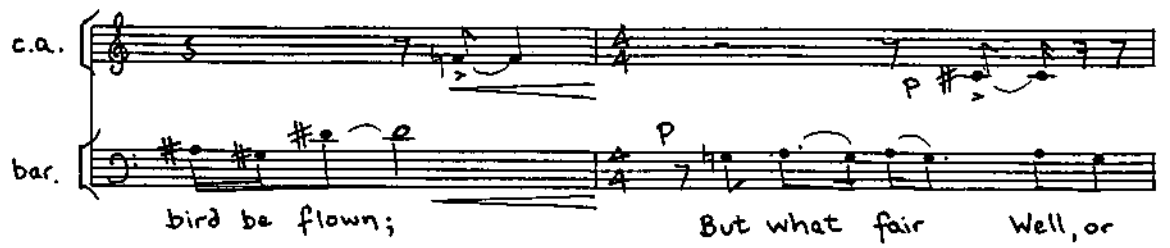

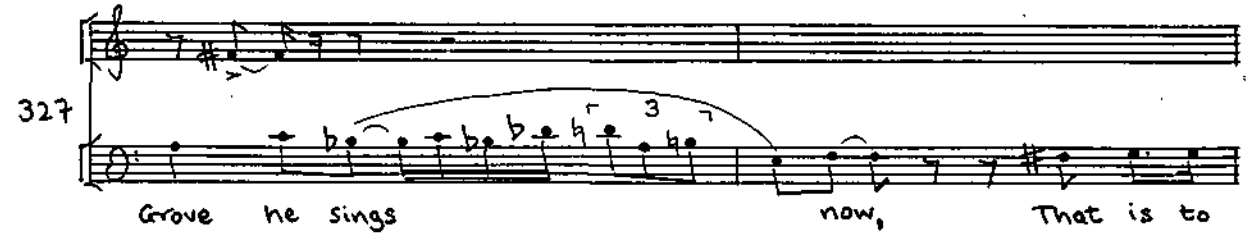

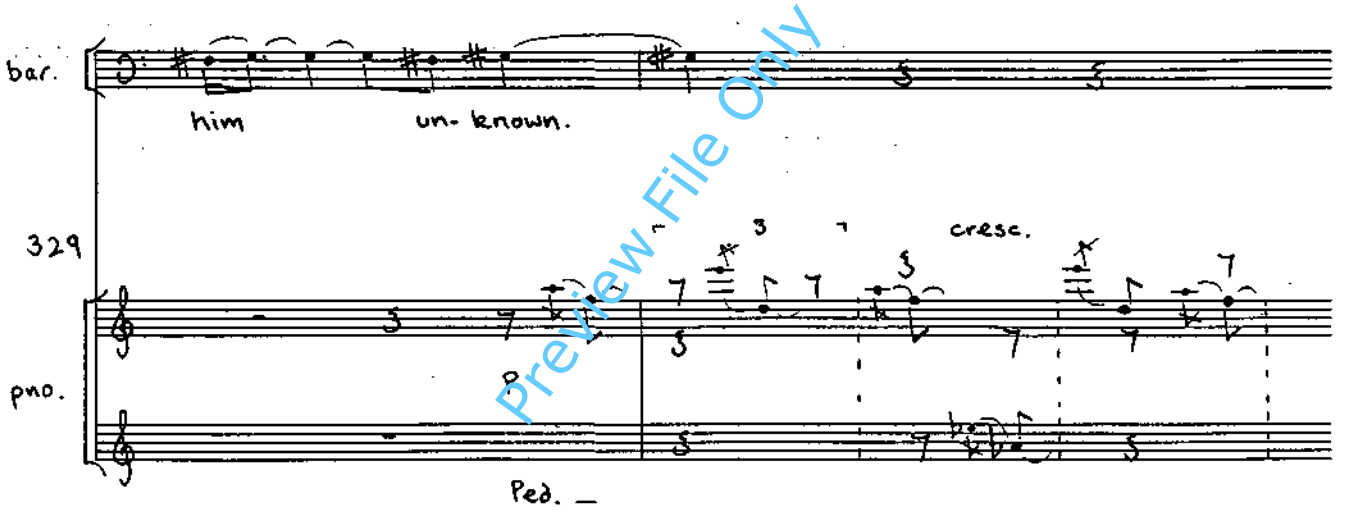

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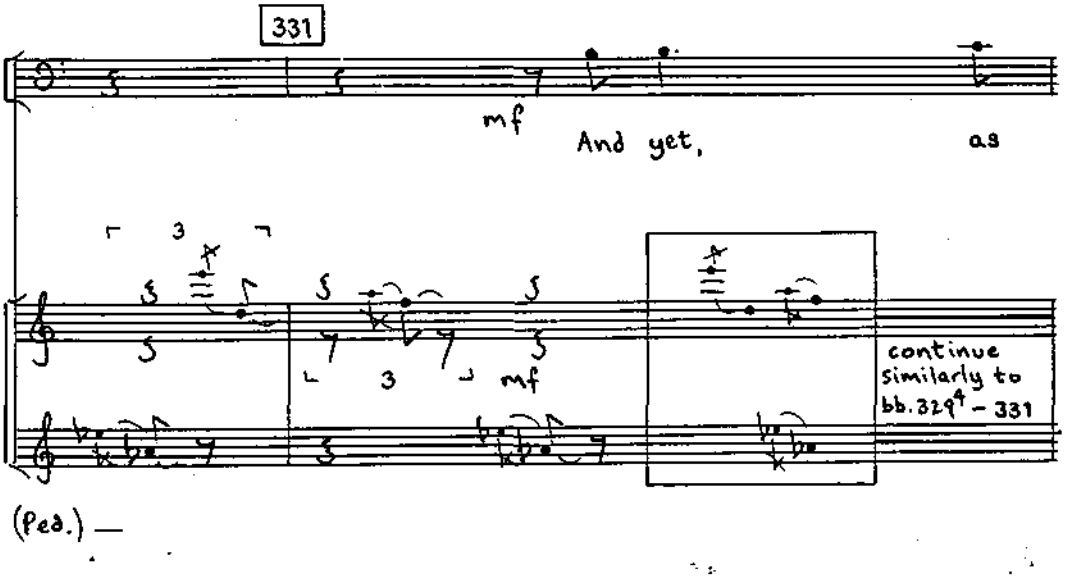

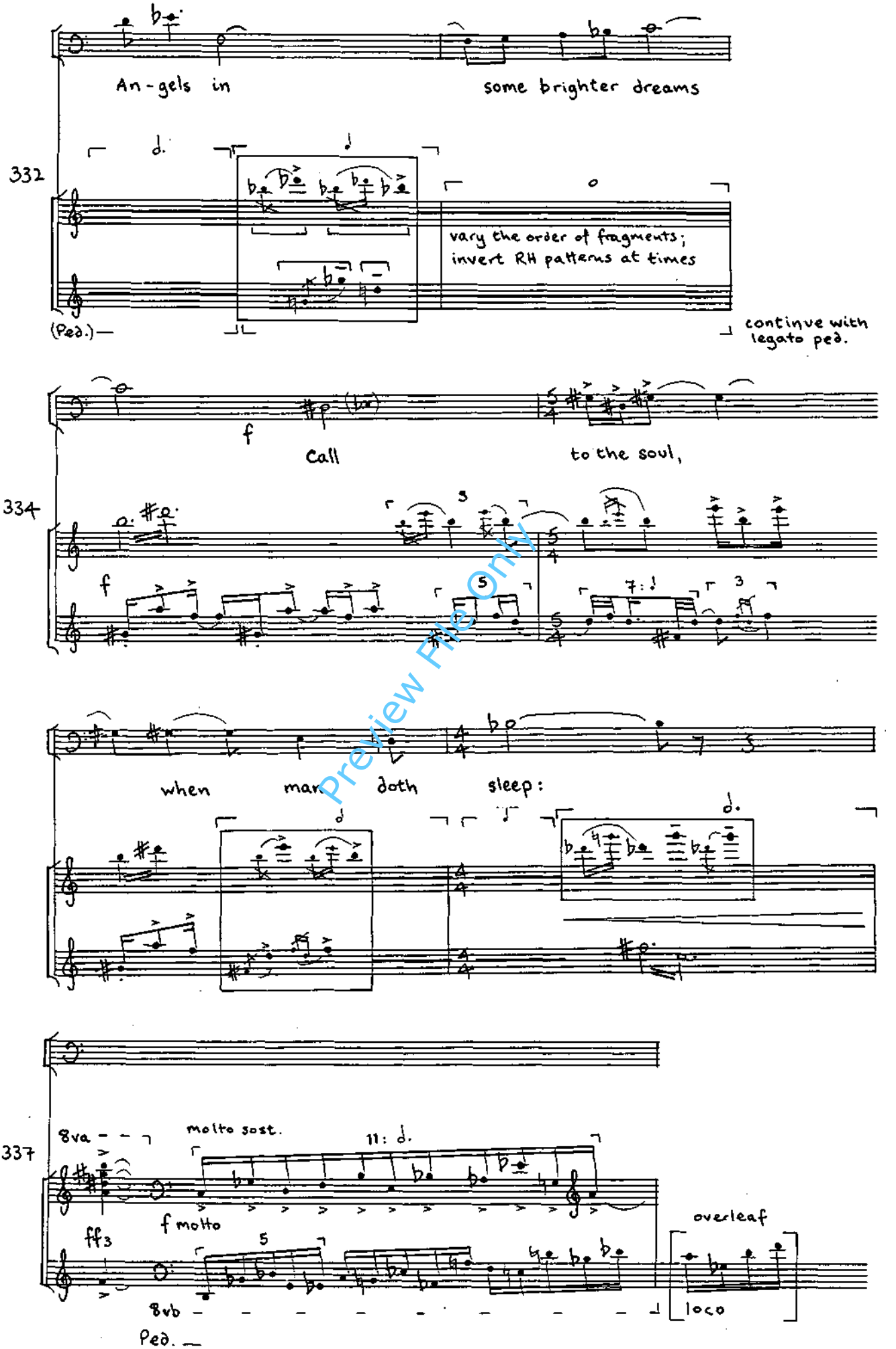

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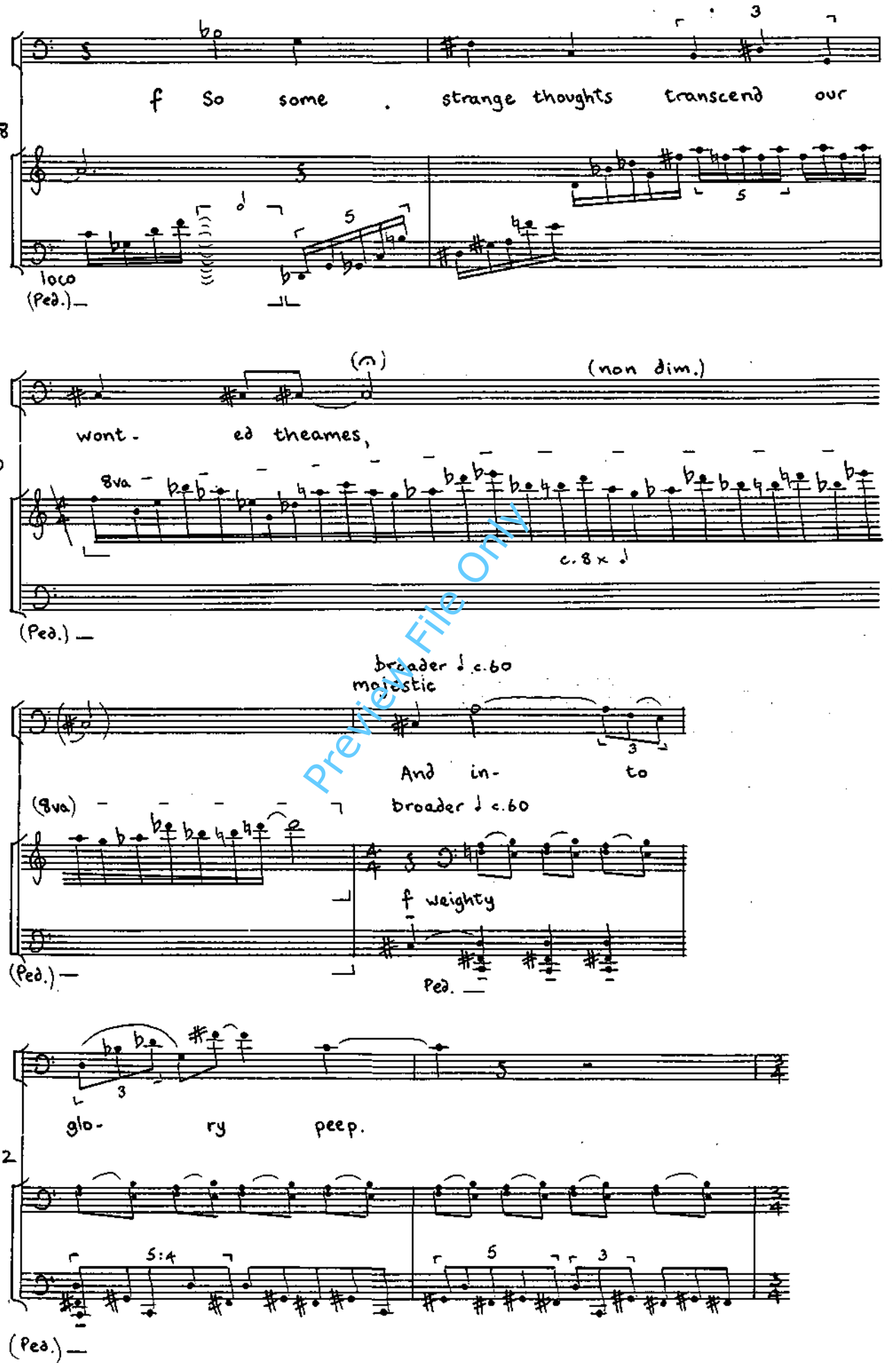

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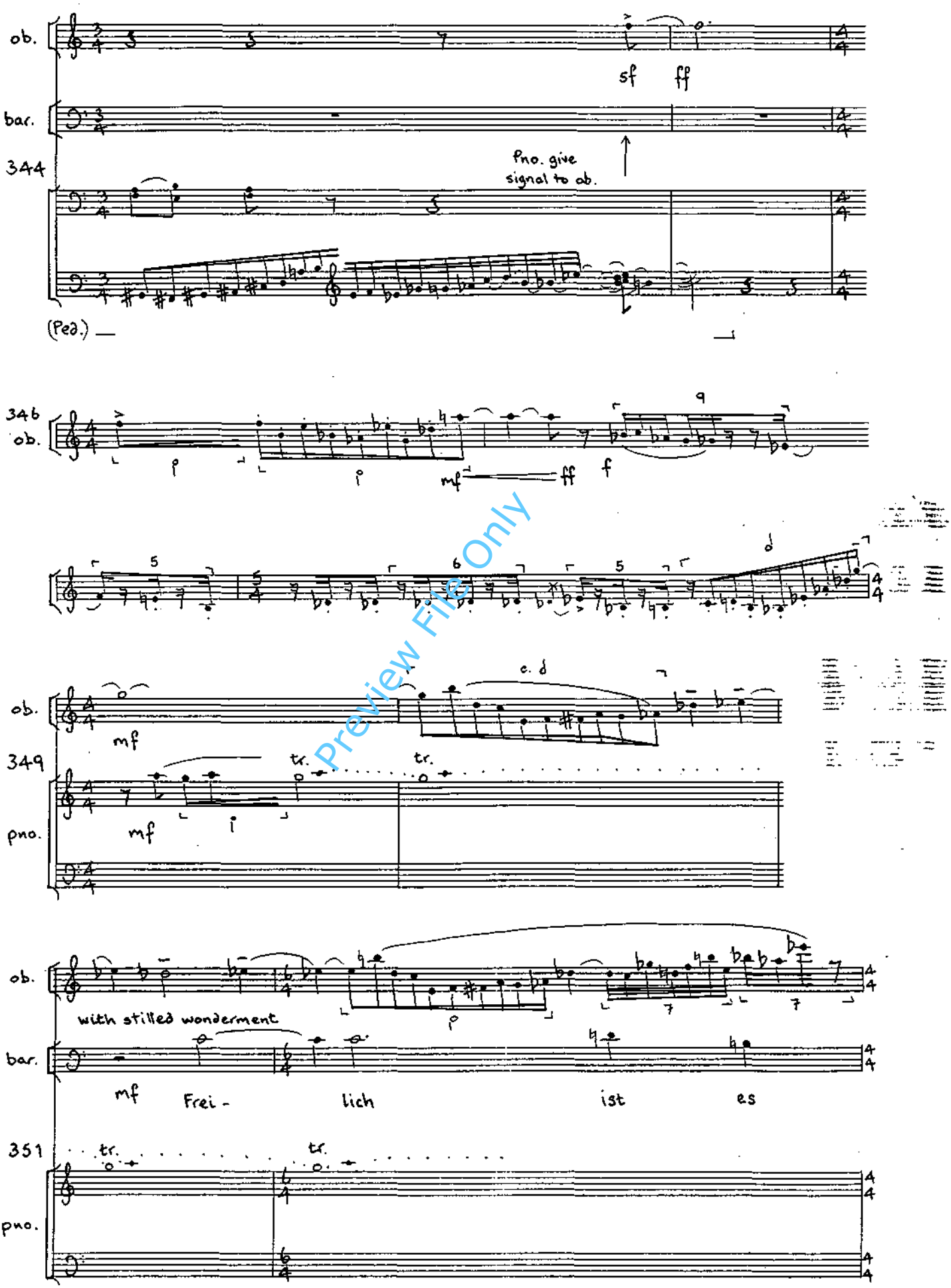

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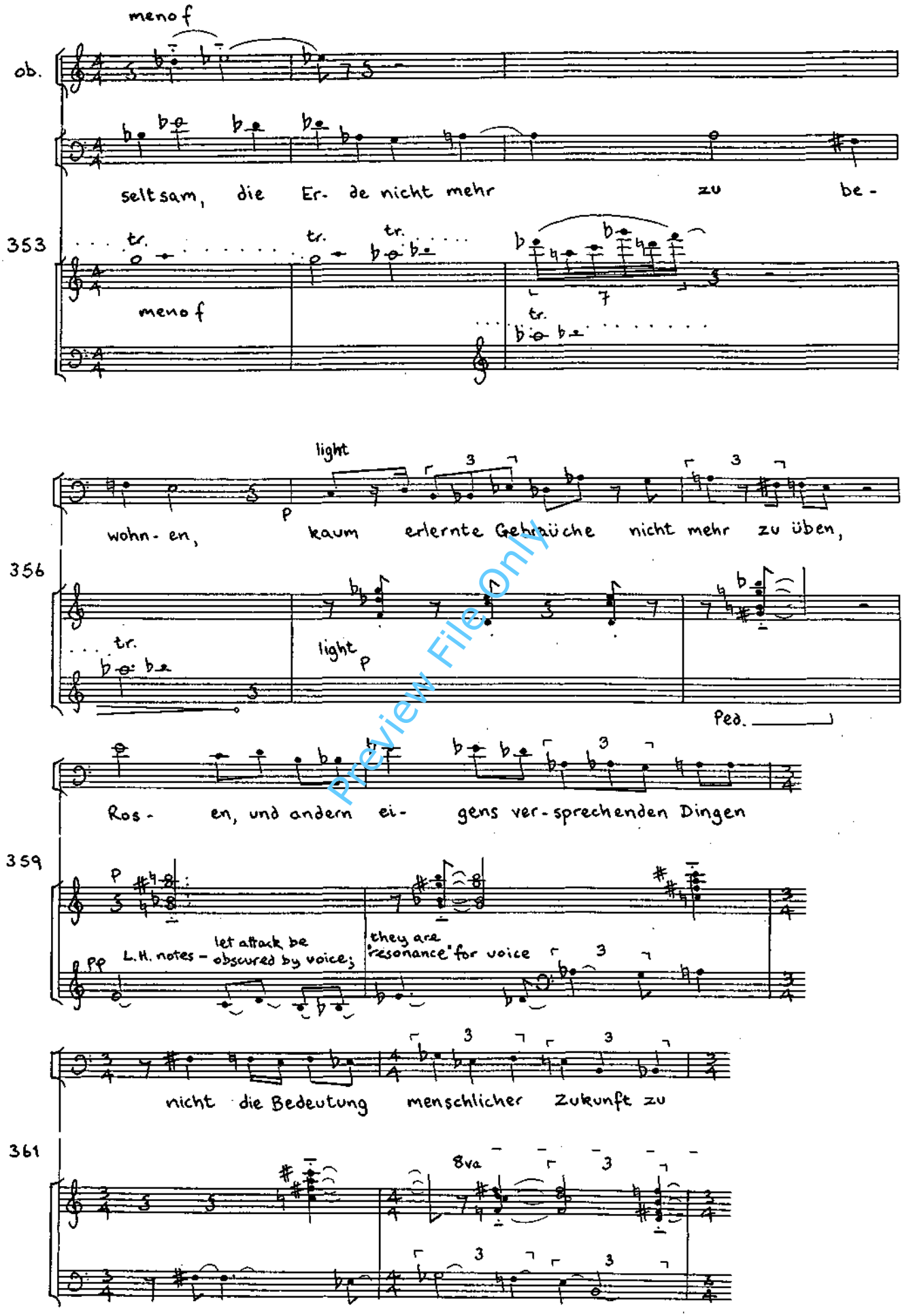

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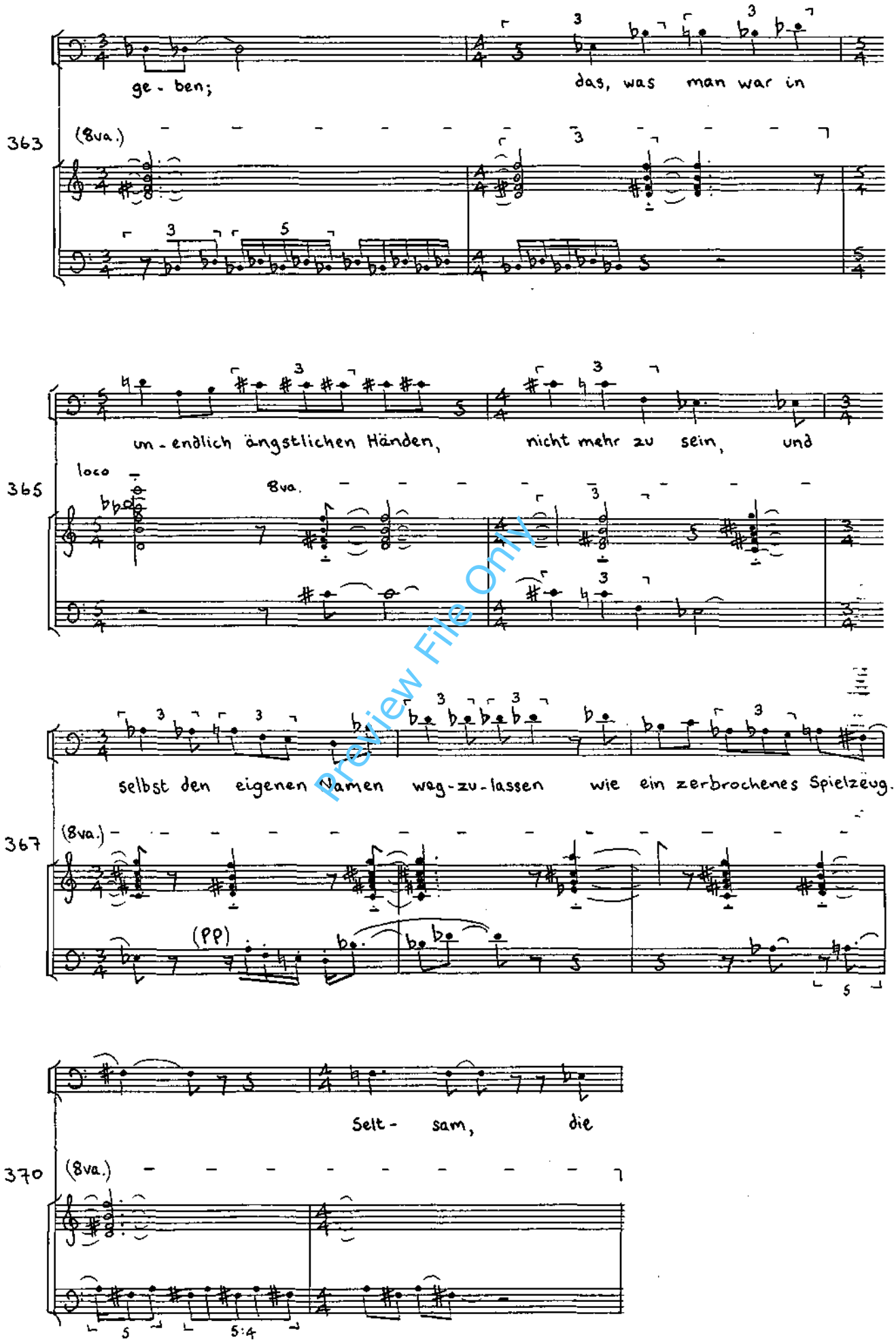

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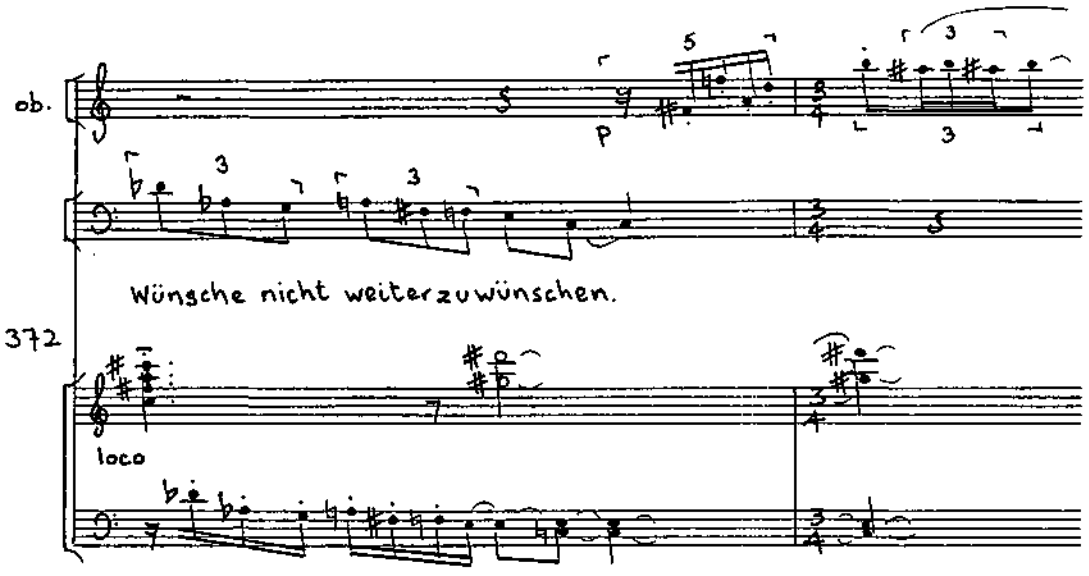

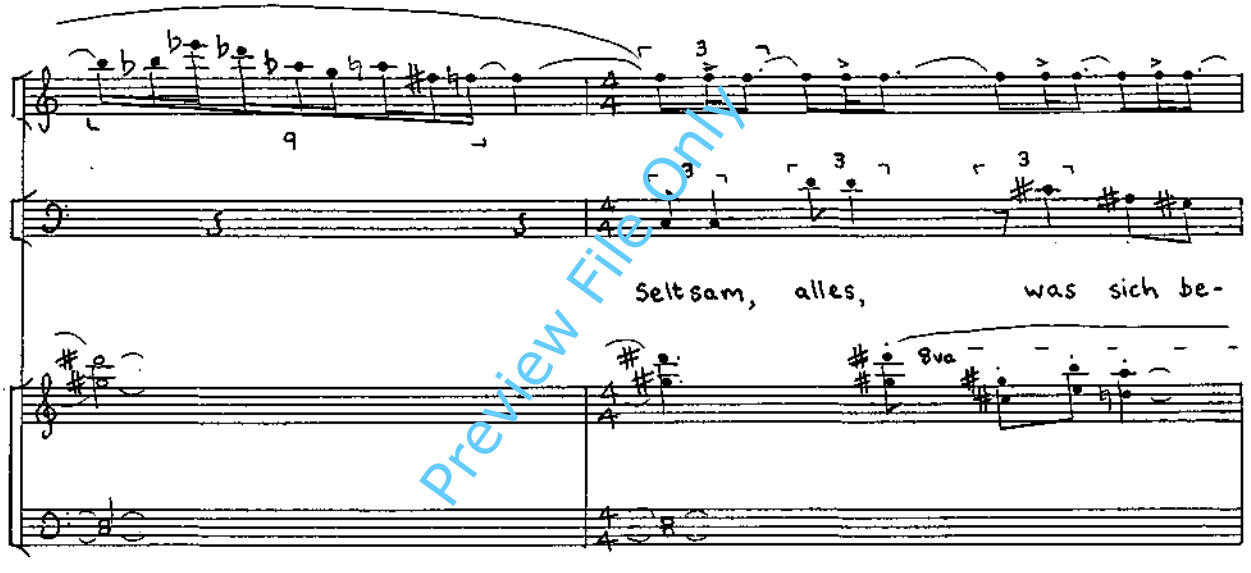

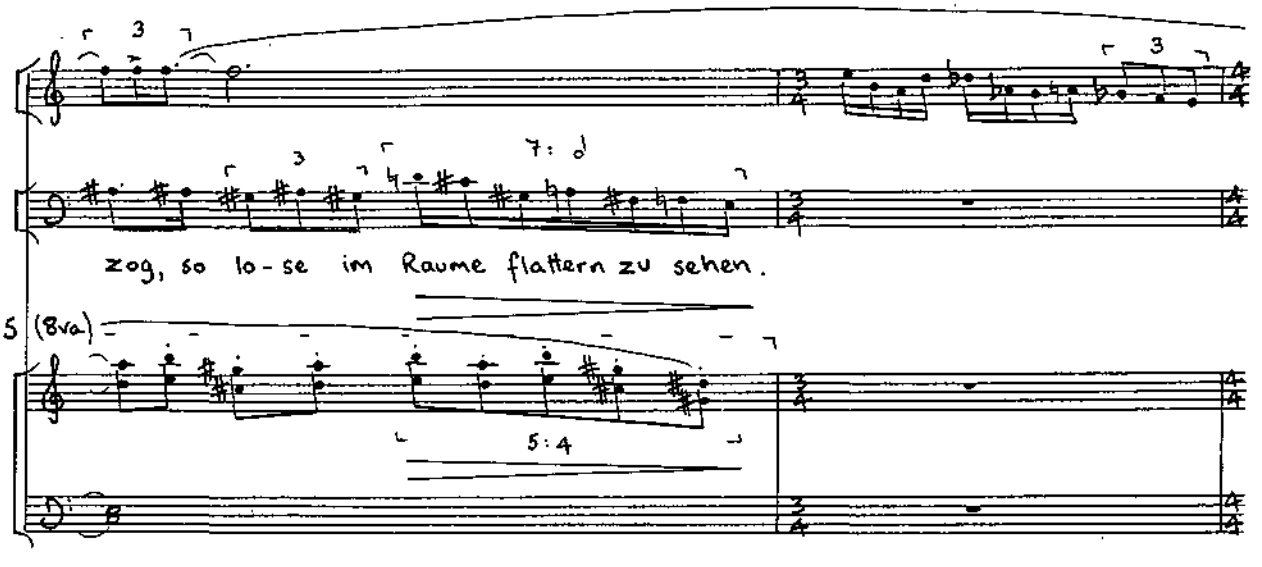

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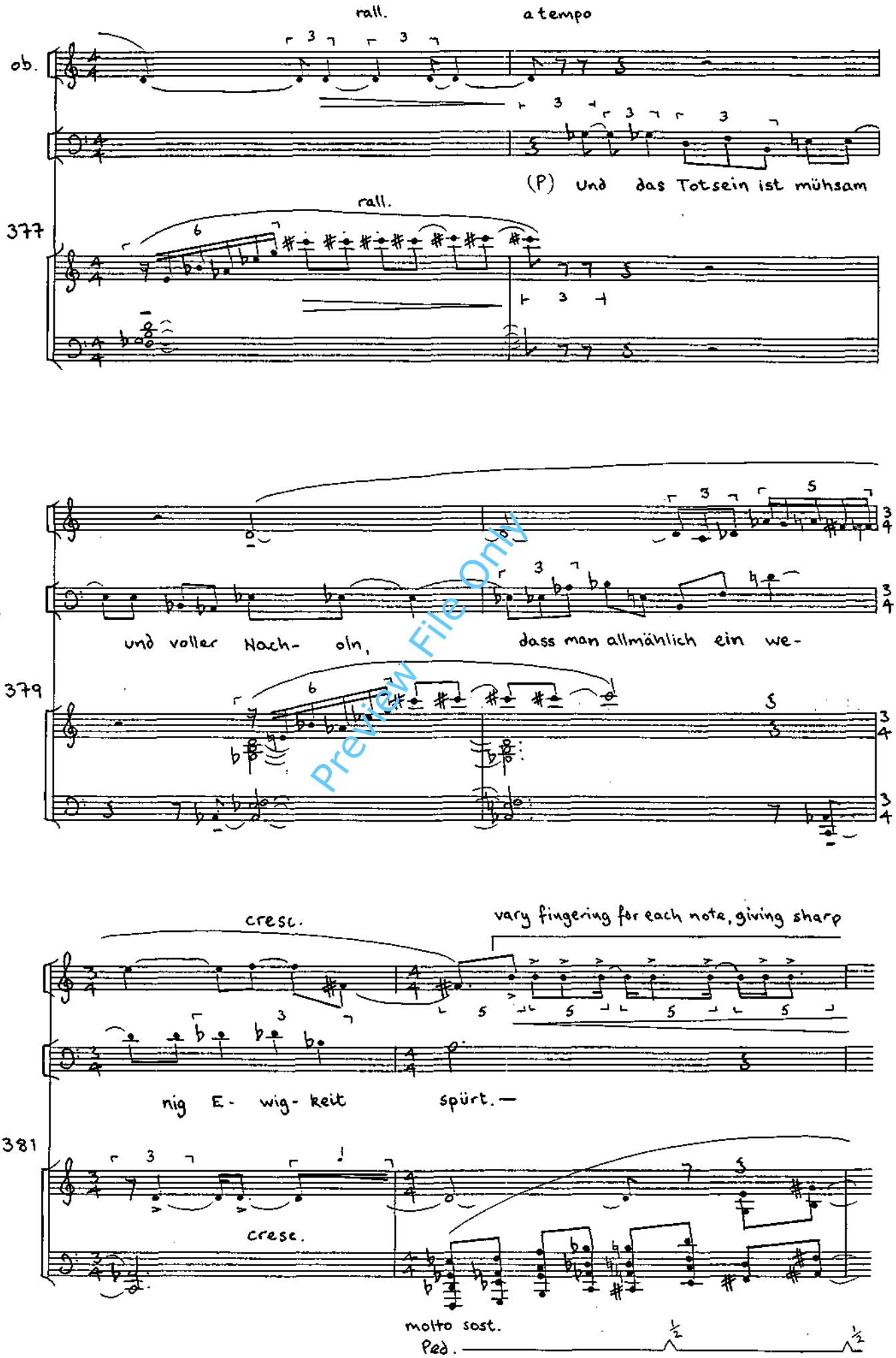

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contrasts of colour

reflective

ff

P Aber Lebendige machen alle den Fehler,

383

(Ped.)

more sonorous

mp

dass sie zu stark unter-scheiden. Eng-el (sagt man)

385

mp molto sostenuto

wüssten oft nicht, sie unter Leben-den gehn

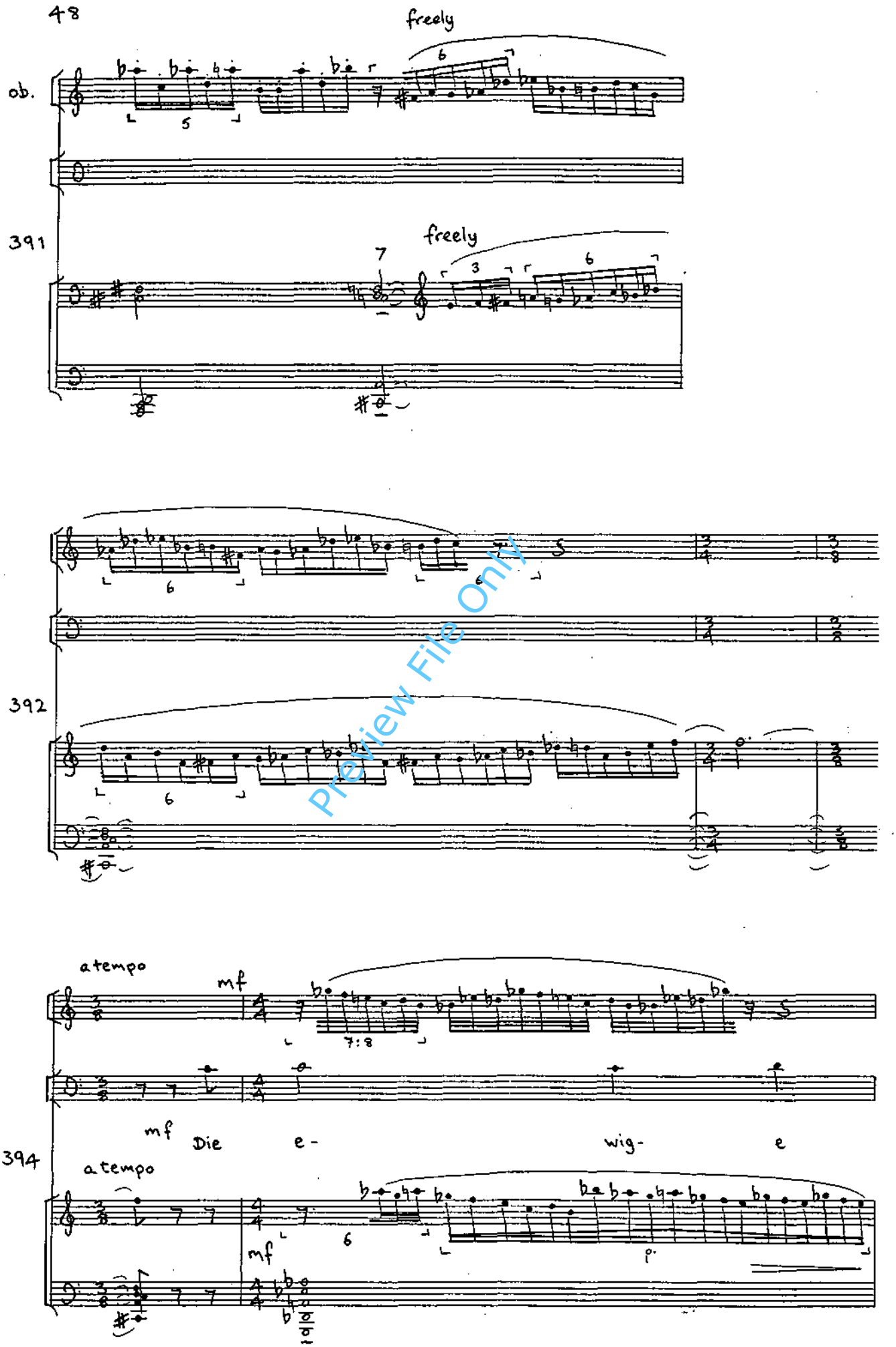
387

mp

oder Toten.

389

Preview File Only



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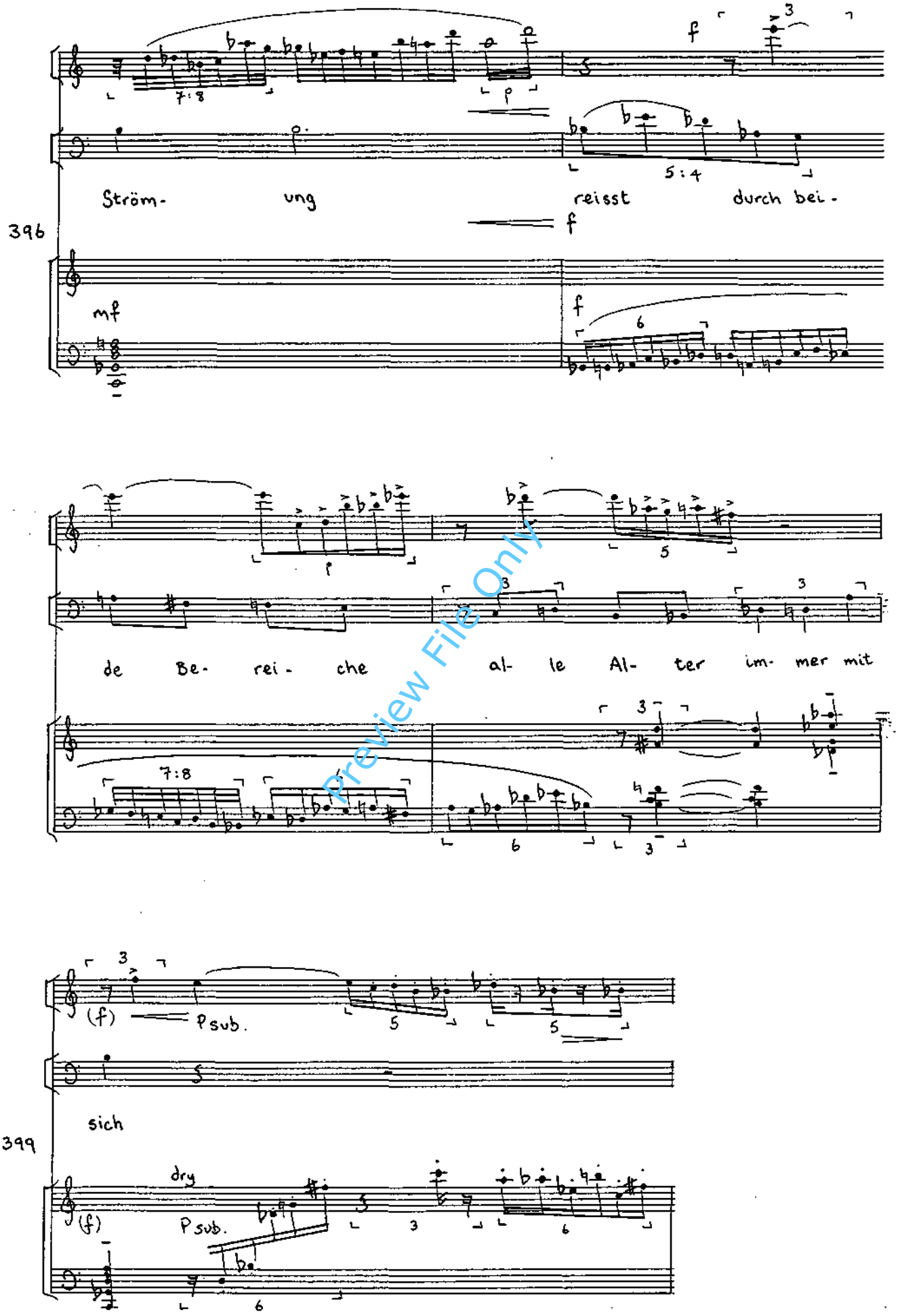

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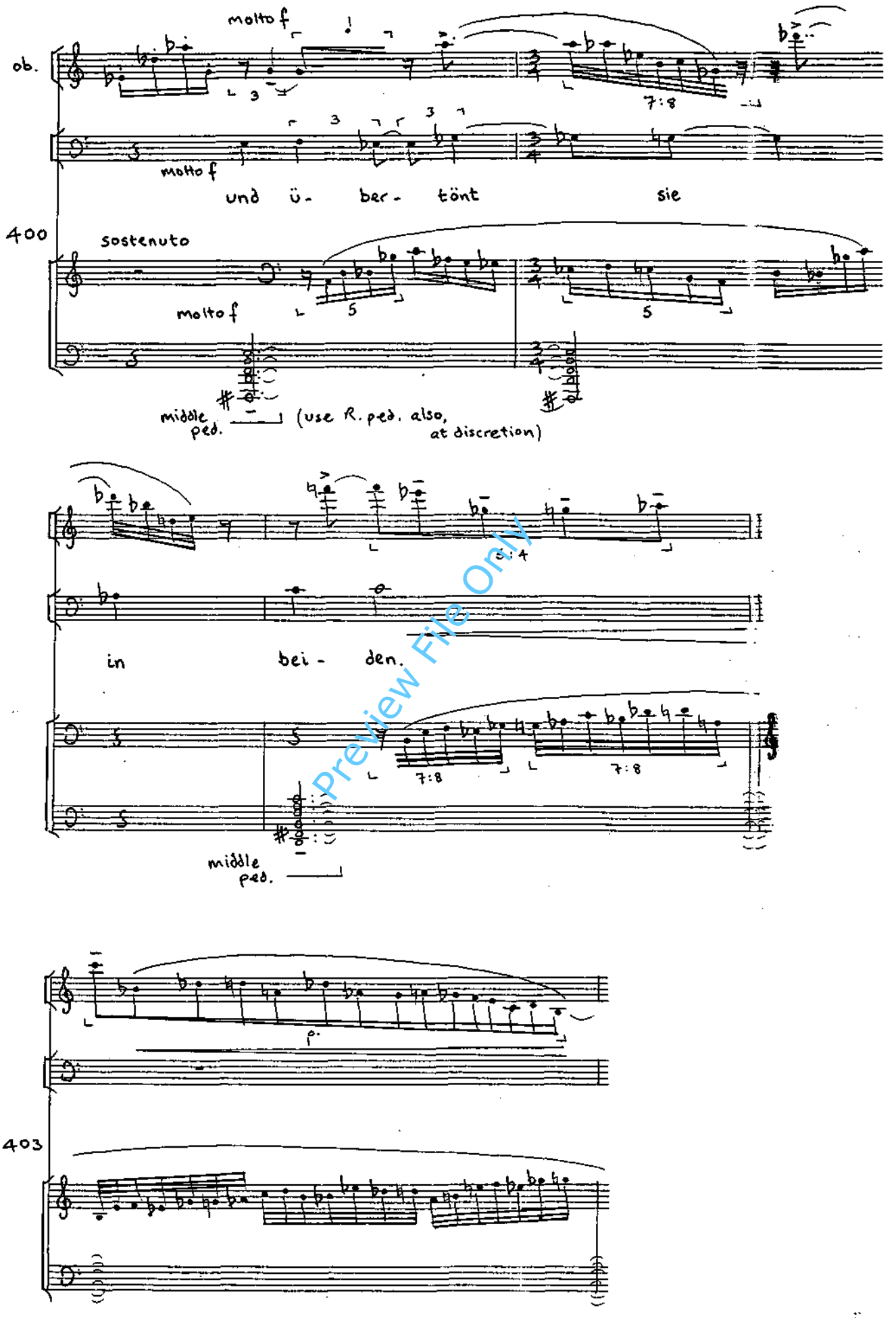

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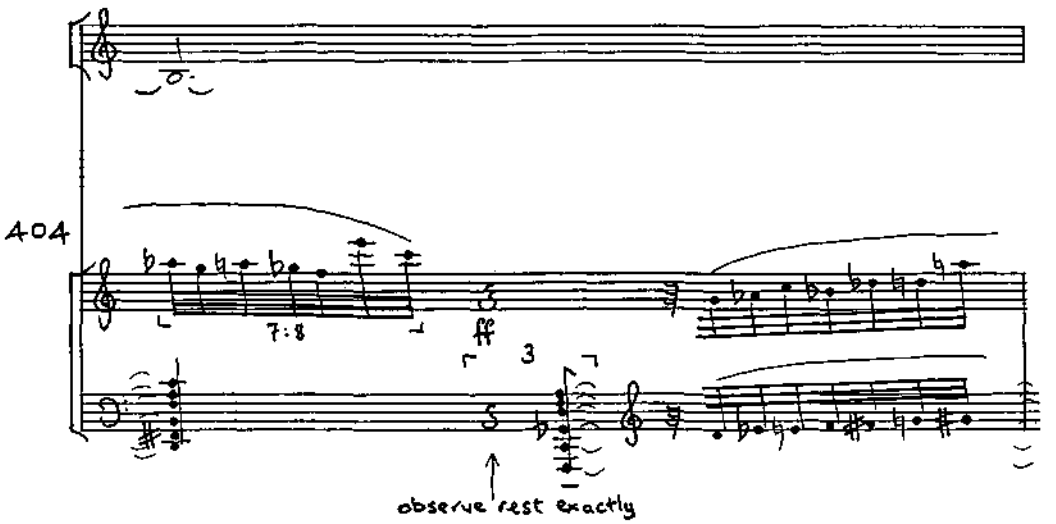

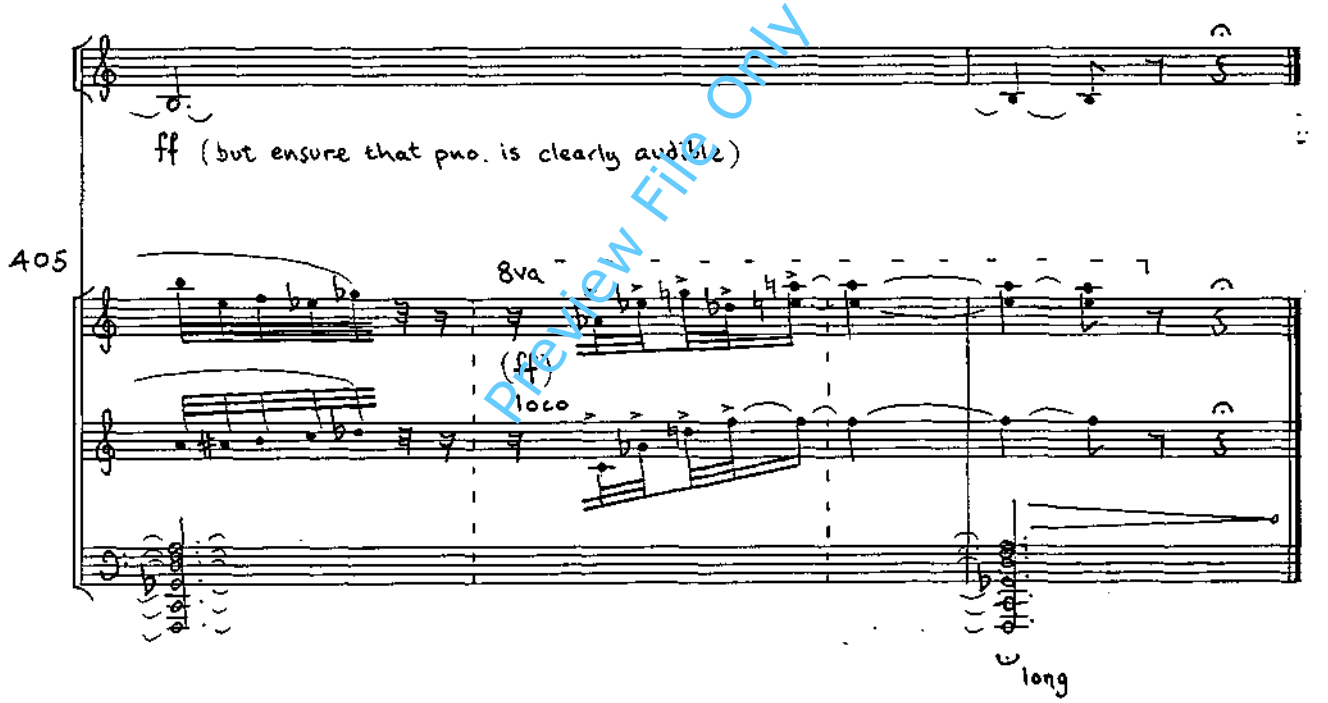

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London.
4th. April - 16th. October
1988