ANDREW TOOVEY

IRISH SETTINGS

FOR HIGH VOICE AND VIOLA

DEDICATED TO MORAG MORRIS

DURATION FOURTEEN MINUTES

FIRST PERFORMANCE : JACKIE HORNER AND CHARLES MUTTER

SUNDAY OCTOBER 23 SURREY UNIVERSITY GUILDFORD

Preview File Only

The Poems :

James Joyce : On the Beach at Fontana

Wind whines and whines the shingle,
The crazy pierstakes groan;
A senile sea numbers each single
Slimesilvered stone.

From whining wind and colder
Gray sea I wrap him warm
And touch his trembling fineboned shoulder
And boyish arm.

Around us fear, decending
Darkness of fear above
And in my heart how deep unending
Ache of love!

W.B.Yeats : Father and Child

She hears me strike the board and say
That she is under ban
Of all good men and women,
Being mentioned with a man
That has the worst of all bad names;
And thereupon replies
That his hair is beautiful,
Cold as the March wind his eyes.

Louis MacNeice : The Sunlight on the Garden

The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold
We cannot cage the minute
Within its nets of gold,
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon.

Our freedom as free lances,
Advances towards its end;
The earth compels, upon it
Sonnets and birds descend;
And soon, my friend,
We shall have no time for dances.

The sky was good for flying
Defying the church bells
And every evil iron
Siren and what it tells
The earth compels,
We are dying, Egypt, dying.

And not expecting pardon,
Hardened in heart anew,
But glad to have sat under
Thunder and rain with you,
And grateful too
For sunlight on the garden.

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W.B.Yeats : To a Child Dancing in the Wind

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.
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of the wind?

Louis MacNeice : Snow

The room was suddenly rich and the great bay-window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.

World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.

And the fire flames with a bubbling sound for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes -
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears in the palms of one's hands -
There is more than glass between the snow and the huge roses.

Paul Muldoon : Bran

While he looks into the eyes of women
Who have let themselves go,
While they sigh and they moan
For pure joy,

He weeps for the boy on that small farm
Who takes an oatmeal Labrador
In his arms,
Who knows all there is of rapture.

Paul Muldoon : Ireland

The Volkswagon parked in the gap.
But gently ticking over.
You wonder if it's lovers
And not men hurrying back
Across two fields and a river.

Derek Mahon : The Golden Bough

What will be left after
The twilight of cities,
The flowers of fire,
Will be the soft
Vegetables where our
Politics were conceived.

When we give back
The cleared counties
To the first forest,
The hills to the hills,
The reclaimed mudflats
To the vigilant sea,

There will be silence, then
A sigh of waking
As from a long dream.
Once more I shall rise early
And plough my country
By first light,

At noon lie down
In a warm field,
My head in the shade,
And after midnight
Fish for stars
In the dark waters.

Once more I shall worship
The moon, make gods
Of clay, gods of stone,
And celebrate
In a world of waste
Their deaths and their return.

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James Joyce
On the Beach at Fontana

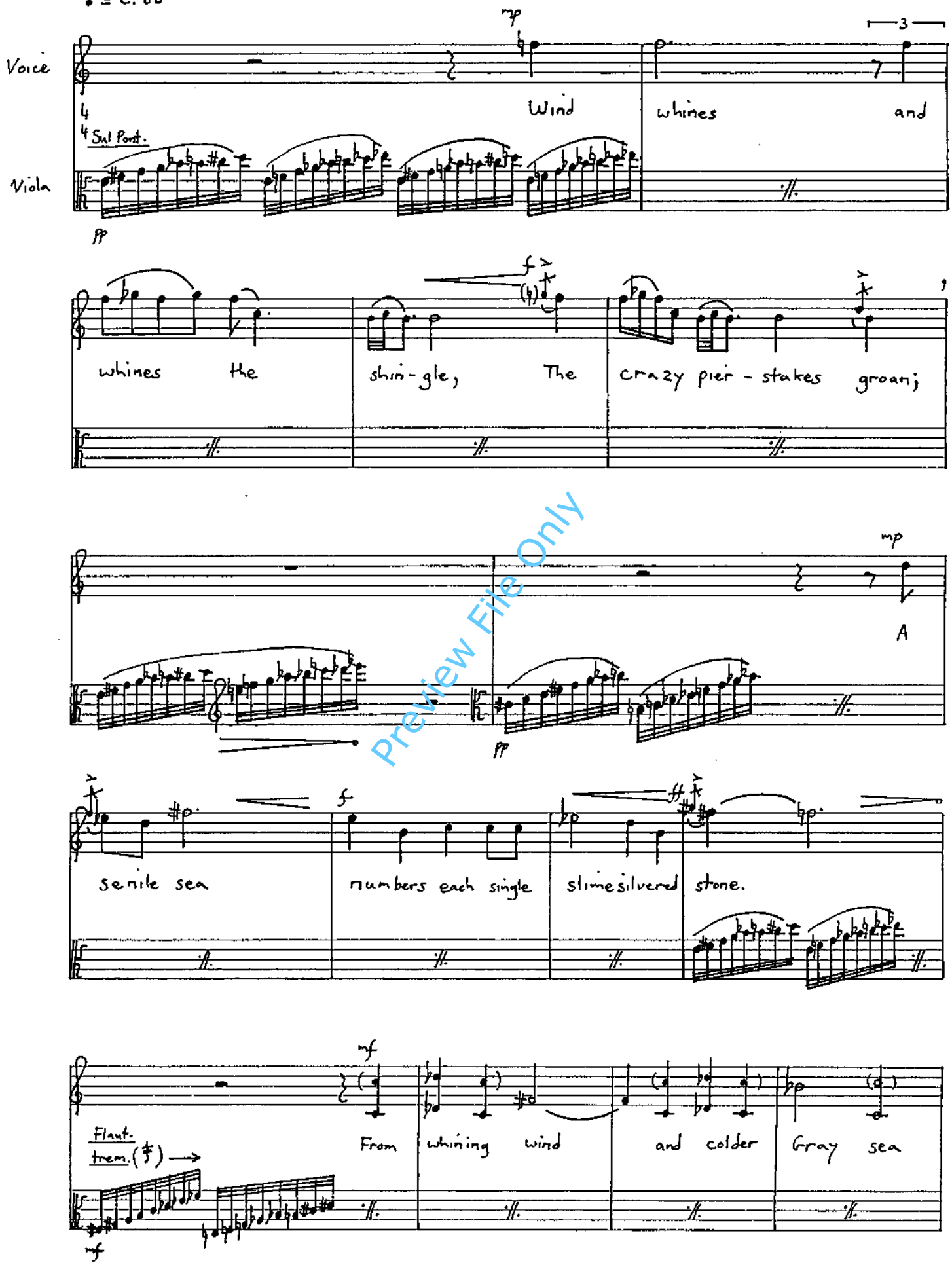
Irish Settings

For Morag Morris

Andrew Toovey
1994

2.

♩ = c. 66



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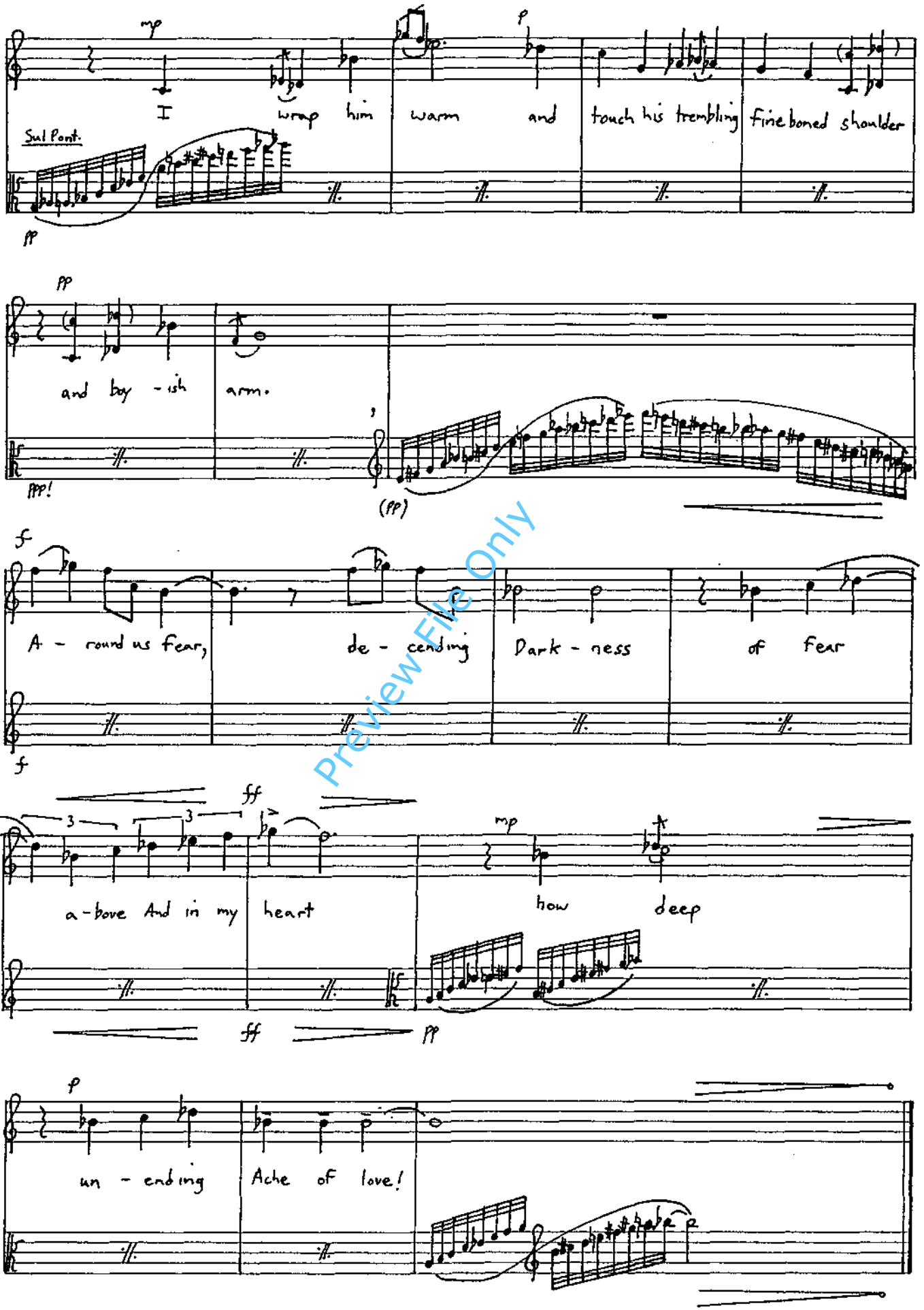

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4.

W.B. Yeats: Father and Child

♩= c.76

f

She hears me strike the board and say That she is un - der ban of

mp

5:6

mf

f

all good men and wo - men, Be-ing mentioned with a man That has the worst of

mp

f

all bad names; And there upon re - plies That his

p

mf

p

hair is beau - ti - ful, Cold as the March

mp

wind his eyes.

(No >)

(mf) p

* Left hand Pizz.

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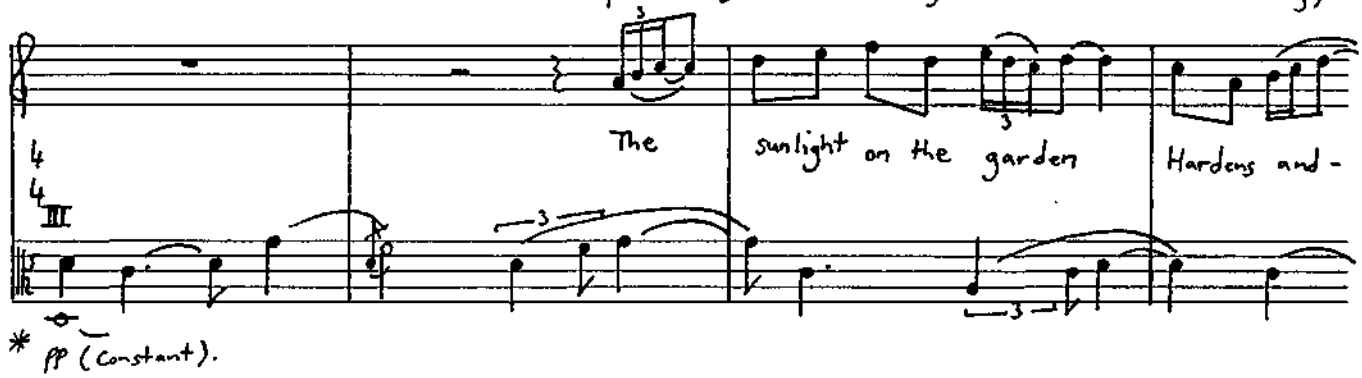
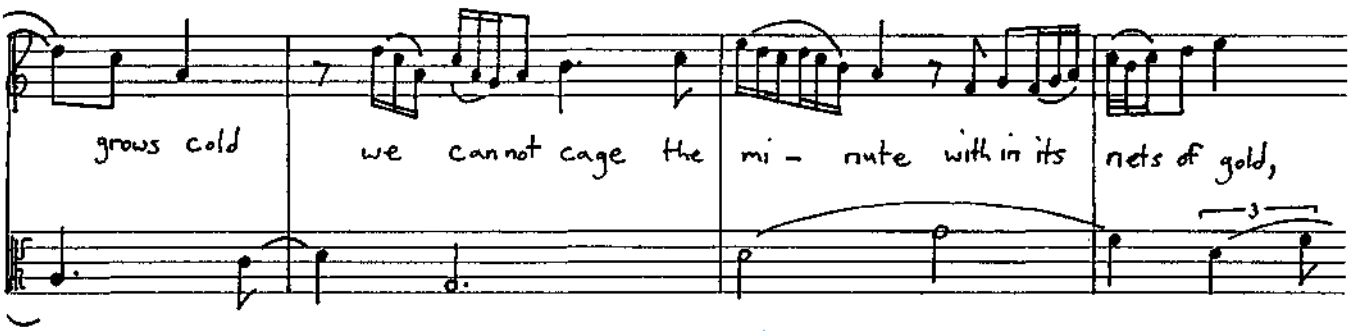
Louis MacNeice : The Sunlight on the Garden

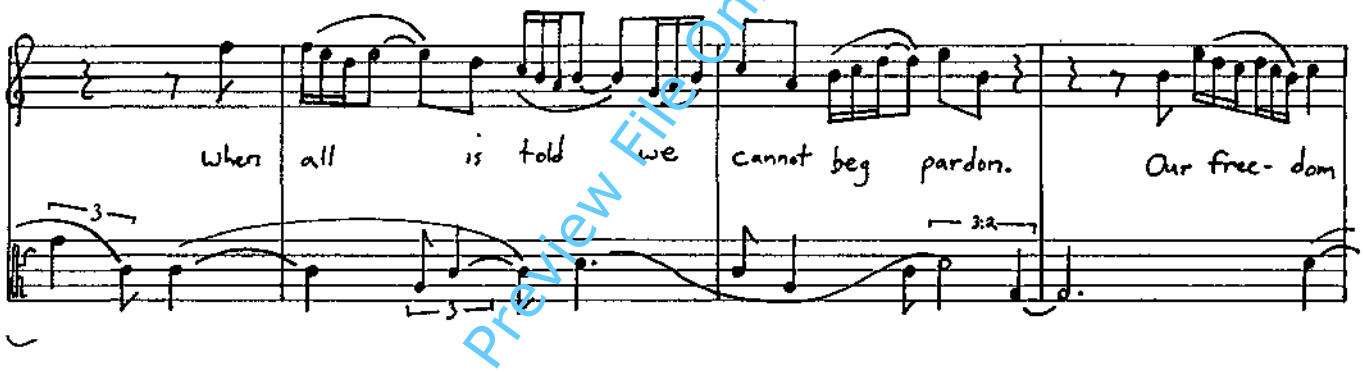
♩ = c. 53

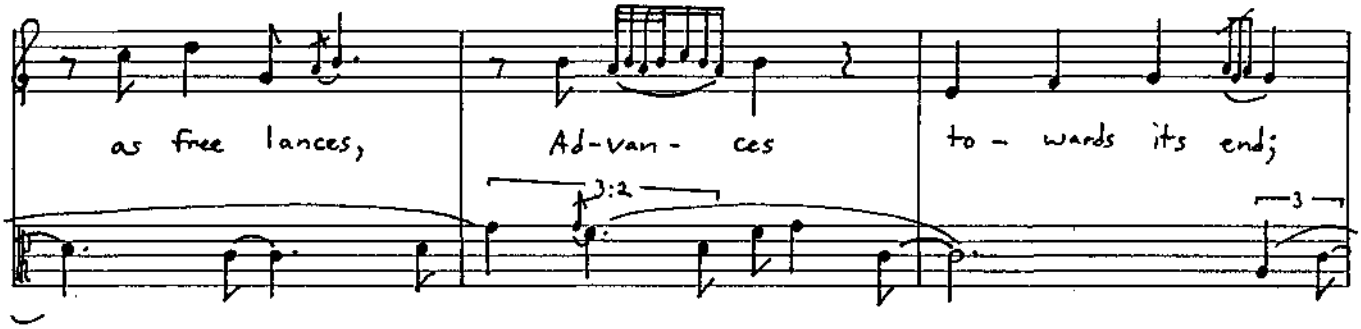
mp (Throughout this setting add < and > as befitting)

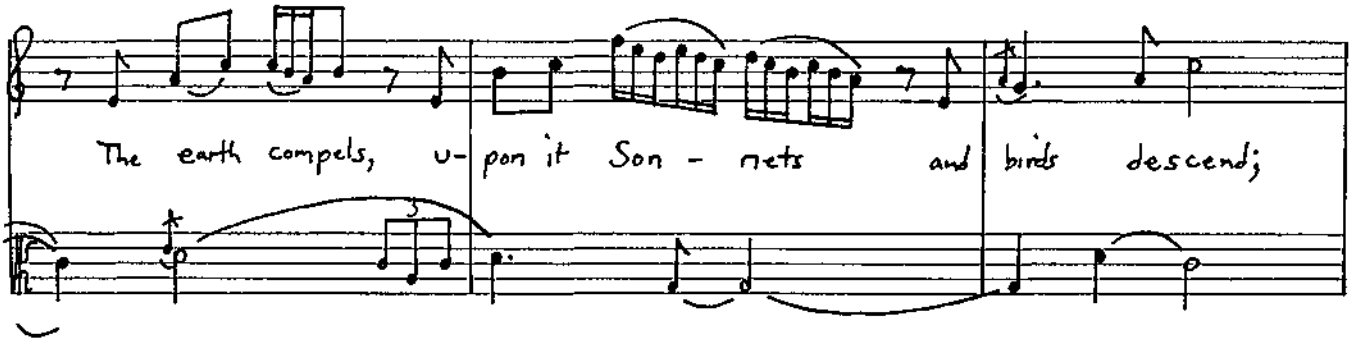


* pp (constant).









* tune C string to D. Drone throughout piece, slur with melody.

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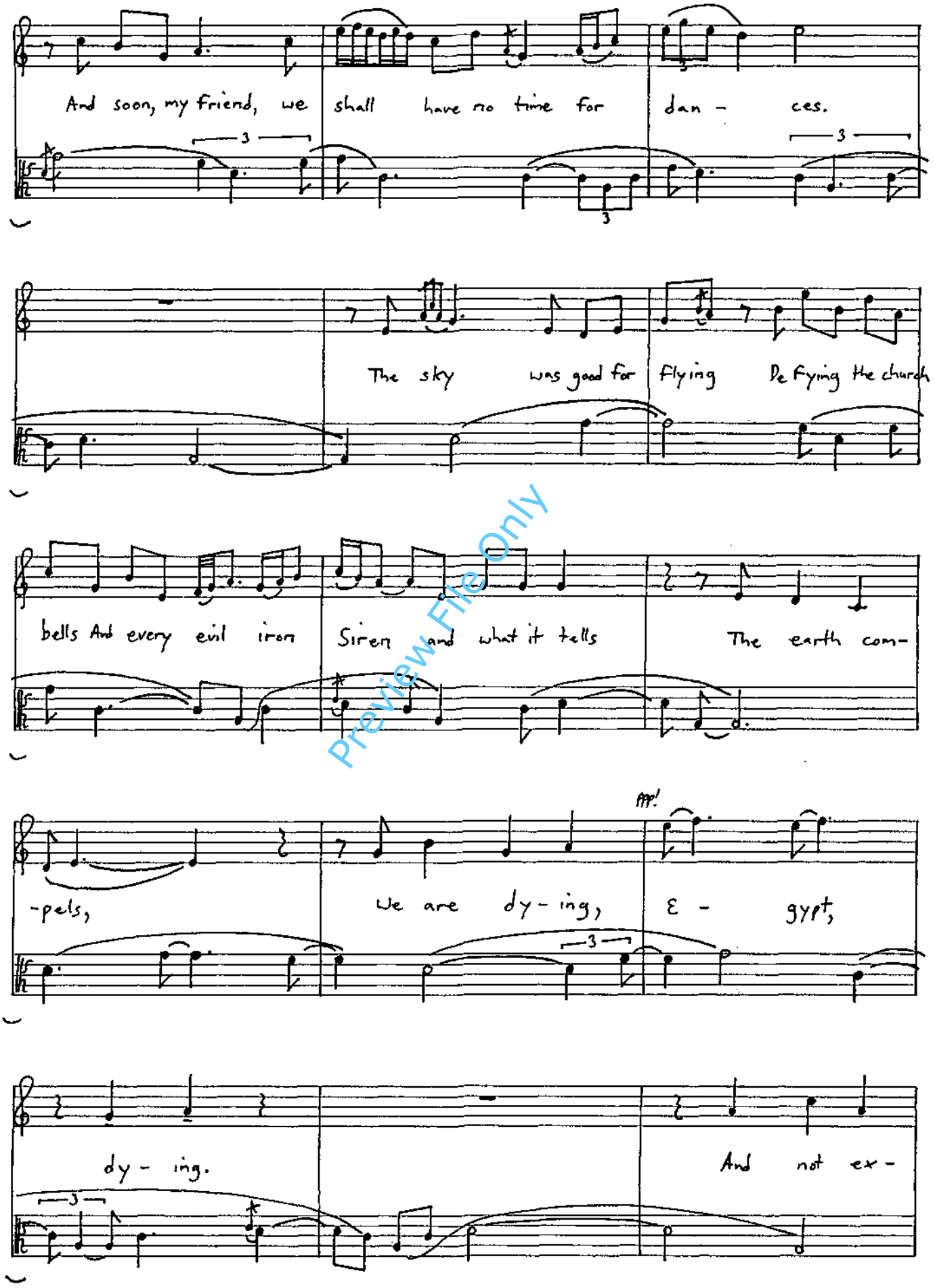

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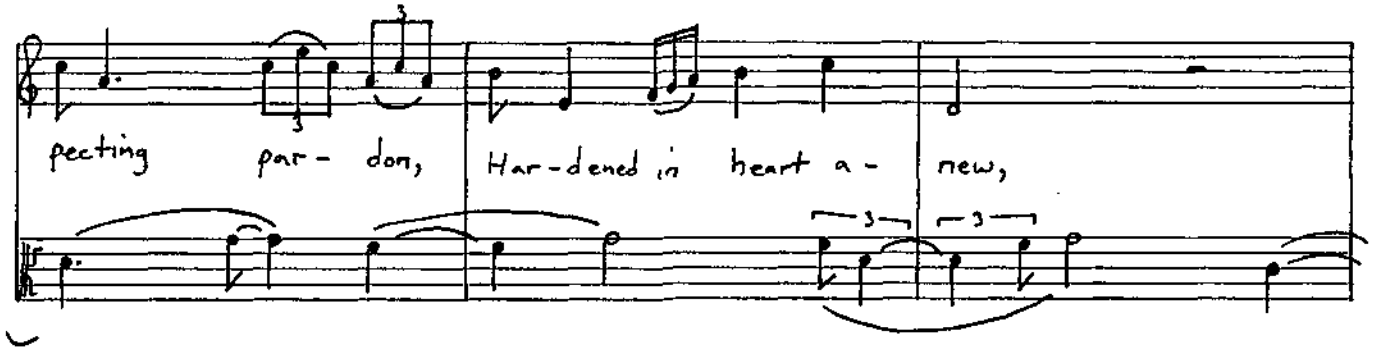

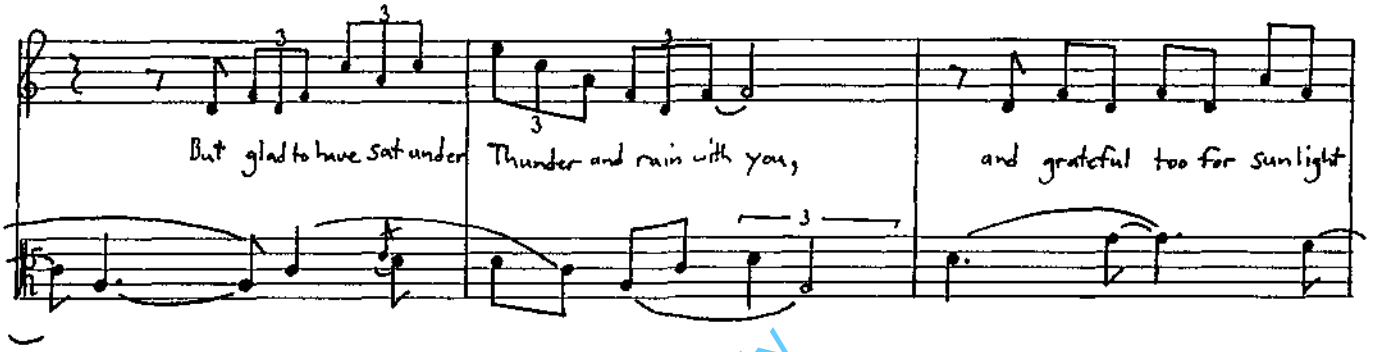

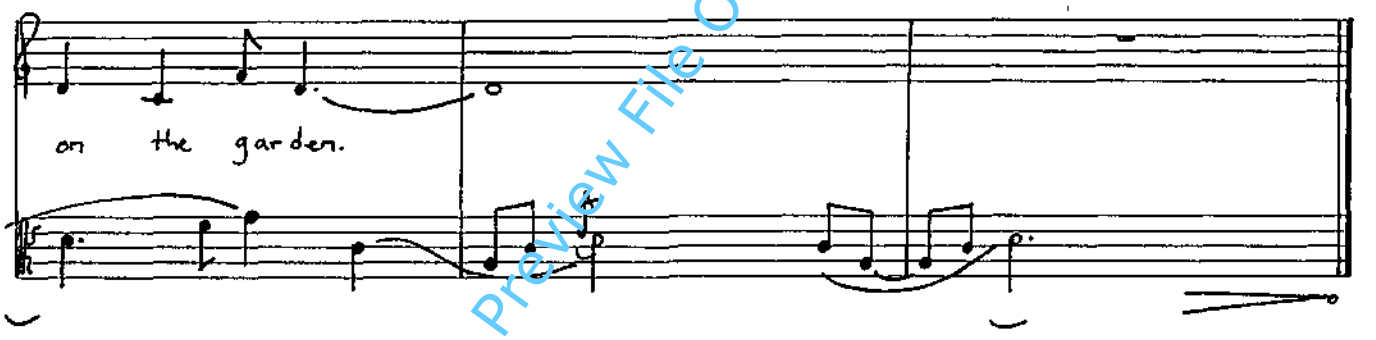

(Tune C string back to C).

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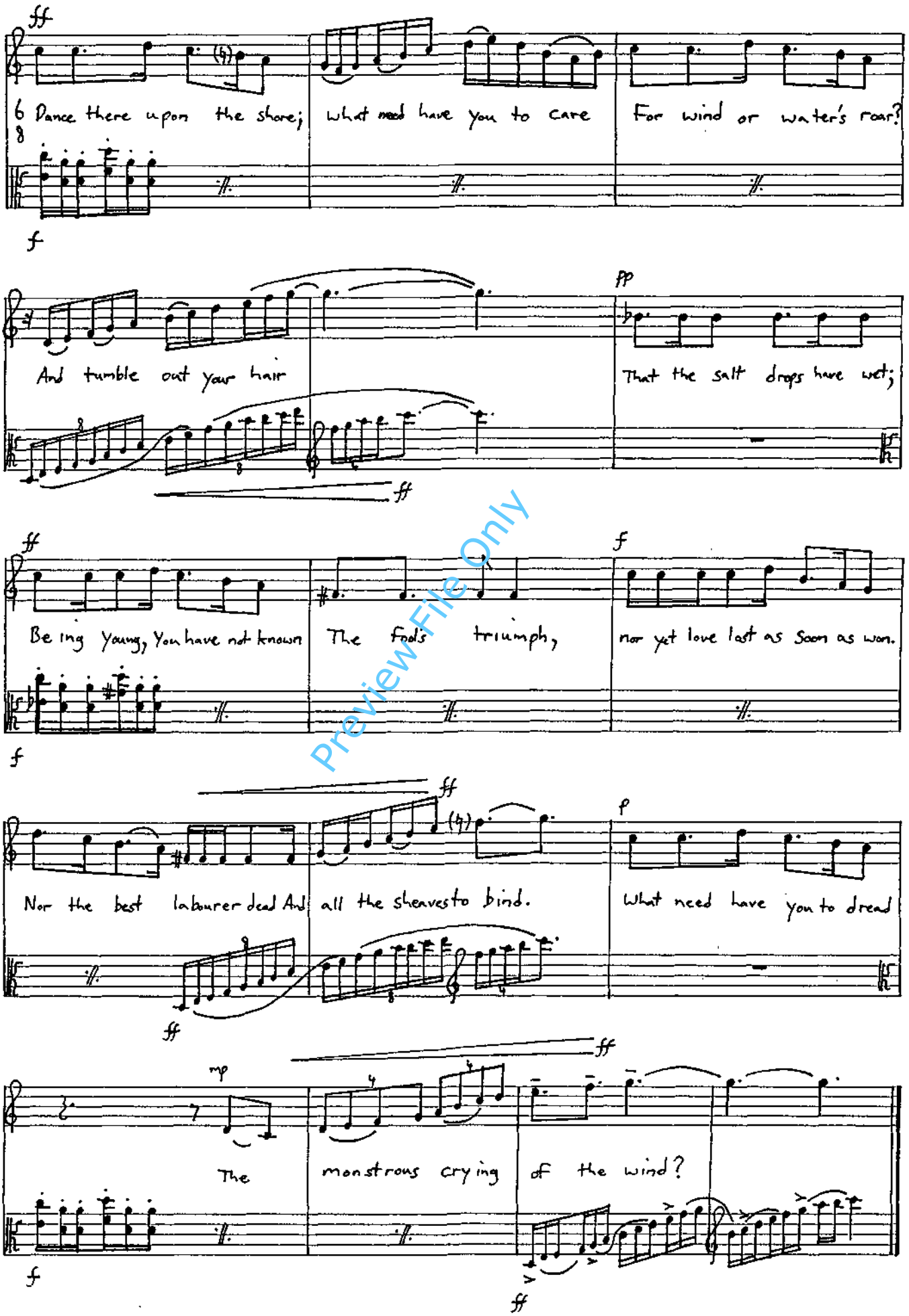
W.B. Yeats : To a child Dancing in the wind

♩. = c. 70



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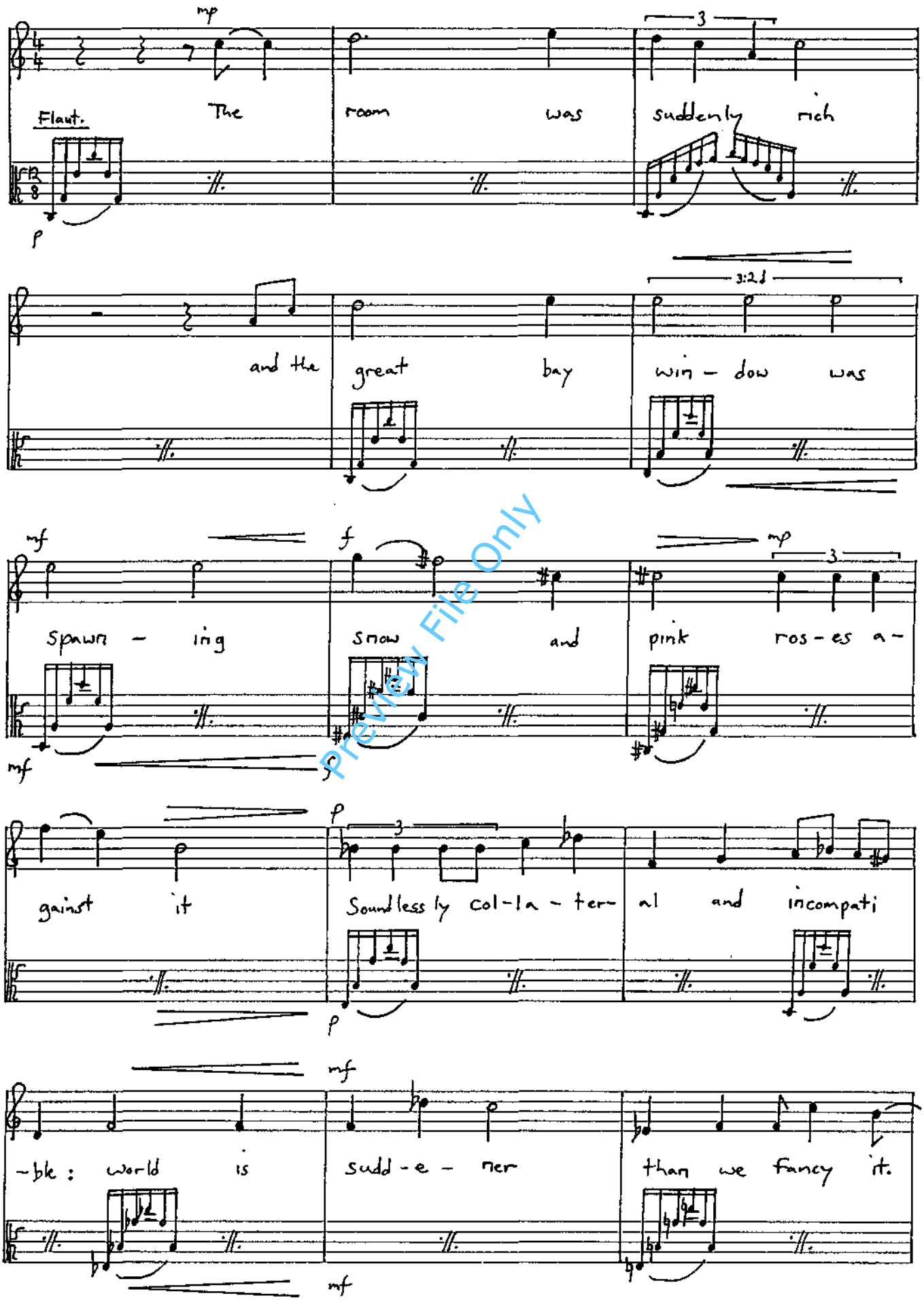
♩(.) ♩(.) = 60



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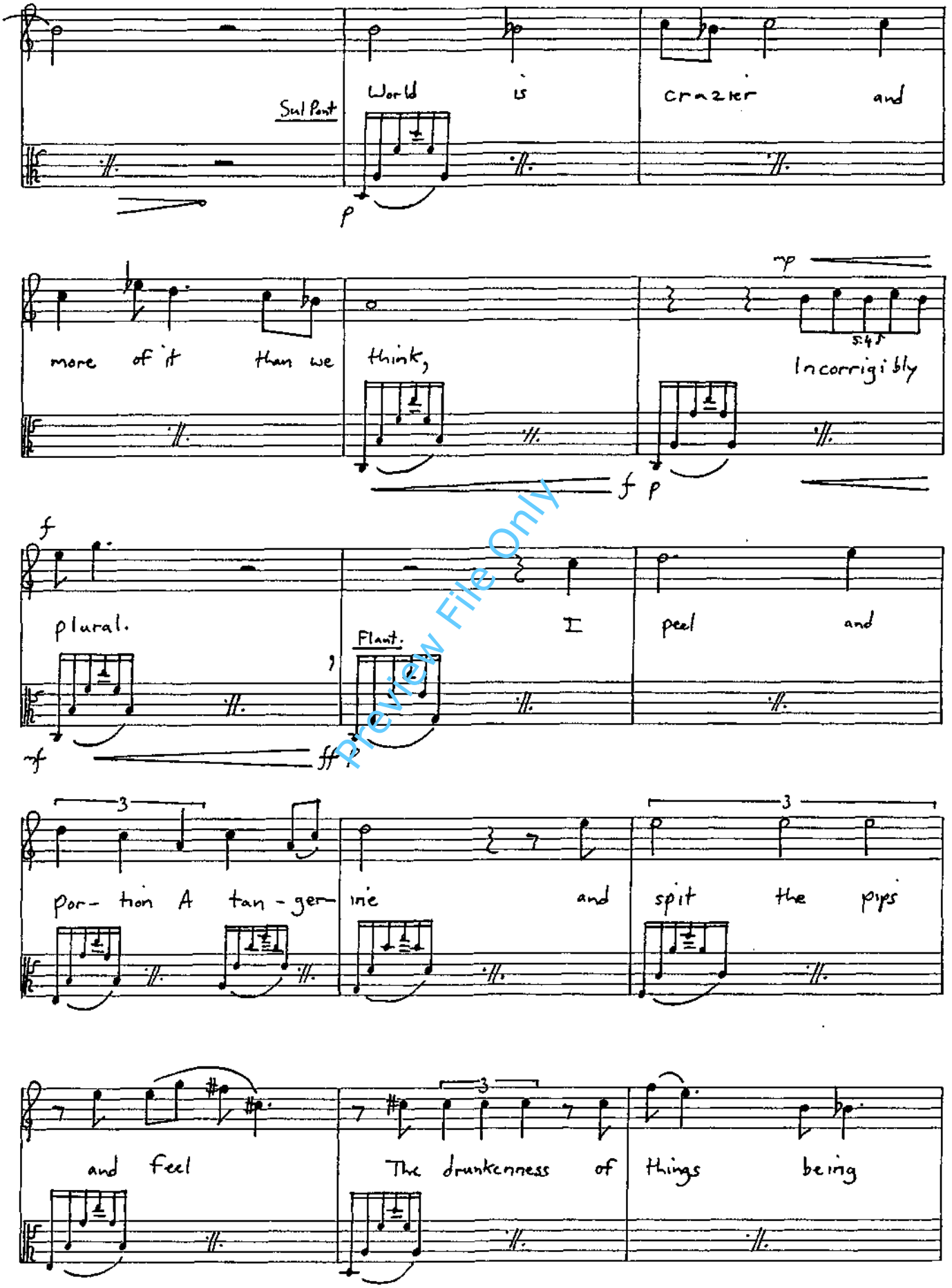

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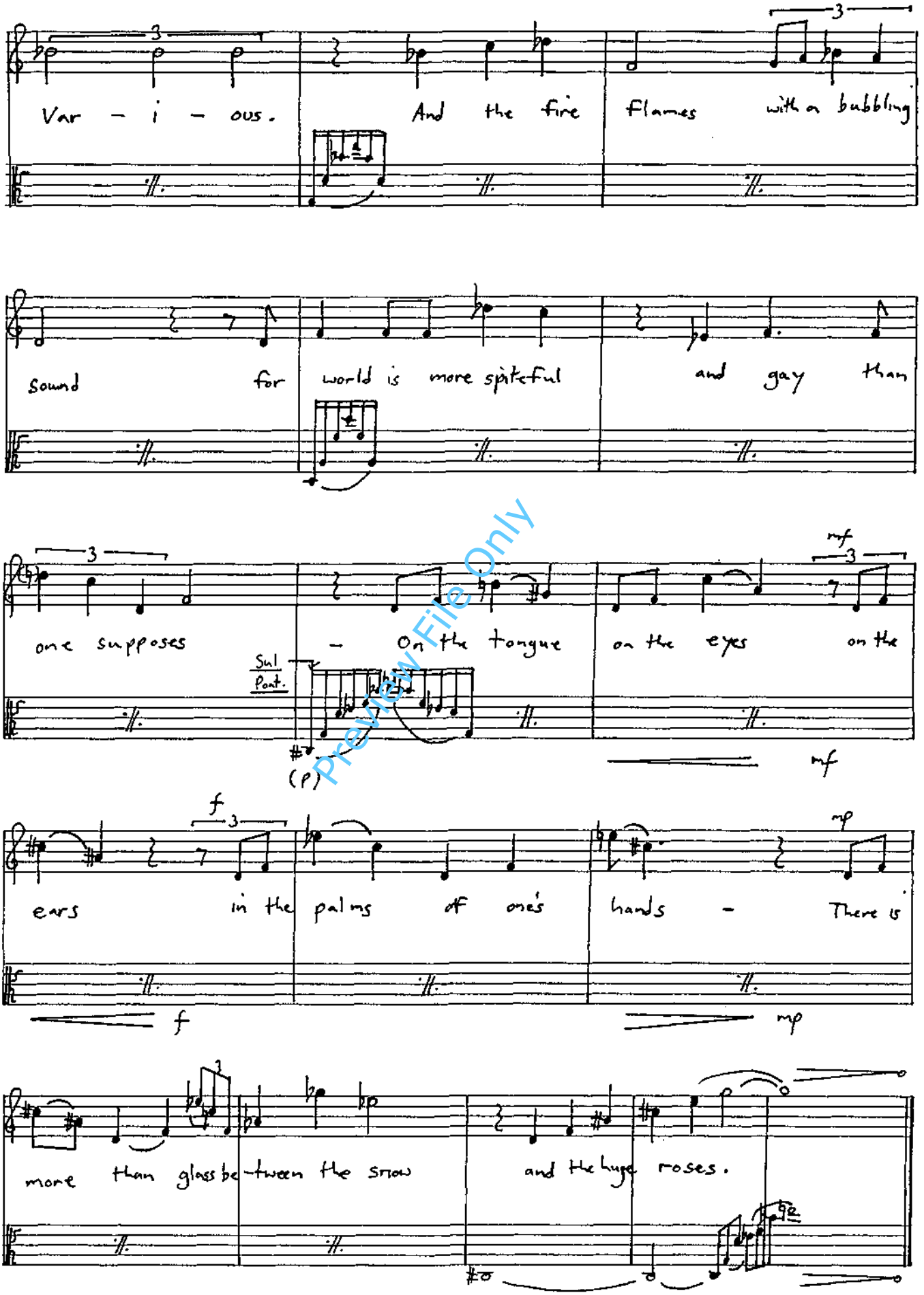

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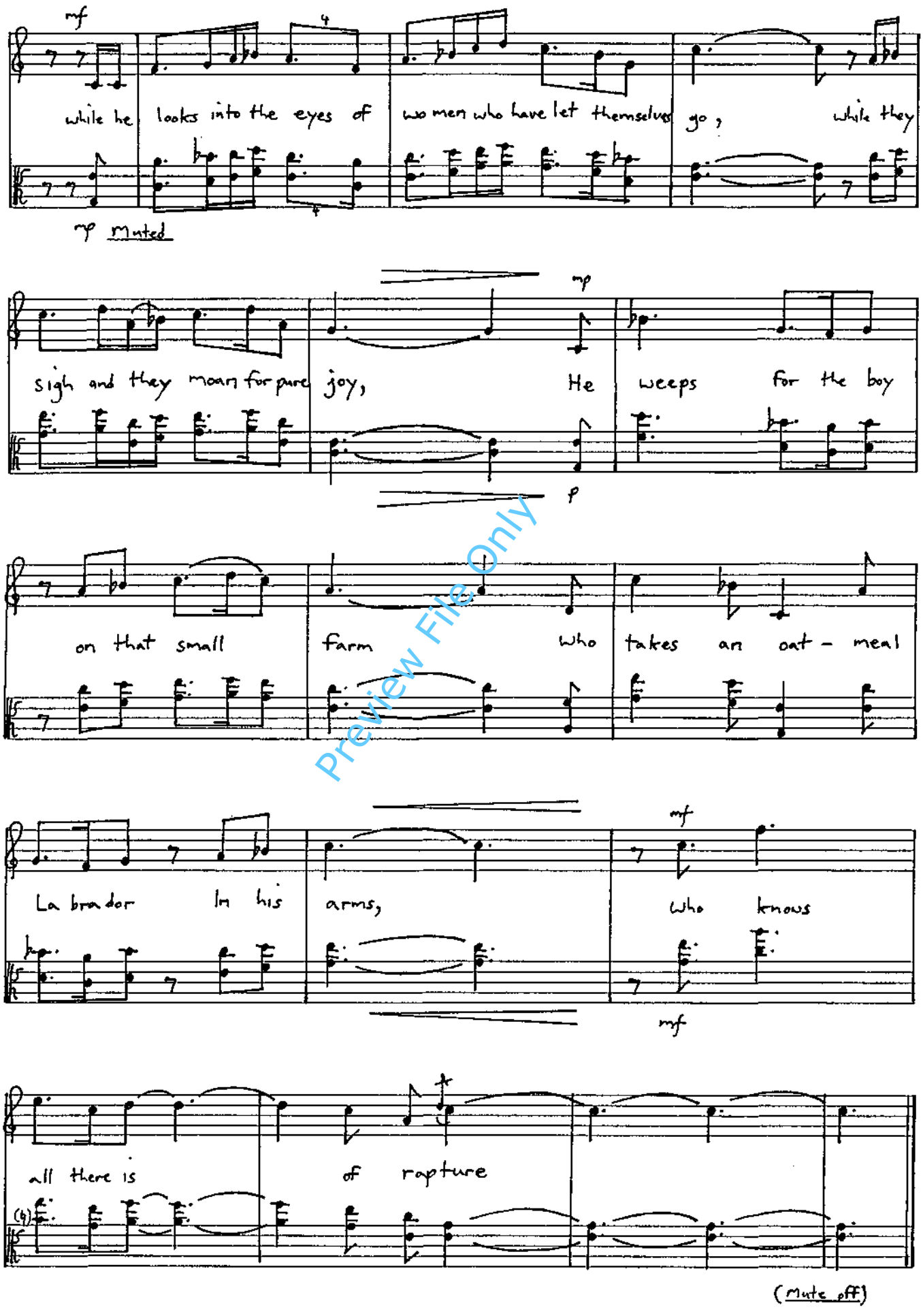
12. Paul Muldoon : Bran

♩= c. 56



Preview File Only

♩ = c. 57

mp

♩ = ♩.
♩. = ♩

The Volks-wa-gon parked in the gap. But gently

p

tick-ing over. You won-der if it's lo-vers

And not men hurrying back A cross

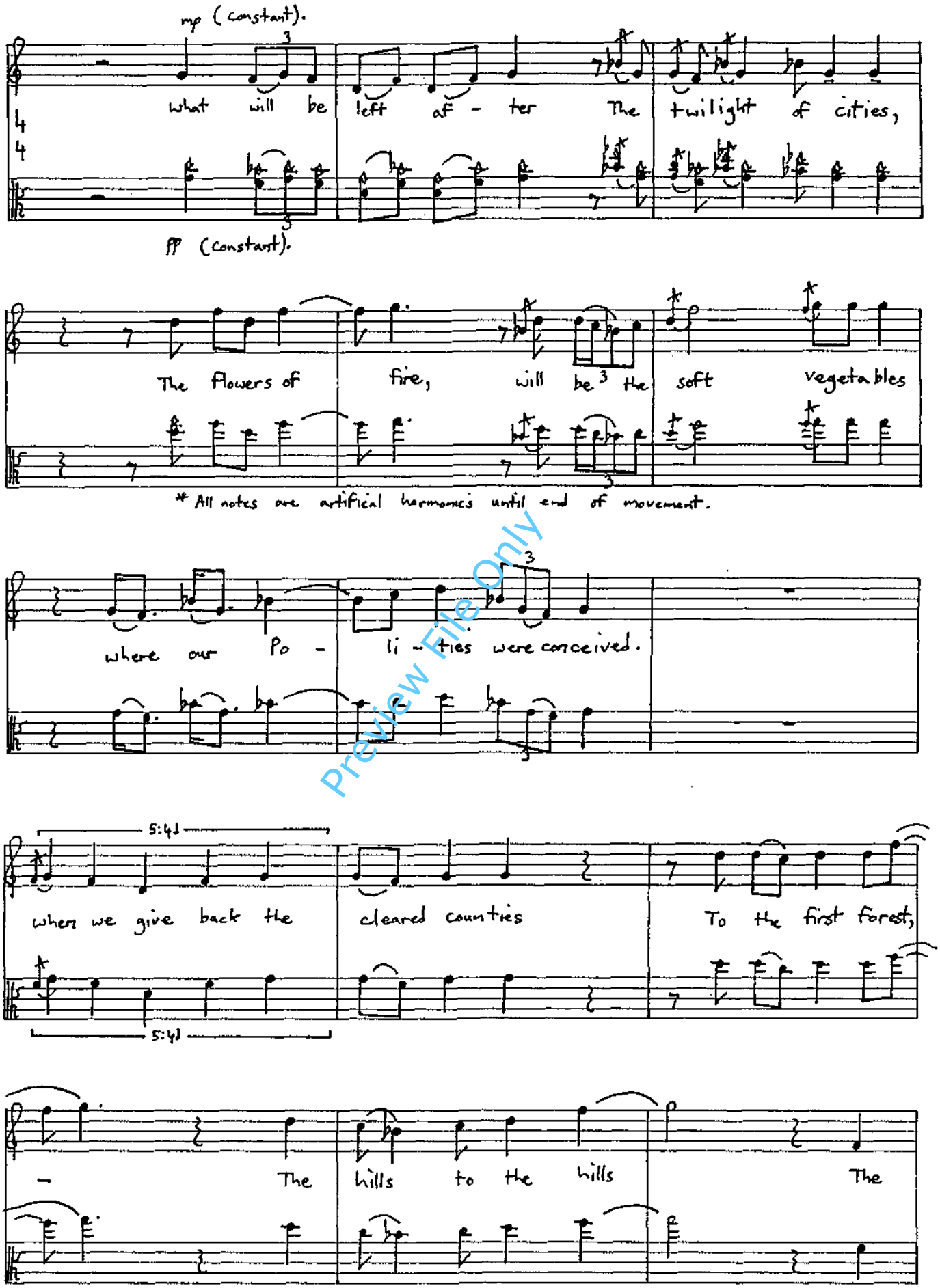
two fields and a riv- er

Preview File Only

Derek Mahon: The Golden Bough.

(Higher Version)

♩= c. 54



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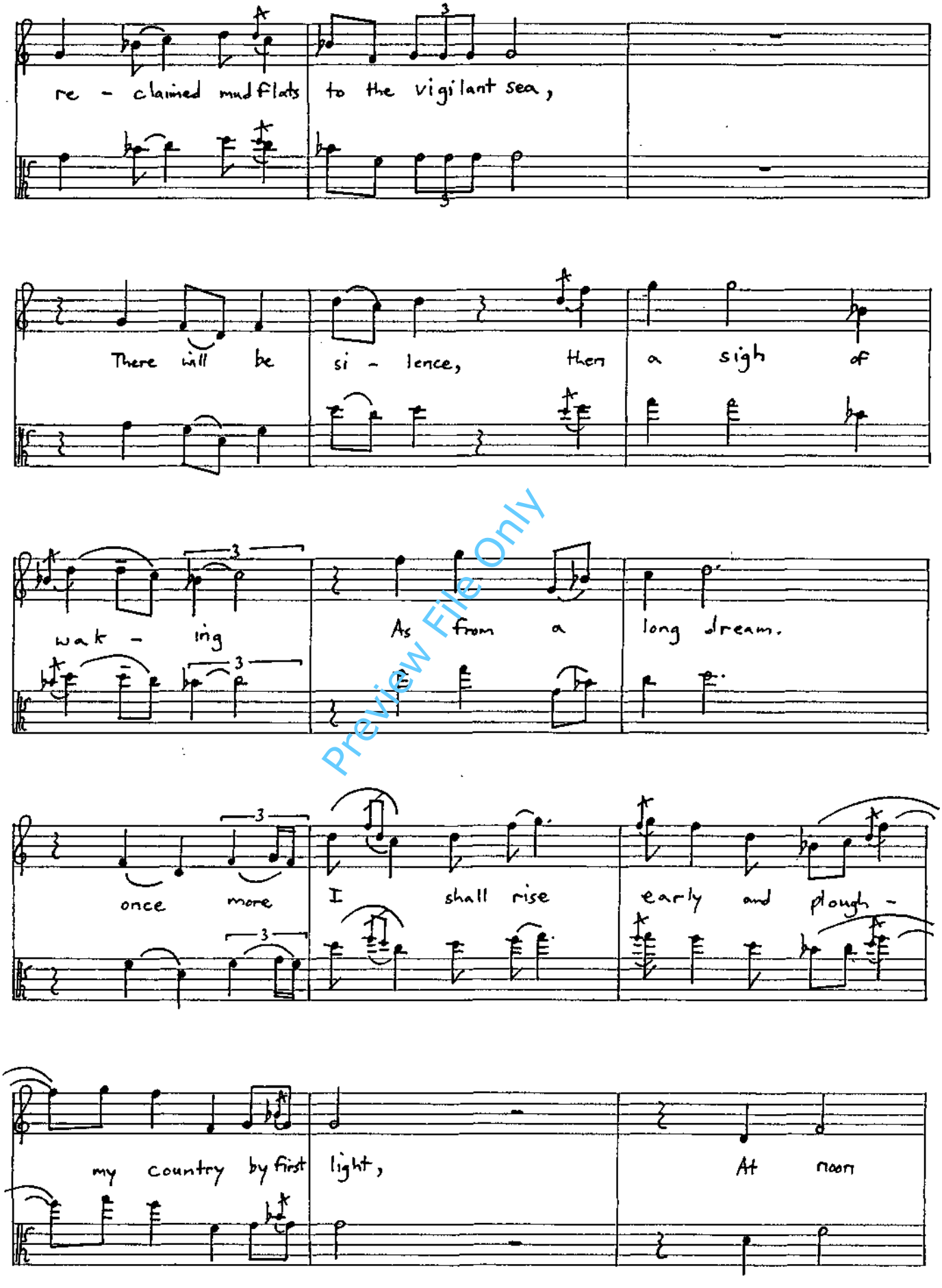

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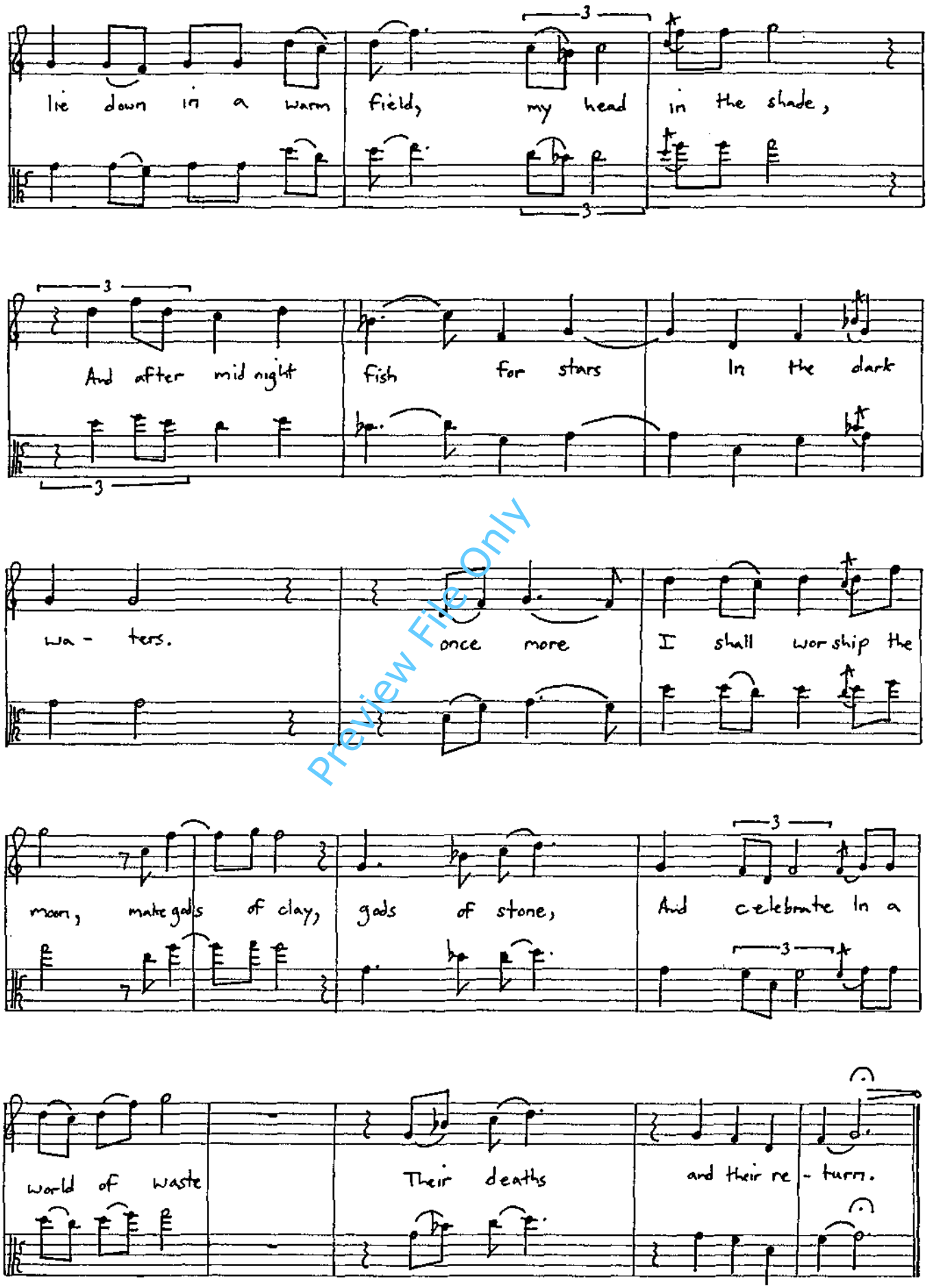

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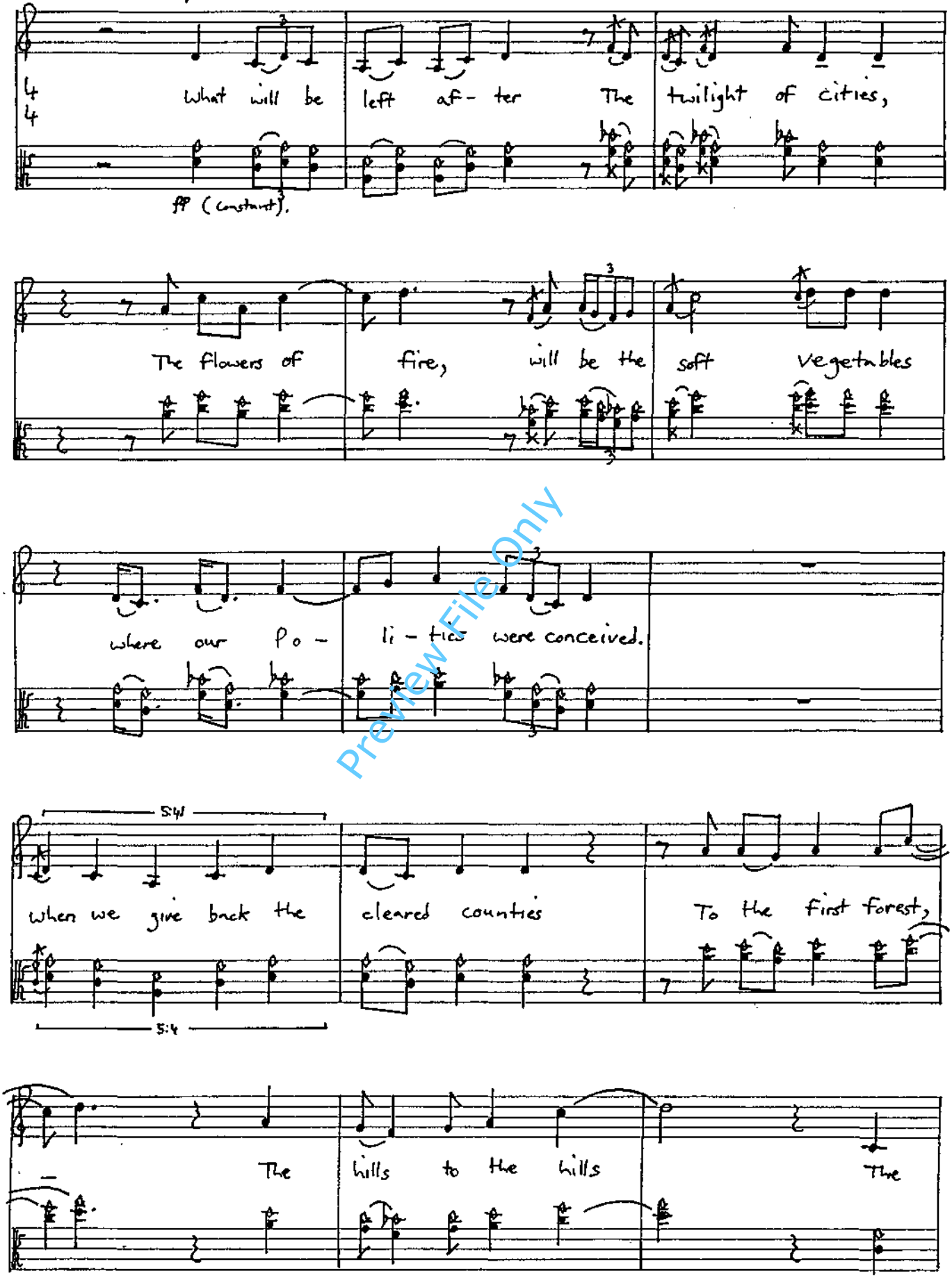
Andrew Toovey
London September 1994.

Derek Mahon : The Golden Bough

(Lower Version)

♩ = c. 54

mp (constant).



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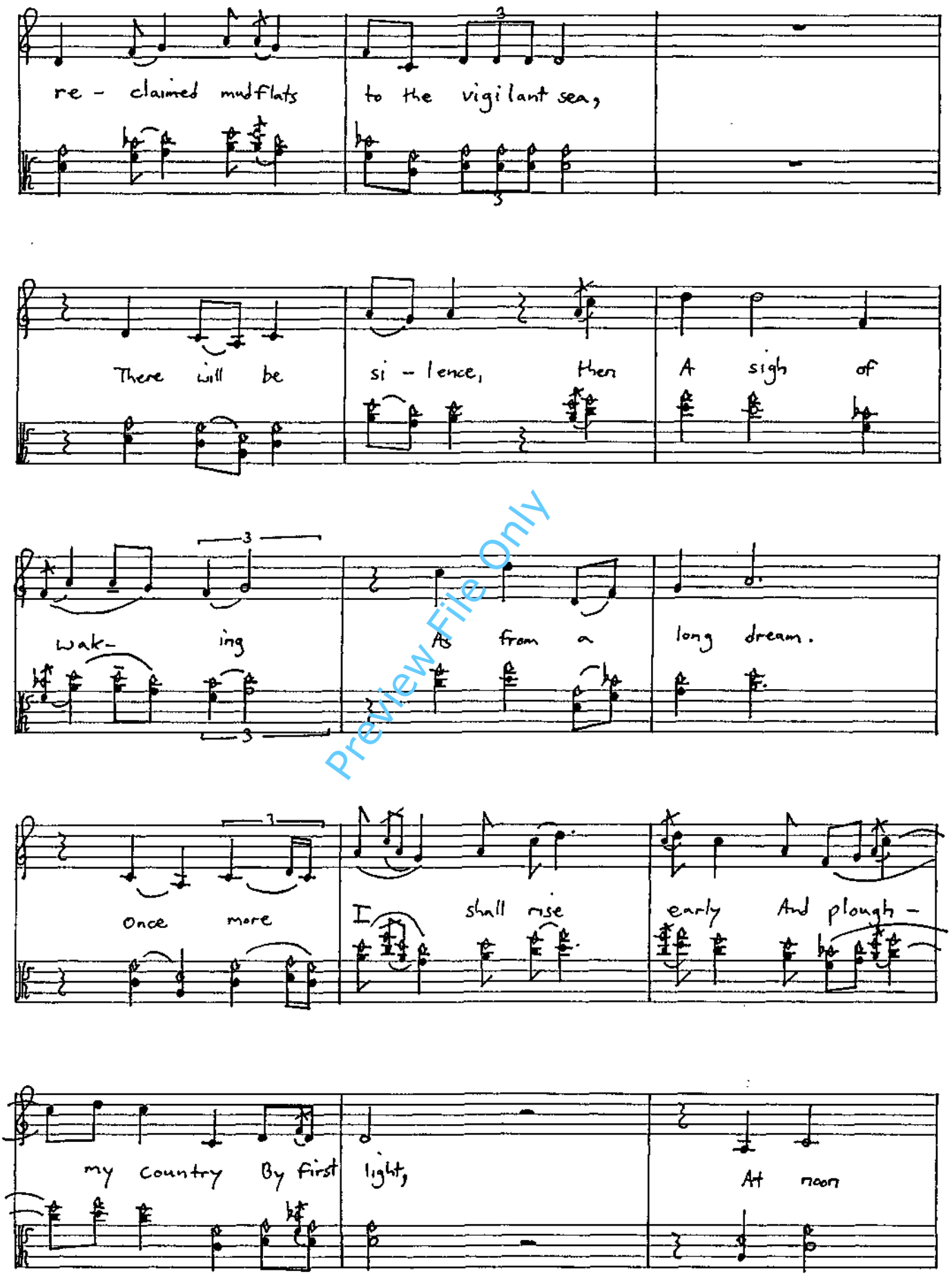

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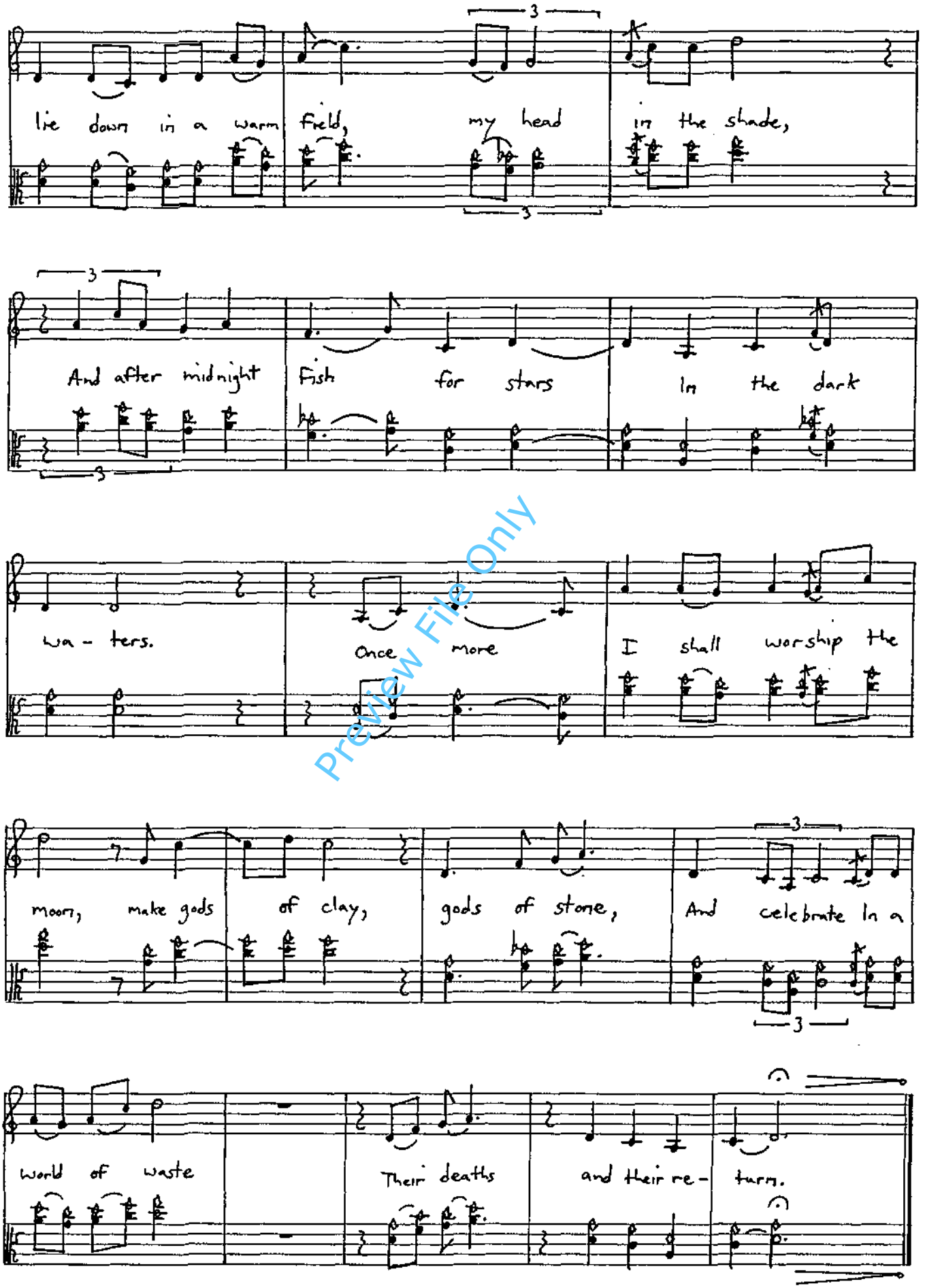

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