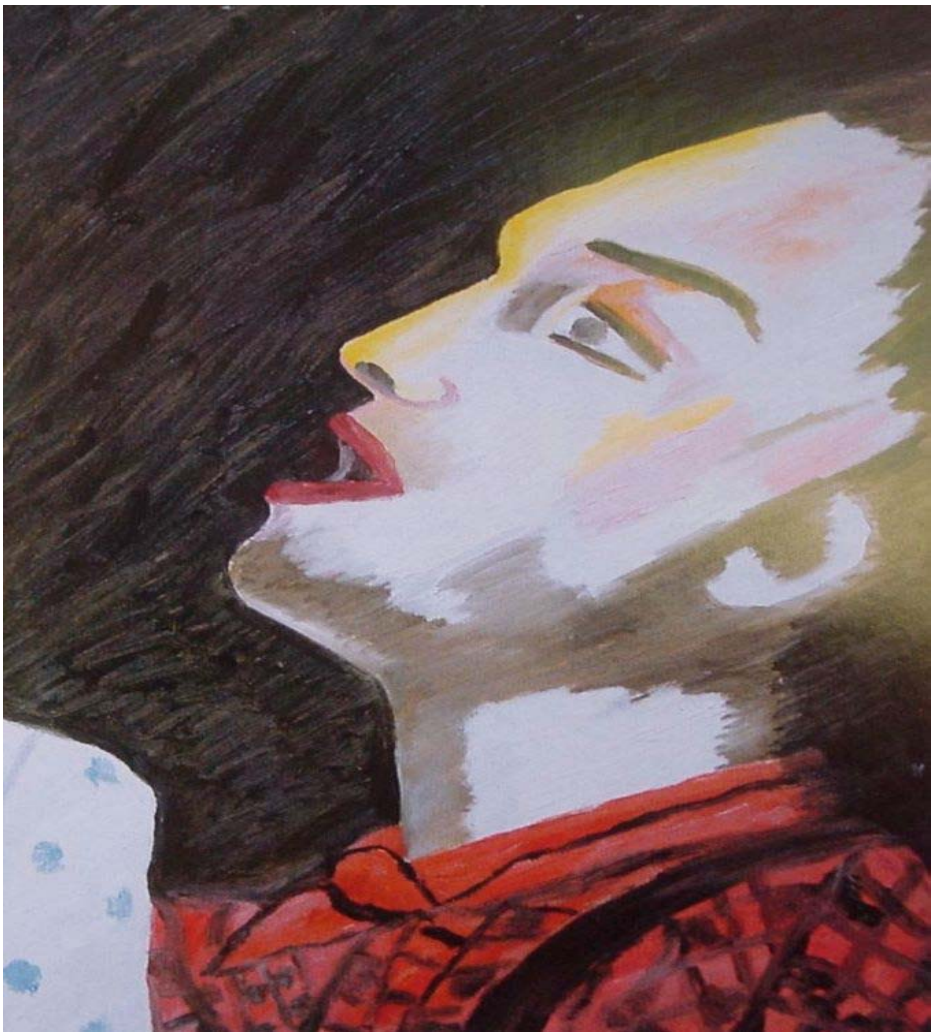
DREAMS OF LONGING



a Songbook for Baritone & Piano

Phillip A. Cooke

DREAMS OF LONGING

a Songbook for Baritone & Piano

(2010)

PERFORMANCE NOTES

Each song can be sung separately, though if performed as a set they must be in the specified order.
Accidentals apply throughout the bar.
All grace-notes should be taken before the beat.
***Ped** (ad lib)* indicates to use an appropriate amount of pedal, at the player's discretion.
***Ped*_____** indicates to keep pedal held down until instructed.

Dreams of Longing was commissioned by Bob Fowler for his wife Penny

Duration: c. 22'

Cover picture from a painting by Penny Fowler

All poems are taken from *Private Verses* (Burnham House, 2009) except 'Another Atalanta'.
All poems are © Robert S. Fowler.

For more information: www.phillipcooke.com

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PROGRAMME NOTE

Dreams of Longing was commissioned by the poet Bob Fowler for his wife, Penny. I had set some of Bob's poems the year before and the idea of a larger setting of his work was mooted soon after. The work was commissioned for his son, Hal, to possibly sing – coming from a background in musical theatre this had some bearing on *Dreams of Longing* and the soundworld it inhabits. The piece sets eight poems of Bob's, seven taken from his 2009 collection *Private Verses*, and begins and ends with the first and final poems from the collection.

The songs themselves are slightly lighter and more 'popular' then much of my work (especially works in a similar medium) and it is because of this that the work is subtitled a 'songbook' rather than a song-cycle. I liked the idea of a collection of songs and that each could be taken individually, or a handful of songs, and have merit rather than a journey taking place across the work as a whole. That being said, the first and final songs share similar material and all the songs are based upon the same harmonic mode, melodic fragments and gestures – so a performance of the work as a whole would work equally well.

Bob's poems span his whole creative life and deal with many emotions, moods and seasons. Despite the array of subject matter they are all concerned with the same preoccupation – the relationship between husband and wife - and this idea of every disparate event being a reflection of the same overriding emotion greatly appealed to me. It is because of this that a harmonic and musical journey takes place, but we end back at the same place, the place where the poet feels most happy and most loved.

PAC

DREAMS OF LONGING

I. You, Beloved, Whose Beautiful Eyes

You, beloved, whose beautiful eyes
Take in the world, turn and transmute
Mountains, meadows, streams
To new images of creation;
You, beloved, whose beautiful eyes
Find new colours, shapes and then tones,
Repainting nature and making old shades fresh;
You, beloved, whose beautiful eyes
Long ago roaming lit on me,
Reshape me now, paint out my faults,
Give me the stance and tones
Of what I was or what I ought to be,
So when you give me back myself
In the reflection of your eyes,
I see us always as we were,
Together, beautiful, and blessed.

II. Longing

I yearn to recapture the scent of heady afternoons
When words were heard but not uttered
The perfumes of a mother with her baby
Oh! If I could smell that scent to love again.

I yearn to remember the musk of the first maiden
When no age at all we crushed in the old cushions
When words could be heard but were not uttered
Oh! If I could smell that scent to love again.

I love the powerful smell of honeysuckle, crocus, lily, rose.
Make my last bed up with blossoms if you will,
When words might be heard but cannot be uttered.
Oh! The past! The past! The perfumes of the past!

If I could smell those scents to love again!

III. When the Rowans Sing in September

September, September, September,
Bright the midmonth sun,
Reddest the clustering rowan berries,
Light slumber by the pond.

Drift, drift, drift, dream, dream, dream.
Soon these delightful days will pass,
As we shall pass, we shall pass,
One, and then the other.

What sadness, what sadness, what sadness
Will there be when one is gone?
Stay! The faintest breeze, the faintest breeze
Caresses my breast so lightly.

Be here, be here, be here
When that breeze blows over me,
And the rowans sing while I sigh.

IV. Seeing the Islands

They say that seeing the islands clearly
Means the storm is not far distant.

I see the islands clearly, clearly,
Let us embrace the storm.

In the heat we saw nothing clearly
When the sky was blue.

In the wash of the downpour,
In the dark of the storm
Let us remember,
That in the moments before
Our eyes lost their reflection
We saw the islands clearly.

V. When the Time Comes

When the time comes to travel
Let the stars be clear in the sky
Let there be a gentle breeze
Through aged trees and warmth
Reflected from the day by ancient stones,
Let there be music, the song of the cello,
An old Russian melody without tears
And the peace of past Provence.

VI. My Love Is Come

My love is come.
In this safe night
Months and years are one.
For ever is now.

My love is come.
On this one night
With the lamps and the fire and the wine.
When my love is come
To Me.

VII. Another Atalanta

I love my loved one.
My loved one loves wayside flowers.
I am indebted to Dis,
Dropping flowers from his wagon, for
My love goes faster than I
And I could never keep up the pace
Except she stops and bends like Atalanta
To pick love garlands from the hedgerows,
So that we all keep pace together,
Old stories of gods and maidens,
New scented coloured blossoms,
Fast running love and the steady stream.

VIII. Burn On, Burn Out, Moon Tiger

Burn on, burn out, moon tiger;
You measure the sweet smell of time passing
Until I see my love outstretched on clean white sheets
Brown and welcome as the harvest;
Quivering as the spears of corn
Fall into the harvest to home and thanksgiving
The patient wait of ripening days.
Then to winter with the granary full,
Doors ever generously open,
Tilling, waiting, working for the peaceful rest
Now turned to taking and filling at will
With brown sweetness and with love.

Robert S. Fowler

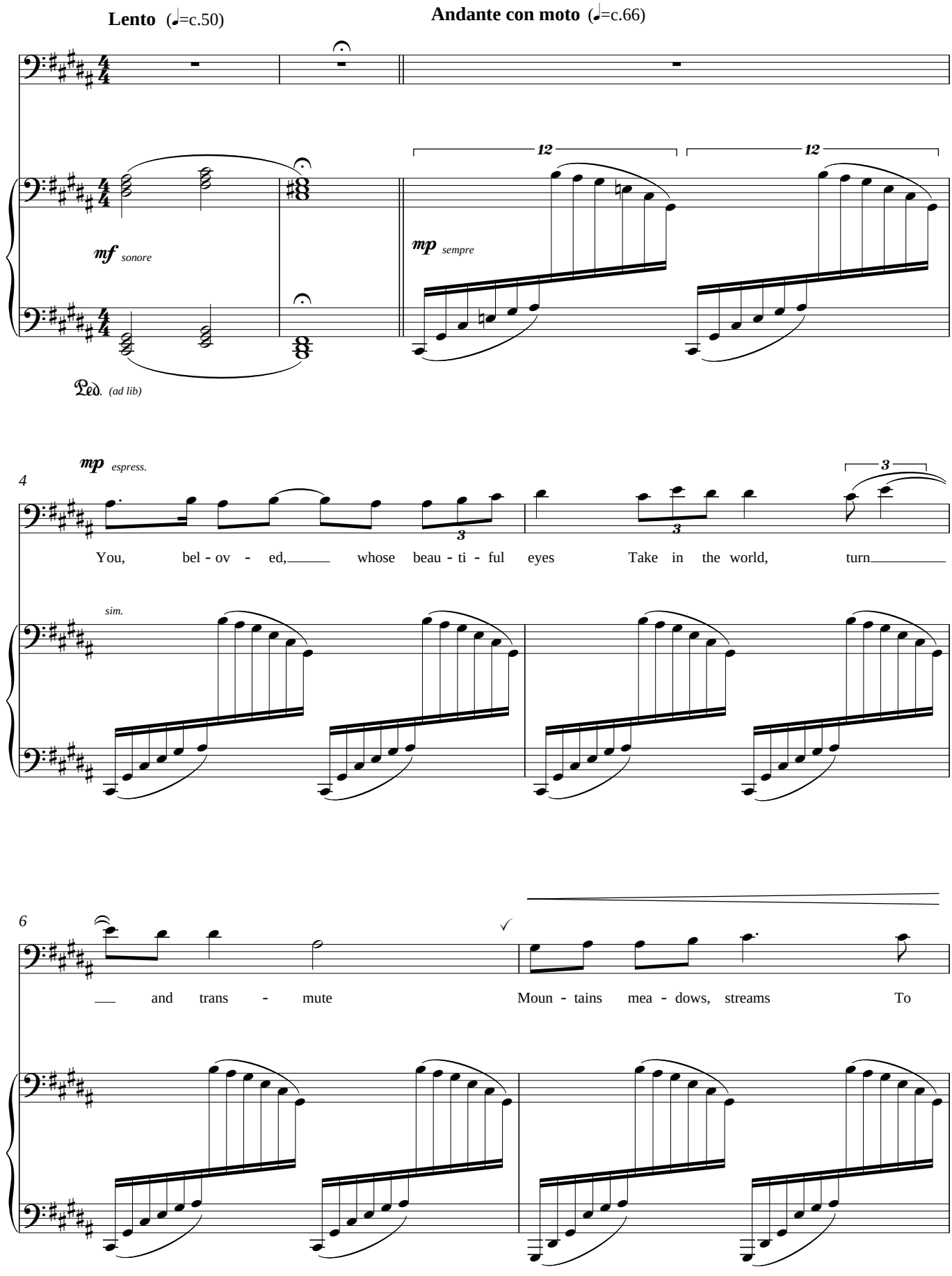
All poems are taken from *Private Verses* (Burnham House, 2009) except ‘Another Atalanta’.
All poems are © Robert S. Fowler.

DREAMS OF LONGING

a Song-Cycle for Baritone and Piano

ROBERT S. FOWLER (1932 -) **PHILLIP A. COOKE (2010)**

I. You, Beloved, Whose Beautiful Eyes



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8

f *mp*

new im - a - ges of cre - a - tion;

mp *espress.*

10

3 3 3

You, bel - ov - ed, whose beau - ti - ful eyes Find new co - lours, shapes

12

and then tones, Re - pain - ting na - ture and

poco rit. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

14

f *mp*

ma - king old shades fresh;

Lento (♩=c.50) **Andante con moto** (♩=c.66)

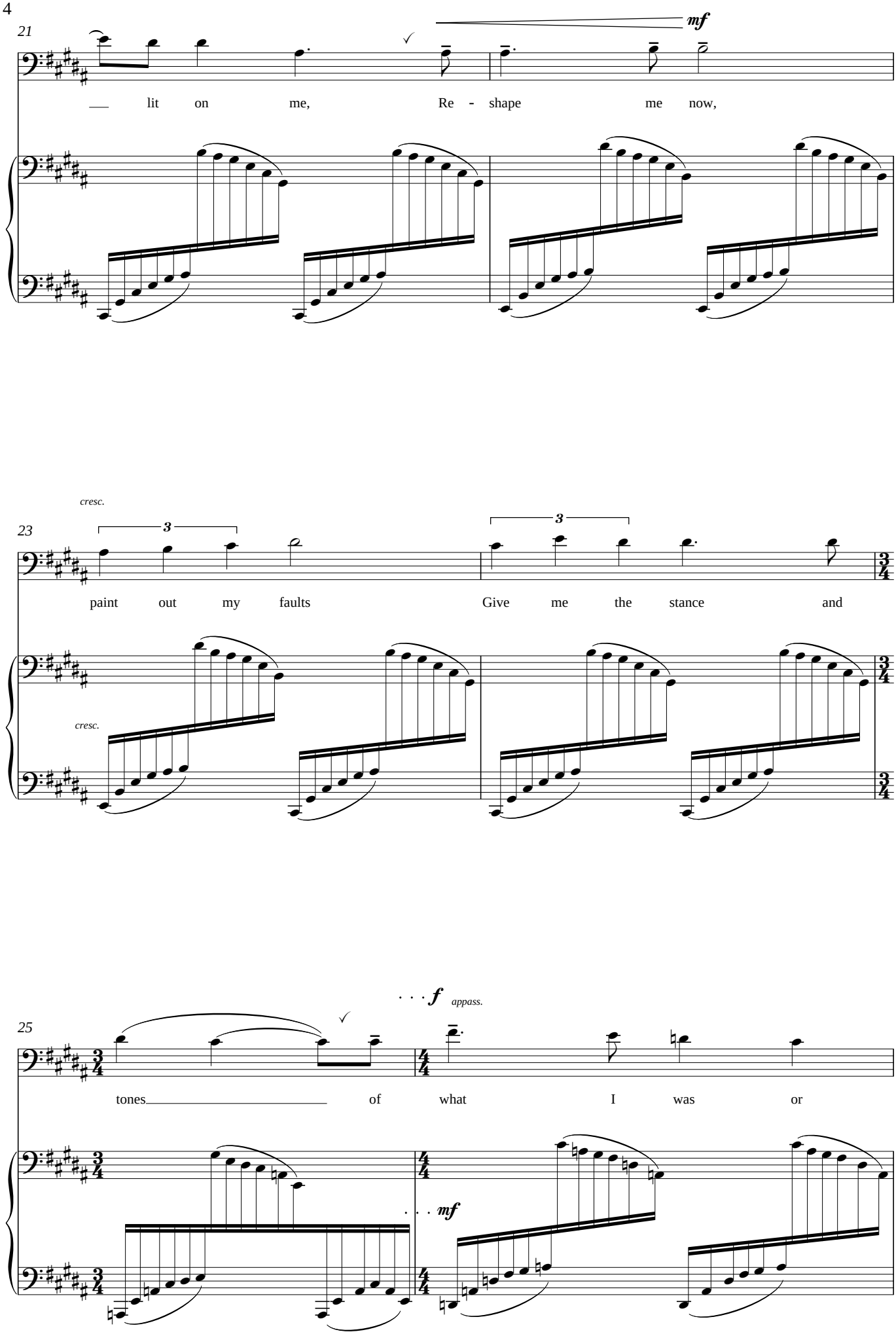
16

mf *sim.* *mp* *sempre*

19

mp *espress.*

You, bel - ov - ed, whose beau - ti - ful eyes Long a - go roam - ing


21
mf
lit on me, Re - shape me now,
cresc.
23
3
3
paint out my faults Give me the stance and
cresc.
3/4
4/4
. . . f appass.
25
tones of what I was or
. . . mf

poco rit. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

mp

27

what I ought to be,

Lento (♩=c.50)

p molto espress.

29

So when you give me back my - self In the ref

mf sim.

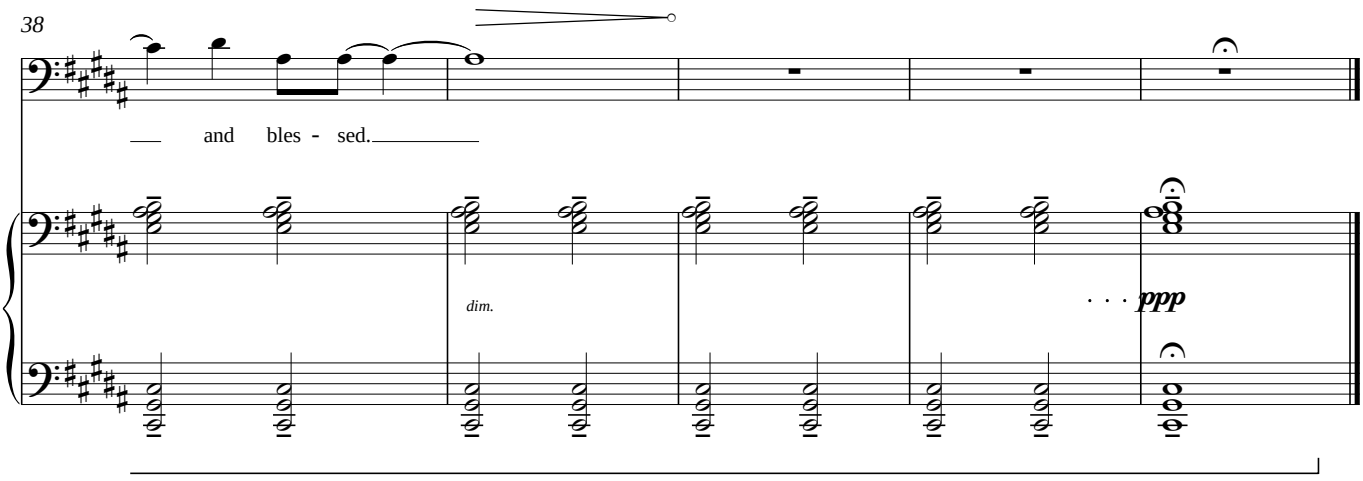
p sempre

Ped.

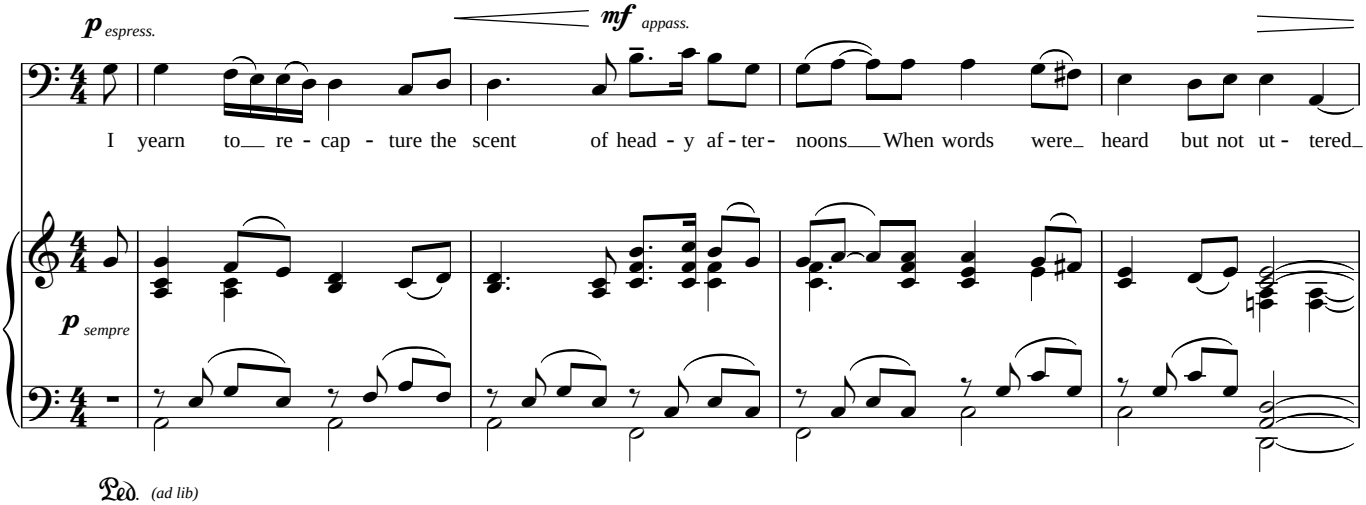
34

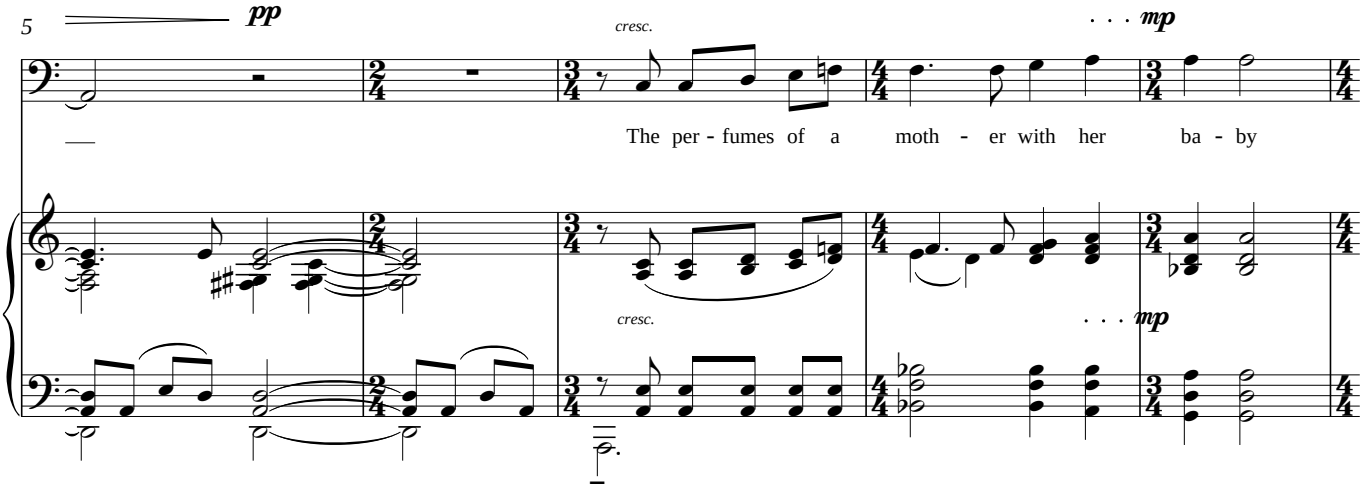
lec - tion of your eyes, I see us al - ways as we were, To - geth - er beauti - ful

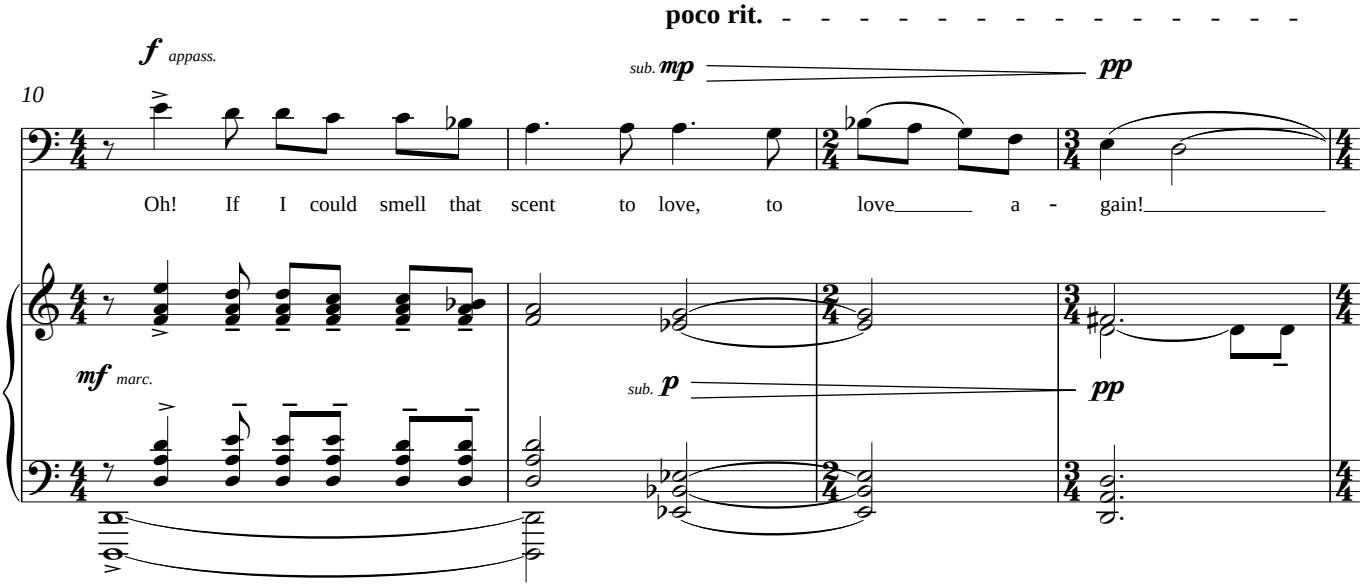
poco rit. al fine.



Moderato con malinconico (♩=c.60)







- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **A tempo**

14

p espress.

I yearn to re - mem - ber the musk of the

p

pp

p sempre

18

mp

p

mf appass.

first mai - den When no age at all we crushed in the old cush - ions

mf

22

pp

f appass.

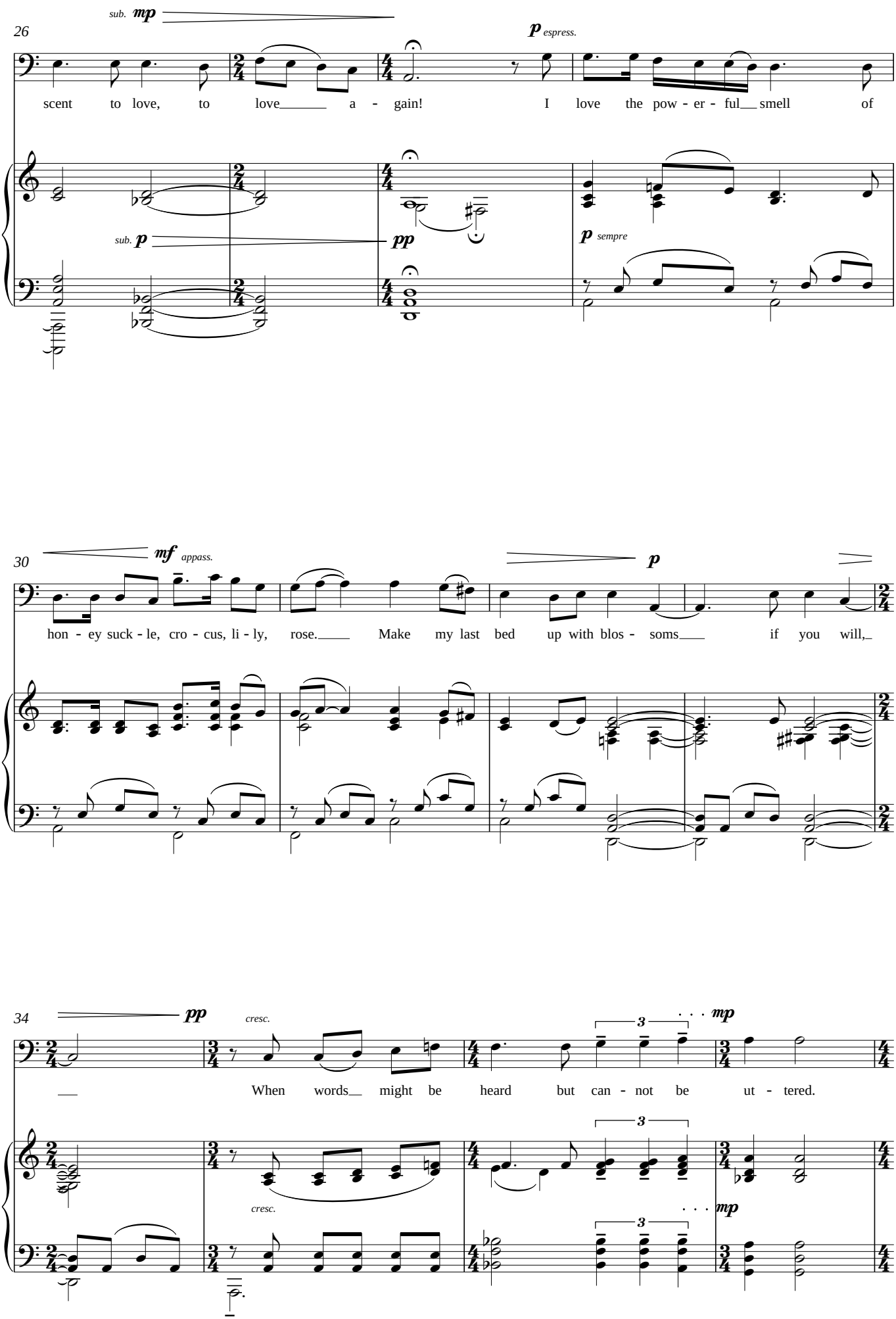
When words could beheard but were not ut - tered

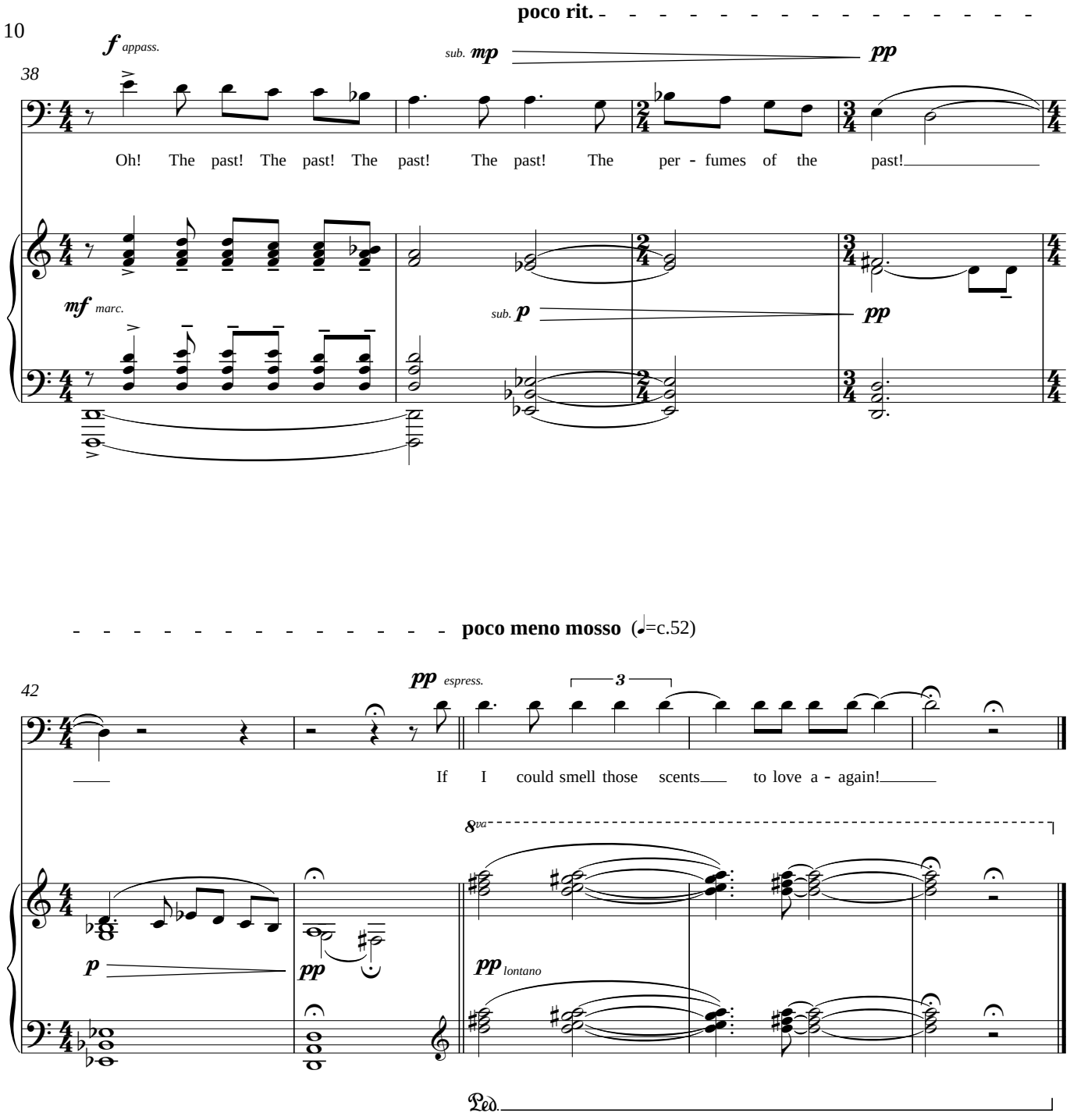
Oh! If I could smell that

sub. p

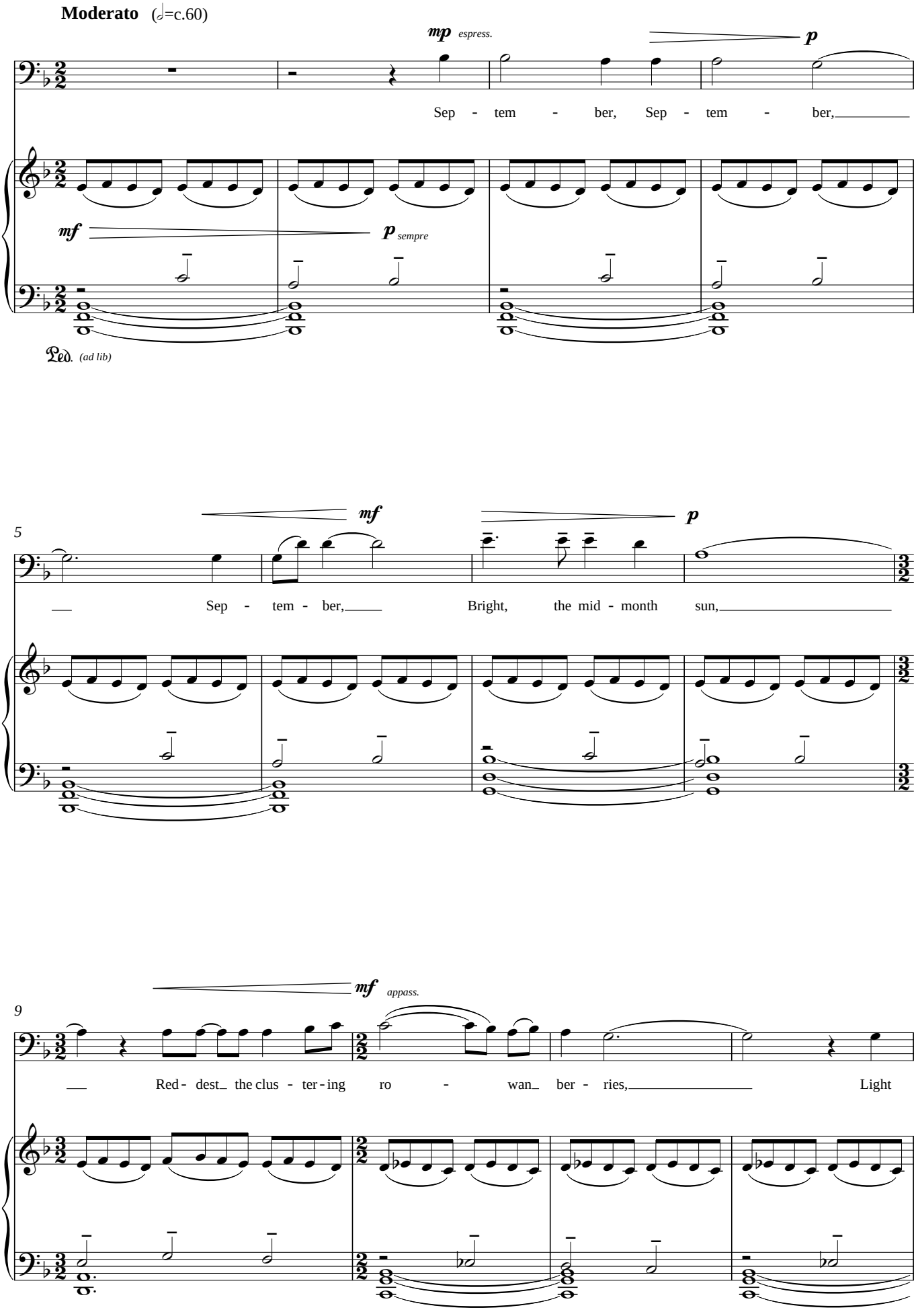
mf marc.

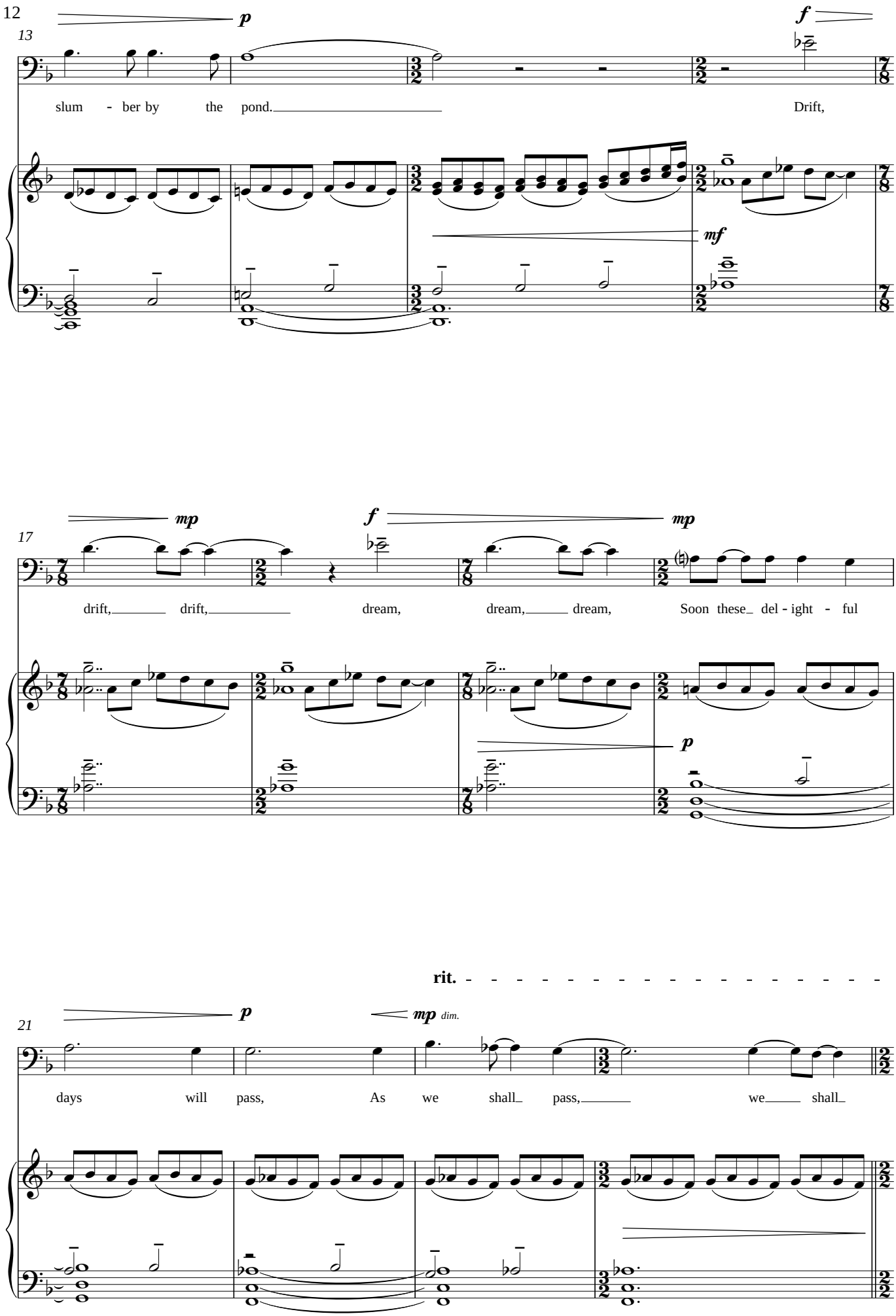
poco rit. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - A tempo




poco rit.
38
f appass.
sub. mp
pp
Oh! The past! The past! The past! The past! The per - fumes of the past!
mf marc.
sub. p
pp

poco meno mosso (♩=c.52)
42
pp espress.
3
If I could smell those scents to love a - again!
8va
p
pp
pp lontano
Ped.


Moderato (𝅗𝅥=c.60)
mp espress.
p
Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber,
mf
p sempre
Ped. (ad lib)
5
mf
p
Sep - tem - ber, Bright, the mid - month sun,
9
mf appass.
Red - dest the clus - ter - ing ro - wan ber - ries, Light


13
p
f
slum - ber by the pond.
Drift,
mf
17
mp
f
mp
drift, drift, dream, dream, dream, Soon these del - ight - ful
p
rit.
21
p
mp dim.
days will pass, As we shall pass, we shall

poco meno mosso (𝅗𝅥=c.108)

25 . . . ***pp*** ***p*** *molto espress.*

pass, One, and then the oth - er,

pp

Primo tempo (𝅗𝅥=c.60)

29 ***pp*** ***mp*** *espress.*

port.

the oth - er. What

mf ***p*** *sempre*

33 ***p*** ***mf***

sad - ness, what sad - ness, what sad - ness Will there

37

p *mf* *appass.*

be when one is gone? Stay! The fain - test breeze, the fain - test

41

p

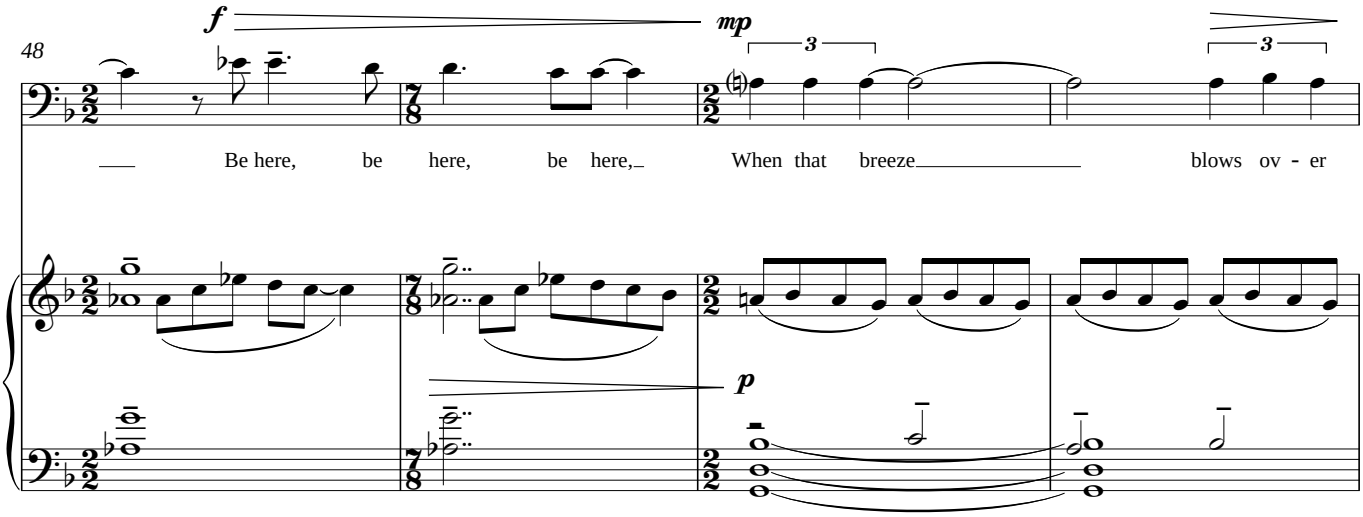
breeze Car - es - ses my breast so light - ly.

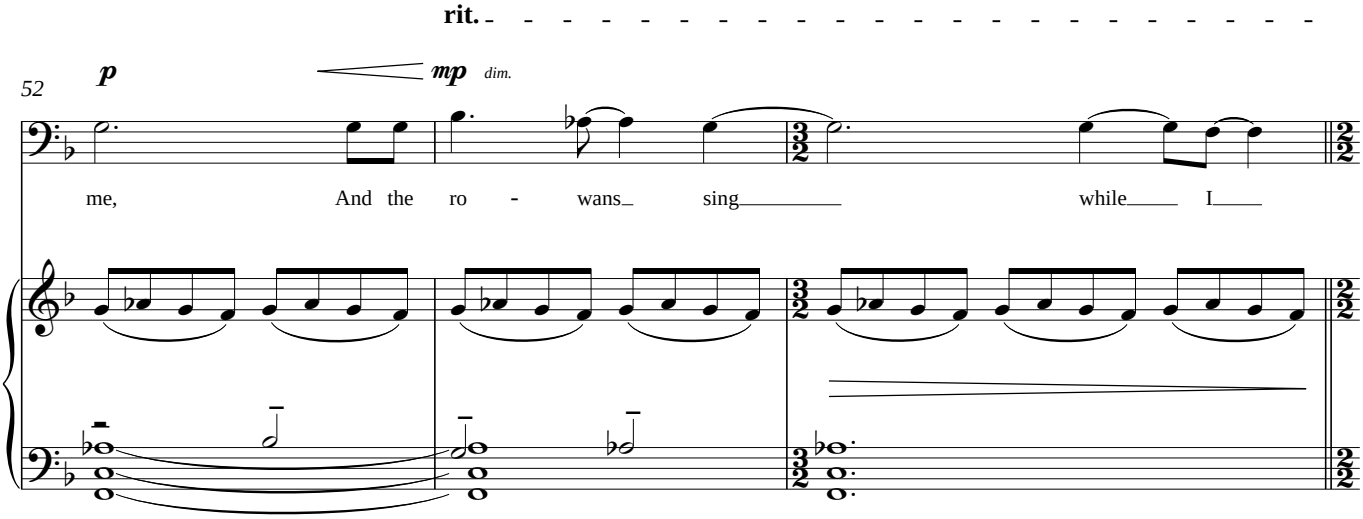
45

f *mp*

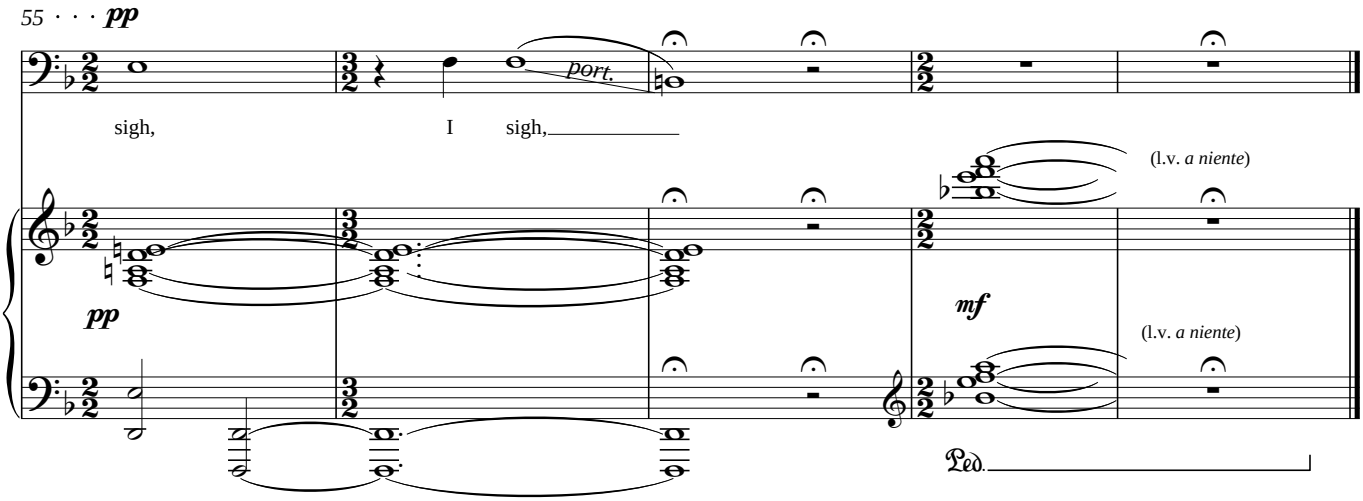
Be here, be here, be here

mf





poco meno mosso (𝅗𝅥=c.108)



IV. Seeing the Islands

Allegro non troppo (♩=c.126)

p poco espress.

They

p sempre, legato

Ped. *(ad lib)*

5

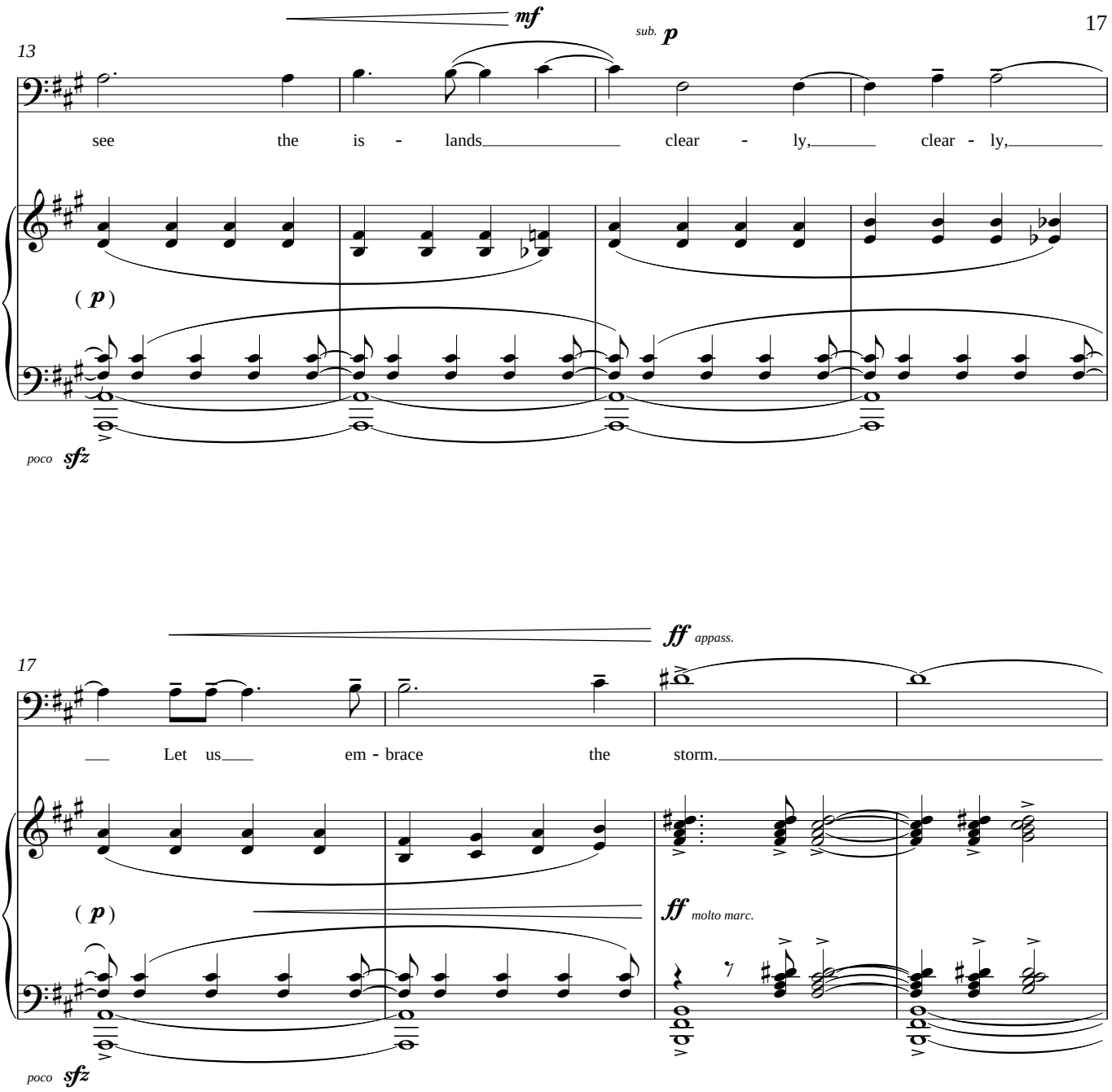
mf *sub. p*

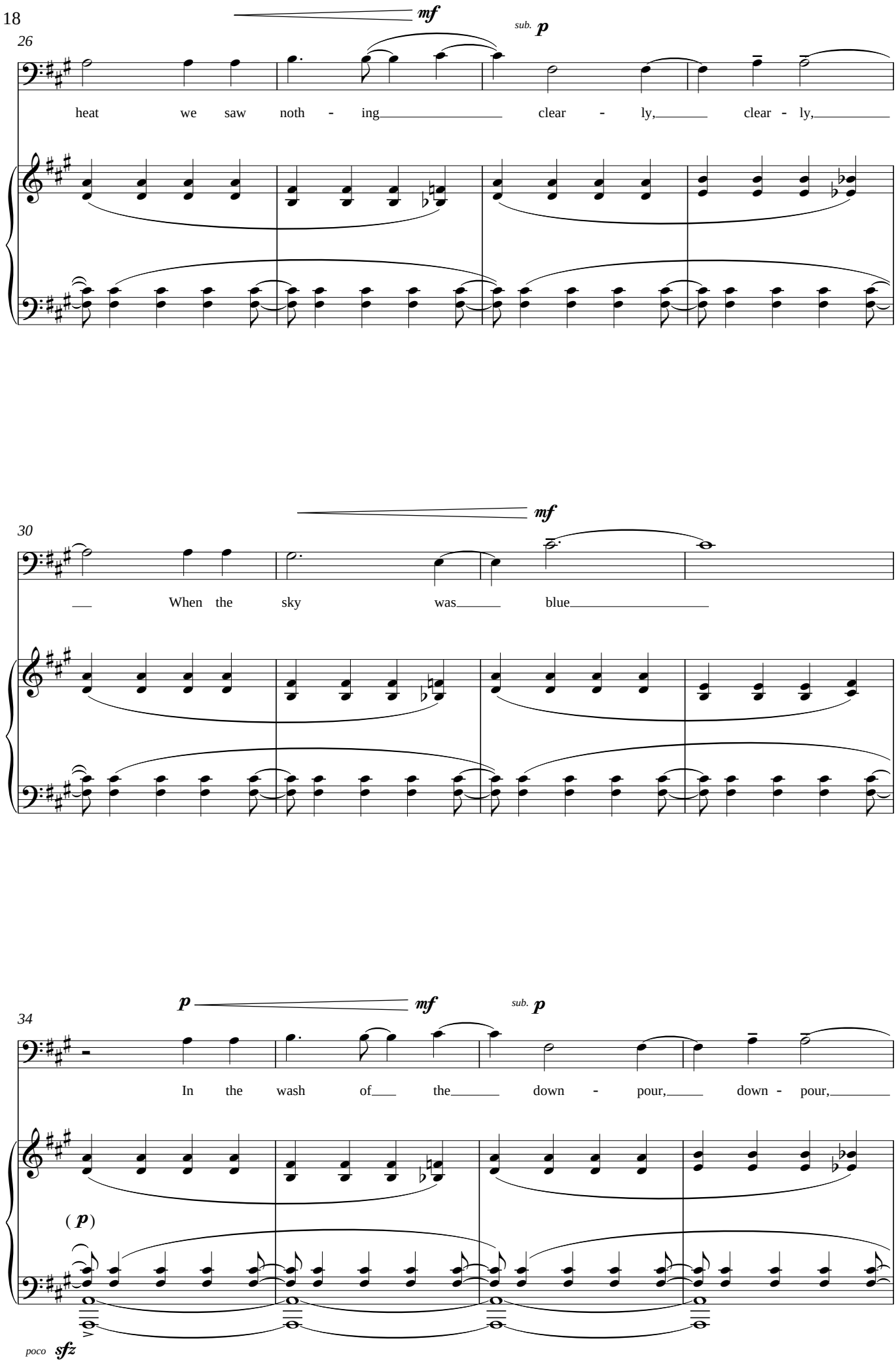
say that see - ing the is - lands clear - ly

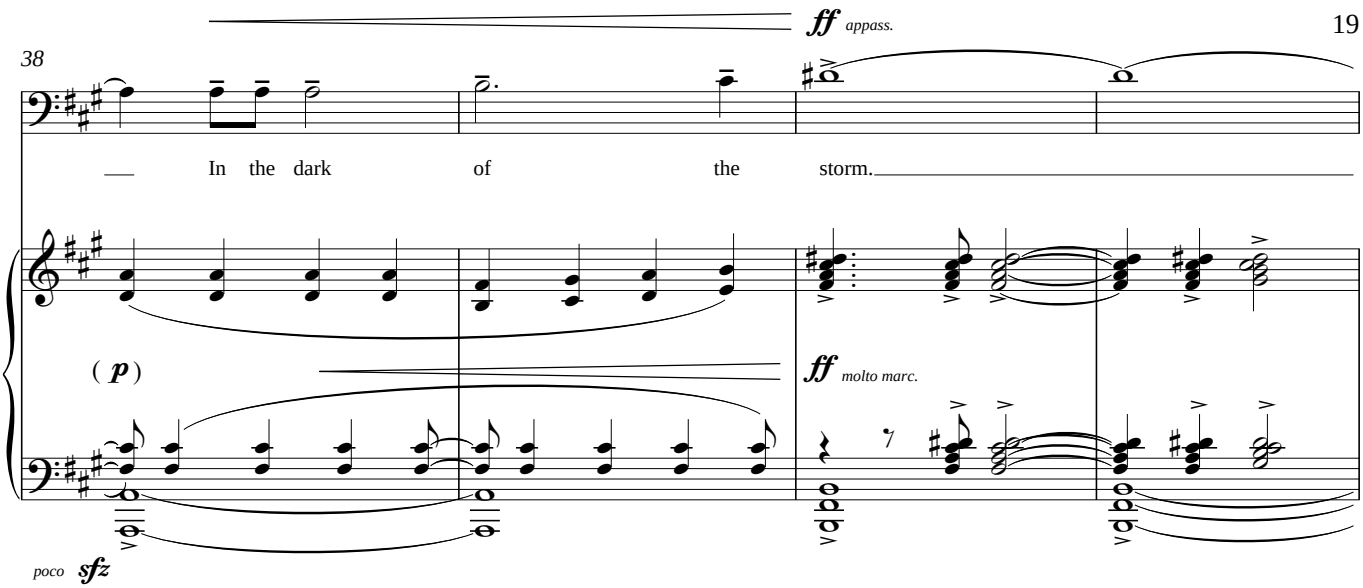
9

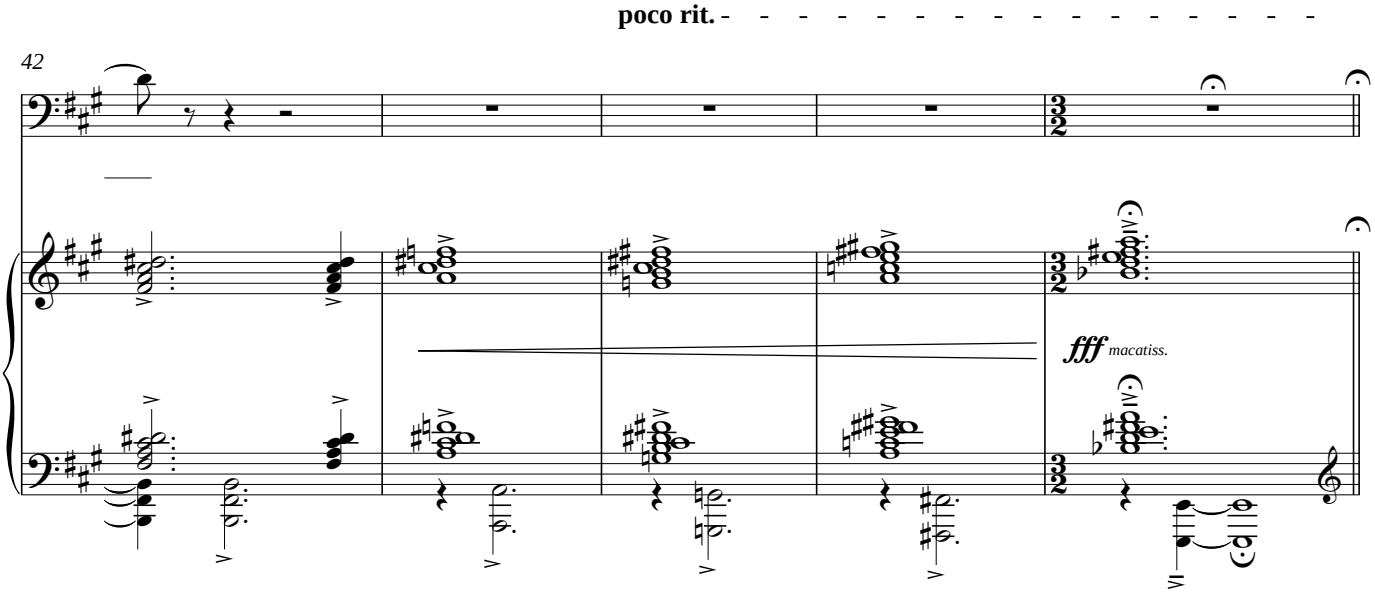
mf *p*

Means the storm is not dis - tant I

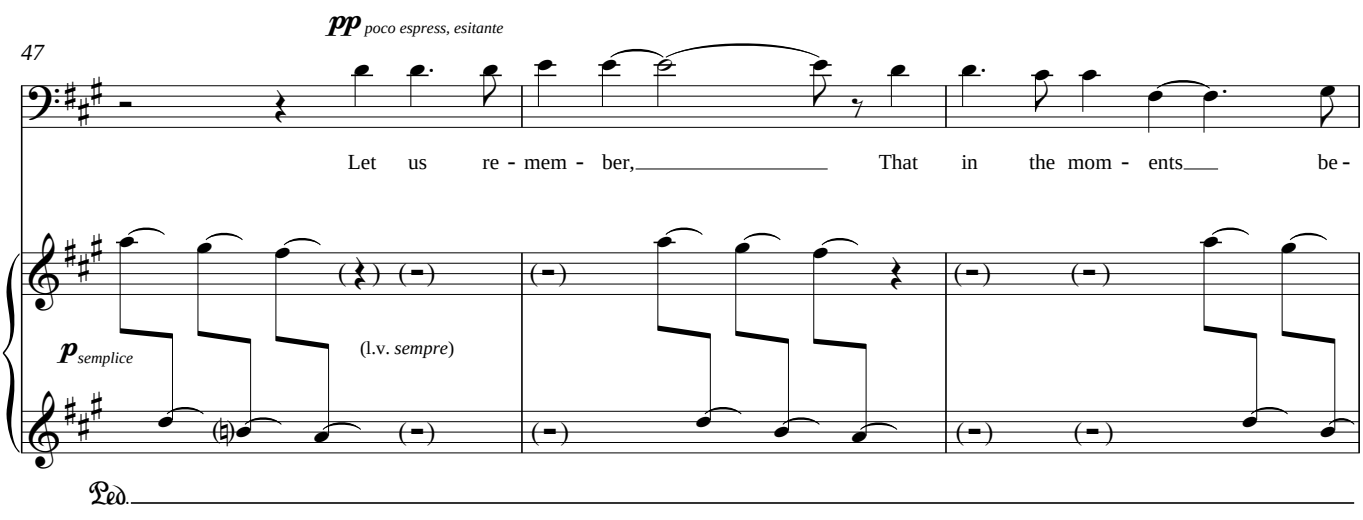

13
mf
sub. p
see the is - lands clear - ly, clear - ly,
(p)
poco sfz
17
ff appass.
Let us em - brace the storm.
(p)
ff molto marc.
poco sfz
rit.
Primo tempo
21
p poco espress.
In the
mf
p sempre, legato

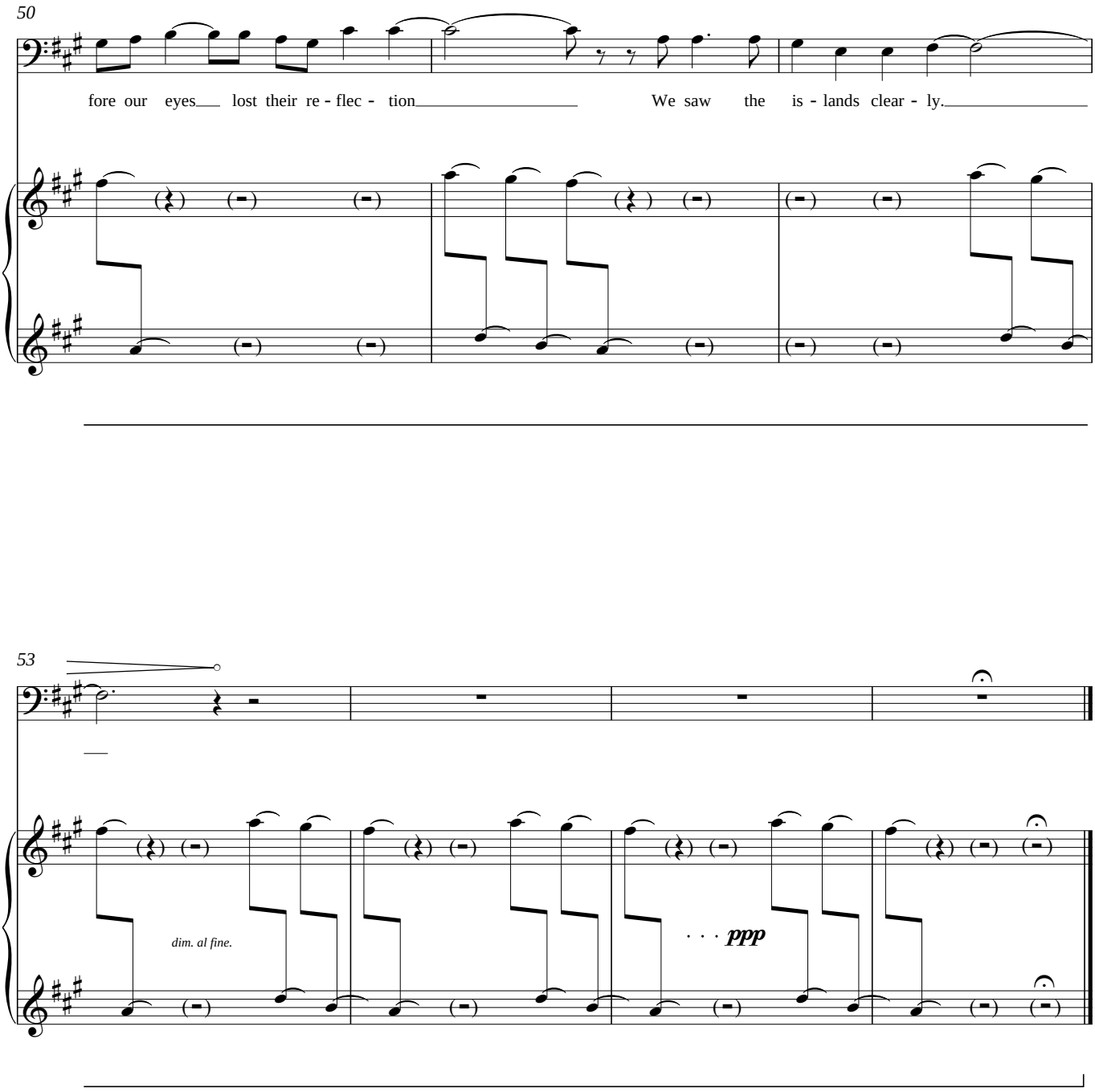

26
mf
sub. p
heat we saw noth - ing clear - ly, clear - ly,
30
mf
When the sky was blue
34
p
mf
sub. p
In the wash of the down - pour, down - pour,
(p)
poco sfz

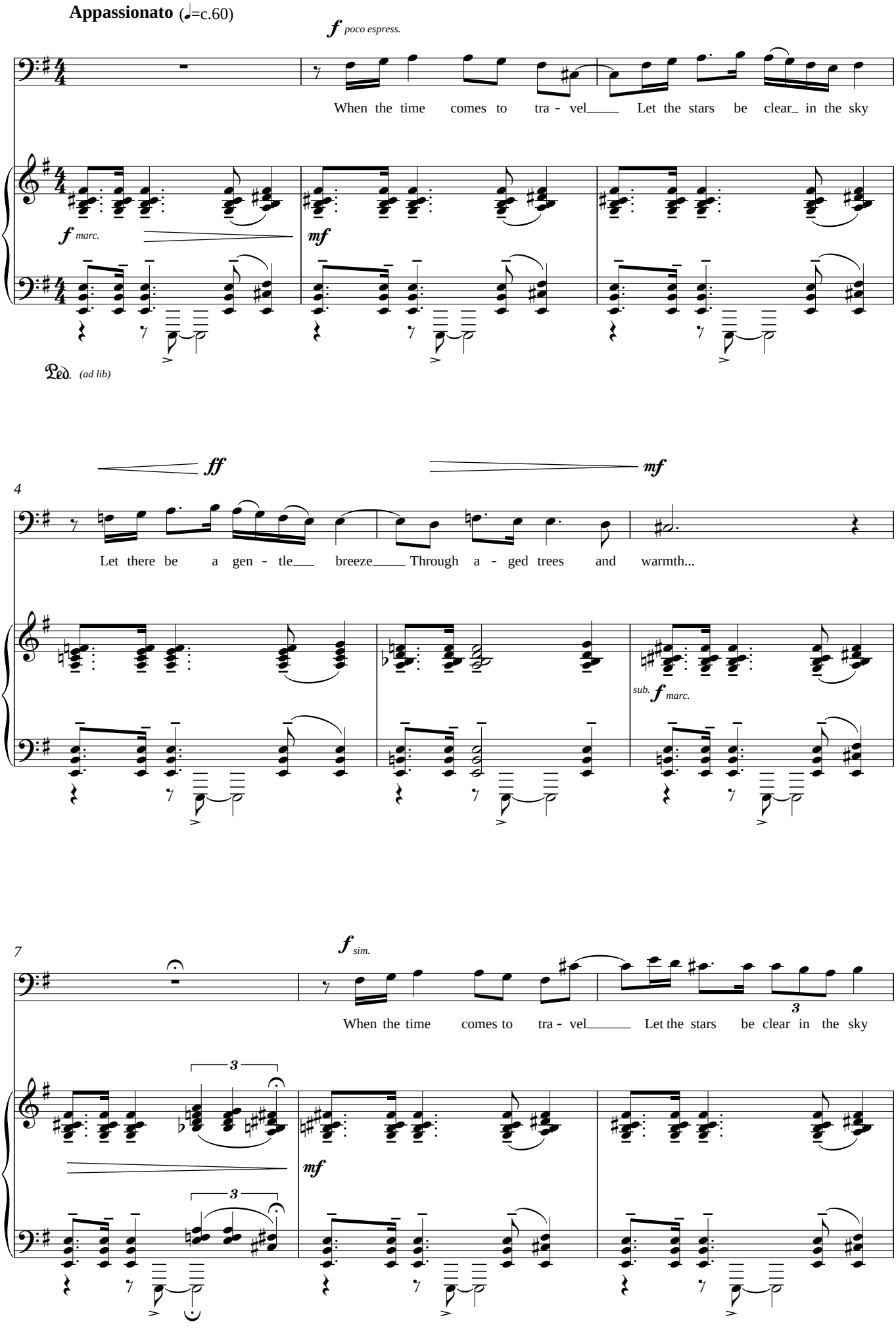


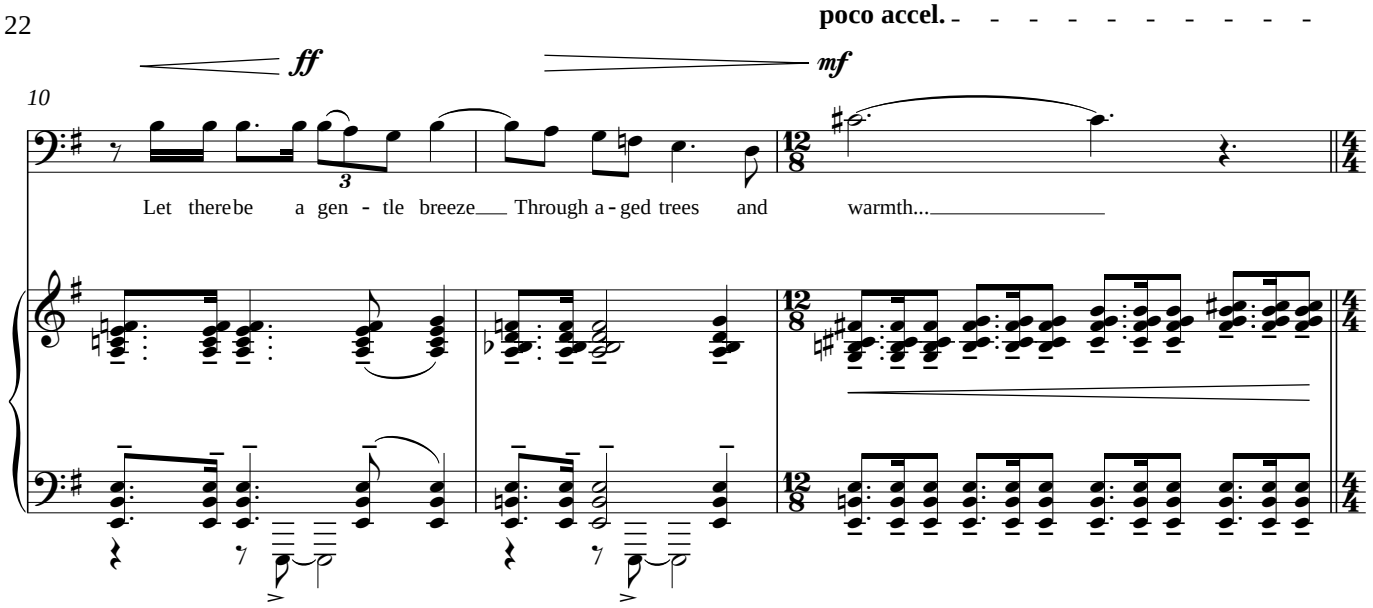


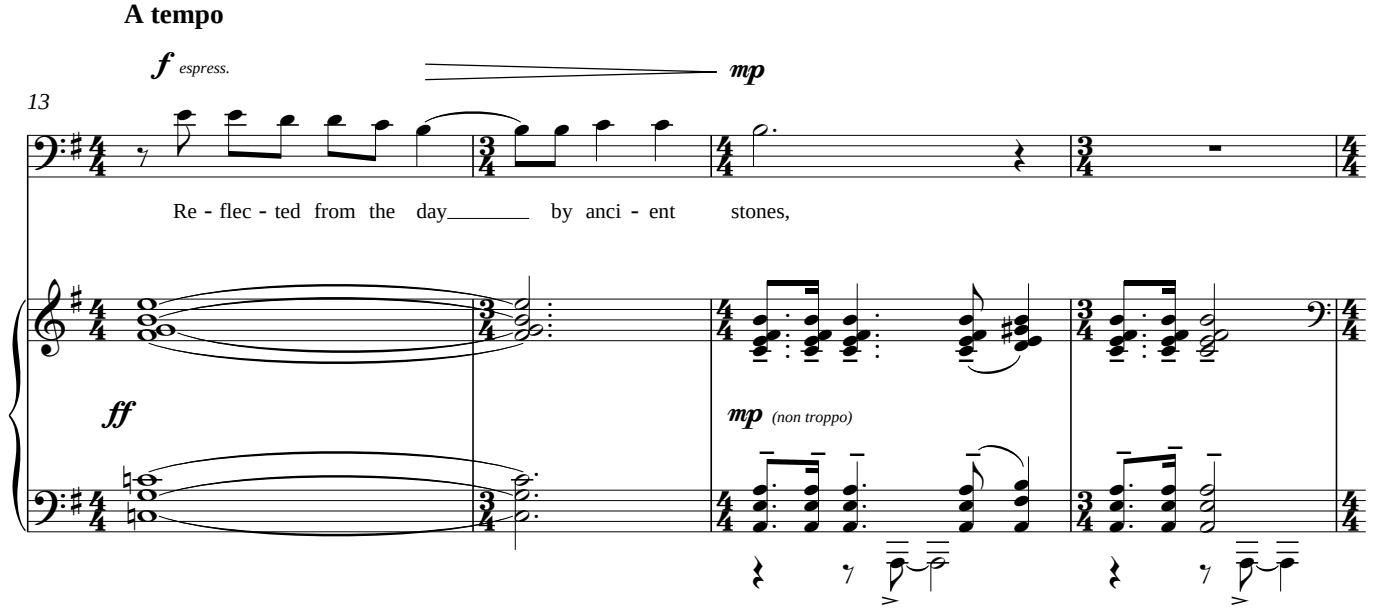
Adagio tranquillo (𝅗𝅥=c.60)

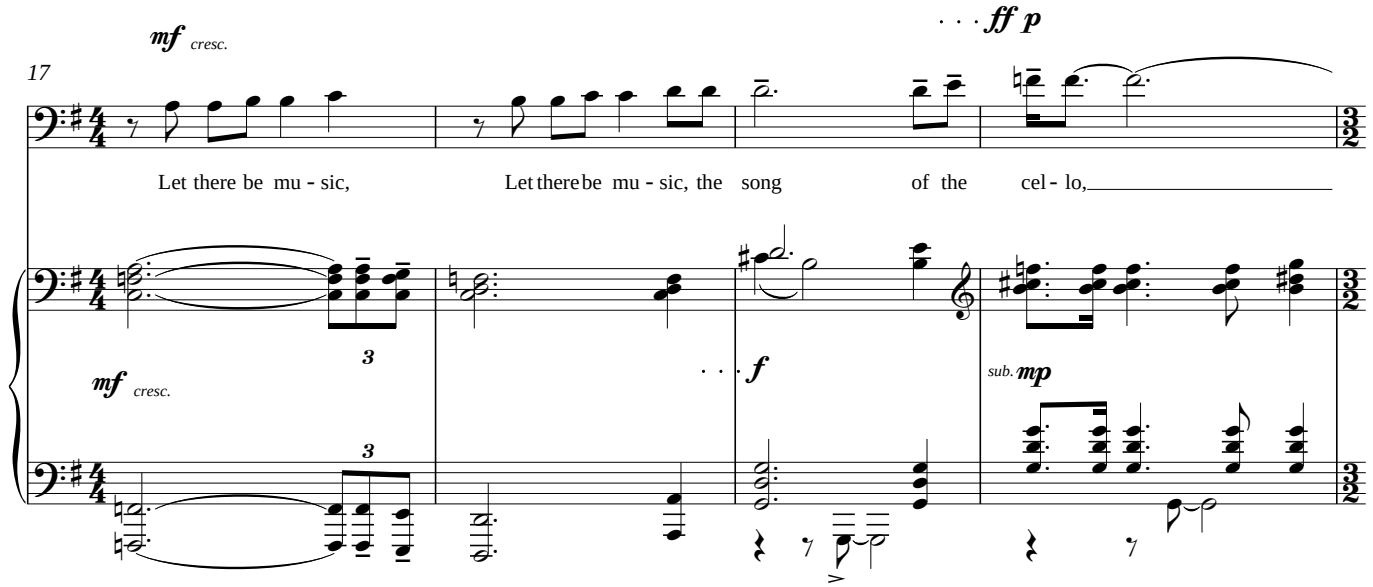



50
fore our eyes lost their re - flec - tion
We saw the is - lands clear - ly.
53
dim. al fine.
ppp


Appassionato (♩=c.60)
f poco espress.
When the time comes to tra - vel Let the stars be clear in the sky
f marc.
mf
Ped. (ad lib)
4
ff
mf
Let there be a gen - tle breeze Through a - ged trees and warmth...
sub. f marc.
7
f sim.
When the time comes to tra - vel Let the stars be clear in the sky
3
3
3
mf


poco accel.
ff
mf
10
Let there be a gen - tle breeze Through a - ged trees and warmth...


A tempo
f espress.
mp
13
Re - flec - ted from the day by anci - ent stones,
ff
mp (non troppo)


mf cresc.
ff p
17
Let there be mu - sic, Let there be mu - sic, the song of the cel - lo,
mf cresc.
f
sub. mp

poco rit. - - - - - - - - - - - **meno mosso; tempo rubato** (𝅗𝅥=c.46)

21

p molto espress.

An old Rus - sian mel - o - dy with - out tears

p sempre, sonore

24

mf *p*

An old Rus - sianmel - o - dy with - out tears An old Rus - sianmel - o - dy with - out tears

28

pp

Primo tempo (𝅗𝅥=c.60)

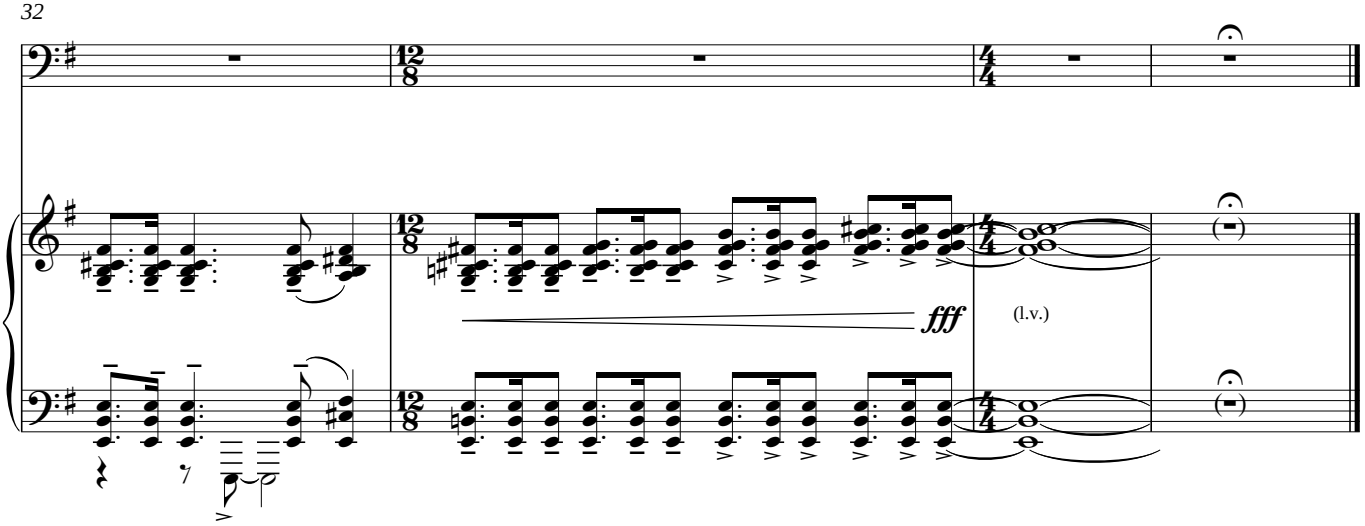
And the peace of past Prov - ence.

f marc.

3 3

accel. al fine.

32



Tranquillo; delicato (♩=c.60)

Senza misura (♩=c.52)

p molto espress, rubato

My love is

p sempre, lontano

(l.v.)

Ped.

poco

come In this safe night Months and years are one.

Primo tempo (♩=c.60)

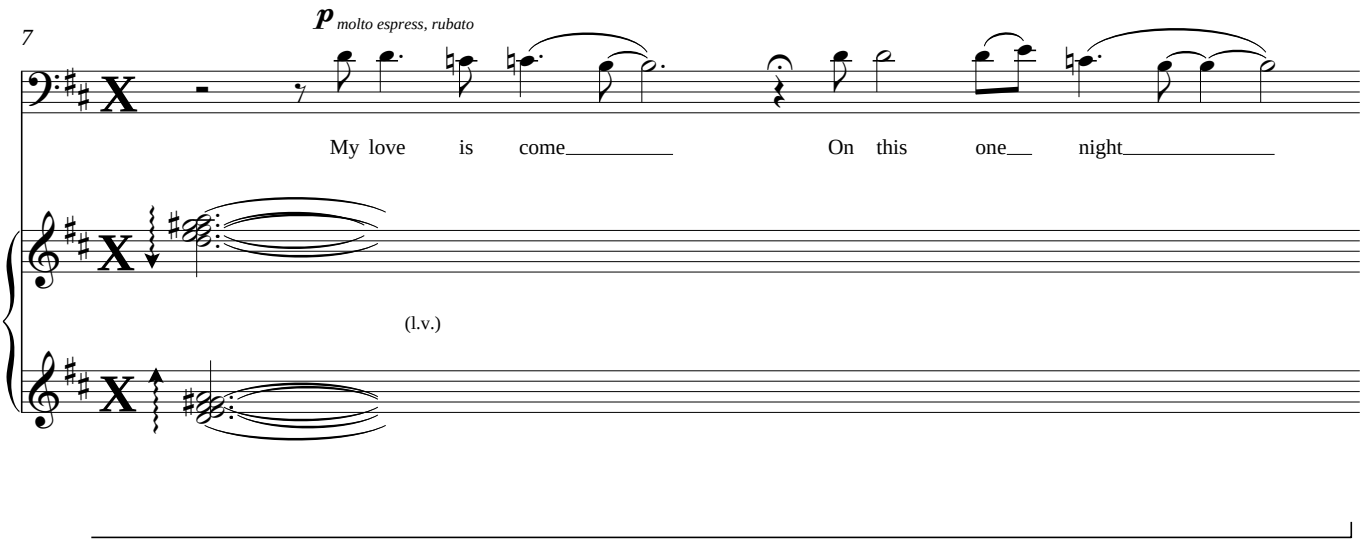
p *pp*

For ev - er is now

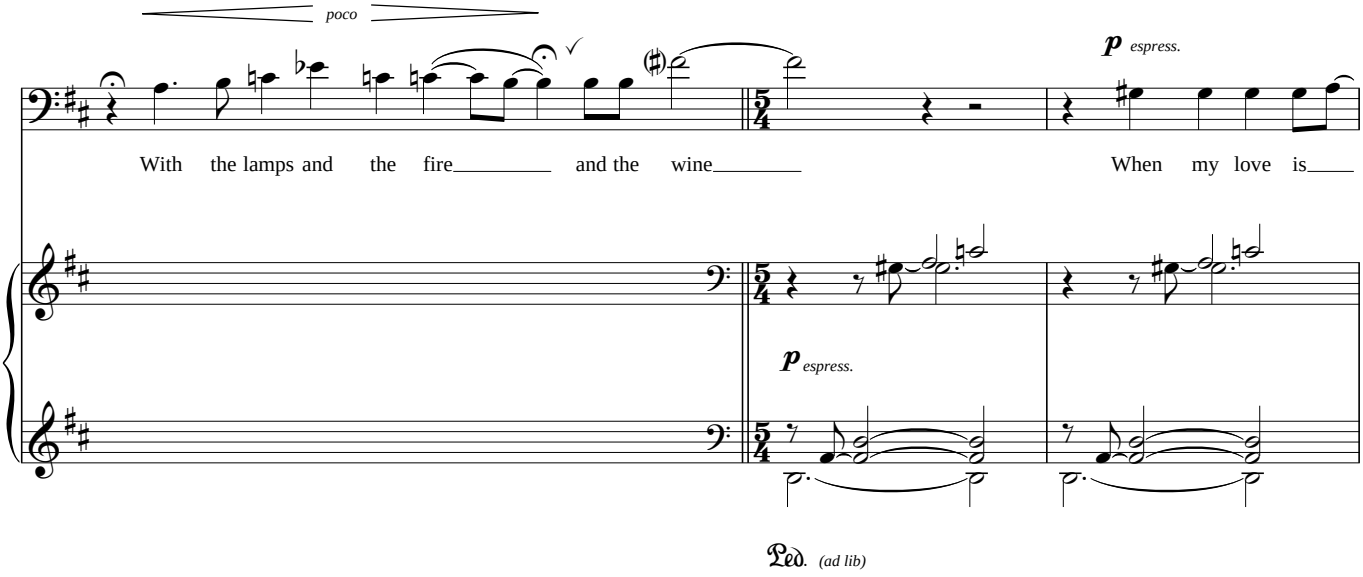
p sempre, lontano

Ped.

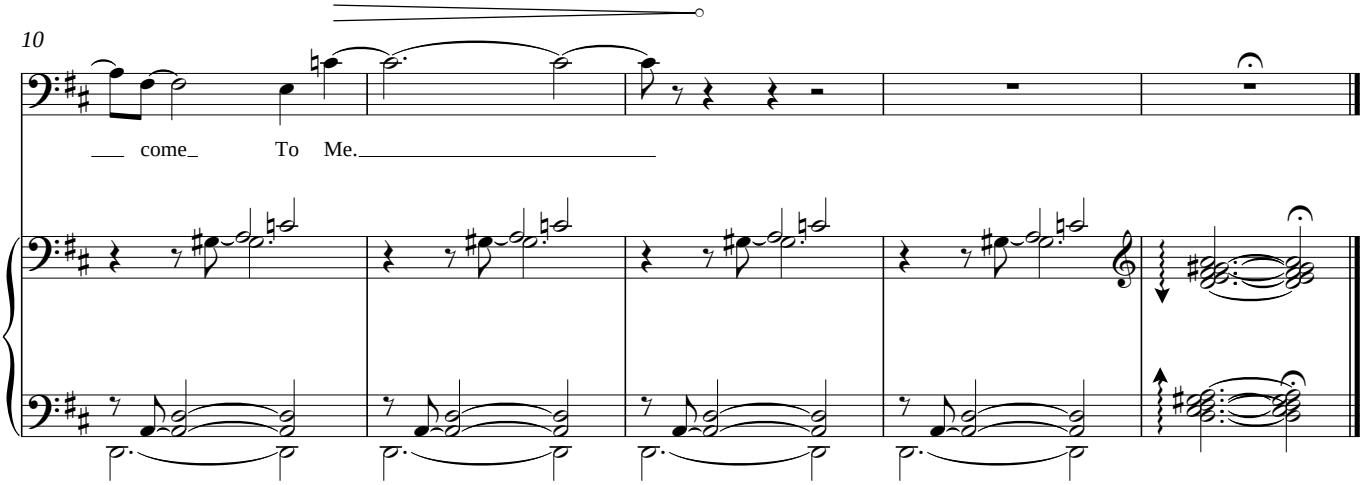
Senza misura (𝅗𝅥=c.52)

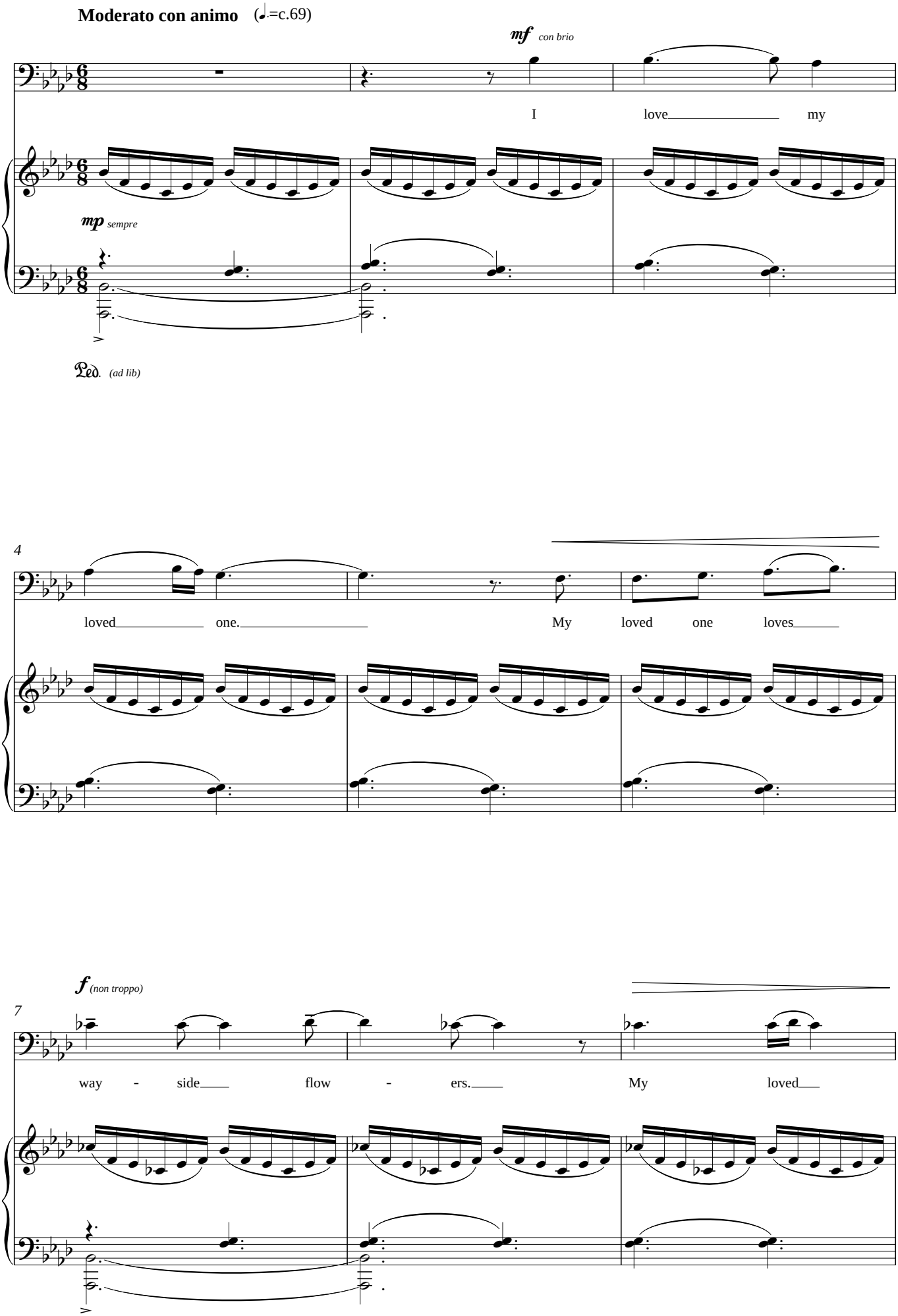


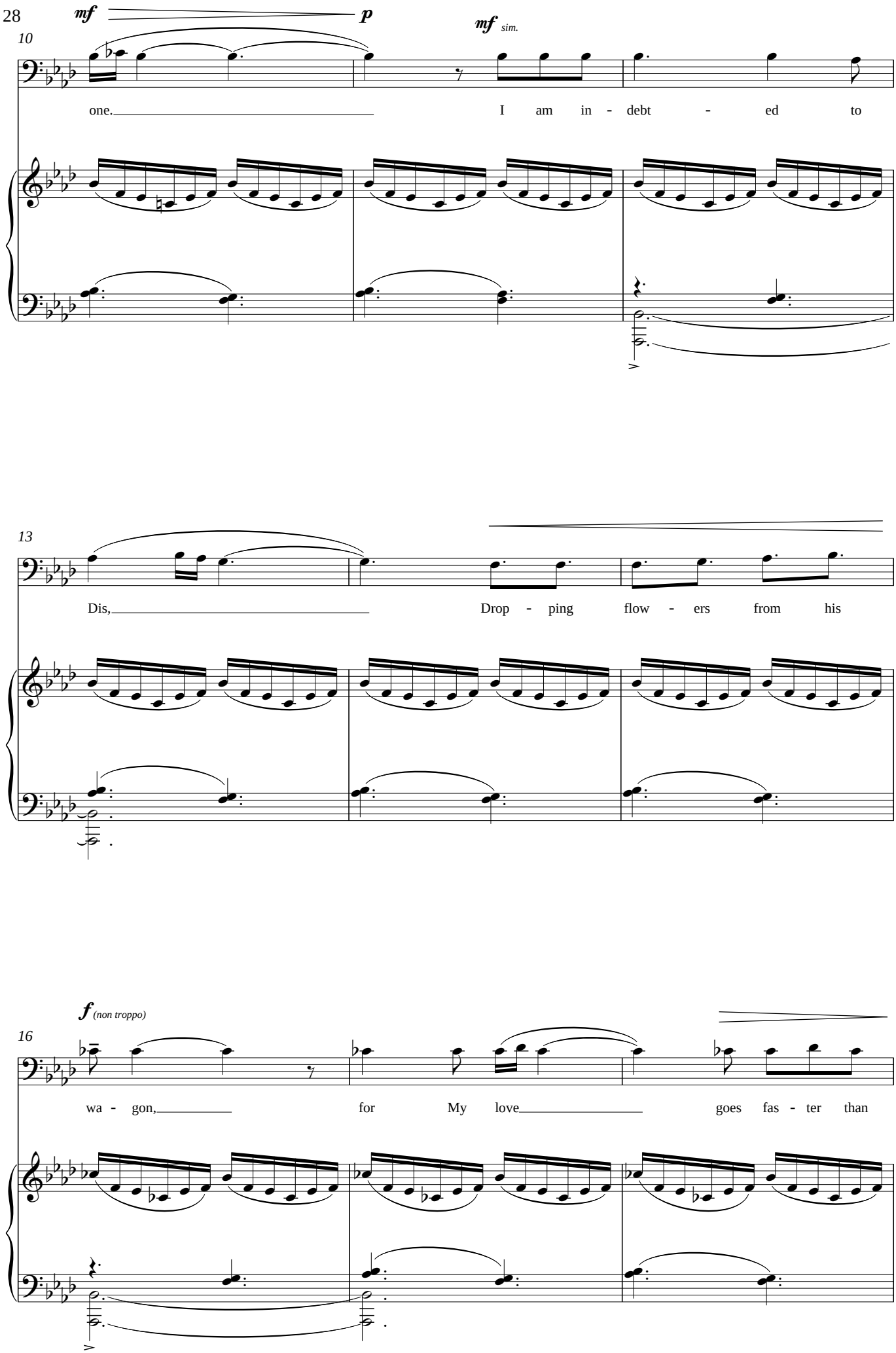
(A tempo)

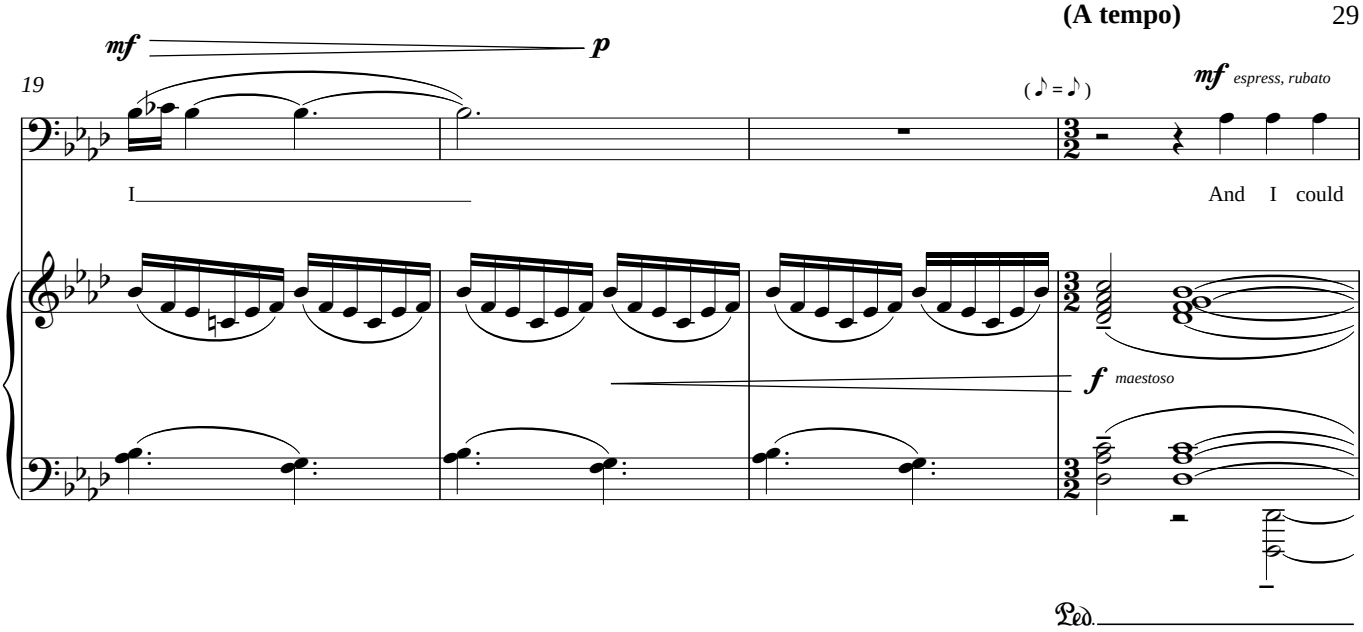


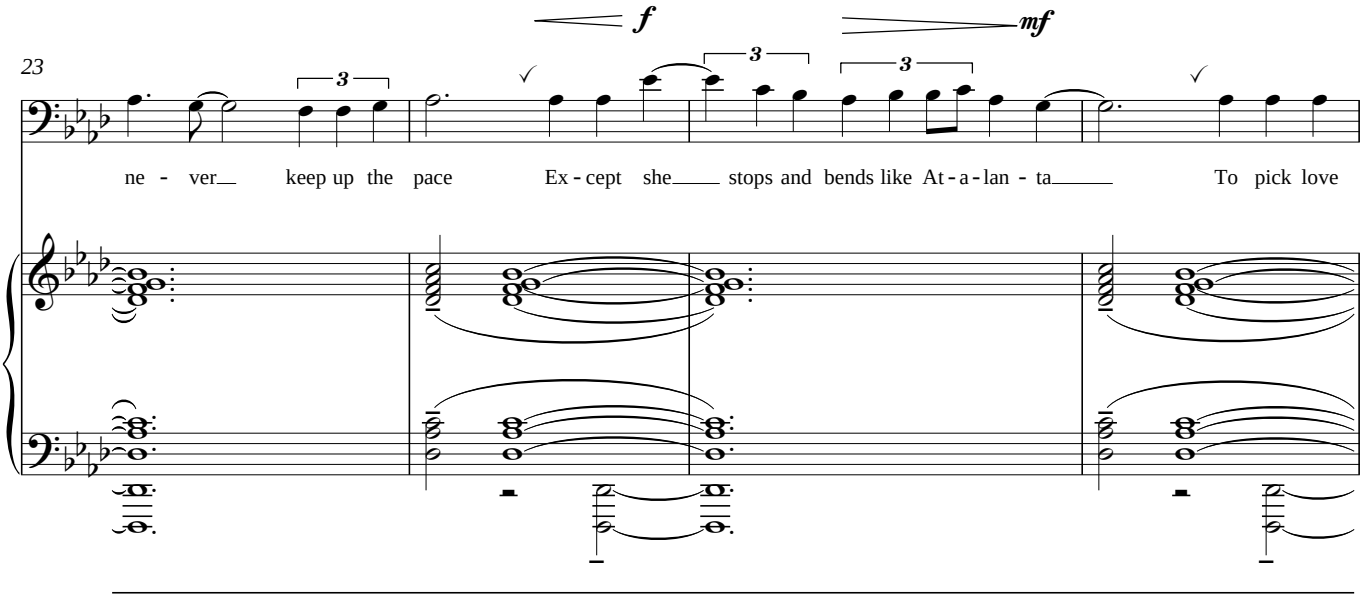
poco rit. al fine.

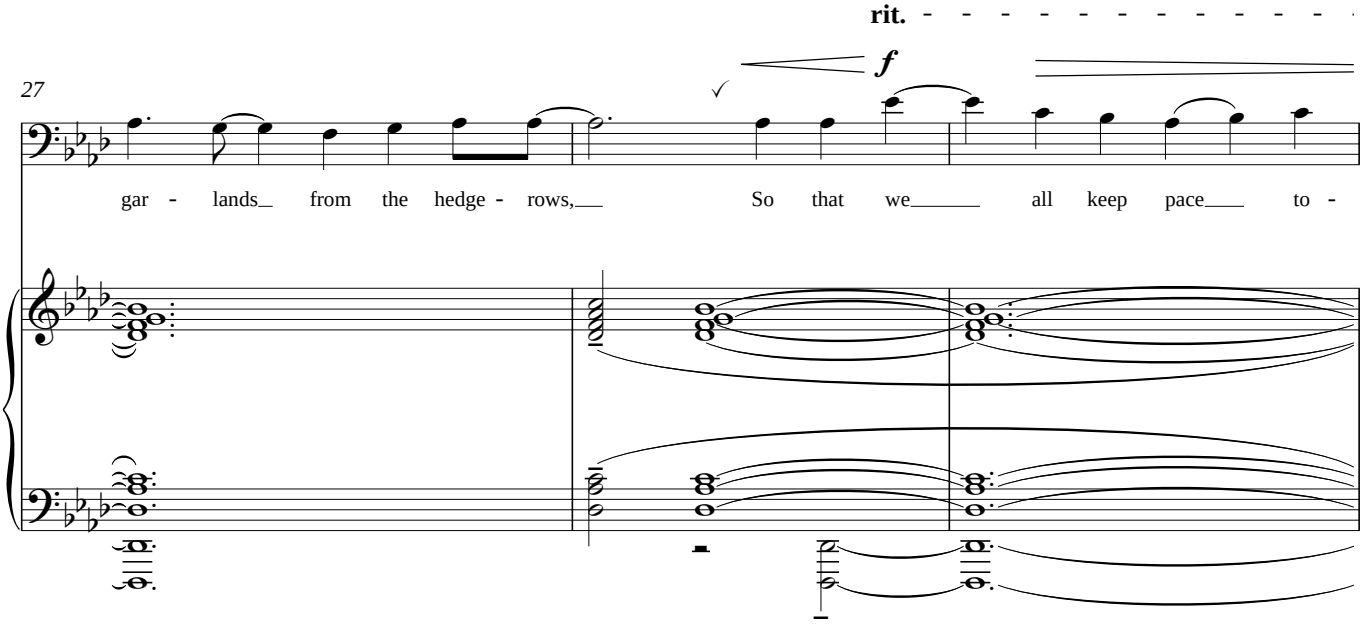



Moderato con animo (♩.=c.69)
mf con brio
I love my
mp sempre
Ped. (ad lib)
4
loved one. My loved one loves
f (non troppo)
7
way - side flow - ers. My loved

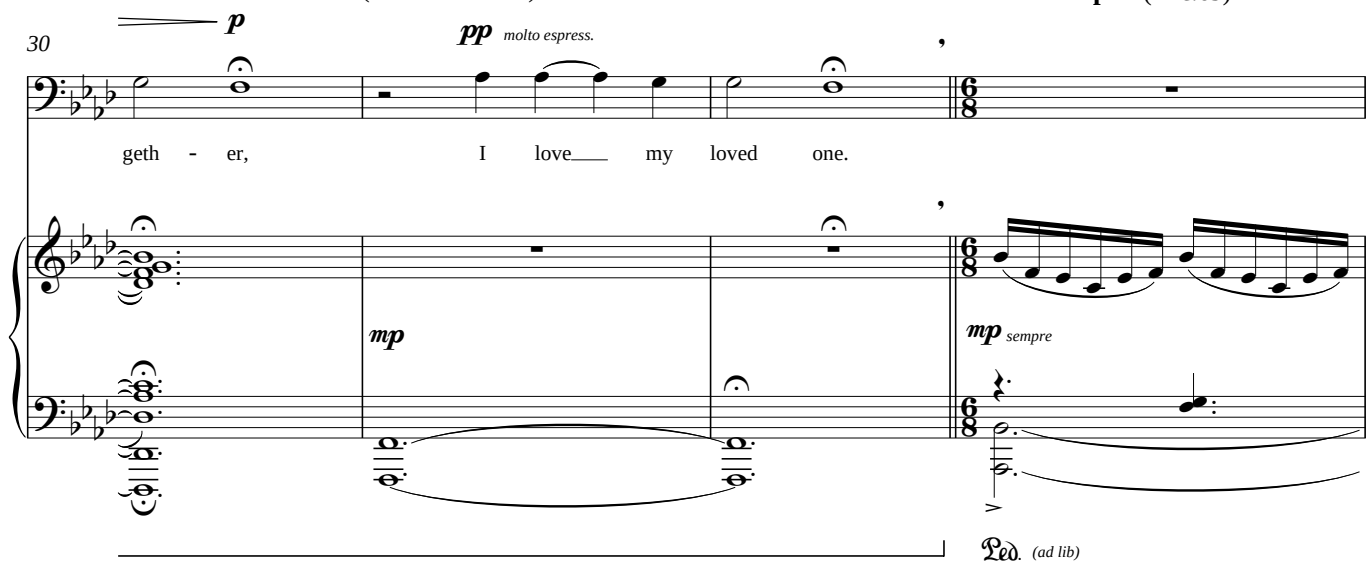

mf
p
mf sim.
10
one.
I am in - debt - ed to
13
Dis,
Drop - ping flow - ers from his
f (non troppo)
16
wa - gon,
for My love
goes fas - ter than

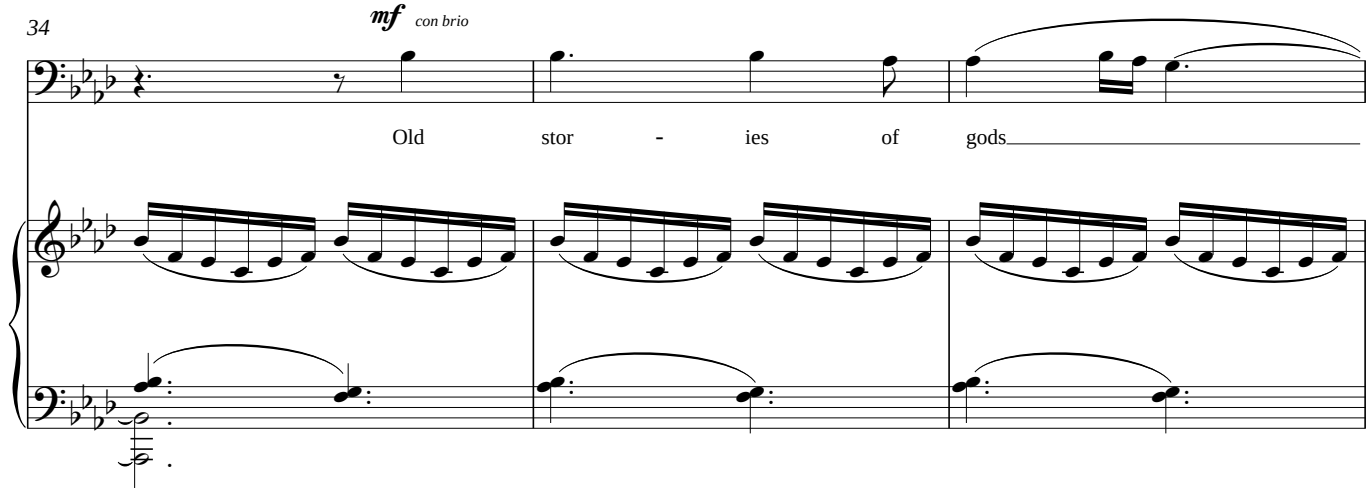

(A tempo)
mf
p
19
(♪ = ♪)
mf espress, rubato
I
And I could
f maestoso
Ped.

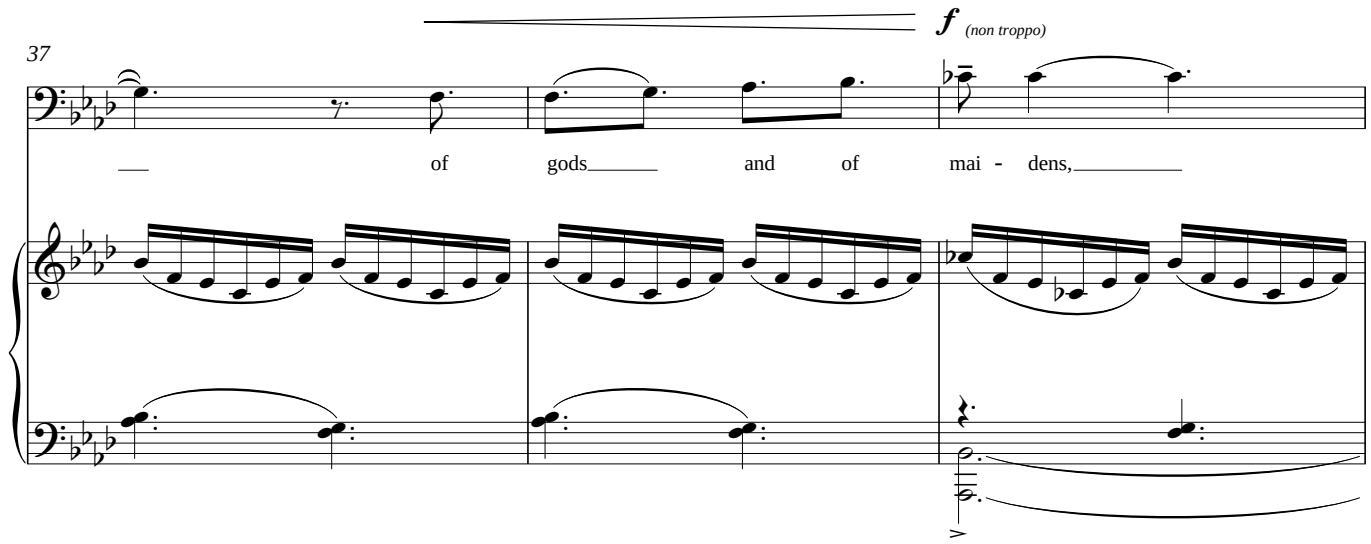

f
mf
23
3
3
3
ne - ver keep up the pace
Ex - cept she stops and bends like At - a - lan - ta
To pick love

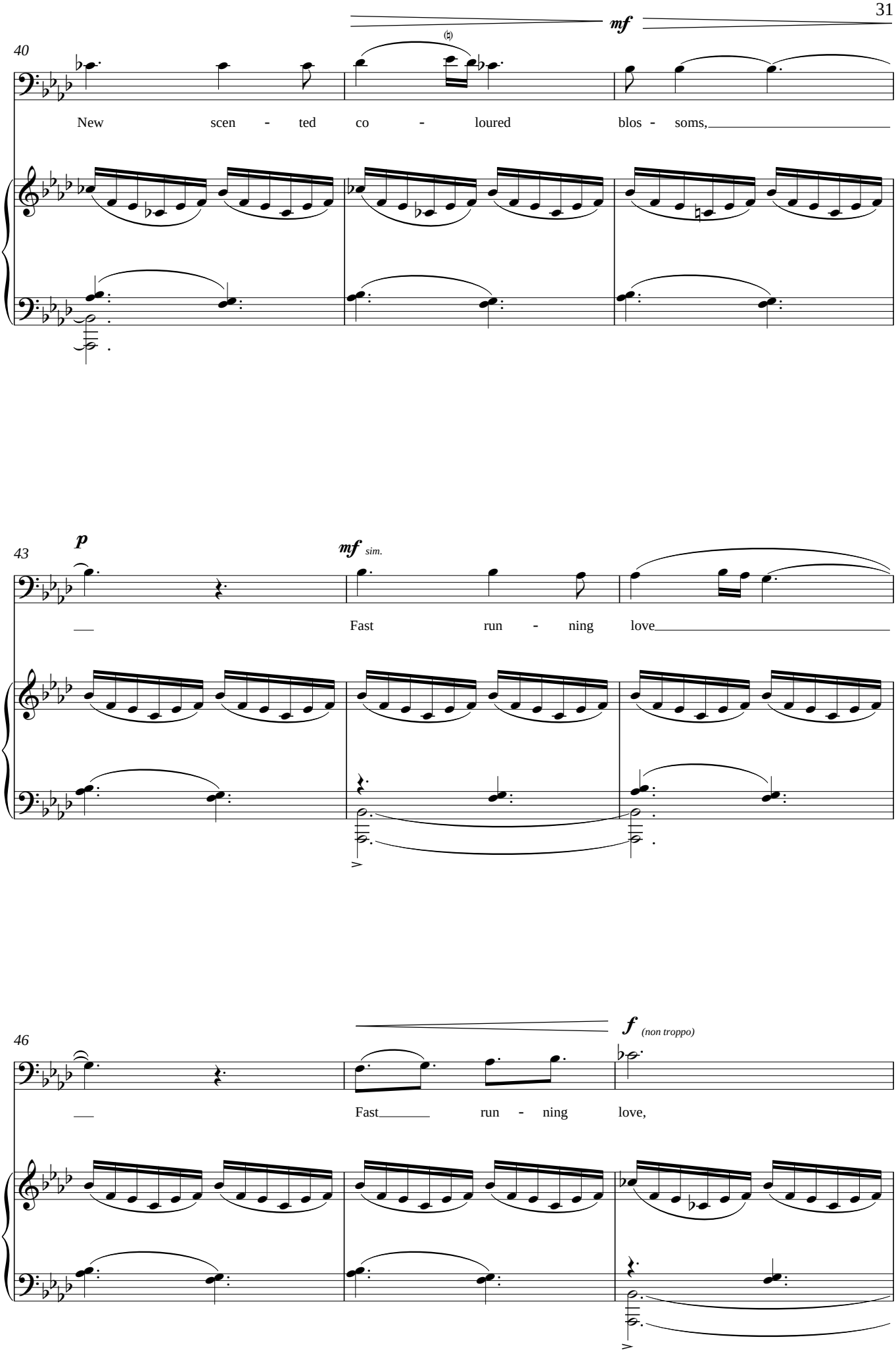

rit.
f
27
gar - lands from the hedge - rows,
So that we all keep pace to -

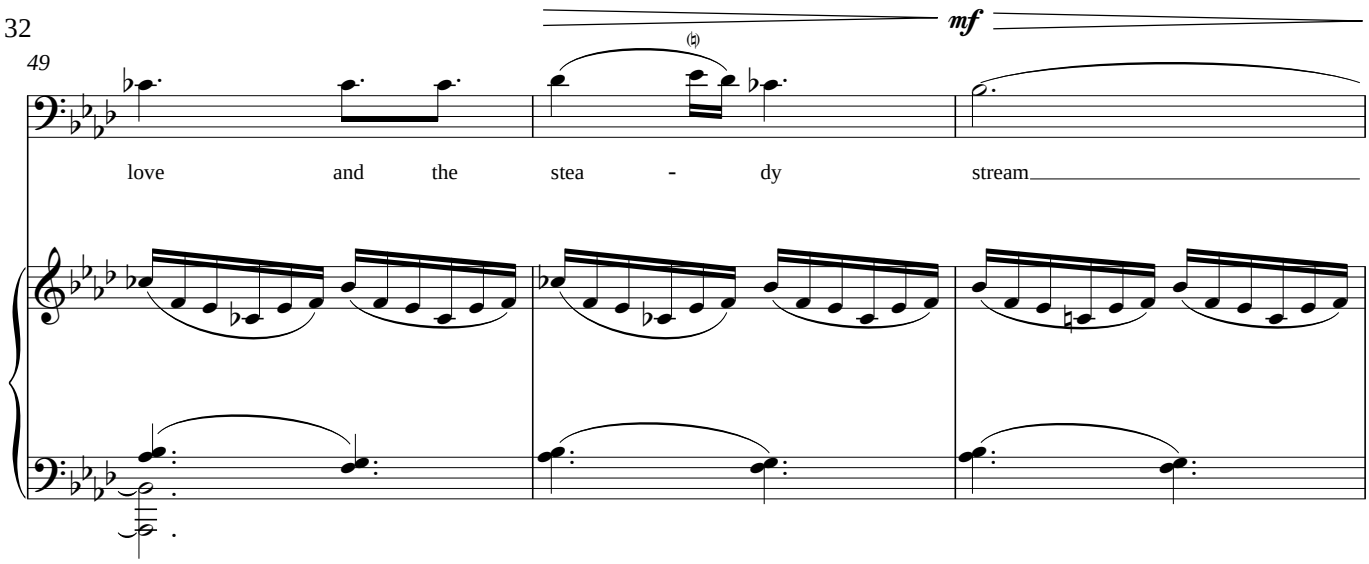
- - - - - - - (𝅗𝅥=c.78 / ♩.=c.52) **Primo tempo** (♩.=c.69)

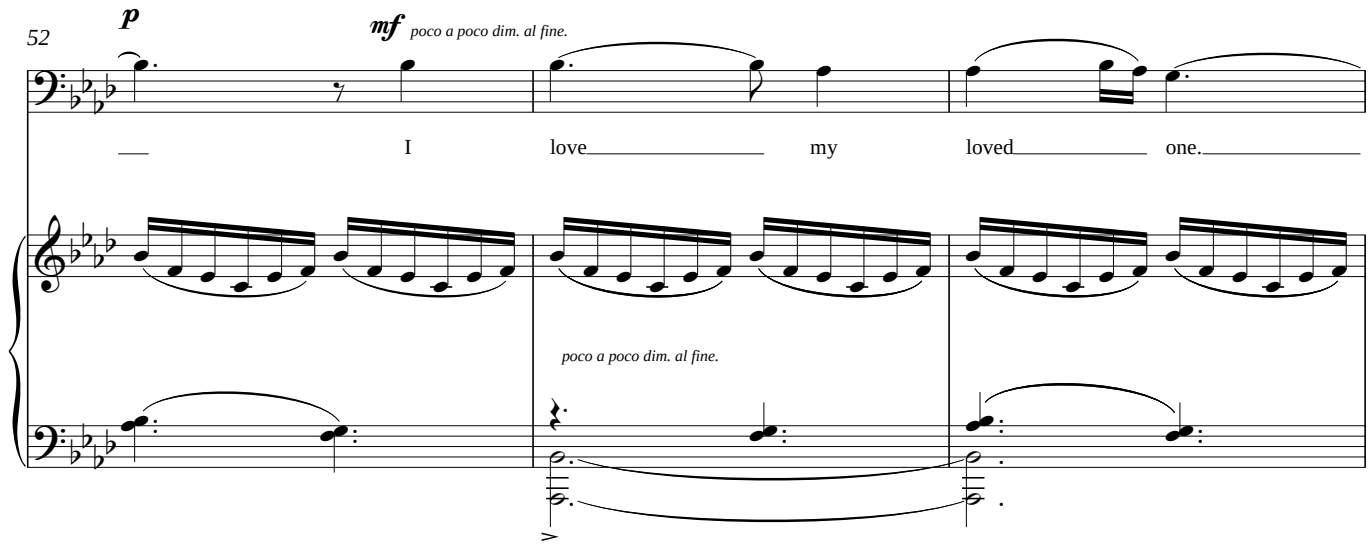




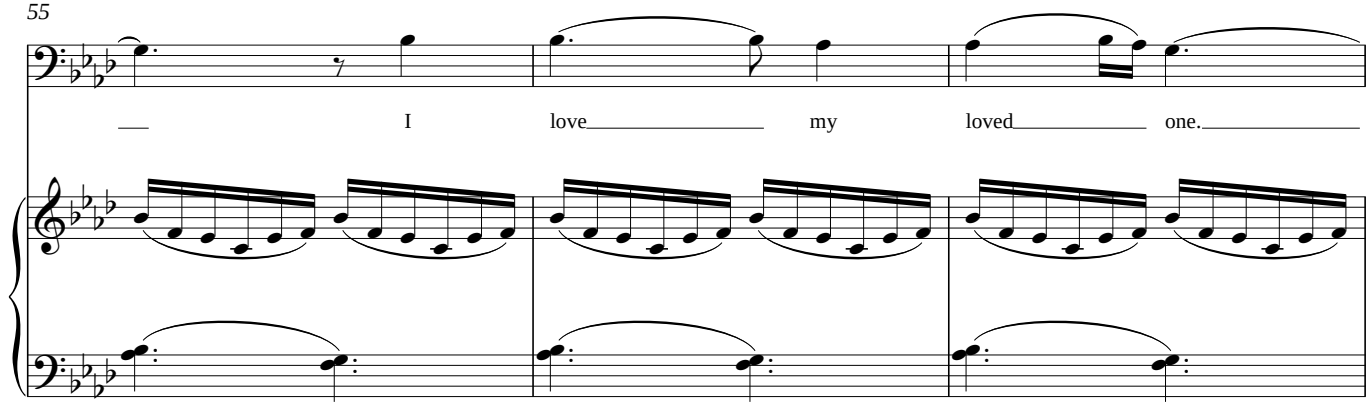


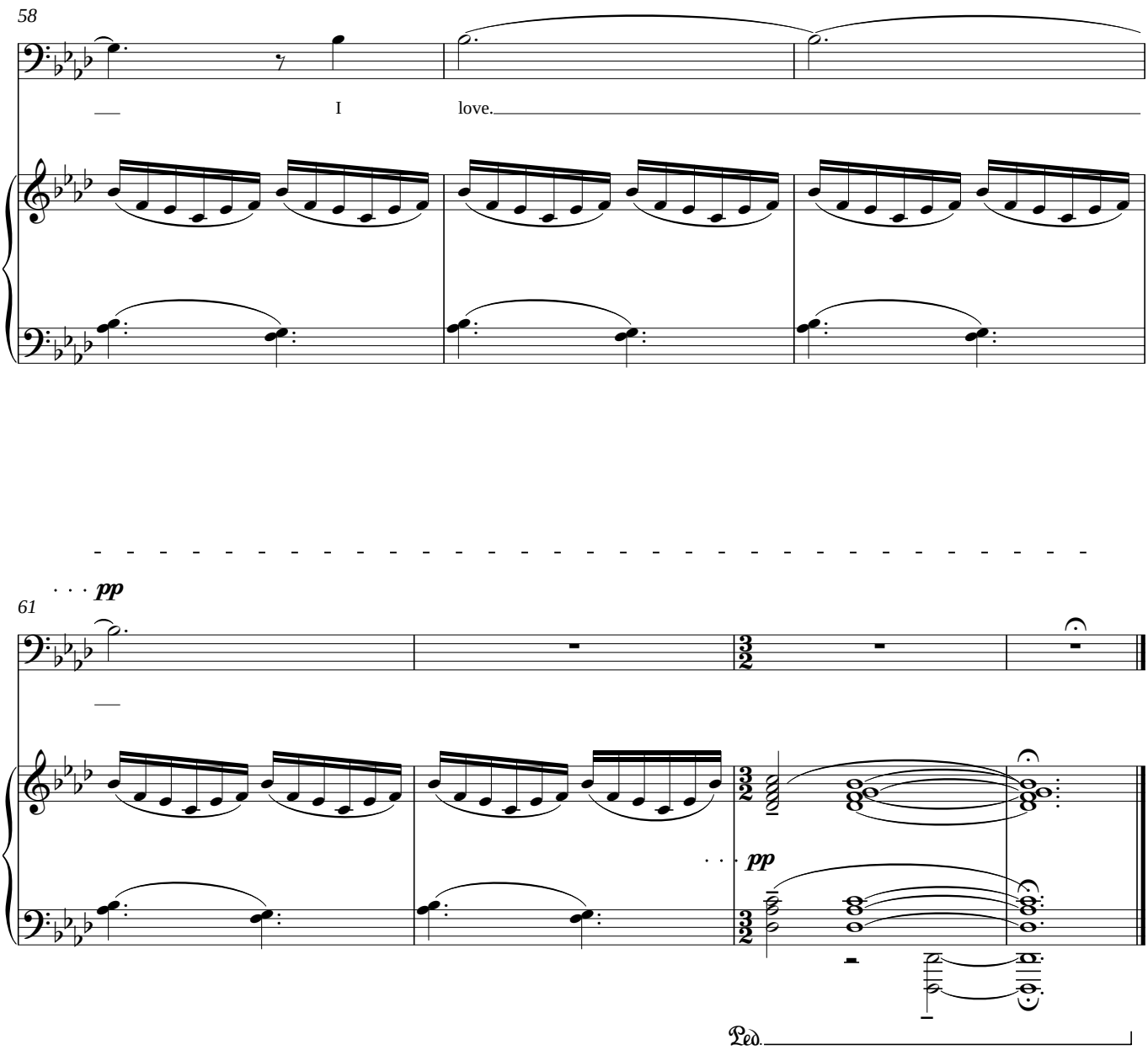

40
mf
New scen - ted co - loured blos - soms,
43
p
mf sim.
Fast run - ning love
46
f (non troppo)
Fast run - ning love,





poco a poco rit. al fine. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -




58
I
love.
61
pp
pp
Ped.

VIII. Burn On, Burn Out, Moon Tiger

Lento (♩=c.50)

mf *sonore*

Ped. *(ad lib)*

5

p *molto espress, rubato*

mf *p*

Burn on, burn out, moon ti - ger; You mea - sure the sweet smell of time pas - sing

pp *sempre*

(l.v.)

Ped.

9

mp *p*

Un - til I see my love out - stretched on

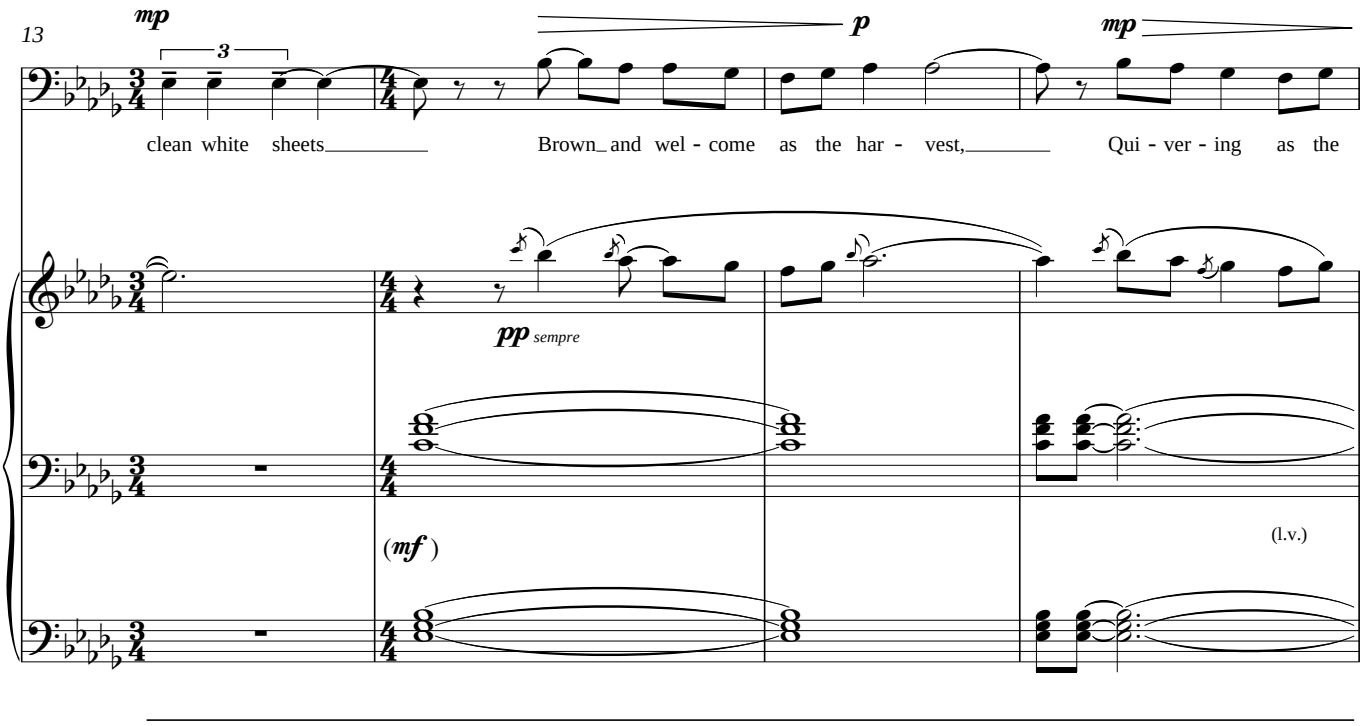
pp *sempre*

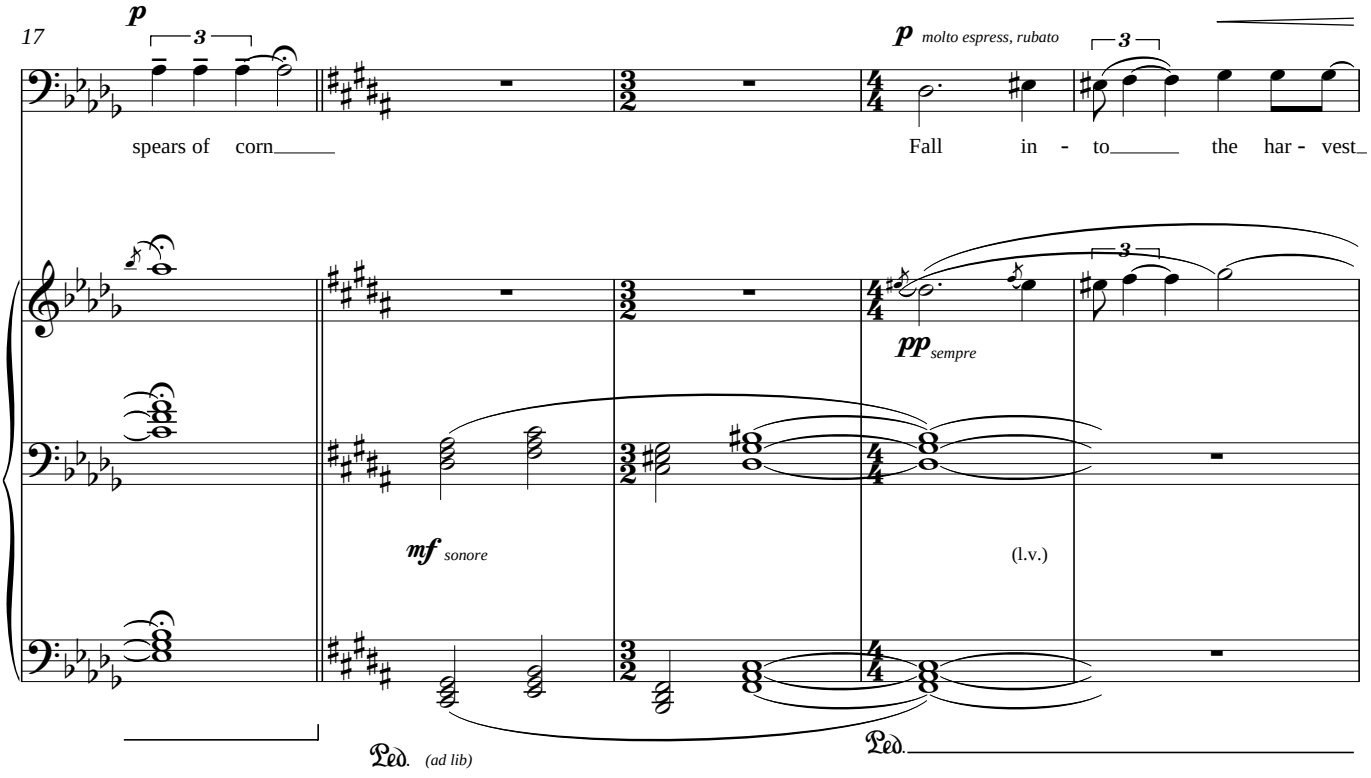
mf *sim.*

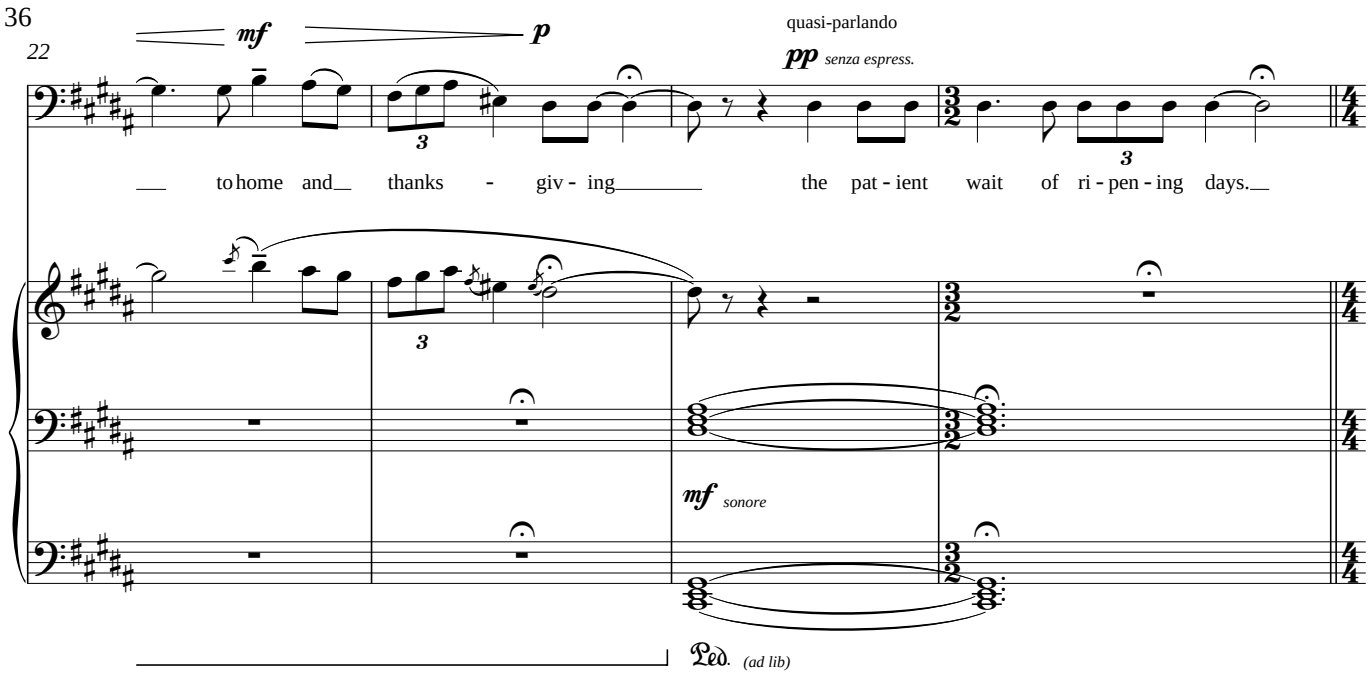
(l.v.)

Ped. *(ad lib)*

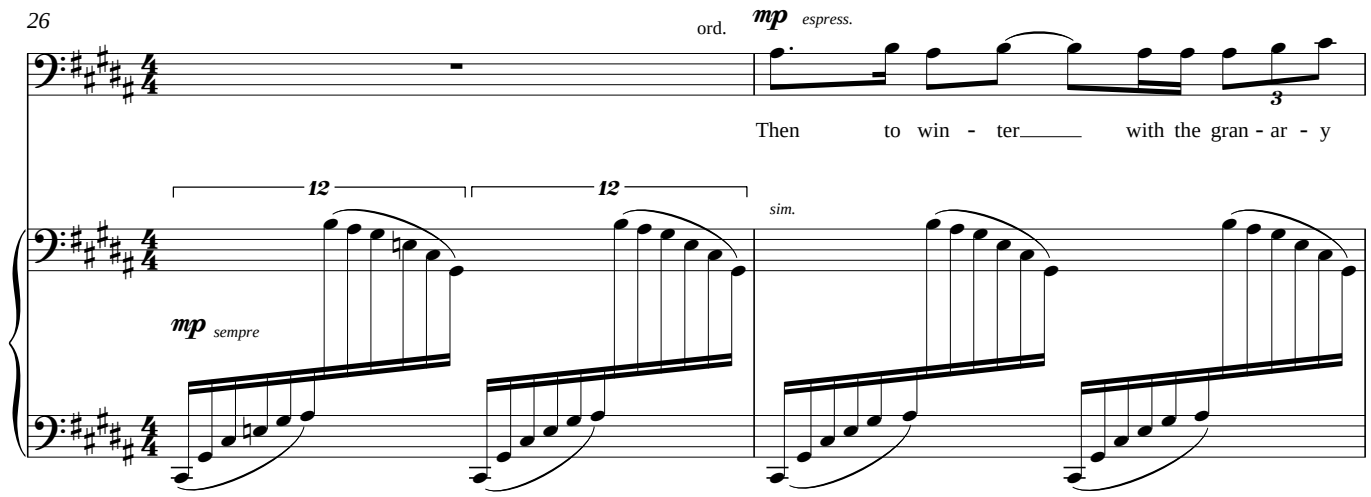
Ped.

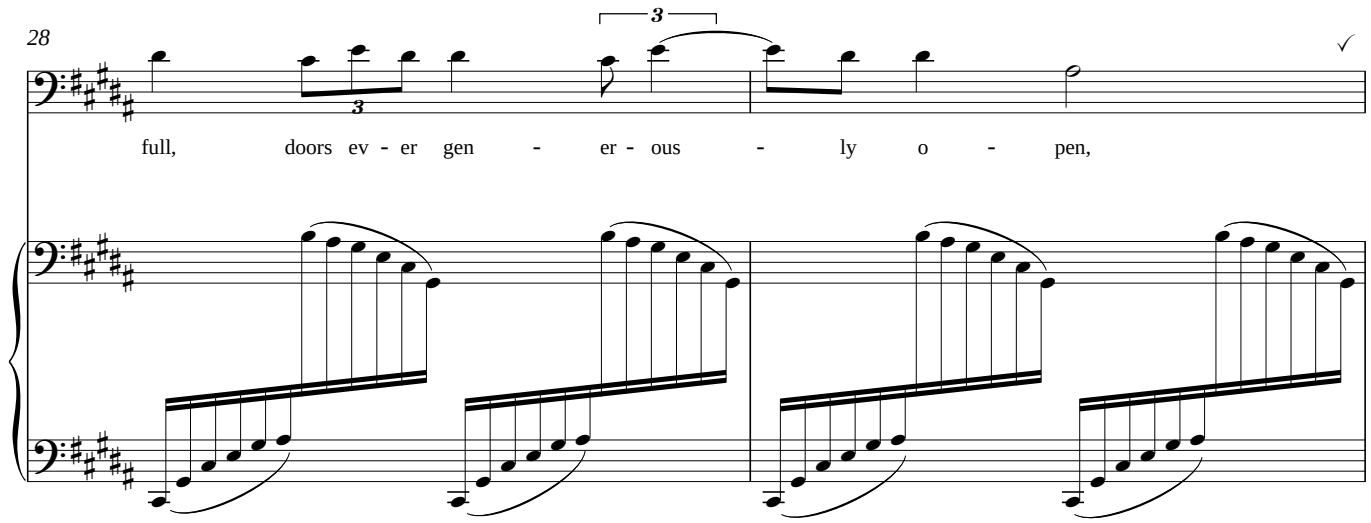

13
mp
p
mp
clean white sheets
Brown and wel - come as the har - vest,
Qui - ver - ing as the
pp sempre
(mf)
(l.v.)

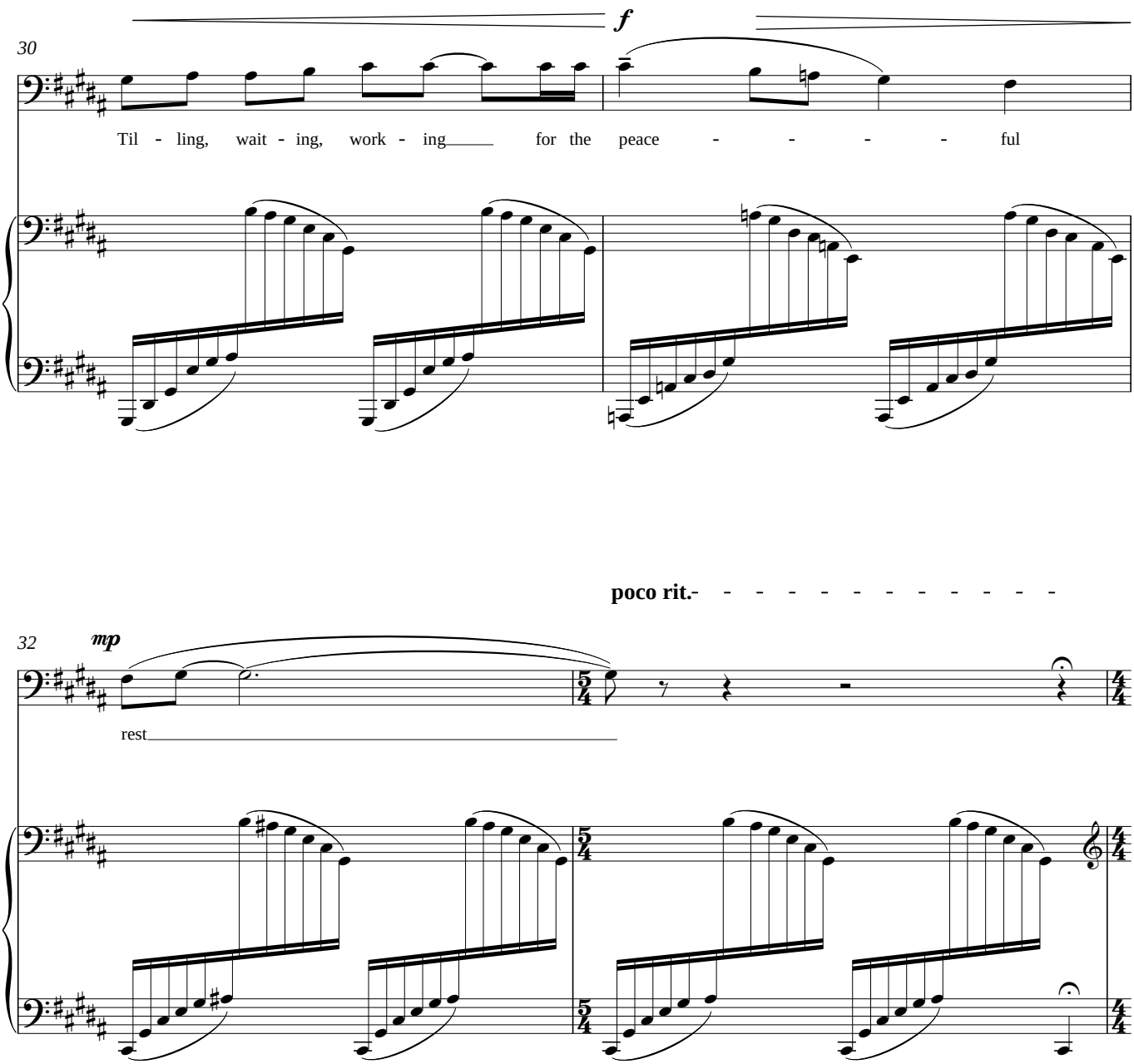

17
p
p molto espress, rubato
spears of corn
Fall in - to the har - vest
pp sempre
mf sonore
(l.v.)
Ped. (ad lib)
Ped.



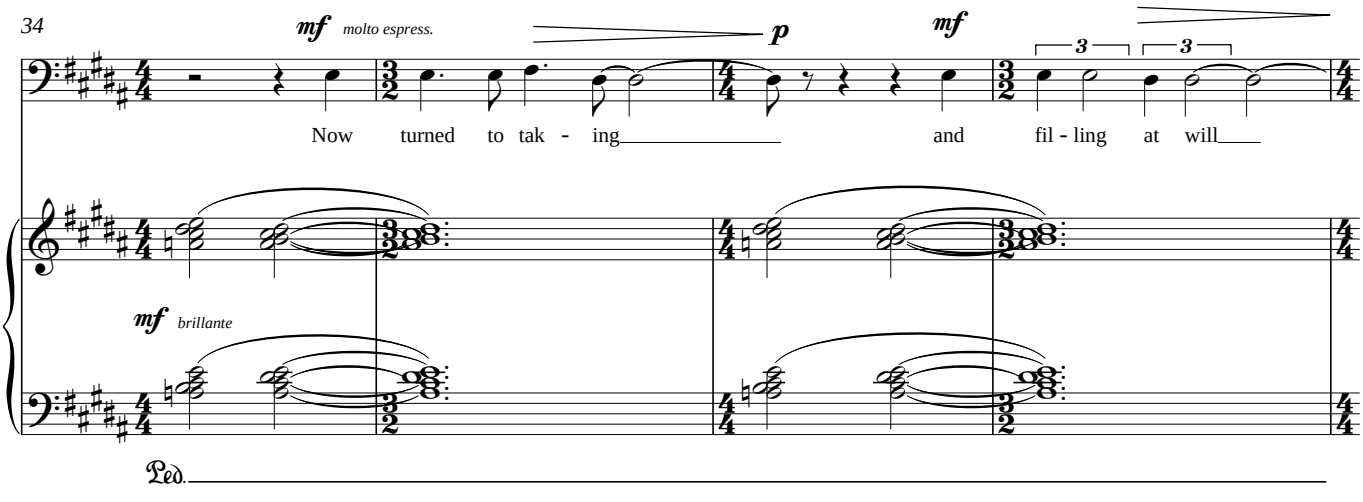
Andante con moto (♩=c.66)







Appassionato (a tempo) (♩=c.66)



38

p *mf* *p* *f* *appass.*

With brown sweet - ness and with love, and with love.

rit. al fine. -

42

8va

(l.v. *a niente*)

Middleton Cheney, Oxford
June - October 2010