Partitura

Dedicated to: Dr. Robert L. Harris

and | Cantori

and for all the people of America!

(11/9)

Zdeněk Lukáš:

FOUR SONNETS

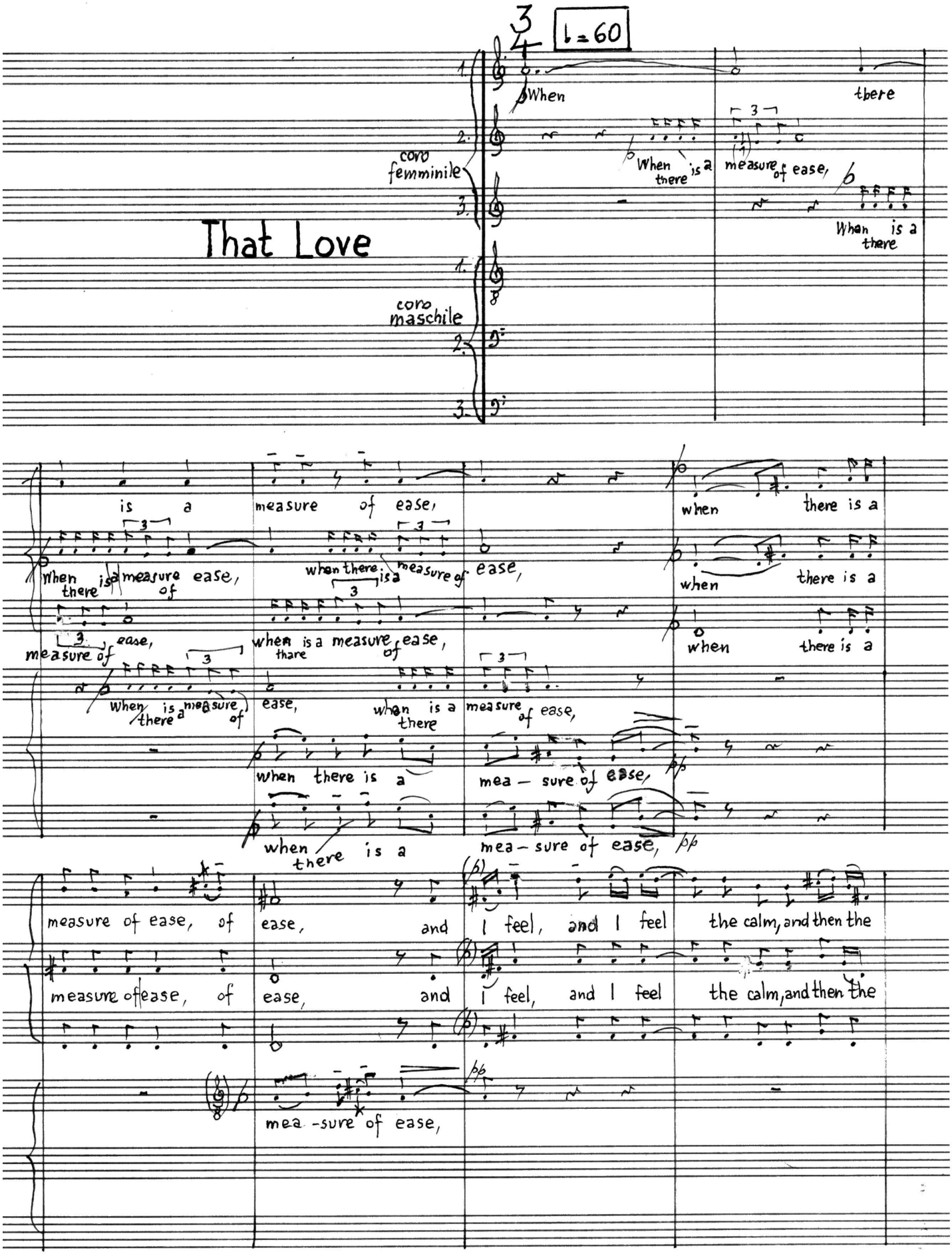
for mixed choir (s., ms., a., t., bar., b.)

from the book: „A Sojourn of the Spirit and Passages in the Wind"

by John Gracen Brown

Jílové 2002 - op. 330

330



That Love

3/4 ♩= 60

coro femminile

1. When there
2. When there is a measure of ease,
3. When there is a

coro maschile

1.
2.
3.

is a measure of ease, when there is a

When there is a measure of ease, when there is a measure of ease, when there is a

measure of ease, when there is a measure of ease, when there is a

When there is a measure of ease, when there is a measure of ease,

when there is a mea - sure of ease, pp

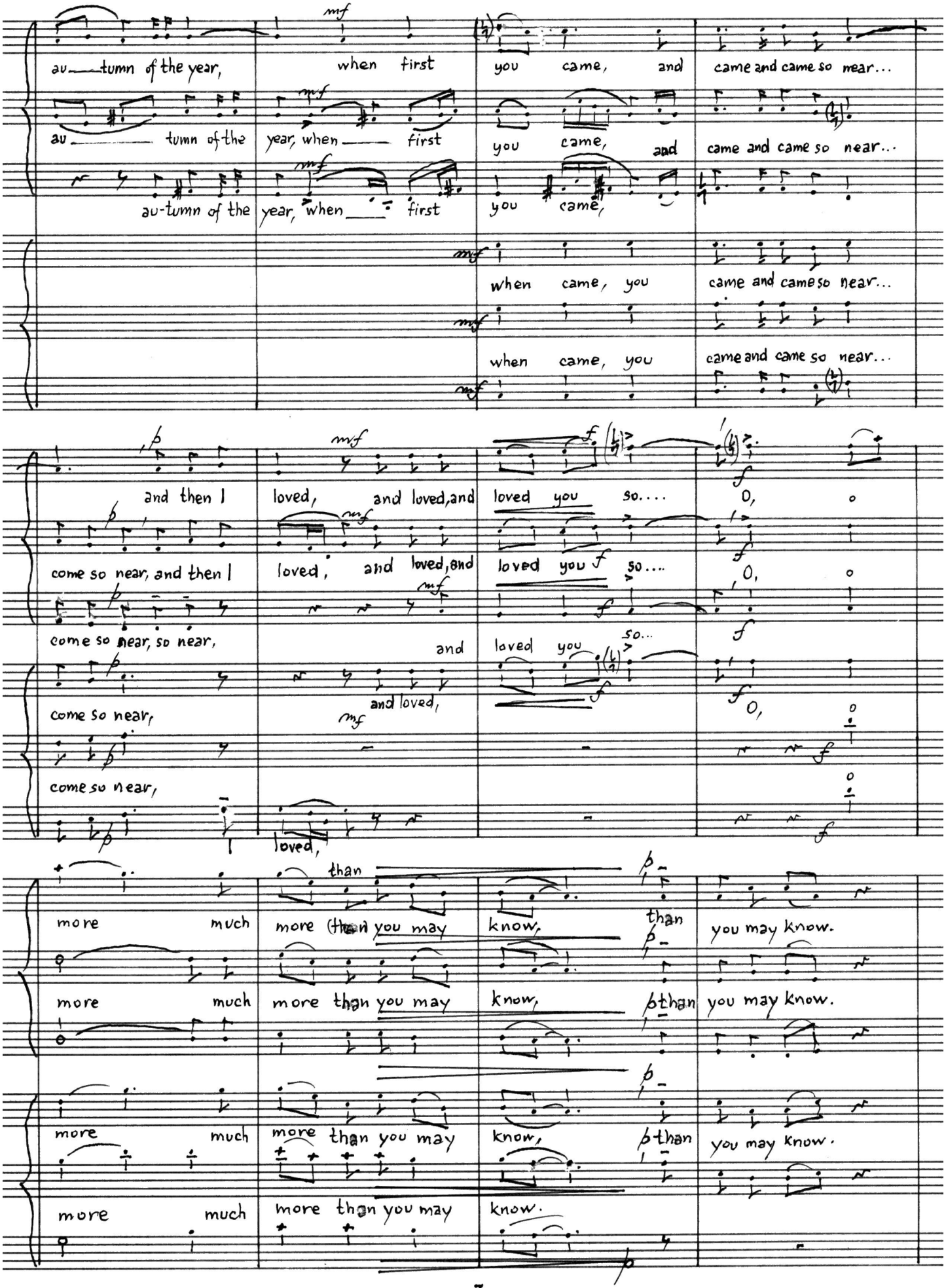
when there is a mea - sure of ease, pp

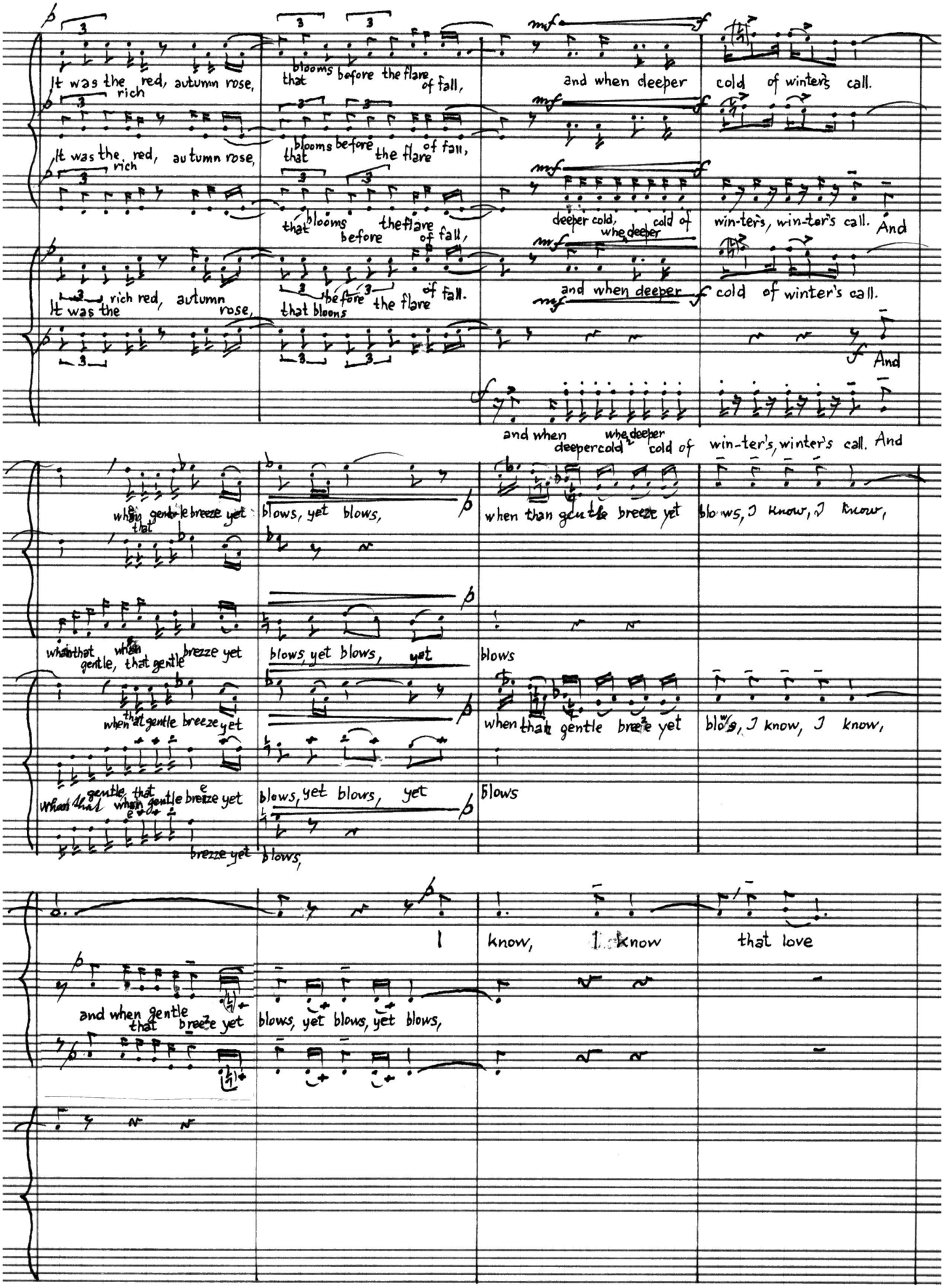
measure of ease, of ease, and I feel, and I feel the calm, and then the

measure of ease, of ease, and I feel, and I feel the calm, and then the

mea - sure of ease, pp

breeze,
breeze,
I turn to you, to you again with—hin, and feel again your touch within. And yet, and
again wit — hin and feel a-gain your touch within. And yet, and
your touch within.
and yet, and yet I know it was long, it was long, it
and yet, and yet, and yet I know it was long, it was long, it
yet, and yet, and yet, and yet I know it was long, it was long...
yet, and yet and yet, and yet I know it was long, it was long...
was long a—go...
was long a—go...
In the fra—gile
I know, I know...
mf
f
pp


au—tumn of the year, when first you came, and came and came so near...
au—tumn of the year, when first you came, and came and came so near...
au-tumn of the year, when first you came,
when came, you came and came so near...
when came, you came and came so near...
and then I loved, and loved, and loved you so....
come so near, and then I loved, and loved, and loved you so....
come so near, so near, and loved you so...
come so near, and loved,
come so near,
loved,
more much more than you may know, than you may know.
more much more than you may know, than you may know.
more much more than you may know, than you may know.
more much more than you may know.



It was the red, autumn rose, that blooms before the flare of fall, and when deeper cold of winter's call.

It was the rich red, autumn rose, that blooms before the flare of fall, deeper cold, whe deeper cold of win-ter's, win-ter's call. And

It was the rich red, autumn rose, that blooms before the flare of fall. and when deeper cold of winter's call.

And

and when deeper cold, whe deeper cold of win-ter's, winter's call. And

when gentle breeze yet blows, yet blows, when than gentle breeze yet blows, I know, I know,

when that gentle, that gentle brezze yet blows, yet blows, yet blows

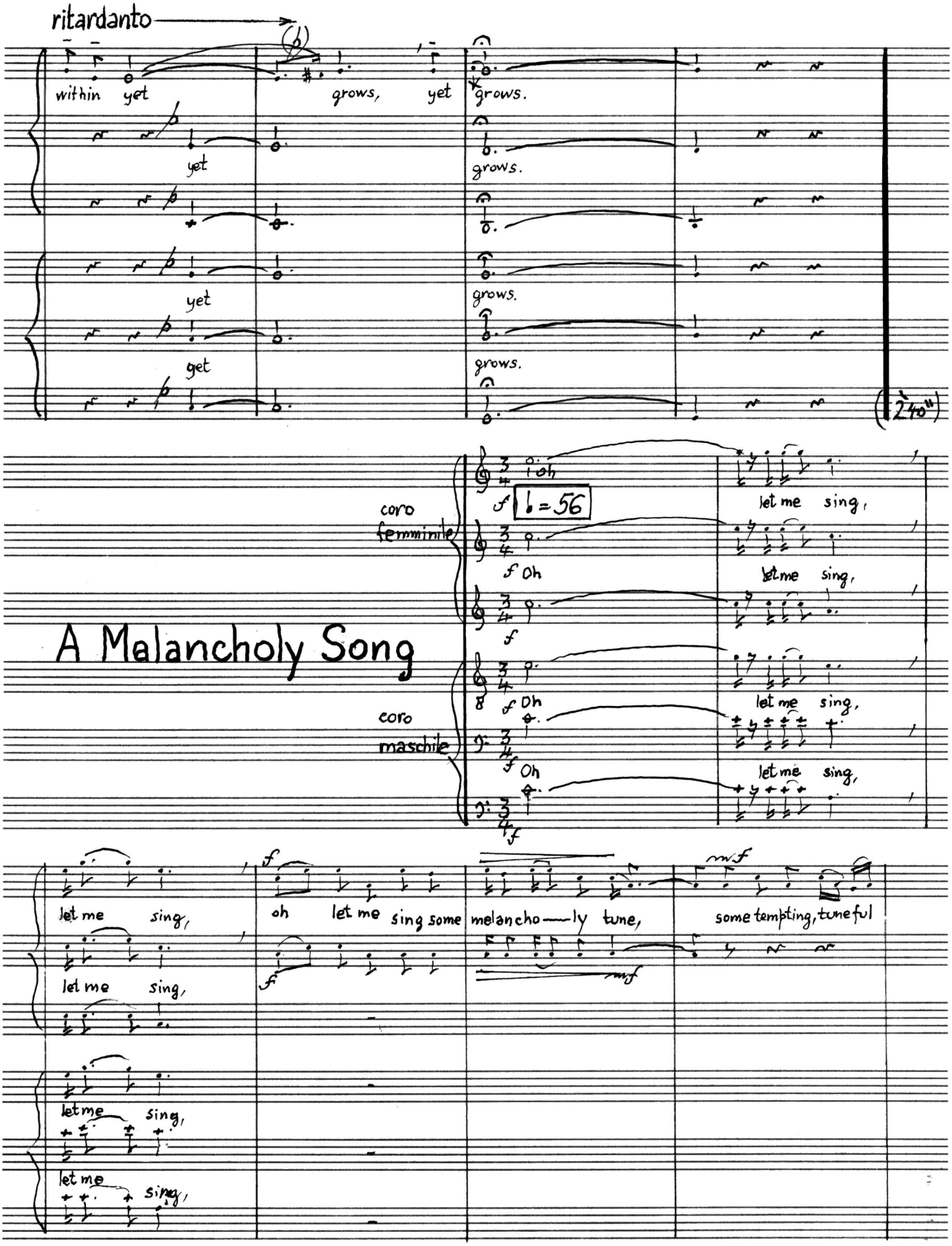
when that gentle breeze yet when than gentle breeze yet blows, I know, I know,

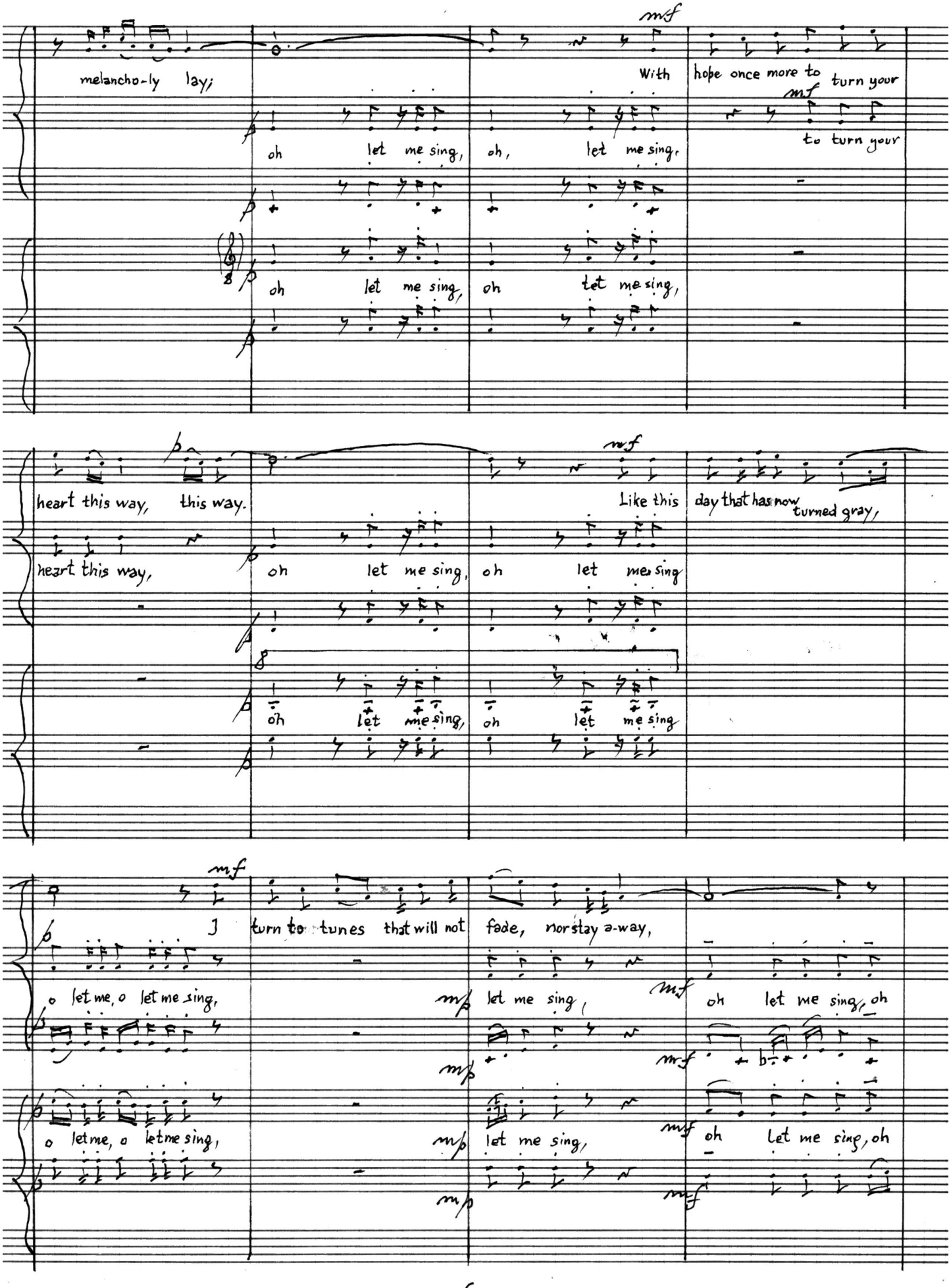
when that gentle, that gentle breeze yet blows, yet blows, yet blows

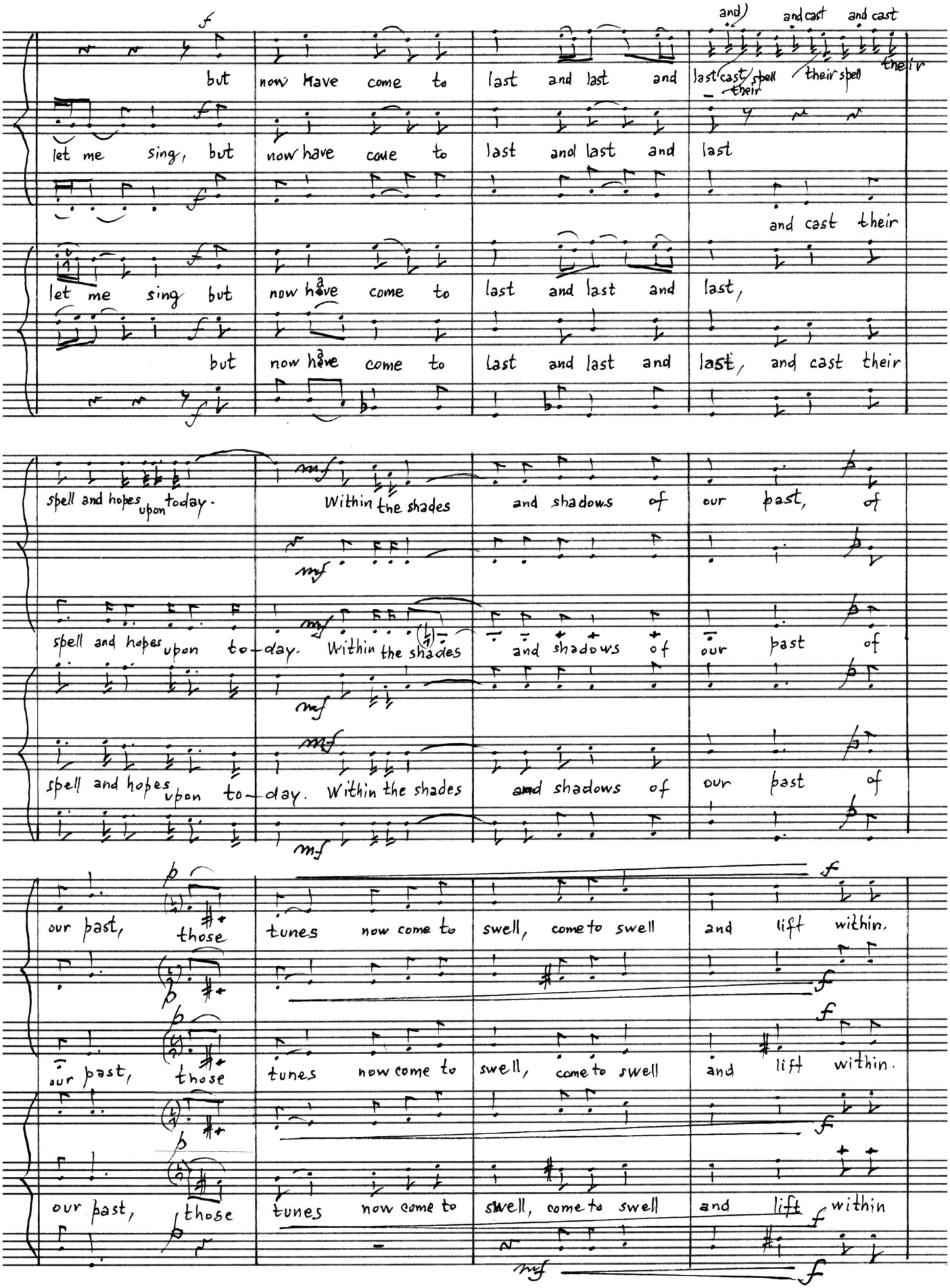
brezze yet blows,

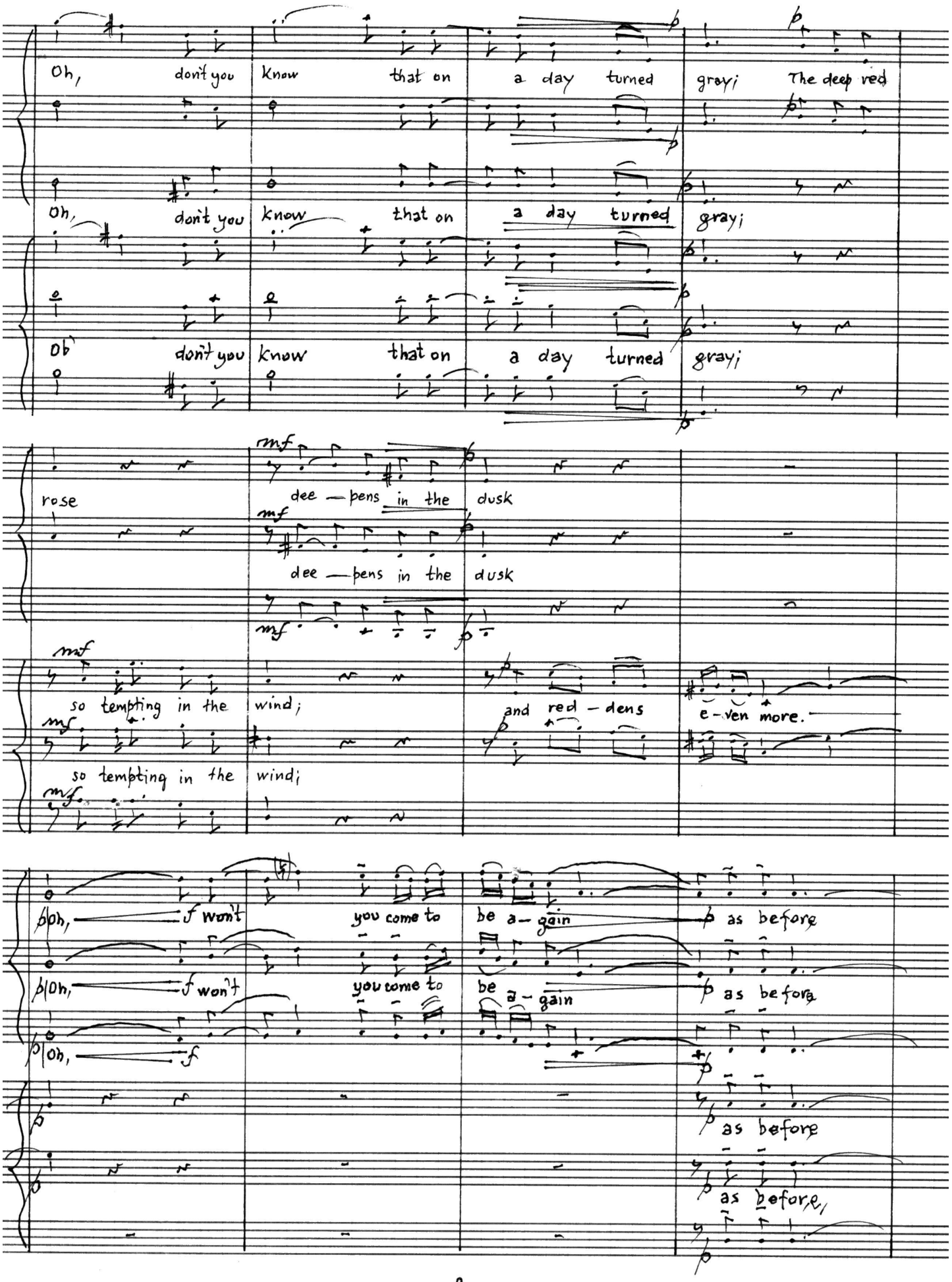
I know, I know that love

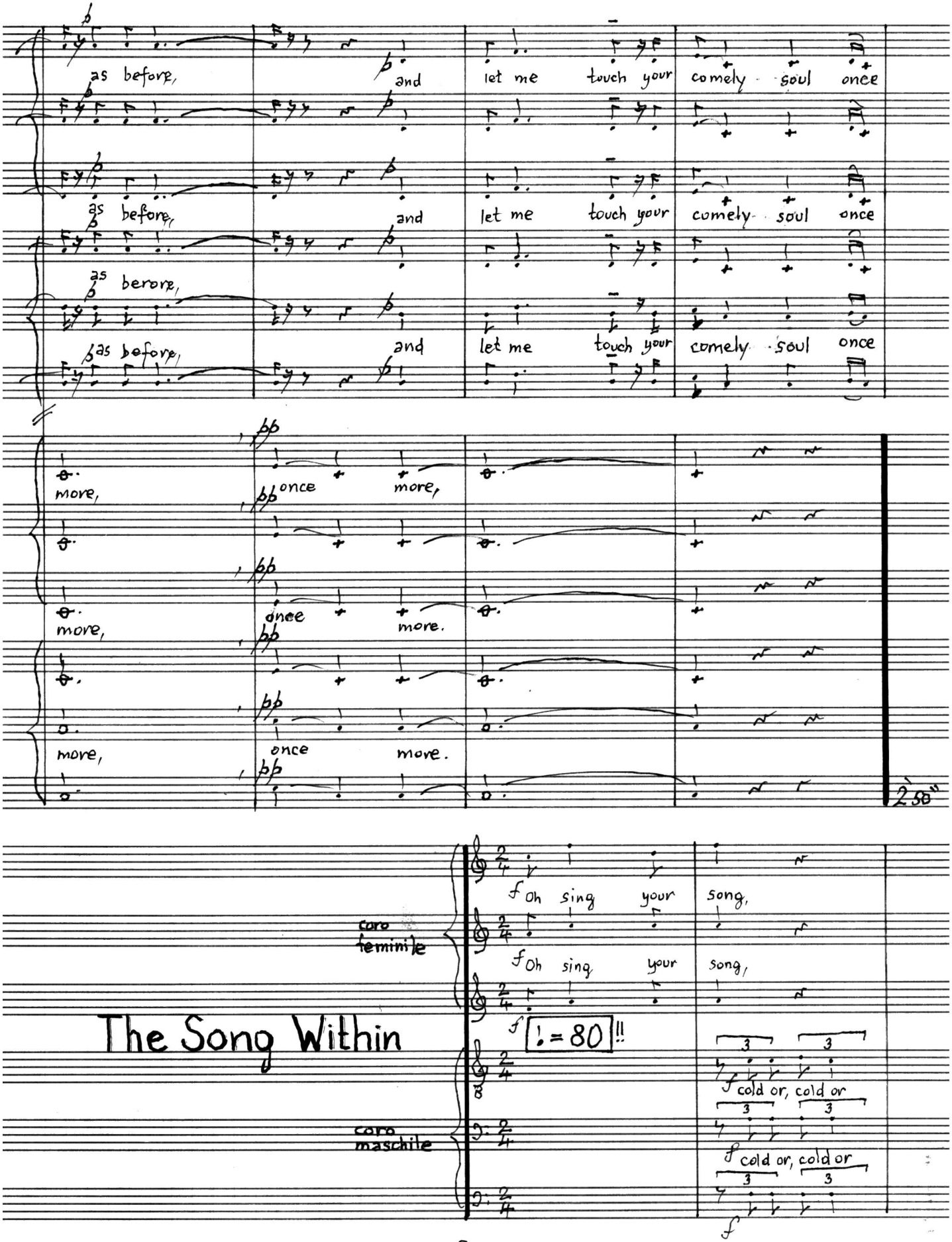
and when gentle that breeze yet blows, yet blows, yet blows,

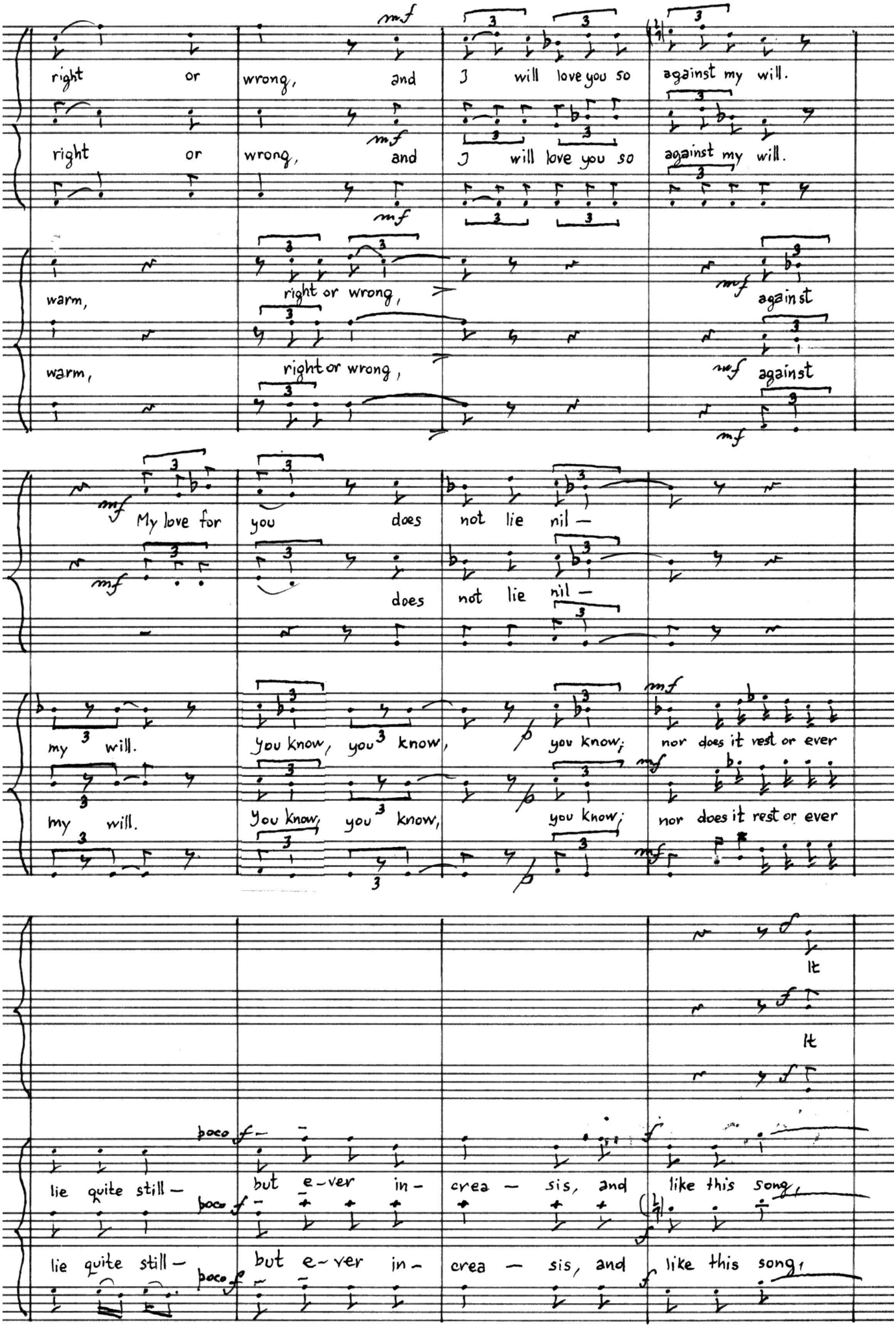

ritardanto
within yet
grows, yet
grows.
yet
grows.
yet
grows.
get
grows.
240"
A Malancholy Song
coro femminile
coro maschile
oh
♩=56
Oh
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
let me sing,
oh let me sing some
melancho—ly tune,
some tempting, tuneful

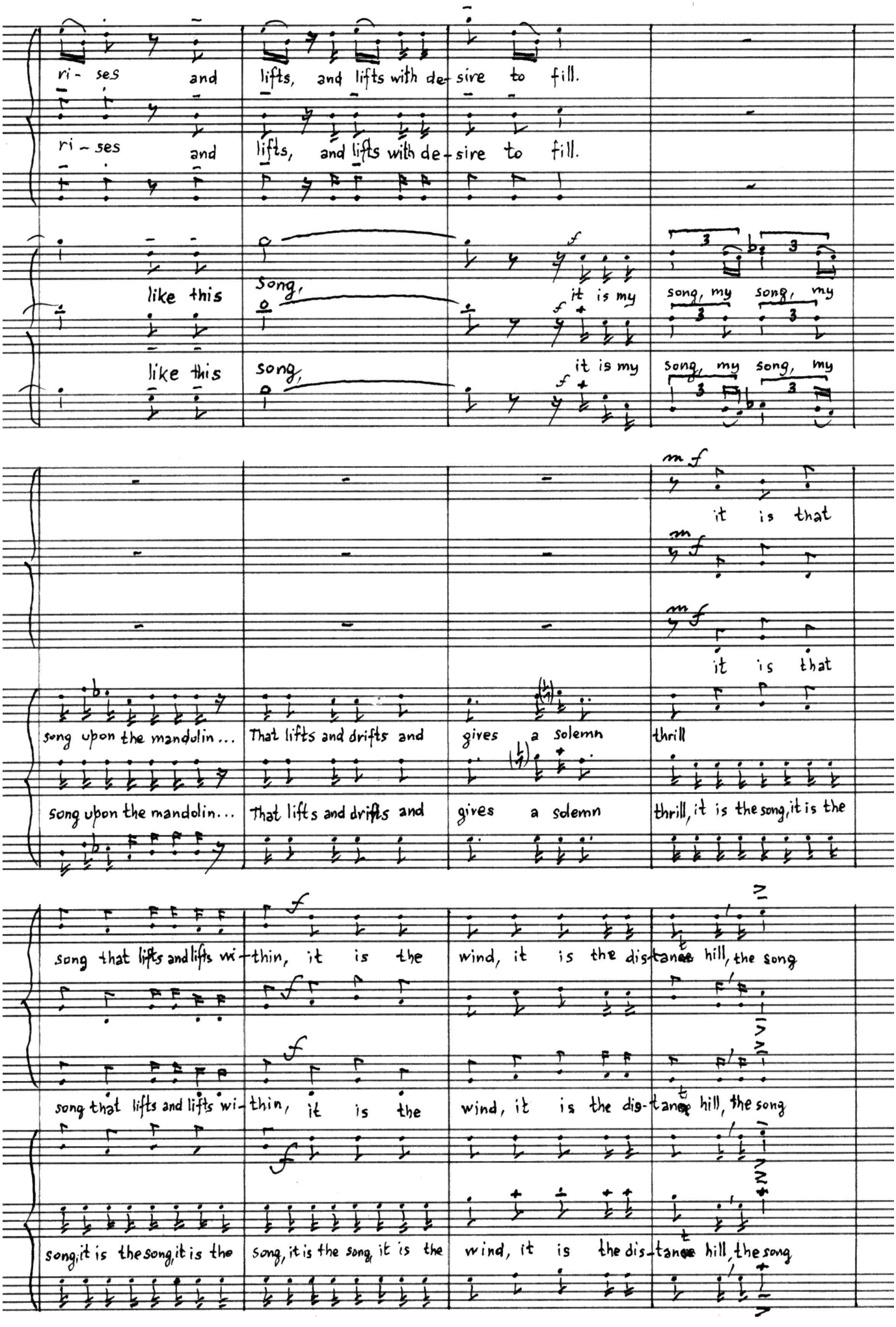

mf
melancho-ly lay;
With hope once more to turn your
mf
to turn your
oh let me sing,
oh, let me sing,
oh let me sing,
oh let me sing,
heart this way, this way.
mf
Like this day that has now turned gray,
heart this way,
oh let me sing,
oh let me sing
oh let me sing,
oh let me sing
mf
I turn to tunes that will not fade, nor stay a-way,
o let me, o let me sing,
mp
let me sing,
mf
oh let me sing, oh
o let me, o let me sing,
mp
let me sing,
mf
oh Let me sing, oh
mp


but now have come to last and last and last
let me sing, but now have come to last and last and last
and cast their
let me sing but now have come to last and last and last,
but now have come to last and last and last, and cast their
spell and hopes upon today.
Within the shades and shadows of our past, of
spell and hopes upon to-day. Within the shades and shadows of our past of
spell and hopes upon to-day. Within the shades and shadows of our past of
our past, those tunes now come to swell, come to swell and lift within.
our past, those tunes now come to swell, come to swell and lift within.
our past, those tunes now come to swell, come to swell and lift within


Oh, don't you know that on a day turned gray; The deep red
Oh, don't you know that on a day turned gray;
Oh don't you know that on a day turned gray;
rose
dee — pens in the dusk
dee — pens in the dusk
so tempting in the wind;
and red — dens
e — ven more.
so tempting in the wind;
Oh, won't you come to be a — gain as before
Oh, won't you come to be a — gain as before
Oh,
as before
as before,


as before, and let me touch your comely soul once
as before, and let me touch your comely soul once
as before, and let me touch your comely soul once
as before, and let me touch your comely soul once
more, once more,
more, once more.
more, once move.
2.50"
The Song Within
coro femminile
coro maschile
f Oh sing your song,
f Oh sing your song,
f ♩ = 80 !!
f cold or, cold or
f cold or, cold or
f


right or wrong, and I will love you so against my will.
right or wrong, and I will love you so against my will.
warm, right or wrong, against
warm, right or wrong, against
My love for you does not lie nil —
does not lie nil —
my will. You know, you know, you know; nor does it rest or ever
my will. You know, you know, you know; nor does it rest or ever
lie quite still — but e-ver in- crea — sis, and like this song,
lie quite still — but e-ver in- crea — sis, and like this song,


ri - ses and lifts, and lifts with de - sire to fill.
ri - ses and lifts, and lifts with de - sire to fill.
like this song, it is my song, my song, my
like this song, it is my song, my song, my
it is that
it is that
song upon the mandolin... That lifts and drifts and gives a solemn thrill
song upon the mandolin... That lifts and drifts and gives a solemn thrill, it is the song, it is the
song that lifts and lifts wi - thin, it is the wind, it is the dis - tance hill, the song
song that lifts and lifts wi - thin, it is the wind, it is the dis - tance hill, the song
song, it is the song, it is the song, it is the song, it is the wind, it is the dis - tance hill, the song

within that e - ver seems to vin, seems to win. It is

within that e - ver seems to vin, seems to win.

within that e - ver seems to vin, e - ver seems to vin, seems to win.

the si - lent against the chill, the chill, the chill.

(sempre in tempo ♩=80 !!!)

the si - lent against the chill, the chill, the chill.

(♩=56

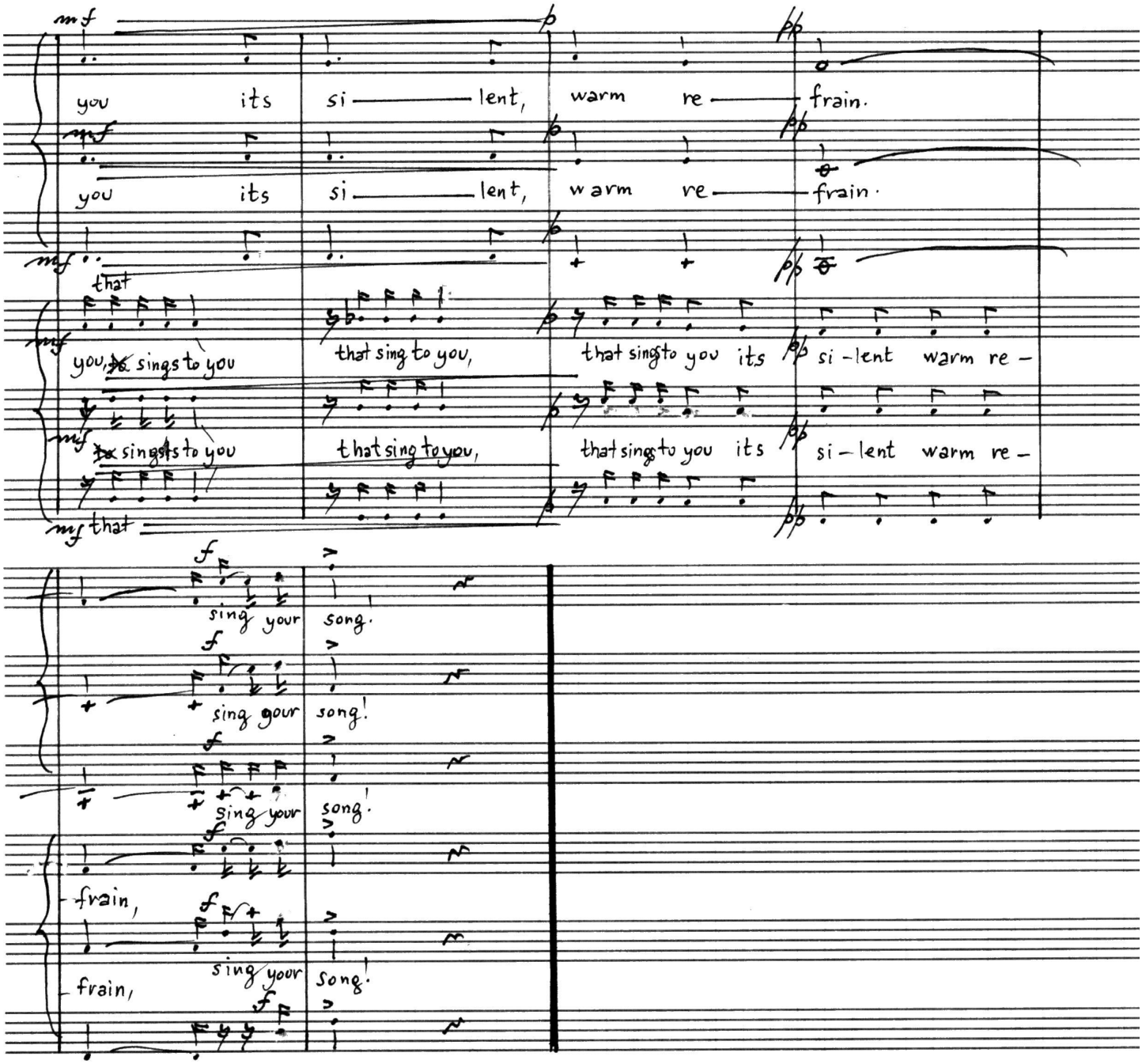
the si - lent against the chill, the chill, the chill.

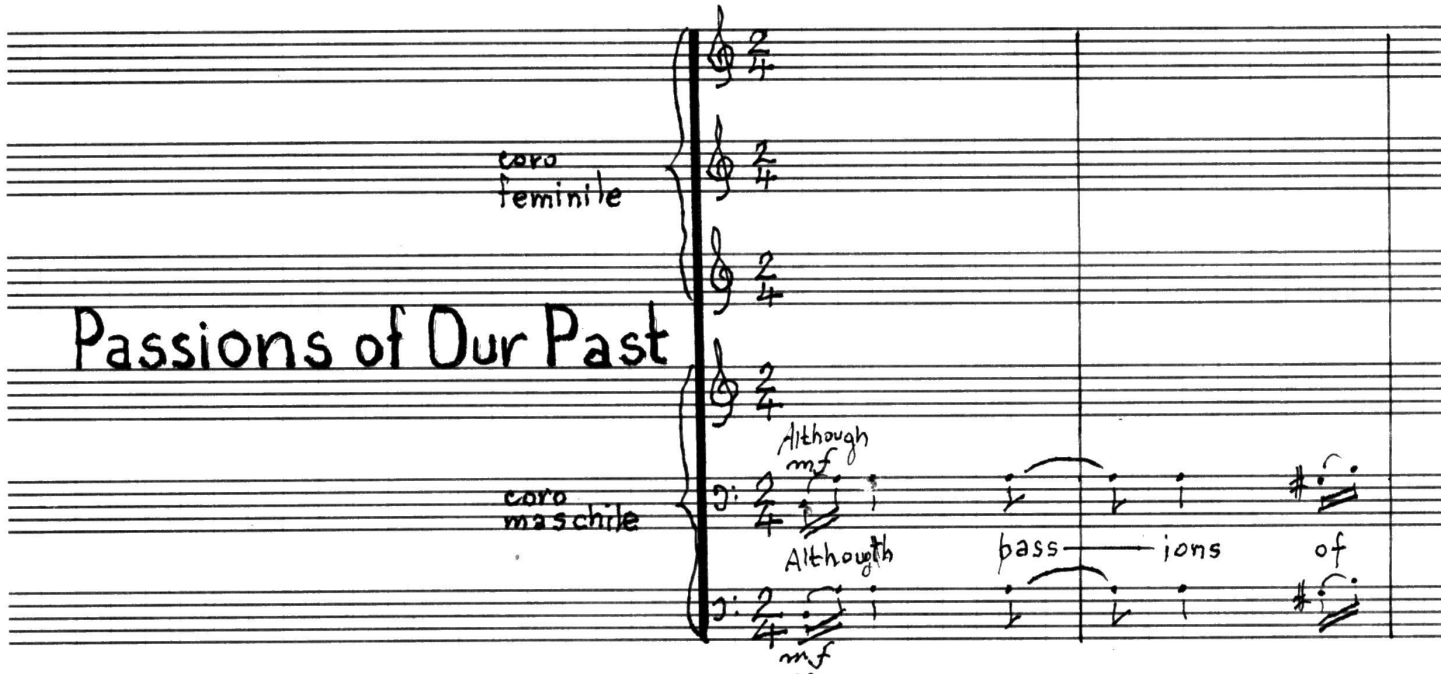
It is the solemn blessed season's rain that sings to

♩=56 !!

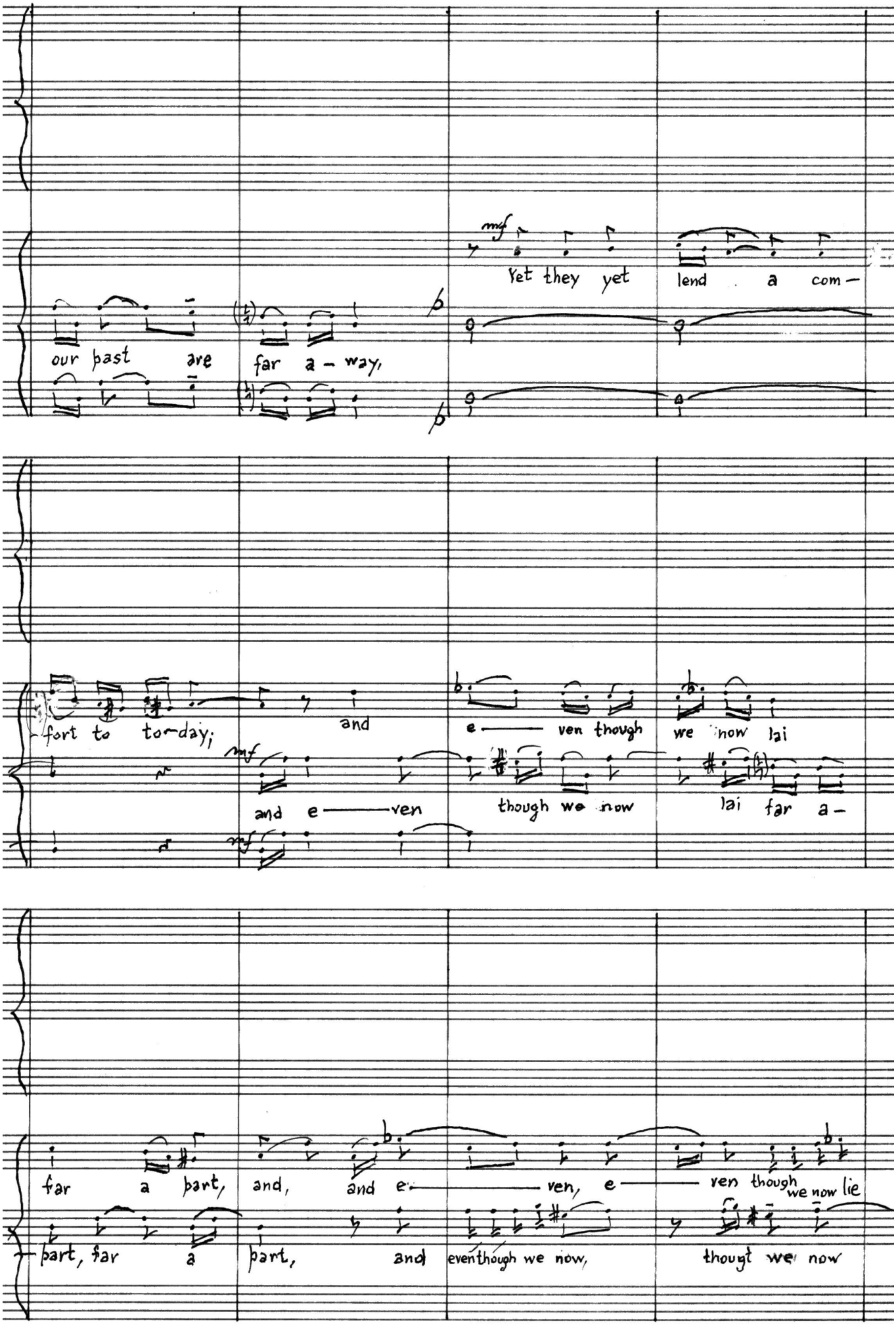
It is the solemn blessed seasons rain that sings to

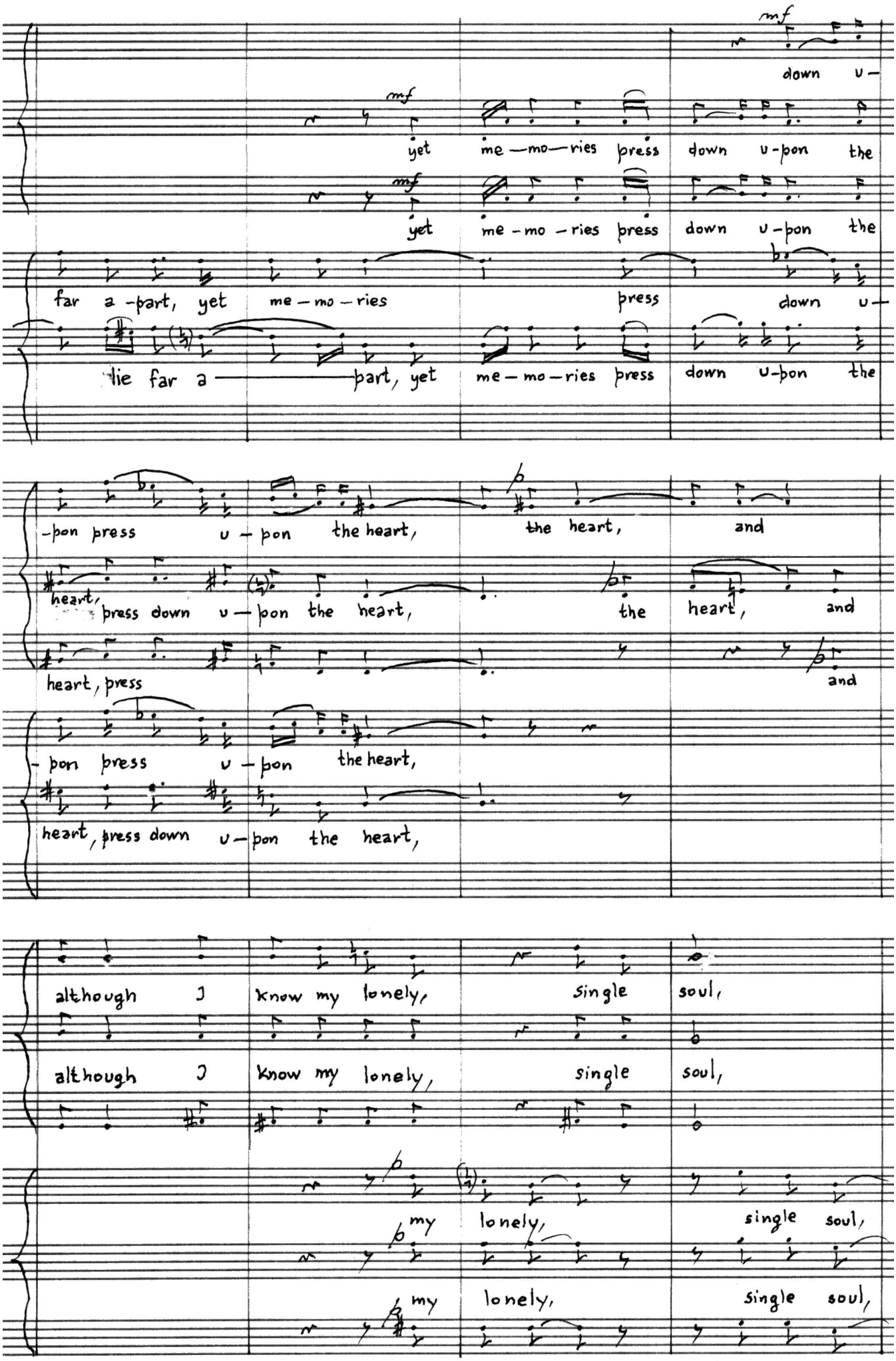
it is the solemn blessed season's rain

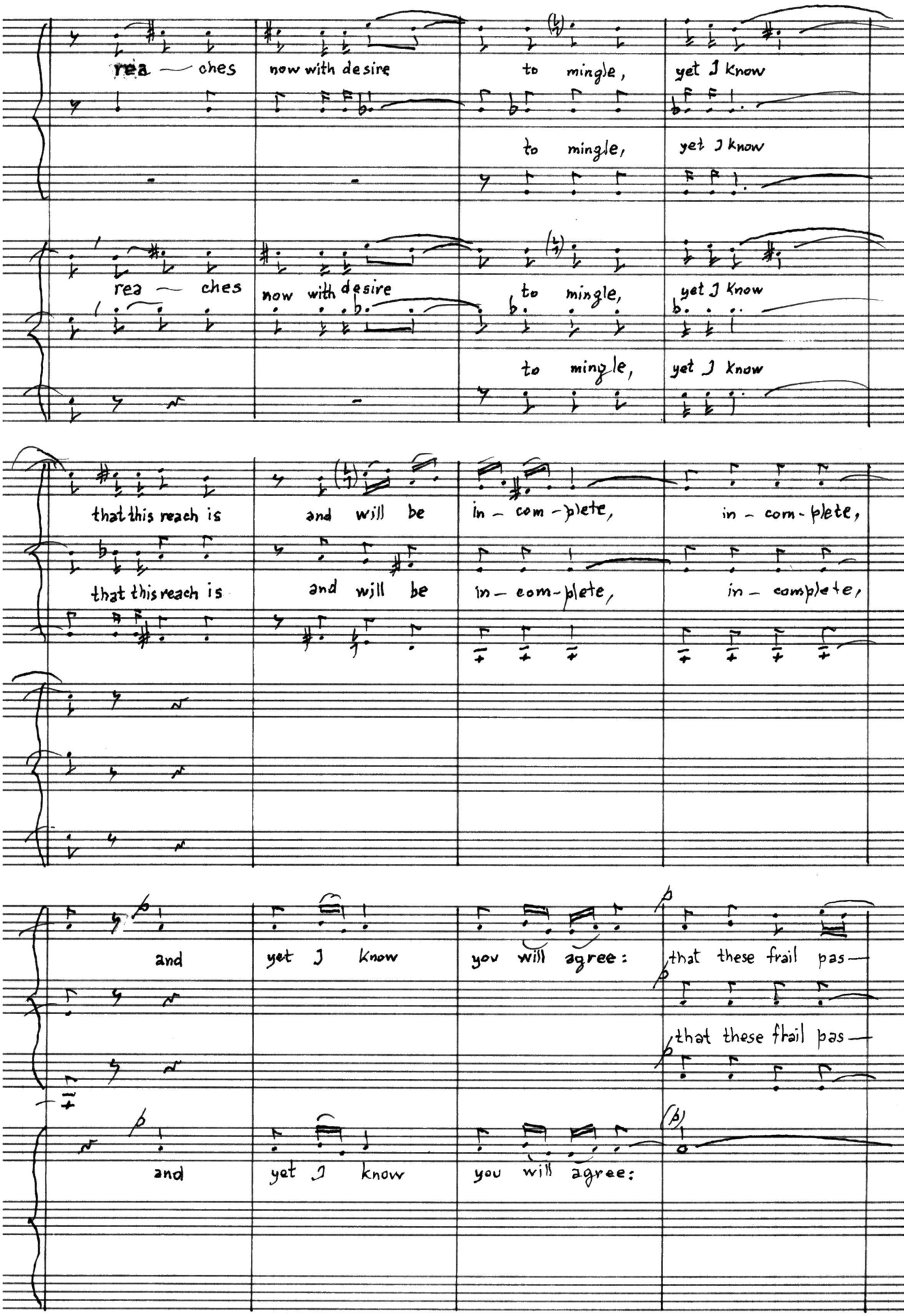


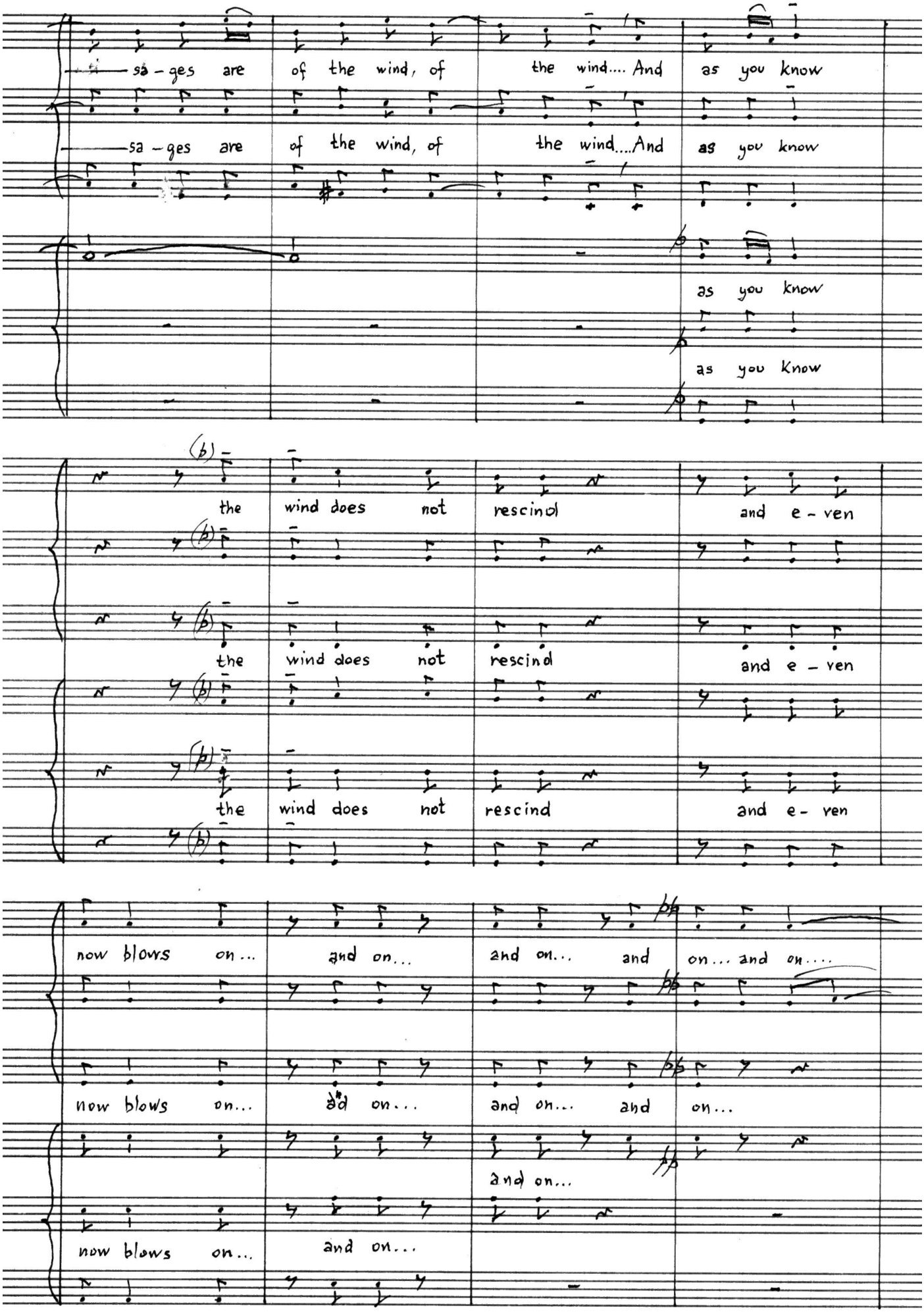


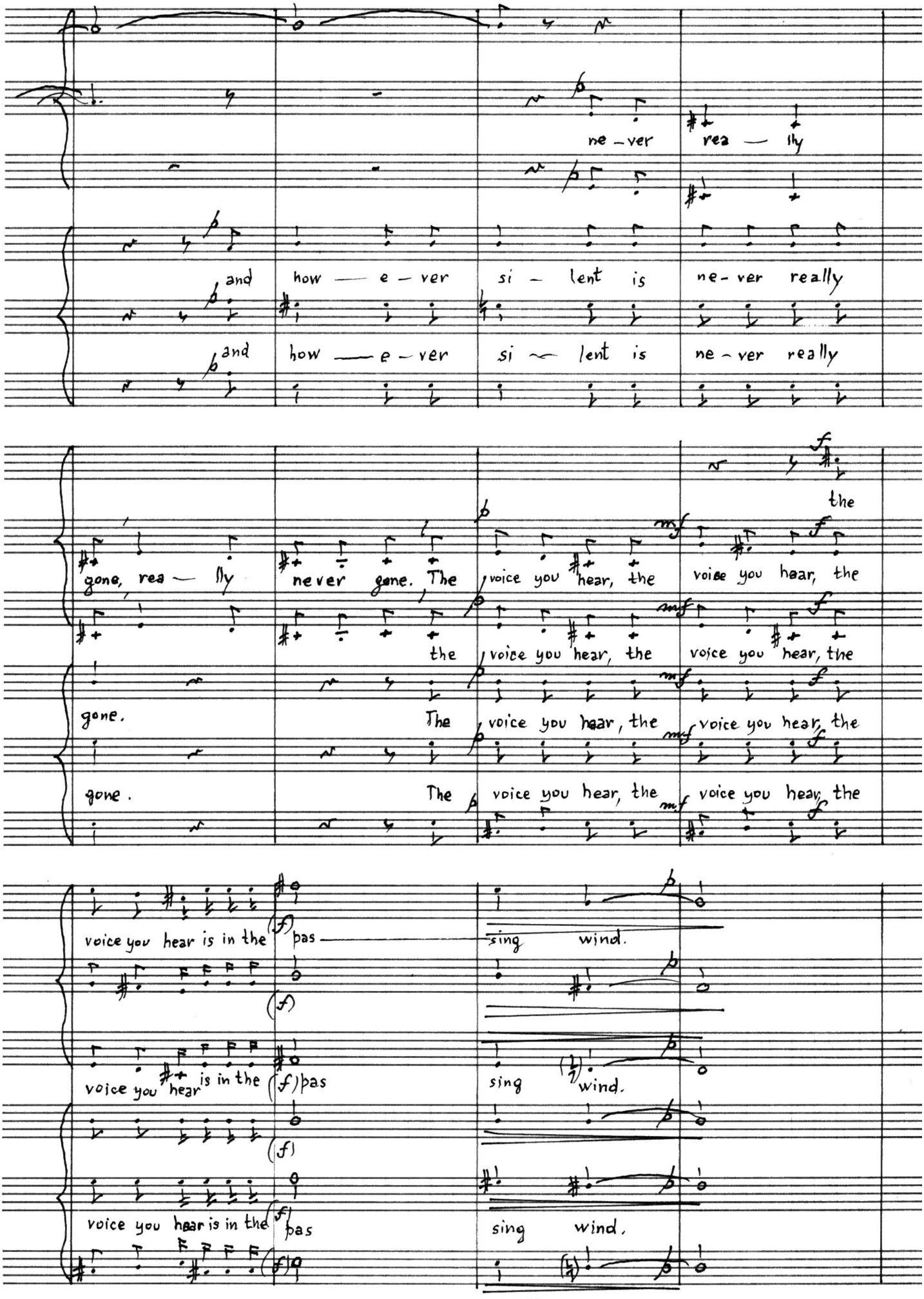
Passions of Our Past

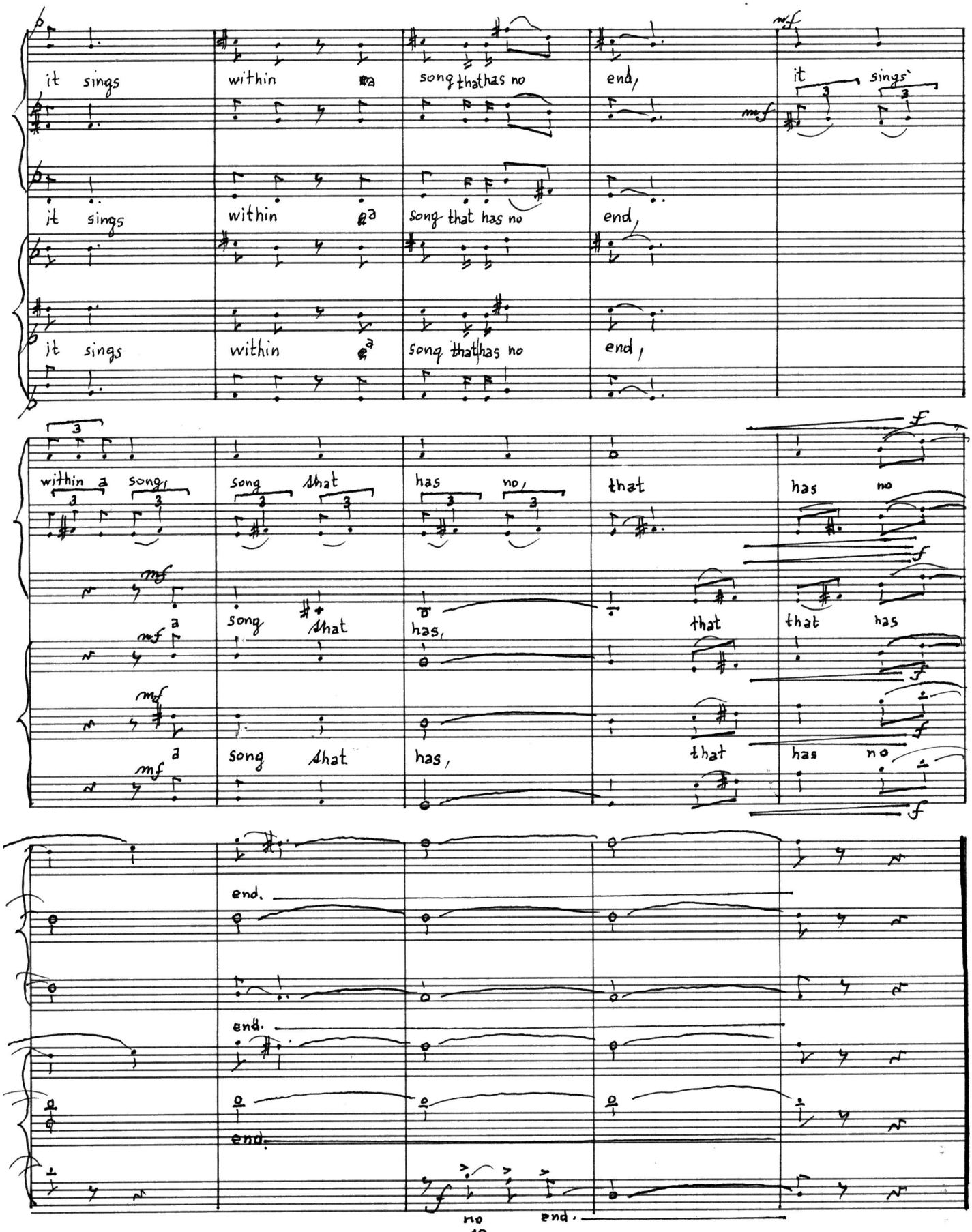

our past are far a - way,
mf
Yet they yet lend a com -
fort to to-day;
and
e ven though we now lai
mf
and e ven
though we now
lai far a -
far a part, and, and e ven, e ven though we now lie
part, far a part, and
even though we now,
thought we now


mf
down u-
mf
yet me-mo-ries press down u-pon the
mf
yet me-mo-ries press down u-pon the
far a-part, yet me-mo-ries press down u-
lie far a-part, yet me-mo-ries press down u-pon the
-pon press u-pon the heart, the heart, and
heart, press down u-pon the heart, the heart, and
heart, press and
-pon press u-pon the heart,
heart, press down u-pon the heart,
although I know my lonely, single soul,
although I know my lonely, single soul,
my lonely, single soul,
my lonely, single soul,


rea — ches
now with desire
to mingle,
yet I know
to mingle,
yet I know
rea — ches
now with desire
to mingle,
yet I know
to mingle,
yet I know
that this reach is
and will be
in - com - plete,
in - com - plete,
that this reach is
and will be
in - com - plete,
in - com - plete,
and
yet I know
you will agree:
that these frail pas —
that these frail pas —
and
yet I know
you will agree:


sa - ges are of the wind, of the wind.... And as you know
sa - ges are of the wind, of the wind....And as you know
as you know
as you know
the wind does not rescind and e - ven
the wind does not rescind and e - ven
the wind does not rescind and e - ven
now blows on... and on... and on... and on... and on....
now blows on... and on... and on... and on...
and on...
now blows on... and on...


ne - ver rea - lly
and how — e - ver si - lent is ne - ver really
and how — e - ver si ~ lent is ne - ver really
gone, rea — lly never gone. The voice you hear, the voice you hear, the
the voice you hear, the voice you hear, the
gone. The voice you hear, the voice you hear, the
gone. The voice you hear, the voice you hear, the
voice you hear is in the pas — sing wind.
voice you hear is in the pas sing wind.
voice you hear is in the pas sing wind.


it sings within a song that has no end,
it sings within a song that has no end,
it sings within a song that has no end,
it sings
within a song, song that has no, that has no
mf
song that has, that that has
song that has, that has no
end.
end.
end.
no end.

4 Sonnets from the Book

"A Sojourn of the Spirit and Passages in the Wind"

author: John G. Brown
430 Va. Ave.
Martinsburg, WV 25401
U.S.A.

1.

Sonnet — That Love

When there is a measure of ease
And I feel the calm — and then the breeze,
I turn to you again within
And feel again your touch within.
And yet I know it was long ago . . .
In the fragile autumn of the year,
When first you came and came so near . . .
And then I loved — and loved you so . . .
O more . . . much more than you may know.
It was the rich red, autumn rose
That blooms before the flare of fall
And the deeper cold of winter's call.
And when that gentle breeze yet blows,
I know that love within yet grows.

2.

Sonnet — A Melancholy Song

Oh let me sing some melancholy tune —
Some tempting, tuneful, melancholy lay —
With hope once more to turn your heart this way;
Like this day that has now turned gray, I turn
To tunes that will not fade — nor stay away —
But now have come to last and last and last —
And cast their spell and hopes upon today.
Within the shades and shadows of our past,
Those tunes now come to swell and lift within.
Oh don't you know that on a day turned gray,
The deep red rose — so tempting in the wind —
Deepens in the dusk — and reddens even more.
Oh won't you come to be again — as before,
And let me touch your comely soul once more.

3.

Sonnet — The Song Within

Oh sing your song — cold or warm — right or wrong,
And I will love you so against my will.
My love for you, you know, does not lie nil —
Nor does it rest or ever lie quite still —
But ever increases, and like this song
It rises and lifts with desire to fill.
It is my song upon the mandolin . . .
That lifts and drifts and gives a solemn thrill.
It is that song that lifts and lifts within.
It is the wind against the distant hill —
The song within that ever seems to win.
It is the silent warmth against the chill.
It is the solemn, blessed season's rain
That sings to you its silent, warm refrain.

4.

Sonnet — Passions of Our Past

Although passions of our past are far away,
Yet they yet lend a comfort to today;
And even though we now lie far apart,
Yet memories press down upon the heart;
And although I know my lonely, single
Soul, reaches now with desire to mingle,
Yet I know that this reach is and will be
Incomplete, . . . and yet I know you will agree
That these frail passages are of the wind, . . .
And as you know the wind does not rescind
And even now blows on and on and on . . .
And however silent is never really gone.
The voice you hear is in the passing wind.
It sings within a song that has no end.