Time and the Garden

Ryan Harper

Soprano and Piano

2011

Litany
Samuel Orchart Beeton
Adapt. Ryan Harper

"It would be difficult to assign a greater antiquity to any industrial art than that of gardening. Consider: the gardens of the Hesperides and of Alcinous; the hanging gardens, by means of which the mighty king of Babylon sought to reconcile his Median queen to the flat and naked country of her adoption; violets in profusion could be bought in the markets of Athens while the snow was thick upon the ground; and when Tarquin the Proud was planning with the 'false' Sextus the betrayal of the Sabines, he took his messenger into the garden, and, without a word, cut off the heads of the tallest poppies growing there to show that their ends could be gained only by removing the chief men of the city."

Quair
James I

"A garden fair, and in the corneris set,
An herbere green with wandes long and small,
Railit about, and so with treeis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyfe was non, walkying there forbye
That might within scarce any wight espye.
So thick the bewis and the leves grene."

The River Merchant's Wife: A Letter
Ezra Pound

"While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the lookout?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-to-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden --
They hurt me.
I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Cho-fo-Sa."

Spring
William Carlos Williams

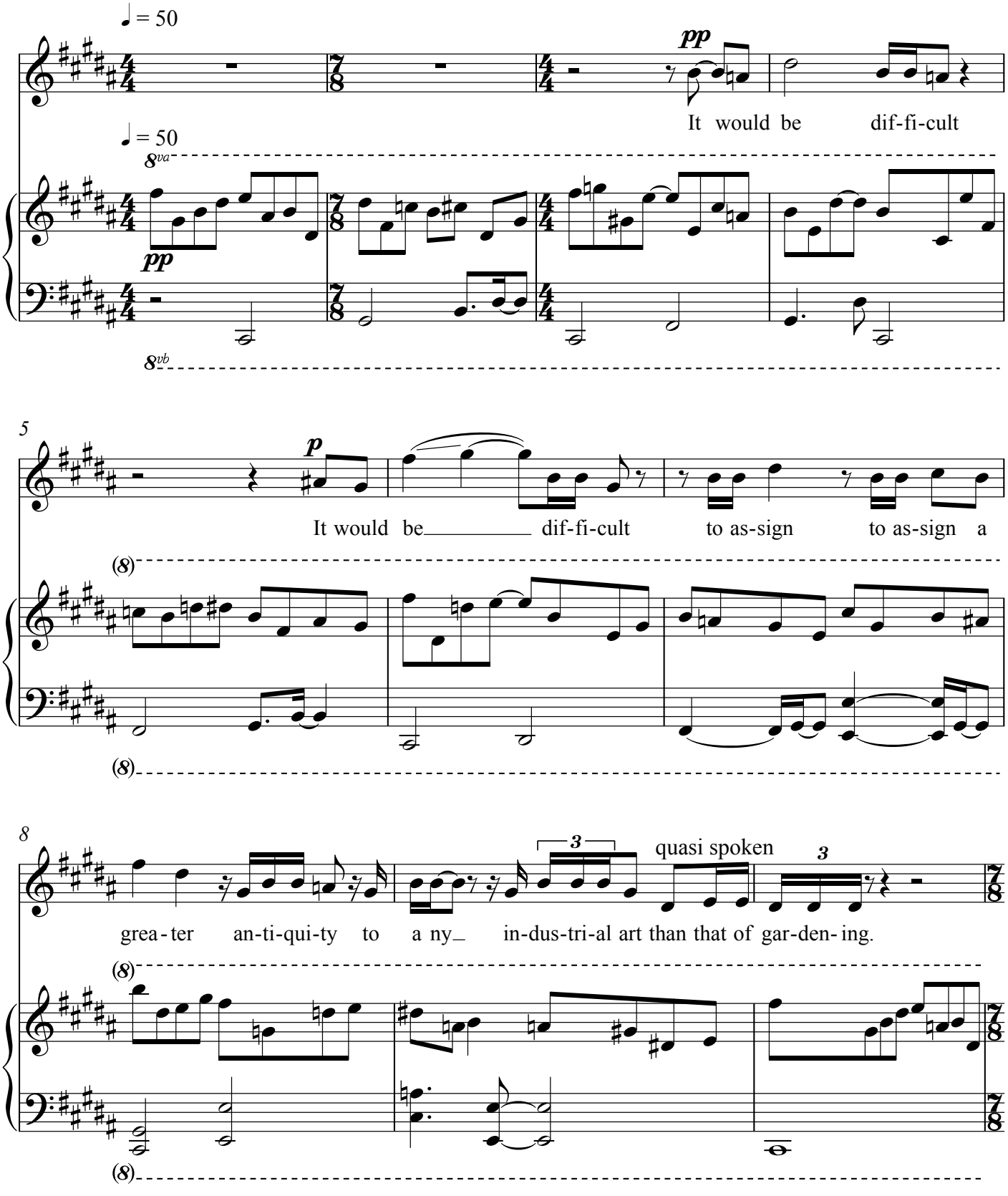
"O my grey hairs!
You are truly white as plum blossoms."

Burnt Norton
T.S. Eliot

"Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden."

Litany

Text by Samuel Orchart Beeton
Adapt. Ryan Harper
Music by Ryan Harper



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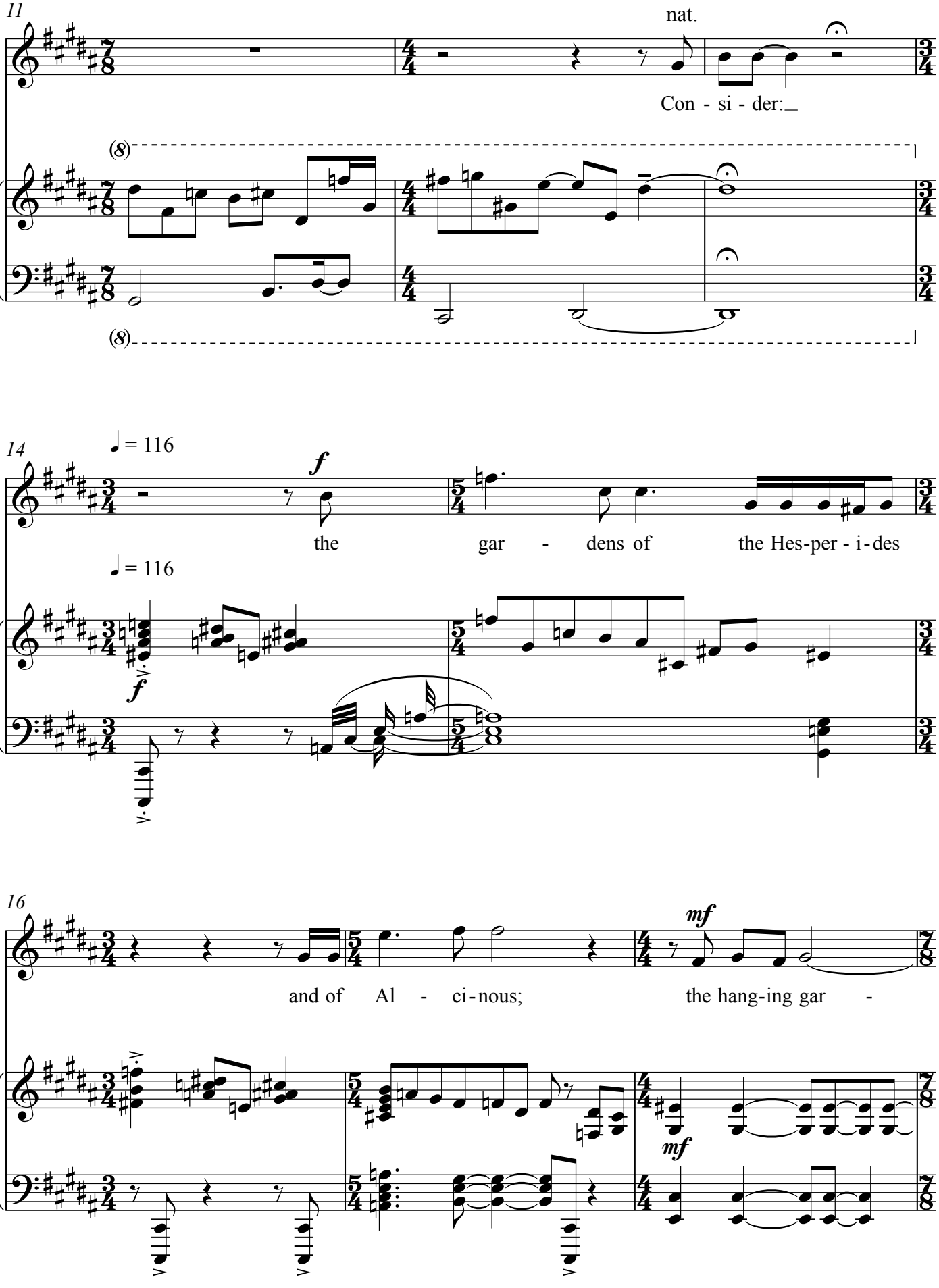
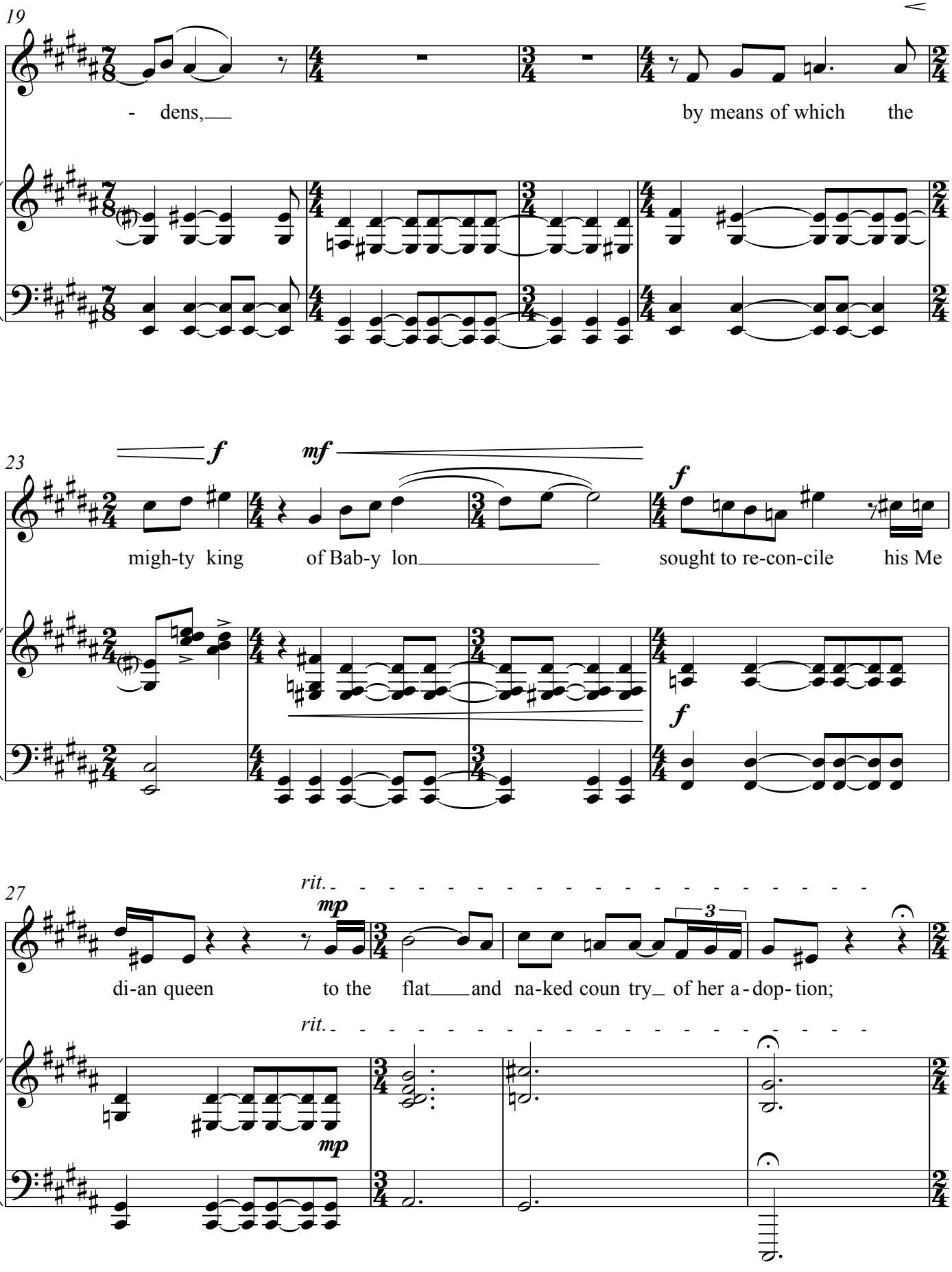
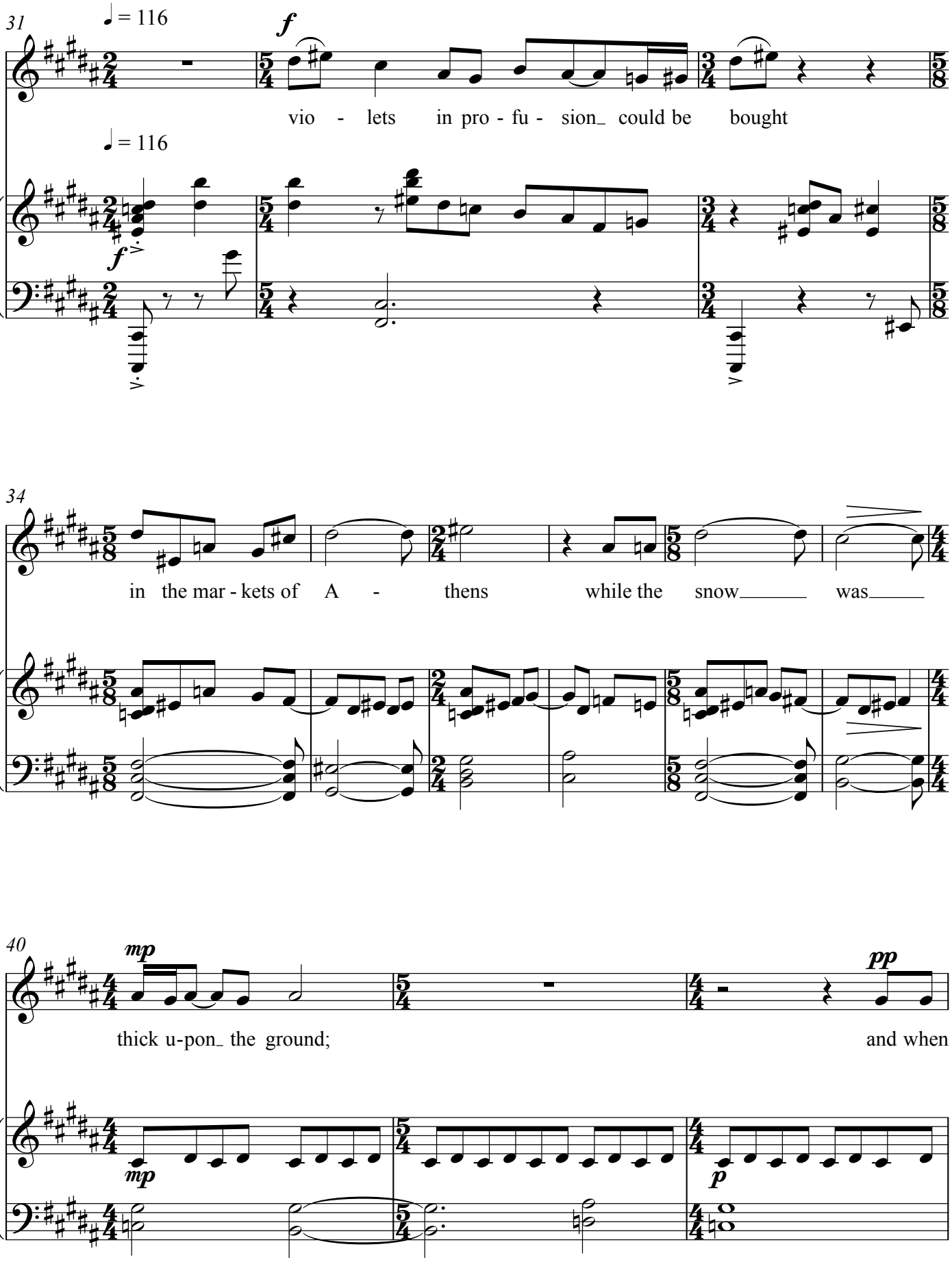
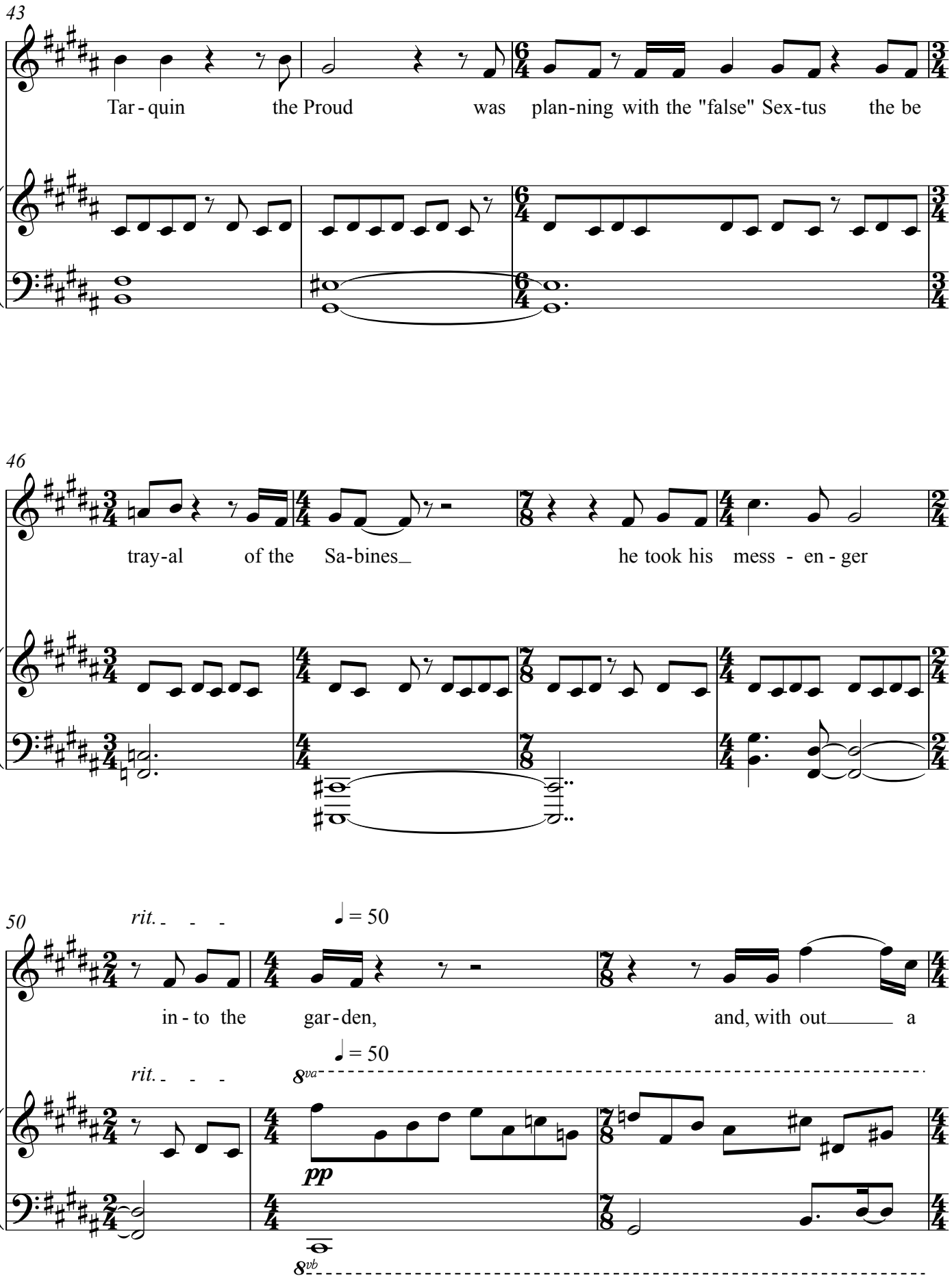
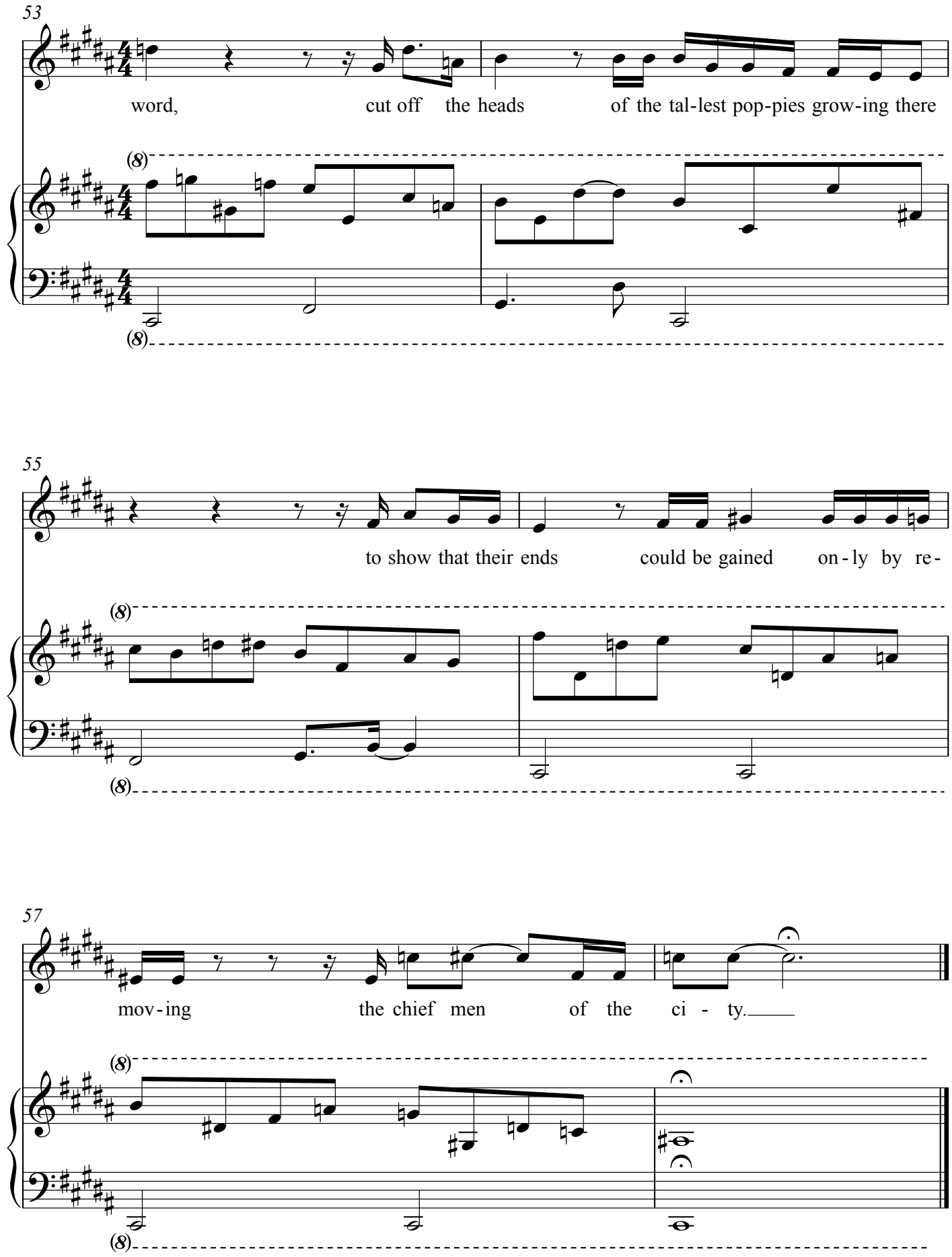

11
nat.
Con - si - der:
(8)
(8)
14
♩ = 116
f
the gar - dens of the Hes-per - i-des
♩ = 116
f
16
and of Al - ci-nous;
mf
the hang-ing gar -
mf


19
- dens,
by means of which the
23
f
mf
f
mighty king of Babylon
sought to reconcile his Me
27
rit.
mp
3
di-an queen to the flat and naked country of her a-dop-tion;
rit.
mp

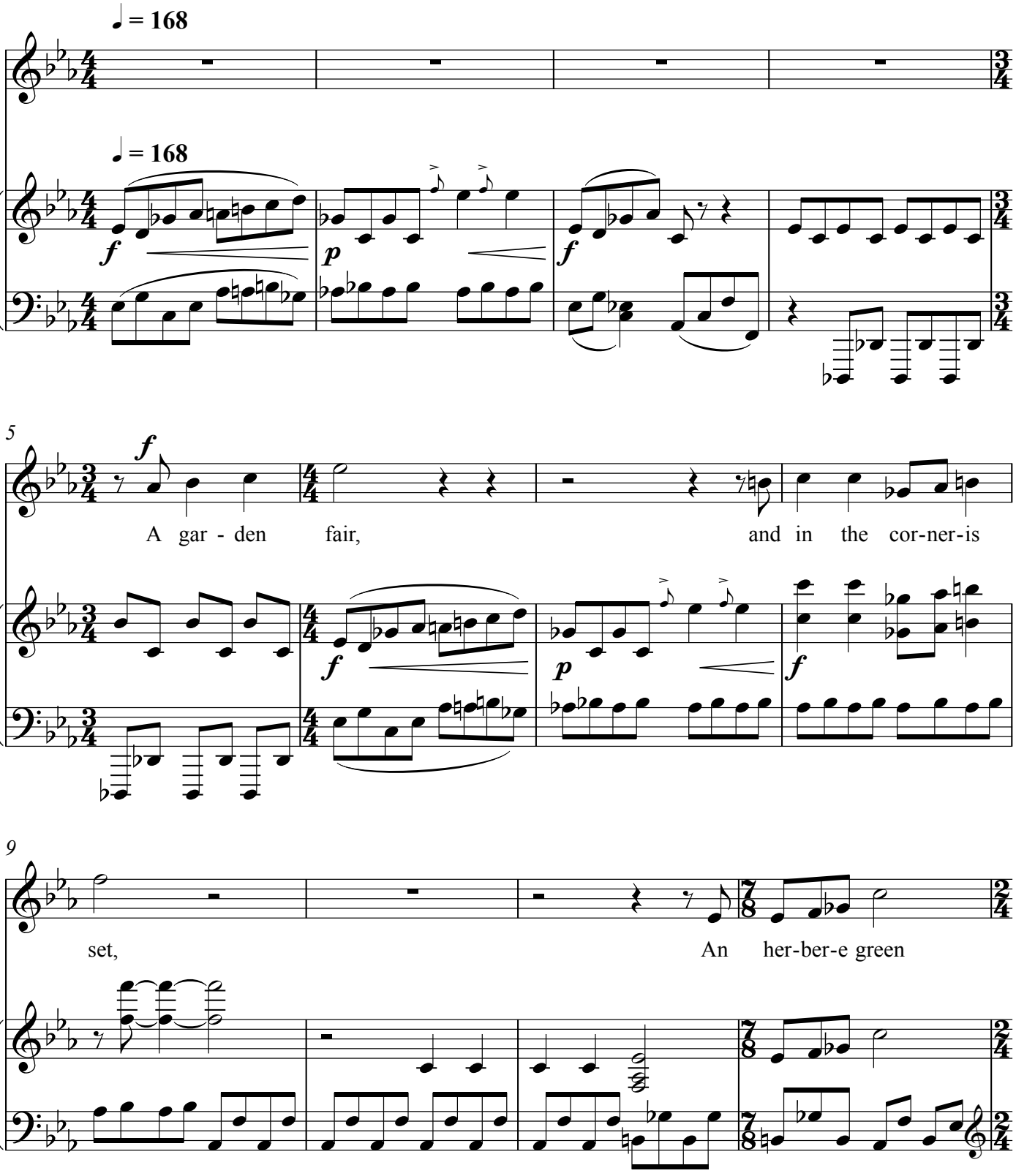

31
♩ = 116
f
vio - lets in pro - fu - sion_ could be bought
♩ = 116
f
34
in the mar - kets of A - thens while the snow_____ was_____
40
mp
thick u-pon_ the ground;
pp
and when
mp
p


43
Tar - quin the Proud was plan-ning with the "false" Sex-tus the be
46
tray-al of the Sa-bines_ he took his mess - en - ger
50
rit. - - -
♩ = 50
in - to the gar - den, and, with out_____ a
rit. - - -
♩ = 50
8va
pp
8vb


53
word, cut off the heads of the tal-lest pop-pies grow-ing there
55
to show that their ends could be gained on-ly by re-
57
mov-ing the chief men of the ci - ty.

Quair

Text by James I
Music by Ryan Harper



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13

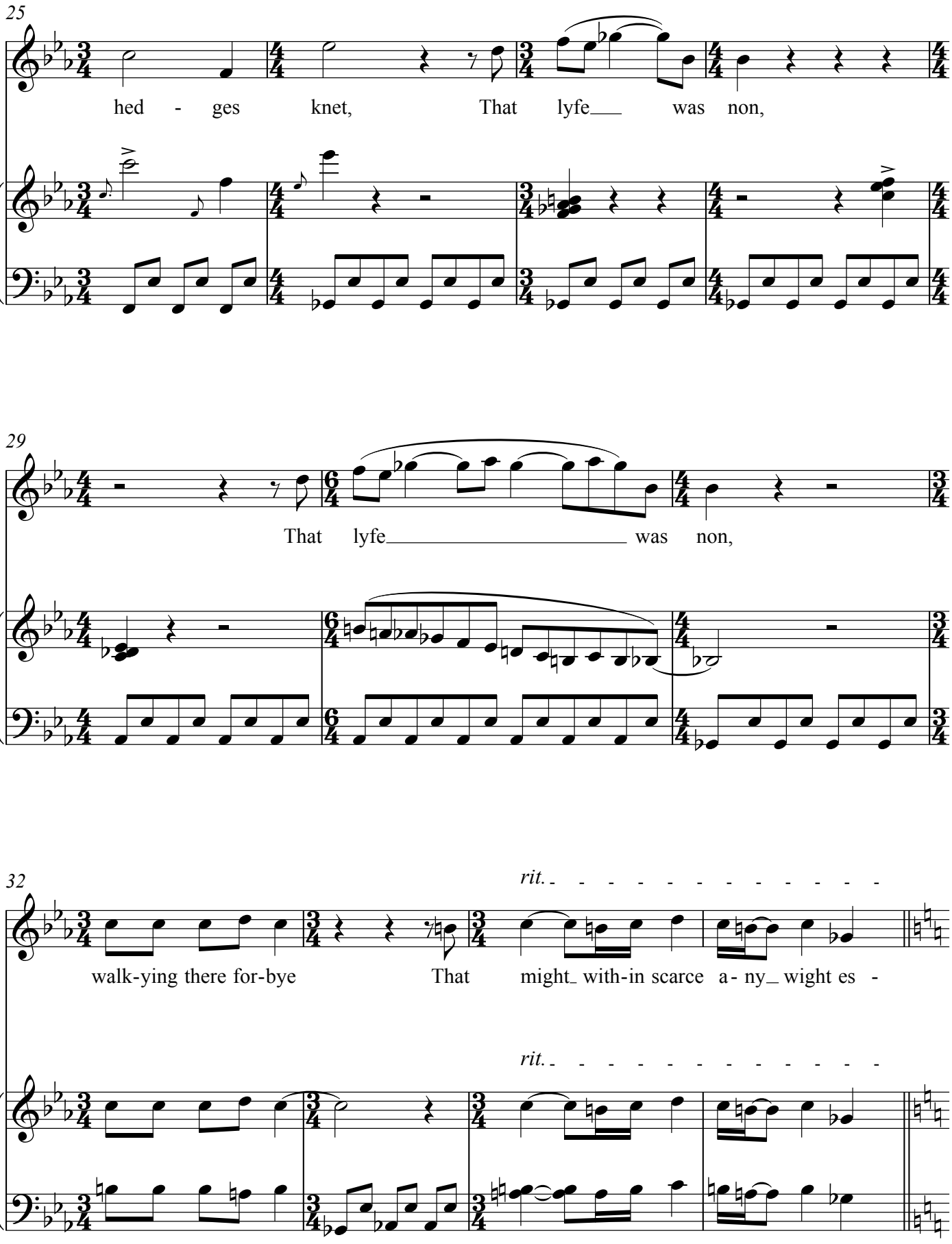
with wand-es long and small Rail-it a-bout,

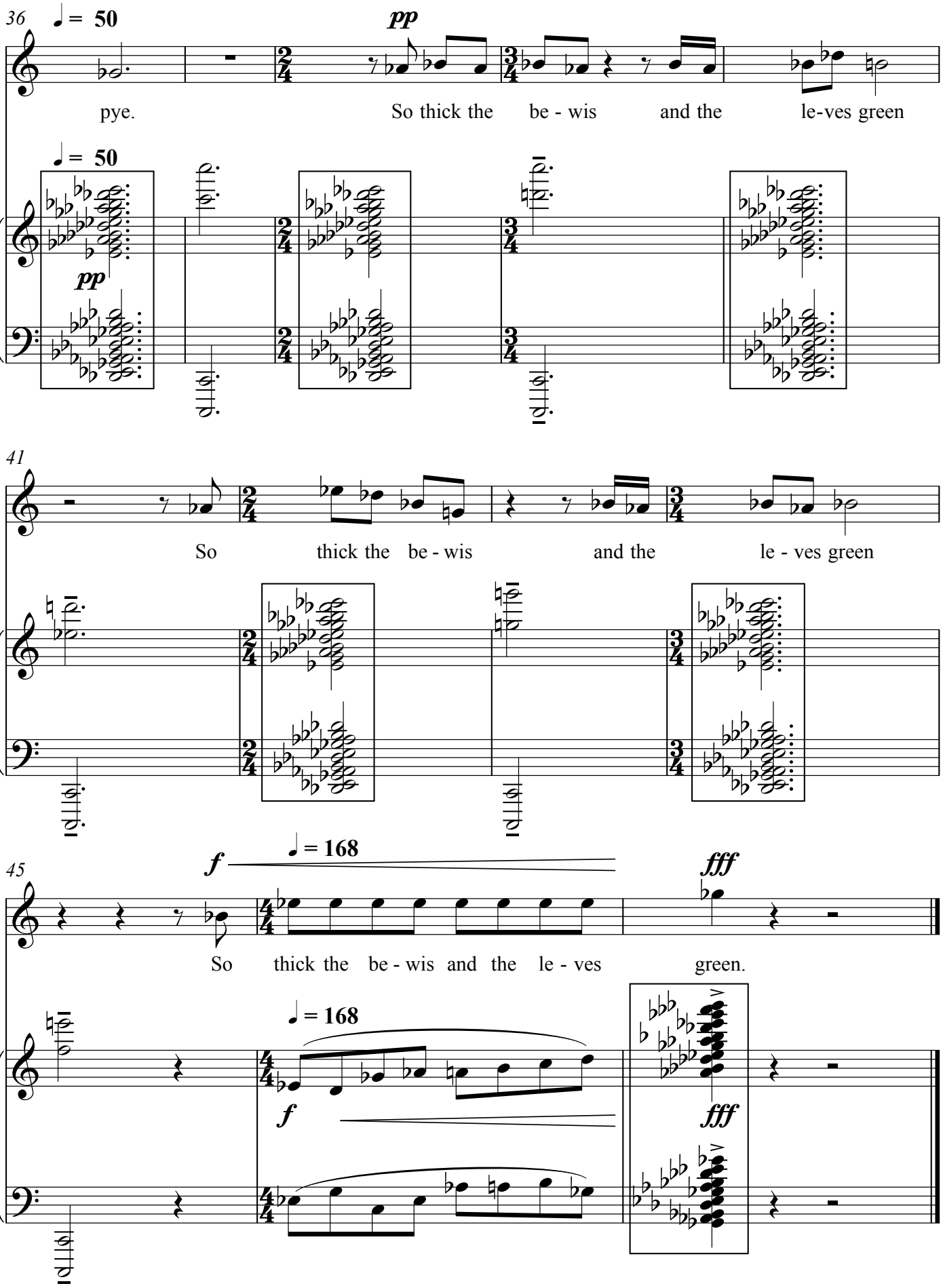
17

and so with tree - is set Was

21

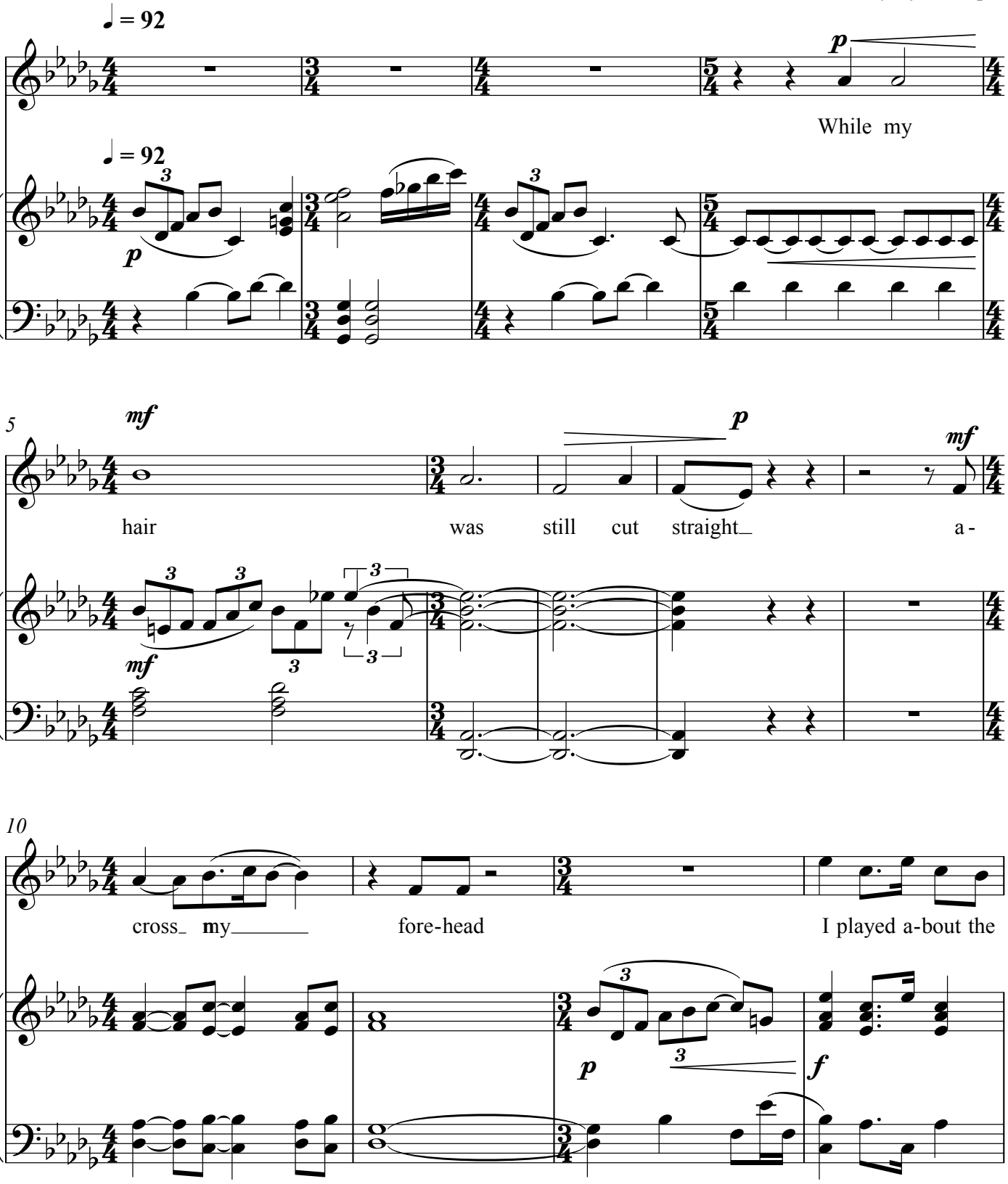
all the place, and haw - thorn


25
hed - ges knet, That lyfe was non,
29
That lyfe was non,
32
rit.
walk-ying there for-bye That might with-in scarce a- ny wight es -
rit.


36
♩ = 50
pp
pye.
So thick the be - wis and the le-ves green
♩ = 50
pp
41
So thick the be - wis and the le - ves green
45
f
♩ = 168
fff
So thick the be - wis and the le - ves green.
♩ = 168
f
fff

The River Merchant's Wife: A Letter

Text by Ezra Pound, adapted from the first of
Li Po's "Two Letters from Chang-Kan"
Music by Ryan Harper



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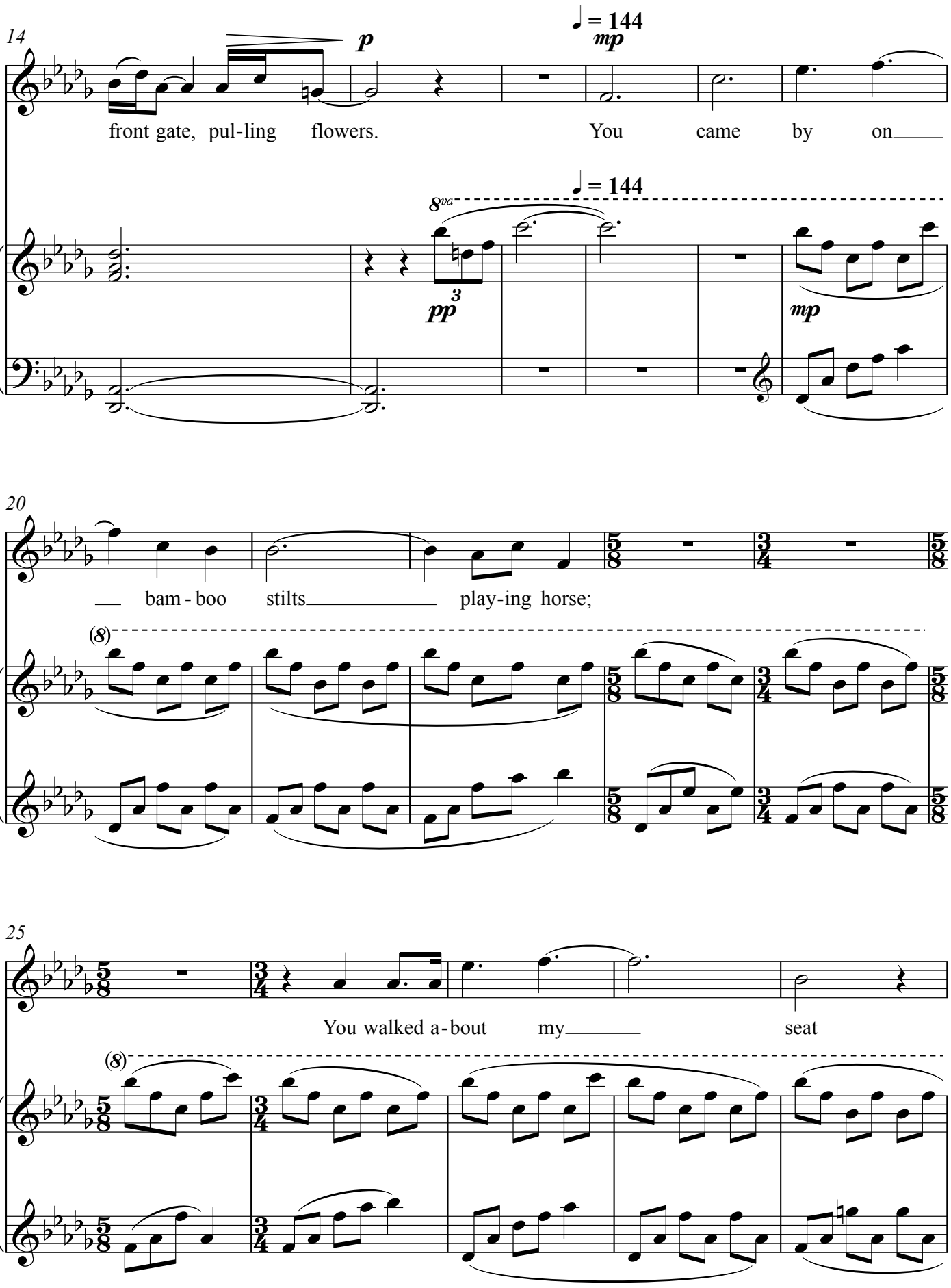
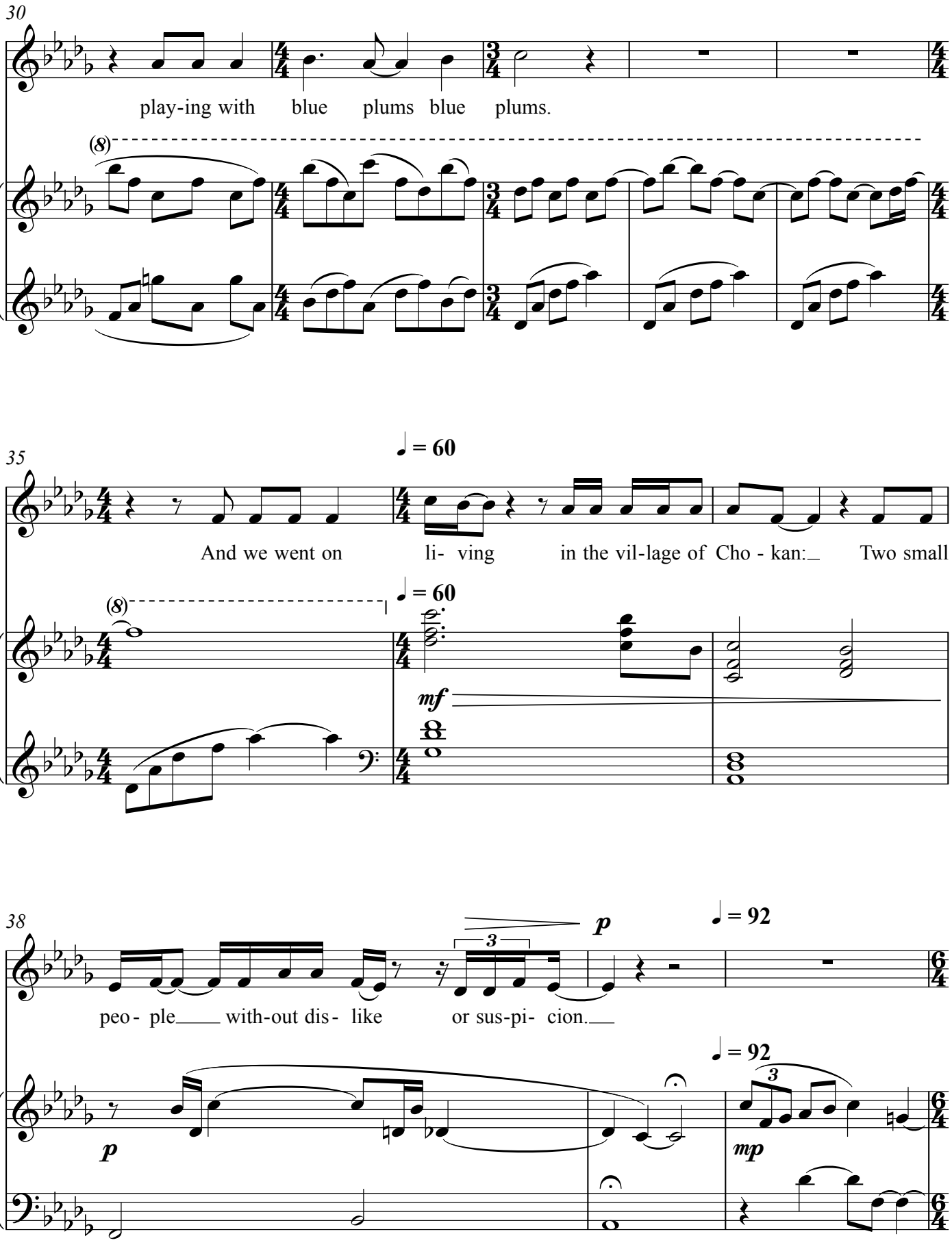
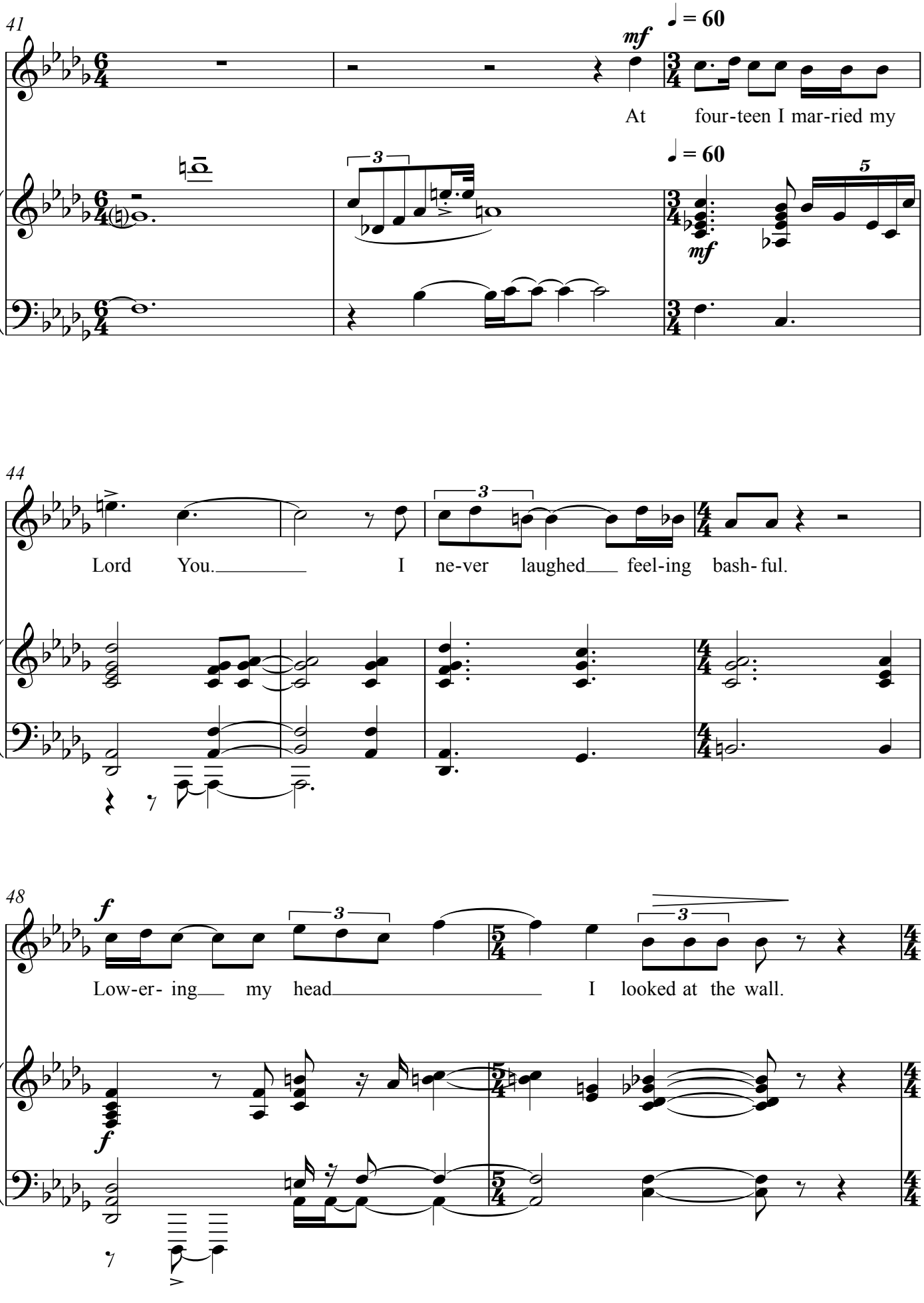
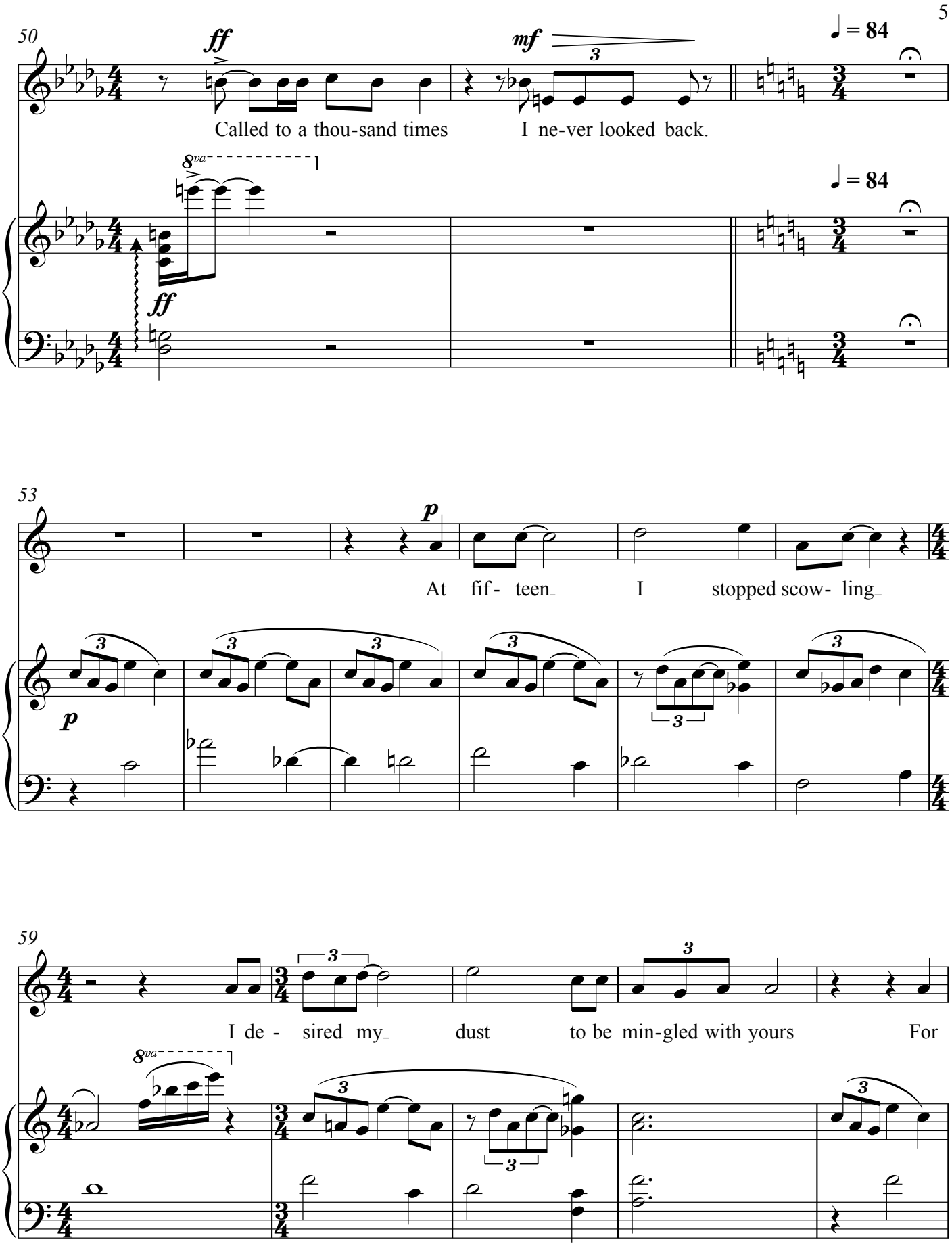
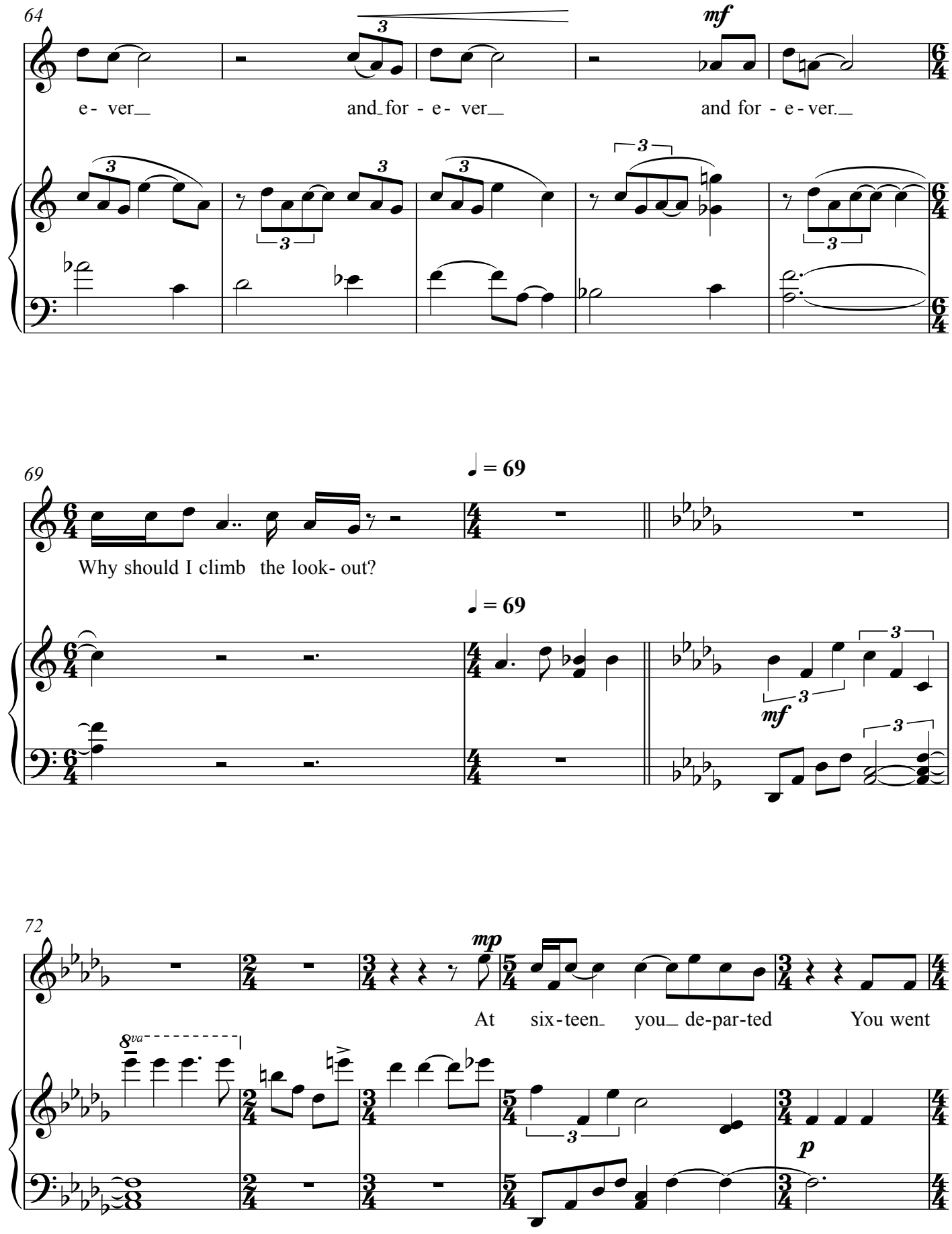
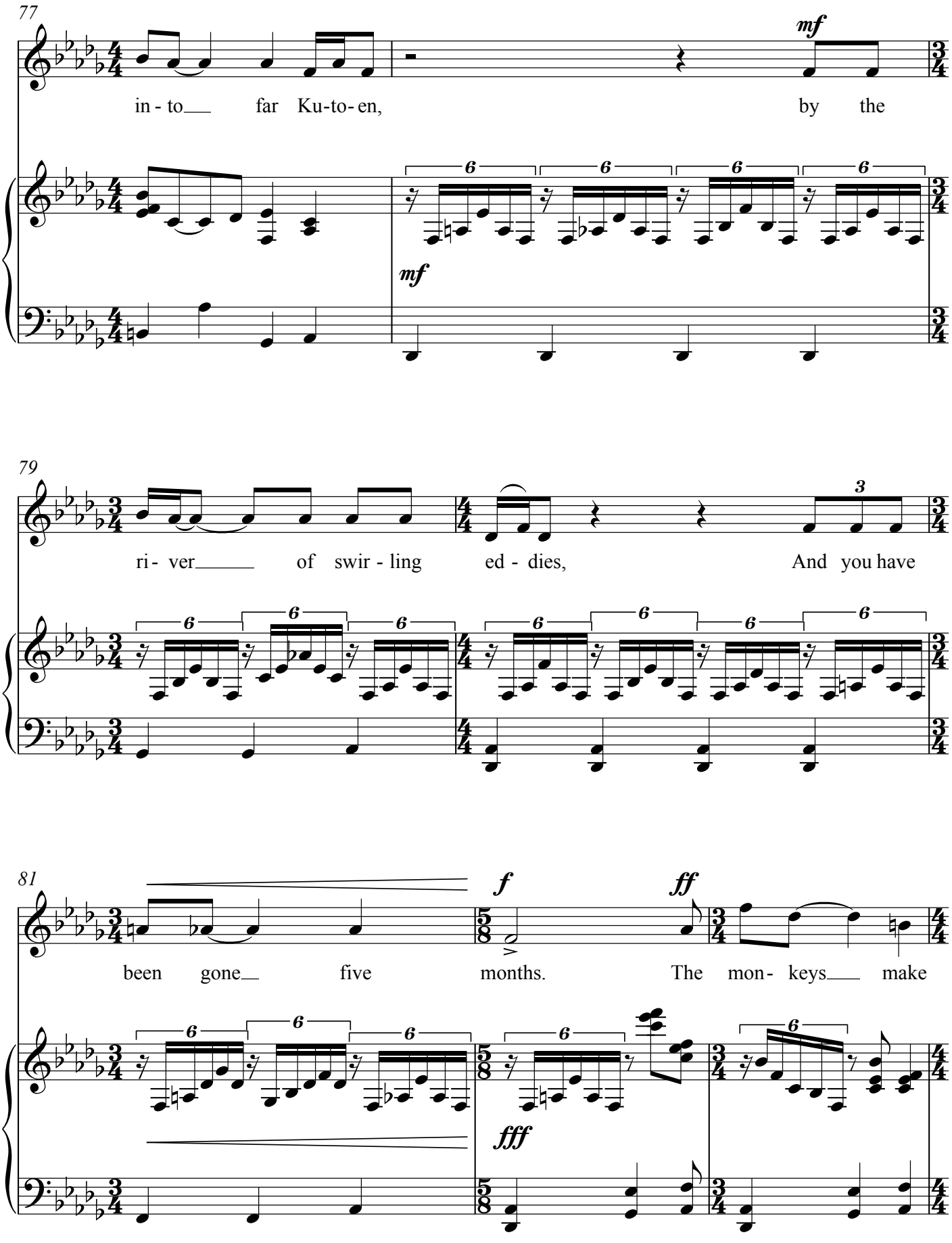

14
p
♩ = 144
mp
front gate, pul-ling flowers. You came by on
8va
pp
3
mp
20
bam - boo stilts play-ing horse;
25
You walked a-bout my seat

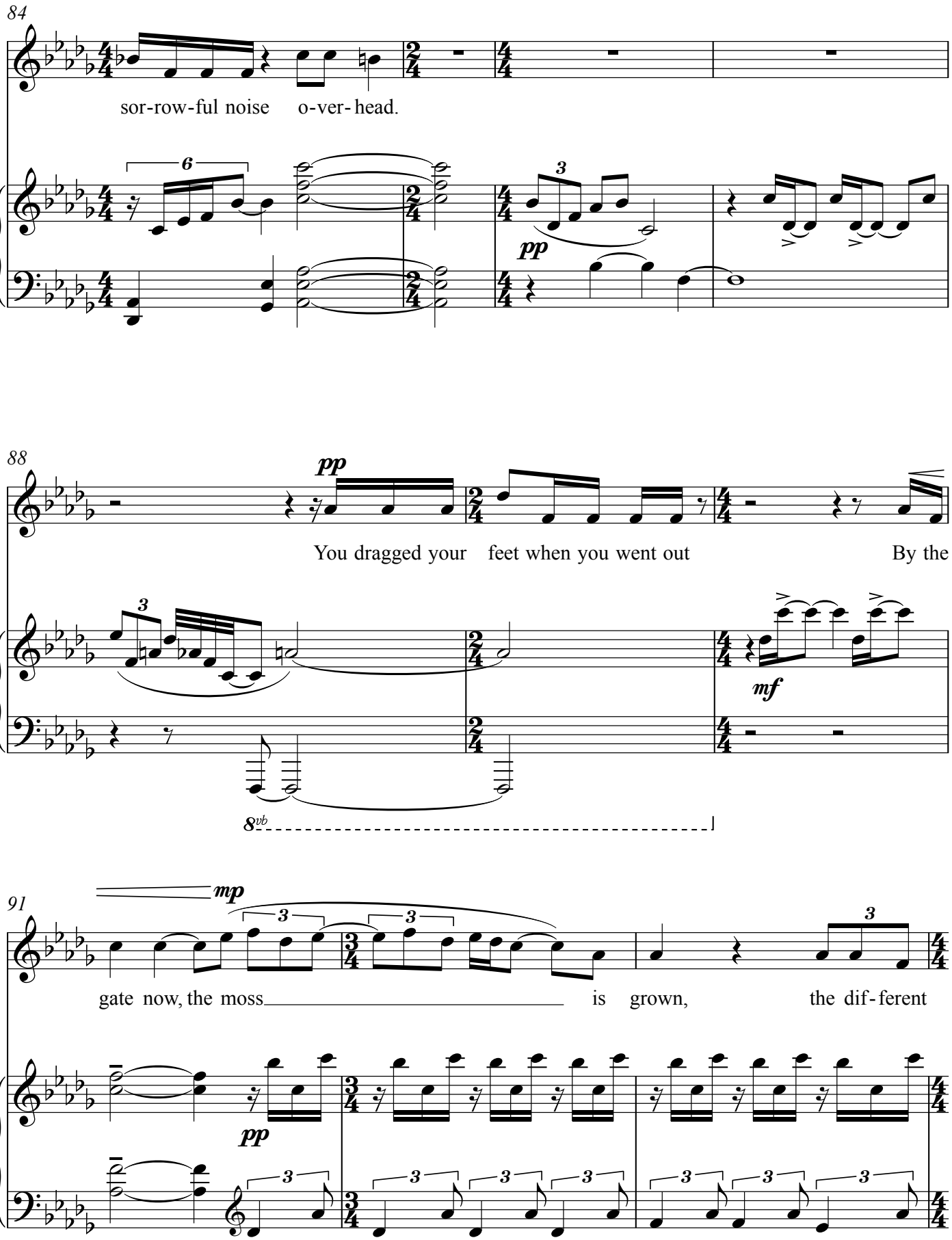

30
play-ing with blue plums blue plums.
35
♩ = 60
And we went on li- ving in the vil-lage of Cho - kan: Two small
mf
38
peo - ple with-out dis - like or sus-pi- cion.
p
♩ = 92
mp


41
mf
♩ = 60
At four-teen I mar-ried my
♩ = 60
mf
44
Lord You. I ne-ver laughed feel-ing bash- ful.
48
f
Low-er- ing my head I looked at the wall.
f


50
ff
mf
3
♩ = 84
Called to a thou-sand times I ne-ver looked back.
8va
ff
♩ = 84
53
p
At fif- teen I stopped scow- ling
p
3
59
3
I de - sired my dust to be min-gled with yours For
8va
3


64
mf
e- ver_ and_for - e- ver_ and for - e - ver._
69
♩ = 69
Why should I climb the look- out?
♩ = 69
mf
72
mp
At six-teen_ you_ de-par-ted You went
8va
p


77
mf
in - to far Ku-to- en, by the
mf
79
ri - ver of swir - ling ed - dies, And you have
81
f
ff
been gone five months. The mon - keys make
fff


84
sor-row-ful noise o-ver- head.
pp
88
pp
You dragged your feet when you went out By the
mf
8vb
91
mp
gate now, the moss is grown, the dif- ferent
pp

94

mf

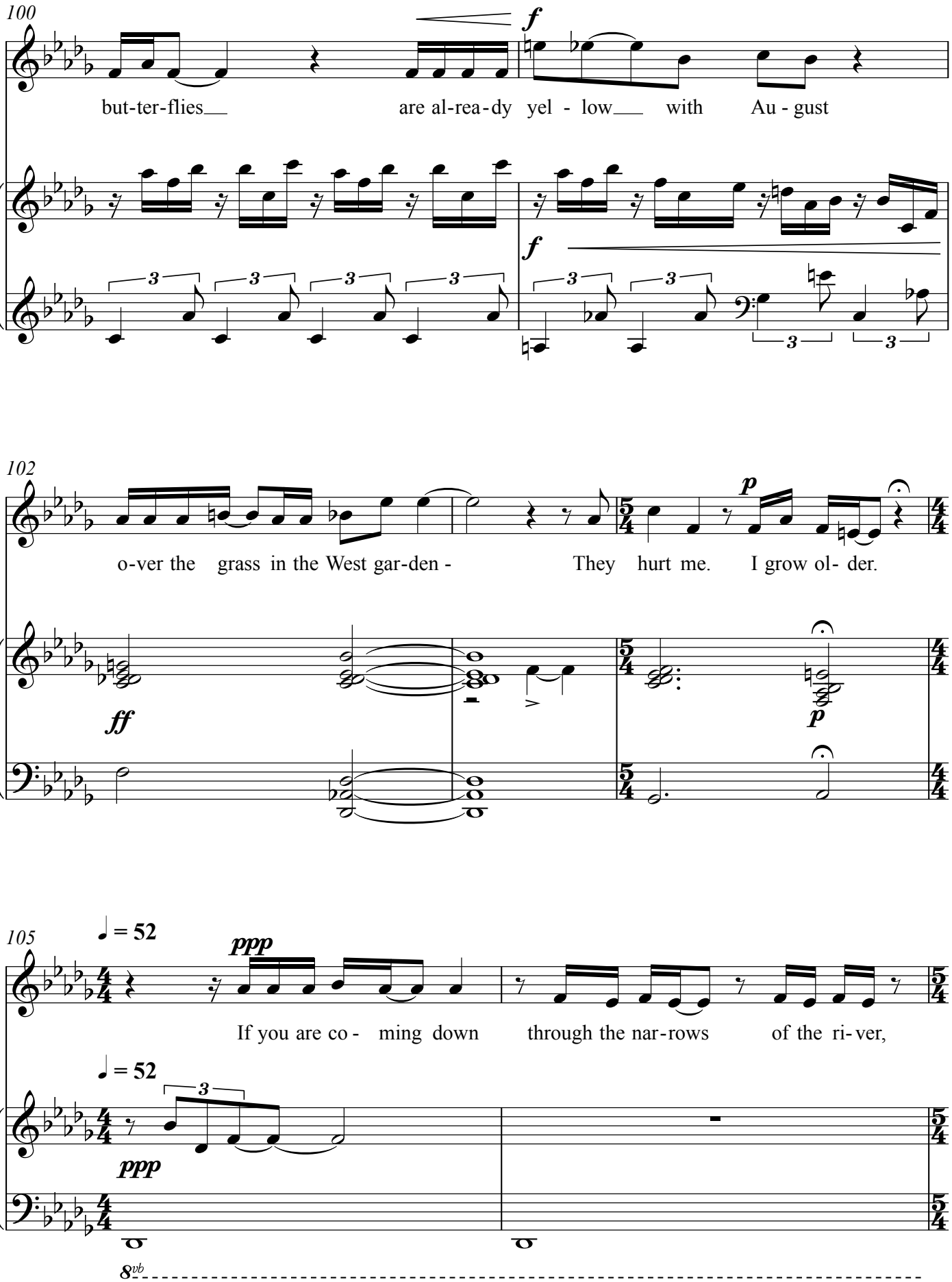
moss - es, too deep to clear them a - way! The

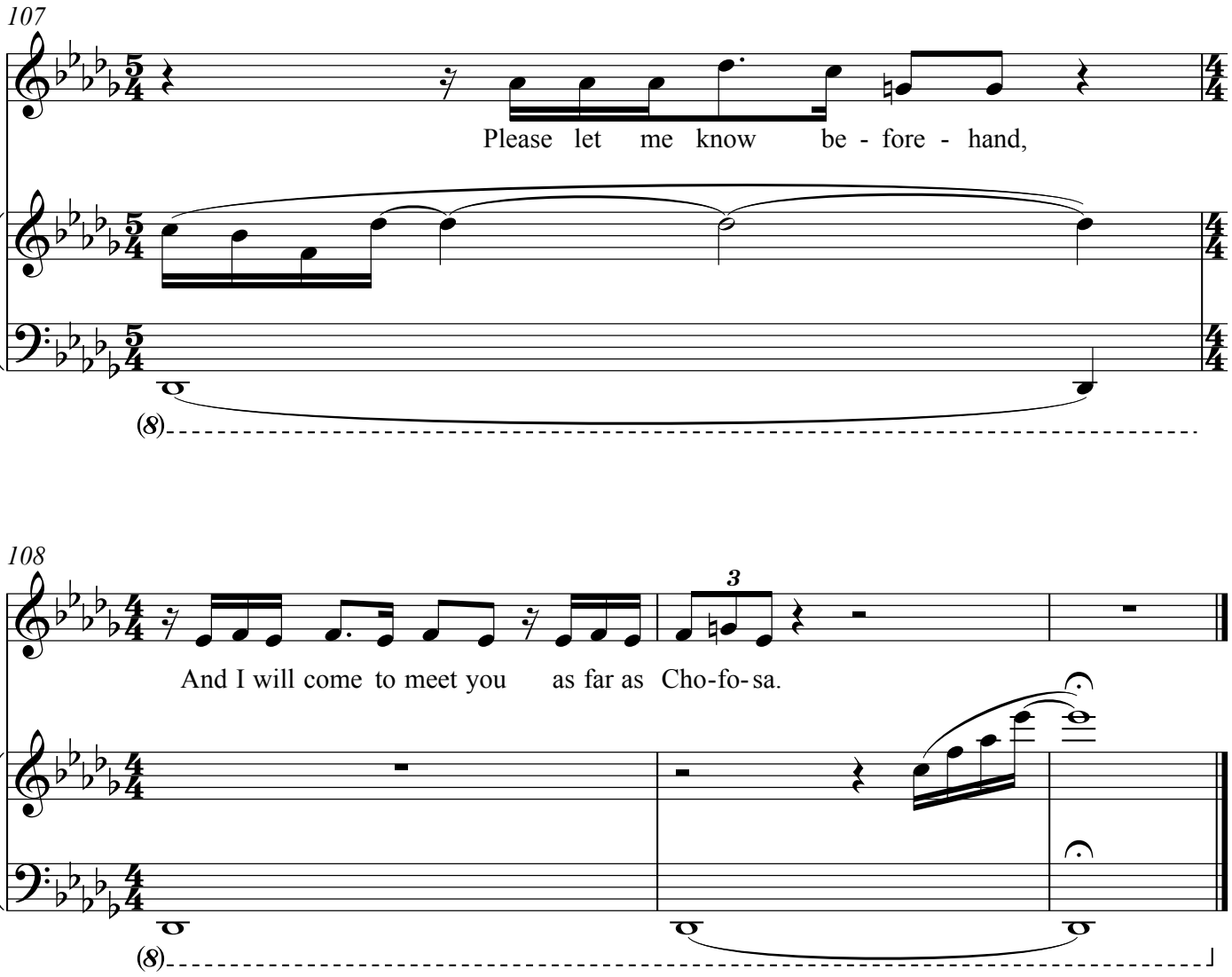
96

leaves fall ear - ly this au - tumn, in

98

wind. The paired

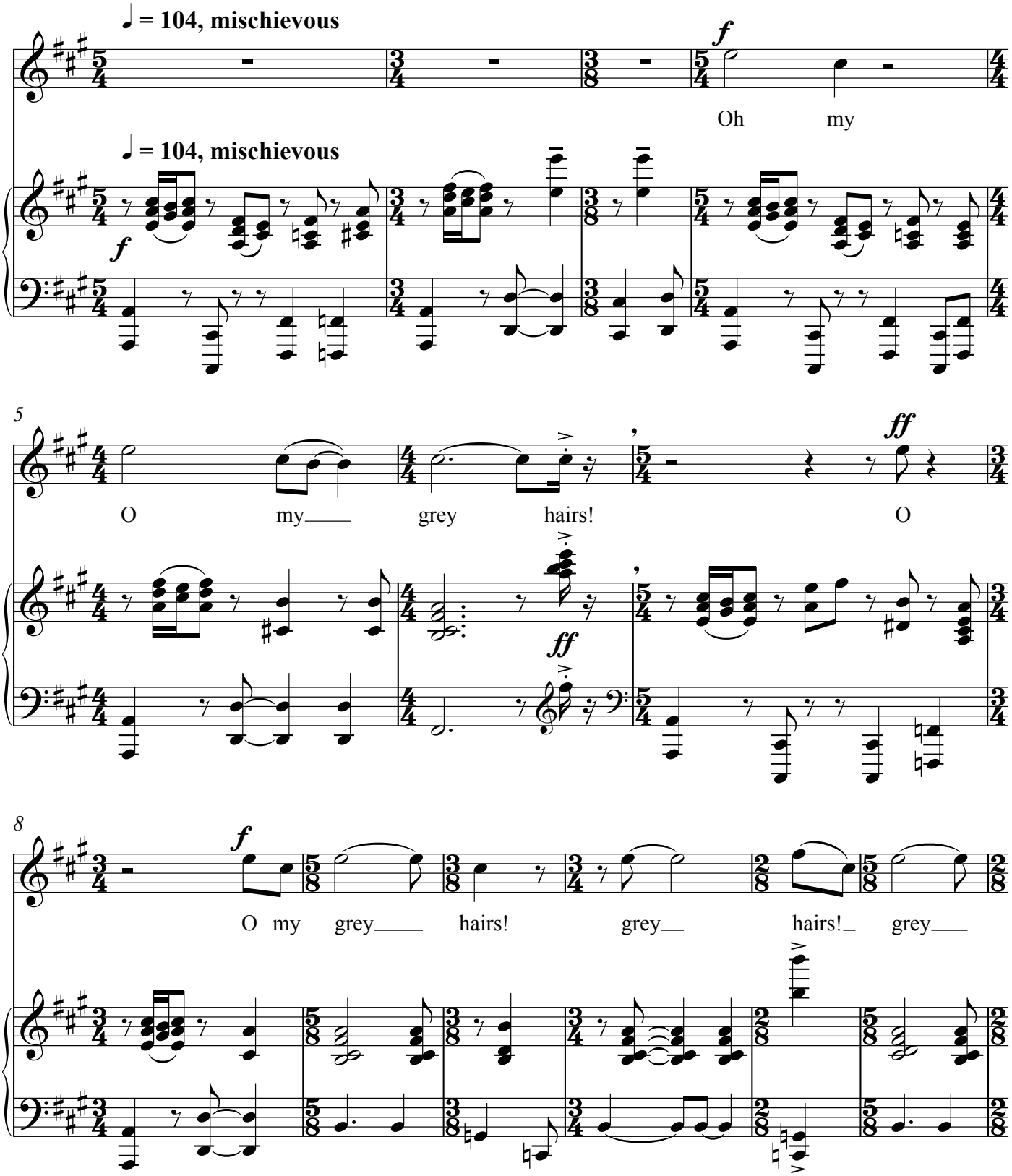

100
f
but-ter-flies are al-rea-dy yel - low with Au - gust
f
102
o-ver the grass in the West gar-den - They hurt me. I grow ol- der.
ff
p
p
105
♩ = 52
ppp
If you are co - ming down through the nar-rows of the ri- ver,
♩ = 52
ppp
8vb


107
Please let me know be - fore - hand,
(8)

108
3
And I will come to meet you as far as Cho-fo-sa.
(8)

Spring

Text by William Carlos Williams
Music by Ryan Harper



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14

♩ = 58, ruefully

subito ***p***

hairs! grey hairs! grey hairs! grey hairs! You are

♩ = 58, ruefully

subito ***p***

20

A tempo

tru-ly white as plum blos - soms.

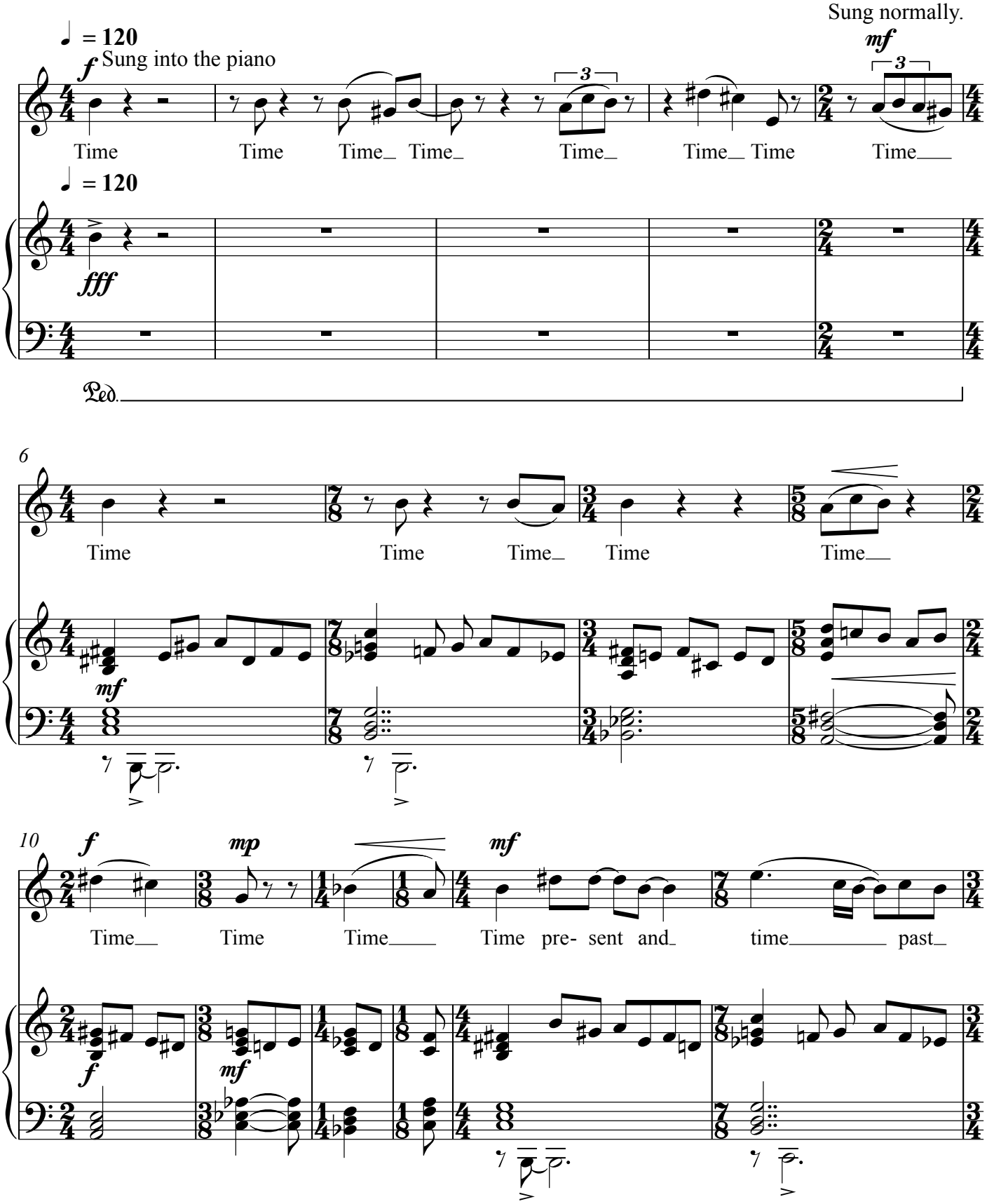
A tempo

fff

26

Burnt Norton

Text by T.S. Eliot
Music by Ryan Harper



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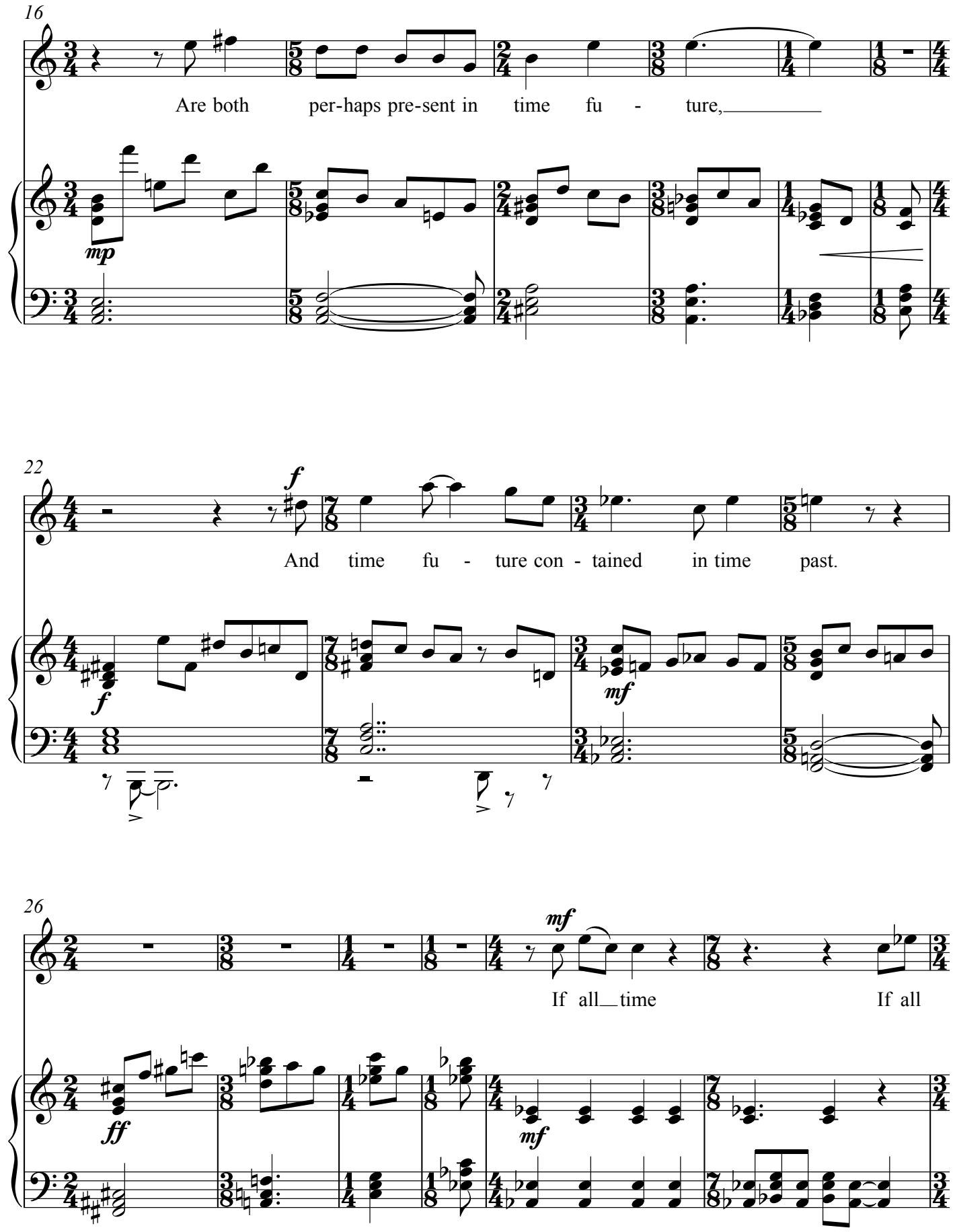
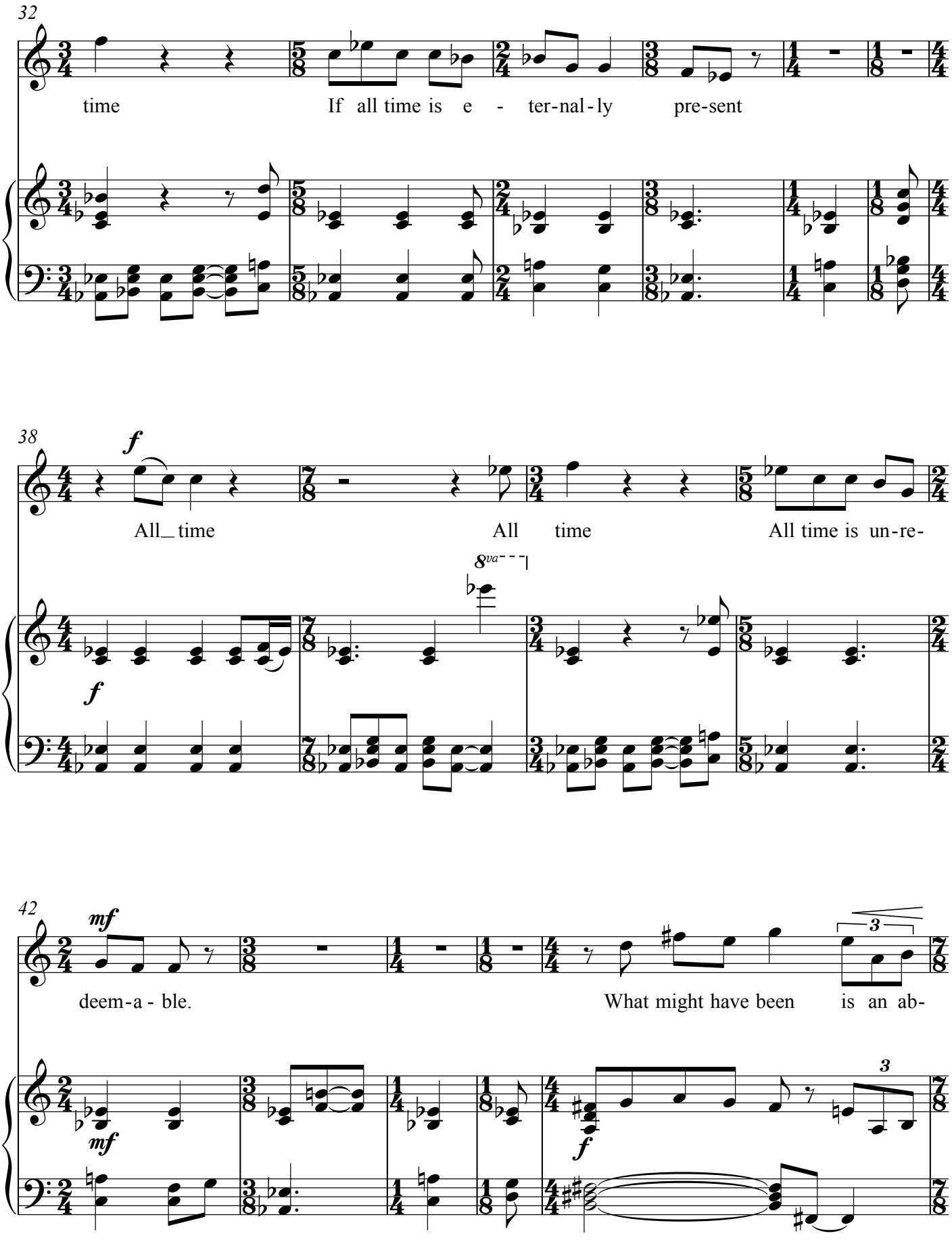
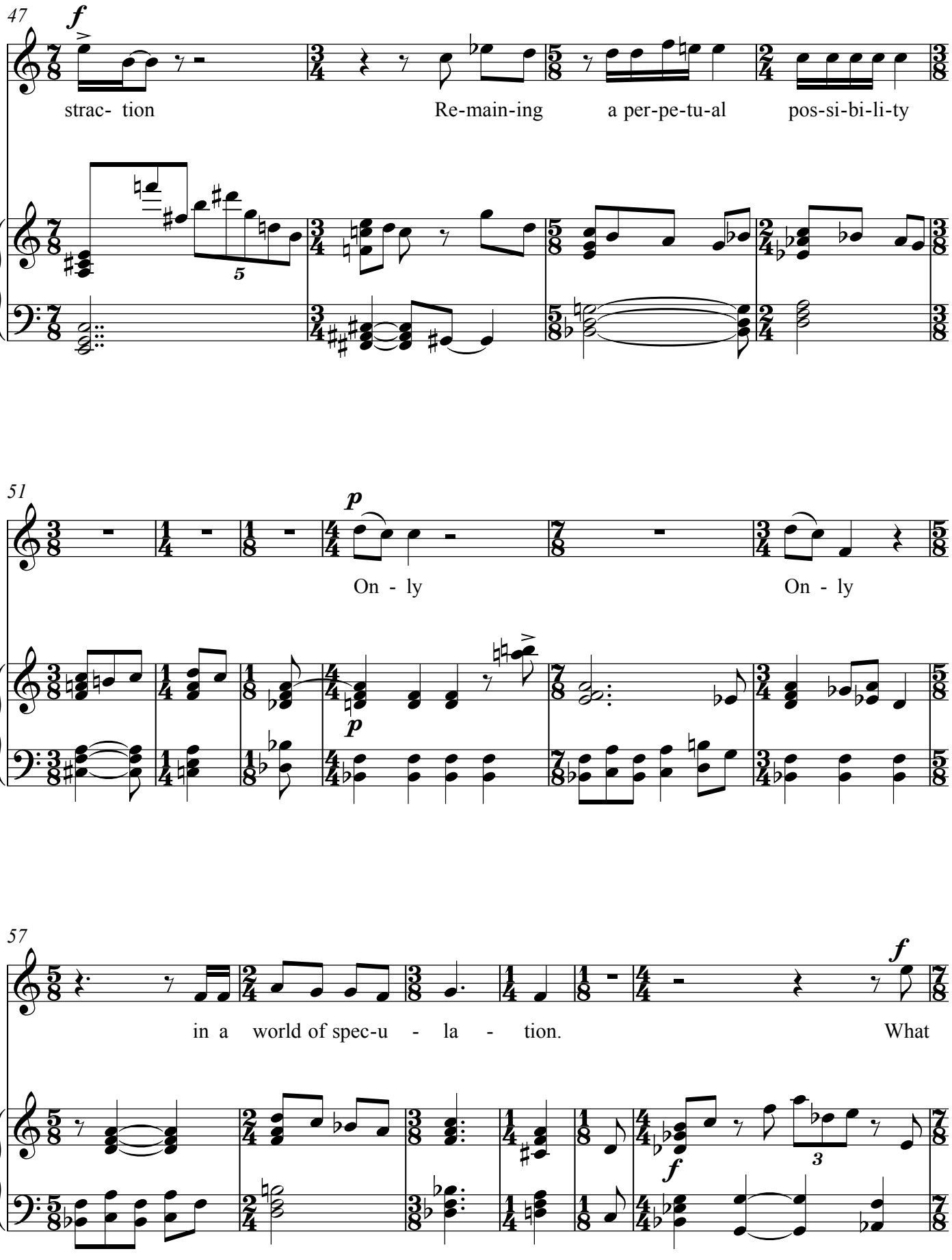
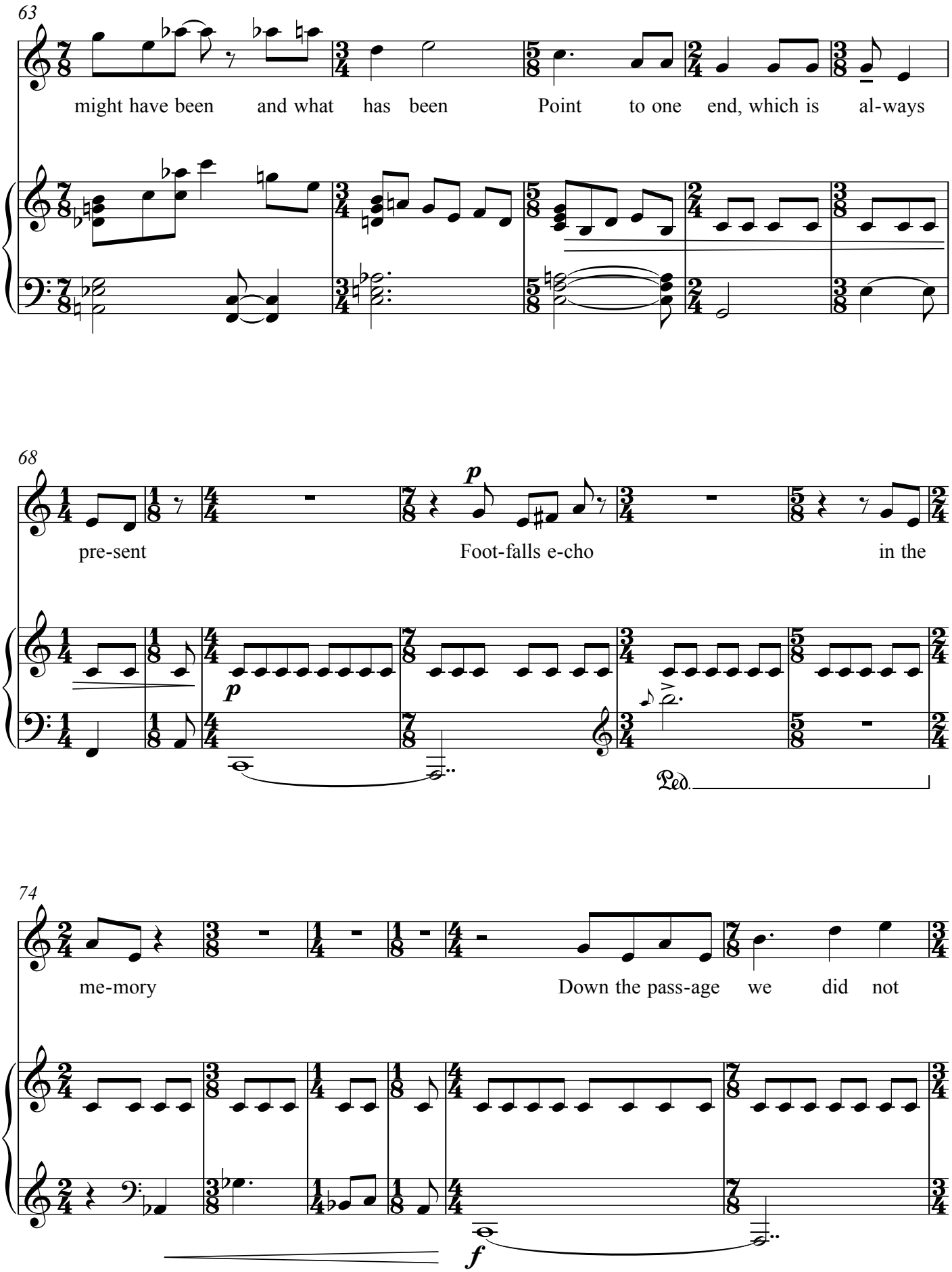
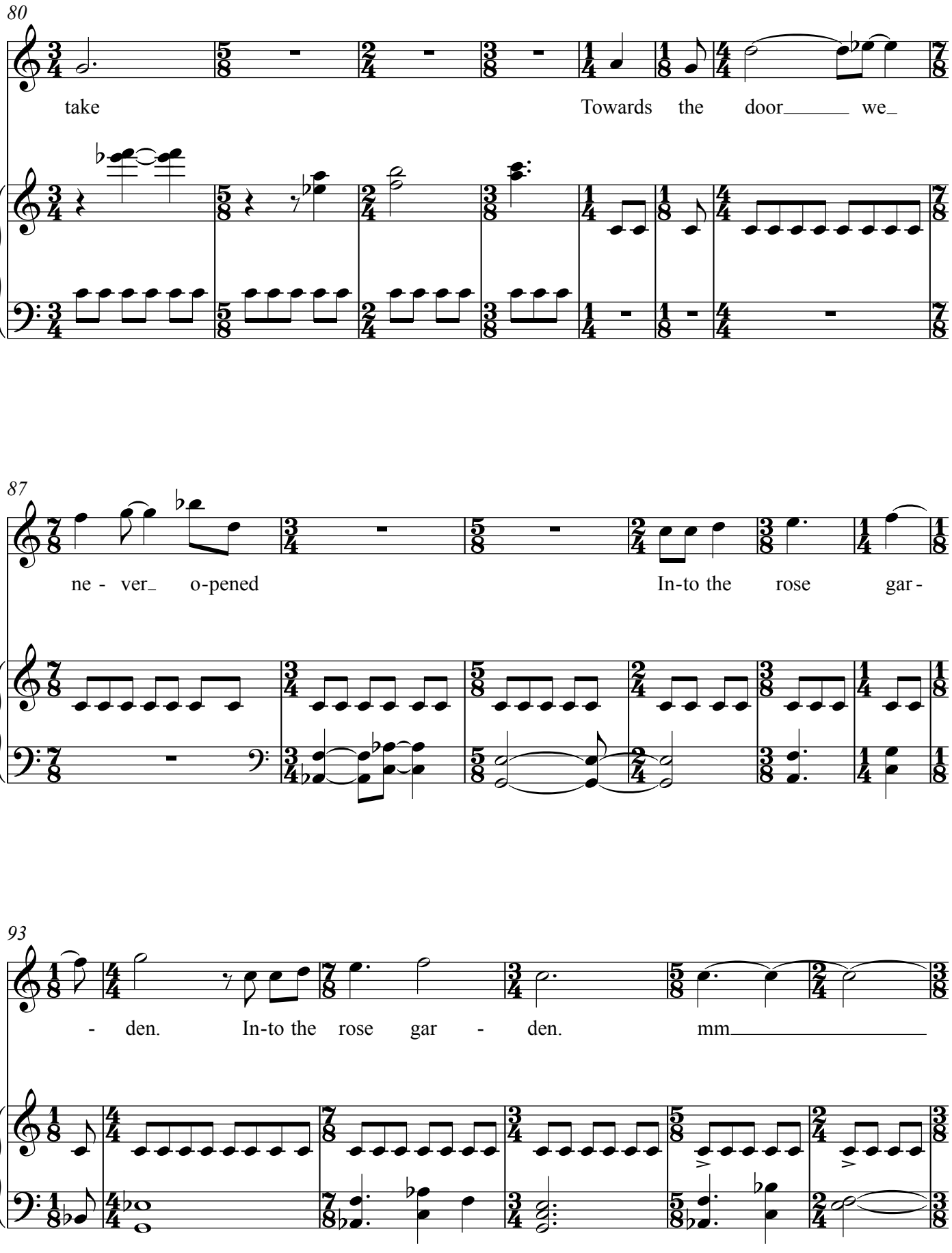
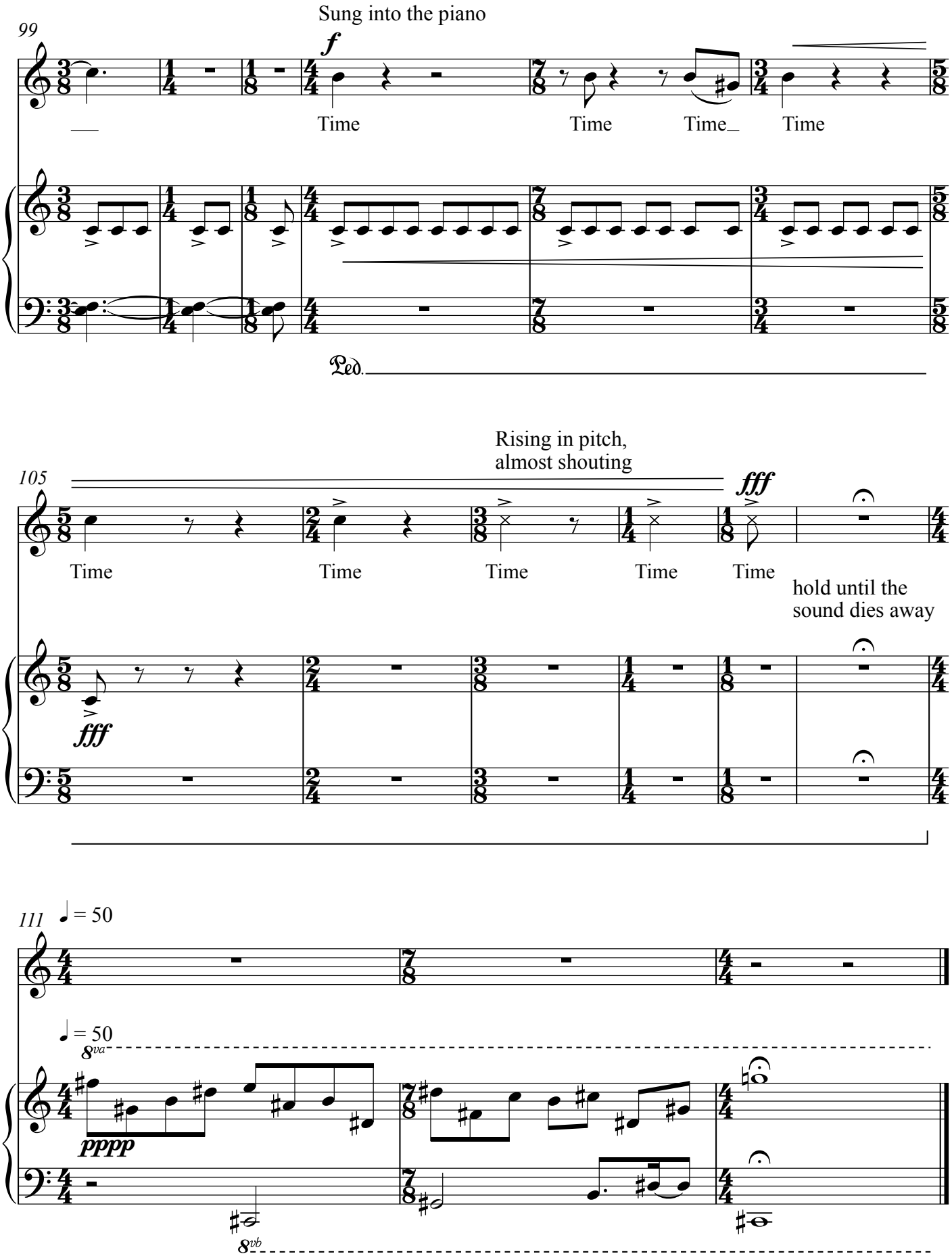

16
Are both per-haps pre-sent in time fu - ture,
mp
22
f
And time fu - ture con - tained in time past.
f
mf
26
mf
If all time If all
ff
mf


32
time
If all time is e - ter-nal-ly pre-sent
38
f
All_ time
All time
All time is un-re-
8va
f
42
mf
deem-a - ble.
What might have been is an ab-
3
mf
3
f


47
f
strac- tion
Re-main-ing
a per-pe-tu-al
pos-si-bi-li-ty
51
p
On - ly
On - ly
57
in a world of spec-u - la - tion.
What


63
might have been and what has been Point to one end, which is al-ways
68
pre-sent Foot-falls e-cho in the
p
p
Ped.
74
me-mory Down the pass-age we did not
f


80
take
Towards the door we
87
ne - ver o-pened
In-to the rose gar -
93
- den.
In-to the rose gar - den.
mm


99
Sung into the piano
f
Time
Time
Time
Time
Ped.
105
Rising in pitch,
almost shouting
fff
Time
Time
Time
Time
Time
hold until the
sound dies away
fff
111
♩ = 50
♩ = 50
8va
pppp
8vb