OLIVER KNUSSEN

Requiem Songs for Sue

for soprano and fifteen players

Op. 33

(2005-06)

FULL SCORE



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ISBN10: 0-571-53143-1 EAN13: 978-0-571-53143-1

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Requiem – Songs for Sue was commissioned for MusicNOW, the new music chamber series of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and was written for Claire Booth to sing

The first performance was given by Claire Booth and musicians from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, in Orchestra Hall, Chicago as part of the MusicNOW series, on 3 April 2006

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1

Is it true, dear Sue?

Of whom so dear
The name to hear
Illumines with a Glow –
As intimate – as fugitive –
As Sunset on the snow –
On such a night, or such a night ...

On such a dawn, or such a dawn – Would anybody sigh
That such a cherish'd figure
Too sound asleep did lie ...
So quiet – Oh how quiet ...

As quiet as the Dew – she dropt As softly as a star – For what are stars but Asterisks To point a human life?

I see thee better – in the Dark –
I do not need a light –
But spill the dew
And take the moon –
And choose this single star
From out the wide night's numbers –

Sue – for evermore!

from poems of Emily Dickinson

T

Cuando murió su amada pensó en hacerse viejo en la mansión cerrada, solo, con su memoria y el espejo donde ella se miraba un claro día. Como el oro en el arca del avaro, pensó que guardaría todo un ayer en el espejo claro. Ya el tiempo para él no correría.

II

Mas pasado il primer aniversario, ¿cómo eran – preguntó – , pardos o negros, sus ojos? ¿Glaucos? ... ¿Grises? ¿Cómo eran, ¡Santo Dios!, que no recuerdo?...

Ш

Salió a la calle un día de primavera, y paseó en silencio su doble luto, el corazón cerrado ... De una ventana en el sombrío hueco vio unos ojos brillar. Bajó los suyos y siguió su camino ... ¡Como ésos!

Antonio Machado ('Los ojos')

Ι

When his beloved died he thought he'd grow old in the closed-up mansion alone with his memories and the mirror which she had looked into one clear day. Like the gold in a miser's chest he thought to hold onto the past in the clear mirror. Time, for him, would pass no more.

Π

But after the first anniversary had passed Were they – he asked himself – brown or black, her eyes? Green? ... Grey? How were they, Holy God? Don't I remember? ...

III

Setting out on the street one day in spring, in silence he carried his double loss, his heart closed ...

From a window in a dark hollow he saw a flash of eyes. Lowering his glance He continued his walk ... Like those!

Time will say nothing but I told you so, Time only knows the price we have to pay; If I could tell you I would let you know.

If we should weep when clowns put on their show, If we should stumble when musicians play, Time will say nothing but I told you so.

There are no fortunes to be told, although, Because I love you more than I can say, If I could tell you I would let you know.

The winds must come from somewhere when they blow, There must be reasons why the leaves decay; Time will say nothing but I told you so.

Perhaps the roses really want to grow, The vision seriously intends to stay; If I could tell you I would let you know.

Suppose the lions all get up and go, And all the brooks and soldiers run away; Will Time say nothing but I told you so? If I could tell you I would let you know.

W. H. Auden
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4

Bist du noch da? In welcher Ecke bist du? – Du hast so viel gewusst von alledem und hast so viel gekonnt, da du so hingingst für alles offen, wie ein Tag, der anbricht ...

from Rainer Maria Rilke ('Requiem for a friend')

Are you still there? In what corner are you? – You knew so much of all these things could do so much, as you went forth open for everything, like a day, which dawns.

translation by Alexander Goehr used by kind permission

INSTRUMENTATION

Flute

Alto Flute

2 Clarinets in Bb

Bass Clarinet

2 Horns in F

Percussion (1 player): Marimba and Tam-tam

Harp

Piano (= Celesta)

2 Violas

2 Cellos

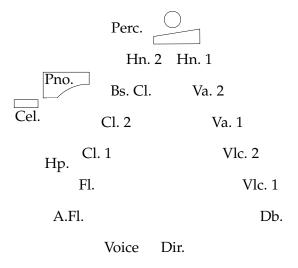
Double bass

The score is notated in C

Instrumental parts available on hire from the publishers

Duration: approximately 13 minutes

SUGGESTED SEATING PLAN





* Bars 1–17: all notes marked with τ or staccato dot to be extremely short, regardless of note-values.

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