



# Proença

Be.m pac d'ivern

Na Audiart

Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

Estat ai en greu cossirier

L'aura amara

Near Perigord

on poems by Ezra Pound and the 12<sup>th</sup>-century troubadours  
for female voice, flute, vibraphone, electric piano, and electric bass

by Kyle Gann

2015

## *Proença* (2015)

Sir Bertans de Born started it. Around 1182 or earlier he wrote a striking poem, "Dompna, puois de me no.us chal," addressed to a lady, named Maent (in Pound, though the original was Maeut, cognate with Maud), who had withheld her affections from him. In it, Bertrams (pictured at war on right) says that since Maeut scorns him, he will make up an imaginary perfect lady by picking the best qualities of all the other ladies in surrounding castles: Bels Cembalins's complexion, Midon Aelis's cunning speech, the supple body of Miels-de-Ben, and so on. The poet Ezra Pound (1885-1972), one of the great early scholars of troubadour poetry, formed a theory (based on local geography, misinformation, false chronology, and sheer imagination) that "Dompna Puois" was a hidden political allegory; that Bertrams's castle was surrounded by enemies all connected to the family of Tairiran (later Talleyrand), and that by praising these ladies he was seeking to form political alliances, and to set the castles against each other. However misplaced Pound's speculations, Bertrams did take sides with Henry II in revolution against his father, for which Dante (1265-1321) placed him in the eighth circle of hell in his *Inferno*, as a "stirrer up of strife."

His imagination sparked by the figure of Sir Bertran(s), Pound wrote not only a translation of "Dompna puois" but two poems heavily alluding to that poem, *Na Audiart* (1908) and *Near Perigord* (1915). Musical settings of these two poems form the frame of my song cycle *Proença*. I became rather obsessed with Pound in college, and with medieval music as well, resulting in a lifelong fascination with the troubadours, the singer-songwriters of 12th- and 13th-century Provence. The troubadours and Pound both fascinate me, but what I find most intriguing is the idiosyncratic view we get of the troubadours through Pound's eyes. In March 2015 the singer Michelle McIntire asked me to write her something; she has a wide range but a low tessitura, and her sultry register brought the troubadours to mind. For some reason I had never thought about setting Pound before, but the idea took root quickly, as though it had been long overdue. I went rather overboard, envisioning *Na Audiart* as a kind of dark jazz ballad by a scorned lover, and then adding more and more songs as each poem led to another. (The range of the cycle is almost two octaves Ab to G, but the tessitura resides in the octave above middle C, and there are more extended passages below that than above it.)

A perhaps obligatory note: I mentioned to a famous poet that I was writing a song cycle on Ezra Pound, and she shouted, "That bastard!" I know. I have long felt that there is no point in blaming the art for the personal faults of the artist. For the record, I have neither interest in nor sympathy for the "man-of-action" theories that led Pound (relegated in recent decades to his own eighth circle of hell) to first champion de Born and later Mussolini for similar reasons. The texts I've used, all 1917 or earlier, predate the disillusionment that followed World War I and Pound's turn toward unpalatable views of society – views that he himself renounced late in life. The poetry is wonderful and, I think, innocent.

*Proença* comprises two troubadour songs (nos. 1 and 4) in the original Provencal (one with the original tunes); two translations of troubadour poems by Ezra Pound (nos. 3 and

5); and the above-mentioned two poems by Pound about Bertrams de Born (nos. 2 and 6). This is one of several levels of symmetry noticeable in the following chart:

Song 1	Song 2	Song 3	Song 4	Song 5	Song 6
Provençal poem			Provençal poem		
	Pound poem				Pound poem
		Pound translation		Pound translation	
Key: Db	No central tonality	Key: Bb	No central tonality	Key: C	(Recurring key: A)
Static diatonic harmony	Jazz progressions	Neo-Riemannian progressions	Neo-Riemannian progressions	Quasi-jazz elements	Quasi-neo-Riemannian
	Root mvmt. variable		Root mvmt. by major 3rds		Root mvmt. by minor 3rds
Troubadour melody					Quotation of troubadour melodies

In addition, the 1st, 3rd, and 5th songs are set in a single, unchanging tonality; the 2nd, 4th, and 6th have no central key. Songs 3 and 4 are characterized by neo-Riemannian chord progressions (closely chromatic voice-leading), one in the context of a stable tonality, the other in a kind of free-floating (though consonant) atonality. Song 2 uses more of a jazz sense of progression; Song 5 has jazz elements in the harmony as well, though it doesn't change key. In Song 4 the root movement is mostly by major 3rds, in Song 6 it is mostly by minor 3rds. Actual troubadour melodies are quoted only in Songs 1 and 6, foregrounded in the former and backgrounded in the latter. Songs 1 and 3 both follow a kind of additive process, 1 and 4 share an articulated steady pulse, 1 and 5 share a pointillistic texture. Songs 1, 3, 4, and 5 are stanzaic, and I handled stanzaic form four different ways:

Song 1: Static accompaniment, three different melodies

Song 3: Melody becomes more developed with each repetition;

final *envoi* switching to a slower tempo

Song 4: Through-composed, no repetition

Song 5: Repetition of both melody and accompaniment; final *envoi* switching to a homophonic texture

There are other, smaller ways in which the songs echo each other. I planned out none of this structure in advance, but kept adding new poems as I instinctively felt gaps in the overall conception. There is no particular narrative arch to *Proença*, but this is typical of how I tend to create variety in a multimovement piece, mixing and matching an array of qualities from movement to movement for a gradually shaded set of perspectives on similar material.

1. *Be.m pac d'ivern* – Peire Vidal's "Be.m pac d'ivern," written before 1180, has long struck me as the most fascinating troubadour melody, for its large range (an octave plus a minor seventh), its rising pentatonic motives, and its fluid mix of syllabic and melismatic writing. It's kind of a textual nightmare, though, because it appears very differently in the three manuscripts in which it survives: Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale f.frms. 22543 (called manuscript R, pictured), Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale f.frms. 20050 (manuscript X), and Milano, Biblioteca Ambrosiana, R71 sup. (manuscript G). Rather than create an ideal melody by mixing and matching phrases, as some performers have, I decided to set all three manuscripts in sequence, in the order X, R, G. The X and G versions have similar contours; R has a narrower range and less florid ornamentation, and thus my setting has something of an ABA form. Thanks to Carson Cooman for help with research.

2. *Na Audiart* (1908) – This sardonic Pound poem, with allusions to de Born's "Dompna, puois," is addressed to Lady Audiart of Malemort castle, whose slender form the protagonist praises despite knowing that she wishes him ill.

3. *Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)* - I wanted to include an alba, one of the most common troubadour types, a formulaic medieval song form warning two lovers who shouldn't be found sleeping together that the dawn is imminent. Pound claims that the best one ever written is the anonymous "En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi," and so I chose his 1909 translation of that.

4. *Estat ai en greu cossirier* – Also, since this cycle was written for female voice, I wanted one poem written by a woman. The Comtessa de Dia (late 12th-century) is the most famous woman troubadour, and while the lovely tune of her "A chantar" is preserved and widely performed, I wanted to write an original without being conscious of the pre-existing tune, so I chose her "Estat ai en greu cossirier," for which no melody survives. In it she mournfully cajoles a lover who had given up on her. It is sung in the original Provençal.

5. *L'aura amara* – Pound's idiosyncratic 1917 translation of "L'aura amara" by Arnaut Daniel - a troubadour mentioned and used as a character in *Near Perigord* - has always thrilled me with its near-incomprehensible attempt to turn Arnaut's complicated rhyme scheme into prickly vorticist modernism. I created for it a melodic form that works against the fragmentation of the lines, and that I hope makes the poetic form audible.

6. *Near Perigord* – The culmination of the cycle is Pound's magnificent *Near Perigord* (1915), his musing on Bertrams's motivations and actions, with a climax quoting Dante's picture in the *Inferno*. The entire poem would take a half hour to sing, so (as Pound himself greatly abbreviated Dante's lines) I cut down its 1500 words to about half of that, fashioning a libretto for a kind of historical tableaux - regretfully omitting Pound's redundancies, asides, and more circuitous descriptions. Quotations in the poem are set off as speech-rhythmed unisons in the music, partly as a reference to the fact that all we know of troubadour melody is its pitches, and the rhythms are always conjectural. Two troubadour melodies are quoted in the flute, one near the beginning - "Tres enemies e

dos mals segnors ai" by Uc de St. Circ, who is mentioned in the poem for having written Bertrams' vida - and in the middle and near the end, "Rassa tan creis" by Bertrams himself.

I began *Proença* on March 30, 2015, and completed final revisions by June 27.

**Texts:**

**Peire Vidal: "Be.m pac d'ivern" (before 1180)**

Be.m pac d'ivern e d'estiu  
E de fregz e de calors,  
Et am neus aitan cum flors  
E pro mort mais qu'avol viu,  
Qu'enaissi.m ten esforsiu  
E gai Jovens et Valors.  
E quar am domna novella,  
Sobravinen e plus bella,  
Paro.m rozas entre gel  
E clar temps ab trebol cel.

Ma don'a pretz soloriu  
Denant mil combatedors,  
E contra.ls fals fenhedors  
Ten establít Montesquiú:  
Per qu'el seu ric senhoriu  
Lauzengiers non pot far cors,  
Que sens e pretz la capdella!  
E quan respon ni apella  
Siei díg an sabor de mel,  
Don sembla Sant Gabriel...

Per zo.m ten morn e pessiú,  
aitant quant estauc alhors;  
pueis creis m'en gaugz e doussors,  
quan del sieu bel cors m'aiziú.  
Qu'aissi cum de recalíu  
ar m'en ven cautz, ar fredors;  
e quar es gai'et isnella  
e de totz mals aips piucella,  
am la mais per San Raphel,  
que Jacobs no fetz Rachel...

Translation by Linda M. Paterson:

I. I am happy with winter and summer and cold and heat, and I like snow as much as flowers and a dead hero more than a live villain, for this is how youth and worth keep me keen and joyful. And because I love a fresh young lady, supremely delightful and most beautiful, I see roses in the ice and fine weather in cloudy sky.

II. My lady has unique merit in the face of a thousand assailants, and she holds Montesquieu fortified against the false hypocrites: so a slanderer can make no inroad into her noble realm, for wisdom and merit guide her; and when she responds or calls her words taste of honey, which makes her seem like St Gabriel.

V. Whenever I am away from her she keeps me sad and pensive; then when I draw near to her lovely person I am filled with joy and sweetness. Like a man in a fever I go hot and cold by turns; and since she is merry and vivacious and pure of all bad qualities I love her more, by St Raphael, than Jacob did Rachel.

**Ezra Pound (1885-1972): *Na Audiart* (1908)**

Though thou well dost wish me ill

Audiart, Audiart,

Where thy bodice laces start

As ivy fingers clutching through

Its crevices,

Audiart, Audiart,

Stately, tall and lovely tender

Who shall render

Audiart, Audiart,

Praises meet unto thy fashion?

Here a word kiss!

Pass I on

Unto Lady 'Miels-de-Ben',

Having praised thy girdle's scope

How the stays ply back from it;

I breathe no hope

That thou shouldst . . .

Nay no whit

Bespeak thyself for anything.

Just a word in thy praise, girl,

Just for the swirl

Thy satins make upon the stair,

'Cause never a flaw was there

Where thy torso and limbs are met

Though thou hate me, read it set

In rose and gold.

Or when the minstrel, tale half told,

Shall burst to liting at the praise  
    "Audiart, Audiart" . .  
Bertrans, master of his lays,  
Bertrans of Aultaforte thy praise  
Sets forth, and though thou hate me well,  
Yea though thou wish me ill,  
    Audiart, Audiart.  
Thy loveliness is here writ till,  
    Audiart,  
Oh, till thou come again.  
And being bent and wrinkled, in a form  
That hath no perfect limning, when the warm  
Youth dew is cold  
Upon thy hands, and thy old soul  
Scorning a new, wry'd casement,  
Churlish at seemed misplacement,  
Finds the earth as bitter  
As now seems it sweet,  
Being so young and fair  
As then only in dreams,  
Being then young and wry'd,  
Broken of ancient pride,  
Thou shalt then soften,  
Knowing, I know not how,  
Thou wert once she  
    Audiart, Audiart  
For whose fairness one forgave  
    Audiart,  
Audiart  
    Que be-m vols mal.

**En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi**

Ezra Pound translation, 1909

In a garden where the whitethorn spreads her leaves  
My lady hath her love lain close beside her,  
Till the warder cries the dawn - Ah dawn that grieves!  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Please God that night, dear night should never cease,  
Nor that my love should parted be from me,  
Nor watch cry 'Dawn' - Ah dawn that slayeth peace!  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Fair friend and sweet, thy lips! Our lips again!  
Lo, in the meadow there the birds give song!  
Ours be the love and Jealousy's the pain!  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Sweet friend and fair take we our joy again  
Down in the garden, where the birds are loud,  
Till the warder's reed astrain  
Cry God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

"Of that sweet wind that comes from Far-Away  
Have I drunk deep of my Beloved's breath,  
Yea! of my Love's that is so dear and gay.  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!"

#### Envoi

Fair is this damsel and right courteous,  
And many watch her beauty's gracious way.  
Her heart toward love is no wise traitorous.  
Ah God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

#### **Comtessa de Dia: "Estat ai en greu cossirier"**

Estat ai en greu cossirier  
per un cavalier qu-ai agut,  
e vuoil sia totz temps saubut  
cum ieu l'ai amat a sobrier;  
ara vei qu'ieu sui trahida  
car ieu non li donei m'amor  
don ai estat en gran error  
en lieig e quand sui vestida.

Ben volria mon cavallier  
tener un ser en mos bratz nut,  
qu'el s'en tengra per ereubut  
sol qu'a lui fezes cosseillier;  
car plus m'en sui abellida  
no fetz Floris de Blanchaflor:  
ieu l'autrei mon cor e m'amor  
mon sen, mos huouillis e ma vida.

Bels amics avinens e bos,  
cora.us tenrai en mon poder?



e que jagues ab vos un ser  
e qu'ie.us des un bais amoros;  
sapchatz, gran talen n'auria  
qu'ie.us tengues en luoc del marit,  
ab so que m'aguessetz plevit  
de far tot so qu qu'ieu volria.

Translation by Meg Bogin (*The Women Troubadours*, W.W. Norton, 1980, pp. 89-91):

I've lately been in great distress  
over a knight who once was mine,  
and I want it known for all eternity  
how I loved him to excess.  
Now I see I've been betrayed  
because I wouldn't sleep with him;  
night and day my mind won't rest  
to think of the mistake I made.

How I wish just once I could caress  
that chevalier with my bare arms,  
for he would be in ecstasy  
if I'd just let him lean my hand against his breast.  
I'm sure I'm happier with him  
than Blancaflor with Floris.  
My heart and love I offer him,  
my mind, my eyes, my life.

Handsome friend, charming and kind,  
when shall I have you in my power?  
If only I could lie beside you for an hour  
and embrace you lovingly -  
know this, that I'd give almost anything  
to have you in my husband's place,  
but only under the condition  
that you swear to do my bidding.

**Arnaut Daniel: "L'aura amara"**

Translation by Ezra Pound (1917)

The bitter air  
Strips panoply  
From trees  
Where softer winds set leaves,  
And glad,  
Beaks  
Now in brakes are coy,  
Scarce peep that wee  
Mates  
And un-mates.  
    What gaud's the work?  
    What good the glees?  
What curse I strive to shake!  
Me hath she cast from high,  
In fell disease I lie, and deathly fearing.

So clear the flare  
That first lit me  
To seize  
Her whom my soul believes;  
If cad  
Sneaks,  
Blabs, slanders, my joy  
Counts little fee  
Baits  
And their hates.  
    I scorn their perk  
    And preen, at ease.  
Disburse  
Can she, and wake  
Such firm delights,  
That I  
Am hers, froth, lees  
Bigod! from toe to earring.

Amor, look yare!  
Know certainly  
The keys:  
How she thy suit receives;  
No add Piques.  
'Twere folly to annoy I'm true, so dree  
Fates;  
No debates

Shake me, nor jerk,  
My verities  
Turn terse,  
And yet I ache;  
Her lips, not snows that fly  
Have potencies  
To slake, to cool my searing.

Behold my prayer,  
(Or company  
Of these)  
Seeks whom such height achieves;  
Well clad  
Seeks  
Her, and would not cloy.  
Heart apertly  
States  
Thought. Hope waits  
    'Gainst death to irk:  
    False brevities  
And worse!  
To her I raik,  
Sole her; all others' dry  
Felicities  
I count not worth the leering.

Ah, fair face, where,  
Each quality  
But frees  
One pride-shaft more, that cleaves  
Me; mad frieks  
(O' thy beck) destroy,  
And mockery  
Baits  
Me, and rates.  
    Yet I not shirk  
    Thy velleities,  
Averse  
Me not, nor slake  
Desire.  
God draws not nigh  
To Dome, with pleas  
Wherein's so little veering.

Now chant prepare,  
And melody

To please  
The king, who'll judge thy sheaves.  
Worth, sad,  
Sneaks  
Here; double employ  
Hath there.  
Get thee  
Plates  
Full, and cates,  
    Gifts, go! Nor lurk  
    Here till decrees  
Reverse,  
And ring thou take  
Straight t'Arago I'd ply  
Cross the wide seas  
But 'Rome' disturbs my hearing.

At midnight mirk  
In secrecies I nurse  
My served make  
In heart; nor try  
My melodies  
At other's door not mearing.

**Ezra Pound: *Near Perigord* (1915) (excerpted)**

I

You'd have men's hearts up from the dust  
And tell their secrets, Messire Cino,  
Right enough? Then read between the lines of Uc St. Circ,  
Solve me the riddle, for you know the tale.

Bertrans, En Bertrans, left a fine canzone:  
"Maent, I love you, you have turned me out.  
The voice at Montfort, Lady Agnes' hair,  
Bel Miral's stature, the vicountess' throat,  
Set all together, are not worthy of you..."  
And all the while you sing out that canzone,  
Think you that Maent lived at Montaignac,  
One at Chalais, another at Malemort...  
for every lady a castle,  
Each place strong[....]

Tairiran held hall in Montaignac,  
His brother-in-law was all there was of power  
In Perigord[...]  
And our En Bertrands was in Altafort,  
Hub of the wheel, the stirrer-up of strife,  
As caught by Dante in the last wallow of hell –[...]

How would you live, with neighbors set about you –[...]  
What could he do but play the desperate chess,  
And stir old grudges?[...]

Take the whole man, and ravel out the story.  
He loved this lady in castle Montaignac?  
The castle flanked him - he had need of it[...]  
And Maent failed him? Or saw through the scheme?

"Papiol,  
Go forthright singing[...]  
There is a throat; ah, there are two white hands;  
There is a trellis full of early roses,  
And all my heart is bound about with love[....]"

Is it a love poem? Did he sing of war?  
Is it an intrigue to run subtly out,  
Born of a jongleur's tongue, freely to pass  
Up and about and in and out the land,  
Mark him a craftsman and a strategist?[...]

Oh, there is precedent, legal tradition,  
To sing one thing when your song means another,  
"Et albirar ab lor bordon -"[...]  
What is Sir Bertrands' singing?

Maent, Maent, and yet again Maent,  
Or war and broken heaumes and politics?

## II

End fact. Try fiction. Let us say we see  
En Bertrands, a tower-room at Hautefort,  
Sunset, the ribbon-like road lies, in red cross-light,  
South toward Montaignac, and he bends at a table  
Scribbling, swearing between his teeth, by his left hand  
Lie little strips of parchment covered over,  
Scratched and erased with *al* and *ochaisos*[...]

We come to Ventadour  
In the mid love court, he sings out the canzon,  
No one hears save Arrimon Luc D'Esparo -  
No one hears aught save the gracious sound of compliments.  
Sir Arrimon counts on his fingers, Montfort,  
Rochecouart, Chalais, the rest, the tactic,  
Malemort, guesses beneath, sends word to Coeur de Lion:

The compact, de Born smoked out, trees felled  
About his castle, cattle driven out!  
Or no one sees it, and En Bertrams prospered?[...]

Plantagenet puts the riddle: "Did he love her?"  
And Arnaut parries: "Did he love your sister?"  
True, he has praised her, but in some opinion  
He wrote that praise only to show he had  
The favor of your party, had been well received." [...]

"Say that he saw the castles, say that he loved Maent!"  
"Say that he loved her, does it solve the riddle?" [...]

And we can leave the talk till Dante writes:  
Surely I saw, and still before my eyes  
Goes on that headless trunk, that bears for light  
Its own head swinging, gripped by the dead hair,  
And like a swinging lamp that says, "Ah me!  
I severed men, my head and heart  
Ye see here severed, my life's counterpart."

Or take En Bertrams?

III

I loved a woman. The stars fell from heaven.  
And always our two natures were in strife[...]\*

And great wings beat above us in the twilight,  
And the great wheels in heaven  
Bore us together... surging... and apart...  
Believing we should meet with lips and hands.

High, high and sure... and then the counterthrust:  
"Why do you love me? Will you always love me?"  
But I am like the grass, I can not love you."  
Or, "Love, and I love and love you,  
And hate your mind, not you, your soul, your hands." [...]

There shut up in his castle, Tairiran's,  
She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,  
Gone - ah, gone - untouched, unreachable!  
She who could never live save through one person,  
She who could never speak save to one person,  
And all the rest of her a shifting change,  
A broken bundle of mirrors...!

[\* These two lines Pound excised from the text in later editions, but I found them musically attractive. Ellipses in brackets indicate passages I omitted, but those not in brackets are in Pound's original.]

- Kyle Gann

## *Proença*

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Duration: 47 minutes total



for Michelle Allen McIntire

# Proença

Peire Vidal  
(late 12th century)

Still, morning-like

## Be.m pac d'ivern

Kyle Gann  
2015

♩ = 84

Flute *p*

Alto Solo

Vibraphone *p*

Electric Piano *p*

Electric Bass *p*

♩ = 84

Detailed description: This system contains measures 1 through 6 of the piece. It features five staves: Flute, Alto Solo, Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric Bass. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 84. The Flute part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and plays a melodic line with some rests. The Alto Solo part is silent. The Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric Bass parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and chords, all marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

7

Fl.

A. Solo *p* X

Be.m pac d'i vern e d'es ti - u E de fregz

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Detailed description: This system contains measures 7 through 12. The Flute part continues its melodic line. The Alto Solo part enters in measure 7 with a piano (*p*) dynamic and plays a vocal line with lyrics: "Be.m pac d'i vern e d'es ti - u E de fregz". The lyrics are written below the staff. The Alto Solo part includes triplets (marked '3') and a quintuplet (marked '5'). The Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric Bass parts continue their accompaniment. The Electric Bass part includes a circled 'X' above a note in measure 7.

13

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

a de ca - lors, Et am\_\_ ai - tan\_ neus cum flors\_\_\_\_\_ E\_

18

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

\_\_ pro\_\_ mort mais qu'a\_\_ vol\_\_ viu,\_ Qu'en-ais - si.m ten

**A**

23

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

es - for - siu E gai Jo - vens et Va lors. E quar am

28

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

dom - na no - vel - la So - bra - vi - nen e plus bel - la

33

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Pa - ro.m\_ ro - zas\_ en - tre gel\_ E\_ clar\_

38

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

temps ab\_ tre - bol\_ cel\_

**B**

43

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Ma don' a pretz so - lo - ri - u De-nant mil

48

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

com-ba te dors, E con-tra.ls fals fen - he - dors Ten

53

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

es - ta - blit\_ Mon - tes - qui - u\_ Per qu'el seu ric sen - ho - ri

58

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

u Lau - zen - giers non pot far\_ cors, Que sens e pretz\_ la\_ cap - del

63

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

la; E quan res - pon ni a - pel - la Siei dig - an sa -

68

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

bor - de mel Don sem - bla Sant Ga - bri el.

73

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

**D**

G

Per zo.m ten morn

77

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

e pes - si - u Ai-tant quant es-tauc al- hors! Pueis creis



82

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

m'en gaugz e dous - sors\_ Quan del sieu bel cors\_

87

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

**E**

m'ai ziu. Qu'ais-si cum de re - ca - li - u

92

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Ar m'en\_ ven\_cautz, ar fre - - dors\_\_\_ E quar es gai' et is\_\_\_nel

97

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

la\_\_\_ E de tozt mals\_\_\_ aips piu - cel - la,\_\_\_ Am\_ la mais per

102

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

San Ra - phel, Que Ja - cobs no fetz

107

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Ra - - chel.

May 31 - June 18, 2015  
 Germantown, NY

# Na Audiart

Ezra Pound  
1908

Dark, sexy, mysterious  
♩ = 50

Kyle Gann  
2015

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system includes parts for Flute, Alto voice, Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric bass. The Flute part begins with a rest for the first four measures, followed by a melodic line starting in measure 5 with a *p* dynamic. The Vibraphone part plays a steady accompaniment of chords in a 2/2 time signature, marked *p* and with a tempo of ♩ = 50. The Electric Piano part is silent throughout the first system. The Electric bass part plays a rhythmic line starting in measure 1, marked *p* and with a tempo of ♩ = 50. The second system, starting at measure 6, features the Flute and Alto voice parts. The Flute part has a triplet of eighth notes in measure 6 and continues with a melodic line. The Alto voice part remains silent. The Vibraphone part continues its accompaniment. The Electric Piano part enters in measure 6 with a melodic line, marked *p*. The Electric bass part continues its rhythmic line, also marked *p*.

12

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Though thou

17

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

well dost wish\_ me ill\_\_\_\_\_ Au-di-art, Au-di-art, Where the

*Na Audiart*

14 21

Fl.

A.   
 bo - dice la - ces start — As i - vy fin - gers clut - ching through Its

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

25

Fl.

A.   
 cre - vi - ces, — Au - di - art, Au - di - art,

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Na Audiart*

**A**

29

Fl.

A. State - ly tall and love - ly ten-der Who shall ren-der,

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

32

Fl.

A. Au-di-art, Au-di-art, Prai - ses meet un - to thy fa-shion?

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

36

Fl. 

A.  Here\_\_\_ a word kiss\_\_\_

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

41

Fl. 

A.  Pass I on un - to La - dy Miels - de - Ben, Hav - ing

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 



45

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

praised thy gir-dle's scope How the stays ply back from it\_\_\_\_\_

49

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

I breathe no hope that thou should'st Nay, no

53

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

whit, Be-speak thy - self for a-ny-thing, Just for a

57

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

word in thy praise, girl, Just for the swirl Thy sa-tins make— u-pon the stair

61

Fl.

A.

'Cause ne-ver a flaw was there, Where thy torse and limbs are

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

66

Fl.

A.

met Though thou hate me, read it set

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

70

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

in rose and gold— Or when the min-strel, tale— half told, Shall

75

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

burst to lil-ting— at the praise, Au-di-art, Au-di-art,

**B**

79

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Ber - trans, mas-ter of his lays, Ber-trans of Aul-ta-fort thy praise Sets

83

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

forth and though thou hate me well Yea, though thou

87

Fl.

A. wish me ill— Au-di - art, Au-di art, Thy *pp*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

91

Fl. *pp*

A. love-li-ness is here writ till, Au-di-art, Oh, till thou come a - *p*

Vib. *pp* *p*

E. Piano *pp* *p*

E. Bass *pp* *p*

*Na Audiart*

96

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

gain. And be-ing bent and wrink-led, in a form That hath no per-fect

101

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

lim-ning, when the warm Youth dew is cold u-pon thy hands and thy

106

Fl.

A. old soul Scorn-ing a new, wry'd case-ment,

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

110

Fl.

A. Chur - lish at seemed\_\_ mis-place-ment Finds the earth as

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass



115

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

bit-ter\_ As now seems it sweet.

C

120

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

125

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

129

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Be - ing so

**D**

134

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

young and fair\_ As then on-ly in dreams Be-ing then young and

138

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

wry'd Bro-ken\_ of an-cient pride

142

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*p*

3

Thou shalt then sof-ten\_ Know-ing, I know not how Thou wert once

147

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

3

3

she Au-di-art, Au-di-art, For whose fair-ness one for-

151

Fl. *pp*

A. *pp* intensely

Vib. *pp*

E. Piano *pp*

E. Bass *pp*

gave Au-di- art, Au-di- art, Que

**E**

155

Fl. *p*

A. *p*

Vib. *p*

E. Piano *p*

E. Bass *p*

be.m vols mal.

Na Audiart

161

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

166

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

170

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

175

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Na Audiart*

180

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Detailed description: This system contains measures 180, 181, and 182. The Flute part (Fl.) begins with a whole rest in measure 180, followed by a melodic line of eighth and quarter notes. The Alto Saxophone (A.) part is silent throughout. The Vibraphone (Vib.) part features sustained chords in both hands, with a change in harmony between measures 181 and 182. The Electric Piano (E. Piano) part has a right-hand melody of eighth notes and a left-hand accompaniment of quarter notes. The Electric Bass (E. Bass) part provides a bass line with quarter and eighth notes.

183

rit. . . . .

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

rit. . . . .

rit. . . . .

Detailed description: This system contains measures 183, 184, 185, and 186. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the Flute staff at the start of measure 183 and above the Electric Piano staff at the start of measure 185. The Flute part (Fl.) has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The Alto Saxophone (A.) part is silent. The Vibraphone (Vib.) part has sustained chords with some movement in the right hand. The Electric Piano (E. Piano) part has a right-hand accompaniment of chords and a left-hand melody. The Electric Bass (E. Bass) part has a bass line with quarter and eighth notes.



# Alba

(En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)

Anonymous  
Translated by Ezra Pound

Kyle Gann  
2015

$\text{♩} = 160$

Flute

Alto Solo

Vibraphone

Electric Piano

Electric Bass

*p*

Pizz.

9

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*p*

16

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

22

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

27

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

31 **A**

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

In a gar - den where the white - thorn spreads her

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

34

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

leaves My la - dy hath her love lain close be -

38

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

side her, - Till the war - der cries the dawn

42

Fl.

A. Solo  
Ah dawn that grieves! Ah God! Ah

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

45

Fl.

A. Solo  
God! That dawn should come so soon! Ah

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

48

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

God! — Ah God! — That dawn should come so soon!

52

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.


E. Piano


E. Bass


*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*


**B**

56 *gradual general*  
*crescendo to m. 121*

Fl. 

A. Solo  Please God that night, dear night should ne-ver cease, Nor that my

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

60

Fl.  love should par-ted be— from me Nor watch cry

A. Solo  love should par-ted be— from me Nor watch cry

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

64

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

'Dawn' Ah dawn that slay - eth peace! Ah God! Ah

68

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

God! That dawn should come so soon! Ah



71

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

God! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

75

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Fair friend and

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

79

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sweet, thy lips! Our lips a - gain!

83

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Lo, in the mea - dow there the birds give song!

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

87

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Ours be the love and Jea - lou sy's the

91

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

pain! Ah God! That dawn should come so soon!

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

**D**

95

Fl. *mf* *mf*

A. Solo

Vib. *mf*

E. Piano *mf*

E. Bass *mf*

Sweet friend and fair, take

99

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

we our joy a - gain Down in the gar - den,

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

103

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

where the birds are loud, Till the war - der's reed a -

107

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

strain Cry God! Ah God! That dawn should come so

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

111

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

soon!

115 **E**

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Of that sweet wind that comes from Far - A - way — Have

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

119

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

I drunk deep\_\_\_\_\_ of my Be - lo - ved's breath,\_\_\_\_\_

123

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

Yea! of my love's that is so dear and gay.\_\_\_\_\_ Ah

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

127

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

God! Ah God! That dawn should come so

130

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

soon! Ah God! Ah God! That

*mp softer*

*mp*

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*



133

Fl.

A. Solo  
dawn should come so soon!

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

**F**  
Suddenly slower and more still

137 ♩ = 90

Fl.

A. Solo  
Fair is this dam - sel and right cour-te-ous, - And ma - ny watch her

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*p*

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

143

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

beau-ty's gra-cious way. Her heart toward love is no wise trai-to-rous.

148

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

O God! O God! That Dawn should come so

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

153

Fl.

A. Solo  
soon! O God! O God! That Dawn should come so

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

157

Fl.

A. Solo  
soon!

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Alba (En un vergier sotz fuella d'albespi)*

161

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

The musical score consists of five staves. The Flute staff (Fl.) begins at measure 161 with a melodic line featuring a slur over the first two measures and a fermata over the last two. The A. Solo staff contains rests for all four measures. The Vibraphone staff (Vib.) plays a series of chords, with a slur over the first two measures and a fermata over the last two. The E. Piano staff (E. Piano) features a bass line with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and quarter notes, with a slur over the first two measures and a fermata over the last two. The E. Bass staff (E. Bass) plays a simple bass line with a slur over the first two measures and a fermata over the last two.

May 9 - 15, 2015  
Germantown, NY

# Estat ai en greu cossirier

La Contessa de Dia  
(born c. 1140)

Kyle Gann  
2015

Floating

♩. = 44

Flute

Alto Solo

Vibraphone

Electric Piano

Electric Bass

*p*

*p with pedal*

Detailed description: This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The Flute and Alto Solo parts are mostly rests. The Vibraphone part has a melodic line starting in measure 3 with a *p* dynamic. The Electric Piano part has a complex accompaniment with a *p with pedal* dynamic. The Electric Bass part is mostly rests.

5

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*p*

*p*

Es - tat

Pizz.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 through 8. The Flute part has a melodic line starting in measure 5 with a *p* dynamic. The Alto Solo part has a melodic line starting in measure 7 with a *p* dynamic. The Vibraphone part has a melodic line starting in measure 5. The Electric Piano part continues its accompaniment. The Electric Bass part has a melodic line starting in measure 8 with a *Pizz.* dynamic. The lyrics "Es - tat" are written below the Alto Solo part in measure 7.

10

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ai en greu cas - si-ri-er per un ca - val - lier qu'ai a-

15

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

gut e vuo - il sia temps totz sau

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

19

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

but cum ieu l'ai a - mat a sob - ri - er

24

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

A - ra vei qu'ie-u sui tra-

**A**

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

28

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

hi-da car ieu non li do- nei m'a-mor

33

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

don ai es - tat en gran er - ror en li - e - ig e

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*



37

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

quand sui ves - ti - da

42

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

**B**

Ben vol-ri-a mon

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

46

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ca-val-li-er\_\_\_ te - ner un ser en mos bratz nut,

50

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

qu'el s'en ten-gra per e - re - u - but\_\_\_



54

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sol qu'a lui

58

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

fe - zes cos - seil - li - er car plus m'en sui

62

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

a-bel-li-da no fetz Flo-ris de Plan-cha - flor;— ieu l'a - u-

66

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

tre-i mon cor e m'a - mor mon sen, mos hu-

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

70

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

il - los a ma vi - da

**D**

75

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

79

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Bels a - mics a-vi-nens de

83

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

bos, co-ra-us ten - rai\_ en mon po - der? e que ja-gues ab vos un

88

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ser e qu'ie - us des un bais a - ma - ros;

91

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Sap - chatz, gran ta - lan n'au - ri - a qu'ie - us ten - gues

**E**

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

95

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

en lu-oc del ma - rit ab so que

100

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

m'a-gues-setz ple - vit de far tot so qu'ie-u vol - ri-a.

**F**



105

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

110

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Estat ai en greu cossirier*

113 rit. . . . .

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

rit. . . . .

April 27 - May 10, 2015  
Germantown, NY

# L'aura amara

Arnaut Daniel  
Translated by Eza Pound

With a gentle swinging motion

Kyle Gann  
2015

♩ = 54

The musical score is arranged for five instruments: Flute, Alto Solo, Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric Bass. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 54. The music is in 4/4 time and features a gentle swinging motion. The Flute part begins with a melodic line marked *mp* and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The Alto Solo part is mostly silent. The Vibraphone part provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggios, also marked *mp*. The Electric Piano part consists of a bass line and a treble line, both marked *mp*. The Electric Bass part features a bass line with a *Pizz.* (pizzicato) marking and is marked *mp*. The score includes lyrics: "The bit-ter air Strips pa-no-ply".

Flute *mp* 3

Alto Solo

Vibraphone *mp*

Electric Piano *mp*

Electric Bass *mp* Pizz.

4

Fl. *p*

A. Solo 3

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

The bit-ter air Strips pa-no-ply

8

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

From trees Where softer winds set leaves And glad

11

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Beaks Now inbrakes are coy— Scarce peep the wee— Mates And un-mates.

15

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

What gaud's the work? \_\_\_\_\_ What good the gleees?

18

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

What curse I strive to shake! Me hath she cast from high, \_ In fell di-

21

Fl. 

A. Solo   
sease I lie, and death-ly fear-ing.\_

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

25 **A**

Fl. 

A. Solo   
So clear the flare That first lit me To sieze

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

28

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Her whom my soul believes      If cad Sneaks      Blabs, slan-ders my joy,

32

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Counts lit-tle fee, \_\_\_\_\_ Baits,      And their hates.      I scorn their perk, \_\_\_\_\_

36

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

And preen, at ease Dis- burse! Can she, and wake Such firm de-lights

39

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

that I Am hers, froth, lees, Bi- god! From toe to ear- ring...



**B**

42

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

A - mor look

45

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

yare! Know cer-tain-ly The keys: How she thy suit re -

*L'aura amara*

48

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ceives No add Piques 'Twere fol-ly to an- noy I'm true so dree\_

52

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

— fates No de-bates Shake me, nor jerk My ve-ri-ties

56

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Turn terse, and yet I ache Her lips, not snows— that fly Have po-ten-

59

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

cies To slake To cool my sear-ing..

63 **C**

Fl.

A. Solo  
Be-hold my prayer (Or com-pa-ny— Of these)

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

66

Fl.

A. Solo  
— Seeks whom such height a-chieves Well clad seeks Her, and

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

69

Fl.

A. Solo

would not cloy\_ Heart a-pert-ly states Thought. Hope waits 'Gainst

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

73

Fl.

A. Solo

death to irk, False bre-vi-ties\_ And worse! To her I raik

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

76

Fl. 

A. Solo  Sole her all o - thers' dry — Fe - li - ci - ties — I count not

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

79

Fl.  **D**

A. Solo  worth the leer-ing. — Ah, fair face,

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

83

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

where, Each qua-li-ty— But frees— One pride-shaft more, that cleaves Me; Mad

87

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

friecks. (O' thy beck) des-troy— And moc-ke-ry— Baits, Me, and

91

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

rates. Yet I not shirk Thy vel - lie - ties,

94

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

A-verse Me not, nor slake De-sire... God draws not nigh... To Dome, with



97

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

pleas where-in's so lit tle veer-ing..

**E**

101

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Now chant pre - pare And me-lo - dy To please

104

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

The King, who'll judge thy sheaves. Worth, sad,

106

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Sneaks Here; Doub-le em-ploy\_ Hath there. Get thee\_

109

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

112

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

115

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ply Cross the wide seas— but 'Rome' dis-turbs my hear ing

118

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

**F** Coda

At mid-night mirk In

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

122

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sec - re - cies I nurse my ser-ved make in heart; Nor try my me-lo - dies\_ At o - ther's

126

Fl.

A. Solo

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

door not mear-ing\_

May 4 - 9 , 2015  
Germantown, NY

# Near Perigord

Ezra Pound  
1915

Kyle Gann  
2015

Stately, with dignity and determination

$\text{♩} = 68$

Musical score for the first system of "Near Perigord". The score is in 4/4 time and consists of five staves: Flute, Alto Voice, Vibraphone, Electric Piano, and Electric Bass. The Flute part begins with a *mf* dynamic and features a melodic line with slurs and a fermata. The Alto Voice part is silent. The Vibraphone part starts with a *f* dynamic and plays a series of chords. The Electric Piano part is a grand staff with both treble and bass clefs, also starting with a *f* dynamic. The Electric Bass part begins with a *f* dynamic and plays a simple bass line. A tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = 68$  is present below the Electric Piano staff.

Uc de St. Circ: "Tres enemies e dos mals segnors ai"

Musical score for the second system of "Near Perigord". The score continues from the first system and includes five staves: Flute (Fl.), Alto Voice (A.), Vibraphone (Vib.), Electric Piano (E. Piano), and Electric Bass (E. Bass). The Flute part begins with a *f* dynamic and features a complex melodic line with slurs, a fermata, and fingerings (3, 5, 3, 3, 5). The Alto Voice part is silent. The Vibraphone part continues with chords. The Electric Piano part is a grand staff with both treble and bass clefs. The Electric Bass part continues with a simple bass line. A time signature change to 3/4 is indicated at the end of the system.

8

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

You'd have men's

12

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

hearts up from the dust And tell their sec-rets, Mes-sire Ci-no?\_\_\_\_\_

Near Perigord

16

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Right e-nough! Then read bet-ween the lines of Uc St. Ci-re Solve me the rid-dle, for

20

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

you know the tale. Ber-trans, En... Ber-trans

*ff* *mf*

*mf*

*mf*

Near Perigord



24  $\text{♩} = 80$

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Left a fine can-zo-ne: Ma-ent, Ma-ent, I love you, you have turned me out.

27

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

The voice at Mont-fort La-dy Ag-nes' hair, Bel Mi-ral's sta-ture, the vis-coun-tess' throat

*Near Perigord*

**A** Tempo I  
♩ = 68

31

Fl. *mf*

A.  
Set all to - ge - ther are not wor - thy of you..." And all the while you

Vib. *mf*

E. Piano *mf*  
♩ = 68

E. Bass *mf*

34

Fl. *mf*

A.  
sing out that can zo - ne, Think you that Ma - ent lived at Mon - taig - nac, One

Vib.

E. Piano *mf*

E. Bass *mf*

Near Perigord

37

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

at Cha-lais, A - no-ther at Ma-le-mort For ev' - ry

40

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

la - dy a cas-tle, each place strong.

*mp*

Near Perigord

44

Fl. *f* *mp*

A. *mp*

Vib. *f* *mp*

E. Piano *f* *mp*

E. Bass *f* *mp*

Tai-ri-ran held hall in Mon-taig-nac His

48

Fl.

A. *mp*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

bro-ther in-law was all there was of po-wer in Pe-ri-gord. And our En Ber -

*Near Perigord*

51

Fl.

A.   
trans was in Al-ta-fort, Hub of the wheel, the stir-rer-up of

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

54

Fl.

A.   
strife, As caught by Dan-te in the last wal-low of hell...

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Near Perigord*

57

Fl. *mp* *mf* *f*

A. How would you live, with neigh - bors set a bout you, What could he do but

Vib. *mp* *mf* *f*

E. Piano *mp* *mf* *f*

E. Bass *mp* *mf* *f*

60

Fl. *p*

A. play the desp' rate chess And stir old grud - ges?

Vib. *p*

E. Piano *p*

E. Bass *p*

*Near Perigord*

C

64

Fl. *mf*

A. *mf*

Vib. *mf*

E. Piano *mf*

E. Bass *mf*

Take the whole man, and ra-vel out the sto-ry. He loved this la - dy in

67

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano *mp*

E. Bass

cas-tle Mon-taig-nac? The cas-tle flanked him, he had need of it. And Ma

Near Perigord

*Faster, at a conversational tempo*

71 ♩ = 108

Fl. *f* *3*

A. *f* *3*

Vib. *f* *3*

E. Piano *f* *3*

E. Bass

ent failed him, or saw through the scheme? Pa-pi-ol, Go forth-right sing-ing, There is a

♩ = 108

75

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

throat; ah, there are two white hands; There is a trel-lis full of ear-ly ro-ses, And all my

*Near Perigord*



**D**

With subdued but growing intensity

♩ = 78 Bertran de Born: Rassa tan crais

97

79

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

heart is bound a bout with love." Is it a love poem? Did he

*mf* *f*

♩ = 78

82

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sing of war? Is it an in-trigue to run sub-tly out? Born of a Jon-gleur's tongue,

*f*

Near Perigord

85

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

free-ly to pass. Up and a-bout and in and out the land, Mark him a crafts-man\_ and a

88

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

stra-te - gist?\_ Oh, there is pre-ce-dent! Le-gal tra-di - tion, to sing

*Near Perigord*

Faster,  
conversational tempo

91

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

one thing when your song means a - no- ther... "Et al - bi - rar ab lor bor - don."

**A tempo**

95

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

What is Sir Ber - trans sing - ing? Ma - ent, Ma - ent, and yet a - gain Ma - ent?

**E** *Slower and deliberately*

♩ = 64

99

Fl. *mf*

A. *mf* *f* *f* *ff*

Vib. *mf* *f* *ff*

E. Piano *mf* *f* *ff*

E. Bass *mf* *ff*

Or war\_ and bro-ken heaumes and po-li tics? End fact. Try fic-tion.

♩ = 64

*A little faster than Tempo I*

♩ = 76

103

Fl. *mp*

A. *mp*

Vib. *mp*

E. Piano *mp*

E. Bass *mp*

Let us say we see En Ber-trans

♩ = 76

107

Fl.

A. 

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

111

Fl.

A. 

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

*Near Perigord*

115

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

swear-ing bet-ween his teeth By his left hand lie litt-tle strips of parch-ment

*mp*

119

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

co-vered o-ver Scratched and e-rased with *al* and *o-cha - i - sos...*

*Near Perigord*

123

Fl. *ff*

A. *ff*

Vib. *ff*

E. Piano *ff*

E. Bass *ff*

We come to Ven-ta-dour in the mid love court He sings\_\_\_\_\_

126

Fl. *ff*

A. *ff*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

\_\_\_\_\_ out the can - zon.

130

Fl. *p* *pp*

A. *p* *pp*

Vib. *p*

E. Piano *mp*

E. Bass *p*

No one hears save Ar-ri-mon Luc d'As-pe-ro No one hears aught save the

134

Fl.

A. *mp*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

gra-cious sound\_ of com-pli-ments. Sir Ar-ri-mon counts on his fin-gers,

*Near Perigord*



137

Fl. *f*

A. *f*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Mont- fort, Rou-che-cou- art, Cha- lais the rest, the

140

Fl. *f* *Pressing ahead, dramatic*

A. *f*

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

tac tic, Ma-le- mort, gues-ses be-neath, sends word to Coeur de Li on The

Near Perigord

143

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

com- pact, De Born smoked out! trees felled a- bout his cas tle cat- tle dri- ven out!

short

147

G Calmer

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

Or no one sees it and En Ber - trans\_ prospered? Plan

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

Near Perigord

152

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

ta-ga-net puts the rid-dle: "Did he love her?" And Ar-naut par-ries: Did he love your

*mf* 3

*mf* 3

*mf* 3

*mf*

155

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sis-ter?\_ True, he has praised\_ her, but in some o-pi-nion, He wrote that praise on ly to

3

3

3

3

3

Near Perigord

*Impulsive,  
pressing ahead*

158

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

show he had The fa-vor of your par-ty, had been well re- ceived." Say that he saw the

161

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

cas- tles, say that he loved Ma- ent!" "Say that he loved her, does it solve the

*Near Perigord*

*Slowing a touch*

163

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

3

3

*ff*

*ff*

short

rid- dle?" And we can leave the talk till Dan - te writes: Sure-ly I saw,

*ff*

*ff*

*Slowing a touch*

*ff*

166

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

3

3

3

3

3

3

and still be-fore my eyes — Goes on — that head-less trunk, that bears for light Its own

169

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

head swing-ing,— gripped by the dead hair, And like a swing-ing lamp that says,

173

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

"Ah me! I se-vered men, my head and heart Ye see here se-vered,

Near Perigord

176 original tempo



Fl. *mp mp*

A. my life's coun-ter- part."

Vib. *mp*

E. Piano *mp*

E. Bass

180



Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano *p*

E. Bass

Near Perigord

I

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 84$

(no faster!)

184

Fl. *rit.*

A. Or take En Ber trans? I loved a

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass *rit.*

$\text{♩} = \text{♩} = 84$   
(no faster!)

*p*

189

Fl.

A. wo-man. The stars fell from hea-ven. And al-ways our two na-tures were in

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass



194

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

strife. And great wings beat a - bove us in the twi - lght, And the

199

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

great wheels in hea-ven Bore us to - ge - ther... Sur-ging and a - part... Be-

204

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

liev-ing we should meet with lips and hands. High, high and

209

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

sure and then the coun-ter-thrust: Why do you love me? Will you al-ways

215

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

love me? But I am like the grass, I can not love you." Or,

221

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

"Love, and I love and love you And hate your mind not you, your soul, your hands

**J**

## Bertran de Born: Rassa tan creis

227

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

There shut up in his cas-tle, Tai-ri-ran's,

*p*

232

Fl.

A.

Vib.


E. Piano

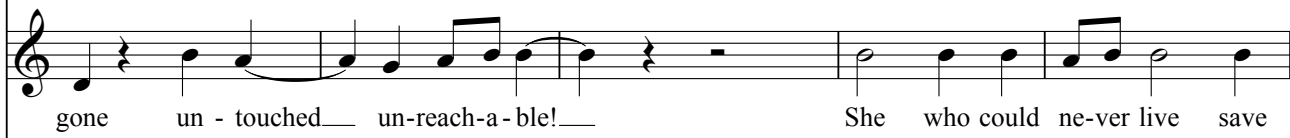
E. Bass

She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands, Gone ah,

*Near Perigord*


237

Fl. 


A. 


Vib. 

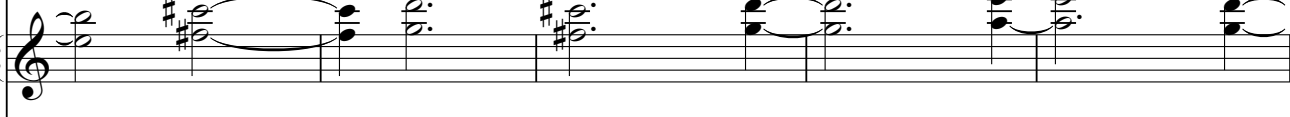
E. Piano 

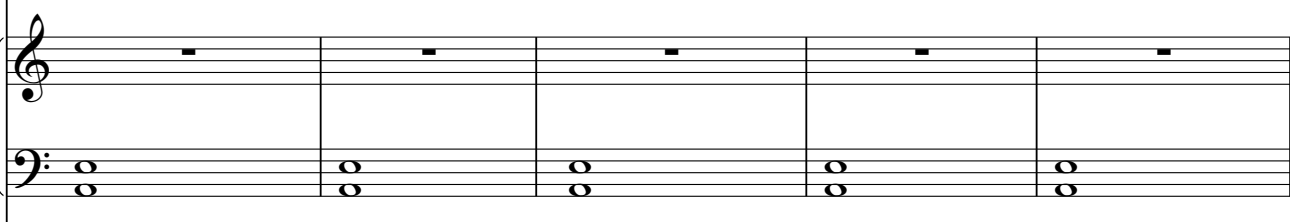
E. Bass 


242

Fl. 

A. 

Vib. 

E. Piano 

E. Bass 

247

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

And all the rest of her a shif-ting change, A bro-ken

251

Fl.

A.

Vib.

E. Piano

E. Bass

bun - dle of mir - rors...!

*without ritard.....until here* long

*without ritard.....until here* long

*without ritard.....until here* long