

♩ = 60

WAITING.

BARRY GOY. text: Barra O' Seagha.

written for Calmus Ensemble

Op. 1. *mf* sun — *p* Ligh(t)

Alto *mf* sun — *p* Ligh(t)

Ten. *mf* sun-light trapped in the mesh

Bari. *mf* sun-light trapped in the mesh o(f) *ossia* mesh of Lea(ves)

Bass *mf* sun- Ligh(t) — *p* Lea(ves) — *f* mesh of Lea(ves)

Pale yellow
* *mp* c7"
* spoken low, but natural voice.

Sop. *a poco cresc.* *gliss.* *mp* sha

Alto *a poco cresc.* *gliss.* *mp* sha — dow

Ten. *a poco cresc.* *gliss.* *mp* the day ex

Bari. *a poco cresc.* *gliss.* *mp* the day ex

Bass falls on brittle green *mp* sha

Sop. dow sha — dow play and *p* no

Alto play sha — dow play and *p* Ligh(t)

Ten. — pires in soo — by Ligh(t)

Bari. — pires in soo — ty *ossia* Ligh(t)

Bass dow



Sop. *a poco cresc*

Alto *a poco cresc*

Ten. *a poco cresc*

Bari *a poco cresc*

Bass *mp* *p* *mp* ** as before* *c 7°*

The day (a) expires in sooty (a) light

optional

gliss.

Sop. *ppp + whispering* *deliberato* *whispered/elongated*

Alto *ppp + whispering*

Ten. *ppp + whispering*

Bari *ppp + whispering*

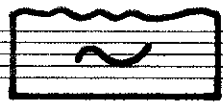
Bass *p* *mp* *pp* *mp*

Ghostly chimneys crumble

d a r k

K

OBERSTAMMHEIM
03.09.20



A short improvisatory moment using the given words that may be used in any order (no), but can also be subject to vocal deconstructions. ie: improvise!

The first K is together. Thereafter, articulate in your own time, repeating a note.

This short one minute piece, will out of my current interest in the music of Pelham Humphrey (1647-1674) and a text from the Irish poet and writer Barra O'Seaghdha.

On my drawing board at this time is a developing score for my Blue Shroud Band, that relates to fragments of Humphrey's 'O Lord My God', which has been orchestrated to establish stepping stones between sections. Samuel Beckett's 'What is the word' is central to the narrative of the piece, but so too is a complimentary set of texts from Barra. WAITING is one of those texts that seemed particularly appropriate when considering the current world predicament that we are all in at this time.

♩ = 60

"pale..."

"Ghostly..."

"the..."

"Ghostly..."

WAITING.

Barra O'Seaghda

Sunlight
trapped in the mesh of leaves.

Pale yellow
falls on brittle green.

Shadowplay. And —
No.

The day
expires in sooty light.

Ghostly chimneys
crumble into dark.

