

The Nightingale

for

Mezzo soprano

and percussion played by the singer

Text by Keats,
T.S. Eliot, Rich. Barnefield
and others

Vivian Fine

$\text{♩} = 72$

poco f

The Nightingale

Virvian Fine

$\text{♩} = 66$
jug jug jug te-teu te-teu te-teu te-teu

choac choac choac choac te-teu she cries te-teu te-teu

p + see bebut *mf* te-teu she cries *p* + tuh sh what

bird so sings jug jug jug jug te-teu tuh sh

poco f what bird so sings yet so does well

jug jug jug jug jug jug te-teu

Perc

susp cymbal, wire brush *mf* decresc. *pp* yet

there the night-in-gale filled all the de- sert with in-

$\text{♩} = 80$
vi-ol-able voice te-teu *poco f*

te-teu te-teu jug jug jug jug and still she cried

Perc

All notes marked thus: + are to be spoken.

Percussion consists of suspended cymbal, triangle, wood block.

mf

ah ah

Perc.

mf $\text{♩} = 52$

filled all the de- sert filled

all the de- sert the night- in- gale

Perc.

filled all the de- sert.

wood block

$\text{♩} = 46$ *f*

The mut- mut- oos heunt of flies on

Perc.

procresc.

sum-mer eyes, The grass, the thick- et and the fruit- tree

poco f *dim.* $\text{♩} = 58$

wild; white haw- thorne and the pas- tor- al eg- lan- tine

Perc.

p

triangle

Perc. *w.b.*

I can not see what flowers are

Perc.

at my feet, Not what soft in-cense hangs u-pon the boughs

poco f

w.b.

poco f

tuh sh — tuh sh

molto p $\text{♩} = 46$

The mut-mut-ous haunt of flies on sum-mer eves,

The grass, the thick-et and the fruit-tree wild; white haw-thorne and the

pas-tor-al eg-leh-tine. (segue)

♩ = 80
tubato
 Phil-o-mel, Phil- o - mel, Phil-o-mel, Philo-mel,
cym. with triangle beater, let vibrate
 Perc.

Phil o- mel Phil-o- mel, tah-da-ra-dei, tah-da-ra-dei
 fie fie fie how she would cry
 te-teu te-teu te-teu te-teu te-teu te-teu te-
 teu te- reu, by and by, by and by, by and
 by, Phil- o- mel with mel- o- dy sing in out sweet
 bull-a- by tah-da-ra-dei tah-da-ra-dei

circa ♩ = 54
tubato
 Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain while thou art
 pouring forth thy soul a-broad in such an ec-s-ta-sy!

♩=48

5

Very slow, poco rubato, molto tranquillo

Towards the end of summer the night-in-gale dis-appears to its

Af-ri-can win-ter haunts, the night-in-gale, the night-in-

gale, The voice I hear this pass-ing night was heard in an-cient days, the

meno p
cym. wire brush
p

night-in-gale, Was it a vi-sion or a wa-king dream, ti.

mt
w.b.t
p

Fled is that mu-sic, do I wake or sleep?

p
molto p

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