

Elaine Fine

Pierrot

spends

a little while

in the

twilight



a setting of three poems by Sara Teasdale

for viola and baritone
or viola and mezzo-soprano

Performance note:

For the comfort of higher voices, the following transpositions can be observed:

Pierrot: Measures 6 and 7 and measures 42 and 43 can be taken up an octave.

A Little While: Measures 1 through 13 can be taken up an octave, and the g naturals in measures 15 and 28 can also be taken up an octave.

Adventurous violists who are able to sing and play at the same time might enjoy the challenge of doing so with these pieces.

The cover etching of Pierrot playing the viola is a slightly-altered detail from the frontispiece of *Odes Funabulesques* by Théodore de Banville, which was published in 1857. It is being used here under a Creative Commons BY-NC-SA 4.0 from the British Museum.

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Sara Teasdale (1884 - 1933)

Pierrot

Pierrot stands in the garden
Beneath a waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
A fragile silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
He thinks he plays for me,
But I am quite forgotten
Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
And all the roses know
That Pierrot loves his music,--
But I love Pierrot.

Twilight

Dreamily over the roofs
The cold spring rain is falling;
Out in the lonely tree
A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling;
My heart like the bird in the tree
Is calling, calling, calling.

A Little While

A little while when I am gone
My life will live in music after me,
As spun foam lifted and borne on
After the wave is lost in the full sea.

A while these nights and days will burn
In song with the bright frailty of foam,
Living in light before they turn
Back to the nothingness that is their home.

Pierrot spends a little while in the twilight

Three Songs for Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano and Viola

Sara Teasdale

Pierrot

Elaine Fine

Allegretto

Voice *mp*

Ah Ah Ah Ah

Viola *mp*

6

Ah Ah Pier-rot stands in the gar-den Be-

12

neath a wa-ning moon, And on his lute he fa-shions A fra-gile sil-ver tune. Pier-

18

rot plays in the gar-den, He thinks he plays for me, But I am quite for-pizz.

23

got - ten Un - der the cher - ry tree. Pier - rot plays in the gar - den, And

arco

28

all the ro - ses know That Pier - rot loves his mu - sic, But I love

33

Pier - rot. Ah Ah Ah

39

Ah Ah Ah Ah pizz.

46

Twilight

Sara Teasdale

Moderato ♩ = 63

Elaine Fine

Voice

Viola

mf

Ooh _____ Ooh _____

4

mp

Ah _____ Drea-mi-ly o-ver the roofs _____ The cold _____ spring

8

rain _____ is fal - ling, fal - ling, fal -

poco rit. *a tempo*

11

ling; Out in the lone - ly

p

14

tree _____ A bird is cal - ling. Out in the lone - ly tree _____

mf

18 *mf*

cal - ling cal - ling cal - ling.

mp

22 *mp*

Slow-ly o - ver - the earth The wings of night are

mp

26

fal - ling, fal - ling, fal - ling

29 *mp* *mf*

My heart like the bird in the tree My heart is cal - ling, cal - ling,

p *mp* *mf*

33 *mp*

cal - ling cal - ling cal - ling, cal - ling, cal - ling.

mp

A Little While

Sara Teasdale

Moderato ♩ = 72

mp

Elaine Fine

Voice

8

Ah

Viola

mp

7

8

A lit-tle while when I am gone my life will live in

12

8

mu - sic af - ter me, As spun foam

mp

18

8

li - fted and borne on Af - ter

23

8

the wave is lost in the full sea.

poco rall.

mp

28 *a tempo* *mp*

A while these nights and days will burn In song with the bright fra - il -

33 *f*

ty of foam, — Li-ving in light. — be - fore —

39 *mf* *mp*

they turn — Back to the no-thing -

44 *p*

ness — that is their home — Ah —

53

Ah —