Shout to God

an oratorio

for Baritone solo
chorus and orchestra

by

Bruce Davis

text taken from
psalms, and poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins

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### Thesis Section

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#### Orchestration

- 2 flutes
- 2 oboes
- 2 clars. (A & Bb)
- 2 Bns.
- 4 Horns in F
- 2 Tpts. in Bb
- 3 Trbs.
- Timp.
- Percussion:
  - Bass drum; crash cym.;
  - Sus. cym.; triangle;
  - Tam-tam; Antique cym.(C#, G)
  - Whip; claves.
- Organ
- Strings

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Lake and B Grape NH 1992

---
Sing the glory of his name.
Sing the glory of his name.

D (D)
glor-ious, make his praise —— glor—ious, glor—ious, glor—ious!

make his praise —— glor—ious!

glor—ious, make his praise —— glor—ious!

make his praise —— glor—ious!

ff make his praise —— glor—ious, make his praise —— glor—ious,
"In his hand are the depths of the earth, and the mountains are his heritage."

"The sea is his, for he made it, and his hands formed the dry land."
No. 3

Moderato (d=80)

24.1

f.1

24.2

cl.

24.3

bsn.

1.3

hn.

3.4

tp.

3.4

trb.

3.4

tim.

3.4

s.

3.4

a.

3.4

t.

3.4

b.

3.4

vln.

3.4

vla.

3.4

cello

3.4

bass

Moderato (d=80)
283 A

\[ \text{dimo un poco piu adagio} \]

\( \text{cresc in Ch 1} \)

\( \text{cresc in Ch 2} \)

\( \text{cresc in Bsn 1} \)

\( \text{cresc in Bsn 2} \)

\( \text{the skin proclaim the work of his hands} \)

\( \text{the skin proclaim the work of his hands} \)

\( \text{the skin proclaim the work of his hands} \)

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\( \text{the skin proclaim the work of his hands} \)

\( \text{the skin proclaim the work of his hands} \)
The earth is the Lord's and all it contains.

The skies proclaim the work of his hands.

All the earth bow down to you.

All the earth bow down to you.
Moderato (d=80)
Molto Adagio

Andante Maestoso \( \text{\textemdash}_{J=76}^{84} \)
has all flowers, their grace and tackle and trim.

All things counterfeit.

ora.
organ continue until the end of M. C.

(out of the depths I cry.)

(ah, like a moon)
out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry. out of the depths I cry.
No. 2

Melt to Adagio (d.=cres.)

Tuba:

Saxophone:

Soprano saxophone:

 alto saxophone:

All your waters,

Deep calls to deep in the roar of your

Breakers have swept over me.

And breakers have swept over me.

They here

Melt to Adagio (d.=cres.)

Melt to Adagio (d.=cres.)

Melt to Adagio (d.=cres.)
rit.

Molto Lento

Deep calls to deep — in the voice — of your water-falls — all your waters and breakers here

149

attack no 3
out of the depths I cry, out of the depths I cry.
out of the depths I cry, out of the depths I cry.
out of the depths I cry, out of the depths I cry.
out of the depths I cry, out of the depths I cry.
out of the depths I cry, out of the depths I cry.
Soom Baritone
"a prayer of the cry of a soul of my heart"
but not to build, nor but strain, time's squaw, and not breed one:

Tempo I (L=66)

Col. voice

Col. voice dimin.

Tempo I (L=66)

mf
As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, 0 God. As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, 0 God. As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, 0 God.
My soul thirsts for the living God. As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God.
O Lord,
My heart has been my food—day and night.
when can I go and meet with God? My tears have been my
when can I go and meet with God?

I my tears have been my food—day and night.

As the deer pethw streams of water, so my

Lento
As the deer panteth for water, so my soul pitheth for thee, O God.
My soul pants for the living God,
As the eunuchs for streams of water,
So my soul pants for you, O God.
forth your light and truth, send forth your light your light and your truth,
and why have you become disturbed within me? I hope in God, for I shall again
END OF PART II
"O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is your name, in all the earth!"

"Allegro"

"Ex. 124-132"
"There is no God, there is no God, there is no God.
There is no God, there is no God, there is no God.
There is no God, there is no God, there is no God.
"There is no God, there is no God, there is no God, there is no God."
Solo voice

Generations have turned, been turned, been turned (dimin.)
And all is

Solo voice

served with bread; blended—swored—with wine and ears—wheat's swirled and sniffs—man's small;

Cresc.

Cresc.

Solo voice

the soil is bare now—nor can feet feel, being shed. rit.

Solo voice

molto velt.
There lives the demon suchness deep-down things.

Cadenza

Poco Allargando

and though the last lights off the black west went

Cadenza (Bugs like)

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f
When you send your Spirit, you re-shape the face of the earth.

Organ

Solo Soprano

How many are your works, O Lord!

When you send your Spirit, they are created.

Piu mosso

# There should be space between each choral and organ phrase.
3460  a tempo  (solo)

Bass:  a tempo  (solo)

I and for all this, baritone is new—or spent...

(Lea)

352

A

When you send your spirit,

you renew the face of the

T

I when you send your spirit,

you renew the face of the

B

S辅助

Because the holy Ghost

overs the bent world

earth.

earth.

freely

breathes

with warm—breath and with ah! bright wings.

358  Lento  A
Andante (d = 76–88)
Let them praise the name of the Lord.
Rall.  Un poco meno mosso

Praise the Lord!
END
ALISTAIR JUSTICE

WHERE THE RIVER FLOWS

A MEDITATION ON THE WORK OF

THOMAS JOSHUA COOPER

FOR

VOICES AND LARGE ENSEMBLE

FULL SCORE
I was first made aware of Thomas Joshua Cooper's work through his exhibition 'Where the Rivers Flow' which was showing at Edinburgh's Fruitmarket Gallery in December 1997. I was immediately struck by the strength of his work and resolved to write a piece that was influenced and indeed (hopefully) reflected the nature of his photography.

Musically the piece is based on two ideas: a continuous variation which winds its way through the piece and the pulseless music of the beginning, end and SILENZA TEMPO sections which served to break up the continuity of the journey.

Structurally, like a number of Cooper's works, the piece is cyclic, and so, like the seasons, we end up back at the place from which we started out, but, much like nature, although it is basically the same, it differs in a number of ways.

The text, I derived from the writings of the transcendentalists Emerson and Thoreau (acknowledged influences of Cooper's) and added to these sections from Chief Seattle's Address which were concerned with the spiritual relationship between nature and man. So that the meaning of the texts were not lost I decided that they should only be spoken or chanted, a decision which meant that any sung phrases would be wordless. I therefore set the choral music in these sections to the open sounds of 'oh' and 'ah'...
The Text for 'Where The River Flows'

Speaker
To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature... At least they have a very superficial seeing... The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to one another. (Emerson)

It is not what you look for that matters, it is what you see. The earth is not a mere fragment of dead history stratum upon stratum like the leaves of a history book, to be studied by geologists... but a living poetry...not a fossil earth, but a living earth. (Thoreau)

Choir
Remember all you have seen
For everything forgotten
Is given back to the circling winds

Speaker
Even the rocks that seem dumb as they swelter in the sun along the silent seashore thrill with memories of past events connected with the fate of my people... And when the last red man shall have perished from the earth and his memory among white men shall have become a myth, these shores shall swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe...And when your children's children shall think themselves alone, they will not be alone. The white man will never be alone. (Chief Seattle)

Speaker
To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature... At least they have a very superficial seeing... The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to one another.

Choir
The Great sea stirs me
The Great sea sets me adrift
It sways me like the weed on a river-stone.

Speaker
It is not what you look for that matters, it is what you see...

Choir
We are never tired as long as we can see far enough...
Composer's Notes

The tempo markings throughout this piece are to be considered as only general guidelines; the conductor should 'pull' the pulse around where he feels it is necessary. The only exception to this is between rehearsal mark N and N+8 where the beat should have a rigid four/four feel to it, much like in most 'pop' music.

In the SENZA TEMPO sections, although there is no beaten pulse the conductor/performers should think of $\frac{1}{2}$ as 60 as being a general pulse for any regular groups eg the quavers which appear in the Bass Clarinet and Bodhran parts.

Between rehearsal markings Q and R the Bodhran takes his cues from the Flute, unless marked that the conductor is to give the signal to continue.

In sections where the duration of the pitches and rests are in seconds the conductor/performers should take these markings as being a rough guide and not an exact measurement of time to be adhered to. If the performer FEELS that that period of time has elapsed then, unless they have to wait for a cue from another performer, they should continue.
Glossary of Notational Symbols

- Conductors indication of start of next phrase
- Conductors indication for a performer to enter approximately the specified duration (in this case five seconds) into the present section
- Between Q and R this symbol indicates the points at which Percussion I is to follow the flute
- Repeat continuously until signalled to proceed to the next phrase
- Short break of less than one second
- Short break of approximately one second
- Break for the specified duration (in this case five seconds)
- When one performer is following another's lead, this symbol indicates the approximate period of time before they have to re-enter
- Break until conductors next signal
- Break until next section
- Pitch/rest to last the specified duration (in this case nine seconds)
- Accelerando through this grouped cell
- Accelerando then ritardando through this grouped cell
- Pitch to be held for the duration of one breath/bowstroke
- Note to be continued until signalled to proceed
- Chanted rhythm
- As Loud As Possible
- Crescendo from silence
- Diminuendo to silence
**Instrumentation**

**Flute**
- Bass Clarinet in B♭
- Tenor Trombone (with straight and plunger mute)
- Bass Trombone (with cup mute)

**Speaker**

**Percussion I** (Bodhrán, four Temple Blocks)
**Percussion II** (High Triangle, Suspended Cymbal, High Woodblock, Whip)
**Percussion III** (Low Triangle, Low Woodblock, Metal Bar*)
**Percussion IV** (Glockenspiel, Bowed Glasses*, four Tom-Toms)

**Choir** (minimum 4.4.4.4 split into two equal groups) with prayer stones*

**Strings** (minimum 4.4.4.4 split into two equal groups)*

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*1 The metal bar should be slightly lower in pitch than the woodblock and should have a similar resonance.

*2 To bow the glasses a cello bow should be used. The best resonance seems to come from 1 pint (585ml) glasses, filled with water to the level which gives the required pitch.

*3 If there are more voices and/or strings than the minimum, the equilibrium between the two groups must be maintained.
*Percussion IV must be clearly visible to all string players in order to lead them through the beginning and end sections. To make this an easier task, it is best that the percussionist uses highly exaggerated up and downbeats at the start and finish of each note.*
Strings take their cues from Percussion III, who uses staggered up and down beats to clearly show the start and finish of each note duration.
On the entry of the trombones, all repeating groups (except percussion) complete their present cycle and proceed to their next phrase.
On signal repeating either follow their instructions on fading out (fl. b, o, and per. s) or move into a section with the trombones (ie strings).
*Bass Trombone only plays in *.
Section of Bass Clarinet is found the pitch too low.*
To speak truly, few
adult persons can see nature

At least they have a very superficial seeing
The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to one another.
It is not what you look for that matters, it is what you see.
The earth is not a mere fragment of dead history, stratum upon stratum like the leaves of a history
book to be studied by geologists, but a living poetry
Not a fossil earth, but a living earth
Even the rocks that seem dumb as they swelter in the sun
along the silent seashore thrill with memories of past events connected with the fate of my people.
And when the last red man shall have perished from the earth and his memory among white men shall
¶ have become a myth, these shores shall swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe
And when your children's children shall think themselves alone
They will not be alone

The white man will never be alone
As an introduction, repeating instruments move on to their next phrase after completing the cycle. Begin on when the transition occurs.
To speak truly, few adult person's can see nature
At least they have a very superficial seeing
The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to one another.

Fade to nothing and stop on this repeat.
it is not what you look for that matters
It is what you see!