RAYMOND YIU

BEYOND THE GLASS

for Mixed Chorus (2003)

or will or wil

OPHELIA: You must sing 'A-down, a-down', and you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES: This nothing's more than matter.

OPHELIA: There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

LAERTES: A document in madness ...

William Shakespeare, Hamlet IV.5

Qresiew Could

Duration: 15'00"

Texts

The world is all but madness

Then why are we confined To live by law, and lie in straw

With hunger almost pined ...

Take my locks take my bolts off, Wee'le be as free as they be, Who keep such state, that none dare prate Yet are as mad as may be.

Thomas Jordan (1642)

Hey diddle diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon; The little dog laughed

To see such sport,

And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Anonymous

I felt a Cleaving in my Mind -As if my Brain had split -I tried to match it - Seam by Seam -But could not make them fit.

The thought behind, I strove to join Unto the thought before -But Sequence ravelled out of Sound Like Balls - upon a Floor.

Emily Dickinson (2864)

IV.

A miracle, my friends, come view, A man, admit his own words true, Who lives without a soul; Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he, Yet, sometimes, can as cheerful be As if he had the whole.

His head (take his own words along) Now hard as iron, yet are long Is soft as any jelly; All burnt his sinews, and his lungs; Of his complaints, not fifty tongues Could find enough to tell ye.

Yet he who paints his likeness here, Has just as much himself to fear, He's wrong from top to toe; Ah friends! pray help us, if you can, And make us each again a man, That we from hence may go.

Samuel Tuke (1813)

Three wise men of Gotham Went to sea in a bowl; If the bowl had been stronger, My story would have been longer.

Anonymous

VI.

The summer sun ray shifts through a suspicious tree. though I walk through the valley of the shadow It sucks the air and looks around for me.

The grass speaks. I hear green chanting all day. I will fear no evil, fear no evil The blades extend and reach my way.

The sky breaks. It sags and breathes upon my face. in the presence of mine enemies, mine enemies The world is full of enemies. There is no safe place.

Anne Sexton (1960)

VII

When I was a little boy I had but little wit; 'Tis a long time ago, And I have no more yet; Nor ever, ever shall, Until that I die, For the longer I live The more fool am I.

Anonymous

Performance Note:

In movement II and III, singers are required to sing harmonics by closing their mouth. This is indicated by the notation + above the notes. Normal singing is resumed when the notation ? is encountered.

Texts

I. First DocumentThe world is all but madnessThen why are we confinedTo live by law, and lie in strawWith hunger almost pined ...

Take my locks take my bolts off, Wee'le be as free as they be, Who keep such state, that none dare prate Yet are as mad as may be.

Thomas Jordan (1642)

II. First Nonsense
Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Anonymous

III. Second Document
I felt a Cleaving in my Mind –
As if my Brain had split –
I tried to match it – Seam by Seam –
But could not make them fit.

The thought behind, I strove to join Unto the thought before – But Sequence ravelled out of Sound Like Balls – upon a Floor.

Emily Dickinson (c. 1864)

IV. Third DocumentA miracle, my friends, come view,A man, admit his own words true,Who lives without a soul;Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he,Yet, sometimes, can as cheerful beAs if he had the whole.

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Is soft as any jelly;
All burnt his sinews, and his lungs;
Of his complaints, not fifty tongues
Could find enough to tell ye.

Yet he who paints his likeness here, Has just as much himself to fear, He's wrong from top to toe; Ah friends! pray help us, if you can, And make us each again a man, That we from hence may go. V. Second Nonsense Three wise men of Gotham Went to sea in a bowl; If the bowl had been stronger, My story would have been longer.

Anonymous

VI. Fourth Document
The summer sun ray
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and looks around for me.

The grass speaks. I hear green chanting all day. I will fear no evil, fear no evil The blades extend and reach my way.

The sky breaks.
It sags and breathes upon my face.
in the presence of mine enemies, mine enemies.
The world is full of enemies.
There is no safe place.

Anne Sexton (1960)

VII. Fifth Document
When I was a little boy
I had but little wit;
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

Anonymous

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