## RAYMOND YIU

## BEYOND THE GLASS for Mixed Chorus <br> (2003)

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 ...

Duration: 15’0"

## Texts

I
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)
II.

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.

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 (1..864)
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)
V.

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 hea green chanting all day.
I vill 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.

> 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.

## 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 Document

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.
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.

## IV. Third Document

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.

## 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.
VI. Fourth Document

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.
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.

## BEYOND THE GLASS







