

Every Day You Play

CANTATA

for high voice and piano

Music by Ian McQueen

Text by Pablo Neruda

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BRITISH MUSIC INFORMATION CENTRE
10, Stratford Place, London, W.1

Every Day You Play

Cantata for high voice and piano
after "Juegas todos los días..." from "Viente poemas de amor" (1924)
by Pablo Neruda
translated by W.S. Merwyn

HE:

Every day you play with the light of the universe.
Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water.
You are more than this white head that I hold tightly
As a bunch of flowers, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.
Let me spread you out among yellow garlands.
Who writes his name in letters of smoke among the stars of the south?
Oh let me remember you as you were before you existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut window.
The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.
Here all the winds let go sooner or later, all of them.
The rain takes of her clothes. The birds go by, fleeing.
The wind...

SHE:

The wind.
I can contend only against the power of men.
The storm whirls dark leaves
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last
night to the sky.

You are here. Oh, you do not run away.
You will answer me to the last cry.
Cling to me as though you were frightened.
Even so, at one time, a strange shadow ran through
Your eyes.

HE:

Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,
And even your breast smells of it.
While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies
I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your
mouth.
How you must have suffered getting accustomed to me.
My savage solitary soul, my name that sends them all running

SHE:

So many times we have seen the morning star burn, kissing our eyes
And over our heads the grey light unwind in turning fans

HE:

My words rained over you, stroking you.
A long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-pearl of your body,
I go so far as to think that you own the universe.
I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains...
bluebells, dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.

I want
to do with you what spring does with the cherry
trees.

Jan W. Owen
(1995)

Pablo Neruda
(Viente poemas de amor, 1924) *

Every Day You Play
Cantata for High Voice & piano

(HE) Comodo $\text{♩} = 96$
p, legg.
 Voice: Every day you play with the light of the uni-verse

Piano: *p, cresc.* *loco*

5 *Accel.* *f* $\text{♩} = 120$, *Vivace!*

Voice: *u - ni-verse!*

Piano: *ff*, *p, legg. (fort. Ped.)*, *ff, sotto voce*, *f sub*, *ff*

mp *f* 10 *rit. e calmo*

Voice: *ni-verse... play... play*

Piano: *ff sub!*, *ff*, *sub.*, *ch.*, *f sub, cresc. ff*

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Meno Mosso $\text{♩} = 88$ ca.
p, con sensibilita' 15

Voice: *Ev-ery day Sub-tle vi-si-ble You ar- rise*

Piano: *pp sub!*, *tenebrosos*, *quieto!*, *ms ist...*, *pp!*, *pp post.*, *estatico!*

Comodo, Tempo 1°, ♩ = 96 ca.

Voice *f p sub.* *f* *f*

you ar-rive to play with the light of the u-ri-verse

piano *ppp fort.* *ffp* *poco f*

p, leggero *p cresc* *f dimen*

Ev-ery day you play you ar-rive in the flower And the

pp, sub. *pp, legg., raining down*

f molto p *dolce*

(Solemnato Ped.) *heavy Ped*

sub p *ff* *f sub.* *f* *mp* *f sfz* *p sensuous*

wa-ter You are more than this, white head that I hold tight ly

low *pp, brill ante*

p: sfz *sfz* *sfz* *mf sfz* *pp: sfz* *mp: sfz*

p *mp*

30 *pp* *ppp* *ff* *b.a* *ff*

At a bunch of flowers ev-ery day be-tween my hands

p *ff*

p: sfz

Impetuoso; Appassionato! ♩ = ca 100

35 *p* *mf:*

You are like no - body since I

pp, marc e ritmico

40 *p sub.* *f* *pp*

love you Let me spread you out a-mong yel-low gar-lands

pp marc *ff: fz* *pp, marc*

45 *pp, tenebroso* *50 ff* *40*

who writes your name in let-ters of smoke

f, cant. ed. espress *pp marc*

Molto Meno Mosso ♩ = 69 *55* *f, appassion.*

A-mong the stars of the south let me re-member you

ritmico sin. pp *mp* *pp* *mp, espress.*

f
 as you were (sub-tle vi-si-tor...) *pp* (echo) *60*
 Be - fore

mp *delicissimo* *mo* *molto* *1816*

pp
 you ex - i - sted *Tempetustoso!* *♩ = 96* *65*

Preview File Only

♩ = 76 *70 p, sempre*
 Sud-den-ly —, the wind howls

p *sub* *sim.* (tempestuos)

75
 and bangs At my shut win - dow The

p *mf*

Allargando - - - In Tempo

mf p mp *dimen* - - - - - ppp 80

sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish

mp f 85

Here all the winds go sooner or later

pp, mb. f, fz pp, cresc! f mezzo

pp *molto!* ff 90 mp p

all of them

pp, cresc! f di-min

Lo Stesso Tempo 95 100

pp. The rain takes off her clothes

pp, delcsto pp, heavy chord down to create upper remains

p. cresc **5:6** **105** **ff** *mf*

The birds — birds —

quasi loco

p. 200 **5:6** **5:6** *cresc.* *molto* **f**

go by

p. leggiero **5:6** **ff** **110** *non trillo* **fff**

fla-ing — fla-ing — ing the wind

ff *p. sub.* *hold notes (sub. down!)* *morendo.*

Allegro furioso! $\text{♩} = 144$ *[SHE:] pp dolce* *cresc. poco* *rit.* **MOLTO** *ff* **In Tempo** $\text{♩} = 144$

The wind — I can con-tend on-ly a-

fff *mp* **ff** *mf* *mp* **f** *fort.*

120 **f, duro** **3** **f** *sub. fort.*

gainst the power of men — I can con-tend — on-ly a - gainst the

sfz *125 mp* *RIT. poco - 2 -*

power of men

f: fz cresc *ff* *mf* *dim*

poco *Appassimato! ♩ = 100* *poco a poco più* *Agitato 150*

p cresc *ff* *pp cresc!* *f cresc...*

The storm whirled leaves and turned loose All the bolts that were

pp cresc *f: pp sub* *mp: pp sub. cresc!* *f cresc...*

In Tempo
(*ff sempre ed intenso!*)

moored last night to the sky

ff: fz *f ff* *cresc* *poco a poco*

f *Sub Ped*

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f *pp mb (ritard)* *f rubato* *fz*

Subito Molto
140 Meno-Molto 1276

pp, dolce *mp: ppp*
 You are here, oh, you do not

p *f* *pp* *ppp* *p*

3

145
pp *p espress* *pp* *f*
 You will an- swer me - to the east cry

run 2-way

pp *ppp* *f* *fz*

150
p *mf* *ppp*
 Cling to me - As though you were fright-tened E-ven so

pprof ma sempre dimir *pp* *ppp, cresc* *mf tenerramente!* *ppp*

Ancora Meno-Molto 1263

155
pp misterioso, poco con rubato *pp* *mf*
 At one time a strange - sh-dow ran - through your eyes through your eyes, ran. through your eyes

ppp

Vivace $\text{♩} = 100$

Andabile, dolce $\text{♩} = 63$

[HE:] **ff**

Now, now too

p, agitato f sub. *pp: sfz*

p, espress e con moto

160

, lit-tle one, you bring-me ho-ney in-clude

And

165

espress e-ven your breast smells of it

pp, echo E-ven your breast smells of it

pp, mor pesante

170

pp, leggiero while the sad wind goes slough-te-ri-ny, slough-te-ri-ny but-ter-flies but-ter-flies

mp: ff *p* *mp* *ritmo* *mf* *fp*

pp, mor pesante

but-ter-flies I love you love you

sfz *pp* *f sub.* *dimin. 5.* *p* *pp: f-afz*

pp *5:6* *5:6* *5:6* *5:6*

pp *pp* *pp* *pp*

18vs baha *(coco)*

p *cresc.* *mf*

Love you I love you and my hap-pi-ness bites the plum of your mouth

poco *dimin* *5* *5*

180

p (rechor) *fff*

My hap-pi-ness bites the plum of your mouth!

fff, delicato

Allegro Scherzando $\text{♩} = 112$

mf *p* *mf* *mp* *Allarg*

How you will have suf-fered get-ting ac-cus-tomed to me My sa-ving

Leggiero *fp* *3* *3* *3*

Ando *f* *sfz* *Jempo*

so-li-ta-ry soul my name that sends her all run-ning!

f *mp* *f* *p* *mp* *f* *p*

180 *mf*

pp *RIT!* *Wolter Wleus Wlotes* $\text{♩} = 50$ *pp dolce espress.*

run-ning, run-ning, run-ning, run-ning, run-ning...

poco *sfz* *mf* *molto* *fff* *pp sost.*

195

times we have seen the morning star burn hissing our eyes, And o-ver out

crea - - - f

mp *pp, dolce* *dimin - -*

heads the grey light un-wind in tur-ning fans

p

ppp, dolcis!

Allegro Scerzoso! ♩ = 152

200

[HE:] *f* *f: sfz*

my words rained

pp: sfz *fff* *ff* *sfz* *pp: sfz* *pp: sfz* *pp: sfz*

pp: sfz

205

o-ver you king you A Eng

p *f: sfz* *p*

ff *mp* *fff* *pp: sfz*

mf *3* *3* *af* *210* *f*

time I have loved the sunned mo-ther-of-pearl of your

pp cresc *mp* *dimin...*

p cresc... *poco...* *215* *poco...*

body I go so far as to think that you

pp mp dimin *ff sub!* *pp*

3 *ff* *p, dolce, quieto!* *f, esplosivo!*

own the uni-verse I will bring you happy flowers (U -

ff sub *molto!* *pp*

220 *ff* *p (quieto)* *f esplosivo!*

ni-verse) ... from the mountains (ev(e)ry day you play

ff *mp: sfz* *ff*

225 *p, quieto* *ff* *ff, esplosivo!* *pp, quieto*

blue-bells dark azals ... (with the light) ... And

230 *p* *ff* *f* *ff* *ff*

mus-ic bar - lets of bus-ses (play)

p, grave... (parlando) 235 *ff*

I want to do with you ... what spring ...

ff *ff distinto* *mf* *pp marcato!*

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respirando!

she does with the cherry trees ... (8→)

mf *p (more.)*

FINE
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