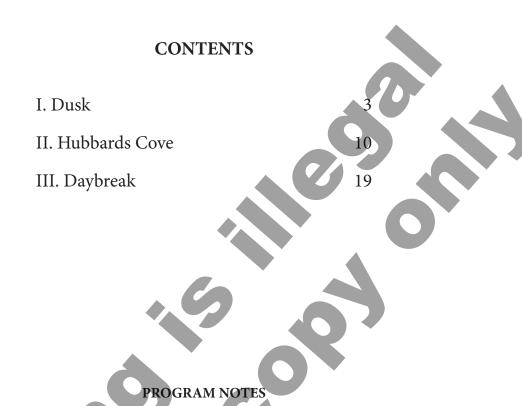
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Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

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This song cycle is, in part, a meditation on what it means to be a mortal being who exists in time. The first and last movements each present a different take on looking back, and the cycle moves backward in time from evening to mid-day to dawn. Images from each poem are woven into the music; the first movement is full of sewing imagery, so in places the pianist imitates the ebb and flow of a sewing machine's ostinato. The playful second movement depicts icicles melting, opening with their unpredictable drips. In the third movement, clouds bloom.

Three Songs on Poems by Lorri Neilsen Glenn was commissioned by the Canadian Art Song Project for soprano Magali Simard-Galdès, winner of the Jeunesses Musicales Maureen Forrester Tour. She sang the premiere, with pianist Olivier Hébert-Bouchard, in Waterloo, Ontario at the start of the tour in November 2016. This piece won second prize in the 2018 NATS Art Song Composition Competition.

—Tawnie Olson

TEXTS

Dusk

Dusk is such a ragged time. The shirred day loosened from the line we strung across the reach of morning, when a bird called out its signature, its signature, and we opened to the hours ahead, settling in to carve again a pure clear shape around each thought and plan, an offering, a duty done, a passage read, or one more step or image caught or lesson learned or heart set right, but sundown pulls along its arc the last descending string of light, leaves us with minutes in our hands, frayed recollections, wild release, the folly of ambitious plans we trade for rest and abject peace.

Hubbards Cove

A melting tune. Sun bebops over the trees, dogs erupt, icicles swoon, the drainpipes jazzed by their trickling scat. I bump the bed covers down the stairs, puffs of cat hair winking in the astonishment of light, haul them over the line, bite their stale winter skins with pins as the wind rips up the driveway, snatches the ends of the covers, and lifts—

like paper off a thundering cliff, gulls' long banking, parachuting nuns, hovering carpets humming, up and up and the top of my bed suspended * between woodshed and pine and the throng of spring glitter, sun and wind lindy-hopping. Lyric I can ride. What else but to slip out of my soggy wool socks, feel bare feet on the cool-slick porch, breathe in, climb aboard?

* The composer added the word "now" at this spot in the music

Daybreak

Sun on its knees in the field rinsed by dawn, splashed in prayer. I walk alone below the abbey, shoes sussing a way into sage and a psalm of the particular. Shadow climbs a hay bale ahead, feet tripping an exclamation of grasshoppers, the shutter of time. Behind me, a girl chews a stalk of wheat, lays her quivering tongue on the saltlick, ravishes the whiskered ground.

Above, clouds blooming. Dust, like the future, rises around her.

Cumulus petals, path of a hawk, flange of foxtail, crusted blood on her knee, the sure and swarming horizon. The prairie teaching her how to pay attention. The heart is a hymnal, she does not know this now, does not hear the susurration beyond the hill, wind gathering grief, gathering yearning, shuddering nights, the cold eye of the morning star.

—Lorri Neilsen Glenn

Commissioned by the Canadian Art Song Project for Magali Simard-Galdès

Three Songs on Poems by Lorri Neilsen Glenn

for Soprano and Piano

I. Dusk



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II. Hubbards Cove

Lorri Neilsen Glenn Tawnie Olson



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III. Daybreak

Lorri Neilsen Glenn Tawnie Olson



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