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TEXTS

1.

Ruin

was rumored

to be rooming

up the road
where

a neighbor's barn'd
burned down.

Their heyday

a payday

away,

Pride,

Ruin's bride-to-be,

paced our property
in the long

laced gowns
of afternoons,

while Ruin
rode shotgun
in Dad's old Ford

and pulled the wheel
hard toward

cabarets.

Dad had
work, but

Ruin had ways.

2.

My House Is Small and Almost

a hundred years old. Inside,
the oaken posts and beams
make the living room seem
like a glade. When friends
pronounce it comfortable,
it's 1910 that comforts them,
and nothing I have done.

There must be a room
in the human heart
that's older than the body.
And it's good to be there
in that foursquare cathedral
where nothing has changed
since before we were made.

3.

The Wallpaper

says hello.

The wallpaper
misses you something
awful.

The wallpaper
can't stop wondering when
you were thinking of
coming home.

The clock's
moved on.

The sink's ten
million tears are dry.
Our floors have gotten
over you, or so they

claim

and claim.

The windows
clearly feel the same.
But call me.

Call me
soon, my love,
and tell me

what to say
next time

the fading and
tedious

wallpaper whispers
your

beautiful household
name.

4.

What Yesterday Appeared a Scar

of brilliant green
in the icy lake, today
arcs blue across its face and far.
And where this morning
still is frozen,
coming hours will warm until
the water's softer
nature's finally chosen.

Half my life is gone
to others' business,
which, well done or not, it
matters not but that it's gone
and won't be gotten back.

And half my love is wasted too.
Wasted not on you, where all my
deeps and deeps of love
are dammed and so belong,
but on loving you
wrong. My sorrow
is tomorrow's only season,
and it comes on now

like this cold thaw comes
upon the lake,
or like a soft song one sings to sing
the past to sleep,
only to keep it wide awake.

5.

Another Hand

*Here—here's a day—
and here—here's another,*

says God feeling chancy,
says God feeling grand.

*Hell—here—look—
a stack of days—a week,*

says God nonchalant,
a penny candy in his cheek,

the glimmer in his eye
never giving him away.

Good old God,
he's a player alright.

Across a blue cloth
as he antes them over

the gold coins shimmer
from his fat black purse.

CONTENTS

1. Ruin	4
2. My House Is Small and Almost	8
3. The Wallpaper	11
4. What Yesterday Appeared a Scar	15
5. Another Hand	20

PROGRAM NOTES

Foursquare Cathedral is a setting of five poems from poet Todd Boss' critically lauded debut volume, *Yellowrocket*. It was commissioned by Arthur Jacobson and Peninah Petruck for bass-baritone Benjamin de la Fuente and pianist Jocelyn Dueck, and it was premiered on March 6, 2016 as part of the Hot Air Music Festival at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, with the composer singing, and Kevin Korth at the piano. The cycle was shortly thereafter chosen as winner of the 2017 National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS) Art Song Composition Competition.

Commissioned by Arthur Jacobson and Peninah Petruck for Benjamin de la Fuente and Jocelyn Dueck
Winner of the 2017 National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS) Art Song Composition Competition

Foursquare Cathedral

Song Cycle for Bass-Baritone and Piano

1. Ruin

Todd Boss

Matt Boehler

Out of time, suspended Jumpy, jauntily; ♩ = 126

f *mp* *mf* *f*

ff *mp* *ff*

p *ff*

like a jalopy

Ru - in was

8va

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2. My House Is Small and Almost

Todd Boss

Matt Boehler

Very moderately, tranquil; $\text{♩} = 80$

p 3

My House Is Small and

Very moderately, tranquil; $\text{♩} = 80$
legatissimo

p *sim.*

lightly Ped.

7

3 *mp*

Al - most a hun - dred years old. In - side,

mp

13

gently blossoming

the oak - en posts and beams make the liv - ing room seem

p *gently blossoming* 4

17

4 *mp*

like a glade.

mp

3 3 3 7 7

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are 'Very moderately, tranquil' with a metronome marking of quarter note = 80. The score is divided into systems, with measure numbers 7, 13, and 17 indicated. The piano accompaniment includes various textures such as chords, triplets, and a 'legatissimo' section. Dynamics range from piano (p) to mezzo-piano (mp). The lyrics are: 'My House Is Small and almost a hundred years old. Inside, the oak - en posts and beams make the liv - ing room seem like a glade.'

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3. The Wallpaper

Todd Boss

Matt Boehler

Lithe, cajoling; ♩ = 92

p quasi recit.

The Wall-pa-per says hel-lo.

5

mp

The wall-pa-per miss-es you some-thing aw-ful.

10

mf

The wall - pa - per can't stop won - der - ing when you were

13

f

think - ing of com - ing home.

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4. What Yesterday Appeared a Scar

Todd Boss

Matt Boehler

Freely, but not too slowly; ♩ = 56

mp

What Yes-ter - day - Ap-peared a Scar - of bril-liant

Ped.

6

green in the i - cy lake, - to-day arcs blue a-cross its face and

Ped.

9

far. And where this morn-ing still is fro - zen,

Ped.

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5. Another Hand

Todd Boss

Matt Boehler

Recit. *mp*

Here— here's a day— and

mp secco

2 here— here's an - oth-er,

Jubilant, $\text{♩} = 80$ *p*

Jubilant, $\text{♩} = 80$ *p*

con Ped.

4 says God feel-ing chanc - y,

6 says God feel-ing grand.

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