Sergi Puig

TWENTY-FOUR HOKKU ON A MODERN THEME

for soprano and contrabass

poems by Amy Lowell

(PREVIEW)

Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme, for soprano and contrabass (2021)

Instrumentation

Soprano

Contrabass

Total duration: 23' ca.

TWENTY-FOUR HOKKU ON A MODERN THEME

By AMY LOWELL

Part I

I

Again the larkspur,
Heavenly blue in my garden.
They, at least, unchanged.

II

How have I hurt you?
You look at me with pale eyes,
But these are my tears.

III

Morning and evening—
Yet for us once long ago
Was no division.

IV

I hear many words.
Set an hour when I may come
Or remain silent.

V

In the ghostly dawn
I write new words for your ears—
Even now you sleep.

VI

This then is morning.
Have you no comfort for me
Cold-colored flowers?

VII

My eyes are weary
Following you everywhere.
Short, oh short, the days!

VIII

When the flower falls
The leaf is no more cherished.
Every day I fear.

IX

Even when you smile
Sorrow is behind your eyes.
Pity me, therefore.

X

Laugh—it is nothing.
To others you may seem gay,
I watch with grieved eyes.

XI

Take it, this white rose.
Stems of roses do not bleed;
Your fingers are safe.

XII

As a river-wind
Hurling clouds at a bright moon,
So am I to you.

Part II

XIII

Watching the iris,
The faint and fragile petals—
How am I worthy?

XIV

Down a red river
I drift in a broken skiff.
Are you then so brave?

XV

Night lies beside me
Chaste and cold as a sharp sword.
It and I alone.

XVI

Last night it rained.
Now, in the desolate dawn,
Crying of blue jays.

XVII

Foolish so to grieve,
Autumn has its colored leaves—
But before they turn?

XVIII

Afterwards I think:
Poppies bloom when it thunders.
Is this not enough?

XIX

Love is a game—yes?
I think it is a drowning:
Black willows and stars.

XX

When the aster fades
The creeper flaunts in crimson.
Always another!

XXI

Turning from the page,
Blind with a night of labor,
I hear morning crows.

XXII

A cloud of lilies,
Or else you walk before me.
Who could see clearly?

XXIII

Sweet smell of wet flowers
Over an evening garden.
Your portrait, perhaps?

XXIV

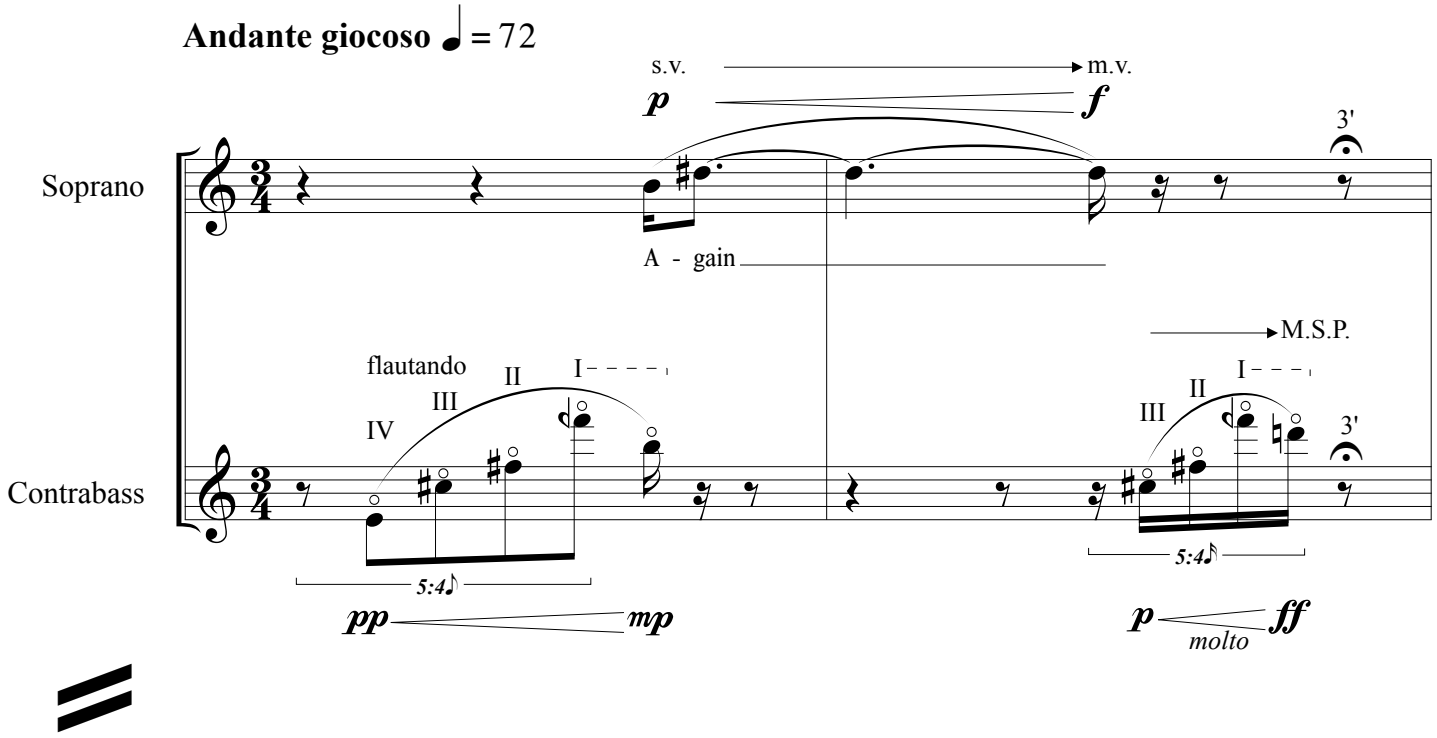
Staying in my room,
I thought of the new Spring leaves.
That day was happy.

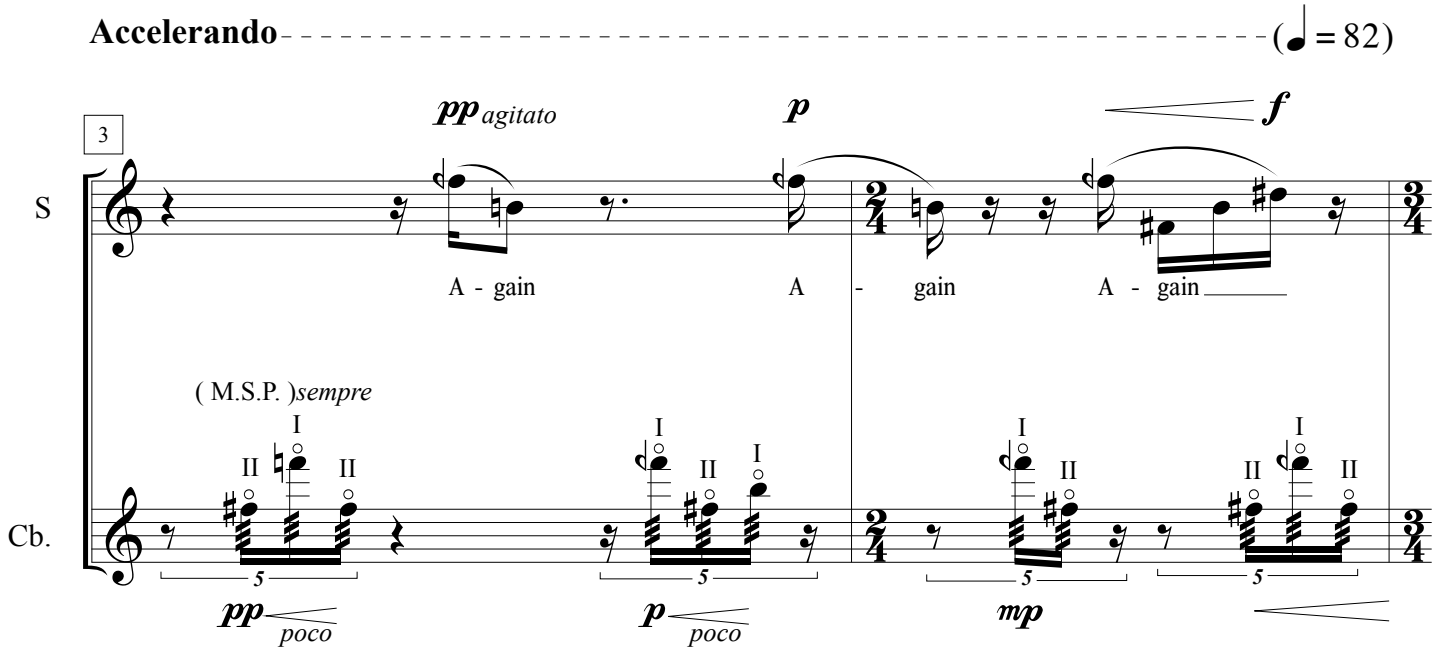
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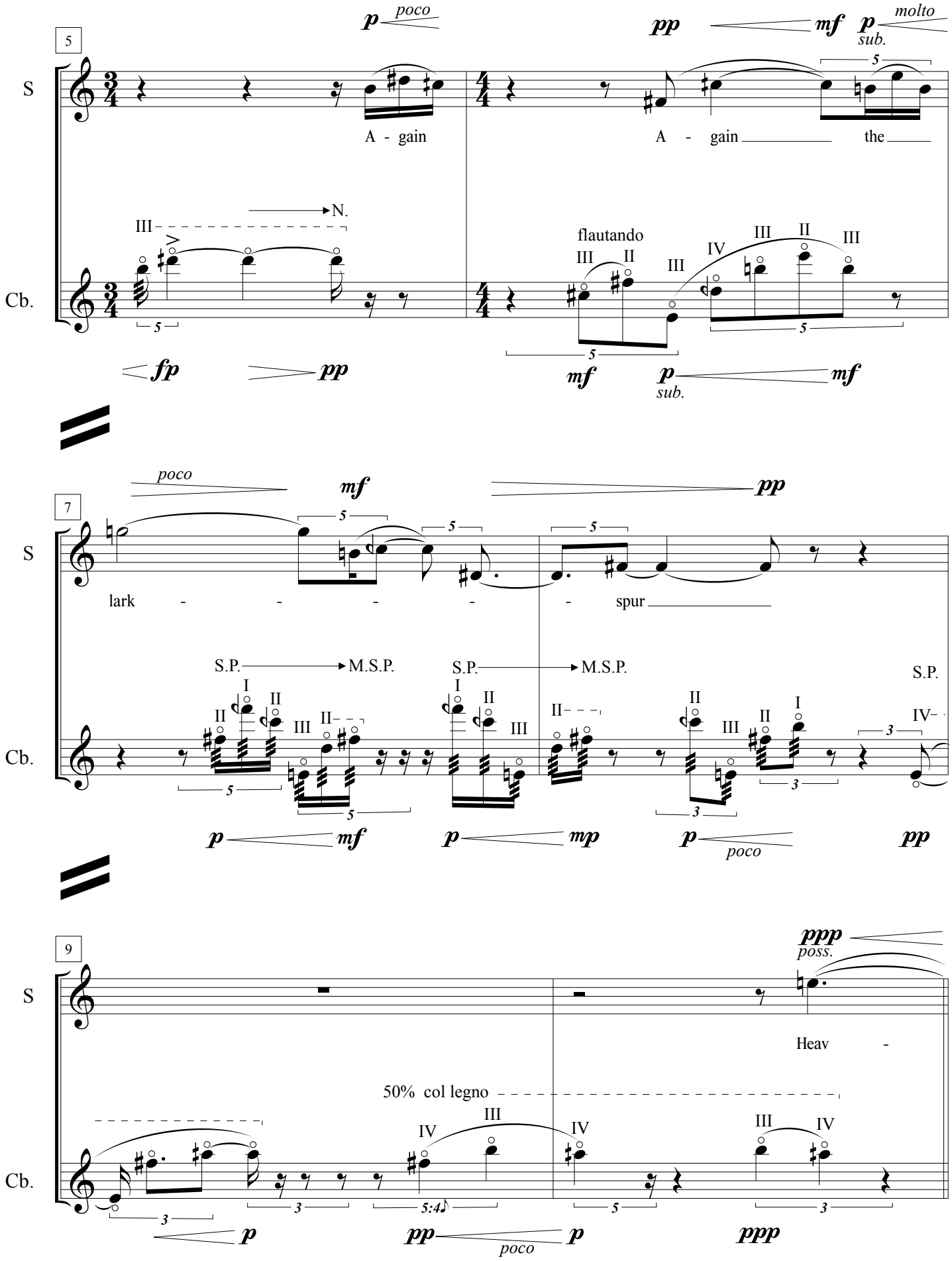
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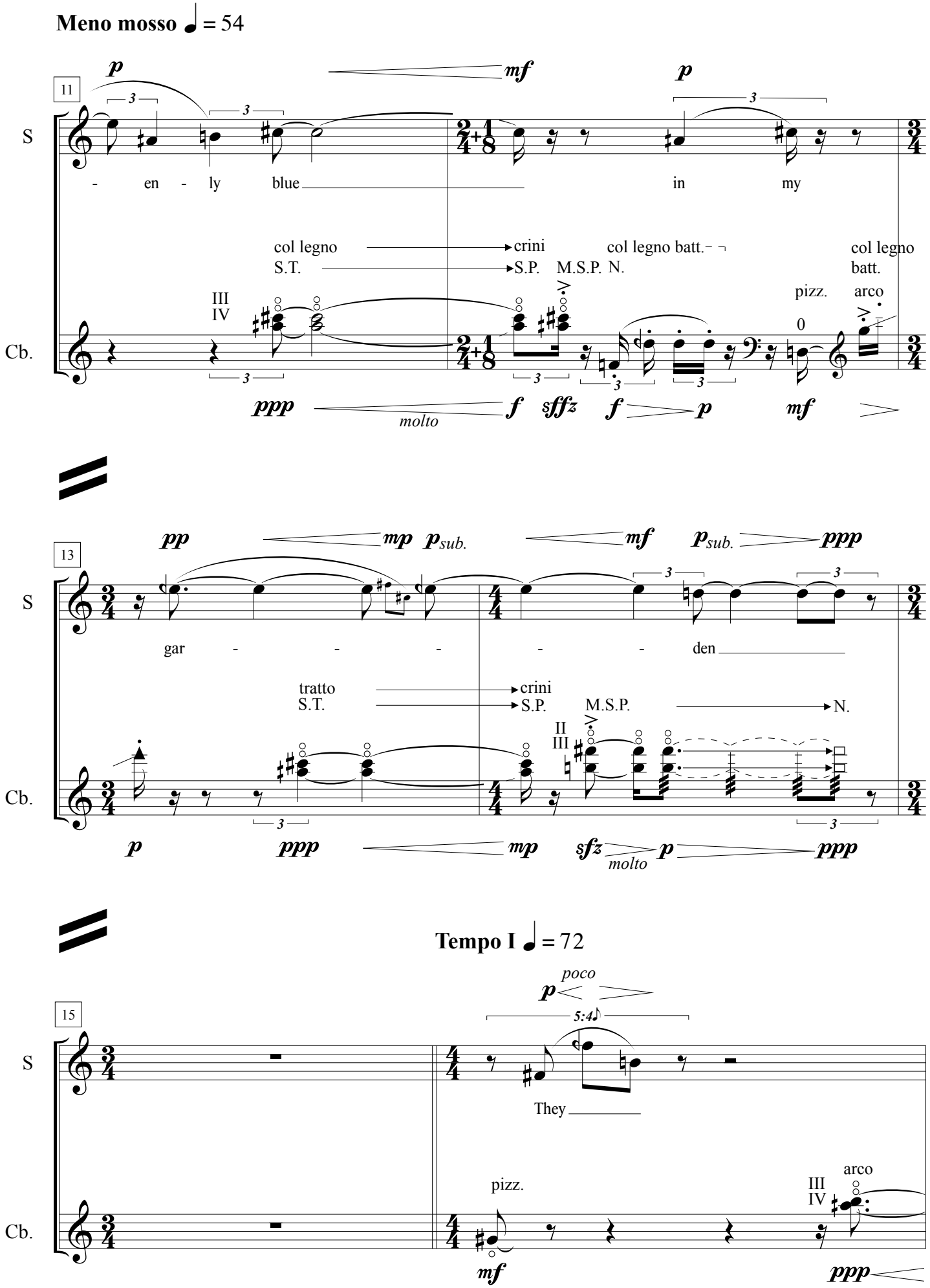
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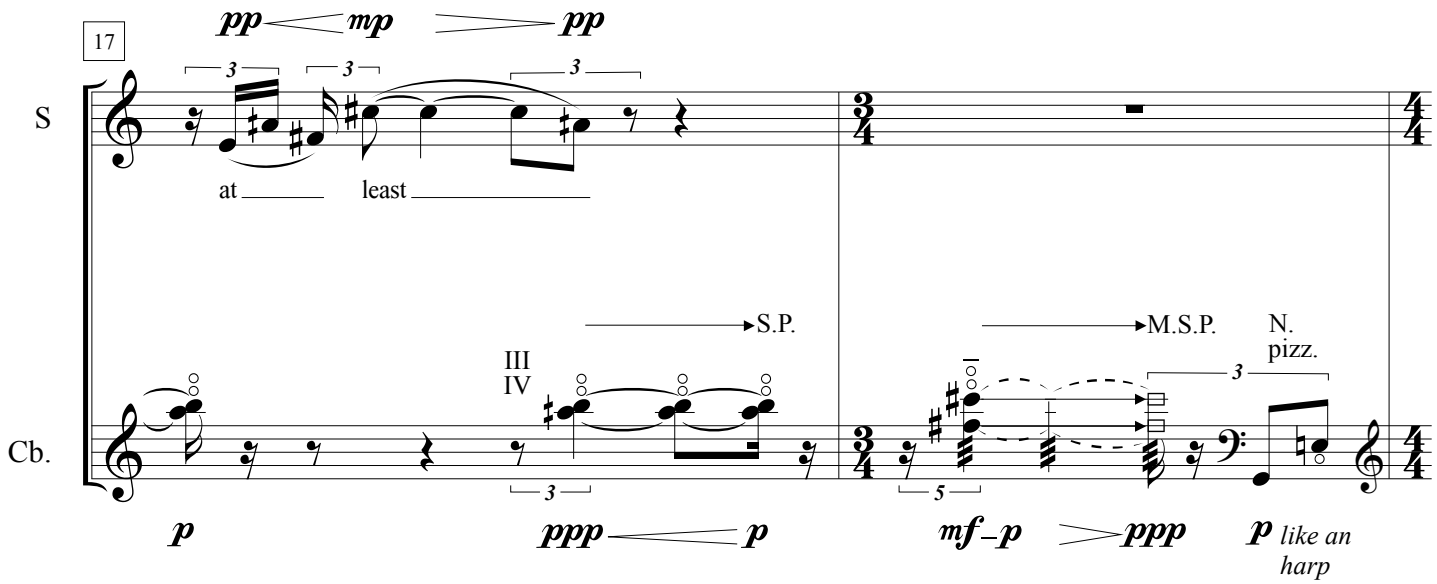
Sergi Puig
Text by Amy Lowell (1874-1925)

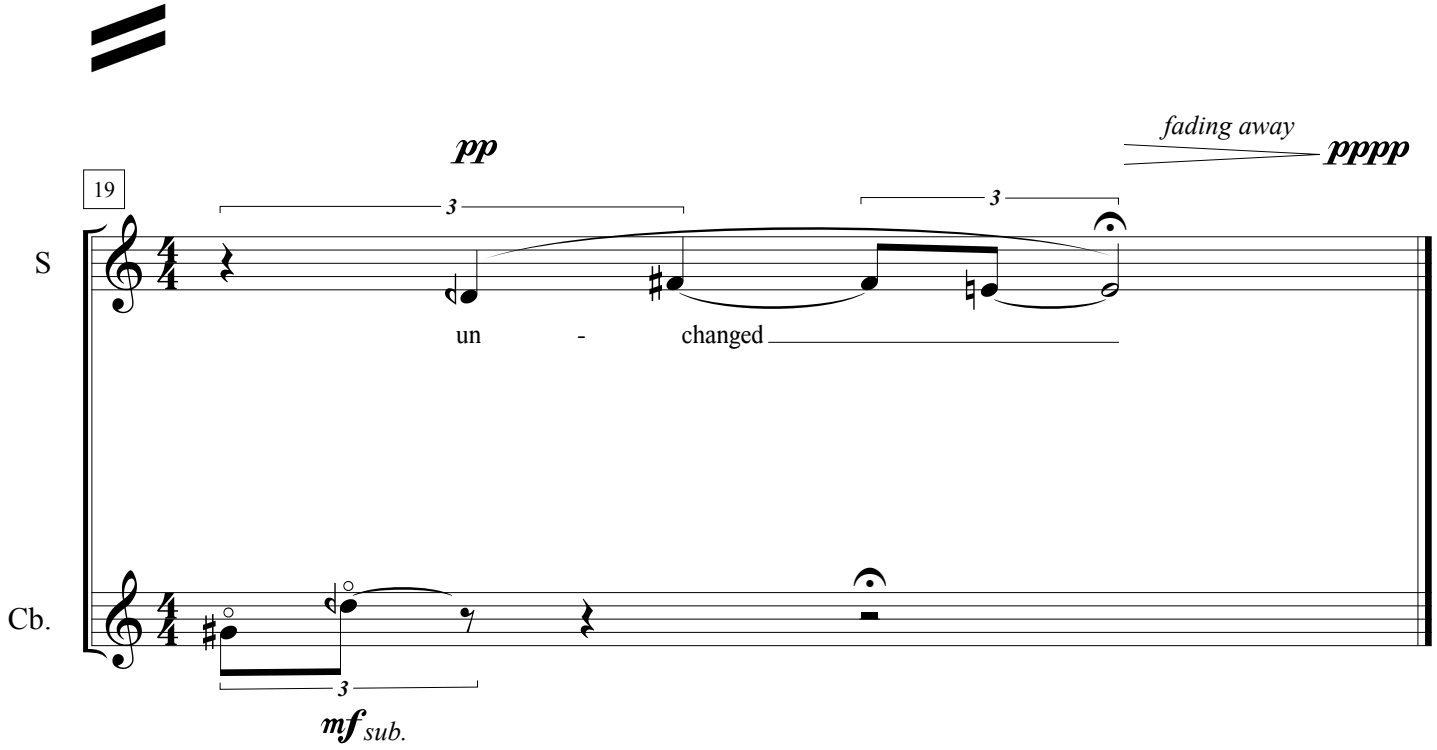





Tempo I ♩ = 72
5
S
Cb.
p poco
pp
mf
p molto
sub.
A - gain
A - gain the
N.
III
flautando
III II
III
IV
III II
III
fp
pp
mf
p
sub.
mf
7
poco
mf
pp
lark - - - - - spur
S.P.
M.S.P.
S.P.
M.S.P.
S.P.
IV
p
mf
p
mp
p
poco
pp
9
ppp
poss.
Heav -
50% col legno
III
IV
III
IV
III
IV
p
pp
poco
p
ppp


Meno mosso ♩ = 54
11
S
Cb.
- en - ly blue
in my
col legno
S.T.
crini
S.P.
M.S.P.
N.
col legno batt.
col legno batt.
III
IV
pizz.
arco
0
molto
13
gar - - - - - den
tratto
S.T.
II
III
Tempo I ♩ = 72
poco
5:4
15
They
pizz.
arco


17
S
Cb.
pp
mp
pp
3
at
least
S.P.
III
IV
M.S.P.
N.
pizz.
5
p
ppp
p
mf–p
ppp
p
like an
harp


19
S
Cb.
pp
fading away
pppp
3
un
-
changed
mf sub.