

Loons

for flute and soprano

poem by David Fraser

music by Jeffrey Ryan

commissioned by Turning Point Ensemble

Performance notes:

Total performance time ca. 5 minutes.

Vocal range C4 to C6.

Flute harmonics are notated with the sounding pitch as a regular notehead, and the fingered pitch as a diamond notehead. Alternate fingered pitches may be substituted that yield the same result.

In *senza misura* sections, accidentals apply only to the note they precede, or within beamed groups. As a reference, approximate timings for each section are indicated.

Tempo should never be strict, but always have flexibility and judicious rubato *ad lib.*

Other performance notes are given as required in the score.

Programme note:

A traditional story from the Tsimshian First Nation (an Indigenous people of the Pacific Northwest Coast) tells how the loon gave sight to an old, blind man, who in thanks gave the loon his necklace. Poet David Fraser's sonnet *Loons* tells a new story, one that speaks to our modern-day disconnection from nature and the environment. We have lost sight of our way. The loons have stopped answering. But perhaps the next generation will forge a new and better relationship with the land. In a mere fourteen lines, Fraser evokes a dispirited present, a joyful past, and a hopeful future. In this setting for flute and soprano, the two instruments are two sides of the same voice: wordless and not, melding into one, separating, echoing each other.

Loons was commissioned by Turning Point Ensemble for flutist Brenda Fedoruk and soprano Robyn Driedger-Klassen as part of TPE's "1+1+1..." collaboration project.

Loons

by David Fraser

The loons no longer answer when I cry.
My voice is grown too old and harsh and low
to reach the purer, clearer tones they know
as kindred music, worthy of reply.
But how they used to know me! Clear and high
My youthful voice poured out its tremolo,
And then their haunting, rich arpeggio –
That stab of lonely wildness – etched the sky!
Father loon, true judge of spirits true,
but who once condescended to bestow
your sleek, fierce spirit on an old, blind eye,
I take your silent verdict as my due,
and seek no consolation but to know
that you'll still answer when my children cry.

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commissioned by Turning Point Ensemble
for Brenda Fedoruk and Robyn Driedger-Klassen

poem by David Fraser

Loons

for flute and soprano

music by Jeffrey Ryan

Senza misura, ♩ = ca. 60 as a guide, but with freedom

calling out into darkness *p* *mf* *mix of pitch/lair* *pp* *no answer* *p* *mf*

fl *fl*

sop *sop*

hoo oo oo oo oo-wah - ay - oh hoo oo oo oo oo-wah

ca. 35"

mf *pp* *p* *p*

fl *fl*

sop *sop*

oo-wah oo-way oo-way oo-wah oo-way oo-wah - ay - oh oo - way oo - way

emerge from voice *combination bend/gliss.* *ca. 20"*

p *mf > mp* *mp* *p*

fl *fl*

sop *sop*

cut off ad lib. *p*

The

♩ = 60 A tempo, but always flexible and expressive

mp > p *mp > p*

fl *fl*

sop *sop*

loons no long-er an-swer when I cry. The loons

7 *fl* *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

sop

no long-er an-swer when I cry.

10 *fl* *p* *mp*

sop

My voice is grown too old and harsh and low to

13 *fl* *mp*

sop

reach the pur-er, clear-er tones they know as

16 *fl* *mf* *mp* *mp* *mf*

sop

kin-dred mu-sic, wor- thy of re- ply. But how they

19 *fl* *f*

sop

used to know me! Clear and high,

21

fl

6

mf

mf

sop

high

23

fl

f *mf sub.*

mf

f *mf sub.* *f* *f* *mf sub.*

sop

My youth-ful voice poured out its tre-mo-lo And

26

fl

3 3 3 6 3 3 3

sop

then their haunt-ing, rich ar-peg-gi-o— That stab of

29

fl

3 *f* *f*

sop

lone-ly wild-ness— etched the sky!

31

fl

3 3 3 6 *mf sub.* *f* 3 3 3 6

sop

33

mf < *f* *mf* < *f* *mf*

fl

sop

35

p *pp*

fl

sop

rit. to ----- ♩ = 42 ♩ = 60 sub. *rit. to* -----

39

mp *p* *p* *mp*

fl

sop

♩ = 42 ♩ = 60 sub. *rit. to* ----- ♩ = 42 ♩ = 60 sub. *rit. to* -----

Fa - ther - loon, Fa - ther -

43

p *p* *p* *mp* *p* *mp*

fl

sop

♩ = 42 ♩ = 60 sub. *rit. to* ----- ♩ = 42 ♩ = 60 sub.

loon, true - judge - of - spi-rits true, but who once con-de-scend-ed to be-

47

mp *p* *p*

fl

sop

rit. to ----- ♩ = 42

stow your sleek, fierce spi-rit on an old, - blind - eye. I take your si-lent ver-dict

emerge from voice ♩ = 60 sub. *più mosso*

fl **51** *p* *mf* *mp*

sop *port.*

as my due,

fl **55** *mp* *p* *mf* *p* *p* *mp*

sop

and seek no con-so-la-tion but to know that you'll still an-swer when my

fl **59** *p* *p* *6* *mp* *p* *p* *6*

sop

chil - dren cry. cry.

fl **62** *mp* *mp* *p* *p* *p* *pp*

sop

rit. to ----- ♩ = 42