

Symphony no. 4 “Ode to a Nightingale”

for baritone and orchestra, opus 66

First Movement: To Autumn

Second Movement: ‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’

Third Movement: Intermezzo

Fourth Movement: Ode to a Nightingale

acknowledgement

special thanks to Panis Musical Engineering for the technical support with the keyboard part

commissioned

by the Dutch Performing Arts Fund

composed

between 24th November 2010 and 1st September 2011

dedicated

to the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra

duration

ca. 35 min.

premièred

on 27th January 2012 at the Vredenburg in Utrecht (The Netherlands) by Henk Neven (baritone), the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra & Antony Hermus (conductor)

published

by Donemus

scoring

Baritone Solo

Piccolo

2 Flutes

Alto Flute

2 Oboes

Cor Anglais

2 Clarinets in Bb

Bass Clarinet in Bb

2 Bassoons

Contrabassoon

4 Horns in F
Trumpet in D
2 Trumpets in C
2 Trombones
Bass Trombone
Tuba

Timpani (also Tubular Bells)

Percussion (4 players):

- Player 1: High Singing Bowl, 4 Chinese Opera Gongs, Marimba (5 octaves), 5 Thailand Gongs
- Player 2: Medium-high Singing Bowl, High Water Gong, Xylophone, Vibraphone 1, Crotales (2 octaves), 5 Tom-toms, 5 Thailand Gongs
- Player 3: Medium-low Singing Bowl, Medium Water Gong, 5 Wooden-headed Tom-toms, Wooden Guiro, Vibraslap, Vibraphone 2, 2 Bongos, Snare Drum, 5 Thailand Gongs
- Player 4: Low Singing Bowl, Low Water Gong, 4 Wood Blocks, 5 Temple Blocks, Whip, 2 Congas, Almglocken (2 octaves), 5 Thailand Gongs

Harp
Piano
Keyboard
Accordion (with Baritone/Meoldy bass)

Strings (14/12/10/8/6)

technical specifications

- 88-note MIDI/USB keyboard with easy accessible program change buttons
- With volume and sustain pedals
- Connect to Native Instruments Kontakt4 (or higher)
- DATA CD with the Keyboard Kontakt4 files will be provided by Donemus
- Kontakt4 (or higher) must be purchased or rented, please visit <http://www.native-instruments.com/#/en/>
- The keyboard must be positioned next to the harp and piano behind the first violins. Use a stereo keyboard combination amplifier (powered speaker system) to amplify the keyboard. The speaker must be placed directly behind the player. The sound should never be mixed into the auditorium PA system. The level should be adjusted to mix with the rest of the orchestra and not predominate.

To Autumn

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on the granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

III

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too -
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue:
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

'When I have fears that I may cease to be'

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
 Hold like rich garnerers the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love! - then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

Ode to a Nightingale

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness -
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II

O, for the draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim -

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild -
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain -
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music - Do I wake or sleep?

John Keats