THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER (2016) FOR
NARRATOR, DRUM SET, AND ORCHESTRA

A THESIS IN
Music Composition

Presented to the Faculty of the University
of Missouri-Kansas City in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree

MASTER OF MUSIC

by
ANDREW J. HARBISON

B.M., California State University, Fullerton, 2007

Kansas City, Missouri
2016
THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER (2016) FOR
NARRATOR, DRUM SET, AND ORCHESTRA

Andrew James Harbison, Candidate for the Master of Music Degree
University of Missouri-Kansas City, 2016

ABSTRACT

A Tale of Two Cities, serialized in weekly and monthly installments and finally published as a single volume in November 1859, is one of Charles Dickens’s best-loved and most-analyzed novels. In The Footsteps Die Out For Ever, I have sought to pay homage to Dickens’s work, heightening and extending the drama of the story by writing music for drum set and orchestra to accompany the narrator, who recites text drawn from the novel.

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever begins with a brief flourish on the tubular bells, introducing the piece’s scalar material, and the narrator reciting the opening paragraph of A Tale of Two Cities: “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times....” This text sets the stage for the action and commentary to follow in the narrative, as well as reminding the listener of his or her own place in time. Dickens compares the period of the French Revolution to “the present period,” a conceit which makes the work relevant not only to his time, but just as much to our own.
The rest of the composition’s text is an edited version of the novel’s final chapter, titled “The Footsteps Die Out For Ever.” The music uses recurring motives to represent characters, themes, and ideas, and serves as background illustrating much of the action, including the tumbrils that carry the prisoners of the Revolution, the guillotine’s grim work, an intimate conversation between Sydney Carton and a seamstress, Carton’s recollection of Christ’s declaration “I am the resurrection and the life...”, Carton’s execution, and his prophetic last thoughts foreseeing the end of the Revolution and its evils. In those final words, Carton’s thoughts turn to the lives for which he is laying down his life, and end with the famous concluding words of the novel: “It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”
The faculty listed below, appointed by the Dean of the Conservatory of Music and Dance, have examined a thesis titled “The Footsteps Die Out For Ever (2016) for narrator, drum set, and orchestra,” presented by Andrew J. Harbison, candidate for the Master of Music degree, and certify that in their opinion it is worthy of acceptance.

**Supervisory Committee**

James Mobberley, DMA, Committee Chair  
Conservatory of Music and Dance

Andrew Granade, Ph.D.  
Conservatory of Music and Dance

Chen Yi, DMA  
Conservatory of Music and Dance
Instrumentation

2 Flutes
2 Oboes (Oboe 2 doubles English horn)
2 Clarinets in Bb (Clarinet 2 doubles bass clarinet)
2 Bassoons (Bassoon 2 doubles contrabassoon)

4 Horns in F
2 Trumpets in Bb
Tenor trombone
Bass trombone
Tuba

4 Timpani (E2, A2, Bb2, E3)
2 Percussionists:

Percussion 1
Tubular bells (C4-F5)
Brake drum
Marimba (five octaves) (optional)
Crotales (C7-C8)
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 1)

Percussion 2
Bass drum
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 1)
Large tam tam

Drum set

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Kick</th>
<th>Floor Tom</th>
<th>Snare</th>
<th>Snare Sweep</th>
<th>Side Stick/ Cross Stick</th>
<th>Medium Tom</th>
<th>High Tom</th>
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<th>Pedal Hi-hat</th>
<th>Pedal Hi-hat</th>
<th>Ride</th>
<th>Ride Bell</th>
<th>Closed Hi-hat</th>
<th>Open Hi-hat</th>
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Narrator

Piano

Strings
Program Notes

A Tale of Two Cities, serialized in weekly and monthly installments and finally published as a single volume in November 1859, is one of Charles Dickens’s best-loved and most-analyzed novels. In The Footsteps Die Out For Ever, I have sought to pay homage to Dickens’s work, heightening and extending the drama of the story by writing music for drum set and orchestra to accompany the narrator, who recites text drawn from the novel.

In A Tale of Two Cities, Charles Darnay is the Marquis St. Evrémonde (though he has renounced the title), an aristocrat and emigrant from France living in England with his wife Lucie, daughter, and father-in-law. Sydney Carton is Darnay’s doppelgänger; a ne’er-do-well who has wasted his life, he is in love with Lucie as well. Confessing his hopeless love to her, he states that he “would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you.” In the latter half of the novel, Darnay returns to Paris and is unjustly imprisoned and sentenced to death in the frenzied fervor of the French Revolution. Following Darnay to Paris, Carton contrives to exchange places with him on the night preceding his execution; Darnay escapes, and Carton dies in his place.

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever begins with a brief flourish on the tubular bells, introducing the piece’s scalar material, and the narrator reciting the opening paragraph of A Tale of Two Cities: “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times....” This text sets the stage for the action and commentary to follow in the narrative, as well as reminding the listener of his or her own place in time. Dickens compares the period of the French Revolution to “the present period,” a conceit which makes the work relevant not only to his time, but just as much to our own.

The rest of the composition’s text is an edited version of the novel’s final chapter, titled “The Footsteps Die Out For Ever.” The music uses recurring motives to represent characters, themes, and ideas, and serves as background illustrating much of the action, including the tumbrils that carry the prisoners of the Revolution, the guillotine’s grim work, an intimate conversation between Sydney Carton and a seamstress, Carton’s recollection of Christ’s declaration “I am the resurrection and the life...”, Carton’s execution, and his prophetic last thoughts foreseeing the end of the Revolution and its evils. In those final words, Carton’s thoughts turn to the lives for which he is laying down his life, and end with the famous concluding words of the novel: “It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”
Performance Notes
The narrator may be male or female. The text should be spoken naturally and directly, with inflection and expression, never over-dramatically. Some differentiation can be made in the dialogue between Carton and the seamstress, through a slight lowering and slight raising in pitch, but the narrator should not give discrete voices to the characters.

As noted in measures 16 and 17, the box around the narrator’s text specifies the approximate length of time it should take the narrator to speak the text (regardless of where the text ends within the box). Spoken text should always begin slightly after the downbeat of the measure, and always finish by the end of the last measure in which the box appears, and closer to the box’s end if possible. Spoken text finishing earlier than the end of the box is always acceptable.

The marimba part may be omitted. If a marimba is available but is smaller than five octaves, the octaves in measures 12 and 294 may be played an octave higher.

Duration
ca. 18 minutes
**Motives**

**Tumbrils**
strings, winds, brass

**Guillotine**
stopped horns, cup-muted trumpets

**Heaven**
flute and clarinet

**Jesus**
sustained, slow-moving harmonics in violins and violas

**Peace**
flute

**Crowds**
violin, viola, clarinets asynchronously

**KnittingWomen**
bass clarinet
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

Along the Paris streets, the deathcarts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day’s wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knittingwomen who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knittingwomen, never faltering or pausing in their Work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"Do you think? the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: ‘that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered’?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knittingwomen count Twenty-Two.
"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

*****

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring him. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."
The Footsteps Die Out For Ever is dedicated to my family:

To my father, who was never less of a father to me than Dr. Manette was to Lucie, and often was more;

To my mother, the Mrs. Manette whom Lucie never knew, but whom I have the privilege to know;

To my brother, a fellow Darnay/Carton along the path;

To my wife, my own Lucie and so much more;

And to my daughter, my own little Sydney: may she win her way up in the path of life well.
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way— in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

"""
Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh.

Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.

All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine.
Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.
or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator.

rhithms, breathe as needed

repeat pattern until the end of the section

rhythms, breathe as needed
There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart.

The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand.
He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here.

F

The chores are up, the street is clear, and the listeners gather. They are always acclimatized

and then in the kitchen of St. Herione, where he is turned against him.

Fit, they meet him and ask it is rich to a giant stride, as he makes his little merry

T. Bl.

a little turn about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

Note:

F

The chores are up, the street is clear, and the listeners gather. A turning sound, to come on into the place of execution, (short pause) and end.
The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine.

In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.
*The conductor should cue the downbeat of measure 96, and then cue the narrator for "A head is held up," and then cue the orchestra for beat three of the measure.

The tumbrils begin to

The ministers of Sainte Guillotine

A head is

and the knitting-women who watch filled their gaze to look at it a moment ago when it could blink and speak.
The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him.
He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly
whirs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

He has not relinquished her patient hand in
while I hold

But for you, dear stranger, I should
not be so composed;

I mind nothing

"But for you, dear stranger, I should
not be so composed;

You should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put
...death, that my might have hope and comfort here too...

"Thank you more and
...to me by Flannery.

All open to me, says Ghiberti. Keep your eyes upon
me, dear child, and unroll no other object."
I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look..."

Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last

"If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways..."
Am I to kiss you now?
She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face.

"Yes." He kisses her. As he release his hands do not tremble as he releases it, nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face.
and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, asynchronously, as before unis. and

The murmuring of many voices, asynchronously, as before unis. and

almost inaudible drumsticks, almost inaudible

The murmuring of many voices, asynchronously, as before unis. and

The murmuring of many voices, asynchronously, as before unis. and

The murmuring of many voices, asynchronously, as before unis. and
Many added that he looked like the most retired and serene of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her.
...
I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more.

I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.

For a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; I go to them have ever known.
Andrew James Harbison was born on December 25, 1985, in Abington, Pennsylvania. He was homeschooled throughout his elementary and secondary education and graduated from high school in 2001. He received a two-year scholarship to study piano at California State University, Fullerton, in Fullerton, California, and studied piano and composition. He was selected for the Men’s Chorus Award in 2005 for his musical excellence and leadership in that ensemble under the direction of Robert Istad, and was also one of the first three recipients of the Alan A. Mannason Scholarship in Composition at the university. The faculty of the music department chose him to be the student speaker representing the department at the university’s College of the Arts commencement ceremony in May 2007, where he graduated with summa cum laude honors. His degree was a Bachelor of Music in Composition.

Andrew has composed in various styles and genres, including concert music, pop songs, and music for theatre and film. He received his first paid commission in 2009, for the Hutchins Consort, a Newport Beach, California-based string ensemble. In December of that year, he became a published composer when Kallisti Music Press in Philadelphia published his art song *New Hope*. He released a CD of original acoustic rock music in December 2010 entitled *Songs From My Shelf*, which he wrote, recorded and produced himself. Kansas City pianist Lamar Sims premiered his *Five Scenes* for solo piano in May 2014 along with choreography created for the piece by
Stephanie Whittler, and the piece will be performed by James Gibson on World Oceans’ tour throughout Europe during the summer of 2017. A Magic Like Thee, for SATB chorus, was chosen by The Singers, a Minneapolis-based choral ensemble, out of nearly 400 submissions to be one of four pieces to receive its premiere in May 2014 as well. In 2015 LifeHouse Theater (Redlands, CA) premiered Paul: The Road To Damascus, a full-length musical theatre production with music and orchestration by Harbison. He also received an Inspiration Grant from ArtsKC Regional Arts Council in 2015 to fulfill a commission from FuseBox New Music to compose a work for the students of Harmony Project KC, where in 2016 he will begin a two-year Composer-in-Residence program.

Andrew is a lifetime member of the Pi Kappa Lambda Professional Music Honor Society, the Golden Key International Honour Society, and the National Society of Collegiate Scholars. He is also a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) and the American Composers Forum. All of his music is self-published by AJ Harbison Music.