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

Kansas City, Missouri
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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."

APPROVAL PAGE

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

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THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER..... 1

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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)

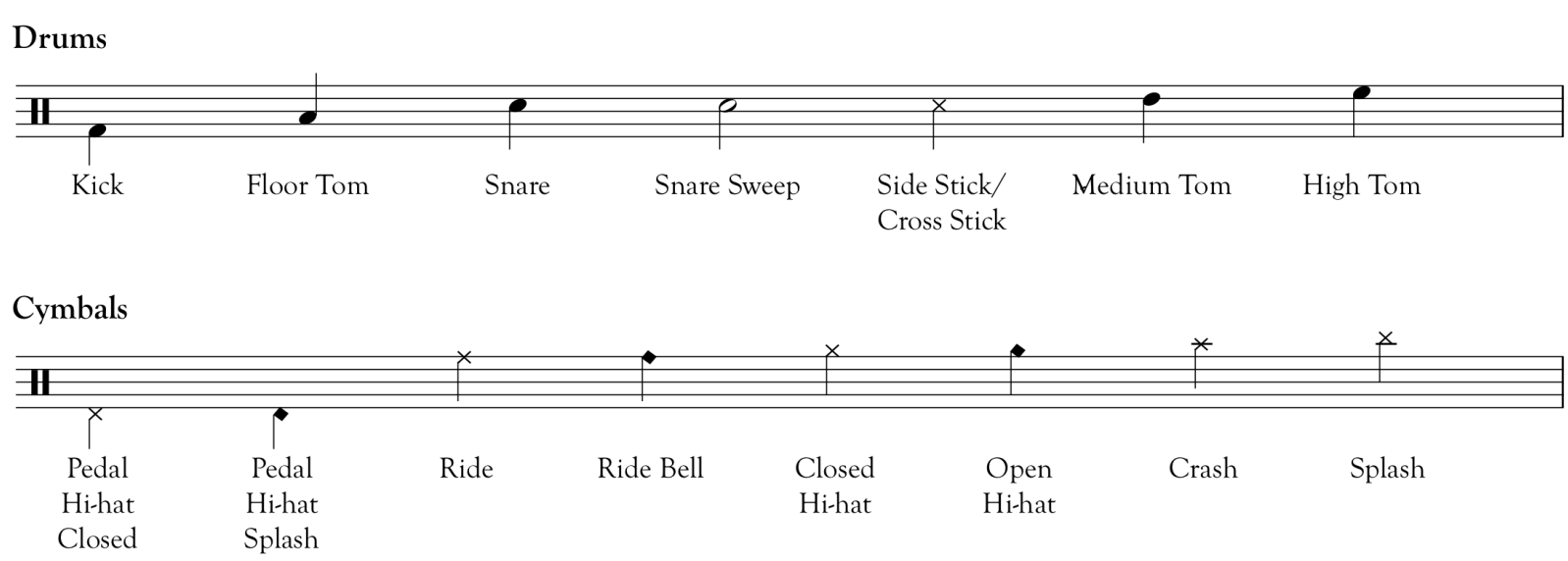
4 Horns in F
2 Trumpets in Bb
Tenor trombone
Bass trombone
Tuba

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

<u>Percussion 1</u>
Tubular bells (C4-F5)
Brake drum
Marimba (five octaves) (optional)
Crotales (C7-C8)
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 2)

<u>Percussion 2</u>
Bass drum
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 1)
Large tam tam

Drum set



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

bassoons

strings

Guillotine

stopped horns, cup-muted trumpets

brake drum

Heaven

flute and clarinet

tubular bells

Jesus

sustained, slow-moving
harmonics in violins and violas

Peace

flute

Crowds

violins, violas, clarinets
asynchronously

Knitting-Women

bass clarinet

bassoon

contrabassoon

Text

Text by Charles Dickens (1859)
Edited by AJ Harbison (2016)

[Book the First: I. The Period]

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.

[Book the Third: XV. The Footsteps Die Out For Ever]

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. 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.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. As the sombre wheels of the carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

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 and there in the long street of St. Honore, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

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 knitting-women 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 knitting-women, 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."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"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 knitting-women 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 her. 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.

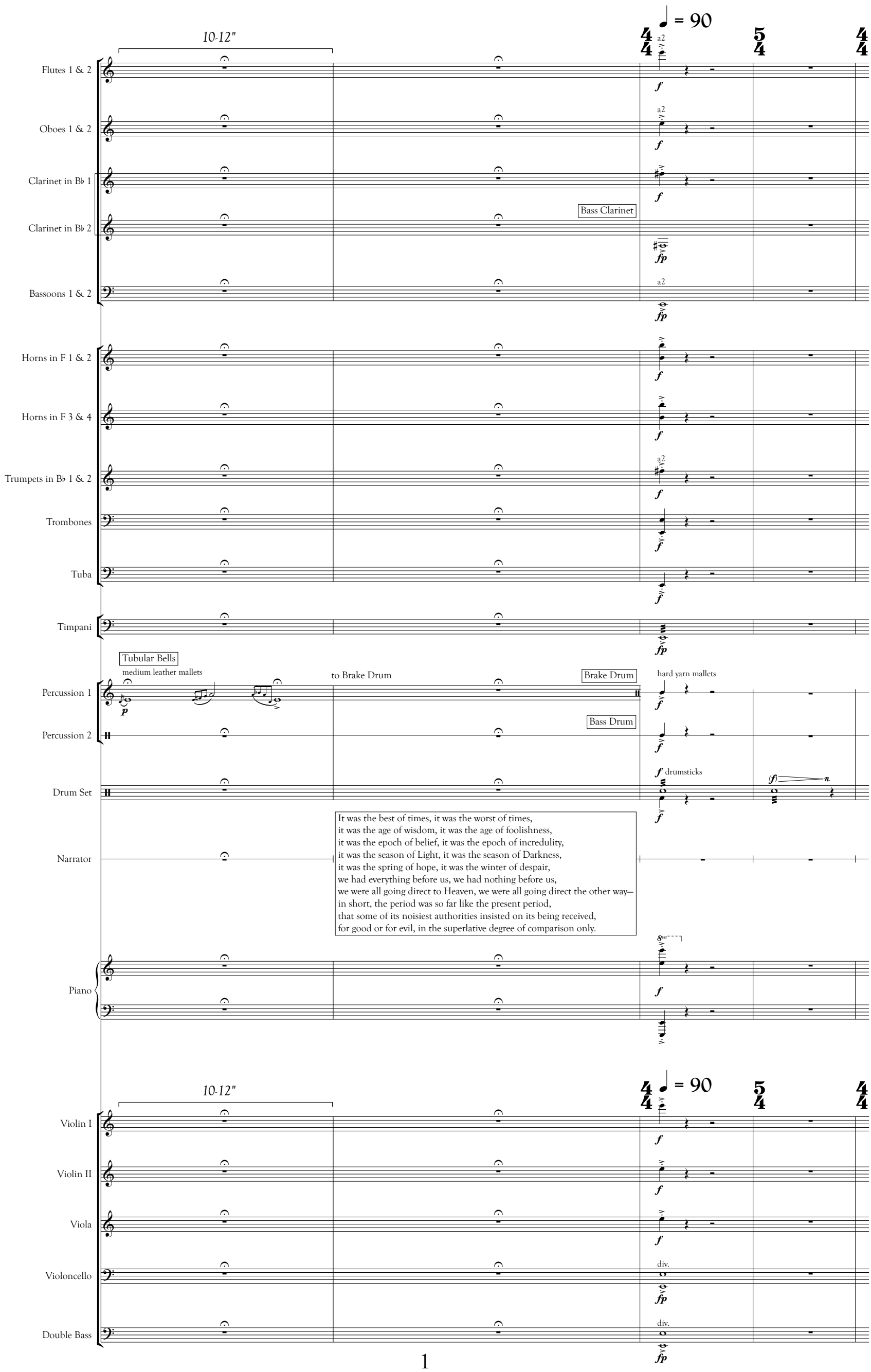
Transposed Score

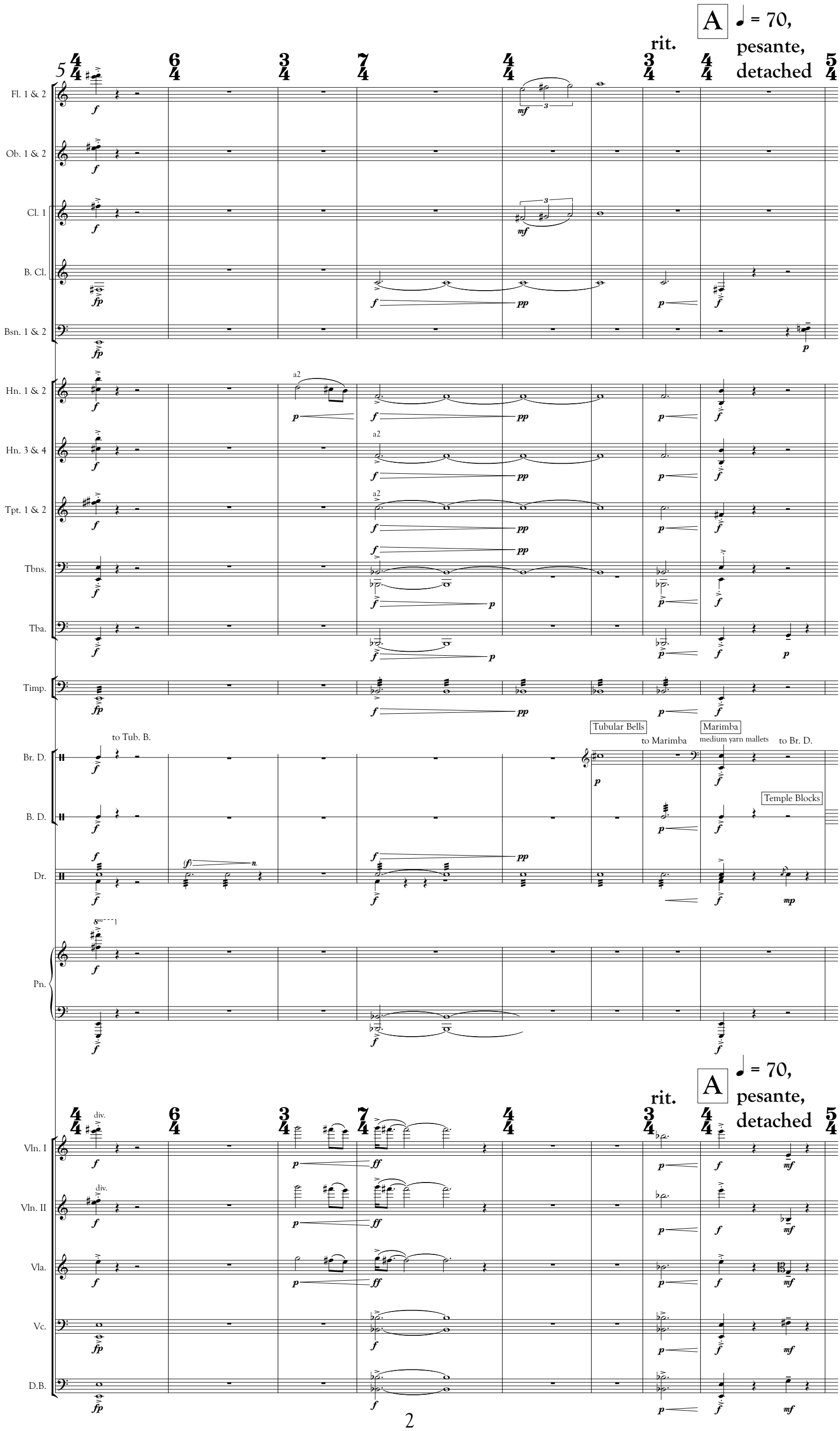
The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

Based on the final chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1859)

AJ Harbison (2016)




A
♩ = 70, pesante, detached
rit.
Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
Tpt. 1 & 2
Tbns.
Tba.
Timp.
Br. D.
B. D.
Dr.
Pn.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.
to Tub. B.
Tubular Bells
to Marimba
Marimba
medium yarn mallets
to Br. D.
Temple Blocks
a2
div.

13

Bsn. 1 & 2

sim.

Hn. 1 & 2

a2

p

n.

Tpt. 1 & 2

a2

cup mutes

p

n.

Tba.

sim.

Mar.

Brake Drum

pp

n.

Tpl. Bl.

soft yarn mallets

p

Dr.

Narr.

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

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

Vln. I

sim.

Vln. II

div.

sim.

unis.

div. sim.

Vla.

sim.

div.

unis.

div. sim.

Vc.

sim.

D.B.

sim.

20

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2

a2

p

n.

Tpt. 1 & 2

a2

p

n.

T. Tbn.

cup mute

p

n.

B. Tbn.

cup mute

p

Tba.

Br. D.

pp

n.

ppp

Tpl. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

* The end of the box, rather than the end of the last line of text, shows the approximate timing of the spoken text.

B

24

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tba.

Tpl. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

softer, more introspectively; with motion, not too slowly

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.

B

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

32

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Br. D.

B. D.

Dr.

Narr.

Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms.

more quickly and intensely

Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

C

37

Hn. 1 & 2

Timp.

Br. D.

B. D.

to T. Bl.

Dr.

C

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

div.

Vc.

div.

pizz.

D.B.

D

43

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

a2

sim.

Cl. 1 & 2

a2

sim.

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1 & 2

a2

sim.

Hn. 1 & 2

1.

(cup mutes)

Tbns.

Tba.

sim.

Temple Blocks

B. D.

Dr.

close hi-hat

Narr.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. As the sombre wheels of the carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets.

D

Vln. I

Vln. II

sim.

Vla.

sim.

Vc.

sim.

div.

D.B.

sim.

asynchronously repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, bow changes ad lib.

pp, murmuring

51

Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
Tbns.
Tba.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows go steadily onward.

So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils.

Vln. I
asynchronously, sim.
p, *murmuring*
asynchronously
repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, bow changes ad lib.

Vln. II
pp, *murmuring*

Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

E

57

Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 1
Hn. 3 & 4
T. Tbn.
B. Tbn.
Tba.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

E

Vln. I
asynchronously, sim.
mp, *murmuring*

Vln. II
asynchronously, sim.
p, *murmuring*
asynchronously
repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, bow changes ad lib.

Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

64

Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
B. Tbn.
Tba.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

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.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

68

Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
B. Tbn.
Tba.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

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.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

72

Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
B. Tbn.
Tba.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

I.

asynchronously, sim.

p, *murmuring*

sim.

He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honore, cries are raised against him.

If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

asynchronously, sim.

pp, *murmuring*

F

78

asynchronously
repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, breathe as needed

Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Bsn. 1 & 2
Hn. 1 & 2
Tpt. 1 & 2
T. Tbn.
B. Tbn.
Tba.
Br. D.
T. Bl.
Dr.
Narr.

pp, *murmuring*

a2

a2 (cup mutes)

remove mutes

(cup mute)

(cup mute)

still pesante and detached

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, *(short pause)* and end.

F

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
D.B.

still pesante and detached

still pesante and detached

G

85

Ob. 1

Ob. 2

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

to B. Cl.

Bass Clarinet

Bsn. 1 & 2

I.

Hn. 1 & 2

a2

Hn. 3 & 4

4:5

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Br. D.

T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

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.

G

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

H

92

* The conductor should cue the downbeat of measure 96, then cue the narrator for "A head is held up," and then cue the orchestra for beat three of the measure.

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Bsn. 2

Contrabassoon

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

open

Tbns.

remove mutes

Tba.

half-valve gliss.

Timp.

Br. D.

T. Bl.

to B. D.

Bass Drum

Dr.

Narr.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads.

The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready.

on beat 4-1/2; not too loudly or dramatically

Crash!—

A head is held up,

and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak,

Pn.

H

Vln. I

sul A

pizz.

Vln. II

Vla.

arco

Vc.

sul G

D.B.

I

98

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tbns.

Tba.

Timp.

Br. D.

B. D.

Dr.

Narr.

Pn.

I

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

p 5 mf, no cresc. sub. ff

a2

cup mutes

remove mutes

open

Tam-tam

count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up.

on beat 3-1/2; not too loudly or dramatically

Crash!–

And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their Work, (*short pause*) count Two.

arco

pizz.

two soli (stagger bow changes)

104

J

3/4 ♩ = 60

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Ob. 2

to Eng. Hn.

English Horn

mp, dolce

Cl. 1

Clarinet 2

to Cl. 2

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2

cup mutes

I.

I. II.

Tam-tam

l.v.

to T. Bl.

Dr.

soft mallets

brushes

continuous circular sweep on snare drum

tap

Narr.

with a slightly softer and gentler tone

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him.

Pn.

J

3/4 ♩ = 60

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

arco

div. in 3

unis.

pizz.

Vc.

D.B.

arco

tutti

stagger bow changes

115

K

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Dr.

Narr.

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;

K

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

124

accel. to m. 135

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

to Ob. 2

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2

a2
cup mutes

Temple Blocks

Tam-tam

to B. D.

Dr.

do not speed up along with orchestra

Narr.

"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.

accel. to m. 135

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

stagger bow changes

Vc.

D.B.

132

L

♩ = 70

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1 & 2

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

remove mutes

open

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Br. D.

to Tub. B.

Bass Drum

T. Bl.

to Tam-tam

Dr.

drumsticks

choke cymbal

Narr.

"I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

Pn.

L

♩ = 70

Vln. I

div.

Vln. II

div.

Vla.

div.

Vc.

arco

D.B.

pizz.

arco

138

Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1 & 2
Cl. 1 & 2
Hn. 1
Narr.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.

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.

M

147

Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1
Ob. 2
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Dr.
Narr.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.

to Eng. Hn.

English Horn

mp, *dolce*

one brush and one stick

sweep

"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."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly.

M

unis.

pizz.

N

157

Eng. Hn.
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
Hn. 1 & 2
Dr.
Narr.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.

a2

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:

"—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

N

unis.
stagger bow changes

166

O

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Hn. 1 & 2

a2

Br. D.

Dr.

Narr.

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"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?"

O

Vln. I

cresc. poco a poco

Vln. II

cresc. poco a poco

Vla.

cresc. poco a poco

Vc.

cresc. poco a poco

176

a2

Fl. 1 & 2

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Tubular Bells

to Br. D.

Br. D.

Dr.

drumsticks

Narr.

"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?

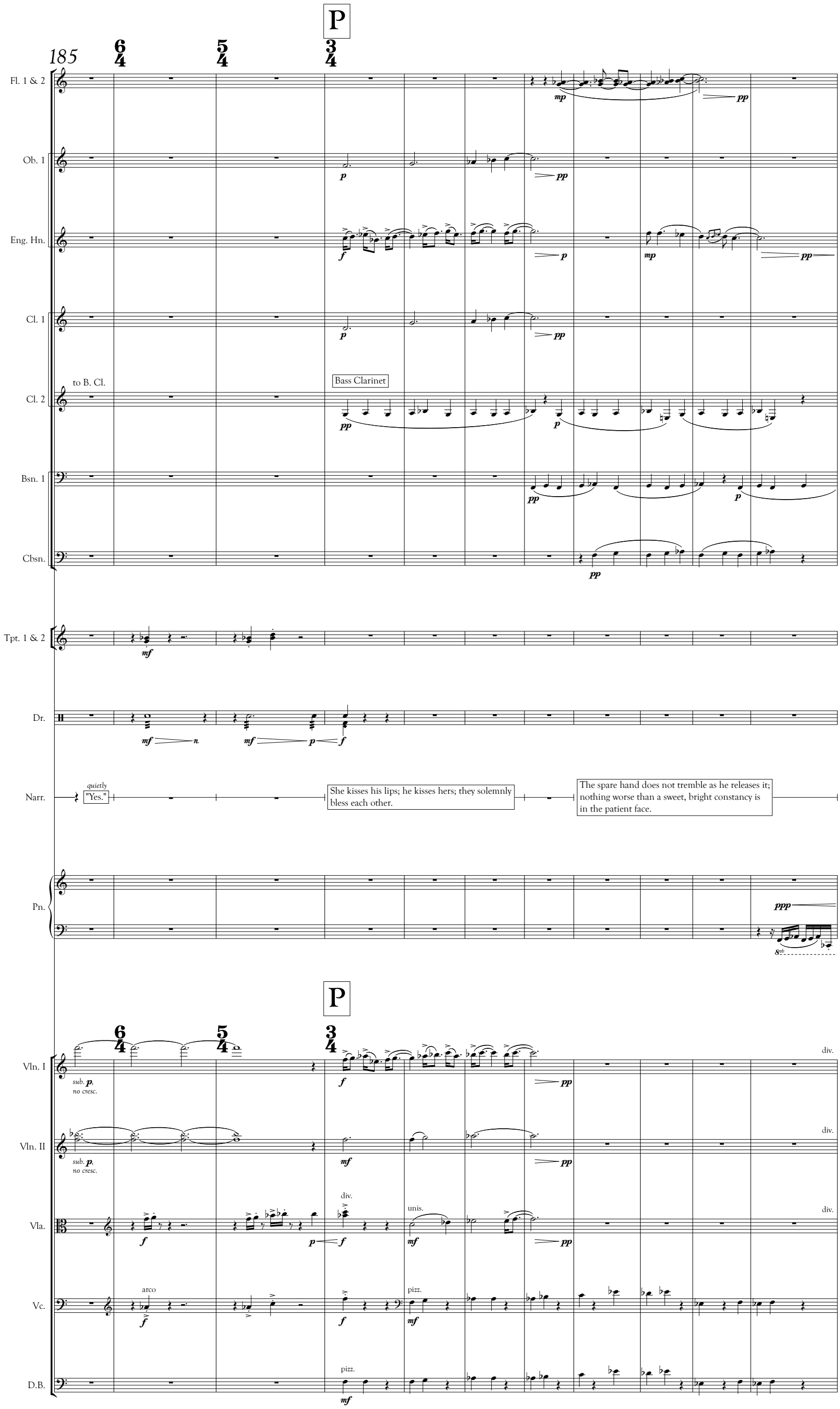
"Is the moment come?"

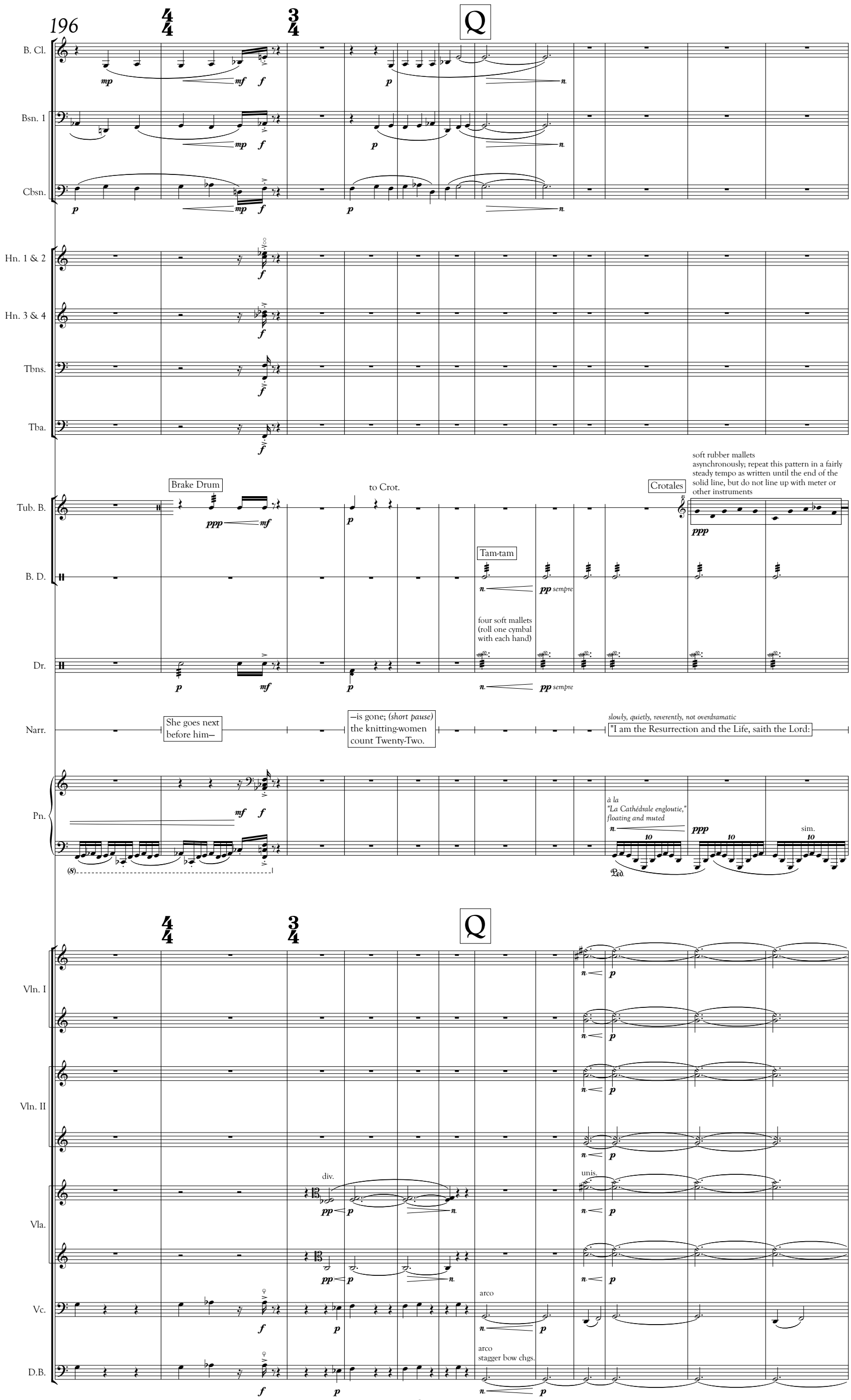
Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.


P
185
Fl. 1 & 2
Ob. 1
Eng. Hn.
Cl. 1
Cl. 2
to B. Cl.
Bass Clarinet
Bsn. 1
Cbsn.
Tpt. 1 & 2
Dr.
Narr.
quietly
"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.
Pn.
P
Vln. I
sub. p, no cresc.
div.
Vln. II
Vla.
unis.
Vc.
arco
pizz.
D.B.


196
Q
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1
Cbsn.
Hn. 1 & 2
Hn. 3 & 4
Tbns.
Tba.
Tub. B.
Brake Drum
to Crot.
Crotales
soft rubber mallets
asynchronously; repeat this pattern in a fairly steady tempo as written until the end of the solid line, but do not line up with meter or other instruments
B. D.
Tam-tam
pp sempre
Dr.
four soft mallets (roll one cymbal with each hand)
Narr.
She goes next before him—
—is gone; (short pause) the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.
slowly, quietly, reverently, not overdramatic
"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord:
Pn.
à la "La Cathédrale engloutie," floating and muted
sim.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
div.
unis.
Vc.
arco
D.B.
arco
stagger bow chgs.

208

Crot.

Tam-tam

to T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

"he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:"

"and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

R

218

Cl. 1

mp, intensely but not too loudly

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Temple Blocks

Crot.

to Br. D.

l.v.

to B. D.

Tam-tam

Bass Drum

ppp, almost inaudible

drumsticks

Dr.

ppp, almost inaudible

Narr.

The murmuring of many voices,

the upturning of many faces,

Pn.

sim.

R

unis.
asynchronously, as before

Vln. I

p, murmuring

unis.
asynchronously, as before

Vln. II

p, murmuring

unis.
asynchronously, as before

Vla.

p, murmuring

Vc.

stagger bow changes

D.B.

stagger bow changes

226 slight accel.

a tempo

4-6"

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Brake Drum

Br. D.

B. D.

Dr.

to Tub. B.

gaining speed, volume and intensity until m. 229

Narr.

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,

quietly, not too dramatically

all flashes away.

Twenty-Three.

Pn.

sim.

slight accel.

keep general contour of line, but begin to move it higher with each repetition (exact pitches are not important)

gliss. to highest possible pitch during last beat

a tempo

4-6"

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

accent individual staggered bow changes

etc.

Vc.

D.B.

233

S ♩ = 60

T

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

to Cl. 2

Hn. 1 & 2

I.

I. II.

Hn. 3 & 4

III.

Tubular Bells

Tub. B.

Dr.

soft mallet

S ♩ = 60

T

Vln. II

div.

div. in 3

Vla.

Vc.

div.

D.B.

246

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

one brush
and one stick
sweep

Dr.

Narr.

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 her.

Pn.

sim.

Ped. sempre

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

div. in 2

Vc.

unis.

D.B.

258

U

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tbns.

Timp.

Tub. B.

B. D.

Dr.

drumsticks

Narr.

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.

Pn.

U

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

unis.

div.

stagger bow changes

Vc.

stagger bow changes

D.B.

266

Fl. 1 & 2

Cl. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tbns.

Tba.

Tub. B.

to Crot.

B. D.

to Tam-tam

Dr.

quick cymbal scrape

Narr.

"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,

begin slightly after beat 2

"gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

V

275

Fl. 1 & 2

Eng. Hn.

to Ob. 2

Cl. 1 & 2

Cl. 2 to B. Cl.

B. D.

Tam-tam

four soft mallets
(roll one cymbal
with each hand)

Dr.

Narr.

"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.

V

Vln. I

div.

Vln. II

div.

unis.

Vla.

div.

Vc.

div.

D.B.

div.

W

282

Crotales

asynchronously; play given notes in given octave randomly, not too fast, until the end of the solid line

Tub. B.

Tam-tam

Dr.

Narr.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done;

raise head, lift eyes

"it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

W

Vln. I

stagger bow changes as needed

Vln. II

stagger bow changes as needed

Vla.

stagger bow changes as needed

X

289

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bass Clarinet

flutter tongue

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Crot.

to Mar.

Marimba

Tam-tam

l.v.

to B. D.

Bass Drum

damp

Dr.

drumsticks

choke cymbal

Narr.

bow head, close eyes

Pn.

sim.

X

Vln. I

sul G

Vln. II

Vla.

sul C

Vc.

pizz.

D.B.

sul E

VITA

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.