#1. Pavane for the Nursery

poem: William Jay Smith

music by Jay Anthony Gach

Gently swaying

♩=120ca

dolce cantabile, innocent

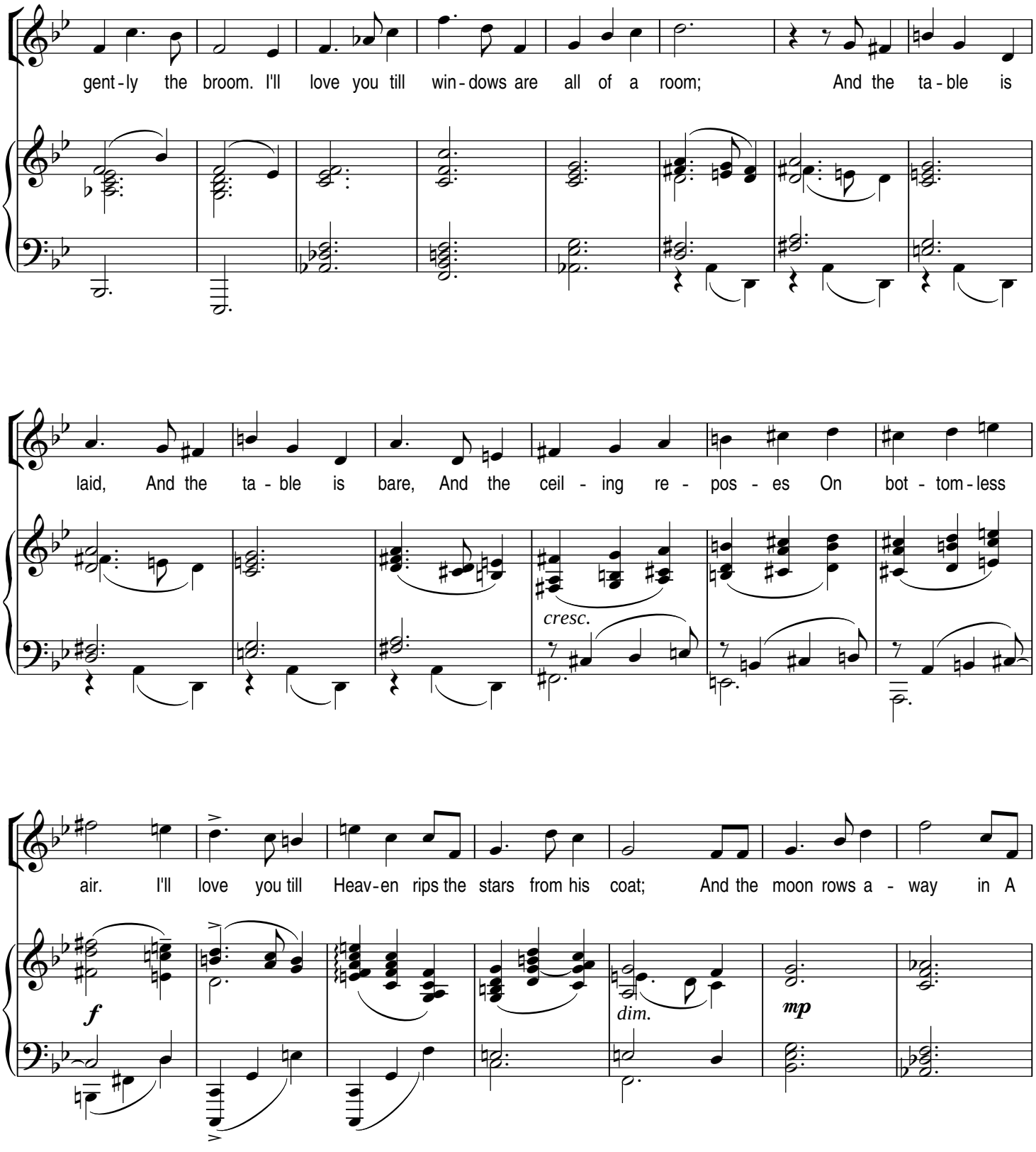
mp

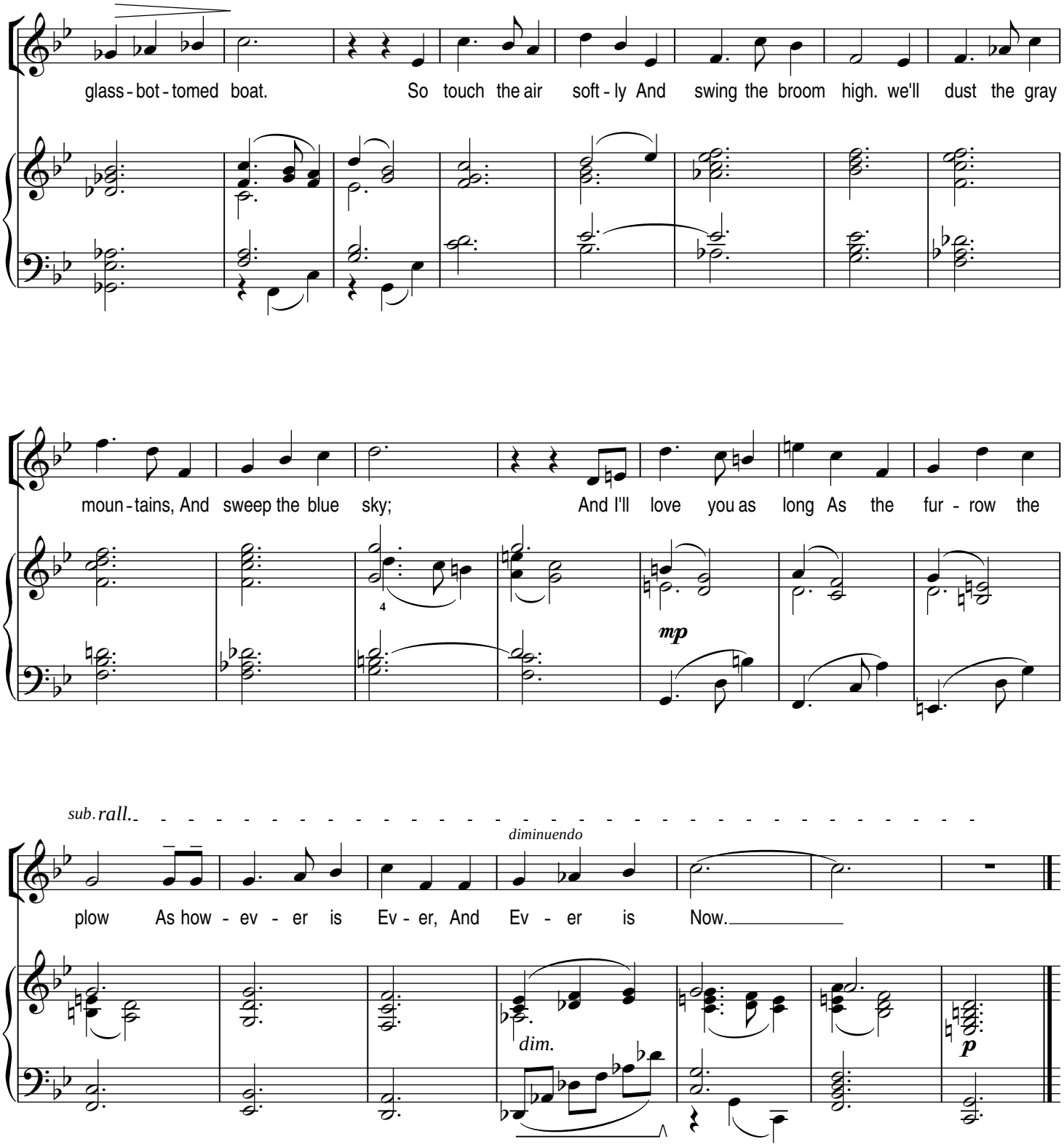
Now touch the air soft - ly, Step gent - ly one two... I'll love your till ros - es Are

rob - in's - egg blue; I'll love you till grav - el is eat - en for bread, And

rubato - - - - - - -/

lem - ons are or - ange, And lav - en - der's red. Now touch the air soft - ly, Swing


gent - ly the broom. I'll love you till win - dows are all of a room; And the ta - ble is
laid, And the ta - ble is bare, And the ceil - ing re - pos - es On bot - tom - less
cresc.
air. I'll love you till Heav - en rips the stars from his coat; And the moon rows a - way in A
f
dim.
mp


glass - bot - tomed boat. So touch the air soft - ly And swing the broom high. we'll dust the gray
moun - tains, And sweep the blue sky; And I'll love you as long As the fur - row the
mp
sub. rall.
diminuendo
plow As how - ev - er is Ev - er, And Ev - er is Now.
dim.
p

#2. "Hurry up, come on..."

after reading a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay

music by Jay Anthony Gach

In a hurry

♩=112ca

firmly, impatiently ***f*** *non legato*

"Hur - ry up, come on you sil - ly girl. Or

cresc.

sfz

go a - way!"

sub. legato espress.

But in the can - dy store she stays.

mp

cresc.

non legato

And eyes the choc' lates And squeez-es the

staccato

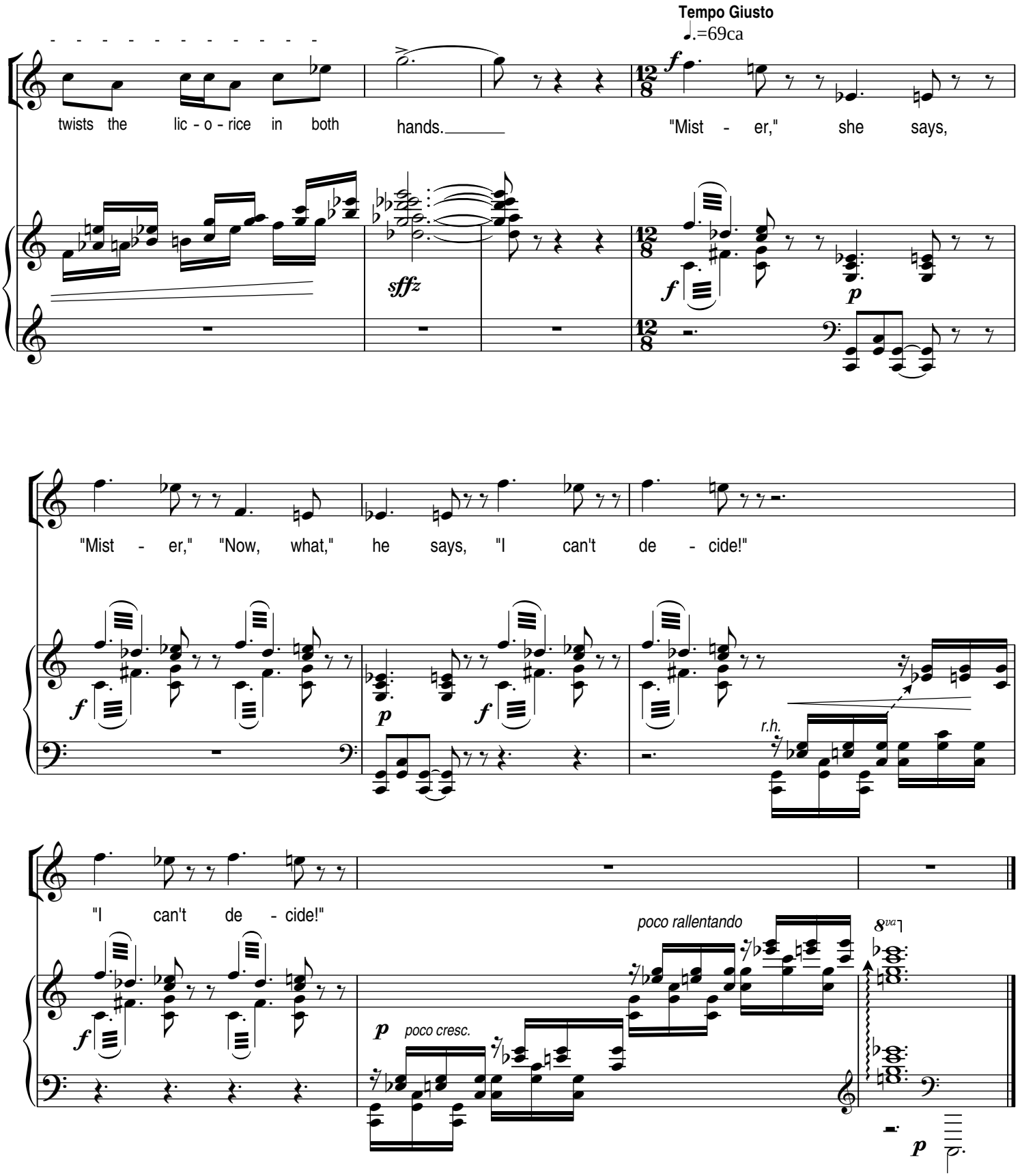
mf

cresc.

jel - lies and scrunch-es the pea-nuts and fin - gers the sweet-ies and twists the lic - o - rice,

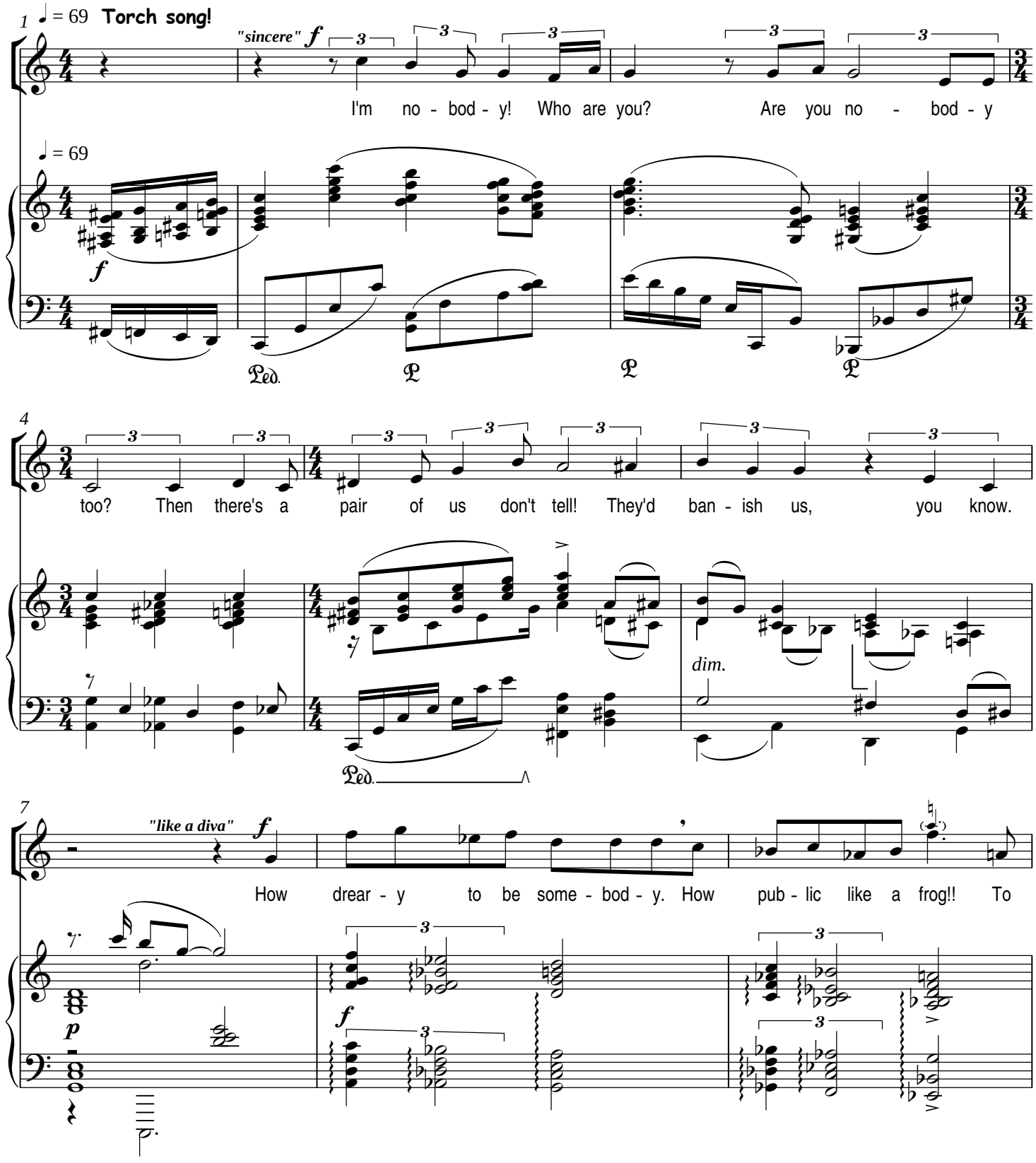
cresc. ed accel.

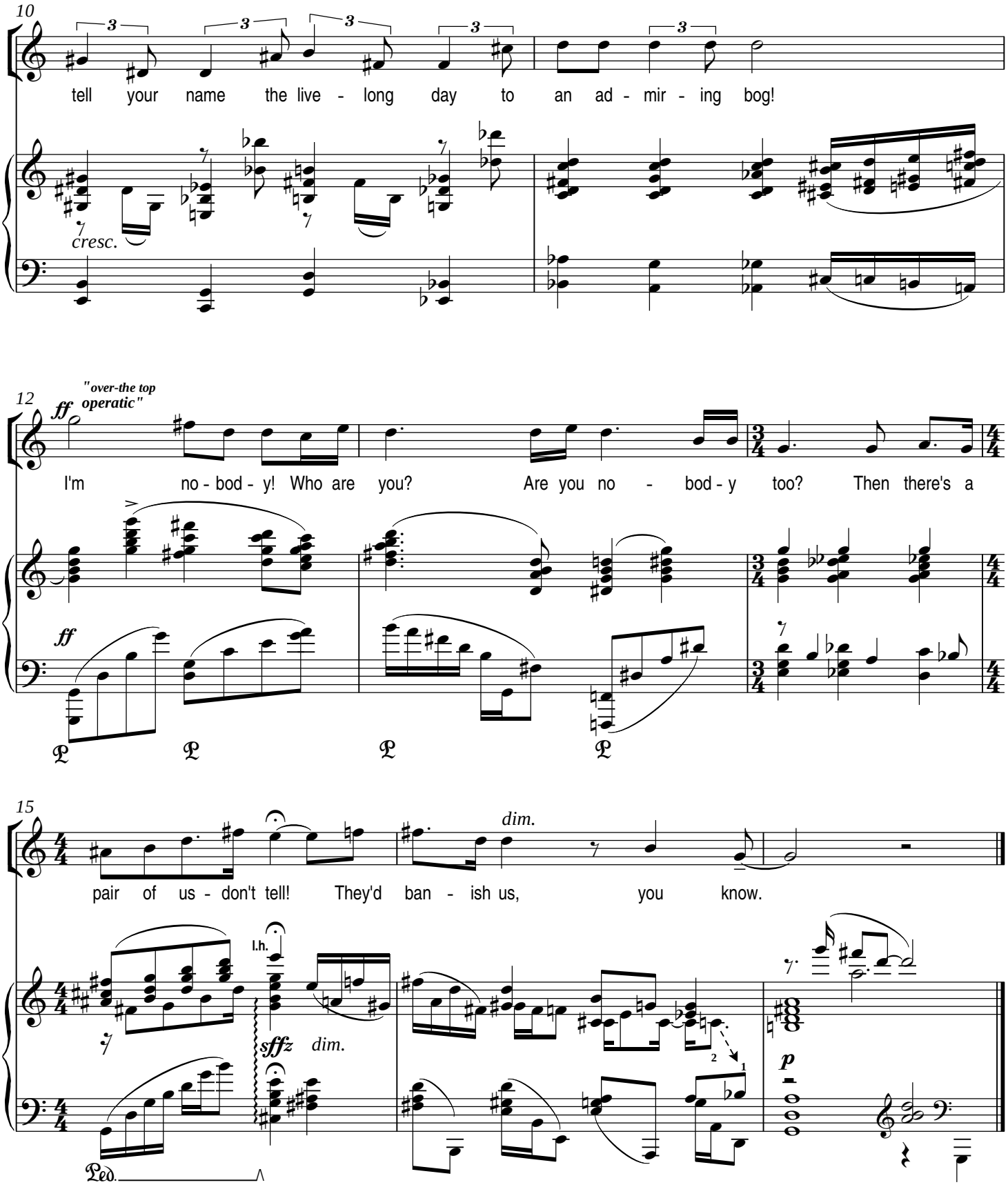
f


Tempo Giusto
♩.=69ca
twists the lic - o - rice in both hands.
"Mist - er," she says,
"Mist - er," "Now, what," he says, "I can't de - cide!"
"I can't de - cide!"
poco rallentando
poco cresc.
r.h.
8va

#3. I'm Nobody!

poem: Emily Dickinson

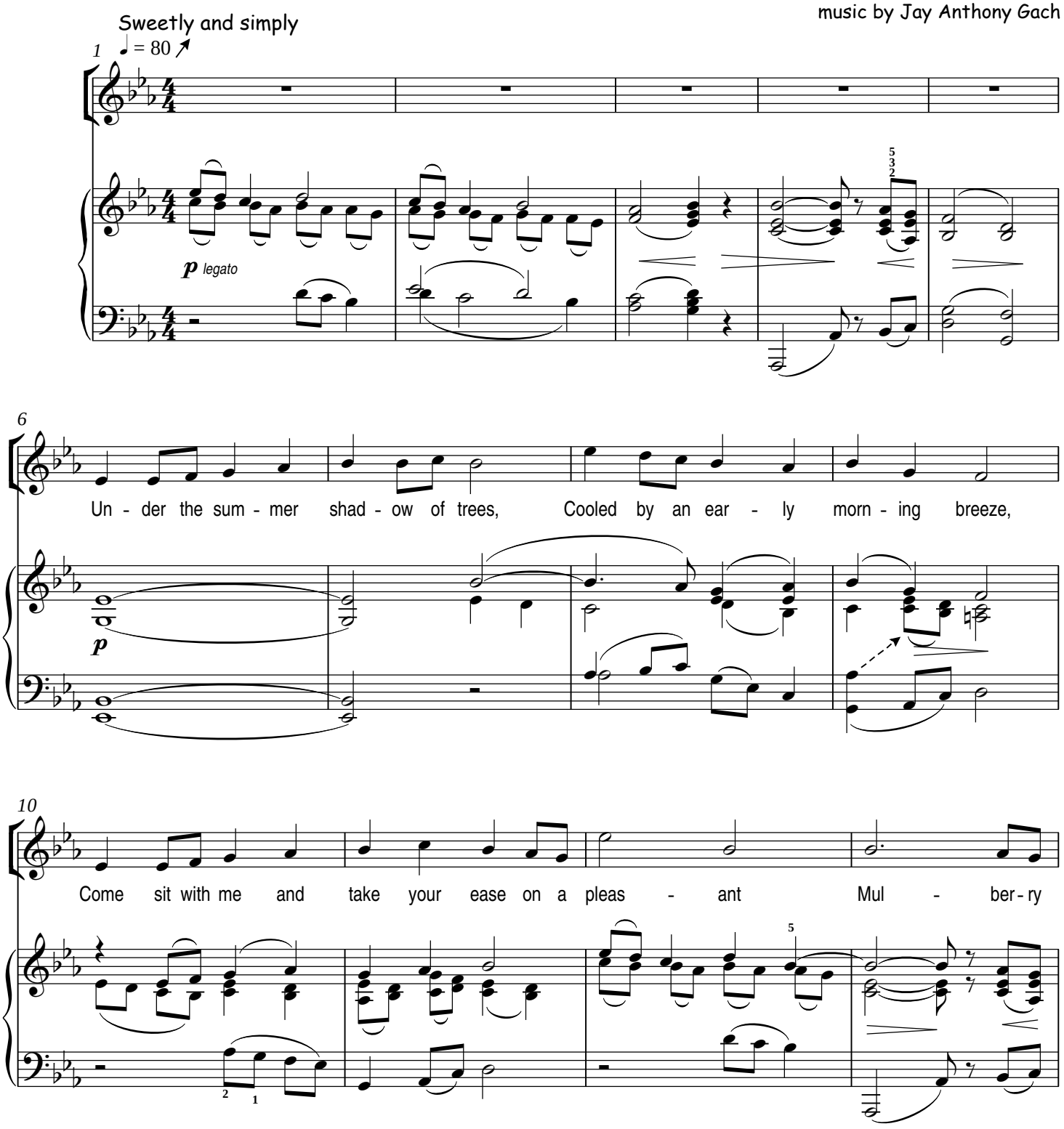


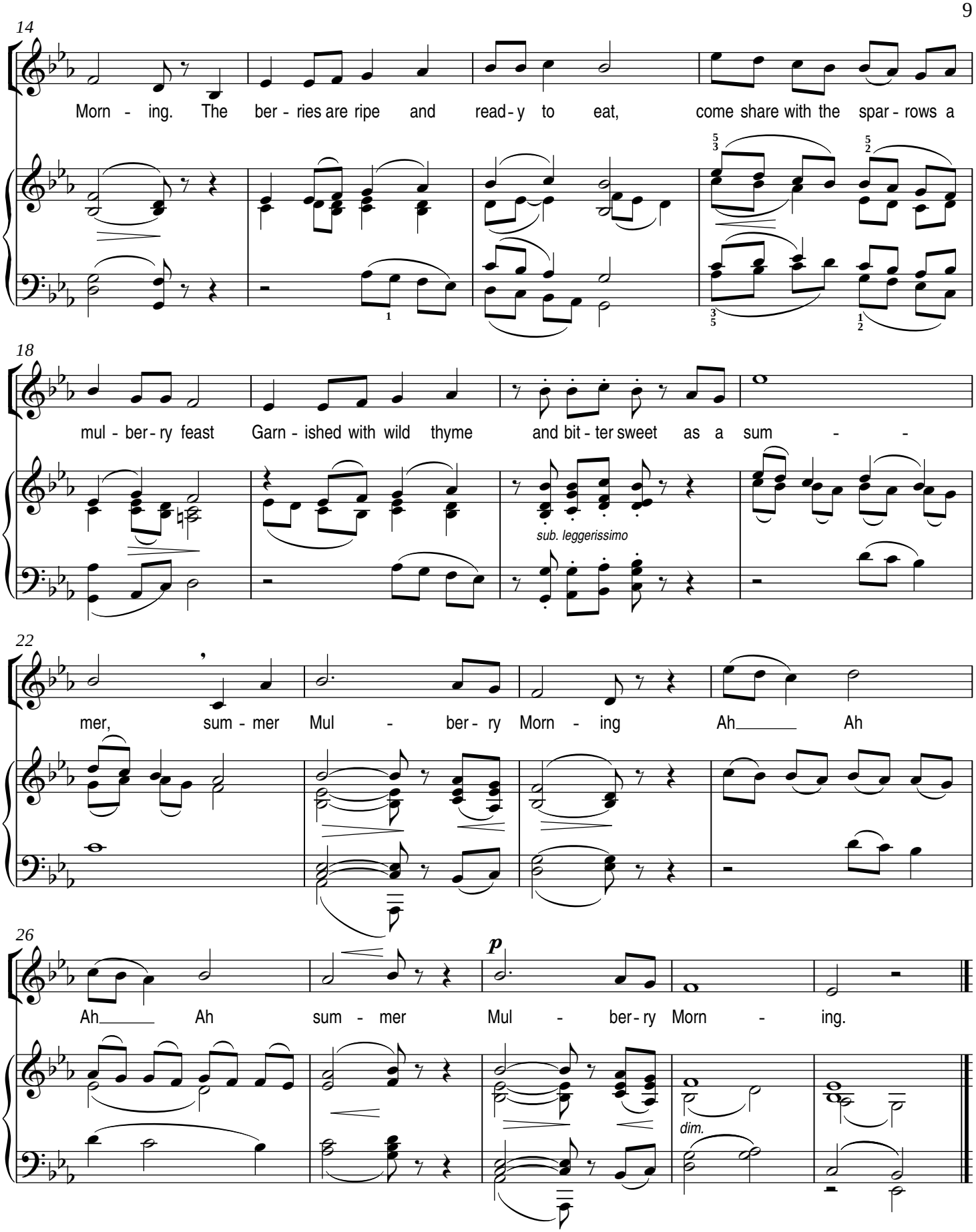

10
tell your name the live - long day to an ad - mir - ing bog!
cresc.
12
"over-the top operatic"
ff
I'm no - bod - y! Who are you? Are you no - bod - y too? Then there's a
ff
15
dim.
pair of us - don't tell! They'd ban - ish us, you know.
l.h.
sffz
dim.
p
Ped.

#4. Mulberry Morning

poem Kim Rich

music by Jay Anthony Gach



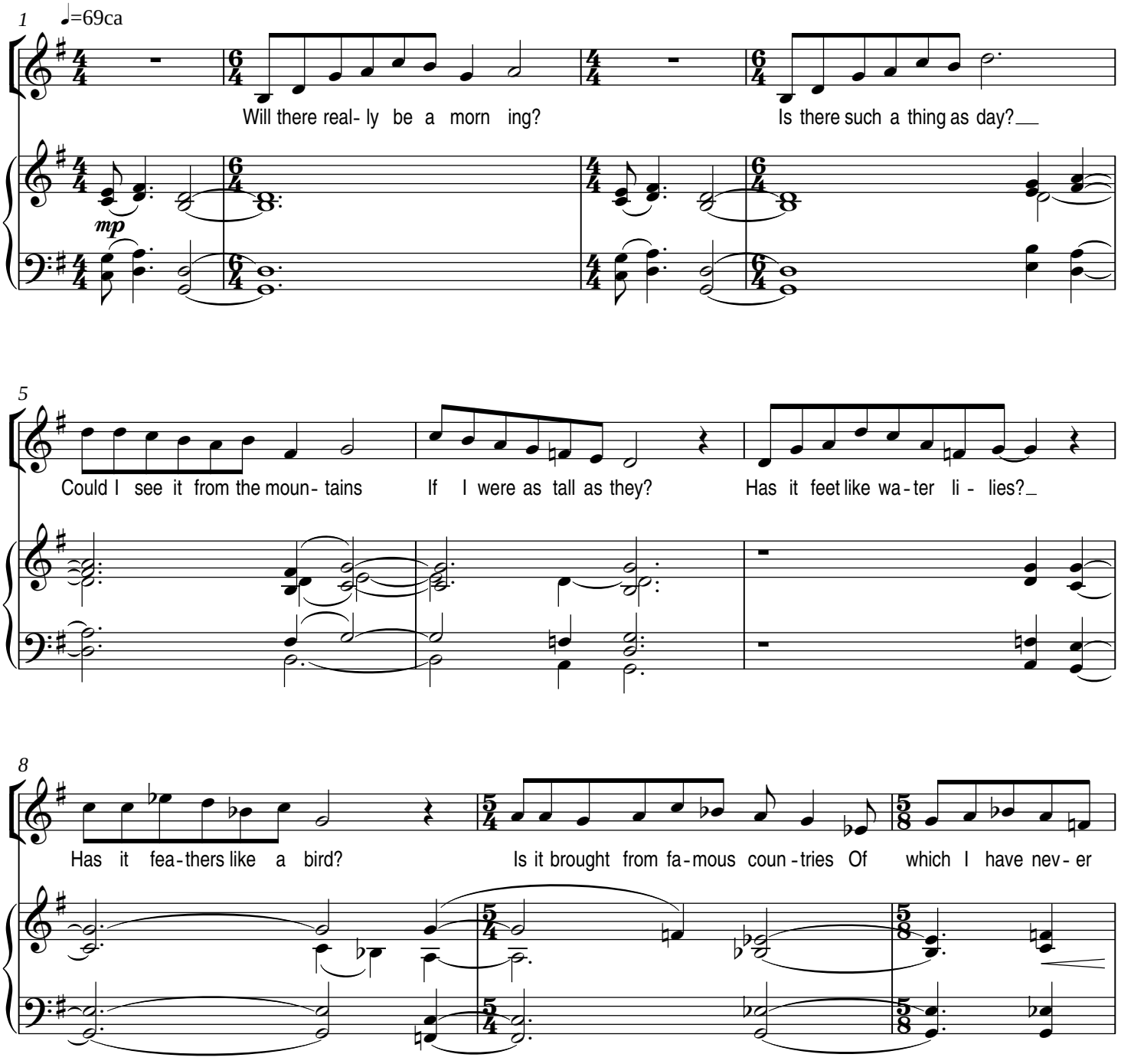

14
Morn - ing. The ber - ries are ripe and read - y to eat, come share with the spar - rows a
18
mul - ber - ry feast Garn - ished with wild thyme and bit - ter sweet as a sum - -
sub. leggerissimo
22
mer, sum - mer Mul - ber - ry Morn - ing Ah Ah
26
Ah Ah sum - mer Mul - ber - ry Morn - ing.
p
dim.

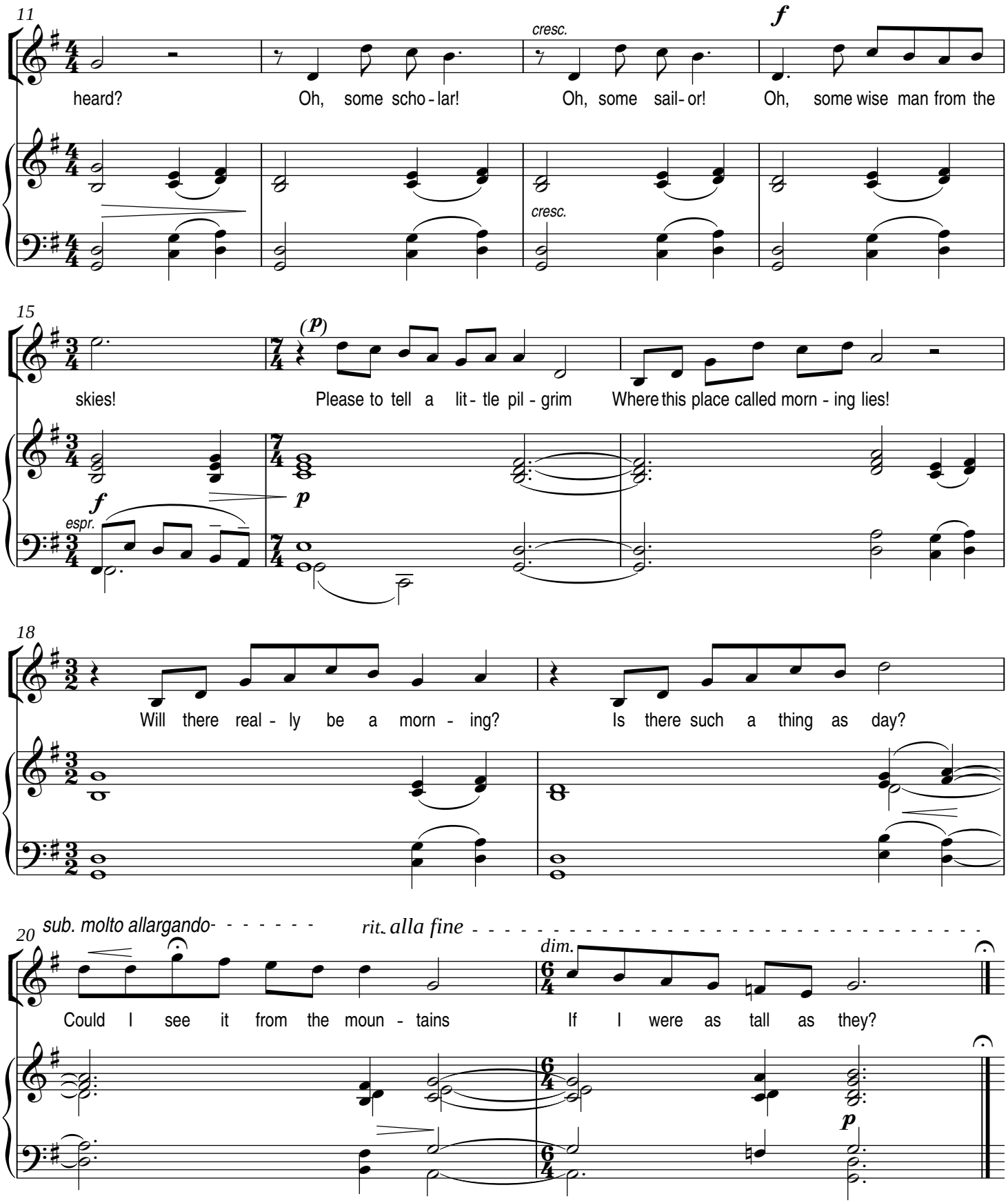
#5. "Will there really be a Morning?"

poem Emily Dickinson

music by Jay Anthony Gach

Warm and sustained




11
heard?
Oh, some scho - lar!
cresc.
Oh, some sail - or!
f
Oh, some wise man from the
cresc.
15
skies!
(p)
Please to tell a lit - tle pil - grim
Where this place called morn - ing lies!
f
espr.
p
18
Will there real - ly be a morn - ing?
Is there such a thing as day?
20
sub. molto allargando-
rit. alla fine
Could I see it from the moun - tains
dim.
If I were as tall as they?
p

#6. Easy Money

poem Roger McGough

music by Jay Anthony Gach

Fast and breathless

♩=130ca ♩.=88ca

This song should be interpreted like a conversation between the singer and the pianist.

1

Guess how old I am? I bet you can't.I bet you. Guess how old I am?

f *mf*

6

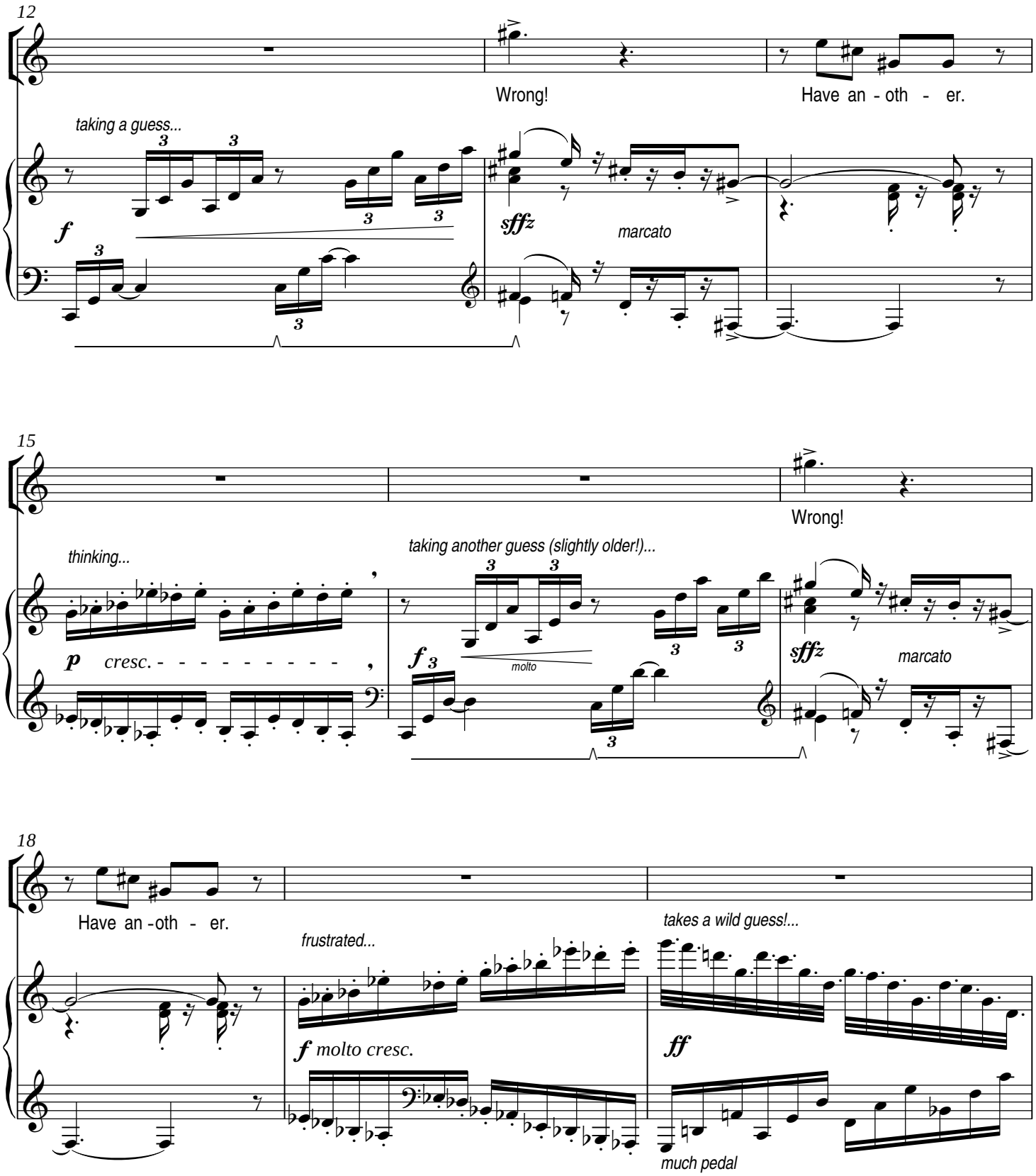
Go on guess. Go on

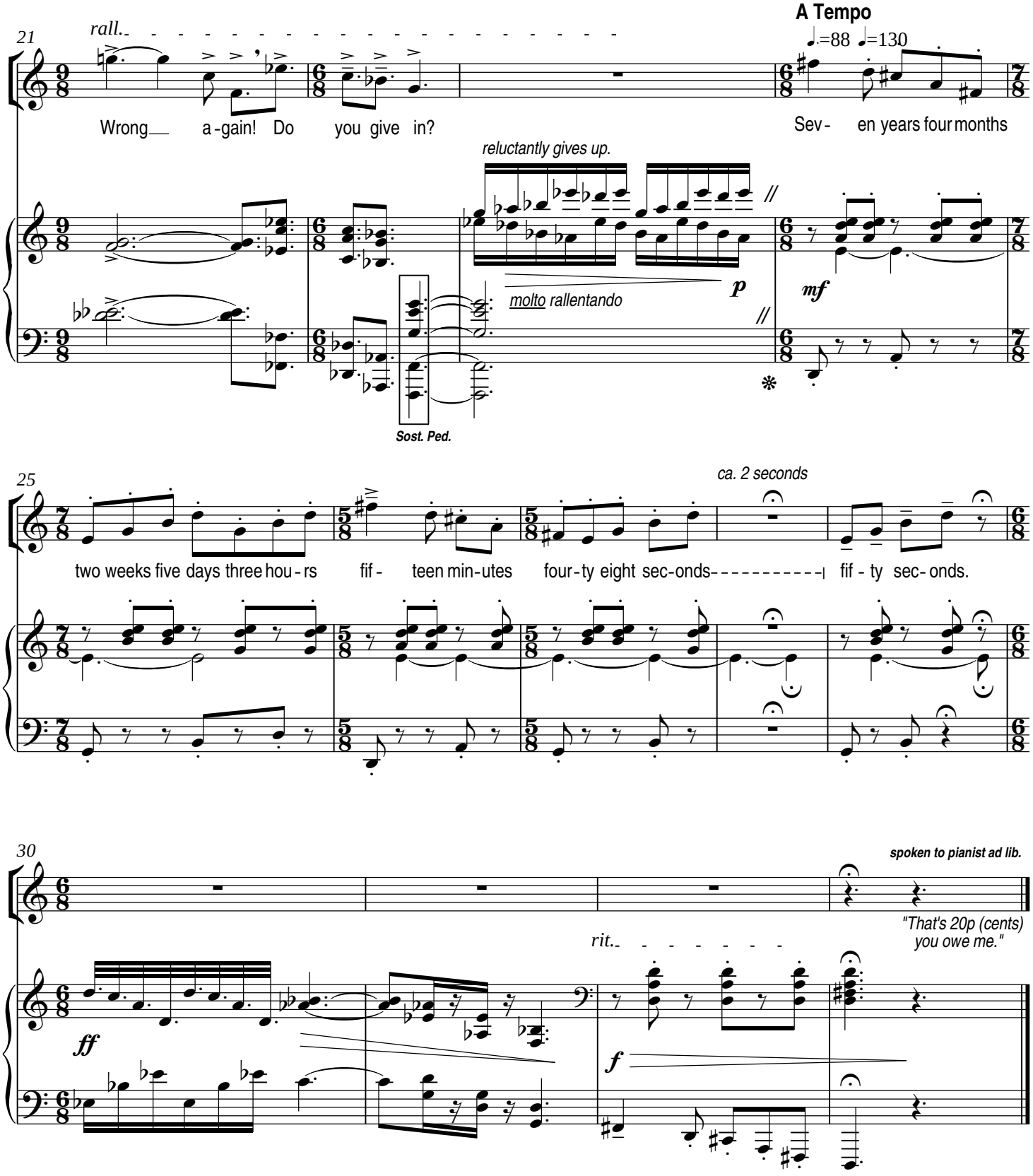
9

have a guess.

Thinking...

sf p cresc.


12
Wrong!
Have an - oth - er.
taking a guess...
f
sffz
marcato
15
Wrong!
thinking...
taking another guess (slightly older!)...
p
cresc.
f 3
molto
sffz
marcato
18
Have an -oth - er.
frustrated...
takes a wild guess!...
f molto cresc.
ff
much pedal


21
rall.
A Tempo
♩.=88 ♩=130
Wrong a-gain! Do you give in?
Sev- en years four months
reluctantly gives up.
molto rallentando
p
mf
Sost. Ped.
25
ca. 2 seconds
two weeks five days three hou-rs
fif- teen min-utes
four-ty eight sec-onds
fif- ty sec- onds.
30
spoken to pianist ad lib.
"That's 20p (cents) you owe me."
rit.
ff
f

#7. Valentine Poem

poem Roger McGough

music by Jay Anthony Gach

Moving along but not rushing

♩.=84ca

1

If I were a po - et I'd write

f

4

poems for you. If I were a mu - si - cian, Mu - sic too. But

4:3

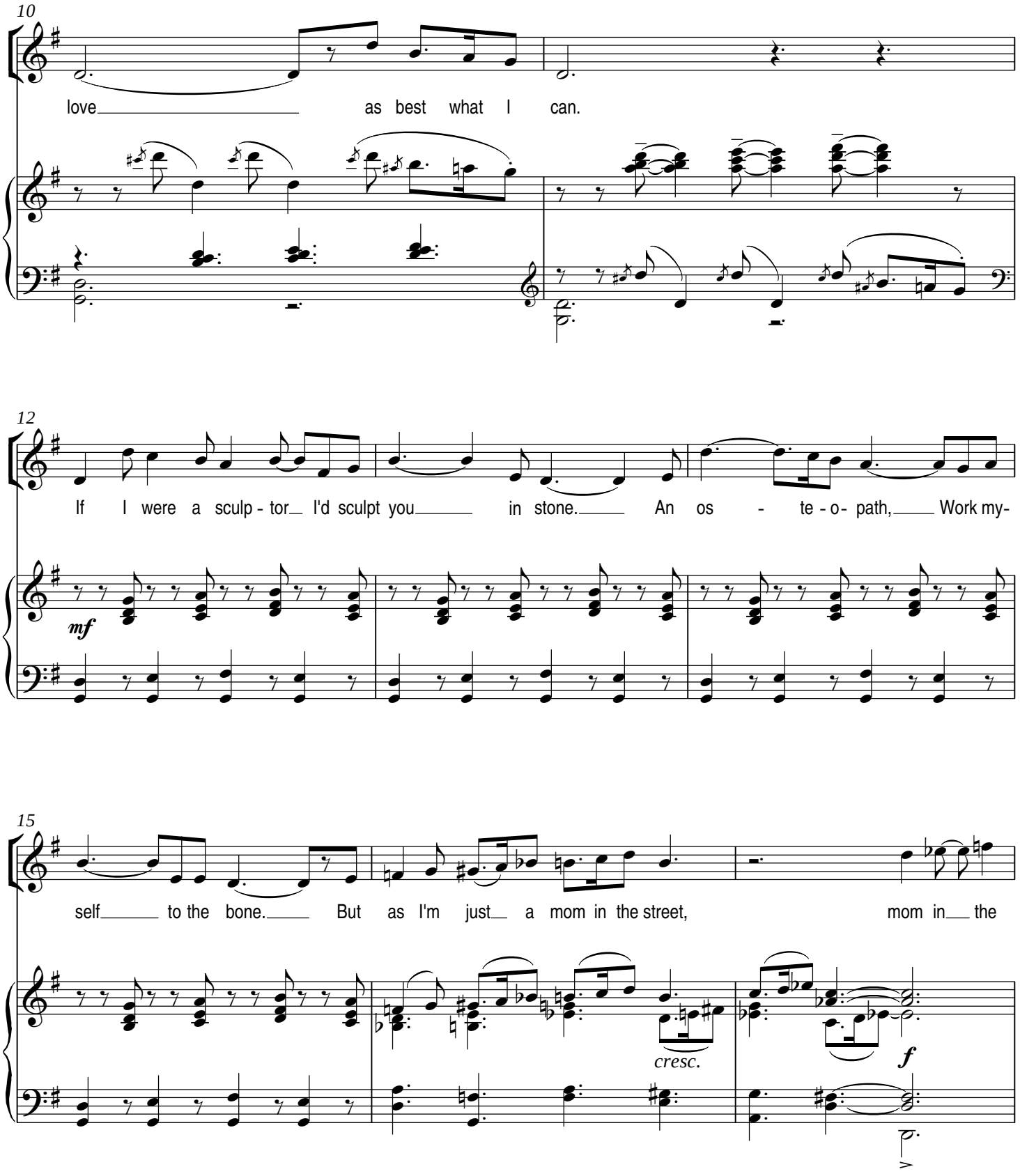
7

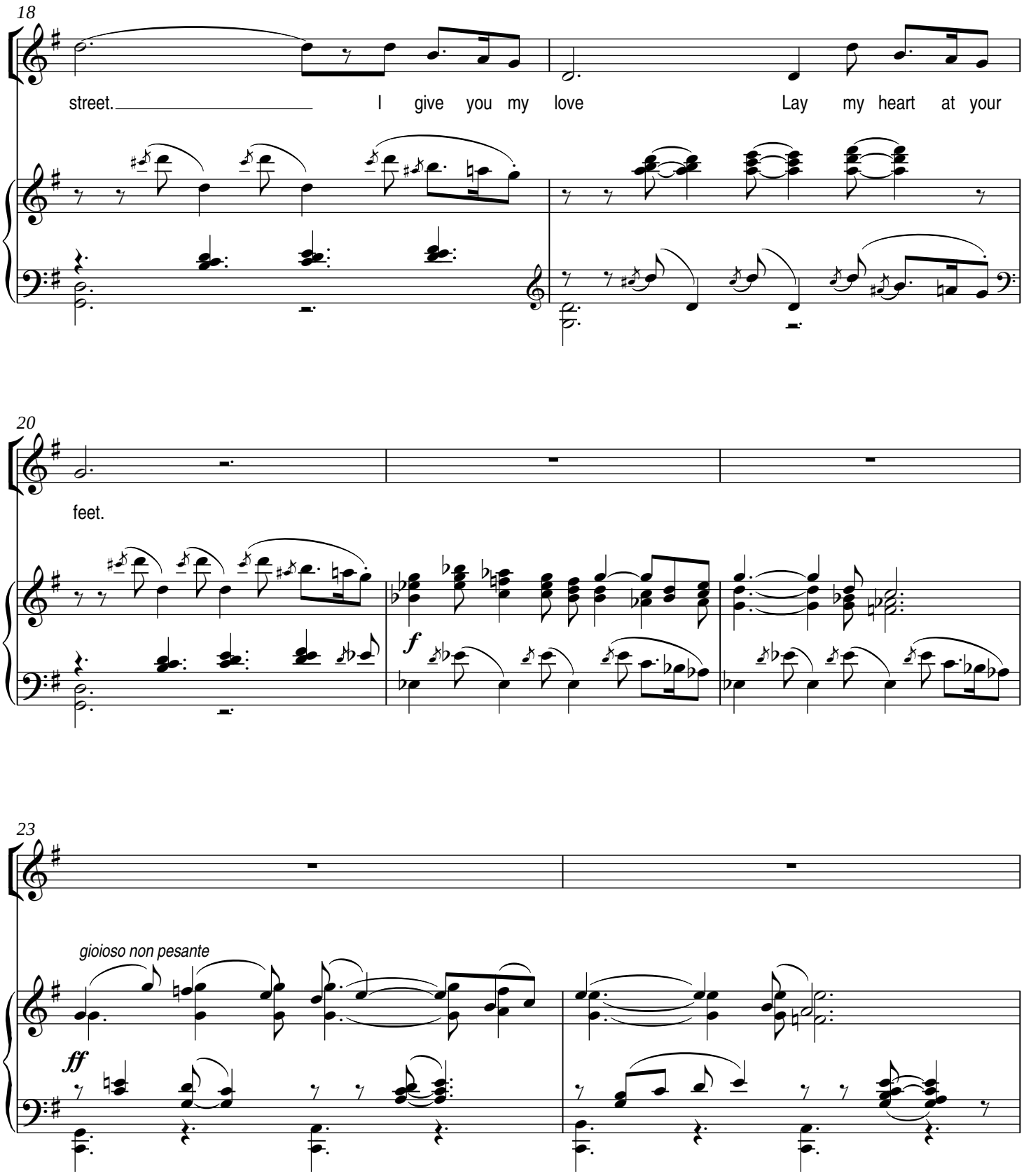
as I'm on - ly an av -'rage ma'am, av - 'rage ma'am I give you my

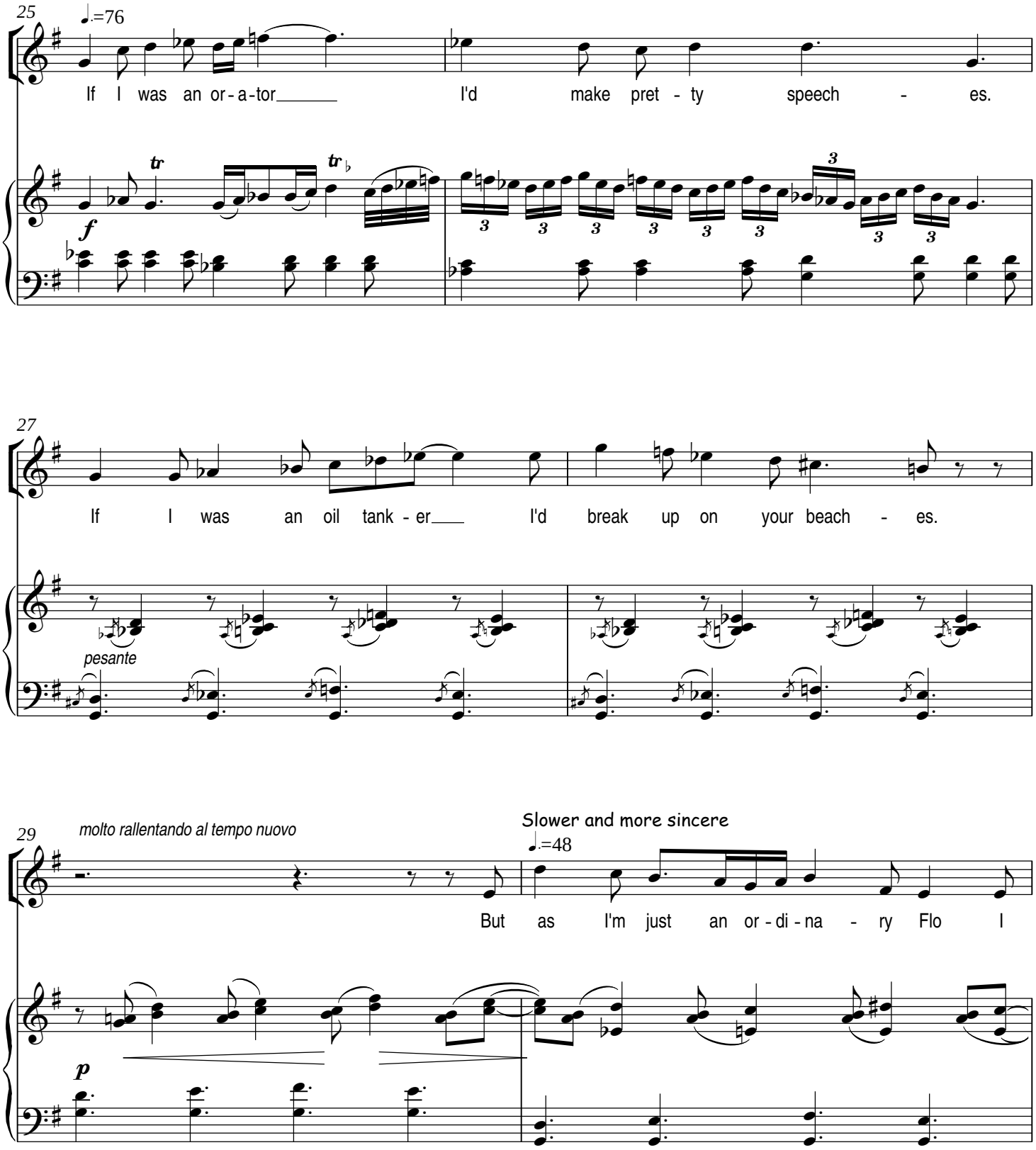
cresc.

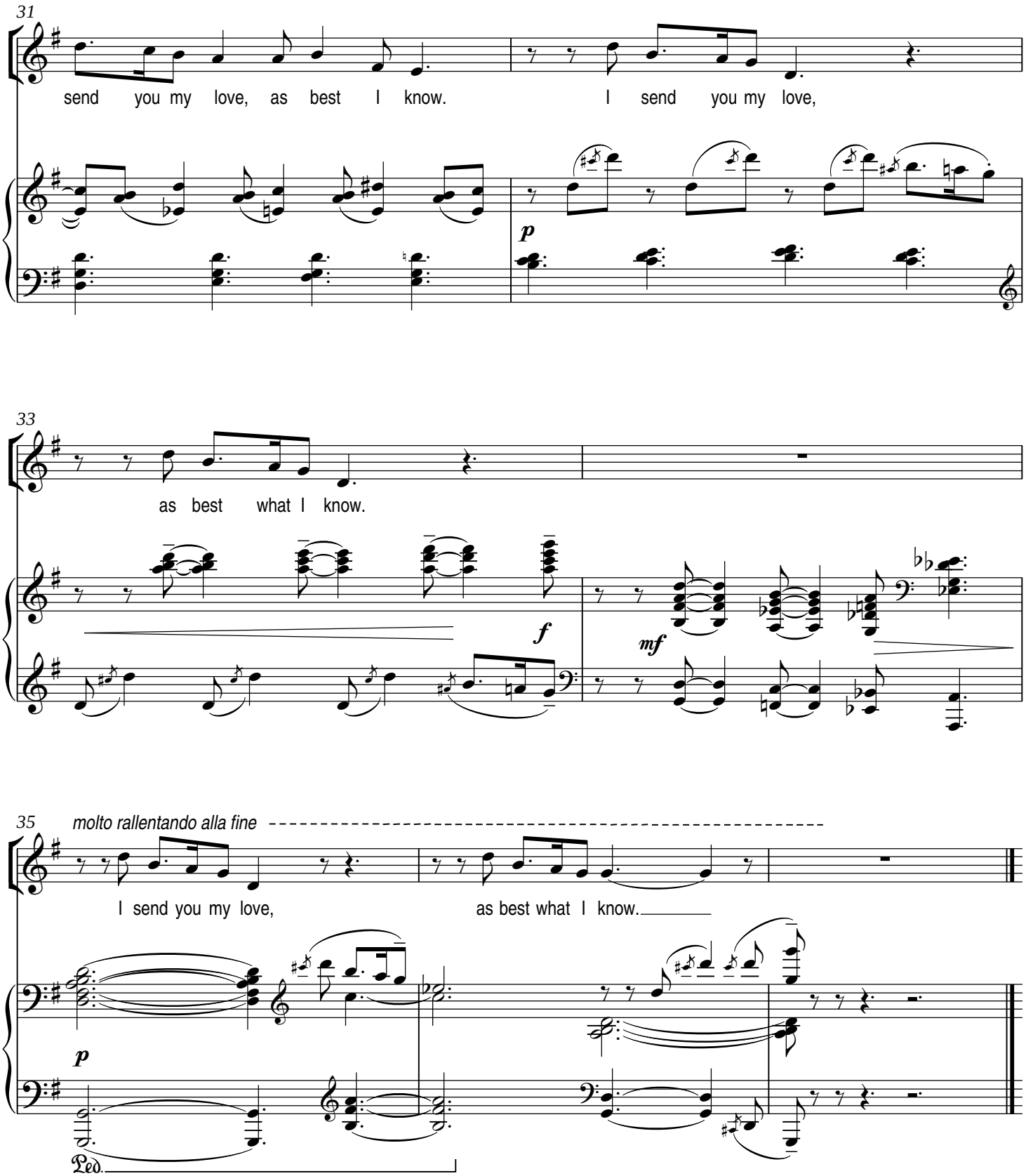
f

mf


10
love as best what I can.
12
If I were a sculp - tor I'd sculpt you in stone. An os - te - o - path, Work my-
mf
15
self to the bone. But as I'm just a mom in the street, mom in the
cresc.
f


18
street.
I give you my love
Lay my heart at your
20
feet.
f
23
gioioso non pesante
ff


25
♩.=76
If I was an or - a - tor
I'd make pret - ty speech - es.
f
27
If I was an oil tank - er
I'd break up on your beach - es.
pesante
29
molto rallentando al tempo nuovo
Slower and more sincere
♩.=48
But as I'm just an or - di - na - ry Flo I
p


31
send you my love, as best I know. I send you my love,
p
33
as best what I know.
f
mf
35
molto rallentando alla fine
I send you my love, as best what I know.
p
Ped.

(Dear Emmy, And an eighth song for your eighth birthday. Love, Dad)

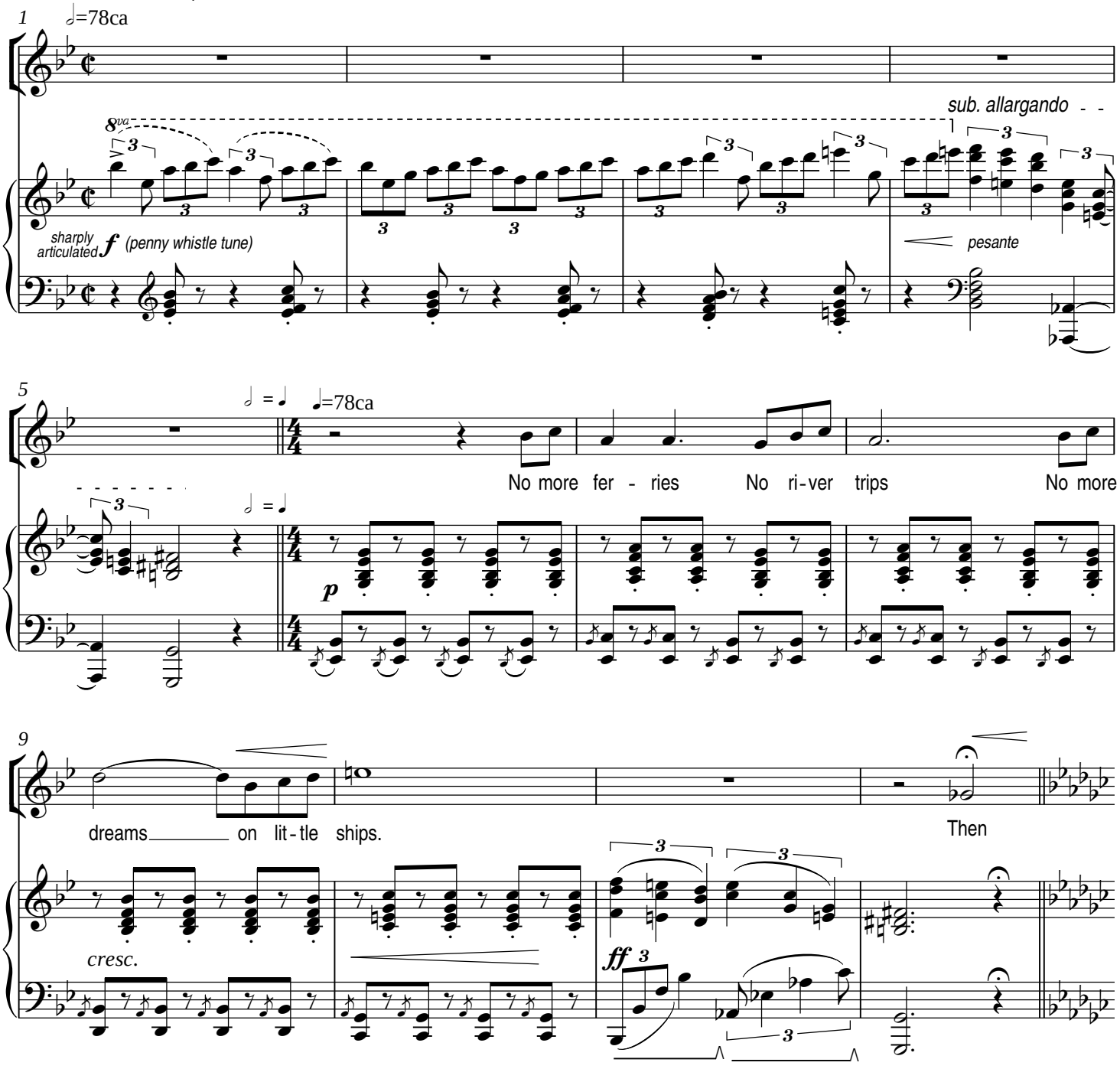
8. No More Ferries

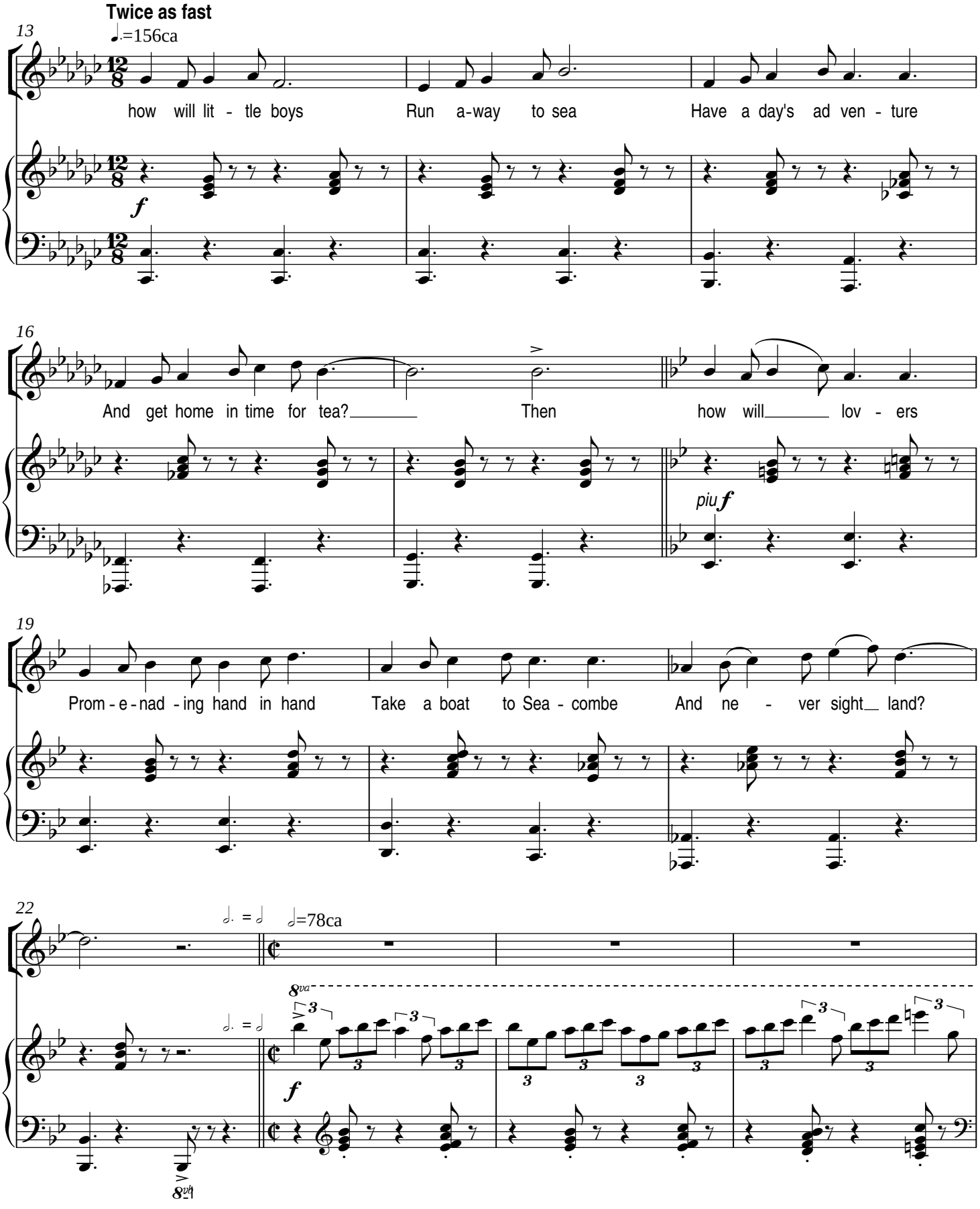
Performance Note: When including this song in the cycle it is suggested that it be placed between #4 & 5 or between #5 & 6: always allowing "Valentine Poem" to be the last song in performance.

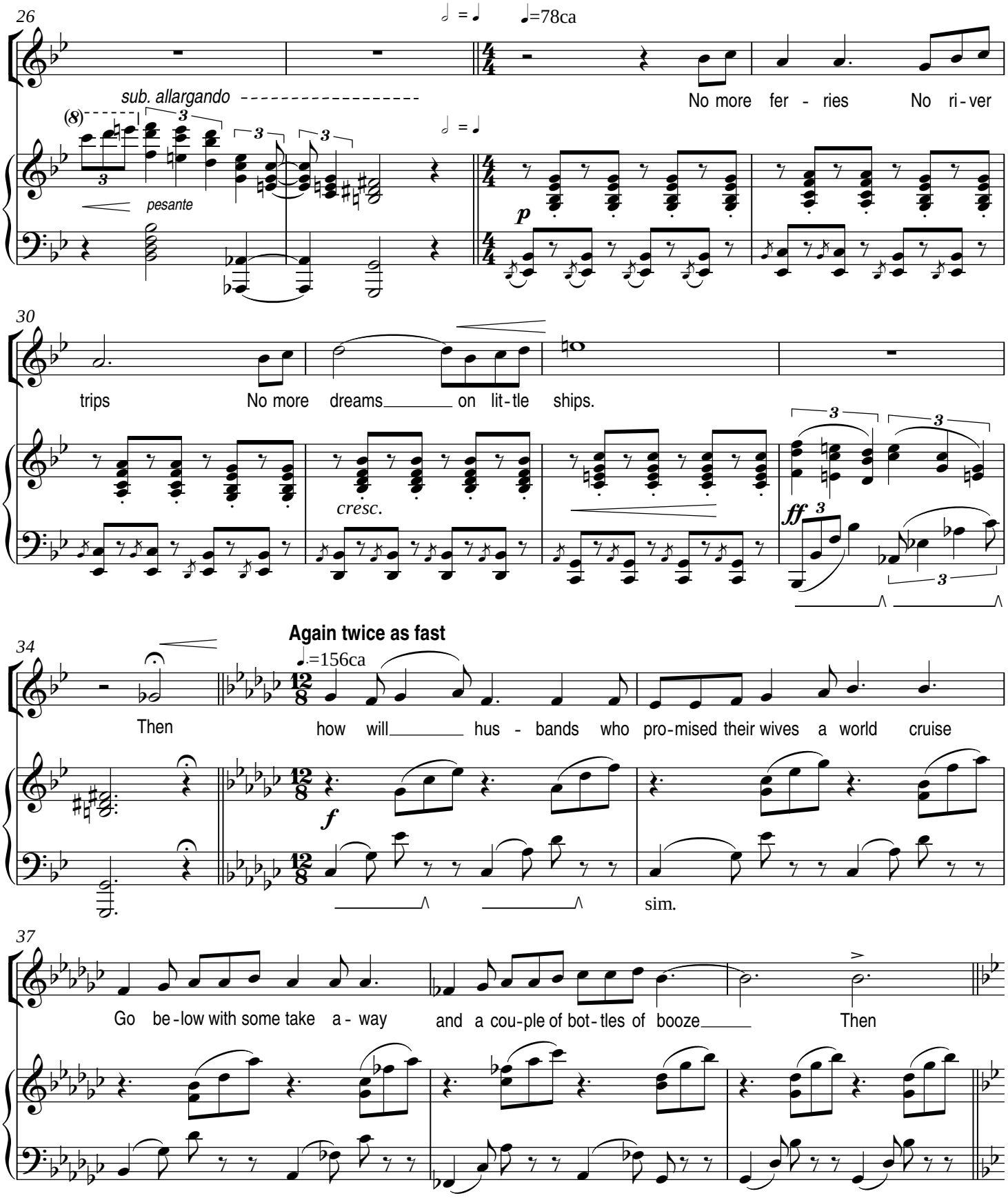
poem Roger McGough

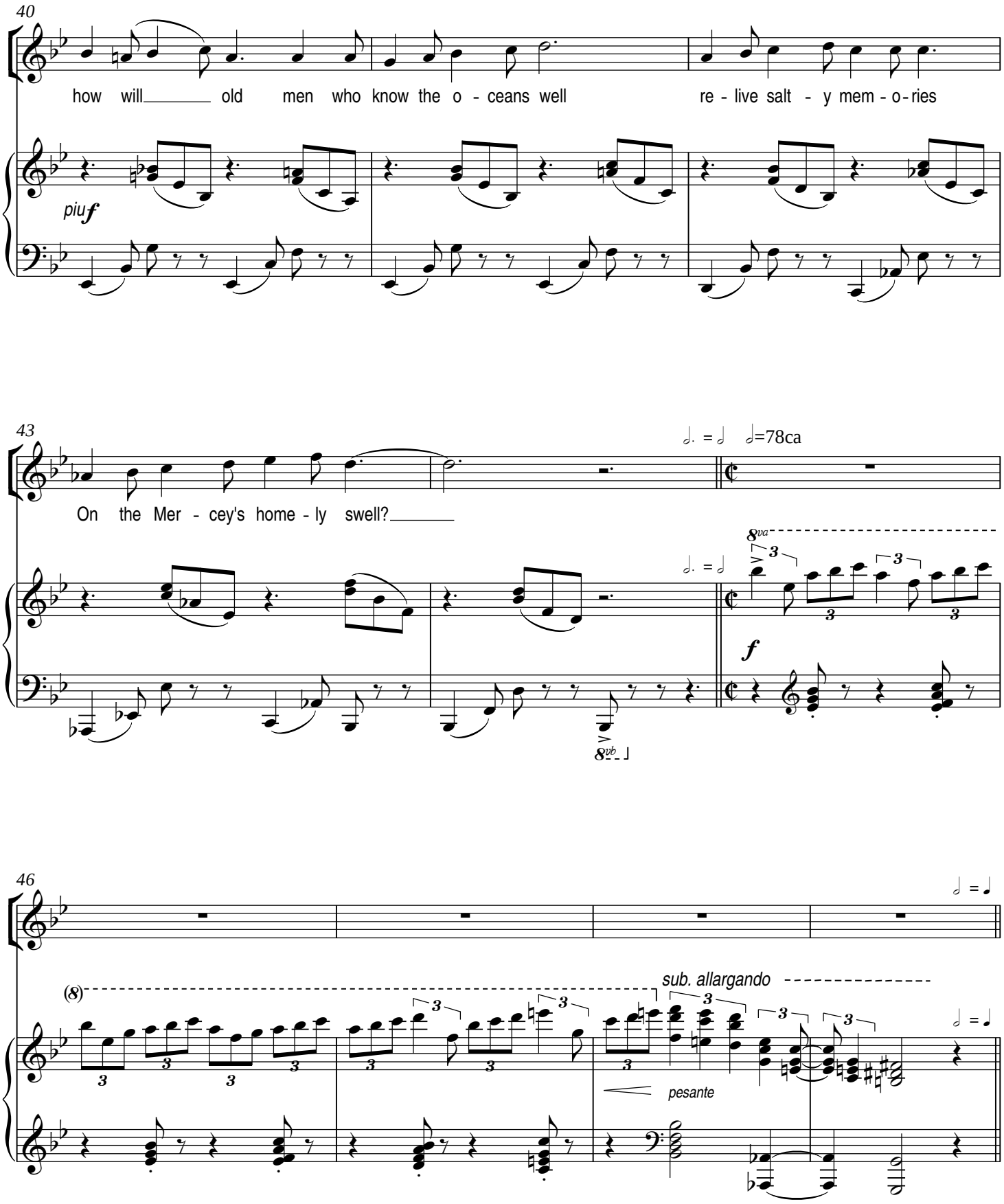
music by Jay Anthony Gach

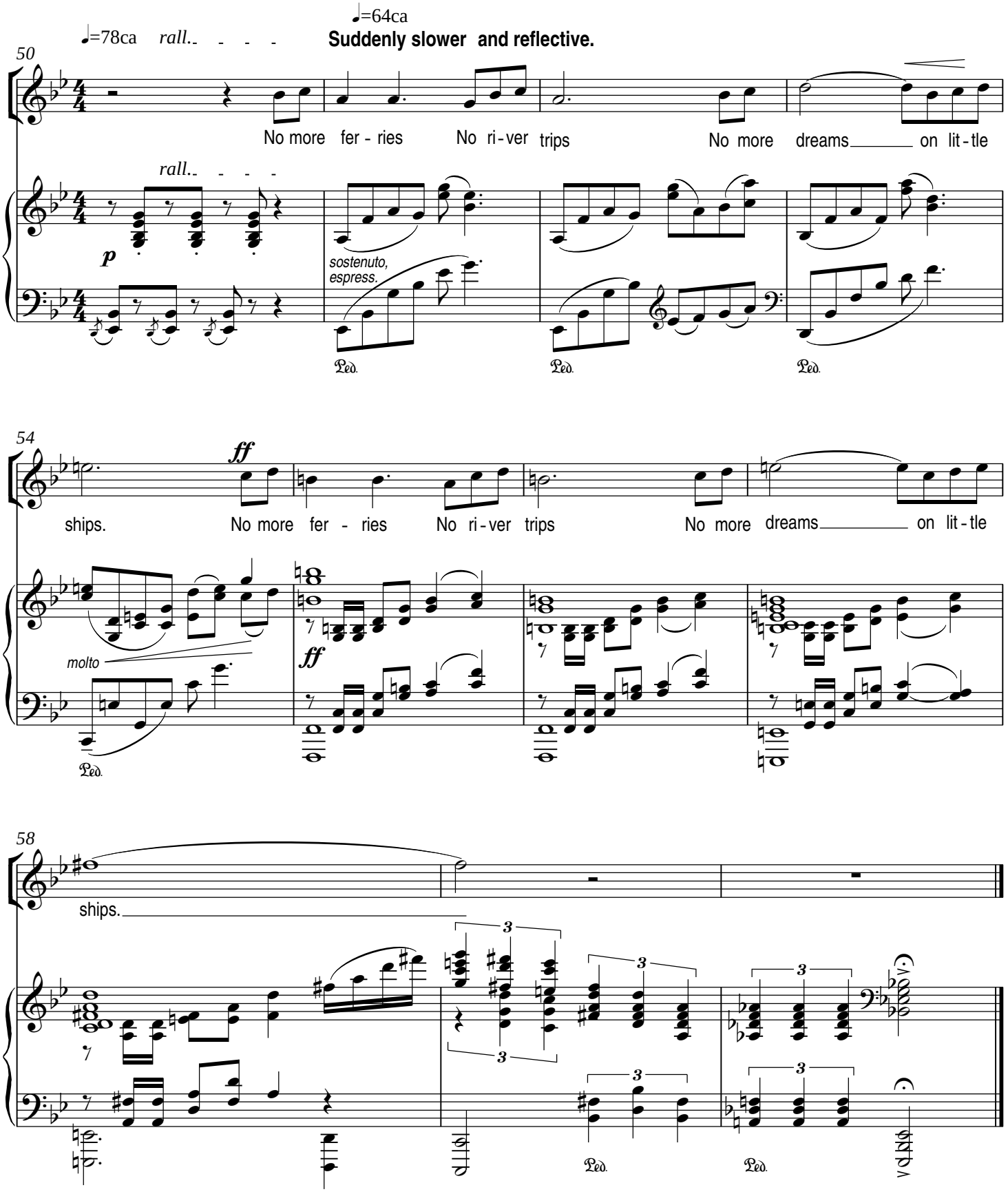
A Sea Chanty




Twice as fast
13
how will lit - tle boys Run a-way to sea Have a day's ad ven - ture
16
And get home in time for tea? Then how will lov - ers
piu f
19
Prom - e - nad - ing hand in hand Take a boat to Sea - combe And ne - ver sight land?
22
=78ca
8va
8vb


26
sub. allargando
pesante
No more fer - ries No ri - ver
30
trips No more dreams on lit - tle ships.
cresc.
34
Again twice as fast
Then how will hus - bands who pro - mised their wives a world cruise
sim.
37
Go be - low with some take a - way and a cou - ple of bot - tles of booze Then


40
how will old men who know the o - ceans well re - live salt - y mem - o - ries
piu f
43
On the Mer - cey's home - ly swell?
♩. = ♩ ♩=78ca
8va
8vb
f
46
(8)
sub. allargando
pesante
♩ = ♩


♩=78ca
rall.
♩=64ca
Suddenly slower and reflective.
50
No more fer - ries
No ri - ver trips
No more dreams on lit - tle
p
sostenuto, espress.
Ped.
54
ff
ships.
No more fer - ries
No ri - ver trips
No more dreams on lit - tle
molto
58
ships.
3
8va