Pamela J. Marshall

Remember the Old Songs

tenor and piano

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Remember the Old Songs

A set of songs dedicated to my mother Evelyn Marshall

by Pamela J. Marshall

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Notes

I've been thinking about music that has been meaningful to me and certain childhood memories bring a strong sense of nostalgia. I remember the songbook, copyright 1909, with the oldfashioned-looking music on our piano rack. Juanita was one of my favorites. The book didn't mention the composer; only an arranger. I had no idea Juanita's composer and author was Caroline Norton, an activist for women's rights in the mid 1800s. As I got ready to write my interpretation of Juanita, I became intrigued with Caroline. I learned she was a lobbyist, essayist and poet. I discovered her most famous poem "I do not love thee". I've combined music from the song Juanita with portions of the poem. I liked the contrast of the pleading lover with a lover who can't acknowledge his or her heart.

I don't know where I learned Shenandoah, but it is another tune I've always loved. The longing in the words, the halting phrases, and pining melody have always tugged at my heart. The original tune has a flowing-halting effect, akin to water, in its melody and I've worked with that, stretching it and fragmenting it. I've also used two varieties of water accompaniments -- in the middle the surging arpeggios, and at the end a low swaying that feels like the slow surge of calm ocean.

Dixie is from the old book. It was one of my father's favorites and he played it often. There was a page turn in the middle of this spirited tune, so to play it without stopping in the middle, he had to memorize it. He said it's the only music he ever memorized. You're probably familiar with Dixie as a confederate or southern favorite. It was originally written in 1859 by the northern Daniel Emmett for minstrel shows. The confederacy adopted it as its marching song, but it was also Lincoln's favorite song, and it was played at his inauguration. I set it now in the spirit of a family memory. In our New England home, I had not been aware of its significance as a divisive Southern anthem.

I conceived of these songs for tenor, because my mother has always enjoyed fine tenor voices. Other voices certainly can sing these songs too.

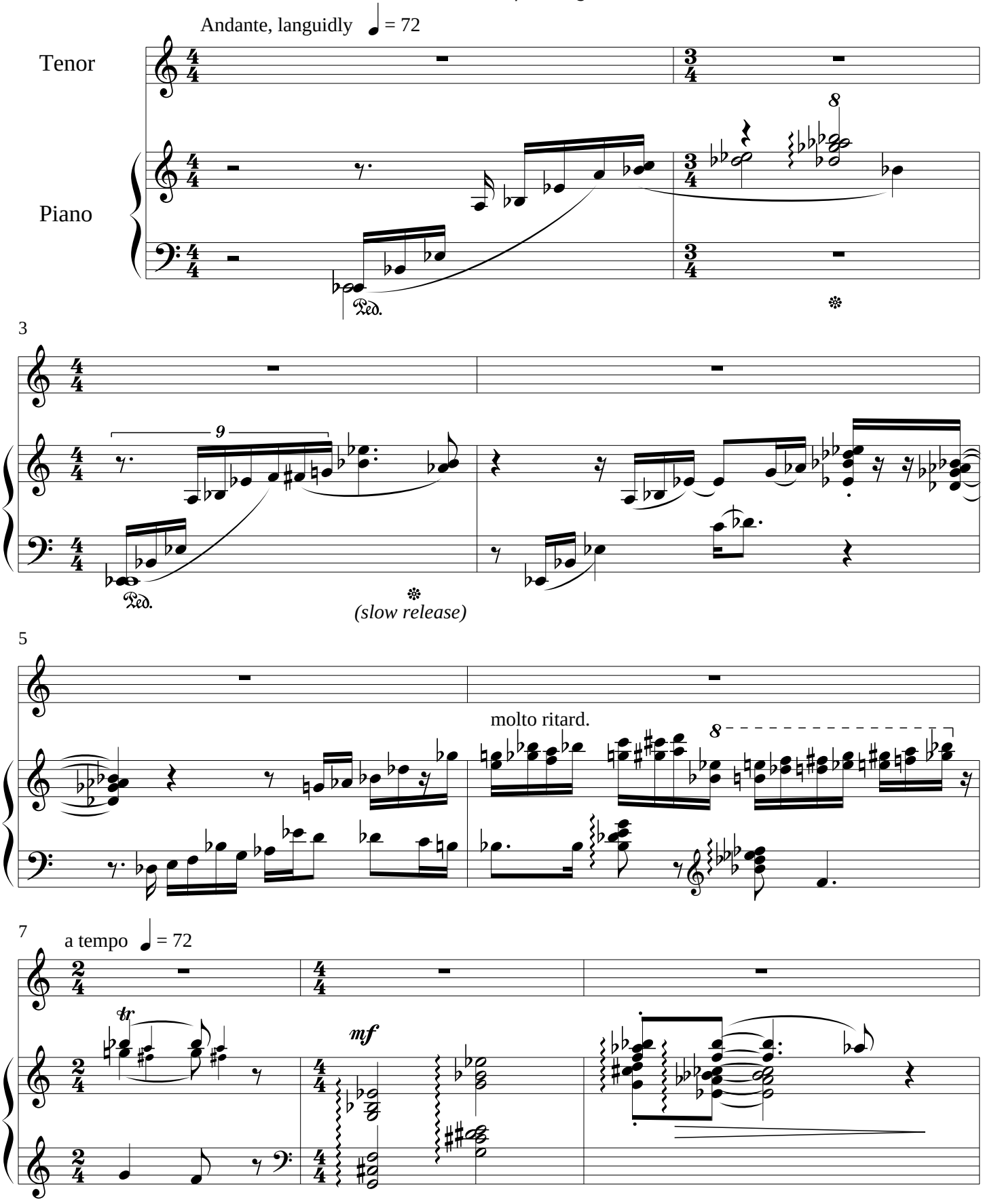
This music is a birthday gift to my mother, who has always listened to our family's music-making with appreciation and love.

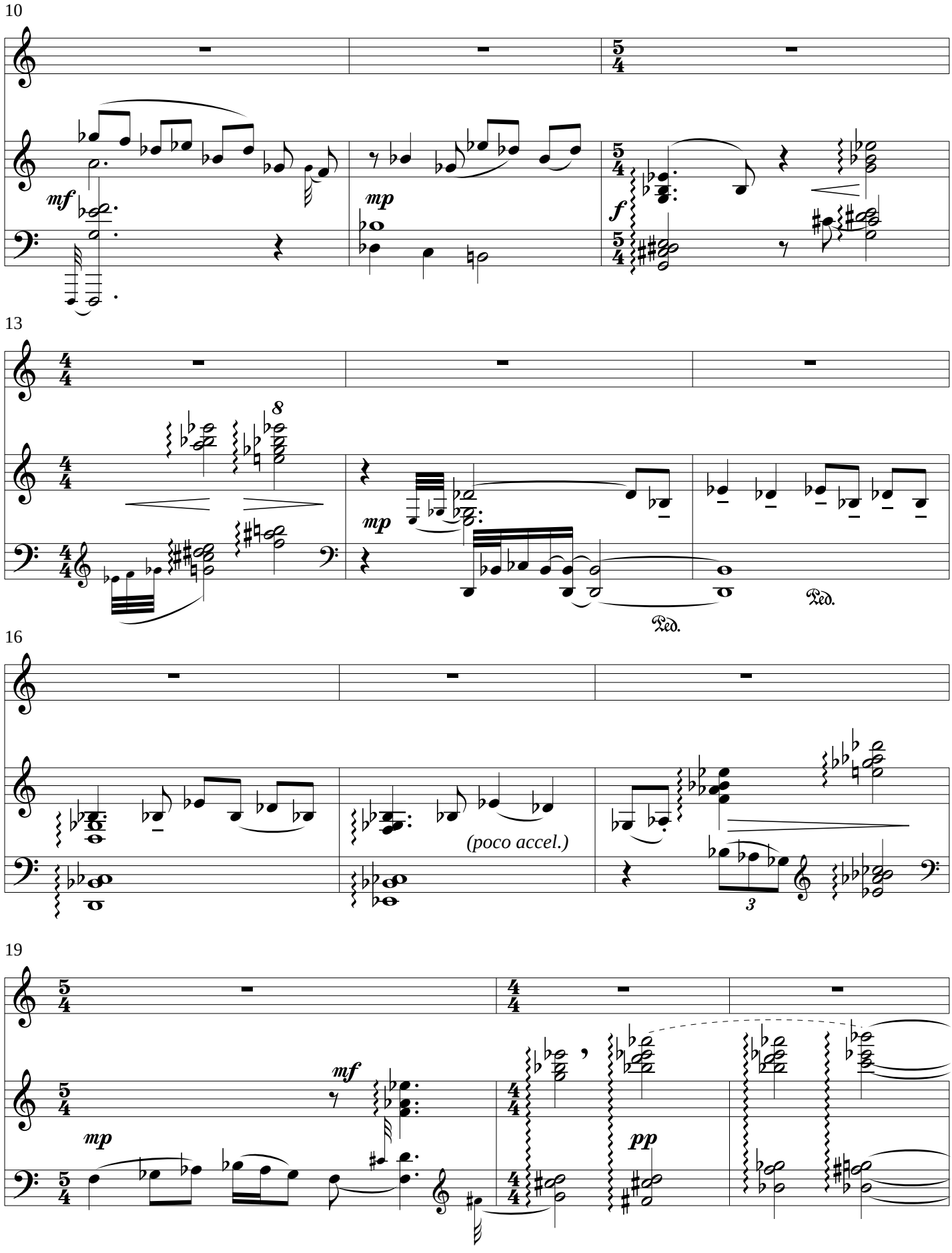
January 2001

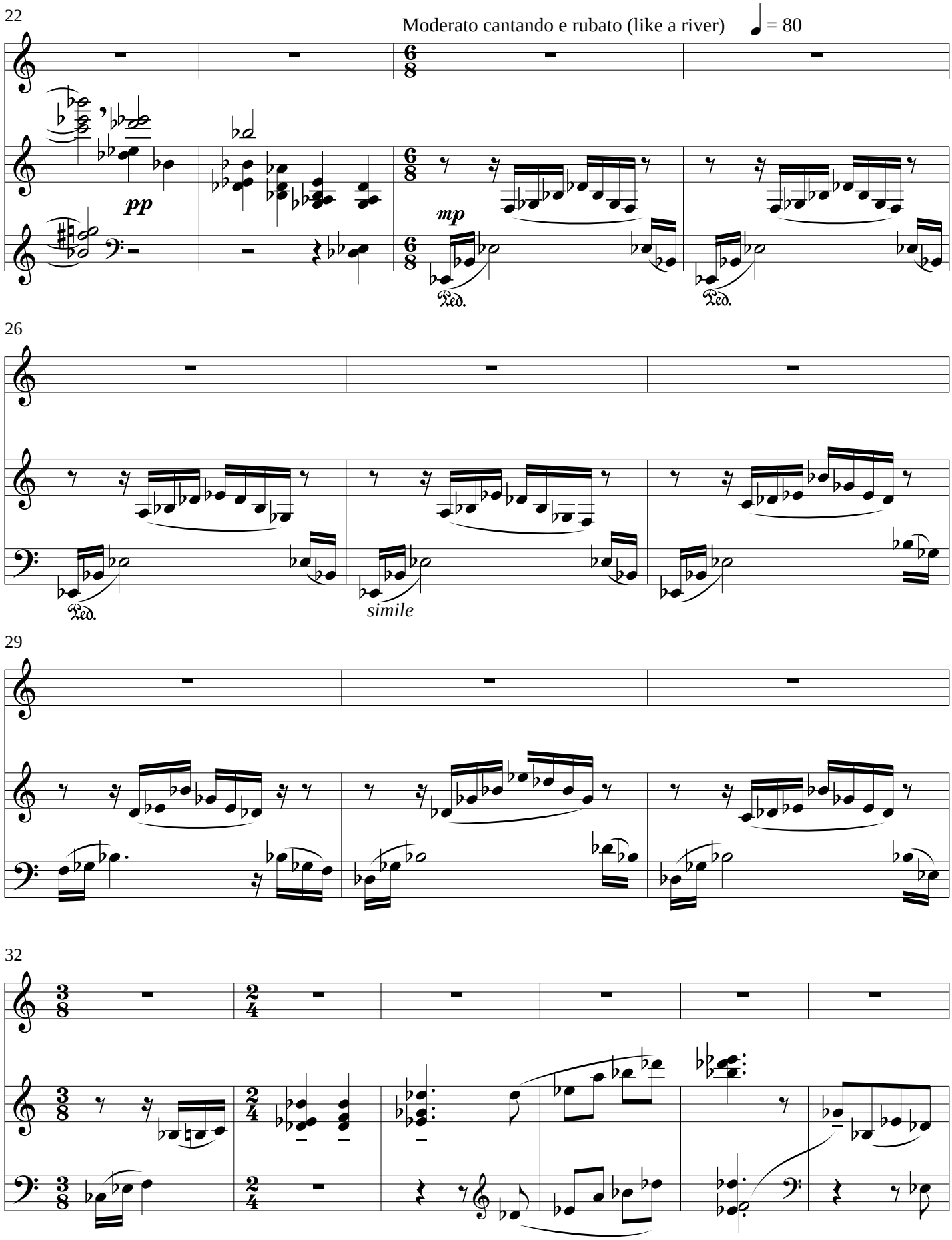
Shenandoah Echo

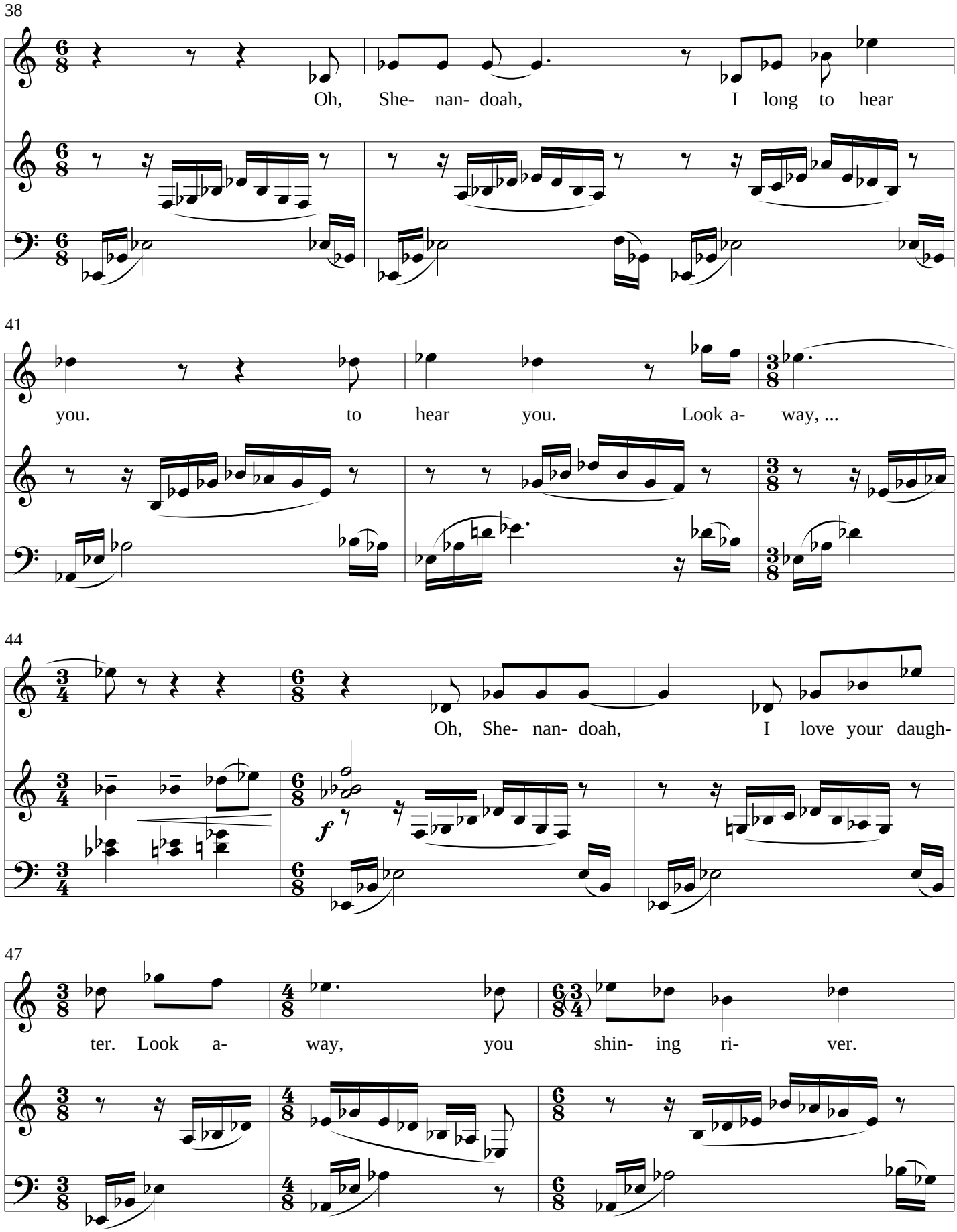
Based on the traditional folk song "Shenandoah"

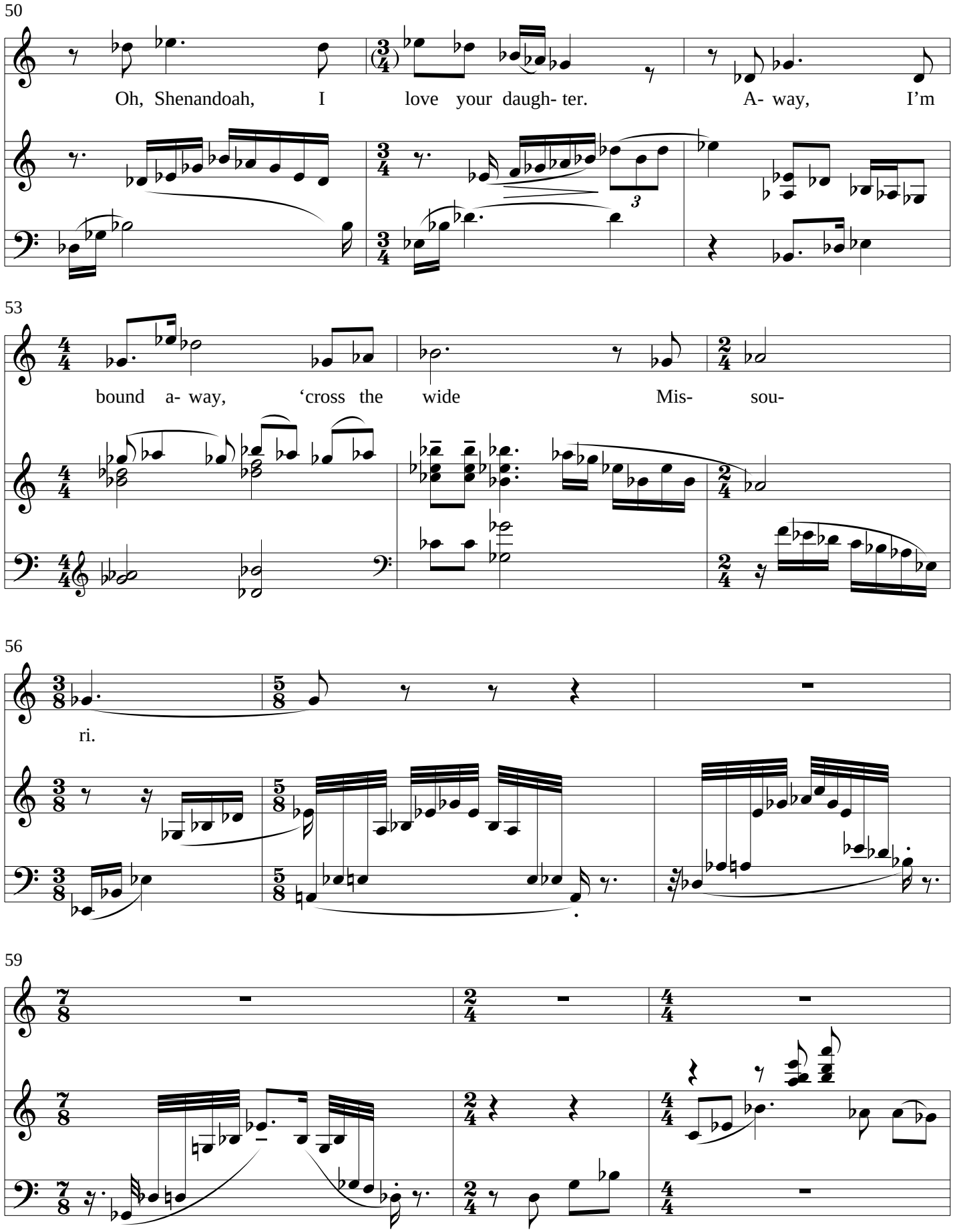
Pamela J. Marshall

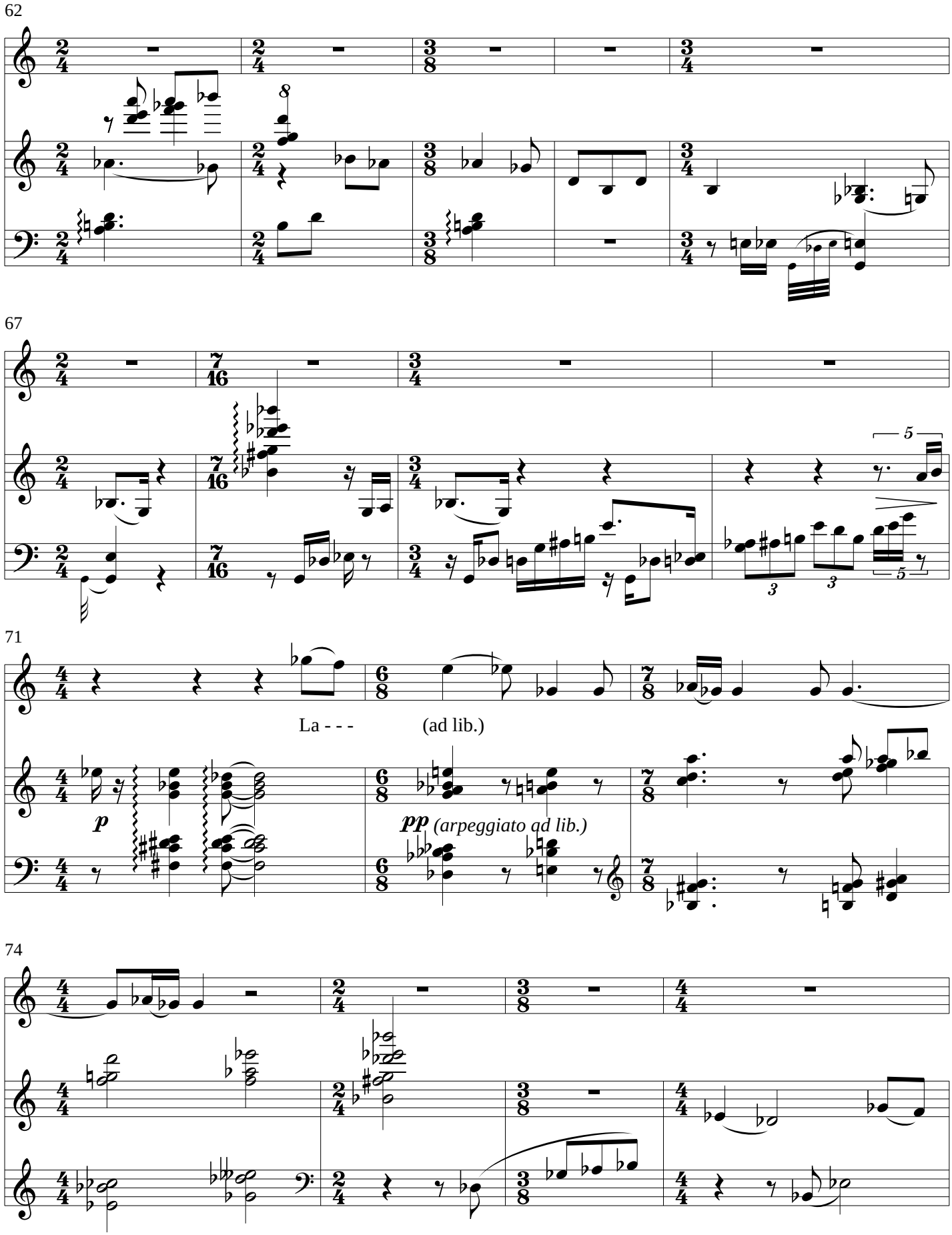



10
mf
mp
f
13
8
mp
Ped.
Ped.
16
(poco accel.)
3
19
mf
mp
pp


22
Moderato cantando e rubato (like a river)
= 80
pp
mp
Ped.
Ped.
26
Ped.
simile
29
32


38
Oh, She- nan- doah, I long to hear
41
you. to hear you. Look a- way, ...
44
Oh, She- nan- doah, I love your daugh-
f
47
ter. Look a- way, you shin- ing ri- ver.


50
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daugh- ter. A- way, I'm
53
bound a- way, 'cross the wide Mis- sou-
56
ri.
59


62
67
71
La - - -
(ad lib.)
p
pp (arpeggiato ad lib.)
74

78

Oh, se- ven years, I cour- ted

81

Sal- ly. Look a- way, you rol- ling ri- ver.

85

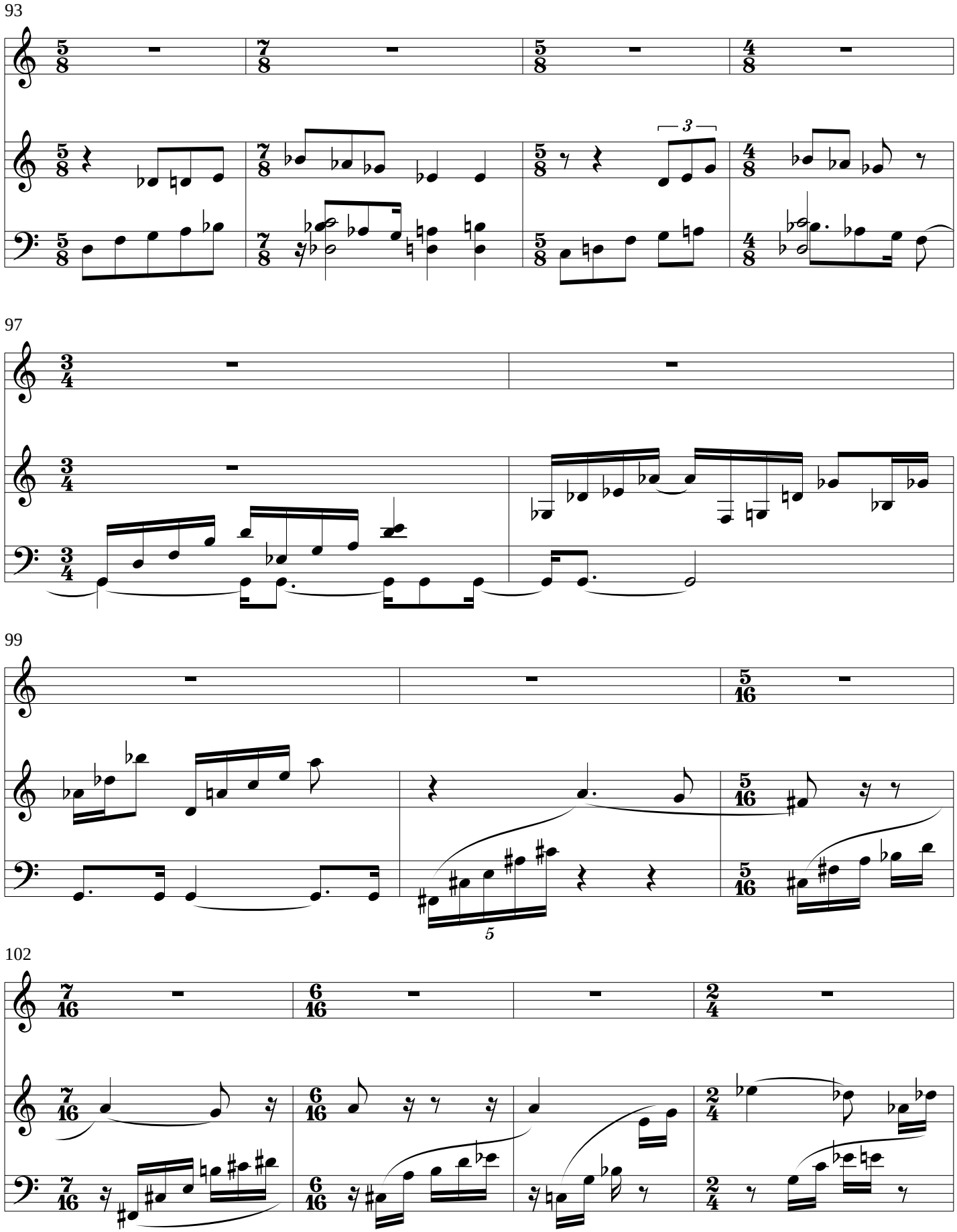
And se-ven more, I longed to have_ her. A- way,

89

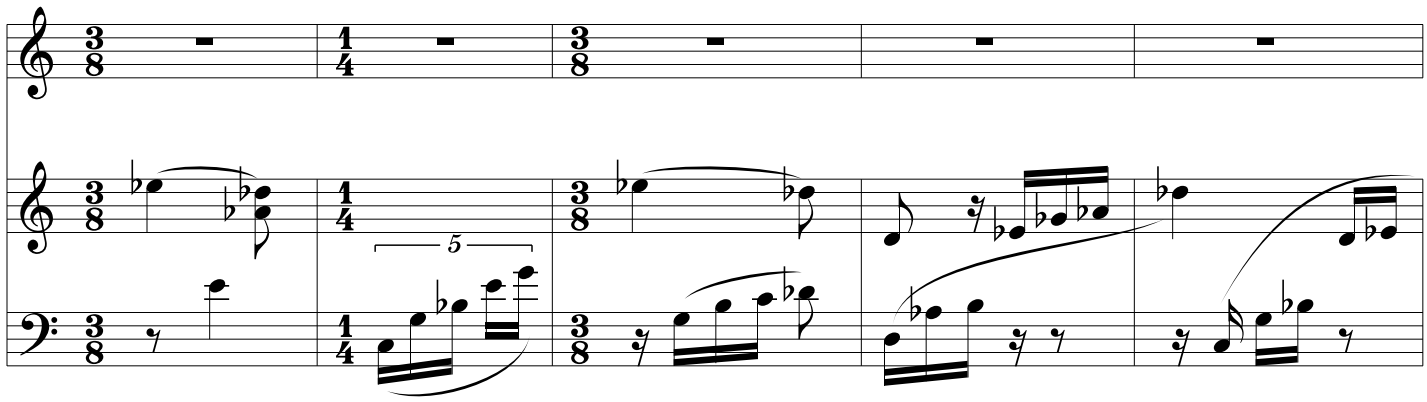
we're bound a- way 'cross_ the wide__ Mis- sou- ri.

pp

mp


93
97
99
102

106



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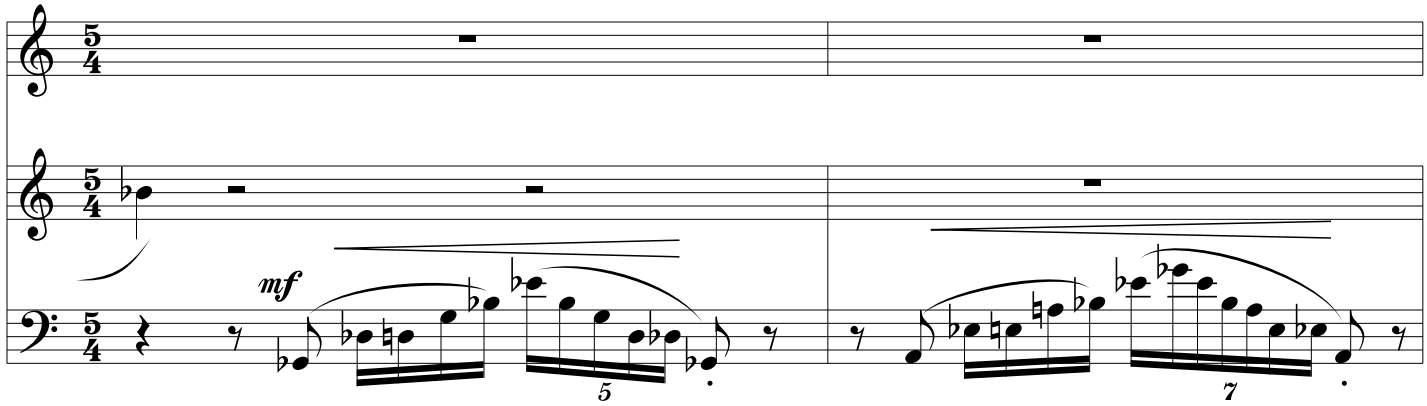

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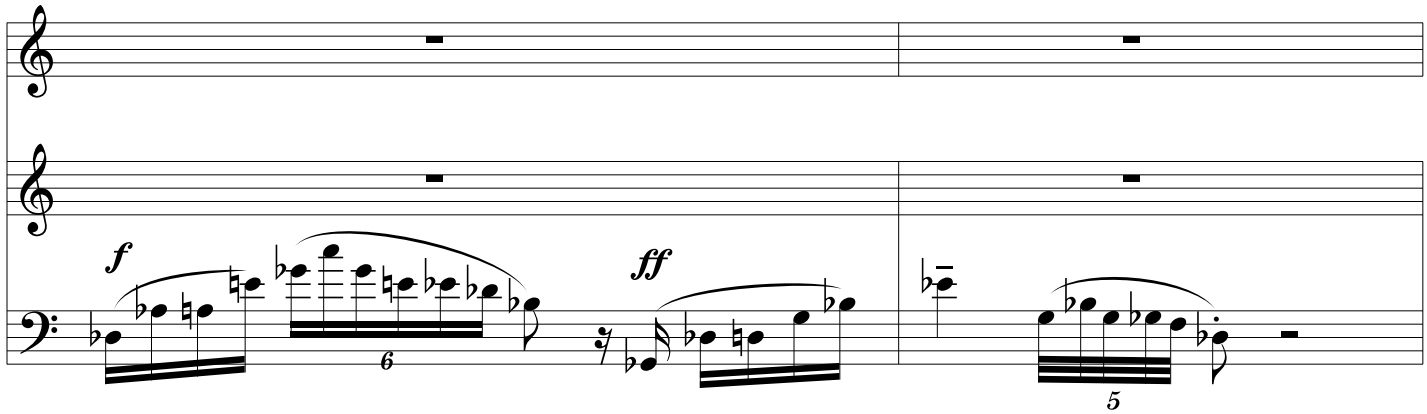
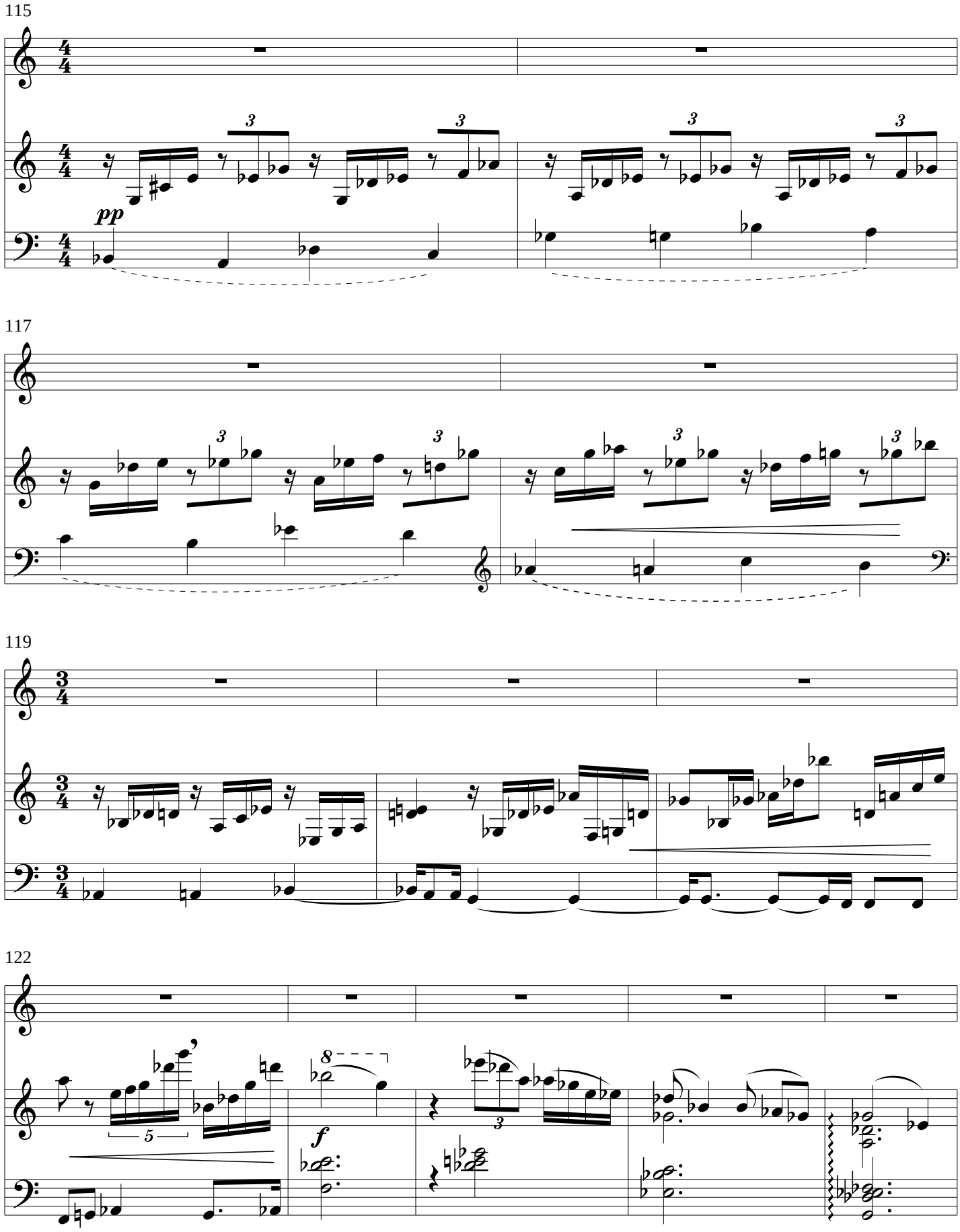
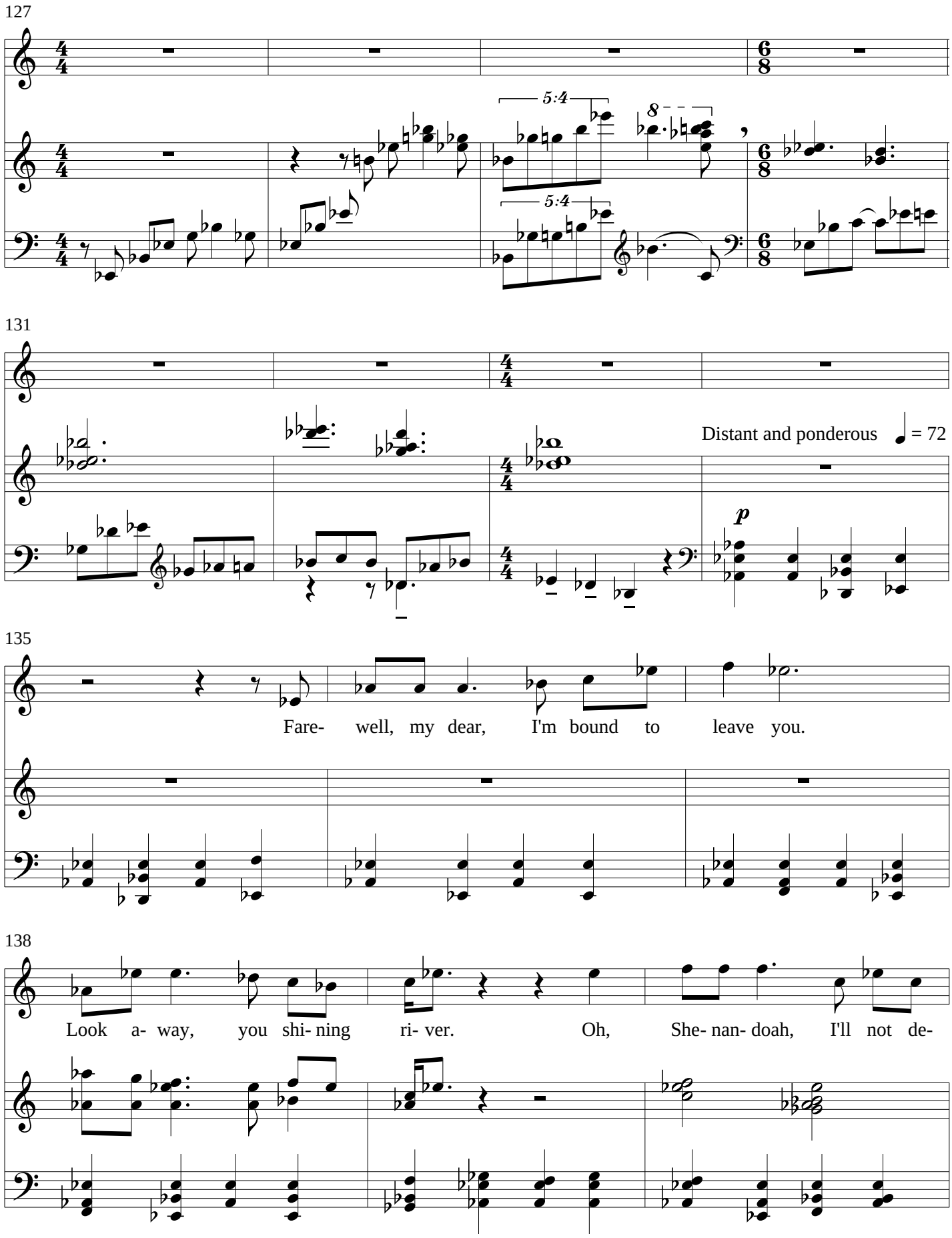
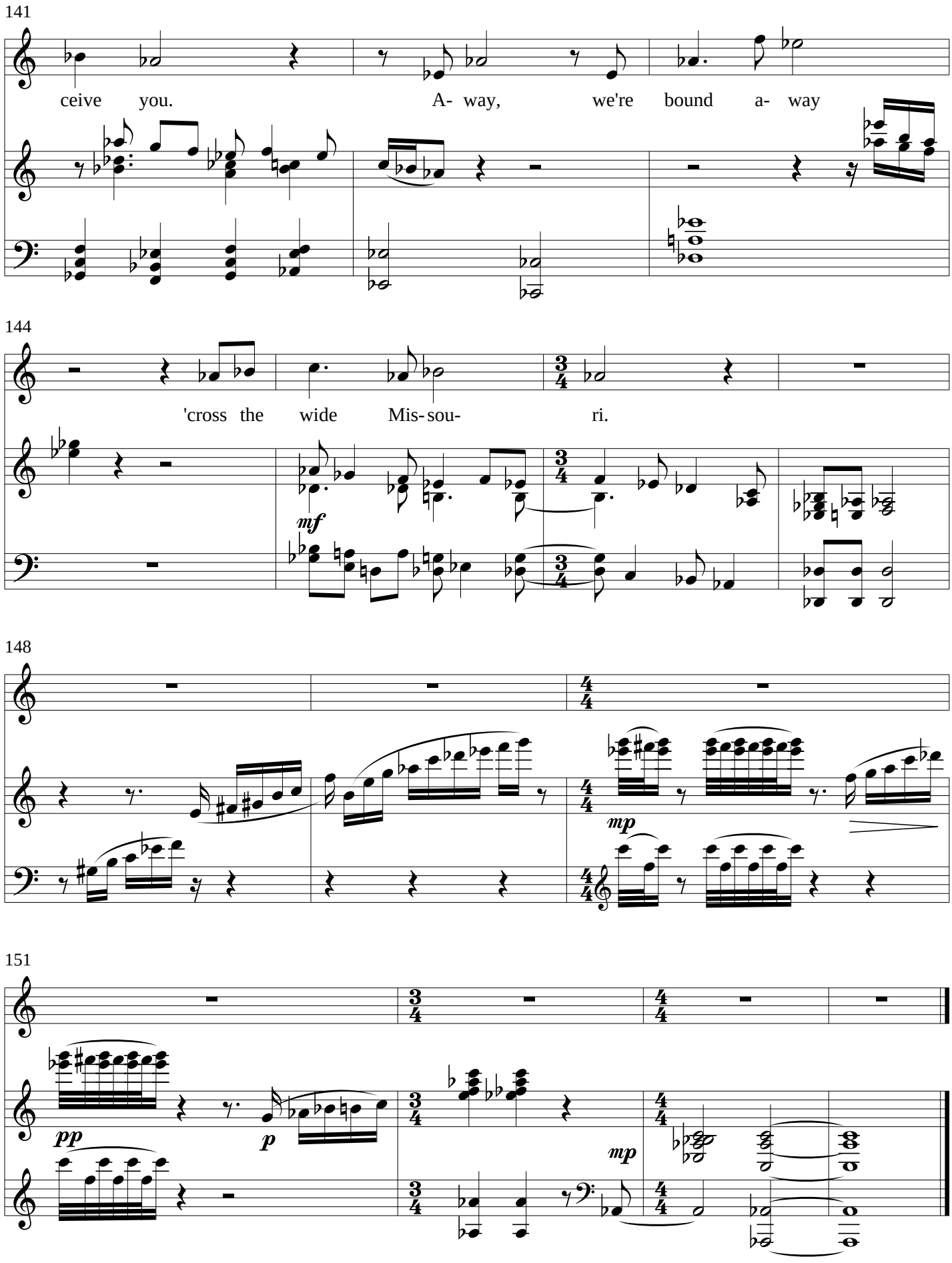



115
pp
117
119
122
f

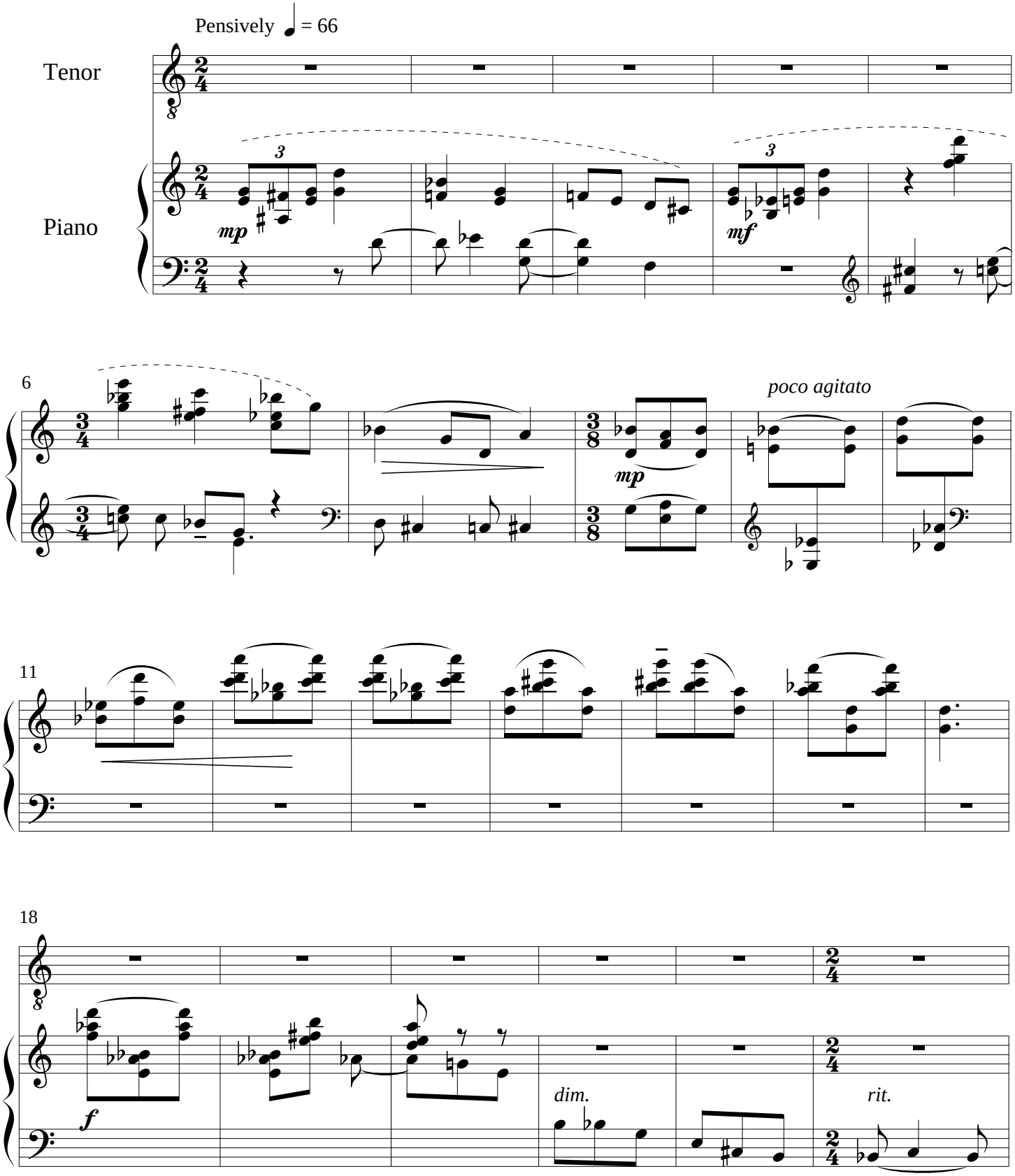

127
5:4
5:4
131
Distant and ponderous ♩ = 72
p
135
Fare- well, my dear, I'm bound to leave you.
138
Look a- way, you shi- ning ri- ver. Oh, She- nan- doah, I'll not de-

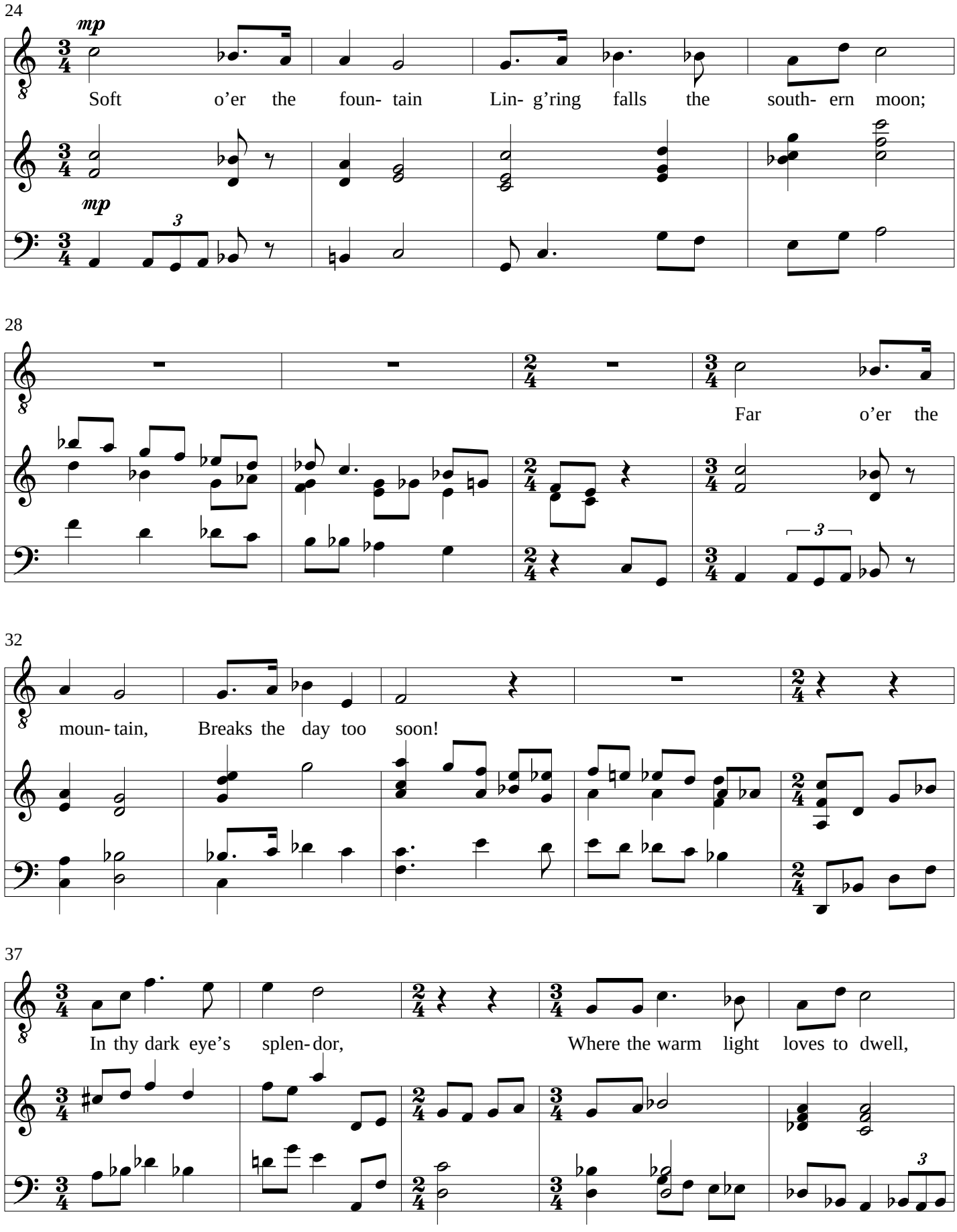

141
ceive you.
A- way, we're bound a- way
144
'cross the wide Mis- sou- ri.
mf
148
mp
151
pp
p
mp

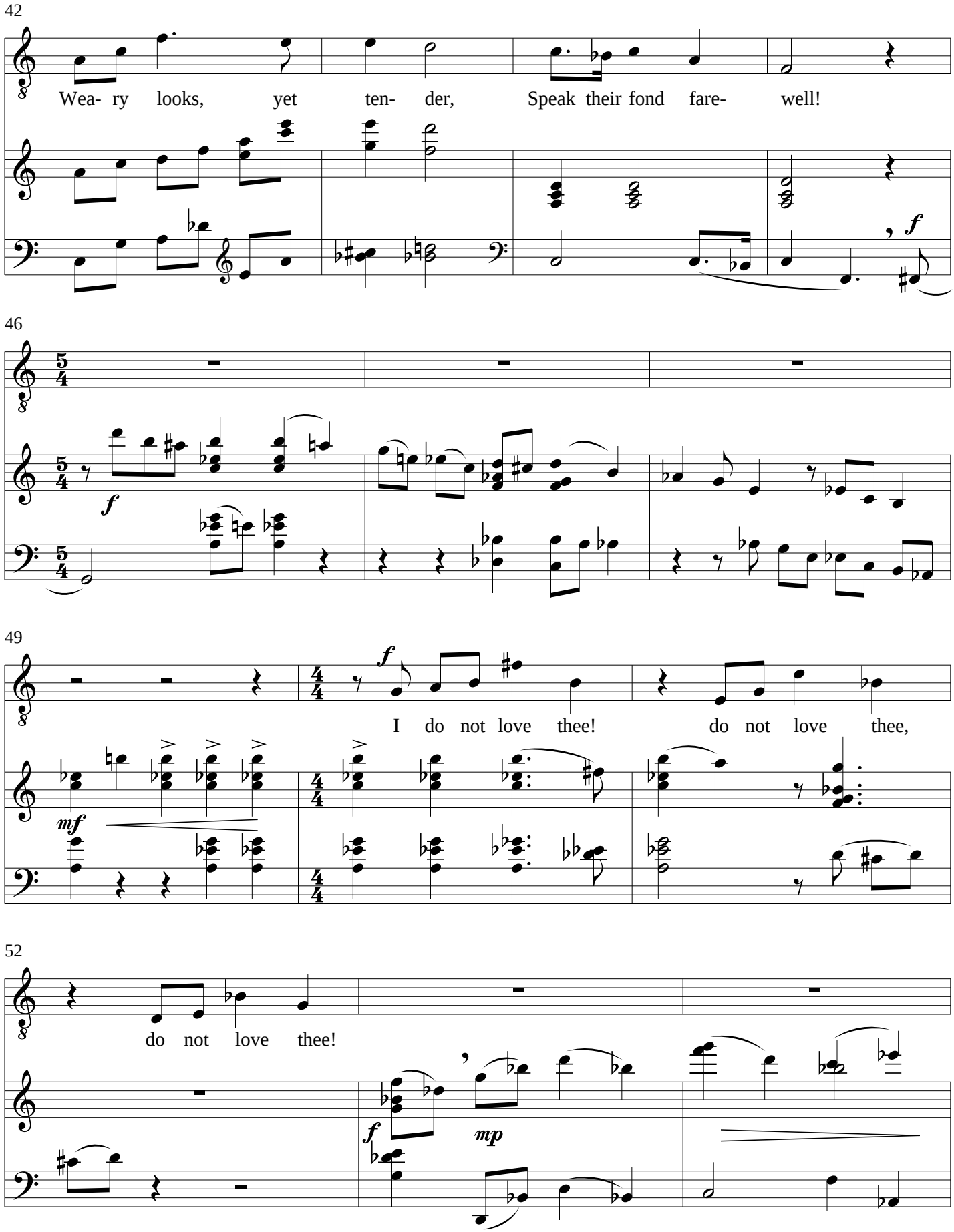
Juanita and Caroline

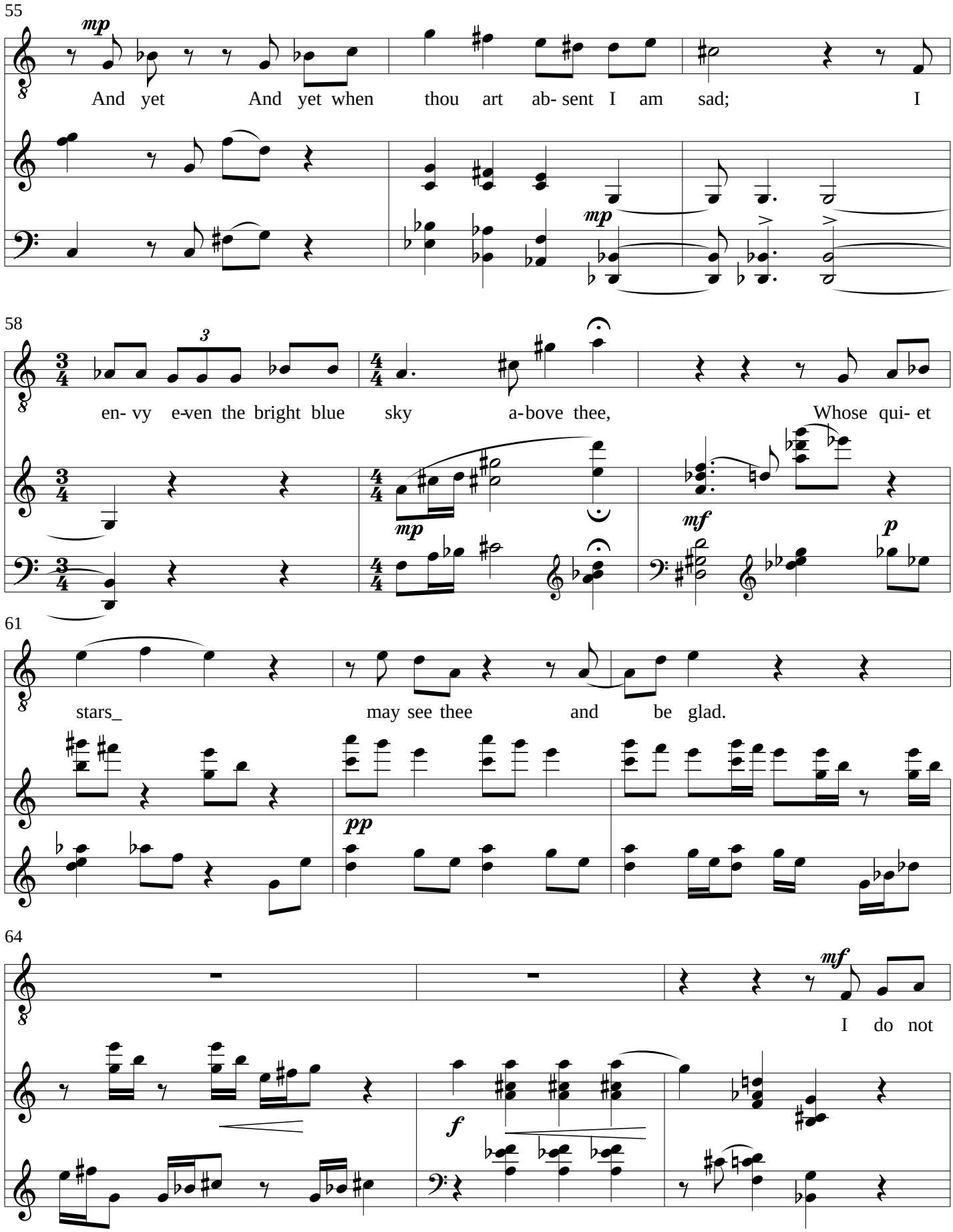
Pamela J. Marshall

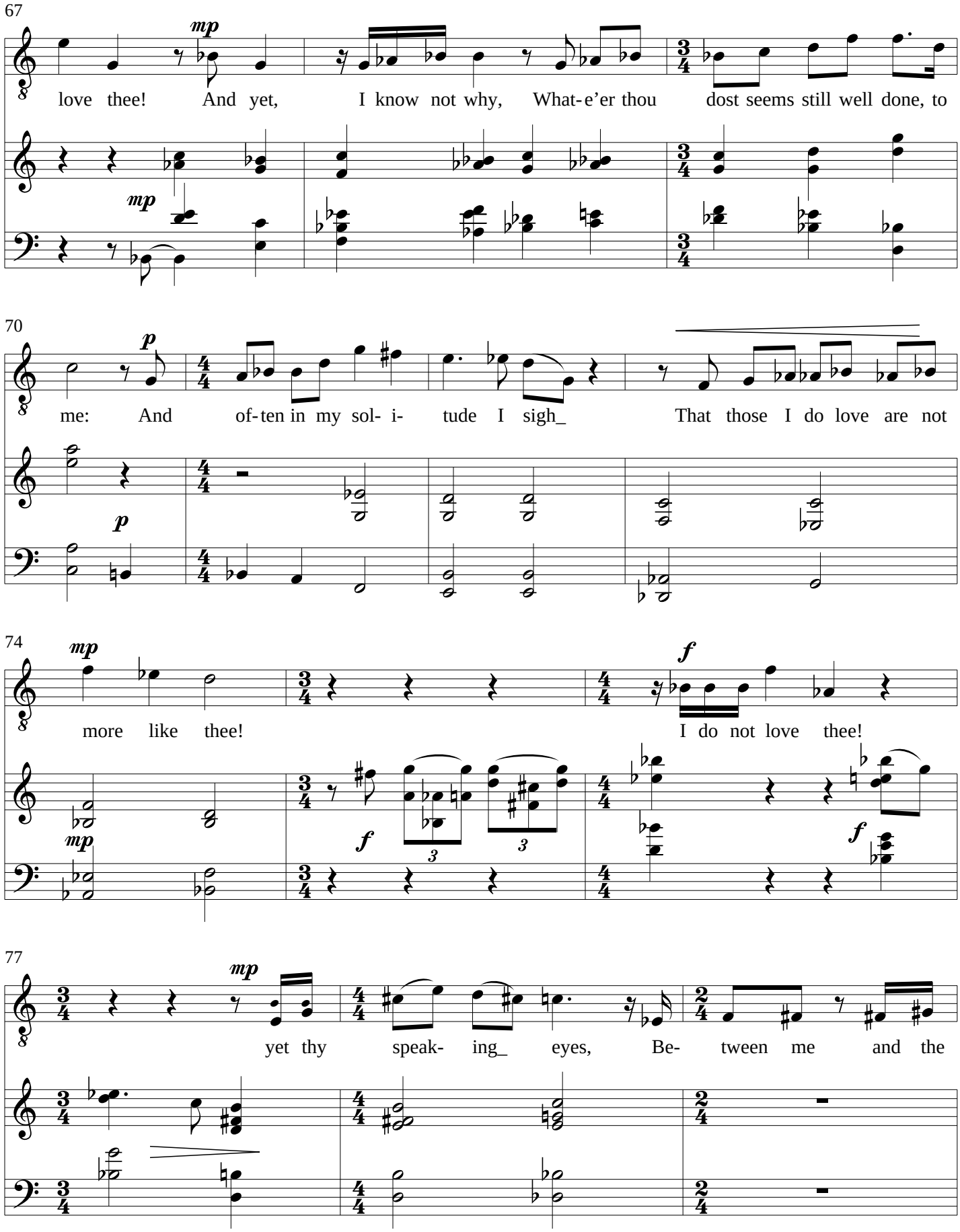
A setting of Caroline Norton's song Juanita with portions of her poem I Do Not Love Thee

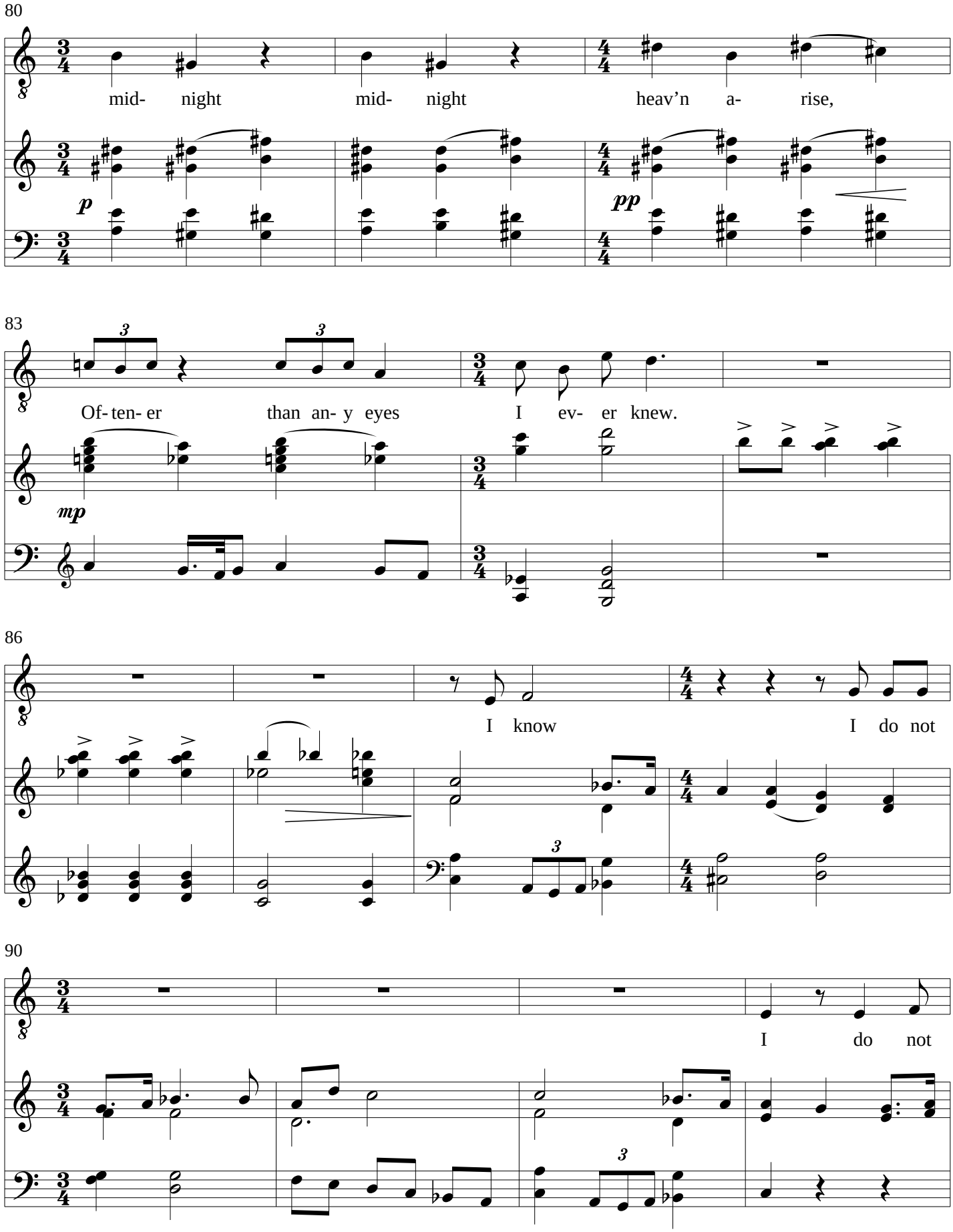


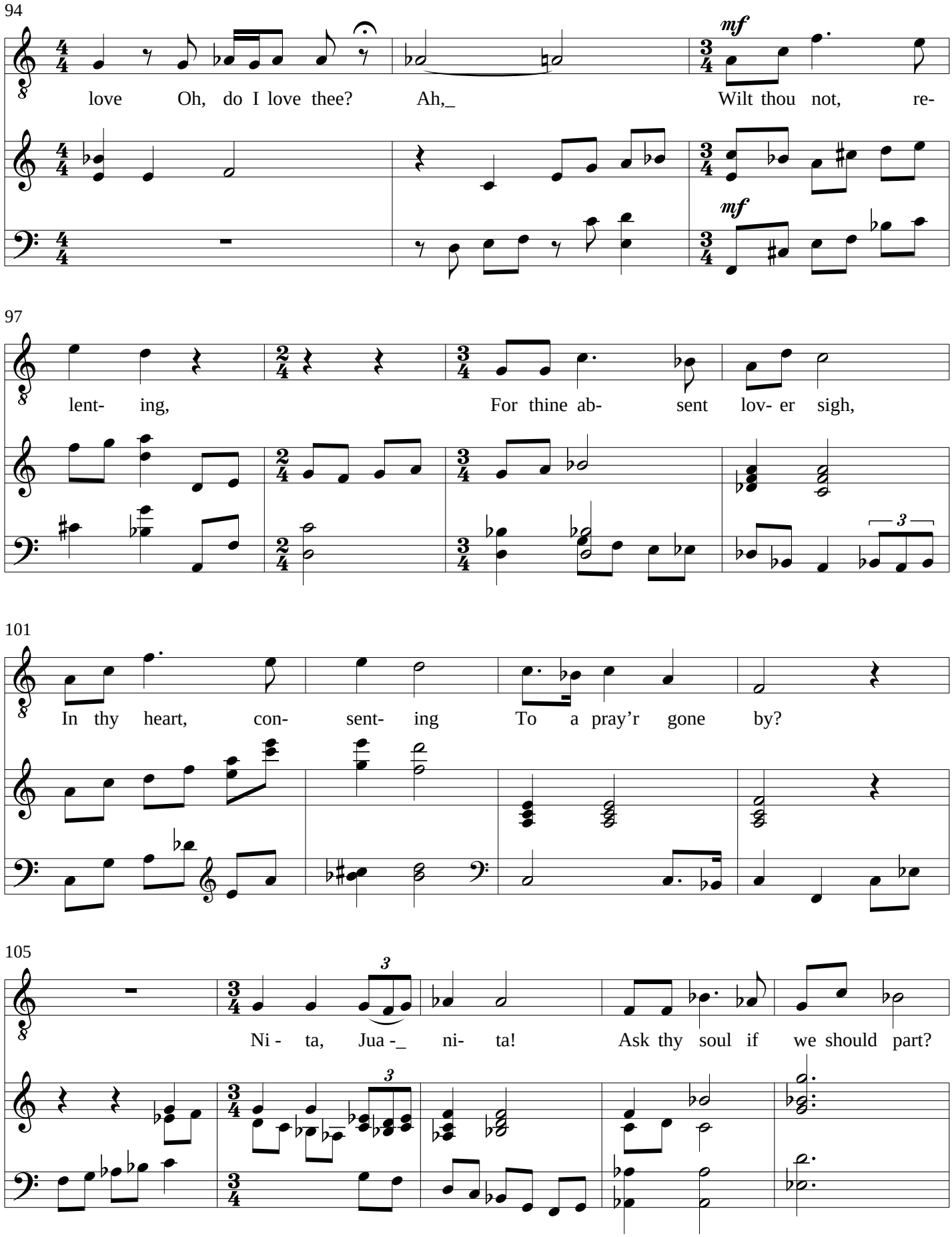

24
mp
Soft o'er the foun- tain Lin- g'ring falls the south- ern moon;
mp
28
Far o'er the
32
moun- tain, Breaks the day too soon!
37
In thy dark eye's splen- dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,

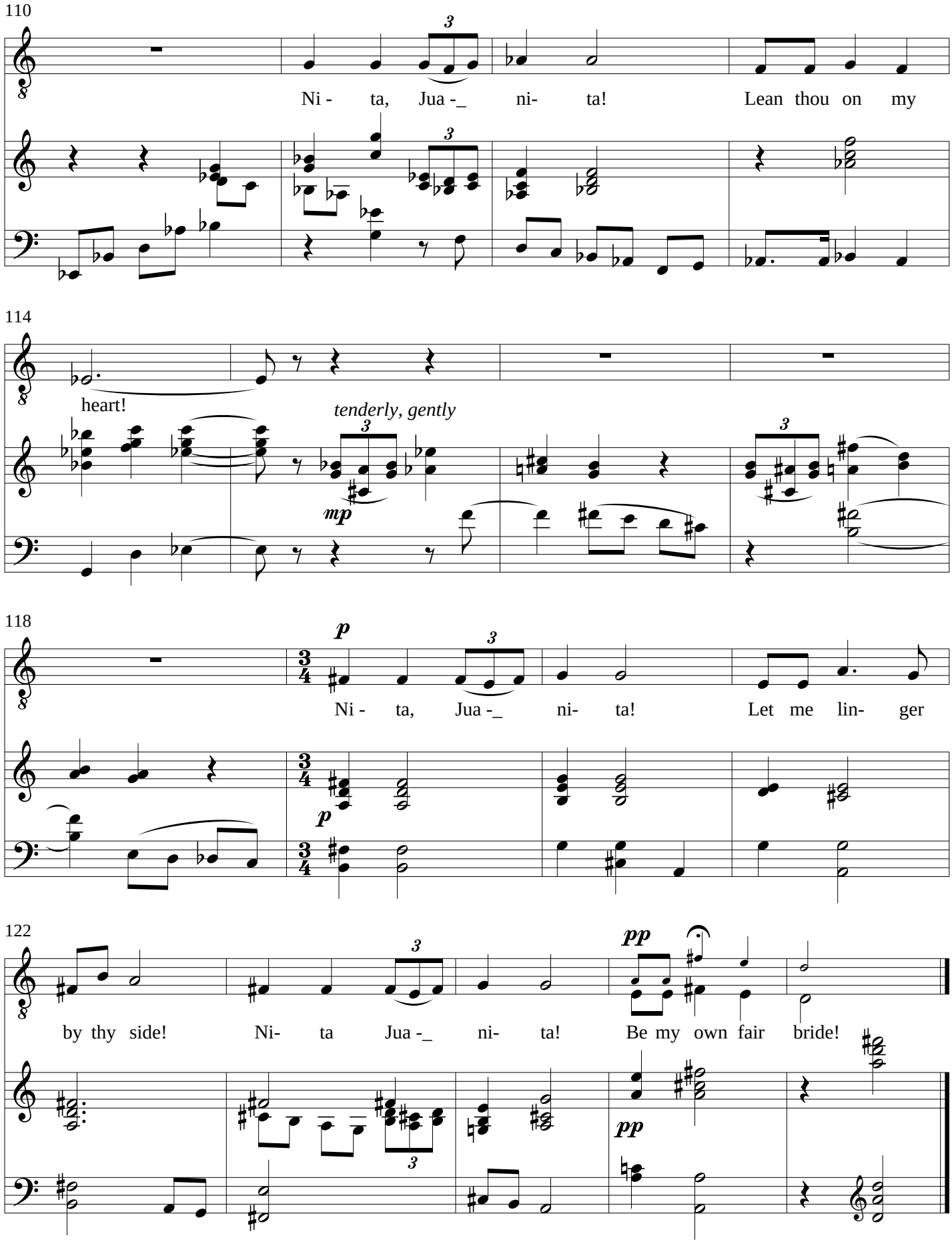

42
Wea- ry looks, yet ten- der, Speak their fond fare- well!
f
46
f
49
f
I do not love thee! do not love thee,
mf
52
do not love thee!
f
mp


55
mp
And yet And yet when thou art ab- sent I am sad; I
mp
58
3
en- vy e-ven the bright blue sky a-bove thee, Whose qui- et
mp
mf
p
61
stars_ may see thee and be glad.
pp
64
mf
I do not
f


67
mp
love thee! And yet, I know not why, What-e'er thou dost seems still well done, to
70
p
me: And of-ten in my sol- i- tude I sigh_ That those I do love are not
74
mp
more like thee!
f
I do not love thee!
77
mp
yet thy speak- ing_ eyes, Be- tween me and the


80
mid- night mid- night heav'n a- rise,
p
pp
83
Of- ten- er than an- y eyes I ev- er knew.
mp
86
I know I do not
90
I do not

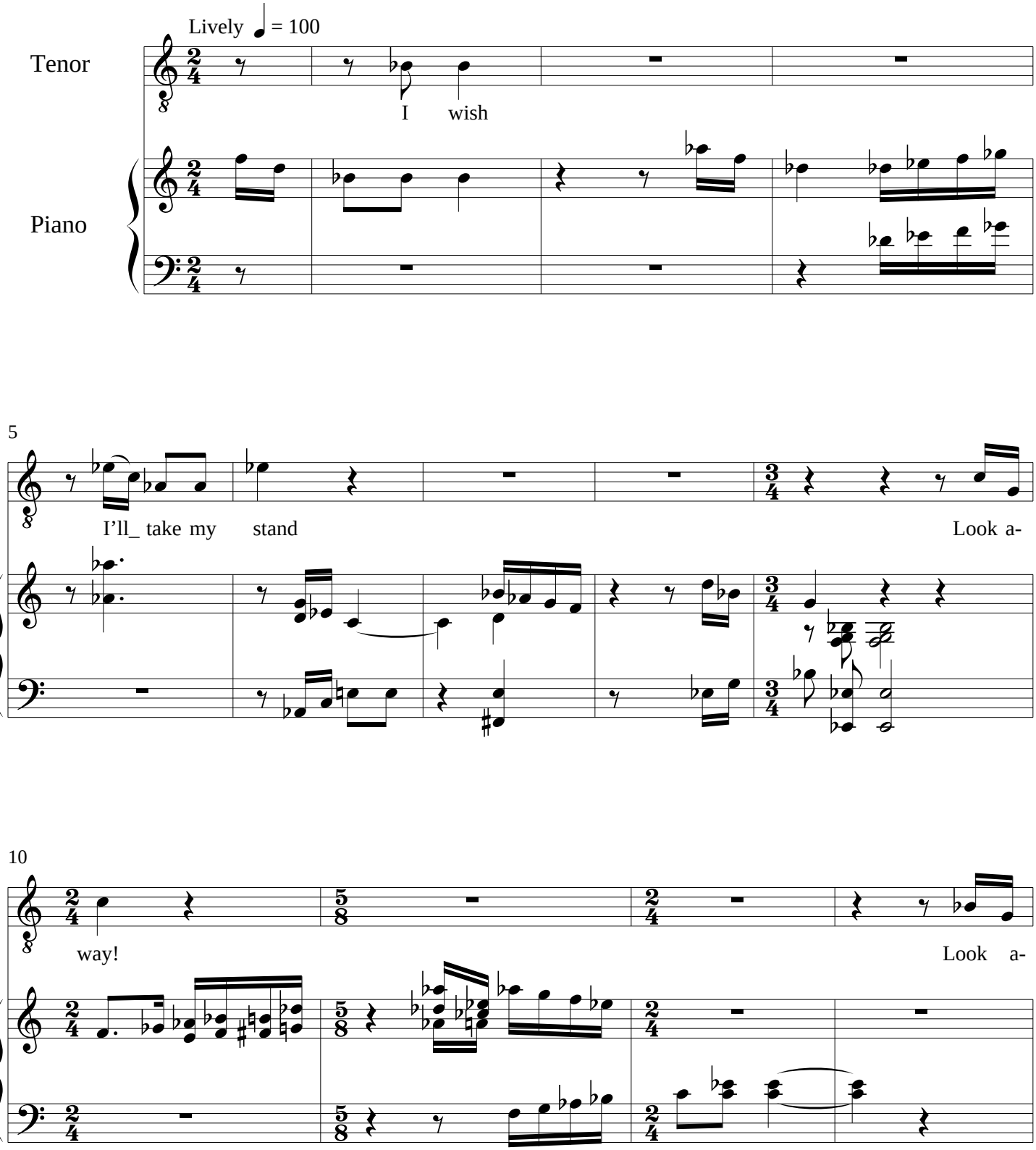

94
love Oh, do I love thee? Ah,_ Wilt thou not, re-
mf
mf
97
lent- ing, For thine ab- sent lov- er sigh,
3
101
In thy heart, con- sent- ing To a pray'r gone by?
105
3
Ni - ta, Jua -_ ni- ta! Ask thy soul if we should part?
3

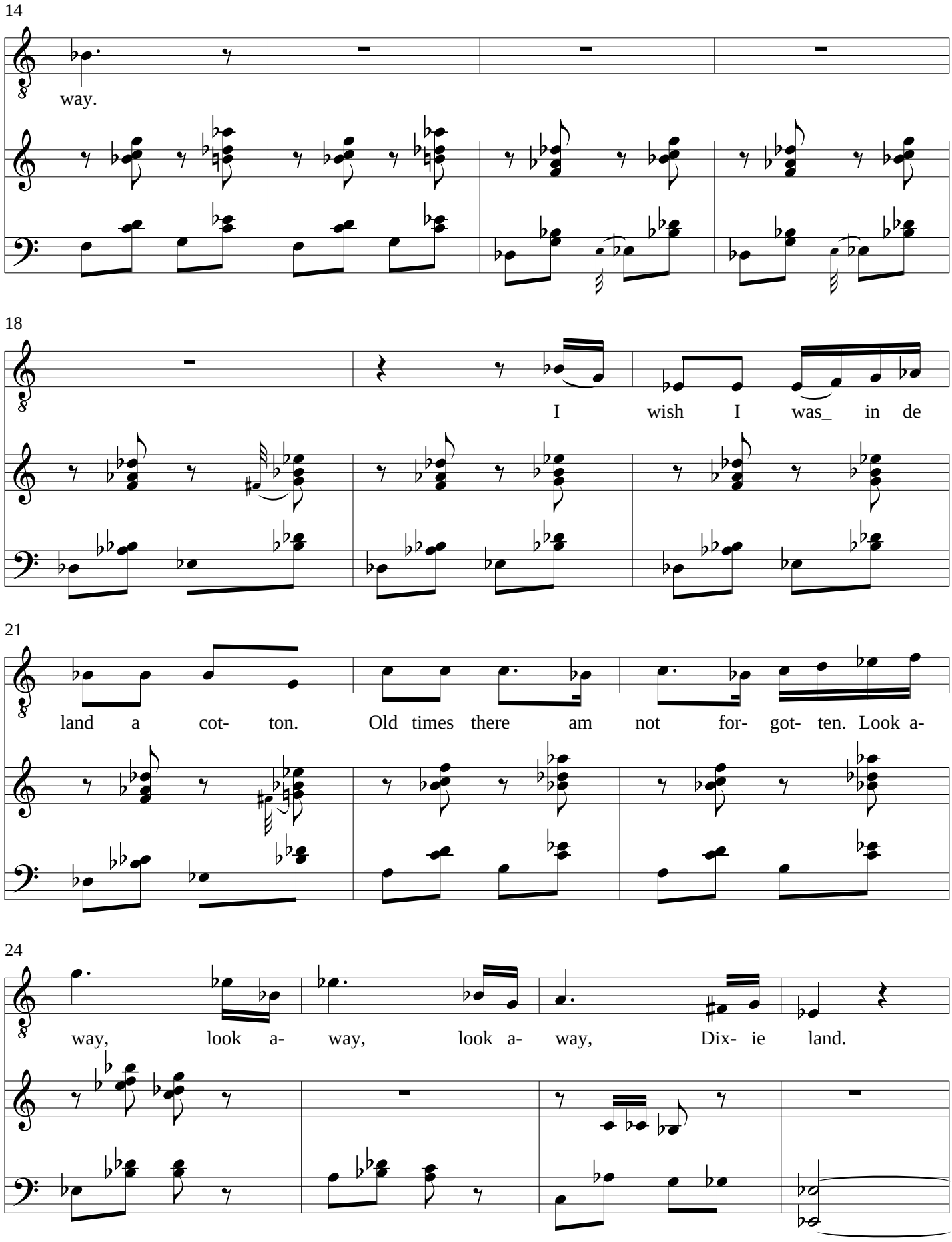

110
Ni - ta, Jua -_ ni- ta! Lean thou on my
114
heart!
tenderly, gently
mp
118
p
Ni - ta, Jua -_ ni- ta! Let me lin- ger
p
122
by thy side! Ni- ta Jua -_ ni- ta! Be my own fair bride!
pp
pp

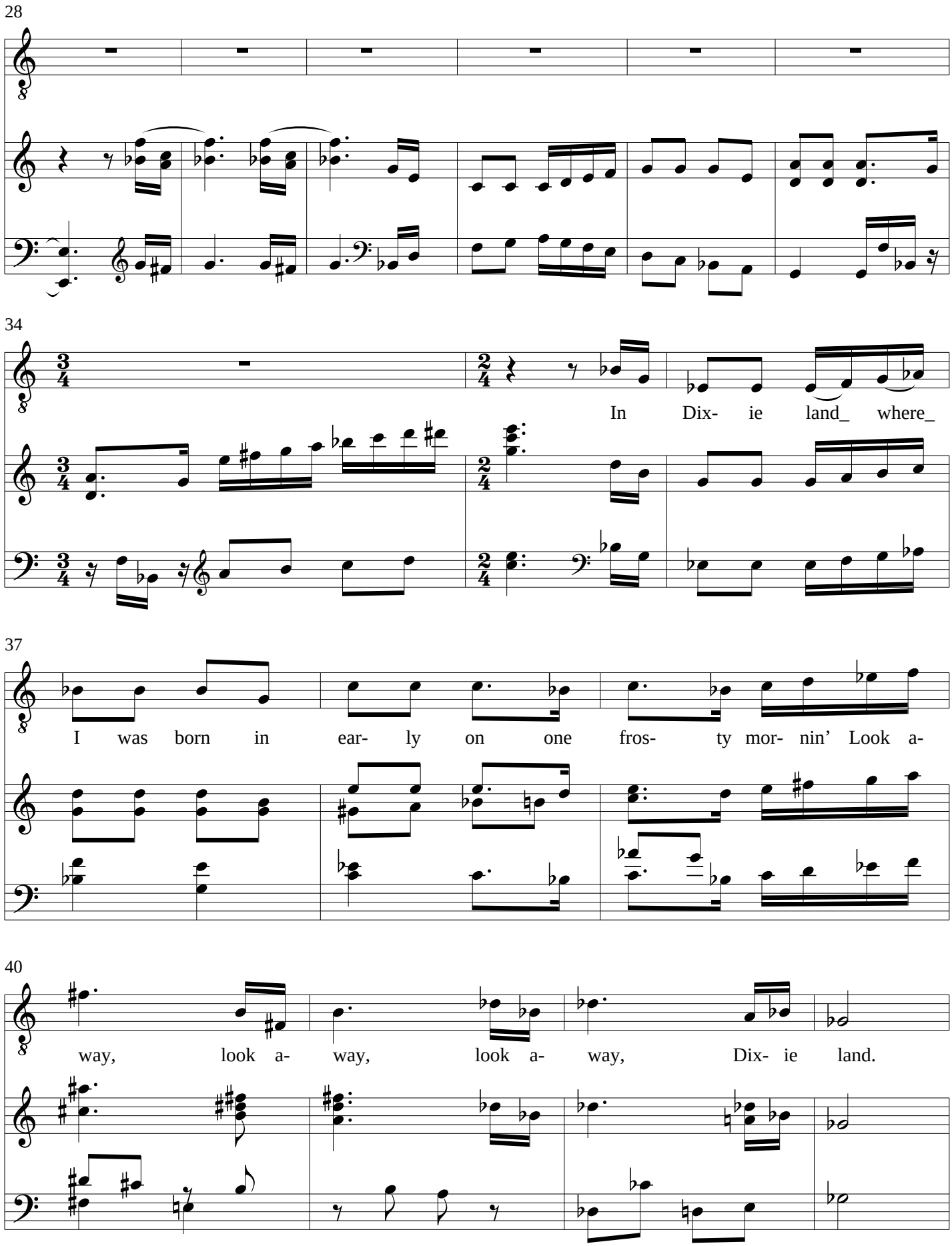
Whistling Dixie

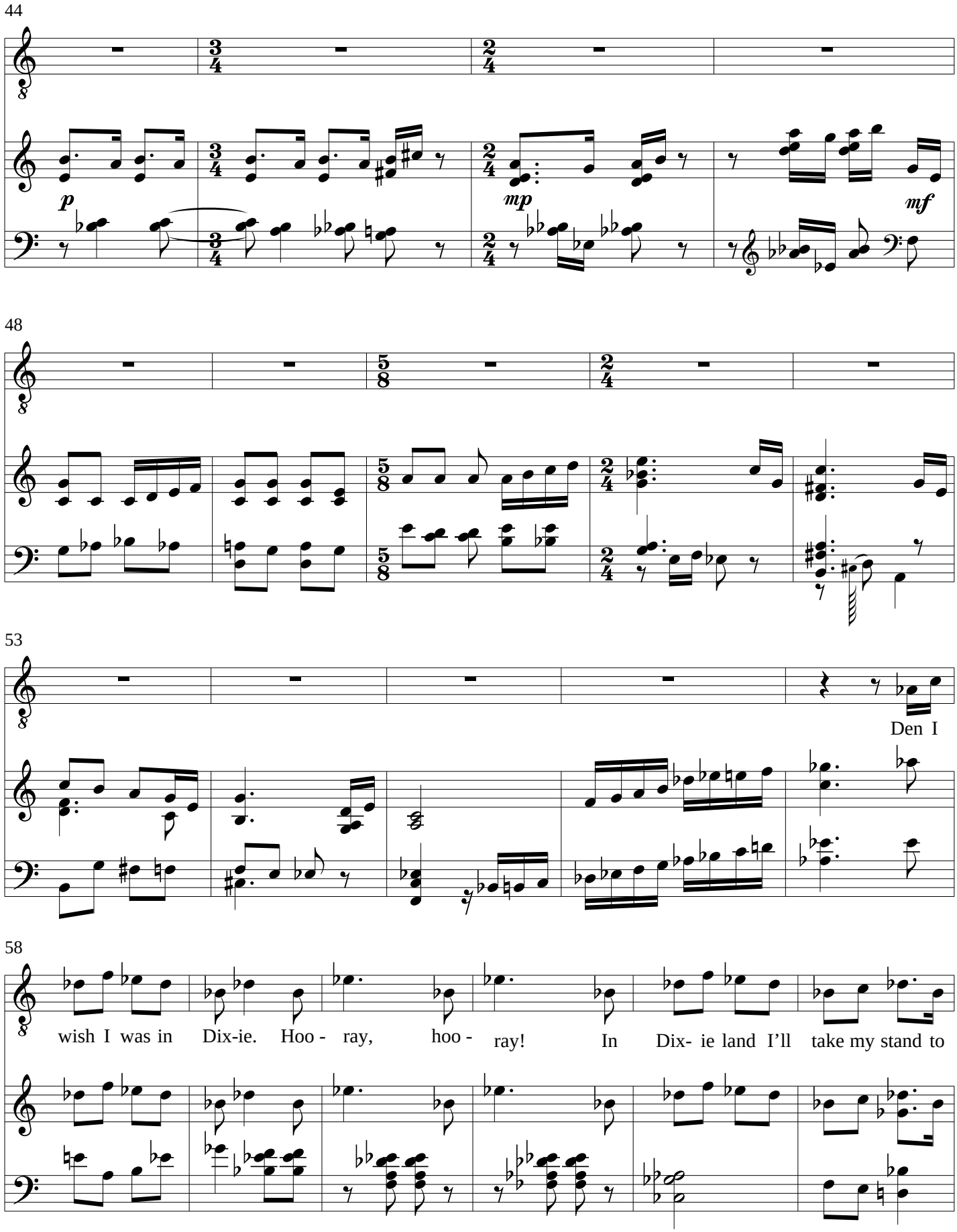
Pamela J. Marshall

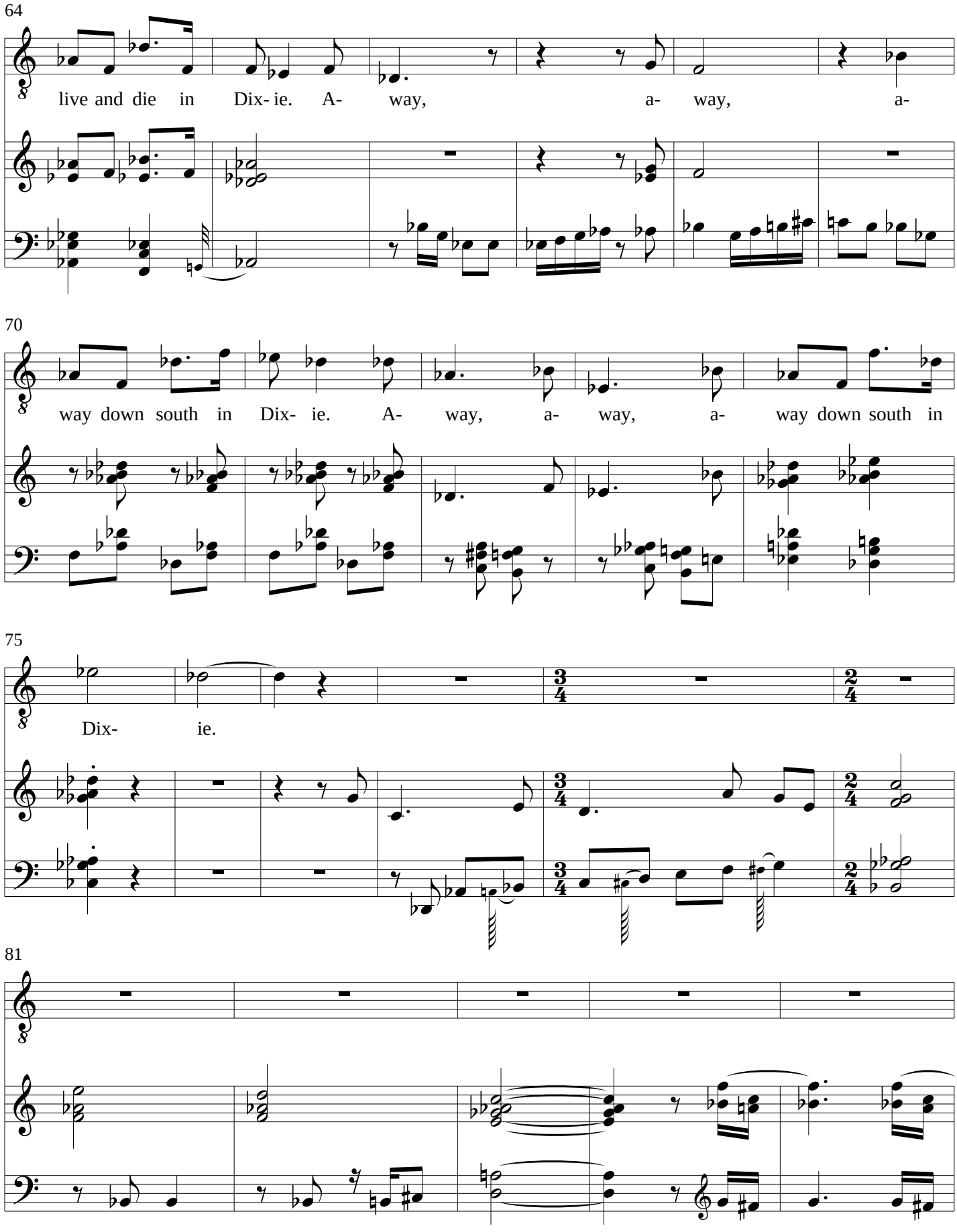
An interpretation of the minstrel song Dixie's Land written in 1859 by Dan Emmett

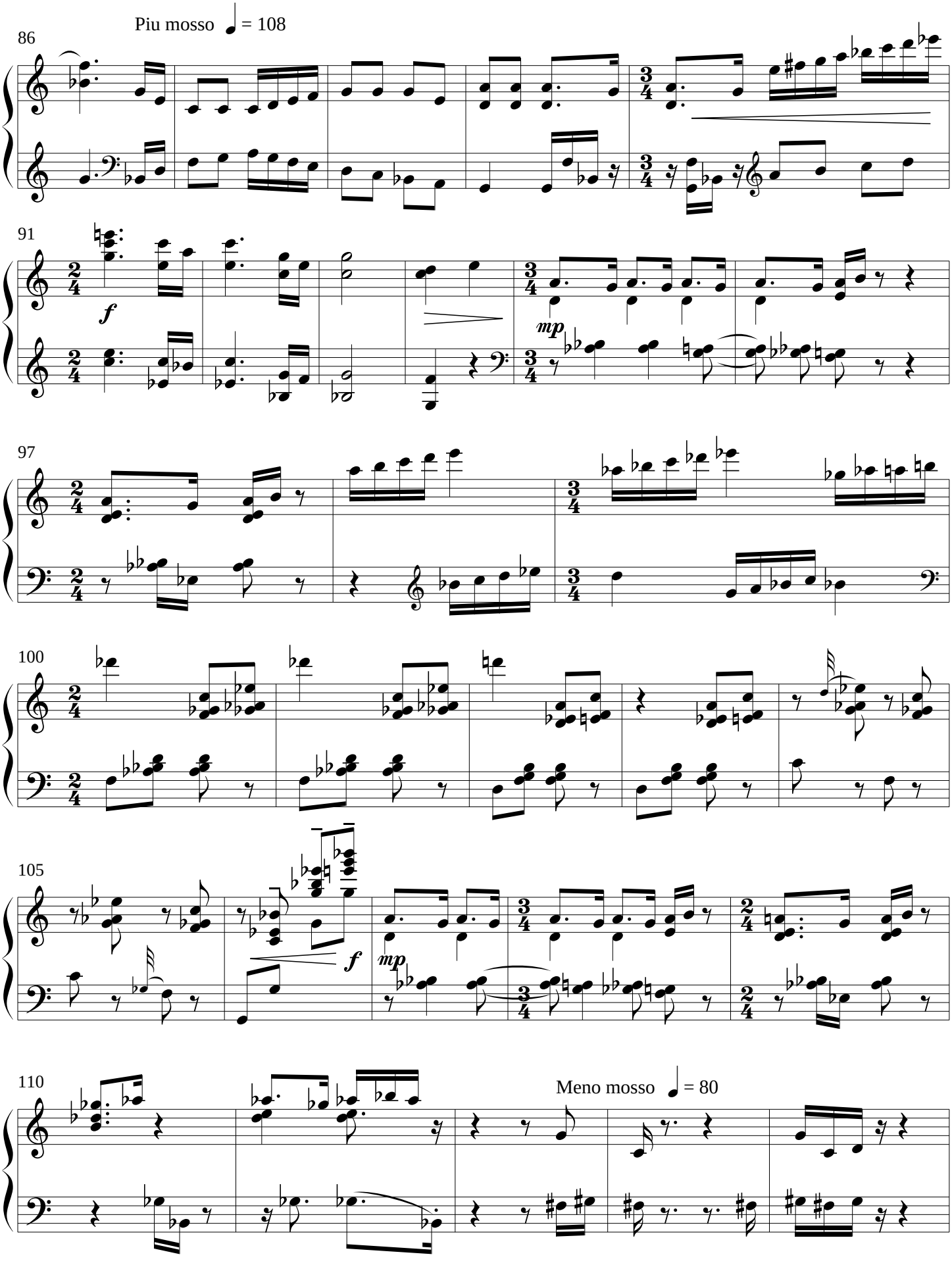



14
way.
18
I wish I was_ in de
21
land a cot- ton. Old times there am not for- got- ten. Look a-
24
way, look a- way, look a- way, Dix- ie land.

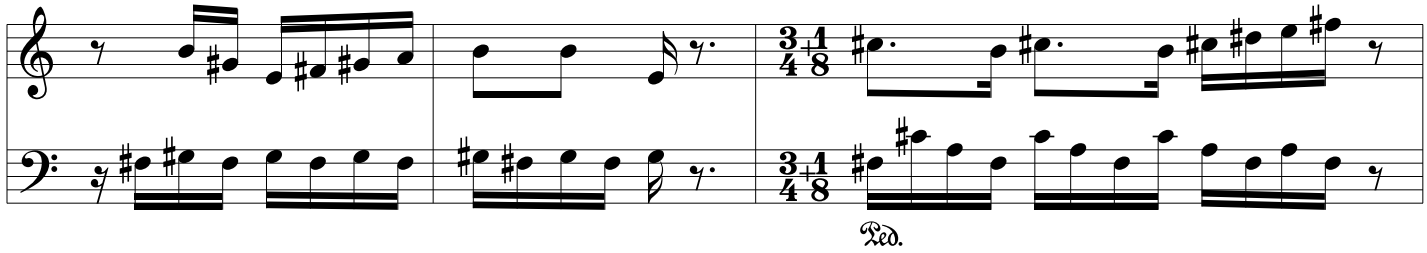

28
34
In Dix- ie land_ where_
37
I was born in ear- ly on one fros- ty mor- nin' Look a-
40
way, look a- way, look a- way, Dix- ie land.


44
p
mp
mf
48
53
Den I
58
wish I was in Dix-ie. Hoo - ray, hoo - ray! In Dix- ie land I'll take my stand to


64
live and die in Dix- ie. A- way, a- way, a-
70
way down south in Dix- ie. A- way, a- way, a- way down south in
75
Dix- ie.
81


Piu mosso ♩ = 108
86
91
f
mp
97
100
105
f
mp
110
Meno mosso ♩ = 80

115



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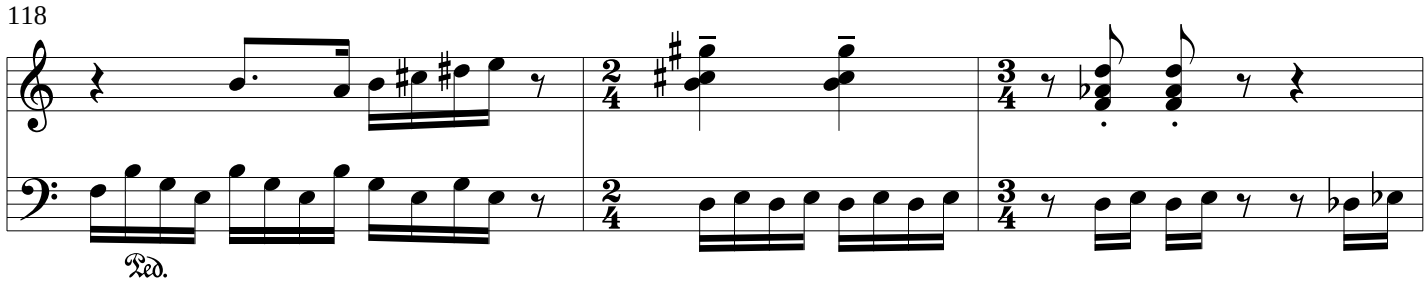

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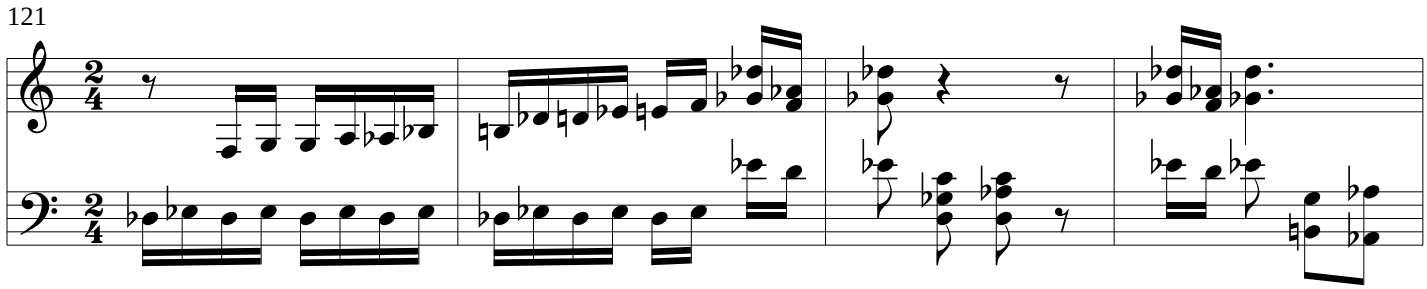

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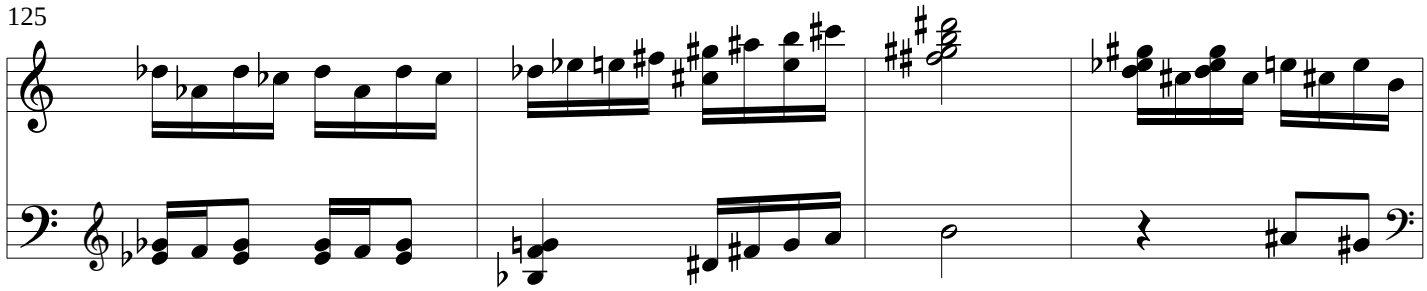

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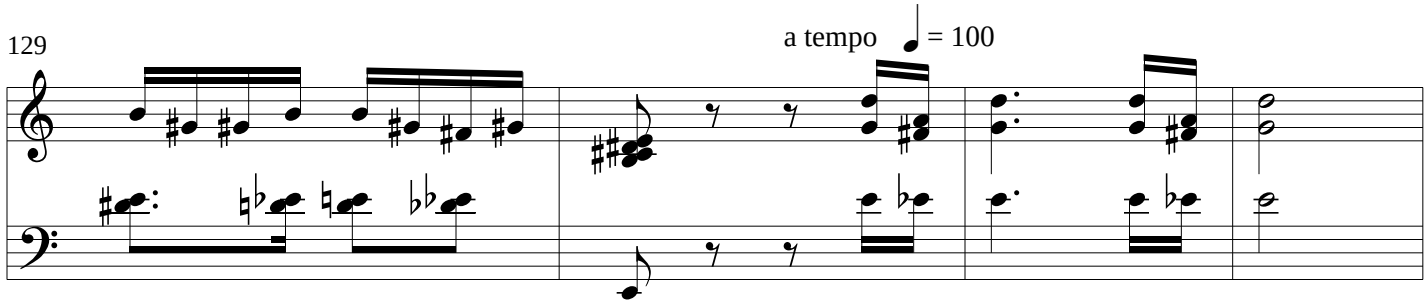
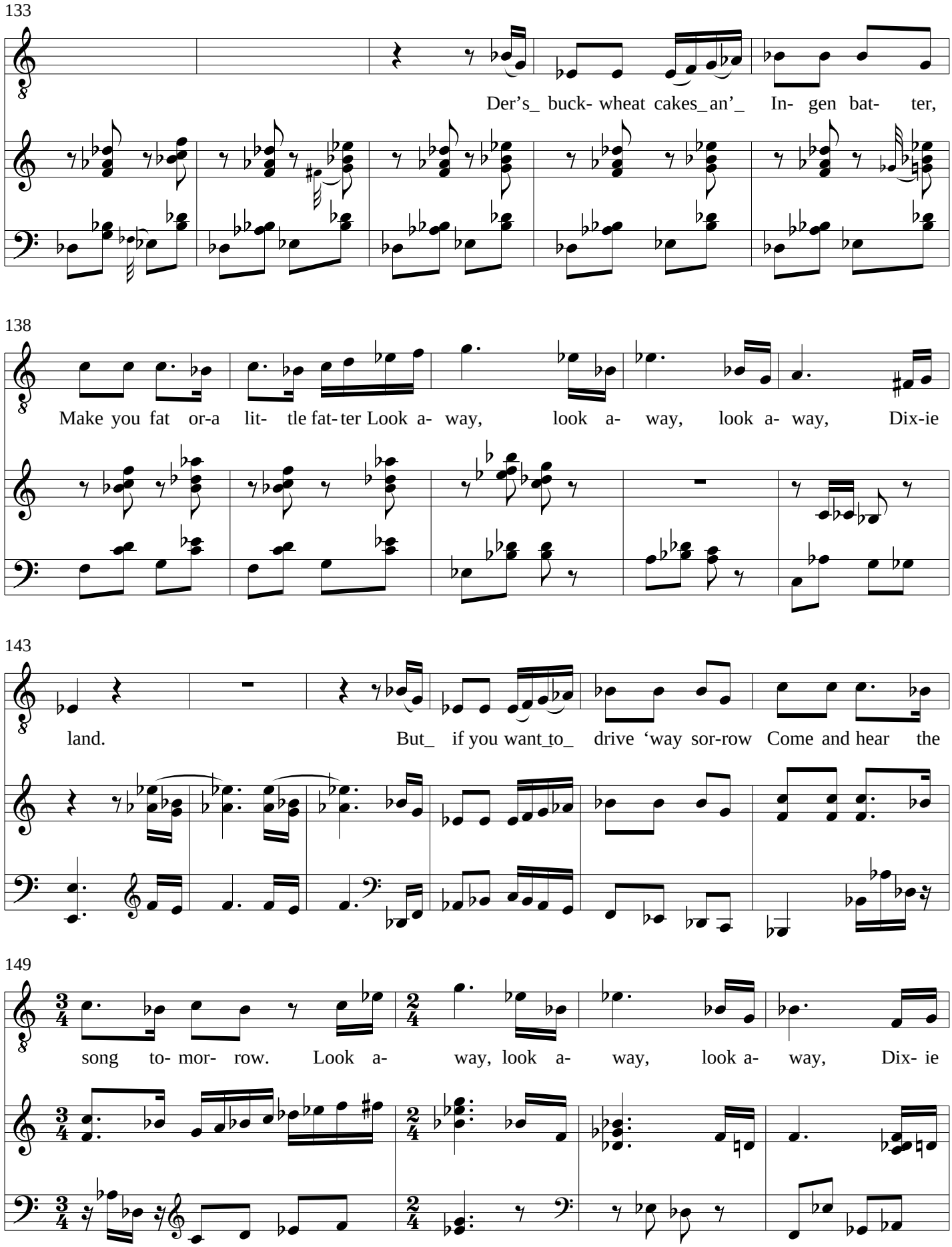
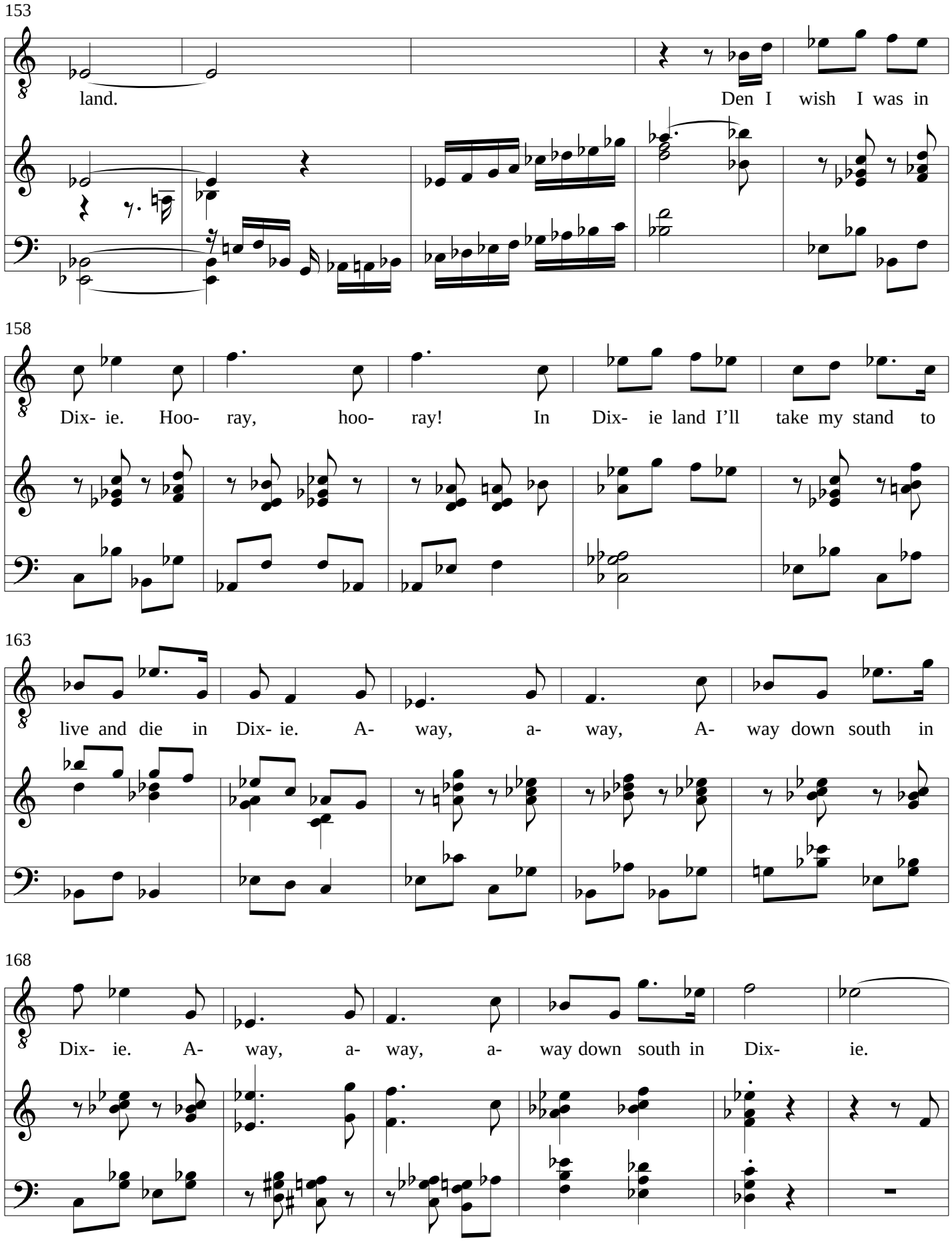
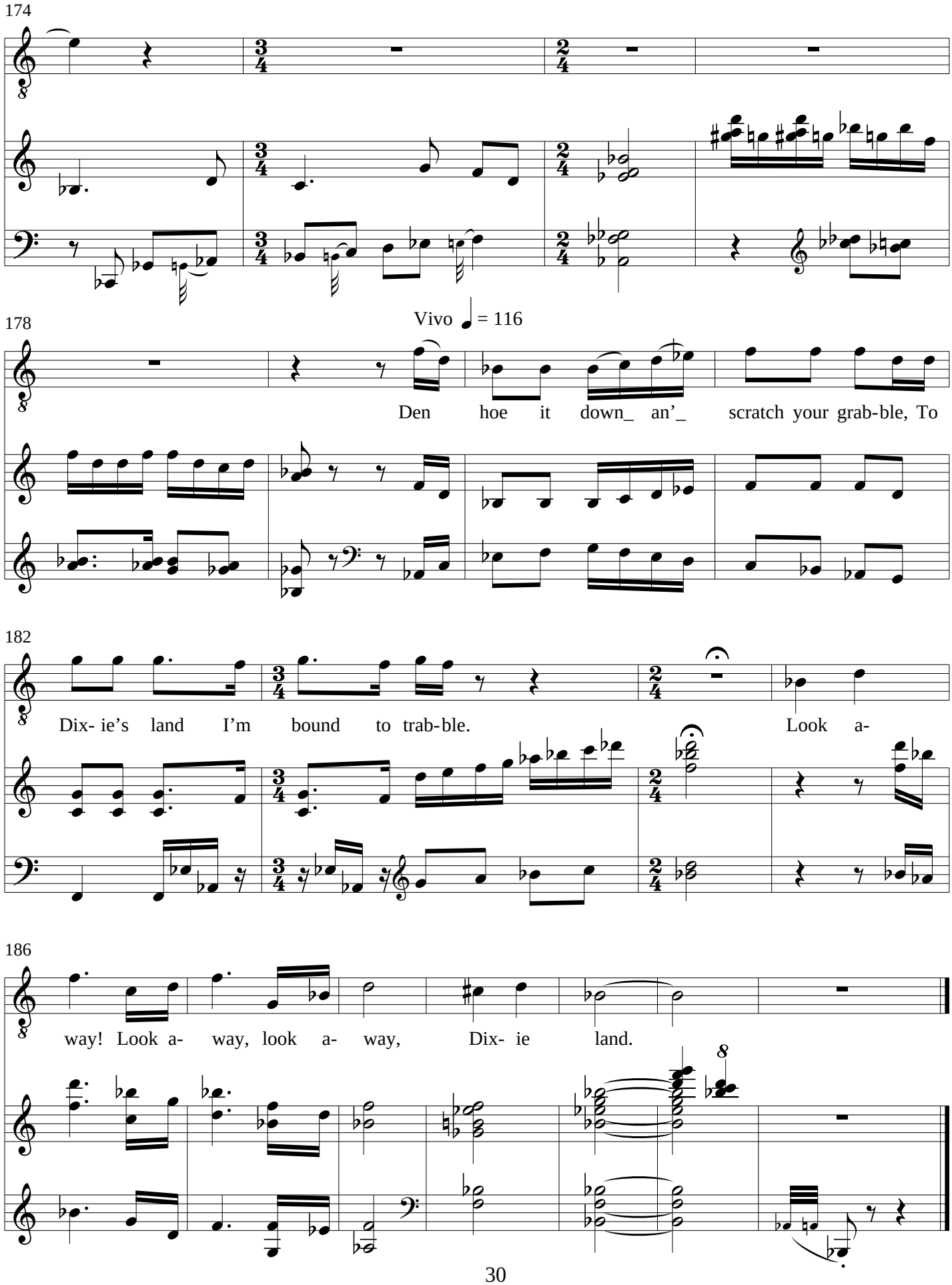



133
Der's_ buck- wheat cakes_an'_ In- gen bat- ter,
138
Make you fat or-a lit- tle fat- ter Look a- way, look a- way, look a- way, Dix-ie
143
land. But_ if you want_to_ drive 'way sor-row Come and hear the
149
song to- mor- row. Look a- way, look a- way, look a- way, Dix- ie


153
land.
Den I wish I was in
158
Dix- ie. Hoo- ray, hoo- ray! In Dix- ie land I'll take my stand to
163
live and die in Dix- ie. A- way, a- way, A- way down south in
168
Dix- ie. A- way, a- way, a- way down south in Dix- ie.


174
178
Vivo ♩ = 116
Den hoe it down_ an'_ scratch your grab-ble, To
182
Dix- ie's land I'm bound to trab-ble. Look a-
186
way! Look a- way, look a- way, Dix- ie land.