

The Solitary Reaper

for Soprano, Flute, and Cello

Words by William Wordsworth
2019 4:50

Music by Jon Corelis



*Image: William Wordsworth at 28 by William Shuter. Source/license:
commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:William_Wordsworth_at_28_by_William_Shuter2.jpg*

♩ = 72

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Violoncello

Sweetly melancholy, freely, rubato and dynamics ad lib.

♩ = 80

6 *mf* With restraint

Mzs.

Fl.

Vc.

Be-hold her, sin - gle in the field, yon sol - i - tar - y High-land lass!_


With restraint

p


With restraint


p

14


Mzs. 

Reap-ing and sing - ing by her - self; stop — here, or gent — ly — pass.—


Fl. 

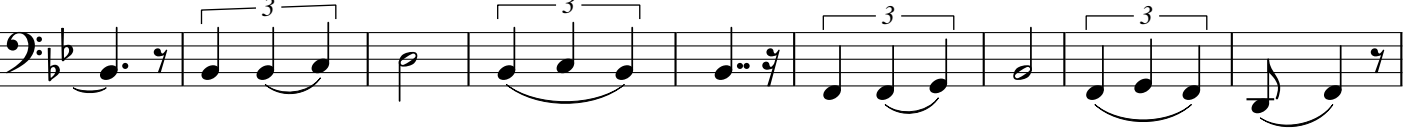
Vc. 

23

Mzs. 

— A-lone she cuts and binds the grain, and sings a mel - an-chol-y strain,—

Fl. 

Vc. 

32 *f* Rapturously

Mzs. *f* Rapturously

O list-en, list-en, list-en, list - en for the vale pro - found is ov-er-

Fl. Rapturously

mp

Vc. Rapturously

mp

42 G. P.

Mzs. flow - ing with the sound.

Fl.

Vc.

49 *mf* More restrained

Mzs. *mf* More restrained

No night-in - gale did ev - er chaunt more wel - come notes to wear - y bands__

Fl. *p* More restrained

Vc. *p* More restrained

57

Mzs. *mf* More restrained

of trav'lers in some shad - y haunt a _____ mong A - ra _____ bi - an sands _____

Fl. *p* More restrained

Vc. *p* More restrained

67

Mzs. *f* *tr*

A voice so thrill - ing ne'er was heard in spring-time from the cuc-koo bird, -

Fl.

Vc.

75

Mzs. *f* Strongly

break - ing break - ing break - ing break - ing the sil - ence of the seas

Fl. Strongly *mp*

Vc. Strongly *mp*

84

G. P. *mp* More restrained

Mzs.

Fl.

Vc.

95

Mzs.

Fl.

Vc.

104 *mf* Meditatively

Mzs. and bat - tles long a go. Or is it some more hum-ble lay,

Fl. Meditatively *p*

Vc.

114 *f* Strongly

Mzs. fam-il-iar mat - ter of to - day? Some nat-u'ral sor-row sor-row sor - row,

Fl. Strongly *mp*

Vc. Meditatively *p* Strongly *mp*

123

G. P. *mf* A little livelier

Mzs. loss, or pain, that has been and may be a gain? What'e'r the

Fl. *p* A little livelier

Vc. *p* A little livelier

135

Mzs. theme, the Maid-en sang, as if her song could have no ending;

Fl.

Vc.

142

Mzs. *I saw her sing - ing at her work, sing - ing, and o'er the sick - le bend -*

Fl.

Vc.

151

Mzs. *mp* Hushed *mf*
ing; I list-ened mo - tion-less and still, and as I mount - ted up the hill. —

Fl. Hushed *pp* *p*

Vc. Hushed *pp* *p*

160 *f* Rapturously *ff* With great joy

Mzs. *f* Rapturously *ff* With great joy

the mus ic mus ic mus ic in my heart I

Fl. Rapturously With great joy

mp *mf*

Vc. Rapturously With great joy

mp *mf*

168 Fade with restraint *f* *p*

Mzs. *f* *p*

bore, long af - ter it was heard no more

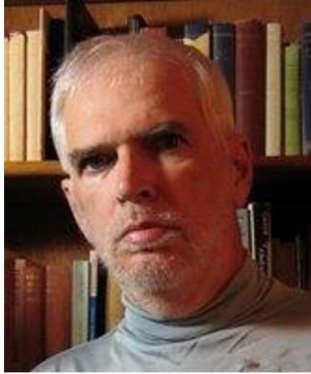
Fl. Fade with restraint

mp *ppp*

Vc. Fade with restraint

mp *ppp*

ABOUT THE COMPOSER



Jon Corelis was born in California and grew up in and around Chicago, where he earned a degree in Classical Languages and Literatures at the College of the University of Chicago. He later took a doctorate in Classics at Stanford, and taught Classics and Humanities at Stanford, the University of California, and the University of Minnesota. After a subsequent career as a software specialist in Silicon Valley, he now lives in Wisconsin. His poetry and other writings have been published in print and on web sites in eight countries, and he has given lectures and readings by

invitation in America and Europe.

He more recently has turned to composing songs and instrumental pieces. His music has been featured on the web site The Flexible Persona, has been performed in concert by the Wisconsin ensemble a very small consortium, by the New York State flute quartet Party of Four, and at Denison University's TUTTI 2019 Festival, and has been recorded by flutist Robin Meiksins for her YouTube recording project 365 Days of Flute, and by clarinetist Emily Mehig for her YouTube recording project The Miniature Month of May.

The Solitary Reaper by William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.