The Solitary Reaper
for Soprano, Flute, and Cello

Words by William Wordsworth
2019 4:50

Music by Jon Corelis

Mezzo-soprano

Flute

Violoncello

Sweetly melancholy, freely, rubato and dynamics ad lib.

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

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Reap-ing and sing-ing by her-self; stop here, or gen-tly pass._

A-lone she cuts and binds the grain, and sings a mel-an-chol-y strain._
O listen, listen, listen for the vale profound is over-
flowing with the sound.
mf More restrained

No nightingale did ever chant more welcome notes to weary bands

More restrained

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 breaking breaking breaking the silence of the seas

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G. P. \( m_p \) More restrained

among the farthest Hebrew
des.

Will no one tell me what she

More restrained

pp

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 today? Some natural sorrow sorrow sorrow,

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

theme, the Maid-en sang, as if her song could have no end-ing:
I saw her singing at her work, singing, and o'er the sickle bend-

mp Hushed

Hushed

pp

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Rapturously
With great joy

the__ music music in my heart I

Rapturously
With great joy

Fade with restraint

bore, long after it was heard no more

Fade with restraint

Fade with restraint
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 Meigh 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.